



SNIC

BRAAAPP

OCTOBER 2010

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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-FOURTH YEAR -

A CHAPTER OF THE VINTAGE TRIUMPH REGISTER

WHITE TRASH NIGHT 2010

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY BOB "SUDS" STREEPY



The early bird ISOAers, who obviously couldn't wait for the competition to start, began rolling in around 6:30 to watch the time trials and enjoy some of the haute cuisine offered up by the Speedway Chef as well as a sip or two of the latest trendy offering from the track sommeliers. I have it on good authority that the Millier d'ú July was a heady brew with a hint of herbal spice and grassy hops, although the bistro offerings were only a sidebar to the main attraction.

The racing aficionados turned out in abundance to observe the trophy dashes, the powder puff races, the 25 lap features, the figure 8, the "run what you bring," [see photo above] and the piece de résistance - the Derby. The qualification time trials started a little after 7:00 PM and included some track time for the highly prepared

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AMONG THE PANTHEON OF SUMMER ACTIVITIES THAT DRAW considerable numbers of Coventry Irregulars away from reruns of *American Idol*, there is no social function that quite rivals the annual "White TRash Night." The black tie concours car shows or an evening of sipping wine and nibbling Gouda accompanied by chamber music at Ravinia seem so Plebian in comparison to stock [?] car racing under the stars in Sycamore. The August 27th, 2010, iteration of this hallowed ISOA tradition took place under ideal conditions; i.e. it didn't snow. In fact, the weather was perfect, and to top it off, there was even a full moon to further illuminate the chess match that is Friday night racing at the Speedway.



INSIDE YOUR OCTOBER SNIC BRAAAPP

- Con "TR" ibutions From Across the Pond
- Rumpus on "Crushed TR4s"
- BCU
- Vintage Racing in Topeka

Lots More Stuff



24TH ANNUAL

BRITISH CAR FESTIVAL

TEXT AND GRAPHCS BY BOB STREEPY

ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, nearly five hundred cars with their genetic roots in mid-20th century England gathered under absolutely perfect weather conditions on the campus of Oakton Community College to participate in the 24th annual British Car Union Festival.



While MGs, Triumphs, Healys, and Jags dominated numerically, the event also featured some atypical LBCs not often spotted on the roads of Midwestern North America. The festivities got under away around 8:00 AM as drivers checked in and received their registration packets and then were efficiently marshaled by marque to their designated area. The cars continued to stream in throughout the morning and early

afternoon while the owners strolled the parking lots enjoying and examining one another's vehicles. The Triumph contingent was extremely well represented and saw the maiden display of Dave Shedor's GT6 and



Bob Steele's "modified*" Limited Edition Stag. It also marked the offical ISOA debut of Irv "Elwood" Korey's granddaughter, Jilian. [Anyone who saw Irv around the baby would immediately question the veracity of his "club curmudgeon" reputation.] There were innumerable TR6s, 3s, Spitfires, and a very nice sampling of TR4/250s too to go along with the Stags, GT6s and a 1949 2000 Roadster that featured some engine "upgrades."

The Coventry Irregulars staked out a spot for the club EZ up, which was festooned with a "Triumphs of Northern Illinois Banner." Soon the area was jammed with

ISOA members relaxing and visiting with one another in the shady spot behind the TR3s. Treasurer Kim "Lower Wacker" Jensen set up a table of ISOA promotional items, including



the brand new 2011 calendars created by Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak, and she even managed to recruit a few new members during the course of the day.

Besides wandering among the cars on display, many attendees and spectators took some time to examine the wares of various and sundry vendors who had set up shop along the edge of the lot to hawk an

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ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION

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

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



ISOA UPCOMING EVENTS

Month	Date	Day	Time	Event
OCT.	3RD 8-10 17TH-22ND	SUN.	7:00 PM	ISOA GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING [BOARD 5:00] FALL TOUR & CAMP OUT - CASPER'S - KANSASVILLE, WI VTR, JEKYL ISLAND, GEORGIA
NOV.	7TH TBA	SUN. SAT.	7:00 PM 8:00 AM	ISOA GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING [BOARD 5:00] ELECTRICAL CLINIC HOLEKAMP'S 133 DANADA DR. WHEATON, IL
DEC.	5TH	SUN.	5:00 PM 7:00 PM	ISOA INDOOR GO-KART CHALLENGE II, MELROSE PARK ISOA GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING [BOARD 5:00]
JAN.	1ST 2ND 29TH	SAT. SUN. SAT.	10:30 AM? 7:00 PM 6:00 PM	OUTER DRIVE HERO'S RALLEY - NORTHERLY ISLAND ISOA GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING [BOARD 5:00] BIG BASH DETAILS TO FOLLOW CLINIC TBA
FEB.	13TH 27TH	SUN. SUN.	7:00 PM	ISOA GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING [BOARD 5:00] NOT THE FIRST SUNDAY BRITISH CARPARTS SWAP MEET, DuPAGE COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS
MAR.	6TH	SUN. SAT. SAT.	7:00 PM	ISOA GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING [BOARD 5:00] CLINIC TBA CHILI PARTY TBA

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. Some readers experience unusual urges after reading SNIC BRAAAPP. Discontinue if you begin to have strange hallucinations or unnatural urges [i.e. driving an MG] Consult your health care professional immediately if symptoms persist for more than four hours. Keep out of the reach of children and do not expose to direct sunlight. Questions, comments, concerns, or great thoughts should be directed to:

Bob Streepy, 850 Kent Circle, Bartlett, IL 60103 e-mail: trstreep@sbcglobal.net
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A LITTLE BS FROM BS

NEWS AND VIEWS

FROM THE BUSTED KNUCKLE GARAGE



“JUST DON’T GET YOU FUR’N CAR GUYS wit yer elbow patches on yer fancy corduroy sport coats and yer funny little hats drivin’ around in them puny little British crapboxes.” The unsolicited comment was apparently directed at me in particular, as well as at LBC aficionados in general. It emanated from my companion, Vinnie “The Ratchet,” whose disdain for sports cars was legendary. This despite the fact that my beloved TR6, Lucille the Wonder Car, had put enough currency in his coffers to pay Blago’s defense team for another appeal. Vinnie was clearly old school when it came to his taste in automobiles, i.e. if it didn’t come out of Detroit, it was a piece of excrement.

Vinnie had come to grudgingly acknowledge that Asian vehicles were a fact of life in the present century, but he had yet to come to terms with anything from Europe, let alone the UK. Like many of us in the ISOA demographic, Vinnie had come of age when the Big Three did not stand for Toyota, Nissan, and Honda and that bigger was synonymous with better, especially when it came to tail fins. This was an era when fuel economy was an afterthought, and zero to sixty was infinitely more important than MPG. The sight of anything with a wheelbase under 110 inches was assumed to be something for circus clowns to exit from, and if a car had fewer than 8 cylinders, the driver, especially adolescent males, would have his virility questioned and be subject to such ridicule as to possibly be damaged for life.

Vinnie slammed down the hood of a 15 year-old Taurus, now sporting a new mass airflow sensor, and I joined him on a short test drive, during which Vinnie attempted to break whatever he could on the car in order to add to the

customer’s invoice. “Them damn lil’ fur’n pieces of junk sure don’t do it fer me. Gimme a small block street rod any day. I never figured you fer one o’ dem faggoty type sports car guys. How come you got wrapped up in dem pieces of crap?” he queried as he over-revved the old Ford.

Vinnie’s question got me to thinking, always a painstaking and usually fruitless endeavor. After a bit of reflection, along with a couple of MGDs, I dimly began to recall the circumstances around my first sports car sighting. It was 1952 and my father’s friend, Bob Thayer, and his wife, Ruth, arrived for a club caravan in a new MG TD. We were on our way to the Illinois State fairgrounds to attend a car show. My parents and I were in a 1916 Model T touring that my dad had single-handedly restored from the frame up. Thayer usually drove a 1909 Buick, but it was not running well enough to undertake the drive [no trailers for us!] from Rockford to Springfield, so they showed up in their daily driver, a new TD. We convened for our departure well before dawn, since our convoy of antiques would be averaging around 35 MPH. Even at low speeds, my mother was worried that I would catch cold in the predawn chill, and Mrs. Thayer graciously offered to change places with me so I could ride in the relative warmth of the side-curtain equipped TD.

As a child, I looked up to Bob Thayer. He was well-read, soft spoken, and he wrote the monthly newsletter for the Rockford chapter of the AACA. I even once confided in him that when I grew up, I wanted to edit a car club newsletter, further evidence that one should always be careful of what one wishes for. During his lifetime, he owned hundreds of cars, and his garage always seemed to contain some neat old barn find that he had recently dragged out hibernation. He also possessed a vast collection of books, thus making a visit to his home a dual treat for a kid who doubled as a car geek/bookworm.

It was the first time I had ever seen a sports car, let alone ridden in one. It attracted quite a bit of attention from the other members of the group, my father included, who were suspicious of anything that didn’t have “Made in the USA” stamped on it. As a seven-year old, I recall being intrigued by the car,

which seemed so tiny compared to the other vehicles of the day. It was as if it had been scaled down to accommodate occupants of my size. I do recall being very cold in the car, a feeling that would repeat itself years later when I had my own TD and attempted to use it as basic transportation from Greek row to campus at NIU during the winter a dozen years later.

Even to a child, the car seemed very nimble and taut compared to my dad’s old Mercury. Though contemporary reviewers described it as looking like a coffin on four harps, to my eyes, it looked to me like a lowered version of Model A roadster, but with the added benefit of hydraulic brakes. I was smitten by it.

I once heard a sports car defined as everything you need, but nothing that you don’t. The TD fit that description, and it’s no wonder that returning GIs who encountered them during the war brought them back to the states in the immediate postwar years. Sure, Triumphs are better than MGs, but we have to give the Octagon badge some props for exposing us Yanks to “less is more” in cars.

I last saw Bob Thayer during the VTR convention in Rockford in 2005. We talked about the old TD, along with a couple of Triumphs that had passed through his hands over the years. His house was still strewn with books, and he was a sharp as ever, although Father Time had claimed Ruth.

Bob was a mentor to me in many ways, and he filled a surrogate father role for me after my dad passed away. Quite possibly, he even had an influence on my preference in cars. Yeah Vinnie, there is no arguing that “there ain’t no substitute for cubic inches,” but now nearly sixty years later, I still feel there’s something to be said for crisp handling and the exhilaration of “wind in your face” motoring that comes with an old LBC that a Vette or Mustang just can’t quite match. It’s just too bad they never quite figured out how to design a reliable electrical system or a way to keep them from leaking their precious bodily fluids. Maybe it’s just as well because who knows, maybe LBCs would have become so popular that we might have missed out on the muscle car era, and now they’d be so popular that we couldn’t afford them.

Suds



CRUSHED TR4

BY DAVE "RUMPUS" KANZLER

ers" (as Alaskans call the Lower 48's). We drove from Anchorage to Langley AFB in Virginia by way of Disney Land in Southern California. Just to get some perspective on how far this trip was, look at the mileage. We had driven 624 miles when that picture was taken and

still had 1,858 to go to get to Seattle! It was a long, long trip with no DVD player, no FM, no Gameboys, and no A/C and with five kids. My dad drove every mile of it smoking Camels by the carton-full, while my mother made us recite the Rosary every day. With frequent military relocations, we did many such drives, and they always got us where we needed to go in one piece.

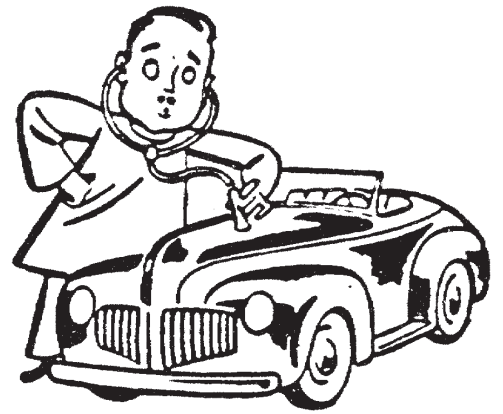


Rumpus

THE READER OF A CERTAIN AGE MAY find the picture above of the TR4 underneath the house familiar. A similar one appeared in *Life* magazine in 1964. The picture gracing this page, however, was taken by my father, then Major John C. Kanzler, USAF after the Alaskan Earthquake (9.0 on the Richter scale = 100 times more powerful than a 7.0!). I've seen references to the picture and the car several times over the years (one was "Whatever happened to that TR4 crushed by the house?")

My father was stationed at Elmendorf AFB in Anchorage, Alaska. I confess that I don't remember seeing too many Triumphs around town, but then again I was only four years old.

The second picture is from our trip back to the land of the "outsid-



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 Jeff "**Stalker**" Rust
(Early) 815/874-5623
- TR6 Irv "**Elwood**" Korey
(Late) 847/831 2809
- TR7 Phil "**Factor**" Fox
630/662-7721
- TR8 Tim "**Tool Man**" Buja
815/332-3119
- Spitfire - Joe "**Stagmeister**" Pawlak
[Early] 847/683-9683
- Spitfire - Bill "**Mr. Bill**" Jensen
[Late] 815/729-9731
- GT6 Dave "**Snake**" Shedor
847 566 0478.
- Stag Joe "**Stagmeister**" Pawlak
847/683-9683
- Machinist Bob Crowley
630/355-2170
- Electrical Joe "**Stagmeister**" Pawlak
Paint, Body, 847/683-9683

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 BY TONY BEADLE



ISOA INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT & UK BUREAU CHIEF

INTERPRETING THE HAYNES MANUAL

FOR MANY TRIUMPH OWNERS AND enthusiasts residing outside the UK who do their own car rebuilding, restoration, maintenance and servicing, a Haynes workshop manual is a 'must have' – for some people it's almost as essential a part of the toolkit as a selection of different size hammers. These books are so highly valued in some countries that I have even seen them displayed as part of the car's equipment for the concours show judges to examine.

However, even though older Haynes manuals usually included a selection of equivalent automotive terms to make it easier for American readers to understand – i.e. bonnet is English for what you call the hood – I thought it might be useful for both of our readers if I were to provide a more detailed interpretation. In no particular order, therefore, what follows is the REAL meaning of the instructions printed in a Haynes manual, beginning with their infamous spanner (sorry, wrench) ratings:

•HAYNES: ONE SPANNER RATING

(this means it's supposed to be a really simple job that even a raw novice can handle). Translation: At Haynes we regard this procedure is so easy that your eight-year-old daughter could do the task in five minutes with her eyes closed – which probably means you will spend over an hour making a complete hash of it!

•HAYNES: TWO SPANNER RATING (a slightly more complicated undertaking, but still something a beginner should be able to accomplish without any real problems). Translation: Now you no doubt think that you can do this job because two is such a low, relatively insignificant number... but then you also thought that the wiring diagram was a map of the Paris public transport system (which, in actual fact, would probably have made more sense to you). What this rating really means is that it will take you twice as long to get it wrong as the 'one spanner' job.

•HAYNES: THREE SPANNER RATING (intermediate level, which means we're now getting onto some of the tougher tasks which will severely test your intelligence and endurance). Translation: Make sure you won't need your car for a couple of days, put the relevant ISOA Technical ExSpurt on standby, alert the local fire brigade and emergency rescue organisations, wear the appropriate protective clothing and then proceed with extreme caution.

•HAYNES: FOUR SPANNER RATING (something major or difficult that should really only be attempted by an experienced mechanic).

Translation: If you are seriously considering doing this job yourself, first of all check that your health insurance policy is up to date and then think about making an appointment with a therapist to deal with the delusions you have about your own skill and expertise!

•HAYNES: FIVE SPANNER RATING (strictly for the expert). Translation: If you are determined go ahead with this, OK – but don't expect us to ride in the car afterwards and under no circumstances mention the fact that you did the work following the instructions in a Haynes manual to your insurance company.

NOW TO THOSE MORE GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS:

•HAYNES: *Rotate anticlockwise*: Translation: Clamp component with vise grips then beat repeatedly with a hammer. You do know which way is anticlockwise, don't you?

•HAYNES: *Should be easily removed*. Translation: Will always be corroded solidly into place; clamp component with vise grips then beat repeatedly with a bigger hammer.

•HAYNES: *This is a snug fit*. Translation: You will skin your knuckles and blood will be spilt! Once your wounds have been bandaged, clamp component with vise grips then beat repeatedly with an even bigger hammer.

•HAYNES: This is a tight fit. Translation: You do not have a hope in hell of getting this apart! Clamp component with vise grips then



attack with largest hammer available, flame axe or whatever other heavy duty weapon is on hand.

•HAYNES: *As described in Chapter 7.* Translation: That'll teach you to read through the description properly before you start taking things apart! Now you are most likely trying to understand some really scary photographs that show the inside of a gearbox or another equally illogical piece of classic British automobile engineering.

•HAYNES: *Pry...* Translation: Pound a large screwdriver into...

•Haynes: *Undo...* Translation: Buy an industrial size aerosol can of WD40, spray liberally and wait... then beat repeatedly with a hammer.

•HAYNES: *Ease...* Translation: Use a 4-foot long extension bar...

•Haynes: *Retain small spring...* Translation: "Jeez, where did that darn little thing go? It nearly had my eye out!"

•HAYNES: *Press and rotate to remove bulb...* Translation: OK, that's the glass bit broken off, now apply Band-Aids to your bleeding fingers and then reach for some strong pliers to dig out the remaining glass fragments and the metal bayonet.

•HAYNES: *Lightly...* Translation: Apply a gentle force and, when that doesn't move anything, increase your efforts until the veins on your forehead are throbbing; then re-check the manual to make sure you read it correctly. Following

confirmation that the instruction does indeed say 'lightly' beat the component repeatedly with a hammer.

HAYNES: *Weekly checks...* Translation: If it ain't broke, don't touch it!

•HAYNES: *Routine maintenance...* Translation: If it ain't broke, it soon will be!

HAND SIGNALS FOR DRIVERS

Although flashing indicators (sorry, turn signals) were fitted to British cars from the late 1950s onwards, in order to pass a driving test motorists still had to demonstrate that they could make the proper hand signals as described in the Highway Code. This was certainly the case when I took my driving test back in 1964.

In addition to the official hand signals, a number of other gestures have been utilised by car drivers and still are, long after the arrival of electric signals which meant that windows could remain firmly shut. The four main signals were outlined in a short article published in the October 17th 1969 issue of The Autocar magazine. They were:

(a) The palm of your hand extended towards the windshield. This means 'Thank you' and is still widely used in UK today.

(b) A clenched fist, shaken menacingly. This is self-explanatory and roughly translates as 'I wish I could punch you on the nose'.

(c) The next gesture was described

by the writer as "The reverted victory sign" with the meaning "And the same to you". Basically it is made by extending the first and second fingers making a Vee and jerking the hand upwards towards the other driver, with the palm facing you. The 'victory' sign was popularised by Winston Churchill in the Second World War but he held the palm of his hand towards the audience and raised it rather like a salute. The origins of the two-fingered salute are said to date back to the Battle of Agincourt when the English archers slaughtered the French knights with their longbows. Legend has it that the archers made the defiant gesture towards the enemy because the French cut off the two fingers of any British archers they captured. Sadly, in more recent years, a 'V-sign' has come to represent the rather cruder sentiment "Up yours!"

(d) Prodding your temple with the index finger and twisting your hand backwards and forwards signalled 'You are a ***** idiot!'

Due to the all-pervading influence of US television and films, the angry gesture used by drivers nowadays is what I believe is referred to colloquially in America as 'The Finger' – a fist with the middle finger extended held aloft – and its meaning is universally understood!

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ORPHAN AUTO PICNIC

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY BOB STREEPY



THE WEEKEND OF AUGUST 25-27TH was unquestionably one of the busiest during the summer driving season for the Coventry Irregulars of greater Chicagoland. On Friday evening, a large contingent of ISOA club members attended the annual White Trash Night at Sycamore Speedway, and the following Sunday, an even larger group made the trek to the Kendall County fairgrounds near Yorkville to take part in the 20th annual Orphan Car Show and Picnic. The Orphan Show, sponsored by the Chicagoland Corvair Club, is open exclusively to vehicles no longer in production, and it offers an opportunity to view some really strange and unusual cars, not to mention people. [One participant proudly informed me that he owned nine Trabant! *And you thought owning a Triumph was weird!*]

The gates opened to participants at 10:00, [and not a minute sooner] and the grounds were delineated by category. We were assigned

to the import section, and our Triumphs shared their designated area with MGs, Fiats, a couple of Healy 3000s, and a pair of VWs. By our official tally, we outnumbered the Morris Garage contingent by a 27 to 21 margin, a factoid that we proudly proclaimed over the public address system when we were asked to make a brief comment on Triumphs by the event's roving reporter and primary organizer, Larry Claypool. [*In the interest of "truth in journalism" we must acknowledge that there have been unsubstantiated allegations that our accounting practices are not always exact.*]

The ISOA cadre parked in a grove of shade trees and lounged in lawn chairs when not looking at various and sundry odd cars. While the temperatures in the direct sun reached nearly 90°, the shade coupled with a gentle breeze, made the conditions quite pleasant. Many of our club members brought picnic lunches and shared homemade treats with one another. Others took the opportunity to just relax and browse the Sunday paper or catch a nap, while still others strolled the grounds to check out the assortment of strange and atypical vehicles.

The show is a nice variant from the conventional car show held on a parking lot with its attendant

pandering for awards. There are no ballots, and the atmosphere is very relaxed. The organizers provide free beer for the attendees and charge no admission; the show is financed through the sale of raffle tickets. The lucky ticket holders are allowed to choose from a wide variety of items donated by numerous sponsors.

The event always seems to attract numerous rare and unusual cars, and 2010 was certainly no exception. In addition to Hudsons, Packards, Studebackers, et al, there was a Trabant, a Velocette, [a Czechoslovakian twin cylinder cycle-car with a vinyl covered body], a Berna Bus, and enough Corvairs to give Ralph Nader a fit of apoplexy. The condition of the cars ranged from pristine concours show cars to rolling wrecks, and no one seemed to mind. This marked the first time that Pontiacs qualified, much to the dismay of fans of the fabled marque. The organizers announced a turnout in excess of 230 cars with a gate of more than 700 spectators.

The Orphan Show is a uniquely singular event if for no other reason than it allows people with divergent automotive tastes to mingle and learn a bit about one another's cars in a pleasant and relaxed atmosphere.

Suds



Top row l-r ISOAers relaxing, Triumphs on display, Jawa powered cycle car

Bottom row l-r 1960s Berna bus from Switzerland, 1985 Packard hearse, ISOA cars.



CONVERTIBLE CLASSIC

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY JACK BILLIMACK



FOR SEVERAL YEARS, KIM AND Judy Casper have encouraged ISOAers to attend the Open/Air Classic held each year in Wisconsin. The event is open to any convertible, regardless of age, make or condition. This year's run took place August 18th. Each year, the organizers select a different "hub city." In the past, hub cities have included Madison, Appleton, and Door County. Attendees stay at a headquarters hotel in the hub city and drive a different direction each day returning to the hotel each afternoon for dinner, fellowship and entertainment. For 2010, the hub city was Eau Claire. Barb and I decided to participate.

We began our excellent adventure by meeting with two friends of Kim and Judy in Mukwonago, WI, to caravan to Eau Claire. (Kim and Judy had already left for a vacation in Duluth -sounds great, right?) Ken and Sue Smith (in a TR3A) led our caravan, traveling on state highways, not Interstates. About half way to Eau Claire, friends from La Crosse (in a TR3) joined us for the balance of the trip. The drive up was quite pleasant, passing through many small Wisconsin towns. We had a brief brush with a sheriff when our entire caravan "blasted past" a pedestrian (at 25 mph) who was standing in the median of a divided street in some little town. Fortunately, the officer gave us a pass after a tongue-lashing telling us how dangerous we were

driving and what a big fine we could have received. I'm convinced Barb and I would have received a ticket if the other cars hadn't had Wisconsin plates.

After meeting with Kim and Judy in their VW convertible, the entire group enjoyed a buffet dinner, along with a few adult beverages, and received our instructions for the next three days. About 208 convertibles participated. The two TR3s and our TR6 were the only Triumphs. About half the cars were 50s & 60s land yachts. The other half was made up of newer convertibles like Mustangs, Cameros, Audis and Miatas.



On Friday, we drove over beautiful hilly, curvy roads, crossed the Mississippi River into Minnesota, and had lunch in Red Wing. Throughout the day, we stopped in small towns, getting our "route sheet" stamped at antique shops, restaurants/bars (e.g. Slippery's – the model for Grumpy Old Men), museums, art



galleries and other points of interest (e.g. Hobgoblin Music /Stoney End Instruments in Red Wing). The first day we drove about 150 miles before returning to the hotel. Since there was no time target, each car could go as fast or slow as desired. The drive

was quite relaxing. We were on our own for dinner on Friday.

On Saturday, after a modified LeMans start, we drove about 100 miles in a different direction and visited Menomonie, Chippewa Falls, and many other towns. Stops included a putting contest at a local golf course, coffee shops, a very impressive turn-of-the-century theater (Mabel



Tainter Theater in Menomonie) and a vineyard. Late afternoon brought the car show in which we were given the opportunity to vote for our favorites. That night, the group was treated to a "Buddy Holly OpenAir Rockin' Revue" at an auditorium on the U of W Eau Claire campus.

Sunday morning included a group breakfast, door prizes and good-byes. Our caravan left about noon and took two lane state highways home.

We are glad we went on the trip. We drove on beautiful roads, saw very impressive scenery (especially near the Mississippi) and met many nice people. Most importantly, Barb really enjoyed it. We would recommend this event for a "close to home driving event" for any of members who enjoy exploring new areas on beautiful roads.



Spuds



(continued from page 1)

late model racers who would do battle the following night. The ISOA contingent, acknowledged by the track announcer over the PA, settled in as the track stewards marshalled the various Crown Vics, Monte Carlos, Caprices, and amorphous, non-descript 8-cylinder land yachts for the first race. There was plenty of paint swapping and lead changes as the old barges roared around the clay oval. It soon became apparent that the ISOAers were sentimentally attached to a vintage, signal red Lincoln with a pair of three-foot vertical exhaust stacks protruding straight up from its hood. The old barge belched fire from its bonnet giving it a menacing, if not particularly nimble, appearance as it got lapped by the other cars.

There were also several races that were limited to "compact" cars, and these also provided the crowd with considerable excitement. There was also a "backwards" race in which the cars went clockwise instead of in the traditional direction. Around nine, after many prompts from the announcer, [and possibly several

trips to the adults only refreshment stand] it was time for the one-on-one oval drags in which spectators raced their daily drivers against one another. The driver of a mid 90s orange Mustang apparently became so caught up in the emotion of the race that he "kissed the wall" after crossing the finish line – in 2nd place! He then proceeded to sideswipe the winning car, surely leaving a lasting impression on the crowd as well as on both cars. It was later reported that he was broken down on the side of the road on his way home. It seems he overheated.

With the excitement building, the now frenzied crowd was on its feet for the figure 8 race, won by a Crown Vic that led from wire to wire, despite numerous near misses as the leaders intersected with the back of the pack. Then, it was time for the moment of truth, the denouement, the climax [so to speak] of the evening.

Under a full moon, a gaggle of indeterminate hulks gathered in the infield of the track like ancient gladiators ready to do battle. One could not help but think of what an ignoble end had come to these once proud

chariots. They had gone through their life cycles from police cars, to cabs, possibly to family transporters, and had now fallen to the lowest rung on the automotive food chain-Demolition Derby cars. As the mortally wounded warriors limped around, mostly in reverse, attempting to administer the coup de grace to their opponents, their numbers gradually dwindled to a couple of smashed carcasses still hissing and growling like two old bison fighting it out for the love a comely cow. Both of the old beasts seemed to expire simultaneously so the final decision went to a panel of expert who judges who applied some sort of criteria known only to them to award the trophy to the winner.



As the unmistakable aroma of anti-freeze and burning rubber wafted thought the starlit evening, I overheard a veteran observer of these events comment to no one in particular, "There weren't no big fires, flips, or fights, but it weren't too bad, I reckon. See ya'll next time." Truer words were never spoken.

Suds





continued from page 2

eclectic assortment of parts, regalia, and services to the assembled multitudes. There was also an area designated by the organizers for food vendors who offered up food and beverages, including ice cream novelties, a welcome addition as the



afternoon temps approached 80. During the show, there were frequent announcements of door prizes, and many show goers went home with more than they came with.

As in past years, ISOA was assigned the responsibility of tabulating the people's choice balloting. The



ballot boxes were collected around 1 PM, and two dozen or so "volunteers" shuffled off from their sling chairs to the school cafeteria to count the votes. The labor-intensive process has been streamlined under the direction of BCU and ISOA administrator Jack "Spuds" Billimack to the point whereby the procedure was completed in under an hour, quite an achievement when one realizes how many ballots are involved.



The awards were distributed at around 2:30, and numerous ISOA members received an accolade testifying to the high regard that the attendees placed on their cars. Among others, trophies were given to Kim & Bill Jensen, Murray Bruskin, Thanos Kourliouros, Mary Lou & Jack Gleason, Steve Yott, Pat Lobdell, Joe Felix, Bob Streepy, Steve Matteson, Doug Larson,

Roman Hrynewycz, Tom Berger, Frank Cartwright, and Kathy & Joe Pawlak. By mid afternoon, most of the participants had headed home, but many from ISOA opted to grab a hot dog at nearby Photos Hot Dogs in Mount Prospect, before calling it a day.

After nearly a quarter century, we sometimes tend to take BCU for granted, but it is important for us to remember that this is one of the largest and best run events of its kind in the country, and that we are indeed fortunate to be able to participate in



it. For the vast majority of ISOAers, Oakton is a reasonably easy site to visit, but many of the attendees willingly travel for hours to attend. While it is only a one afternoon function, many, many volunteers, including several ISOAers, work all year to insure that the event functions smoothly, and for those efforts we should be collectively grateful.

Suds

**Bob Steele's Supercharged Chevy small block V8 with nitrous injection!*



The 2011 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 2009 price as part of the SportsCars Unleashed Calendar Kickoff Stimulus.

•1 for \$8 •2 for \$15•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.



SIX PACK TRIALS

TEXT AND GRAPHICS BY
MARK "GUZZLER" MOORE

AS SUMMER DRAWS TO A CLOSE, the days become shorter, the nights turn crisper, and anticipation fills the hearts of all loyal 6-packers. The end of summer means that it's time for Six Pack TRIals. This is the annual gathering, convention, and car show for the Six Pack faithful; the club dedicated to the preservation and enjoyment of the six-cylinder TR series Triumphs. This year's TRIals were held in Oxford, Ohio, on September 9th thru 11th and brought out some of the finest TR6's and TR250's in the country.



Jeff Rust and I (aka Stalker and Guzzler) decided to head there a day early to meet with some of the Cincinnati area Six Packers and other early birds for dinner. Our trip there was trouble free, and we

enjoyed some spirited driving. Jeff commented on how few people obeyed the speed limit, and I pointed out to him that not one car passed us the entire day. We joined tour friends at the Hofbrauhaus, a traditional German restaurant and beer garden, for dinner. The night ended with some chicken dancing to a two-piece polka band. The next day the actual event began with a big BBQ welcome party at the host hotel. The party went on late into the night, and as tradition demands, we ended the evening with a parking lot tour.



Friday participants had their choice of events in which to participate. Some chose a driver training event (read autocross), while others took a scenic drive for some Cincinnati style chili. Friday evening the group headed to downtown Oxford to a VIP reserved parking area and then invaded the city for dinner. After dinner, it was back to the hotel for an evening bon fire, beer, and tales of TR6 conquests.

Saturday was the big event, the car show. Six Pack features both a judged concours and a popular choice show. A light shower

delayed the show briefly, but the rain only lasted a short while before it stopped, and show went on. The day concluded with an awards banquet. There were five ISOA members at the show; Jeff Rust, Ken Crowley, Jeff Slaton, Mark Anderson, and myself. Only three of us were in our Triumphs, and all three won awards. The big announcement at the end of the evening was the location of next year's Trials. Galena, Illinois, will be the site of next year's show with yours truly as the TRIals Chairman.

The trip home Sunday was a



beautiful drive. It was a perfect late summer's day, and the relatively short six-hour drive went smoothly. We had a caravan of four cars heading back to the Rockford area. Ken, Jeff, and I were joined by Berry Andersen, another area local who made it to the show. All four cars preformed flawlessly.

Now comes all the planning for next year. I hope to see many of the ISOA'ers there. Galena is a great area with scenic driving roads and all sorts of historical sites. We'll pack more fun into that weekend than three days can hold, so don't miss it.



Guzzler



2010 GENEVA CONCOURS

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY TOM MORGAN



This is probably the most awesome summer time car show of its type. If you like all kinds of cars, this "by invitation only" show is a must see. This doesn't necessarily mean it's a "snobby" show. It has all makes and all models regardless of value or original cost. It means the organizers review all the entries in an attempt to gather the cream of the crop in one place on show day. To get into the show, you send in a story about your car, what it means to you, some bits about the history of the marque, and some photos of your car. Then, the event committee screens the entries, and you get an invitation (hopefully). Our club has many fine cars that would qualify.

This year there were 184 judged entries in 15 categories. The featured marque this year was Cadillac/LaSalle. In addition, there were many more cars entered as groups in areas set aside for clubs that were not judged. Among others, the Corvette, Model A, Packard, and Porsche clubs were in attendance.

The show has grown continually, and it fills the streets and parking lots of downtown Geneva, Illinois, a little more each year. The show setting with numerous great restaurants and shops [including an ice cream shop, Spuds] is a big part of the attraction. You can spend the day gasping for breath as you observe everything from a derelict 1955 Ferrari Europa GT [restored to concours after sitting in a garage for 30 years], to Peter Revson's last ride at Elkhart Lake, a 72 McLaren M20-1 CanAm.

I have attended the past two years, and the weather has been perfect. This year I decided to enter my TR6. We didn't take home the coveted Carl Benz Award from this staff judged show, but just being there was an honor. Each participant received a very nice acrylic plaque that was first class artwork in itself.

How the planners decide where to park the cars is anyone's guess. This year I was lucky. With Cadillac V16's in abundance, I pulled into the registration area and was expecting to be assigned to the furthest corners of the show with a parking spot next to a Dodge Omni left for dead at the nearby train station. Instead, they said, "Okay, just back up." So there I was, parked right across from the registration table. I was able to sit in the shade and watch all the cars come in, inhaling the unique high-octane smell emanating from some of the exotic racecars. It was a grand spot.



I was just far enough away from my car that I was not within the direct sight of the folks stopping to read my show sign. (The show organizers prepared very nice signs using text written by the exhibitors) However, I was able to hear some of their comments. This was a really interesting way to spend some time learning what people think and say about Triumphs. "It's an MG," was probably the most common one I heard. Many of the comments were amusing: "It's so small, but I think they were very fast," or "I had a '74, and it was my daily driver, well almost every day." Some would laugh at

the first line in my sign which read, "They rode hard and smelled like oil; they just don't make cars like that anymore."



Once the judges went over my car, I was free to roam the streets and wonder how these guys could afford to take these restorations to such extremes. This is as close to Amelia Island or Pebble Beach as I would ever be, and it's only a town away from where I live! Later in the day, I was visited by ISOA member Dan Jungels (74 TR6) who stopped by. He told me that this was the first time he had seen the show, and he was quite impressed. I found out later that Pete Conover was also there, but we missed him at the show. Dan and I compared notes on our cars, talked about ISOA, and then it was time to wrap it up for the day.

One of the really fun things about a TR6 is leaving a car show. Whenever I start mine, it seems as if the spectators all turn their heads to listen to the burbling of the exhaust pipes. This was no exception. As I went "brapping" through a long alley full of people, and they stepped aside, many mouthed "awesome" and gave me a big thumbs up!



You can check out the website at www.genevaconcours.net



O'REILLY AUTO PARTS
VINTAGE GRAND PRIX
TOPEKA, KANSAS

TEXT BY JAY "CANNONBALL"
HOLEKAMP - GRAPHICS BY THE
AUTHOR AND IRV "ELWOOD" KOREY

HOT, FLAT, NO SHADE, A ROAD-race course at an old military airfield, the unmistakable sound of race engines. If you used a little imagination -(ok, maybe a lot), it almost seemed like Sebring in the spring of 1964. Although the unforgettable odor of burnt Castrol R was missing, if you like vintage sports car racing and in particular Triumph sports cars, Heartland Park in Topeka, the site of the O'Reilly Auto Parts Vintage Grand Prix, was the place to be in mid August 2010. Organized as the first event of the newly formed Heartland Vintage Racing (HVR), this vintage race weekend featured the Kastner Cup all Triumph Race.

After joining up along the



way, Murray Bruskin (TR3), Jay Holekamp (TR4), Harry Holekamp (TR250), Tim Mantel (TR6), Irv Korey (Subaru STI), and Mike Bilyk (Aston Martin Vantage), arrived at Heartland Park around mid-day on Thursday, 19 Aug. After a bar-b-que lunch, we registered as race crew workers thanks to the generosity of Irv's Triumph racing friends. This also allowed us admission and parking in the paddock. We spent Friday and

Saturday walking around and visiting in the paddock, watching practice and qualifying. There were more TR4 racers present than I'd ever before seen, even during the '60s. For relief from the significant heat and sun, we visited the nearby Museum of the Kansas National Guard and the Combat Air Museum. The Friends of Triumph (FOT) and the Vintage Triumph Register (VTR) hosted a reception at the race headquarters hotel where we lodged, attended by R. W. "Kas" Kastner, former Triumph Competition Director, and his wife. A nice time.



The Kastner Cup is awarded annually to the driver who Kas feels is most deserving, using a criteria that Kas devised. It does NOT automatically go to the fastest TRiumph driver, but that does play into the award. Kas observes ALL of the candidates and their cars, both on track and in the paddock. He looks for preparation, driving skill, vintage spirit, etc. This year, the recipient was Keith Files, who came over from England and drove the blue #775 TR4. This TR4



happened to be a genuine Kastner Sebring TR4 that Keith bought in 2005, and keeps in the US, usually at Joe Alexander's place. 2009 SCCA National EP Champion Sam Halkias won the Kastner Cup race in a TR6. Keith came in second, Tony Drews was third. Tony was having a great battle with Sean Alexander, Jim Gray, and Greg Hilyer. Mechanical problems took out Sean (blown



engine) and Greg (broken battery terminal). Bob Kramer and Jeff Snook were also very fast. All were in TR4's except Jeff. And, of course, ISOA was represented by Dennis Delap. 1 TR6, 1 TR3, 1 Spitfire, 1 GT6, 1 TR3 powered Ambro, and 16 TR4's participated in the Kastner Cup feature with the pace car being Kent Prather's Chevy powered Stag. (paragraph by Irv Korey)

We departed for home after the Kastner Cup on Sunday afternoon with no TR mishaps reported. Overall, it was fine vintage race weekend and we logged 1338 miles on the trip odometer of my TR4. I still miss the smell of burnt Castrol R.

Cannonball

OVERDRIVE BLUES

BY JIM ALDRIDGE

I PURCHASED MY '73 TR6 IN OCTOBER OF 1994. After realizing just how ROTTEN the frame was, the car went on jack stands, the trailing arm brackets were replaced, and then it sat, with no floors and most of the rocker panels gone, for ten years.

I finally shut off the TV, got out in the garage, marked off 18 inches of the body that needed to be prepped for floor replacement, and went at it. I stayed with this divide-and-conquer plan for three weeks, and "voila," the bodywork was mostly done. It still needs some small stuff, but it is drivable.

Flash forward to 2005, and I'm ready to go to the F1 race in Indianapolis with my brother. This is the first time I'd be driving it farther than ten miles from home. I had recently wired the OD to make it operational. I figured this would be a good shakedown cruise.

The only problem we encountered in the 425 miles or so was the fact that the OD, an A-type from a '71 TR6, didn't want to release after 5 minutes or so. Well, it's been long enough. Time to turn off the TV, and git 'er done!

After inquiring to the ISOA well-spring of knowledge pertaining to all things Triumph, I decided the trans had to come out, the overdrive disassembled, and new release springs installed, along with the requisite o-rings, seals, and gaskets. "Can't hurt," I thought, "and I just might learn something along the way, which is never a bad thing." This is where Mr. Jay "Cannonball" Holekamp enters the picture.

Jay has the ULTIMATE garage, and among his toolset is a gearbox/OD test stand, which Jay offered for testing my GBX/OD before re-installation. I graciously accepted. Along with my transmission, Phil [the Factor] Fox had 2 Spitfire/Herald overdrive transmissions, of the D-type variety, that Jay offered to test as well. [O]D-Day was set for the morning of August 28th.

I arrived at Casa Holekamp at 8 AM, and Jay was already at work setting up the test stand. We proceeded to set the trans in position and lock it down. Phil arrived soon thereafter and assisted, while awaiting his turn.

We all know Jay doesn't do anything half-assed, and the test stand is no exception. It is infinitely adjustable for different trans case configurations and has an adjustable belt tension device that is really first class. It also drives the trans from the clutch side [the input shaft], which I think is the proper way to test these things.

We set up my TR6 trans with A-type OD, and Jay mounted his pressure gauge to the operating valve port and proceeded to wind 'er up, after first filling the trans with some 30wt. non-detergent motor oil and filling me and Factor with the strongest coffee I've ever had this side of espresso! Jay says this is the coffee he became accustomed to in Europe, and now he makes it here. All I could say was, "GOOD MORNING! EVERYTHING IS SO GREEN!!!!!!!!!"

The trans spun up, and the pressure reading on the gauge went right to 430/450#, which Jay said was just about right [apparently I put all the o-rings and seals in the right places]. After making sure everything was oil-tight, we proceeded to engage the overdrive unit. Jay verified overdrive speed with his classic AC manual rpm gauge [as I said before, the man does nothing half-assed]. The OD smoothly went from 1300 rpm to 1650 rpm upon engagement and back to 1300 rpm upon disengagement. After several applications and releases, we gave it the acid test: engagement for ten to fifteen minutes. This was the reason I pulled the OD apart; it wouldn't release after 5 minutes or so of application. After running ten minutes engaged, the OD released properly. Jay then installed my solenoid, after first testing it, and we applied the OD with the solenoid for another ten to fifteen minutes. Pressure remained steady and correct and properly released when the solenoid was deactivated. Jay declared it suitable for reinstallation. I breathed a sigh of relief. We then drained the GBX/OD and refilled it with the proper 90wt. GL-4.

Now came the Factor's turn. Phil needed to verify whether the two transmissions he brought were functional. The first up was a Spitfire/Herald trans with a D-type OD. The gearbox was quickly assembled to the test stand, filled with oil, the pressure gauge mounted and rotation applied, after first making the

input shaft a little bigger in diameter so the drive pulley could be installed [gotta love duct tape]. After a few minutes and no pressure on the gauge, it was determined that this OD was probably in need of disassembly, cleaning and overhaul. The pump was probably in need of the most attention. There were a LOT of shavings and debris on the drain plug.

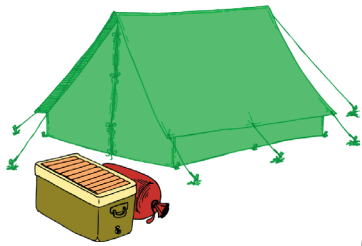
Next up was another Spitfire/Herald tranny, also with a D-type OD. This one had pressure, and the OD would engage and disengage, but operation was erratic. It was also determined this one should come apart as well. Phil noted that the pressure was only about 40# when disengaged, and Jay explained that the D-type as well as the J-type ODs don't use an accumulator for actuation. When engaged, the pump then builds pressure, and when reaching the proper level, OD is applied. This way the unit isn't pressurized all the time that it is rotating but does not have the instantaneous application of the A-type. Jay says he prefers the "instant kick in the pants." They don't call him "Cannonball" for nothing.

With all the testing finished for the day, Phil and I helped clean up and put away the test stand and all the other tools, and Jay and I said goodbye to Phil. I then made a sketch for a couple of adapters for the smaller input shaft diameters, so in the future, duct tape needn't be applied. Got to keep things first-class.

I learned something this day and am grateful to Jay for sharing his knowledge. He is a gentleman and a valuable asset to ISOA.



Screamer



The Third Annual Casa Casper Colour Tour and Campout/Motel-In with side trip to Sprecher Brewery

When: October 8-10, (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.]



October 19-23, 2010



ISOA BIG BASH 2011

**Saturday, January 29th, 2011,
 6:00 PM till ????**

**DesPlaines Elk's Club
 495 Lee Street, DesPlaines, IL**

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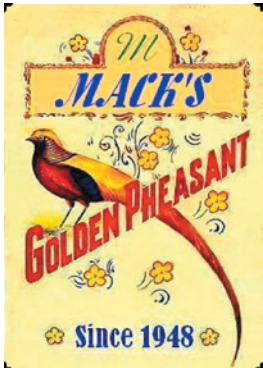
*past president



SEPTEMBER MEETING NOTES

BY ISOA SECRETARY

ROMAN "JR." HRYNEWYCZ



The September ISOA meeting was held at Mack's of Elmhurst on Sunday the 5th. President Bob Streepy called the meeting to order at precisely 7:10 PM.

The turnout was fairly good for a holiday weekend with around 45 members in attendance. Bob started the meeting with his customary introduction of the board members who were present. This was followed with the introduction of any new members or guests. The first to answer the call was Larry Brown of Elgin, who he owns a '74 TR6. The next new member was George Dirkes of Western Springs who owns a '61 TR3. Following George was Denny Stock of Glendale Heights who also owns a '74 TR6. The last new members to introduce themselves were Dan and Beth Cummings of Hinsdale who own a '61 TR3. The last new member in attendance did not have the opportunity at an introduction because of being tardy. This was Gregory Reinert of Lake Forest who owns a '74 Spitfire.

Bob relayed some new information regarding the web site and then gave a summary of the proceedings at that night's board meeting. Next, Jack Billimack next took the microphone to recount the activities of the British Car Union.

President Bob then opened up the floor to anyone who wanted to share any news of any Triumph projects. I (your scribe) stood up to tell everyone about the overdrive conversion of my TR6, which was finished that afternoon. Bob then went on to describe how this project was completed in just one weekend. Next, Lars Sullivan stated that his TR3 tub is ready for paint. Bob Streepy then shared with the group that his TR4 body tub is painted on the underside and hopes to have it bolted back on the frame before next month's meeting. Jack Gleason told

his tale of woe regarding the frame of his TR6 and how Joe Pawlak had come to the rescue with an expert welding job and differential mount repair. Al Christopher stated that the tub of his TR2 is being prepped for paint. Last, was a recap of the progress on Jim Doering's TR6 which is at Steve Yott's garage. Steve said that after 3 months of intensive repair and rejuvenation, the car was slowly being reassembled.

The next order of business was to recap past events. Bob Streepy told of the annual pilgrimage to the Sycamore Speedway. This has to be one of the most anticipated event of the year and this outing did not disappoint in the least. Bob also gave his overview of the Corvair Club's Orphan Auto Picnic. ISOA was well represented at the Kendal County fairgrounds with about 30 cars on display out of 250 total. Peter Conover then gave his impressions of the Geneva Concourse in which ISOA's own Tom Morgan participated with his TR6. Tim Mantel then retold his experiences at the Kastner Cup Vintage race at Heartland Park in Topeka Kansas. From what Tim said, we gathered that the attendees had a good time watching the Triumphs race but that it was very hot in Kansas during August. Jack Billimack then recounted his and Barb's drive through Wisconsin as part of the Convertible Classic. They, too, had a very good time and suggested that others consider taking this tour. Jack then continued by providing information on all of the events that are still scheduled for what remains of this driving season.

After a brief intermission, it was on to the monthly awards. For the Peter M. Roberts, Steve Yott started the nominations by naming Kim Casper for informing Steve (earlier in the evening) that he was "fat." Next, I (club scribe) named Steve Yott for taking the lead and performing the 4 speed to overdrive conversion for my TR6. I then nominated Bob Streepy and Jay Holekamp for helping with the removal and reinstallation of my newly minted overdrive transmission. Jim

Aldridge then nominated Jay again for testing his overdrive. Jack Gleason then named Joe Pawlak for the expert TR6 frame repair. Kim Jensen then nominated Jack Gleason for donating auto related ephemera, which was then given to the Corvair club to be raffled in support of the Orphan picnic. Beth Cummings then nominated Kim and Bill Jensen for offering roadside assistance for a broken TR3 (they never did get it running) and for introducing them to ISOA. Gregory Reinert nominated Thanos Koulioros for introducing him to ISOA. In what all agreed should have been a Boomer award, Kim and Bill Jensen received the chalice for their TRiumphant efforts.

For more months than I can remember, no one had any nominations for the Boomer award. That was until Dennis Hill felt a pang of guilt and decided to tell his story of shame. It all started when he was out for a drive. Dennis stopped to visit a friend. During this stop, he left his engine running. When he left the house, he had discovered that his car had run out of gas. He then walked home to get a can of gas. When he tried to start the car, Dennis had found that he left the lights on and had drained the battery. Now, he had to walk home to come back with a running vehicle to give his Triumph a jump. After the laughter subsided, Dennis was unanimously awarded the bent wheel of shame. Ed Krakowiak won the raffle. Chuck Montague chose his gift bag since Ed had to leave early.

With no new business, Bob adjourned the meeting at 9:10 PM. That is all until next month and have fun driving your Triumph.



Roamin'



Classified Ads: The Illinois Sports Owners Association newsletter will accept classified advertisements from members who wish to buy or sell Triumph cars, parts or miscellaneous related material. We will run ads, at no charge, for club members for ninety days. We also accept ads from non-ISOA private individuals who have cars, parts or related items that we deem of possible interest to our membership on a case-by-case basis. We do NOT accept advertising from commercial enterprises – even if those businesses are owned or operated by club members. If a Triumph related business hosts an event which we feel might be of interest to our membership, we will inform our readership of this occurrence, but this newsletter, its editors, and the board of directors do not endorse, recommend, or otherwise support, implicitly or explicitly, any commercial entity doing business in the Triumph-related domain. To place an add, please e-mail Bob Streepy at: trstreep@sbcglobal.net or call 630/372-

•For Sale: 1980 TR7 5-speed to settle estate. 40,000 miles, Original paint, straight body. Spare headlight pods with motors, instrument panels with all gauges, alternator, fog lamps, new clutch m/c, and various sundry pieces. Asking \$8500. For photos and additional info. click on <http://www.tracitd.org/TR7/>. Richard Landis ph. 410/9694248. [9/10 **Not an ISOA member**]

•For Sale: 1980 Triumph Spitfire. White body/black top. 19,778 miles. Original owner. Always garage kept. Price negotiable within reason. 630-837-4657 or 914-374-4715. E-Mail 1034russell@comcast.net. [9/10 **Not an ISOA member**]

•For Sale: 1966 TR4A. Factory OD, Blue, new top, tonneau, rechromed bumpers, new seat covers, carpets, Momo steering wheel, electronic ignition, new Mini-Lites, new Michelin tyres. Less than 1880 miles since restoration. Pictures available, \$16,500.00 US. Located in Gimli, Manitoba. 204-642-7616 or tpatrick@mts.net. [10/10 **Not an ISOA member**]

•For Sale: 1976 Spitfire. white, hardtop good condition, started "annually" (except this year) the last couple of years but not driven regularly for several years 67,000 miles. Located in Wayne, IL., call Marti Green at 630-837-8071. [10/10 **Not an ISOA member**]



NEW MEMBERS

[memberships @178 - members @244]

Joe Honor - 74 TR6

897 Vernon Ave., Glencoe, IL 60022-1268
847 835-5619 - EMail: j.honor@comcast.net

David Hickman - 76 TR6

11 E. Appletree Ln., Arlington Heights, IL 60004-2501
630 981-1580 - EMail: dhickman@chicagolandbuilding.com

Rick Carr 61 - TR3

1304 E Gartner Rd., Naperville, IL 60540-8222
630 369-8489 - EMail: richardpcarr@yahoo.com

Greg Reinert - 75 Spitfire - 1500

316 Scott St., Lake Forest, IL 60045-1462
847 234-3821 - EMail: 1270056@lfschools.net

Dan and Beth Cummings - 61 TR3A

929 S. Garfield Ave., Hinsdale, IL 60521-4526
630 654-1797- EMail: cummingshome@gmail.com

Joe Chandler - 74 TR6

135 E. 5th St., Hinsdale, IL 60521-4608
630 887-7712 - EMail: jcainc@aol.com

Dave Gurnik - looking for a TR

7S511 Plainfield Naperville Rd., Naperville, IL 60540
630 355-8306 - EMail: dgurnik@sbcglobal.com

George Dirkes - 62 TR3

6603 Cochise Dr., Indian Head Park, IL 60525-4328
708 784-1029 - EMail: pgdirkes@hotmail.com

Top Right Graphic opposite page: "A TR3 on the road from Leon to Oviedo on the mountains in the provence of Asturias near Peurta der Pagares..." **The Standard Triumph Review**, Vol. 21, No 10, 1959.



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

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| Mike Bulfer 10/02 | Jill Burdette 10/17 |
| Jim Aldridge 10/05 | Tedeana LaTrace 10/18 |
| George Loss 10/07 | Yvonne Kolton 10/19 |
| Brad Englehart 10/09 | David Blakeman 10/21 |
| Marilyn Bailey 10/10 | Jack Gleason 10/21 |
| Peter Conover 10/11 | Tom Morgan 10/22 |
| Bill Block 10/11 | Rick Betuker 10/22 |
| Dick Burdette 10/12 | Doug Larson 10/26 |
| Karen Rust 10/12 | Chuck Hall 10/27 |
| Gloria Cappetto 10/12 | Sue Paulsen 10/27 |
| Mark Furse 10/14 | Rich Frain 10/30 |
| Sandy Hurst 10/16 | Barb Billimack 10/31 |

Snic

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

Braaapp

THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

OCTOBER 2010



*IRV "ELWOOD" KOREY'S 1974 TR6 CIRCA 1976
IN TRIUMPH, ILLINOIS*