



SNIC

BRAAAPP

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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-FIFTH YEAR -

A CHAPTER OF THE VINTAGE TRIUMPH REGISTER

TRA NATIONAL CONVENTION

TEXT & GRAPHICS BY BOB STREEPY



THE 2012 TRIUMPH Register of America National Convention was held at the Switzerland Inn along the Blue Ridge Parkway, in North Carolina's beautiful "High Country."

TRA is an organization of TR enthusiasts dedicated to the preservation of wet liner 4 cylinder engine Triumph sports cars. In addition to TR 2s, 3s, TR3As, TR 4s, and TR 4As, there were 250s, 6s and Spitfires also in attendance. This year's convention dates were June 20 through the 24th.

Jay Holekamp and I had attended previous TRA conventions, and we decided to go again this year, in part because of the fantastic roads in eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina. Originally, Pat Lobdell and Marilyn Munoz had planned to join us, however, Pat's back was

troubling him, and he decided, probably very wisely, that 2000 miles in a TR4 might not be in his best interests.

I left Snic Braaapp Towers at 0 dark 30 Tuesday morning and headed to Wheaton to meet with Jay.

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INSIDE YOUR AUGUST SNIC BRAAAPP

- Barrington Concours
- Michiana
- Mad Dogs & Englishmen
- Movie Night

Lots More Stuff



DRIVE IN MOVIE NITE

TEXT BY BOB STREEPY-GRAPHICS BY THE AUTHOR AND MARK MOORE



ONE OF THE LONG-STANDING summertime rituals that has long been an ISOA tradition is the

annual drive in movie night, most recently held at the Cascade Drive-In Theater in West Chicago. The 2012 iteration of this tradition took place Friday evening, June 29th. Roughly 10 carloads of Coventry Irregulars gathered at Augustino's Rock and Roll Deli an hour or so before the first showing to socialize and share a meal. The deli, located only a mile or so from the theater, features musical memorabilia from the 50s with décor to match. To add to the ambience, there are life-size statues of Jake and Elwood Blues and also

an icon of Elvis Presley. To complete the atmosphere, 50s rock music is looped in the background to complete the "time warp" dining experience

Following dinner, a convoy of Triumphs plus a Porsche Boxster and a Miata headed to the venerable Cascade. Featured flicks this year were "Brave," a Pixar feature which actually got three stars, and "Rock of Ages" starring Tom Cruise as an 80s heavy metal rocker. After all, if Pat Boone could channel Led Zeppelin, surely "Maverick" can impersonate Axl Rose.

Most of the Triumphs parked together in the gravel lot, and many of the cinema buffs in attendance were attracted to the cars. A few of the theatergoers felt compelled to comment on the cars. The Coventry Irregulars fielded the typical civilian questions [i.e. What year is your MG?]

The first film started around 8:40, and lasted until after 10. Midway through the first flick, a shower forced many to

scurry to the safety the relative dryness of their cars, while some in attendance decided that they had seen enough for one night, others stuck around to watch the nightcap.

Some people might mistakenly believe that a movie night should be about movies, but for the ISOA Triumphantae, it is more about fellowship and the cars than the cinematic experience. A few expressed a bit of disappointment that "That's My Boy," the latest Adam Sandler feature was not playing, but there's always hope that next year we'll have a chance to see the latest offering from the aforementioned Mr. Sandler. However, if not, we will probably still be there, not for the movie but for a pleasant evening under the stars with good friends and our beloved LBCs.

Suds

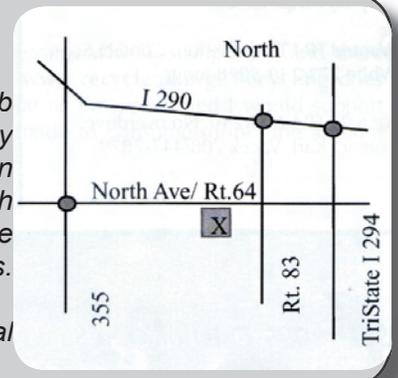




ILLINOIS SPORTS OWNERS ASSOCIATION

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

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

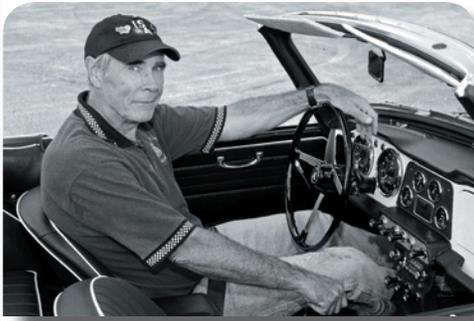


ISOA UPCOMING EVENTS

Month	Date	Day	Time	Event
AUG.	2-4TH	TH-SAT.		TRF SUMMER PARTY - ARMAGH, PA
	5TH	SUN.		TRANSPORTATION EXTRAVAGANZA - UNION RAILWAY MUSEUM
	5TH	SUN.	7:00 PM	ISOA GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING [BOARD 5:00]
	10TH	FRI.	6:00 PM	WHITE TRASH NIGHT - SYCAMORE SPEEDWAY
	16-19TH	FR-SUN		OPENAIR CLASSIC VII MANITOWOC, WI - INFO@OPENAIRTOURS.COM
	19TH	SUN.		ORPHAN AUTO PICNIC - KENDALL CTY FAIRGROUNDS
	24TH	FRI.	5:00 PM	DOWNERS GROVE CRUISE NIGHT FEATURING IMPORTS
26TH	SUN.	ALL DAY	GENEVA CONCOURS - CONTACT TOM MORGAN FOR CLUB PARKING DETAILS	
SEPT.	2ND	SUN.	7:00 PM	ISOA GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING [BOARD 5:00]
	6-9TH			SIX PACK TRIALS - WELLAND, ONTARIO
	9TH	SUN.		BRITISH CAR FESTIVAL HARPER COMMUNITY COLLEGE - PALATINE
	16TH	SUN.		CANTIGNY CAR SHIOW - WHEATON
OCT.	7TH	SUN.	7:00 PM	ISOA GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING [BOARD 5:00]
	12-14TH			FALL COLOR TOUR & CAMPOUT - KASPERS - KANSASVILLE, WI
	TBA			TOYS FOR TOTS - VOLO
	28-11/2			VTR CONVENTION - GALVESTON, TX.
	TBA	SAT.	8:00 AM	CLINIC TBA
NOV.	4TH	SUN.	7:00 PM	ISOA GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING [BOARD 5:00]
	TBA	SAT.		CLINIC TBA
DEC..	2ND	SUN.	4:00 PM	WINDY CITY GO-KART CHALLENGE III
			7:00 PM	ISOA GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING [BOARD 5:00]

SNIC BRAAAPP® is the monthly newsletter of the Illinois Sports Owners Association, an organization dedicated to the preservation and enjoyment of Triumph Sports Cars. Pictures, descriptions or accounts from this publication may not be reproduced without written permission. Member submissions are welcome, but the editor reserves the right to modify content to fit the space available. Contributions received after the 10th of the month will probably appear in the following issue, if at all. 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. Questions, comments, concerns, or great thoughts should be directed to:

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A LITTLE BS FROM BS
NEWS AND VIEWS FROM
THE BUSTED KNUCKLE GARAGE
BY SNIC BRAAAPP EDITOR BOB STREEPY

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING, AND EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

OF MY NUMEROUS PREVIOUS vocations, one particular occupational endeavor has left a lasting impression on me. As a youth in the late 50s, I was employed as a bag boy at Graceffa and Sons Grocery Store in Rockford. Old man Graceffa was as parsimonious an entrepreneur as Montgomery Burns or Scrooge McDuck. He was an irascible individual whose ire was instantly triggered by waste in any form, particularly when it came to grocery bags. Consequently, all of his employees soon learned the basics of getting 20 pounds of groceries into a 10 pound bag in order to avoid the wrath of the store proprietor.

I have carried the lessons of cans on the bottom, boxed goods in the middle, produce, eggs, and bread on top for most of my adult life, to include packing the boot of my TR 4 for a cross-country road trip. It should be noted that since joining ISOA in 1985, I have made numerous long-distance journeys in a TR.

In each case, I have agonized over how to put the lessons of my days as a bagger to good use in making sure that I had the right tools, parts, and related ephemera on hand, so that in the event of roadside misfortune, I would be adequately equipped to deal with whatever the curse of Lucas should put before me.

As stated elsewhere in this issue of **SNIC BRAAAPP**, on my recent junket to North Carolina to attend this year's TRA convention, misfortune did rear its ugly head. On more occasions than I care to recall, I was forced to unpack my tools and parts in order to deal with my car's reluctance to function. It was during the fifth or sixth such unpacking experience that I realized that despite a lifetime of trying to pack efficiently, my skills paled in comparison to those of my traveling companion, Jay Holekamp. No matter what problems seemed to face us, Jay always seemed to have just the right tool, part, or product to deal with whatever confronted us. I suspect that having owned and operated his TR4 continually since 1967 has given him a bit of a leg up on me. Compared to his preparation for this junket, my efforts seemed inadequate at best. After the third or fourth breakdown, I realized I would have to go back to the drawing board and rethink my entire approach to road trip packing.

Since returning from North Carolina, I have given great thought, perhaps as much as 5 full minutes, to emulating Jay's technique. For one thing, I have jettisoned a considerable amount of the cleaning supplies which, while handy once you've arrived at a car show, do very little to get your car back on the road.

Much like the hardy pioneer types who frequently had to lighten their loads by leaving cast-iron stoves and steamer trunks full of clothing along the Oregon Trail, my new and improved road kit includes very little in the way of poly razzmatazz quick spray. In place of several dozen vials of Girott's Garage finest, my trunk now includes tubes of gasket sealer, dialectic grease, and lithium lubricant. While none of these products have been known to make cars shiney, they are infinitely more useful in keeping them running.

I have also been forced to rethink the selection of tools that I typically bring with me. I have replaced some of the Swiss Army knife type gadgets with more practical, everyday items, and I have also assembled an assortment of bulbs, fuses, wires, connectors, etc. in hopes that I will never ever have to actually use them on the side of the road. I am firmly convinced that bad Karma is less likely to strike a car that is equipped to deal with catastrophic misfortunes when it is outfitted with more repair parts than stuff to make it glossy.

The 2012 VTR convention will take place in Galveston, Texas, this fall. The distance from Snic Braaapp Towers to the Gulf Coast is roughly 1000 miles, and we'll soon see if our new and improved road trip kit will be sufficient to withstand whatever slings and arrows the curse of Joe Lucas throws at us. In the meantime, we're sure that Frank Graceffa, wherever he may be, is pleased to know that we have wasted no bags in packing for our next trip.

Suds

ISOA MEMBERSHIP: Being a member of ISOA is easy! Owning a Triumph is optional; you can drive whatever you want. All you need to do is pay your annual dues of \$25.00. (If you are a new member, add \$10 one time signup fee, includes name badge and member kit) Your dues help cover the shipping and costs of the newsletter. Talk to a club member and join today! Be an ISOA'er.

Send check to: Tim Buja, 1173 Butler Road, Rockford, IL 61108-4702



ROAMIN' WITH ROMAN
BY ISOA PRESIDENT
ROMAN HRYNEWYCZ

PETER CONOVER SENT OUT AN E-mail to the list to see if there was any interest in attending the Michiana British Car Show. I had seen this show listed in SNIC BRAAAP before, but I had not heard very much about it. With the car show season well underway, I decided to attend. When Peter responded to my message that he was planning to leave the Oak Park area around 8 AM, a most agreeable time for someone who is not a morning person, I was all in.

Our little caravan consisting of Peter's stunning Aston Martin DB MKIII and my TR6 headed out on the morning of June 24th, final destination St. Mary's College in Notre Dame, Indiana. We had a pleasant and cool drive out via the Chicago Skyway and Indiana Toll Road. As soon as we transitioned to the Indiana tollway, I spotted a yellow Lotus Esprit on the back of a flatbed tow truck heading east. I hoped that it would not be a harbinger of things to come, and as fortune would have it, neither of us experienced so much as a hiccup from our cars, though there was one serious pucker factor moment in which I thought we would have to relive Jeff Rust's now infamous entanglement with a toll gate. The remainder of the drive was uneventful, and after a couple of hours, we pulled into the venue.

This was the 25th annual Michiana Car Show presented by the Michiana Brits Car Club. The featured marque this day was the Jaguar XKE, and a portion of the proceeds were donated to the Food Bank of Northern Indiana. The show

was held in a grassy field on the grounds of the college which, in my opinion, makes for much more comfortable surroundings since there isn't the excessive heat from the asphalt. The people there were very friendly and seemed glad to have us participate. After we parked our cars, Peter and I started to

take a quick turn around the show field where we soon ran into Chris Smit, who drove down from Michigan in his Spitfire. Later on, we also met fellow Triumphista Matt Harkis and family, who was there showing a very nice Jaguar XKE. The show itself was very cozy as there were less than 100 cars registered. The show consisted of the usual TR3s, TR6s, MGBs, Austin Healys and a very nice TR250. One of the most unusual cars there was a classic Mini pickup truck. The placard read that this was a quarter ton truck. I would have liked to have seen 500 Lbs loaded on to it and see if it could still drive away!

As with many of the shows we attend, the participants judged this one. While Chris, Matt nor I received any hardware, Peter was covered with it. Not only did his Aston Martin win first place in class, but also he was awarded Best in Show. This is a high honor since the featured car was the Jaguar XKE.

We left the show around 4 pm local time, and after a very hot drive, arrived home about 5 o'clock. The 100-mile distance went by so quickly that it left me wondering why more of our members don't attend this show. It is not very far away, has nice people, a good venue, and the food service was first rate and reasonably priced. Summing up this show, it is safe to say that a good time was had by all.

PS

I sure hope that by the time you read this, things will have cooled off some. At this moment, I am stuck in my house because the outside temperature is a balmy 105°! Yes, it is early July, and this oppressive heat

has put a damper on many plans. A number of us had anticipated a nice weekend in Michigan culminating in the Mad Dogs and Englishmen British Auto Faire at the Gilmore Car Museum in Hickory Corners, MI. Alas, since I am neither a mad dog nor an Englishman, I decided to stay out of the midday sun. This is a shame, since this is one of the better all-British meets in the Midwest. If you have not been to this show, I highly recommend it. The museum campus is very pleasant, and the quality of cars and other automotive memorabilia on display is very good. Hopefully, the few people who ventured out to this event did not succumb to the heat and were able to enjoy their time there.

In another weather related story, due to a power outage in Elmhurst, the July general membership meeting had to be canceled. The board of directors did get some business accomplished, as we were able to convene in the parking lot of Mack's. This may have looked very funny to the many people who pulled in hoping that the restaurant was open. When it became apparent that the power was not going to be restored, we began calling many of the members especially those who drive in the farthest to attend the meetings. Cell phones really can be a wonderful asset. How did we manage without them? Mack's, as well as the surrounding neighborhood, was not destined to have their power restored for several days, so we decided to cancel the meeting and combine the agenda with the items scheduled in August.

Hopefully, we have survived the worst of the severe weather this season has to offer, and we can get back to a normal routine and enjoy a warm (not hot!) remainder of the summer and fall top down driving!

Junior



LEMON-ADE

BY LORRIE-ANN FISHER

SIX LEMONS DRIVERS (ROGER, Dave, Peter, Karsten, Kurt and I) spent two hot, but glorious, days racing around the 2.1 mile Autobahn Country Club South circuit in Rusty Galore, a.k.a. James Bondo TR-007 on June 9 - 10. Before I delve into the racing, I wanted to say thanks to Team Bondo, which includes everyone who helped the team (intentionally or unintentionally), the team speed demons and my wonderful husband, Mark, a.k.a. Silo and Q, who was camping with the princesses. He put in enough time on the car for both of us.

Unlike the rest of the team, my two racing stints were both on Saturday. I didn't know I would race first until ½ hour before I had to get my driving suit on. It would be hot, so I drank a lot of water before I climbed into Rusty Galore. I'd experienced dry mouth when racing before, so I chewed a small piece of gum to keep the mouth lubed.

I raced for an hour that began with the first green flag. When I entered the track, it was full course yellow until LeMons race control determined that everyone's transponder worked. I heard the words, "Green! Green! Green!" in my ear-piece, and the race was on.

Every LeMons participant was on the track, and it was crowded. There were cars jockeying for position everywhere, especially in the line of cars that had followed the slowest car under yellow. In case you were

wondering, the slow car wasn't Rusty. The car felt great.

It was apparent that there were cars much faster than Rusty, but unlike past races, I found that there were a number of cars that I could pass as if they were standing still. In this LeMons race, we were finally competitive, and I took advantage of every opening I could find. I passed cars on the inside, outside, down the straightaways, and I even threaded the needle when we were three-wide. It was the strangest, most exhilarating feeling to pass cars at will. It was pretty cool, and I felt that we had already proven ourselves to the LeMons organizers that a British Leyland car could be competitive.

When one of the faster cars wanted to pass, I waved them by at appropriate spots, and the pass went easily. However, there were a few times before hard turns when the accordion effect of the cars in front of me resulted in the screech of tires behind me. I looked up and could see a car at a 45° angle behind me, and I knew that it must have been close.

A tube frame pickup had broken down just before the pit entry, and I passed him a couple times as he waited for his tow. When I passed the second time, I heard a huge blam! I couldn't tell if it came from his car or if the sound ricocheted off of his car from Rusty. It was loud. I asked the guys on the radio to check my driver's side for anything worrisome, but the car felt fine, so I kept going. I later found out that the other driver cranked his engine when I had passed, and the car had backfired.

After a little while of fun, I heard, "Pit now! Pit now!" I had to come in. My hour was up, and it had flown by. As I climbed out of the car, I started jumping up and down, saying enthusiastically, "I passed people! I passed A LOT of people, some multiple times!" Then I had to fess up to using a lot of rubber when I went into a few turns a little hot. It took a little

while to come down from my racing high.

Throughout the day, we were the recipient of three black flags. None of them were mine, but we race as and are penalized as a team. We had to dance to the Village People's "Macho Man." The guys shook it with gusto in hopes of a short penalty. The humiliation will live forever.

After everyone had at least an hour to race, the team elected to start the driving order over again. Since we lose a lot of time for every driver change, they let the last driver, Roger, drive a little longer, and they asked me to drive an hour and a half to finish the day with the checkered flag. The remaining drivers would split up Sunday's race.

The only caveat was that if we reached the fourth black flag for the day, we would be kicked out of the race for the rest of the weekend. So, I had to race (cleanly), keep all four wheels on the track, and obey every possible rule I could think of breaking. That's a tall order on a 90° plus day in a 3-layer driver's suit with all the trimmings after I had already raced for an hour. I said that I'd do my best and went back out onto the track. However, after my first lap, I realized that I had forgotten to move the piece of gum from my pocket to my mouth. I had an hour and 28 minutes to suffer with dry mouth. Ugh!

About 45 minutes into the stint, I realized that the heat and fatigue were taking their toll. I wasn't sure if I could race another 45 minutes, but I soldiered on. Rusty passed fewer cars on this stint, as there were more cars being worked on in the paddock. I passed the Schnitzelwagon three times, so we were catching up to our competition. The VW wagon was slow, but they had fewer driver changes and black flags, so they were slightly ahead of us in laps.

I was racing as hard as I could, but I kept in mind that I couldn't



race to the point of having an incident, or we'd all go home. Then I heard a voice in my ear and fell out of the groove. I skidded hard through turn 11, and it took a little while to get back my groove. The timer counted 35, 30, 20, 15, 10 minutes remaining. I could do it, dry mouth and all.

Then, the other cars started to get silly. One by one, a car overcooked it going into a turn, and there were tow trucks moving them away as fast as they could. Two 8 cylinder American-made cars touched sides right in front of me, and they both spun away from each other in opposite circles. They threatened to spin back cross-track, but I was able to slide in between them and watch some of the other cars behind me scatter as they came up on the

scene. A few laps later, I heard, "The checker is out!" I rounded the final turn and passed the checker. I must have looked and sounded like a crazy person, as I hooted and hollered on the radio, I pumped my fists in glee, waved exuberantly to all of the corner workers, and I blew kisses to the guys on the bridge as I entered the pits. It was hilarious that they blew kisses back. After a bunch of high fives back at our pit, it was now up to the guys to race on Sunday.

On Sunday, with the slate wiped clean, the guys obtained two more black flags, earning Rusty an orange cone of shame on the trunk lid. Roger was the recipient of some blue paint from a competitor. Most importantly, we actually finished the race, 18th overall and I believe 4th in

class! The only wrenching that was needed on the car all weekend was to move the main kill switch from the hood to the console (race rules), replacing a starter nut after a couple push starts, and the brake pads were replaced. I believe that more time was spent putting Rusty onto the trailer than any of the repairs.

The LeMons organizers were so impressed with our determination after previous blown head gaskets and engines, that they gave us the Organizers Choice award for finally turning the LeMon into LeMon-ade. A week later, and I'm still riding high from our sweet success.

Lorrie-Ann

SNIC BRAAAPP would like to thank free lance roving reporter Tom Berger for sharing these handy tips by Steve Laifman to consider whenever perusing classiifed car ads.

THE OFFICIAL CAR ADVERTISE-
MENT CONVERSION CHART

HOW TO INTERPRET ANTIQUE CAR ADS
WHAT IT SAYS AND WHAT IT MEANS

Rare model
Nobody liked them when they were new, either.

Older restoration. Can't tell it's been restored
Needs engine work. Its been frozen for 30 years.

Uses no oil
Just throws it out.

No rust .
Body and fenders missing.

Rough.
It's too bad to lie about.

One owner.
Never been able to sell.

No time to complete.
Can't find parts anywhere.

Needs interior.
Seats are gone.

Rebuilt engine Has new spark plugs.
May run but never has.

Low mileage.
Third time around.

29 coats of handrubbed paint.
Needed that much to cover the rust.

Clean.
It sat in the rain yesterday.

Always driven slowly.
About what I expect to get.

Prize winner.
Hard luck trophy 3 times in a row.

Stored 25 years.
Under a tree.

Real show stopper.
Orange with purple fenders.

Easy restoration.
Parts will come off in your hands.

Ready to show.
Just washed it.

Top good.
Only leaks when it rains.

Good investment.
Can't depreciate any more.

By Steve Laifman

RECENT EVENTS OF IN "TR" EST



MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN
TEXT BY DOUG LARSON AND
BOB STREEPY
GRAPHICS BY DOUG LARSON



ACCORDING TO RUDYARD Kipling, "Only mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun." The Coventry Irregular corollary to this famous quote might read, "Whose idea was it to drive to Michigan in a Triumph in 100° heat?" At any rate, only four of the original eight ISOA cars planning to participate in the caravan to Michigan ventured from the City of Broad Shoulders to the Wolverine State to attend this year's iteration the Mad Dogs & Englishmen car show in Hickory Corners, Michigan, over the weekend of June 22-24. The contingent consisted of Jim Aldrich [TR6], Pete and Denise Ballard [MGB], Joe and Roseanne Felix [TR4A] and



Doug and Debbie Larson [TR6]. Screamer and the Ballards headed out on Friday morning, while the Larsons and Felixes opted for an early Saturday start to try to beat the heat as much as possible. The drive from Joliet was reasonably comfortable in terms of both temperature and traffic, both of which were moderate, at least to begin with. Mother

Nature's air-conditioner [a.k.a. Lake Michigan] definitely improved the drive along the Lake as they made their way North. However, as the group proceeded inland, the term "hot wheels" began to take on extra dimension of meaning for the little caravan.

Due to the extreme heat, the drivers and passengers made frequent pauses for refreshments and to simply cool off. The first comfort stop took place at South Haven. The Triumphistae drove along the beach, stretched their legs, by visiting a few shops, and enjoyed a cool drink at a local doughnut shop. In Saugatuck, the two groups reconnoitered for lunch, and in keeping with the weekend theme, decided to visit a local English pub. The menu included fish



and chips, washed down with cool drinks, followed by a leisurely stroll along the beach and a visit to some of the many shops in the quaint coastal village. Next, they continued north to Grand Haven. Jim split off from the group and headed to his hotel at Battle Creek. As the cars were heading into town, the Ballard's MGB lost oil pressure, never a good sign. The group found a shady area in a municipal parking lot, and as is typical under these conditions, the ladies went out to find some nearby shops while the guys popped up the bonnet on MG and attempted to track down the source of the missing oil pressure.

They soon discovered that an oil cooler line fitting cracked, and the resulting leak was the source



of the problem. Despite a yeoman like effort to solve the dilemma, and using virtually every part in their traveling inventory of spares, nothing seemed to work. The only apparent solution would be a replacement line. Trying to source an oil cooler line on a Saturday afternoon proved to be quite problematic.

Doug looked up the telephone numbers of some of the MDE officers and contacted the vice president who turned out to be very helpful. He also called and e-mailed John Twist, the famous MG mechanic whose shop happened to be in the next town east of Grand Rapids. Unfortunately, Twist did not respond. It appeared as if the only solution was a trip on the dreaded flatbed to University Motors so that Twist could repair it Monday morning.



However, as luck would have it, just as the tow truck was unloading Pete's car in the parking lot, Twist himself arrived. He had decided to stop by the shop on his way to an ice cream shop. He graciously opened up his establishment and grabbed two oil cooler lines off the shelf, along with a couple of quarts of oil. When Pete asked what the



cost for the parts and materials would be, Twist said that \$20 should cover it .(It's hard to imagine getting that kind of service and that kind of rate on a Saturday night anywhere in the Chicagoland area.) In addition, Pete and Denise decided to treat John to treat treat to his ice cream before they headed back to Battle Creek. Denise also decided to buy some lottery tickets since it seemed as Karma was smiling upon them.



While all this was taking place, Screamer was headed to Grand Rapids with the express purpose of giving Pete and Denise a ride back to the motel in his six, but by the time he arrived, the mechanical issues had been resolved. Consequently, cramming three adults into a TR6 was unnecessary, much to the relief of all concerned.

Sunday morning the group headed to the Gillmor Car Museum in Hickory corners. Normally, this



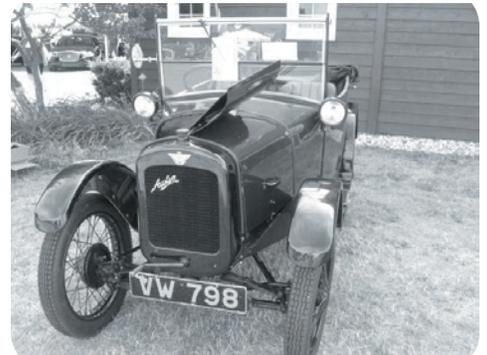
event attracts around 450 entrants however, this year the exhibitors numbered only about 300 most likely due to the intense heat predicted for that Sunday. Actually, since there are so many shade trees on the 90 acres of the museum grounds, the weather was not as unbearable as anticipated.



The museum has an eclectic assortment of special-interest cars including rare Duesenbergs, Packards, Rolls Royces, Tuckers, Pierce Arrows, Cords and so forth. There was even a wide range of British automobiles on display thus making for a very enjoyable day. This year the featured marque was MGB, which was celebrating its 50th year [Ed note: Wonder if any of the entries in attendance had an extra oil cooler line?]



By midafternoon, the group decided that it was probably time to begin the return trip to the city. By this time, the air temperature was quite warm indeed, and in order to prevent any dehydration, the group decided to stop at a winery to seek some refreshment and sample some of the vineyard's product before undertaking the arduous trek back. As the



caravan resumed its return trip, the traffic seemed to increase to the point that the normal 3 1/2 hour jaunt was virtually doubled because of the huge volume of vehicles making their way along the interstate. The little convoy was only able to average 10 to 15 miles an hour all across northern Indiana. It goes without saying that the car's clutches, not to mention the drivers' left legs, got quite a workout. Once they had managed to get through the worst of the traffic jam ,the group stopped one last time at an oasis to say their good byes before going their separate ways.



Despite the unpleasantness of the final driving leg on their way home, the group agreed that the Mad Dogs and Englishmen show is certainly one of the top of events of the summer. The park like setting, the vast array of special-interest cars, and a large field of British cars make this an event to add to your calendar for 2013. Besides, what the hell does Rudyard Kipling know about having a good fun in a Triumph anyhow?

Wires & Suds



TRA continued from page one

Unfortunately, a few blocks from home I lost power to the temperature gauge and to the fuel gauge. This is normally a sign that the voltage stabilizer isn't functioning properly, often a result of a blown fuse. At Jay's, we inspected the fuse which appeared fine, and we proceeded to do some additional electrical troubleshooting in the predawn hours. Eventually, we discovered much to our chagrin that the fuse, while not appearing to be blown, was inoperative. A simple enough fix, but it took us nearly 30 minutes to diagnose before we could affect the repair.

Since it was still early, we opted to take I-294 to I-80 rather than 355, hoping that the traffic would be still light, which it was. We then headed down I-65 and left the metro area behind us as the sun began to rise. After leaving a rest stop south of Indianapolis, my TR4 started to miss noticeably. Despite only one lane of traffic due to construction, I pulled off to the shoulder and called Jay, who had gone on ahead to let him know that my car was running poorly.

I noticed that the front carburetor dash pot damper had vibrated loose, so I reattached it and added a drop of oil to make sure things were okay. The car started right up and seemed to run fine, so we crossed our fingers and headed south. After a short while, the car began to develop a high-speed miss, especially when ascending any kind of modest grade. We pulled off again, this time to grab a quick lunch and check the points. They were worn despite having only 1500 miles on them, so we replaced them, and once again, the car started up just fine. However, few miles down the road it started missing, and we pulled off and tinkered with the ignition system. We found a loose spark plug wire, which we hoped would solve the problem. Just to



be sure, we replaced the cap and plug wires. As before, the car started up and seemed fine for a few miles, and then the miss returned. We stopped yet again, this time in the parking lot of an adult bookstore – any port in a storm – and checked the plugs. One was slightly fouled, so we replaced it, only to discover that the threads were “boogered,” so Jay went into town to a Napa Store to get a tap. We cleaned the threads and put a fresh plug. We lost quite a bit of time, but we thought that we had finally solved the problem.

We got off the interstate in Kentucky and headed southeast along secondary roads to Hixson, TN, where Jay's brother, Arthur, has a beautiful lake home, where we intended to spend the night. The car continued to stumble whenever we approached a steep grade, but it never died. We soldiered on, arriving at Art's around 8:30. He had prepared



a delicious meal for us, and afterwards Jay recalled that when he was driving his TR4 on a daily basis in the early 70s, he once experienced similar symptoms. He eventually tracked it down to a faulty coil. We decided to replace the coil the following morning and go from there. With a fresh coil installed, we test drove the car on some local hills, and everything seemed fine. Once more, we thought that we had rectified the issue.

We continued to head southeast through eastern TN to the beautiful Cherohala Parkway, which would enable us to cross over into North Carolina. The car seemed to be running much better. We paused for a photo stop at a scenic overlook along the parkway, and as we left, I only got a few hundred yards before the car began to sputter, but this time it died completely. I had no choice but to put it in neutral and coast backwards into the rest stop we had just left. Fortunately, there was no oncoming traffic on this morning, otherwise the story might not have a happy ending.



Since we had run out of ignition fixes, I triggered the fuel pump priming lever, and it felt “squishy.” We disconnected the fuel line from the pump to the front carburetor and tried to start the car, but no fuel came from the line – the fuel pump was toast. Fortunately, we had a spare [actually we each had one], but any tractor motor owner knows that removing the nut from the back mounting stud is extremely challenging without the correct tools. By correct tools, I mean a quarter inch drive, half-inch, swivel socket. I did have a 3/8 drive swivel, but it was just a bit too big to do the job. A Good Samaritan graciously offered to drive Jay back to Tellico Plains, TN, to try to find the correct tool. A local NAPA dealer lent Jay some tools, however, he didn't have a quarter inch swivel socket. Eventually, after a record level of profanity, we were able to change fuel pumps only to find that the spare fuel pump wouldn't work either. At this point, Jay decided that an electric fuel pump was our only option, and again the same Good Samaritan drove him back to the NAPA store where he got an electric pump and then returned to the overlook. All of this took the better part of six hours, but the electric pump did the trick!

We continued to head up the Cherohala and exited at Robbinsville, North Carolina, where we grabbed a bite to eat. Then, we continued to I-40 to the Little Switzerland exit near Marion, North Carolina. We did not check into the Switzerland Inn until well after 11:00. A 200-mile drive took us nearly 16 hours, but we made it.

The following morning we picked up our registration materials and visited with some of the other conventioners. There were roughly 60 Triumphs registered for the event, and the first activity took place Thursday morning when



many of the attendees headed down the Blue Ridge Parkway to Biltmore, the gilded age Vanderbilt mansion. Jay and I have both visited this 250 room "cottage" situated on 8000 acres and agreed that it was a spectacular sight, however, we needed to do some laundry and get our cars cleaned up before the car show. We headed into Spruce Pine, NC, where we found a Laundromat and a quarter car wash, as well as some electrical connections to run the electric fuel pump off the ignition switch rather than connecting and disconnecting it from the battery. We then returned to the host hotel and spent some time getting our cars ready for Friday's show.

Thursday evening the organizers hosted an exceptional barbecue dinner for the attendees. The menu included ribs, chicken, corn on the cob, coleslaw, potato salad and brownies. The food was delicious and ample, a winning combination to be sure. Following the barbecue, the TRA officers held an at-large business meeting, and there was a spirited discussion over amending the bylaws, which turned out to be more exciting than anyone had anticipated. Following the meeting, we turned in

Friday morning the car show took place. Like most conventions, the show included participant's choice and concours classes. It was held on the grounds of the Switzerland Inn and offered a spectacular view of the valley below. In the concours, TRA has a special class known as the Premier, which includes previous "Best of Show" winners. This group of seven included Jay's TR 4, which had won at the TRA convention held in Branson, MO, in 2005. My car was entered in the TR 4 concours class, and I felt fairly optimistic that it might do well, since it was the only car in that group.



There were many spectacular cars on display, but clearly the belle of



the ball was TS 1, the very first Triumph sports series. This car was restored some years ago by TRA founder Joe Richards, who then sold it to Robert Smith, a collector in Hawaii in 2008. Dr. Philip Hoopes of Utah persuaded Smith to sell him the car in 2010, and it has since returned to the mainland. This car is the holy grail of Triumphs and constantly attracted excited onlookers throughout the entire convention.

Another very interesting group of cars was displayed by David Freeman of High Point, NC. He owns what must be the world's largest collection of Triumph 10s. His collection, which includes an estate [station wagon] purchased new by his grandmother and a sedan, was first displayed at the VTR convention in Ypsilanti, MI, in 2008. He has since increased his collection by adding a pickup truck and a very rare panel van, which was never exported to North America. The van had only recently been restored, and the entire fleet travels on a purpose-built trailer, which allows him to take all four cars anywhere the mood strikes him.

After the car show, Friday afternoon was free for local sightseeing, and there were plenty of interesting places to visit. However, an intense storm prevented most of the Triumphs from taking advantage of any of the nearby attractions. By the time the storm passed, it was just about time for dinner and the ever popular TRA parts auction. TRA organizers provided a "bid stimulating session" [i.e. free beer] prior to the parts going up for sale, and apparently this strategy paid off handsomely. Roughly 200 items, many donated by the Roadster Factory, along with used and abused parts from TRA members, changed hands over the next the three hours or

so of spirited bidding. Two of the more sought after items included an A-type overdrive transmission, which brought in \$750 and a very rare factory alloy valve cover, complete with cloisonné Triumph world logo that fetched \$450.

Saturday morning there was an early breakfast run to a café in Spruce Pine nearby, but Jay and I opted for a breakfast run of our own, followed by the drive up and down the Blue Ridge Parkway. While I do not profess to be a particularly devout person, I must acknowledge that driving a TR4 on a beautiful day with the top down along the Blue Ridge Parkway is a very moving spiritual experience. It was probably as close to heaven as I'll ever get. If there is such a thing as a Temple of Triumphs, then one of the pillars of faith should be to drive in a TR along this majestic road. Even though the speed limits are subdued, the combination of good pavement, beautiful scenery, and level changes, makes this one of any Triumph owner's greatest joys

We set out to see the famous Linn Cove Viaduct, a 1243-foot concrete segmental bridge which snakes around the slopes of Grandfather Mountain in North Carolina. It was completed in 1983 at a cost of \$10 million and was the last section of the Blue Ridge Parkway to be finished. It is said to be the most





won, but a couple of Canadians beat us out by a few hundred miles. After that, they presented awards for People's Choice and then the Premier class. Jay's car scored more than 95 points to receive a gold certificate, despite having been driven some 30,000 miles since it won best of show. His TR4 continues to show extremely well and

is a shining example of a driven concourse car. Jay, Lou Metelco of Indiana, and I were the only cars in concours to drive to the show; the rest arrived via other means of conveyance, i.e. trailers. Since mine was the only TR4 in concours, it came as no surprise that I took first in class and came within 2/10 of a point of the score earned by the best in show winner, scoring 97.8 to his 98.0.

complicated concrete bridge ever built. This incredible engineering feat was amazing. Next, we planned to drive along Highway 226A known by the locals as the Diamondback, but only Jay completed the trip, since he and I got separated in the Saturday afternoon rush hour on the Blue Ridge. His description was that it certainly was no Highway 129 [Tail of the Dragon], but it had some nice twists and turns.

Saturday afternoon Jay and I hung out in the hotel and visited with friends. We decided that since we had a little time to kill, we would take a low impact hike. The hotel had provided directions for a two-mile hike that we both felt we could probably handle without too much strain or pain. The first half was fairly easy, *because it was all downhill*, however, we began to identify more and more with my TR4 when going back up the hills. In other words, it was tough to keep the old pump going, and we both agreed that a shower was definitely in order prior to attending the banquet.

Once again, the hotel restaurant staff did a magnificent job in prepping for the evening meal. The buffet style banquet featured blackened fish, grilled chicken, and prime rib, along with all kinds of delicious sides. The meal was excellent. TRA has a tradition of presenting an award called the Choked Chicken to anyone who suffers a break down along the way, and your humble and obedient scribe became the first ISOA member to receive this prestigious accolade. After the Choked Chicken award presentation, there was the longest distance traveled award given which Jay and I nearly

running at just after dawn and took secondary roads through NC, TN, and VA before getting into KY around midday. When we left the hotel, we had our tops down, and it was cool enough that we both wore jackets. We had the twisty tourney roads all to ourselves most of the morning, but as we left the mountains and got into the Ohio Valley, the temperatures began to soar. We stopped at a rest stop around Lexington to put our tops up to keep the sun from parboiling us. [I now know what having heated leather seats in a Triumph would be like.] We proceeded along the interstate in Sunday afternoon, i.e. -heavy- traffic. Both cars were running well, and we were averaging upwards of 70 miles an hour for most of our time on the interstate. We got off before Louisville and headed north on secondary roads to spend the night in Madison, IN. As we went through one of the small Kentucky towns, the local time and temperature read 102°, which I think was probably a bit low.



We made fairly good time and arrived in Madison sooner than we'd originally planned, but we were both so tired and hot that we decided to call it a day. The town was the site of an LST assembly plant during WWII, but to our dismay, no signs of the facility appear to remain. We kicked around downtown for a while and stopped at a local establishment for a cool drink and a meal. It's interesting to imagine what this community must've been like in its heyday, since the downtown section, much of which has been "restored," is somewhat reminiscent of Galena without the hills. After cooling off and satiating our appetites, we headed back to the motel and rested for an hour or two before watching a bit of TV and calling it a night

Monday morning we were up early and on the road to cover the remaining 300 miles from Madison to the Western suburbs. We rolled into Snic Braaapp Towers with 1,804 new miles on the odometer on our TR4. The breakdown on Tuesday notwithstanding, it was a great trip. As Mary Jo Holekamp has sagely observed on more than one occasion, it was a "Manufactured Adventure."

After the awards banquet, we adjourned to the lobby of the hotel for the distribution of door prizes. Virtually every registrant received one or two of these. We hung out and did some visiting, but since we planned to try to get an early start on Sunday, we called it a night and headed back to our room.

Sunday morning we hit the trail

Suds



BARRINGTON CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE TEXT & GRAPHICS BY BOB STREEPY



THE BARRINGTON AREA Conservation Trust held its seventh annual Barrington Concours D'Elegance at

Makray Memorial Golf Club on Sunday on Northwest Highway in Barrington on July 15. The car show itself was only part of a series of events associated with this automotive spectacle. In addition to the concours, there was also a road rally on Saturday and a celebration of speed scheduled for August at the Autobahn Country Club, along with a gala reception/dinner.

Some 100 cars and bikes began gathering at approximately 6:30 AM at the golf course. Each exhibitor was assigned a specific time to report and then they were marshaled on to the ninth fairway of the golf course. The

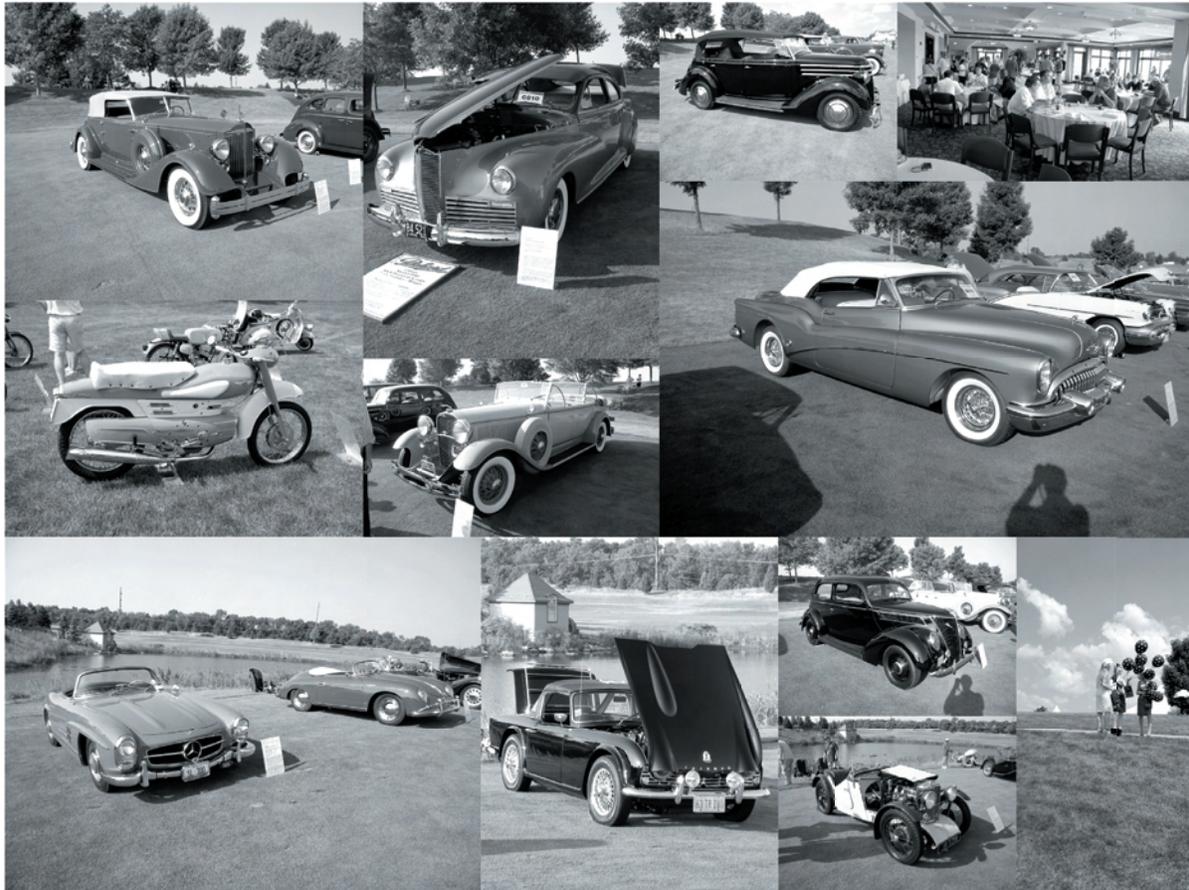
cars and motorcycles were assigned classifications which included Italian, American Classic, [limited production between 1925-1948], pre-and postwar American production vehicles, pre and postwar European vehicles, preservation vehicles, and Japanese and antique motorcycles. There were numerous late model "super cars" [Lambos, R8s, 911s, Mercedes, and even a pair of Fiskers].

The exhibitors competed for awards within each class, and in addition, there were exhibitor's choice, best presentation, best preservation, gone but not forgotten, and 100 years and counting trophies. The judges followed "Modified French Rules," which meant they took into account the car's design, the exhibitor's attempt to preserve, the correctness of fit and finish, the level of restoration, and the interior.

The organizers provided complimentary cold beverages throughout the day, which were most appreciated by the spectators and exhibitors since the midday temperatures were well in excess of 90°. To contribute to the concours ambience, there were live performances

This event is clearly a departure from the more typical car show activities that many of us in ISOA are accustomed to. Obviously, the vast majority of exhibitors as well as patrons were among the "one per centers." Your humble obedience scribe, felt slightly out of his element, somewhat like Fred Sanford at the Republican Nominating Convention. My TR4, was assigned to the "European Beauty" category, which included a Mercedes-Benz 300 SL, an E type Jaguar, a Mark II Jaguar, a Facel Vega, a pair of Morgans, two Porsche 356s, and several MG TC series, along with a prewar MG, all of which were spectacular.

The event organizers did a great job of running the event, thanks in large part to a huge turnout of volunteers who tried to make sure the concours ran as smoothly as possible. While some of the exhibitors, and possibly a few of the attendees, seemed a bit pretentious for our tastes, it was an interesting



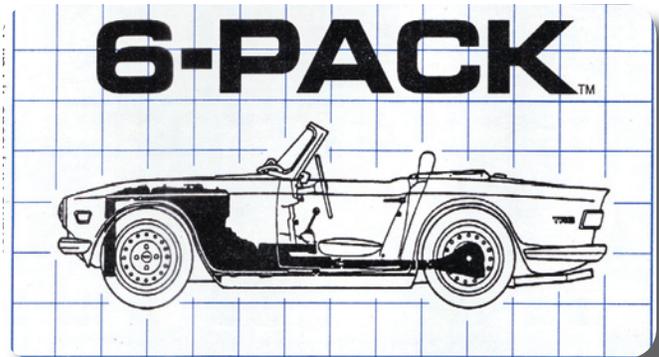
by a string quartet accompanied by an opera singer prior to the presentation of awards. The organizers also provided a complimentary lunch for the exhibitors in the Makay clubhouse, and for those who chose to remain after the award ceremony, there was a cocktail reception and a gala dinner. There were even fresh flowers in the porta-potties.

contrast to the strip mall cruise nights that are more our style. Still, regardless of the size of one's stock portfolio, car guys are still car guys, and it was pleasant rub elbows with the upper crust, many of whom spoke fondly of their memories of TR's.... before they moved up to more patrician rides.

Suds



Oct. 28 - Nov. 2, 2012
Galveston Island, TX



TRials 2012 - Sept 6-9,
Welland, Ontario



White Trash Nite - August 10



Sunday September 16,
Meet at Holecamp's 7:30 AM
133 Danada Ct., Wheaton, IL



4th Annual Car Show
Sept. 17th
Raceway Woods,
Carpentersville

This year's event will honor Carroll Shelby and the 50th anniversary of the Cobra. The feature will be the 1968 SCCA Trans-Am that was held at Meadowdale!

New this year...Ride the tram from the parking lot for a scenic tour of the raceway!



2nd Annual Rod Blagojevich
"Never Say Die" LeMons Race
Featuring "007-Rusty Galore"
Sat., Oct. 8th





SUMMER PARTY 2012

August 2nd, 3rd, and 4th

The Roadster Factory Summer Party - Armagh, PA



Transportation Extravaganza
August 5th, Union, IL
Meet at Alexander's Restaurant Rte. 31 &
I-90 - Elgin 8:30 AM

25th Annual British Car Show
Sunday, August 5th
Jersey Ridge Road at 11th Street
East Davenport, IA



OpenAir Classic VI! - August 18-21, 2011
"Darting Through the Driftless Region"





Dear Editor,

I have been away from ISOA for awhile, but I think it's time for me to rejoin because I just read on the interweb that BMW is planning to re-introduce the Triumph name to its product line of high performance sportscars. Since this information was acquired by means of the World Wide Web, I know it must be true. As the world's foremost authority on Triumph information, can you please provide me with the latest information on who, what, where, and when the new Triumph will be available?
EW – Mt. Prospect

Dear Earl,

*I know I speak for at least two of my editorial predecessors when I declare that it goes without saying that we have missed you. As always, leave it to you to be on the cutting edge of technology to have gained access to the information superhighway, the most authoritative source of all things Triumph. We have seen reports on CNN and Fox News that BMW is definitely going to bring back the Triumph name. We have also seen the posts on various internet forums indicating that it is only a matter of time before BMW, which owns the legal rights to the name, releases its new Triumph Sportswagon. Highly placed sources tell **SNIC BRAAAPP** that the new TR will be powered by a wetliner rotary 2-cycle, 3 cylinder engine designed by team of East German engineers who helped in the development of the Trabant. The styling is a tribute to the entire TR series, paying tribute to the TR3 wide mouth grille and the "Shape of things to Come" profile associated with the later TR7 and 8 bodies. Unconfirmed reports tell **SNIC BRAAAPP** that during testing at the Nurburgring, the prototype attained speeds in excess of 40 MPH on regular kerosene. A hybrid using a Leyden jar/hit & miss combo is also in the works.*



© 1997 Trippel Motors, Milwaukee, WI

Pricing has not yet been announced, but we expect that the entry level TR will probably start at less than 200K. We anticipate that the new Triumph will be formally introduced at the Berwyn Cruise Nite in August and then taken on a cross country publicity tour across North America on a specially decorated two-wheel dolly. While it may be just a bit premature, we suggest that you put down a deposit at your nearest BMW dealer as soon as possible in order to avoid any disappointment. Who knows, you might be able to have your new Triumph in time to enter it in the People's Choice competition at BCU. We suspect that you'd probably have a good shot at winning without resorting to stuffing the ballot box this time.

ED



ISOA TECHNICAL ExSPURTS

- TR2 AI "Chromedome" Christopher
773/233-2526
- TR3/4 Pat "PowerBuldge" Lobdell
219/942-1263
- TR4A/
250/5A Steve "Godfather" 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
- Herald Jack "Spuds" Billmack
815/459-4721
- Machinist Bob "Opera Man" Crowley
630/319-7343
- Electrical, Joe "Stagmeister" Pawlak
Paint, Body, 847/683-9683

IL. Dept. Revenue Mike "Scooter" Johnson
Ombudsman scooter5559@comcast.net



Due to a power outage in Elmhurst on Sunday, July 1st, the monthly ISOA was cancelled. The next scheduled meeting will be Sunday, August 5th. ED



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BCU Reps Mike Blonder*
Terri Underhill

*past president

As reported in the June 25th issue of **Autoweek-**

1965 Triumph TR4A IRS Roadster
- RM Auctions, Amelia Island, Fla.
March 10, 2012

Red with black top over black vinyl interior with white piping. Inline-four, 2,128 cc, 104 hp, four-speed manual transmission.

Well done paint, good shutlines, fresh gaskets. Excellent glass, chrome. Very well done seats, dash and carpets. Chrome wire wheels and rear luggage rack add to the look. **SOLD FOR \$30,800**

The TR2 and the TR3 were successful sports cars in the U.S. market. But by the time the TR4 was ready for production, "amenities" such as roll-up windows were expected, and the days of side curtains were numbered. Where the TR2 and the TR3 looked similar at first glance, the TR4 had an updated

look. In fact, the cowl, doors and inner panels lasted through the end of TR6 production. Not only did the TR4 share some parts with earlier Triumphs, but, in the style of small British automobile manufacturers, what were major updates for Triumph would be passed off as running changes for larger firms. With the introduction of the TR4A in 1965, an independent rear suspension became available. In the United States, it was optional. If you paid up for the IRS, your trunk badge would denote it. In all, a reported 28,465 TR4As were built; about 75 percent of them had the IRS. Not long ago, a TR4A selling for more than \$30,000 might have made headlines, but this price is becoming the new normal for excellent cars. You can expect it to head upwards from here. But keep in mind that rusty examples and just plain lousy TR4s can still be found for less than \$10,000. -

DAVE KINNEY

Shoe





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. All ad copy is taken from sellers. Snic Braaapp does not inspect any cars as a prerequisite for inclusion here and does not assume any responsibility as to the accuracy of any ad text. As with any purchase, Caveat Emptor. To place an add, please e-mail Bob Streepy at: trstreep@sbcglobal.net or call 630/372-7565. *The editor reserves the right to adjust the length of an ad to accommodate the space available.*

•**For Sale:** 1979 Spitfire (registered in 80). Daily Driver! Near complete restoration. Complte professional rebuild on engine and converted to Weber carb. New Exhaust, tires, wheels, etc. Beautiful example of the last year these were made. Red with tan interior. 50,000 miles. \$5,000. Scott 312-315-4666 or sredman@cbklaw.com. [06/12]

•**For Sale:** 1958 Triumph 4-door Sedan. Ran when parked. Pictures available Brad Dedina 847-343-9424 brad212@comcast.net [*not an ISOA member* - 06/12]

•**For Sale:** 1959 Triumph TR3 \$12,000.00.OBO Includes a large number of small parts that will go with the car (carburetors, generators, starters, etc. and many, many small parts). Al Brown, brownae36@yahoo.com PH# 563-355-0255 <http://qcbac.home.mchsi.com/brown59tr32010.jpg> [*not an ISOA member* - 07/12]

•**For Sale:** '68 Triumph Spitfire. Also early Spit ('64-70) original steel hardtop in good condition, includes rear glass. Craig Parker: rcnparker@comcast.net <http://qcbac.home.mchsi.com/parker68spitfire2011.jpg> [*not an ISOA member* - 07/12]

•**For Sale:** 1965 TR4A. Will require a complete restoration. Engine rebuilt years ago. \$6,000 or best offer. Located in AZ. Photos available on request. Richard Crabb. (602)216-9737. richard@fastq.com [*not an ISOA member* - 08/12]

•**For Sale:** 1972 TR6 hood, doors with glass, fuel tank, hub caps, wheels, tail lamps (one broken lense on each) heater and a few other bits. None perfect but most very usable. Make me an offer for one part or all. Bob Lathrop . robert.lathrop@yahoo.com. [08/12]

Snic Preview

Coming in your September newsletter available at sleazier newsstands everywhere

- White TRash Nite**
- Orphan Auto Picnic**
- Ravinia Outing**

Lots More Stuff



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

Ronnie Moon 8/02
 Greg Fantozzi 8/05
 Thanos Kourliouros 8/09
 Dennis Delap 8/10
 Tom Berger 8/10
 Marilyn Briggs 8/14
 Jean Merzon 8/17
 Denny Smalley 8/18
 John Neis 8/21
 Ken Kendzy 8/23
 John Hall 8/24

Jim Hussey 8/24
 Terry Underhill 8/25
 Phil Beckman 8/25
 Steve Haas 8/27
 Arlene Kendzy 8/27
 John Withrow 8/28
 Denny Stock 8/28
 Bob Lee 8/28
 Bill Marscin 8/29
 Greg Reinert 8/31

New Members

Trish Felski and Bryan Finrock
 1700 Ovaltine Ct Unit 1722, Villa Park, IL 60181-5615
 312 852-6027 - EMail: finvoker@gmail.com
 67 Spitfire

Membership Counts

179 memberships - 243 members



Newest Member

Congratulations to Bobbie and Julie Lathrop on the June 1st birth of their first child Evelyn Elizabeth

Snic

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

Braaapp

THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

AUGUST 2012



*RICK PAULSON BEHIND THE WHEEL OF HIS 1976 SPITFIRE 1500 JUNE 2012
BOB STREEPY PHOTO*