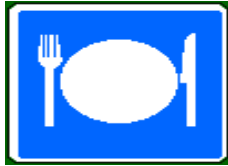


Flatwater Austin Healey Club Newsletter

Austin Healey CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

October 2000 Volume 4, No. 10

Editors: Bob Shaw & Martha Johnson



UPCOMING EVENTS

Ice Cream is Thursday, the 12th at Baskin Robbins, 1 block south of Pine Lake Road on south 70th, Lincoln at 7:30 P.M.

Breakfast is Saturday, the 14th at Mahoney State park about 9:30 A.M.

Nebraska Triumph Drivers Poker Run, Sunday, the 22nd at 2:00, Mahoney State Park.

Fish at Nehawka at the Windmill Inn, Friday the 27th at about 7:00 or when you get there.

Planning Meeting November 18th at Ben and Bev Anderson's. Details to follow next month.

FROM THE PRESIDENTIAL GARAGE

Marvin Marshall

I'm sitting here listening to the Presidential Debate as I write my ramblings for October.

There are at least four candidates this time. Far be it from your complacent club President to offer his humble opinion for whom to vote. Just vote!

I sure love my little British car but I sure wouldn't want to live under the British form of government, anybody else's for that matter. If we do not use our freedoms, we will lose them.

Dr. Shaw has just taken my soapbox to put more car parts in so I suppose I'd better quit grandstanding and get down to LBC business:



ARTICLES - Please send anything intended for our newsletter to Bob Shaw or to me. I'd like to do a monthly article on each one of our members. Start thinking about your cars, how you got them, what you've done to them, what your spouse thinks and all that stuff. Photos welcome.

EVENTS - The Mocks will not be able to have the cabin event. They are going South for the winter. If you have any ideas for a car event, write them down and present them at the planning meeting in November.

Her Majesty's Royal Nebraska Patrol Christmas Party will be in January at the Knoles Country Club. Ben Anderson will have more details forthcoming. All are invited.

The usual band of suspects will show up at John & Bev Ulrich's place in February for the annual Flatwater It's - Too - Cold - to - Work - on - the - Car - Football's - Over - We're - Bored - So - We - Might - as - Well - Have - a - Party Party. I know - details - keep readin' the newsletter.

The annual Lead Foot Grand Prix, settling the question as to who is the fastest driver for another year, will be sometime in February at Speed Indoor Racing in Lincoln.

Jerry & Nancy Needham will host a party in March around St. Patrick's Day. This is where we Flatwater Folk hold our club elections.



this year will be a Poker Run, beginning at 2:00 P.M. at Mahoney State Park on Sunday, October 22nd, 2000. There will be an entry fee of \$3 per car, and there is a \$2 fee to enter the park if you have neglected breakfast and do not have a sticker in your car already. You are also to bring a covered dish and your own table service. The route will cover several state parks - there are 4 within half an hour of each other - and will be on paved roads. The event will end at Platteview State Park. Sounds like a great time and a wonderful chance for one last tour before the end of the "driving season".

Halloween is on a Tuesday after Fish Night, which is in Nehawka on October 27th. This means Sue and I will be there Friday in costume. Is Nehawka ready for a Troll/Punk Rocker/Witch/Drag Nurse/Dirty Old Man/Clown? (Marvin, we thought you were to be in costume. What gives? Ed.) Why not join in the fun? I may be something different this year.



I want to thank all the people who braved the cold to attend our Lincoln Car Show. A special thanks to Fred & Marilyn Meier for personing the registration booth and all the hard work that went with it.

Now go tinker with those cars!



The Formerly

ANNUAL CAR SHOW

The Flatwater A-H Club held their annual British Iron show on Sunday, Sept. 24. The day was dreary and cold. In contrast to previous years when a warm Sunday brought out 80 or more cars, motorcycles, and even British bicycles, this year's show was down to 30 hearty souls and their cars.



Based on information from Don Namolia
and Bob Weddington

The Triumph Drivers traditionally had their annual Lose Hills Run in October, a perfect time to take a drive up Highway 127 from Council Bluffs, Iowa to Logan. However, the Nebraska Triumph drivers were worried that their event was becoming a bit stale, so they decided to try a new venue and a new event. Please rest assured, the event still involves driving British Cars and eating. There are some things that are sacred among British Auto Operators! The event



Fred & Marilyn Meier did a bang-up job as this year's Event Chairs. We signed up four new members and sent information to another Omaha couple. Moss Motors again supplied prizes—individual plaques for the cars and a discount coupon for each participant. Susan Marshall of WHY USA also provided door prizes.

Thanks to all our sponsors and workers and especially to all the participants. See you next year.

Photos of cars throughout this issue are from the FWAHC Annual car show and courtesy of Jerry Needham.

FISH IN NEHAWKA

Marvin Marshall

The judging was none the easier as all the entries were some of the best examples around. The winners were Peoples Choice, John Ulrich with his '69 MGBGT V8 conversion, Diamond in the rough, Allan Gries with his '68 Morgan, and Ken 'The Banker' Grant, taking it to the bank with the Largest Fluid Leak (54"x17") and the Distance Award.

and a mess of fries covered with Tobasco Sauce). They also have a regular menu of burgers and such for the heathen among us.

They a have beer selection rather like Henry Ford's color selection on the Model-T, Bud and Bud Lite. In truth, they have others but they are not readily advertised. The mixed drinks are also good as are the iced tea and sodas.

A small town bar is THE social center of such villages, where all in town meet and have dinner so the little ones are safe and welcome. We bring our 6 year-old granddaughter once in a while.



Plan now to join us October 27th around 7 p.m. Since Halloween is the following Tuesday, Sue and I will probably be in costume. Why not join in the fun and get dressed up too?

The little town of Nehawka was inundated with LBCs again last month as 32 members showed up to eat, drink, and be merry. Flatwater has been going to The Windmill Bar & Grill for the last four months and evidently everyone likes it. Including, strangely enough, the bar owners. That may be because we have averaged 30 people each time.



The menu is heavy on fish (Walleye, catfish, shrimp, and my favorite, CARP! One has not lived properly until one savors a couple of tails of those bottom-feeders served up on a bed of rye bread

They drive out onto the ice. Now, they want to make some kind of a natural landing area to attract ducks—something the decoys will float on.



Duck Hunting with Dynamite

Contributed by Bill Evans

True Story from Minnesota, USA

Guy buys a brand new Jeep Grand Cherokee for \$30,000+, and has \$400+ in monthly payments. He's pretty proud of this rig, and gets ahold of his friend to do some male bonding with the new ride.

They go duck hunting and of course all the lakes are frozen. These two brainiacs go to the lake with their guns, the dog, the beer, and, of course, the new vehicle.



The dog is happy and now heads back toward the "hunters" with the stick of dynamite. I think we all can picture the ever increasing concern on the part of the Brain Trust, as the loyal Labrador Retriever approaches. The Bozos now are REALLY waving their arms, yelling even louder and generally feeling kinda panicked.

Remember, it's all ice, and in order to make a hole large enough to interest a flock of ducks and a hold big enough to entice ducks to land, they needed to use a little more than an ice hole drill. Soooooo, out of the back of the brand-new Jeep Grand Cherokee comes a stick of dynamite with a short 40-second fuse.

Now, to their credit, these two rocket scientists DID take into consideration that if they placed the stick of dynamite on the ice at a location far from where they (and the new Grand Cherokee) would be waiting and ran back quickly, they would risk slipping on the ice as they ran from the imminent explosion and could possibly go up in smoke with the resulting blast. After a little deliberation, they come up with lighting and THROWING the dynamite, which is what they end up doing.



Remember a couple of paragraphs back when I mentioned the vehicle, the beer, the guns AND THE DOG???? Yes, the dog. The driver's pet Black Lab (used for retrieving - especially things thrown by the owner). You guessed it, the dog takes off at a high rate of doggy speed on the ice, reaching the stick of dynamite with the burning 40-second fuse about the time it hits the ice - all to the woe of the two idiots who are now yelling, stomping, waving arms, and wondering what the heck to do now.



Finally, one of the guys decides to think something that neither had done before this moment - grabs a shotgun and shoots the dog. This sounds better than it really is, because the shotgun was loaded with #8 duckshot and hardly effective enough to stop a black Lab.



The dog DID stop for a moment, slightly confused, but then continued on. Another shot, and this time the dog, still standing, became REALLY confused and, of course, scared.



lake, and these two "Co-Leaders of the Known Universe" are left standing there with this "I can't EVEN believe this happened to me" look on their faces.

Later, the owner of the vehicle calls his insurance company and is promptly informed that sinking a vehicle in a lake by illegal use of explosives is NOT covered on his policy . . . He had yet to make his first car payment.

ADVENTURES WITH BOB



Or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Eastern Kansas

by Barbara Rixstine

It was just like Luke Skywalker said, "I have a bad feeling about this." But to understand exactly why, we have to go back to the beginning.

Saturday, September 2. A balmy day, filled with promise and sunshine, perfect for the caravan of cars ready to head to Kansas City for the Annual All-British Event. After meeting at Southeast Community College, they were off! Roll Call: Espelunds, Ulrich and Bohlke,

Thinking that these two Nobel Prize Winners have gone TOTALLY INSANE, the pooch takes off to find cover with a now extremely short fuse still burning on the stick of dynamite. The cover the dog finds? Underneath the brand new Grand Cherokee worth 30-some thousand dollars and the \$400+ monthly payment that is sitting on the lake ice. BOOM!!ãDog dies, vehicle sinks to bottom of



And then we came to Platte City. Now, you have to understand Leader Bob. Shaw's an affable man, never one to turn down a friend in need or a single-malt Scotch in a glass. (Hold the iced V-8, though.) A mechanic extraordinaire and a true leader in his own mind, I mean time. Well, zooming along in his Jaguar, Bob felt the gossamer gift of directional leadership waft him down the wrong road. We all followed. Another waft. Another wrong road. Waft #3. Wrong road again. At this point, several club members felt the time had come to pursue their own directional waft and they headed off down the Interstate. Not so the Andersons, Brother Ulrich, the Evans and myself. Now, understand, I don't mind alternate directional paths; I've followed a number of them myself and found some pretty interesting places. That's why I followed Ben Anderson down a road that said no exit; who am I to deny serendipity and when had I ever gone wrong following Ben before?

Shaw and Johnson, Storks, Andersons (Ben, Bev, Jon and Sheryl) and Evans. The author had to patch a tire before leaving. The culprit turned out to be a loose screw, not surprising considering the author. But I caught up with Flatwater and Her Majesty's Royal Patrol at Nebraska City where they kindly waited and where the Marshalls also joined up. Several miles later as far as I could tell we'd lost the lead British cars -- I was bringing up the caravan's tail in my Infiniti and almost forgot we had British cars in the group -- but they rejoined us from time to time.



On the fifth and sixth wrong turns, however, many of us felt like Skywalker, only we wondered if we were on the way to Alderon or the Kansas City airport. Nevertheless, we did arrive -- the same day! -- with only a healthy thirst to show for our efforts. (Was this a plot by the Eastern Kansas liquor retailers?) As a well-known English writer once said, all's well that ends well. The show itself seemed to show fewer cars than last year, and the barbecue -- replacing the up-to- now boring lecture and overpriced dinner, turned out to be just overpriced.

CHILI # 1: Mike's Maniac Monster Chili

Judge #1: A little too heavy on the tomato. Amusing kick.

Judge #2: Nice smooth tomato flavor. Very mild.

Our Hero: Holy Crap, what the heck is this stuff? You could remove dried paint from your driveway with it. Took me two beers to put the flames out. Hope that's the worst. These Texans are crazy.



Saturday evening brought Jerry and Nancy Needham, who are looking to sell their 3000. (Thanks, Jerry, for patching my eyeglasses!) It also brought Jim Danielson, who truly moved time and distance to make the three-hour trip in, oh, something less than three hours. Safety fast? On Sunday, the Hiatts turned up. Their son Ryan enjoyed looking at the cars, talking to club members, and telling his dad which one he wanted to take home -- including the trailer they could buy to do just that. Alas, neither car nor trailer followed them home, but I'm sure -- as all Chicago Cubs fans know-- there's always next year!



Chili #2: Arthur's Afterburner Chili



Amature Chili Judge

-Ed Kaler, Just Brits.

Recently I was honored to be selected as an outstanding famous celebrity in Texas, to be a judge at a chili cook-off, because no one else wanted to do it. The original person called in sick at the last moment and I happened to be standing there at the judge's table. I was assured by the other two judges (native Texans) that the chili wouldn't be all that spicy and besides, they told me, I could have free beer during the tasting. So I accepted. Here are the score cards from the event.:



Chili #4: Bubba's Black Magic

Judge #1: Black bean chili with almost no spice. Disappointing. BLACK BEAN CHILI WITH ALMOST NO SPICE. DISAPPOINTING.

Judge #1: Smoky, with a hint of pork. Slight jalapeno tang

Judge #2: Exciting BBQ flavor, needs more peppers to be taken seriously.

Hero: Keep this out of reach of children! I'm not sure what I am supposed to taste Besides pain. I had to wave off tow people who wanted to give me the Heimlich Maneuver. Had to walkie-talkie in 3 extra beers when they saw the look on my face.



Chili #3: Fred's Famous Burn Down the Barn Chili.

Judge #1: Excellent firehouse Chili! Great kick, needs more beans.

Judge #2: A bean-less dry chili. Lacking in kick.

Hero: CALL THE EPA! I've located a uranium spill. My nose feels like I have been snorting Draino. Everyone knows the routine by now. Barmaid pounded me on the back so hard that my backbone is in the front part of my chest. All these beers are getting me smashed.

Hero: My ears are ringing and I can no longer focus my eyes. I farted and four people behind me needed paramedics. Linda, the contestant, seemed offended when I told her that her chili had given me brain damage. Sally saved my tongue from bleeding by pouring beer directly on it from a pitcher. The other judges have asked me to stop screaming.

Chili #6: Vera's Very Vegetarian Variety

Judge#1: Thin yet bold vegetarian variety chili. Good balance of spice and peppers. *Judge #2:* The best yet.

Aggressive use of peppers, onions, and garlic. Superb. *Hero:* My intestines are now a straight pipe filled with gaseous, sulfuric flames. No one seems

Judge #2: Hint of lime in the black beans. Good side dish for fish or other mild foods, not much of a chili.

Hero: I felt something scraping across my tongue, however, I was unable to taste anything. Sally, the bar maid, was standing behind me with fresh beer refills. That woman is starting to look as hot as this nuclear waste I'm eating.



Chili #5: Linda's Legal Lip Remover

Judge #1: Meaty, Strong chili. Cayenne Peppers freshly ground, adding considerably kick. Very impressive.

Judge #2: Chili using shredded beef, could use more tomato. Must admit the cayenne peppers make a strong statement.

inclined to stand behind me. I had to wipe my buns with a snow cone!



Chili #7: Susan's Screaming Sensation Chili

Judge#1: A mediocre chili with too much reliance on canned peppers.

Judge #2: Ho hum, tastes as if the chef literally threw in a can of chili peppers at the last moment. I should note that I am worried about judge #3. He appears to be in a bit of distress as he is cursing uncontrollably.

Hero: You could put a grenade in my mouth, pull the pin, and I wouldn't feel a damn thing. I've lost sight in one eye, and the world sounds like it is made of rushing water. My shirt is covered with chili which slid, unnoticed, out of my mouth.



My pants are full of a lava-like liquid to match my shirt. At least during the autopsy they'll know what killed me. I've decided to stop breathing. It's too painful. Screw it,

I'm not getting any oxygen anyway. If I need air, I'll suck it in through the four inch hole in my stomach.

Chili #8: Helen's Mount Saint Chili

Judge #1: A perfect ending, this is a nice blend chili, good for all occasions, not too bold, just spicy enough to declare its existence.

Judge #2: This final entry is a good balanced chili, neither mild nor hot. Sorry to see that most of it was lost when judge #3 passed out, fell and pulled the chili pot on top of himself. I am not sure if he is going to make it. Poor Yankee.

Hero: {EDITOR'S NOTE: Judge #3 Was unable to report.}

FOR SALE

1993 Miata Roadster

A 1993 Miata Roadster, 41,500 miles (approximate) white with a black top. Clean car in excellent condition with the exception of a few small hail dents on trunk which current owner is having repaired. Nice CD player with removable face. Asking \$8900, may take less. If interested call Kandra Keech, (402) 327-8107.

There are currently at least 2 FWAHC members driving a Miata. This is a nice car in good condition. If you are searching for a Miata it is worth your time to look at this one. Ed.

1964 MG Midget

1964 MG Midget, clean but tired. Not driven for 12 years, ran when parked but may need rebuild. Top, tonneau, side curtains, wire wheels. \$600. For more information contact Carol Hillhouse at 402-730-6964.

Moss Motors



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