

Dec 2001

Flatwater Austin Healey Club Newsletter

Austin Healey CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 11

EDITORS: BOB SHAW & MARTHA JOHNSON



Upcoming Events

December

NO FISH IN DECEMBER! We next meet at the Windmill Inn in Nehawka as a club Friday, January 25. Take the time at the end of the month to enjoy your family. Should you choose to search out a small town restaurant for a holiday meal remember that the good people at the Windmill Inn have treated us very well. If fish had been held, it would have been December 28. If you have no obligation that evening, you might just show up at the Windmill Inn.

It won't be an official club meeting but it might be fun! No matter which winter holiday you celebrate, may you and yours find the greatest joy which is a part of this time of year.

Breakfast is December 8 at Mahoney State Park. Next month Breakfast will be January 12. Breakfast is about 9:30 A.M.

Ice Cream is Thursday, December 13, and Thursday January 10. Ice cream is at the Baskin Robbins at 70th and Pioneers in Lincoln, and begins at about 7:30 P.M.

NEW EVENT

The first Sunday of each month at 5:00 P.M., **P.O. Pears on the Lake** will have a **Classic Car People Rally**. There is no park permit needed to come sample their famous burger madness specials, and you also get free Coke refills. The event is open to all people whose club is a member of the Car Council (that includes us). The cafe is located on Branched Oak Lake in Area II. This is 3 miles north of Malcolm, off Highway 34, or 4

miles west of Raymond, off Highway 79 at 10005 West Davey Road. This is a chance to mix with other car clubs and see what they do. Give it a try.

From the President's Garage

by Marvin Marshall

Merry Christmas, fellow car nuts! This year has really shot by the way to fast. Seems like only yesterday I was planning to get Sue's Bugeye out of the alley and into the Presidential Restoration Centre. Maybe next year.

Besides, her side of the garage is full of car seats and upholstery material. Did I mention that Jim Danielson and I are now proud owners of a Hillman Minx and almost two 1958 convertible Rapiers? They were gifts from Rev. Greer of Beatrice. He is a long-time friend of Ben Anderson and Bob Bredwell. Steve Espelund, Bob Shaw, Bob Bredwell, and myself hauled two car trailers and two pick-ups full of goodies back to Dr. Danielson's storage facility. (And Jim actually thought he'd make money "renting" storage spaces!) I bought the upholstery rolls and the padding with the money I had put aside for some Austin-Healey parts. After all, I don't even have the Healey ready to work on and this deal just sorta popped up. You know, gift horse in the mouth and all...



On to other subjects before I end up sleeping on those Hillman seats. First, I want to say thank you to all the club members who entered their LBCs in the showing at **SAC Air & Space Museum**. It was a great showing! I especially want to thank Jerry Needham for his hard work and dedication to bring this show to reality.

The **Art Dart to Sioux City** was a fun experience and Barbara Rixstine has another one planned. She was also helpful in getting all the boxes of crap out of the trucks'n trailers and into the storage buildings when we came back from Rev. Greer's. What an asset to have and share those domestic qualities.

Also, a special thanks to **The Windmill Inn** in Nehawka, NE. They have put up with this irrepressible bunch for yet another year. Remember, we give them a break in December. There will be no monthly meeting this month because of Christmas and New Year's Eve.

That's it from me, folks. There are lots of stories this month for you to read. Keep those photos and articles coming and make Editor Bob happy. Merry Christmas from Sue and me.

Stolen Car TRAILER

On November 17, Marvin's car trailer was stolen from in back of Bob Shaw's house in Lincoln. A number of trailers were stolen that night and a tire place was robbed. Maybe a coincidence.

Marv's trailer is BLACK, 2 AXLE, WHITE STEEL RIMS, SOLID TREAD-PLATE FLOOR, 16' in length. The RAMPS are TREAD-PLATE STEEL and are STORED ON THE TONGUE, not underneath. It has SQUARE CORNER FLAT STEEL FENDERS. The RIGHT FENDER IS DAMAGED. There are CHROME "LADIES" on the rear of each fender. It probably has a NEW HITCH as the old one was not safe. Remains of WHITE PIN-STRIPING done by a drunken painter are all over the sides and tongue. Hidden identification abound so if you see anything similar in description please call 911 and Marvin 402-630-2201. There is a REWARD.

Presidential Humor Break

I've enjoyed talking to you, my mind needed the rest.

A banker is a pawnbroker with a manicure.

A bachelor is a rolling stone that gathers no boss.

Witness: Well, I think—

Lawyer: Don't think! In this courtroom you are to tell what you know, not what you think!

Witness: Well, I'm not a lawyer, I can't talk without thinking.

My lawyer was in an accident. The ambulance backed up without warning.

Marv says that when he and Sue quarrel she gets historical. I said, "You mean hysterical." "No, historical. She is always digging up my past."

RETIREMENT

Dr. Jim Danielson announced his retirement as world-traveling PBS Peddler this month. He said it was time to relax and devote more energy to his hobbies, although he will still produce some shows for PBS, and run his popcorn, concession, and storage businesses. Dr. Jim will be relaxing and filling his leisure time with his love of British Cars. All of us at Flatwater and HMRNP wish him well as he becomes president of the Used British Car Dealer's Association of the Greater Midwest.

Frank Watts

We received word that Frank Watts is suffering a serious illness. He suffered a heart attack while at the Crete-Seward Class B State Championship football game. He was revived and underwent a triple by-pass. Sadly, he suffered a stroke after that surgery. He is currently recovering but has paralysis on one side of his body. Keep Frank and Bonnie, and their family, in your thoughts during this holiday season.

Reflections on the Driving Season

by Bob Shaw

There is a chill in the air this morning. We were greeted by the first real blast of cold last week, and parts of Nebraska had over a foot of snow. Winter is upon us.

One of the joys of Nebraska is the change of seasons. The natural cycle of renewal is familiar to all Nebraskans and we have come to love the almost mystical, and metaphysical, nature of cleansing, rebirth, growth, and dormancy that we see in the winter, spring, summer, and fall. The life cycle is demonstrated anew each year in the four seasons. It is appropriate that the native peoples embodied the four seasons and their colors in the holy circle of spiritual life as a part of their religion, as told us by John Neihardt in his book *Black Elk Speaks*.

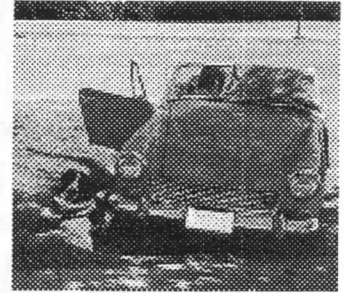
Winter is here. The forecasts are for a normal winter, which means there will be snow and salt on the roads, and most of us will not be driving our favorite cars for a time. If we are lucky enough to have a heated garage, we will use nature's time of rebirth to do those tasks required to bring our little jewels back up to the standards we strive for. The rest of us will spend time thumbing through the pages of our latest Moss Motors Catalogue planning for the temperate days of early spring when we can heat our garage enough to make work possible.

Winter is also a time to reflect on the most recent driving season, and the enjoyment we have



derived from our wonderful little machines. There were several events this past year which involved driving, frequently eating, and enjoying our favorite hobby with good friends.

The year's first driving event—if we do not count mad dashes to breakfast and fish—was the annual **Renaissance Fair and Lake Tour**. Each spring the James Arthur Vineyards near Raymond, NE have a Renaissance Fair. There are battling knights, dancing girls, madrigal singers, and good food and drink. The only thing missing sports cars. This is where we come in. We meet at Southeast Community College, and take a little tour of about 50 miles, all on paved roads, around three little lakes and then arrive at the winery. The weather is generally quite good, and along with the meadowlark's song we enjoy sights and smells of early spring, along with the leather, oil, and wood smells of British Roadsters. There is the added advantage of proximity—the event is close enough to home that should there be a difficulty that the new season has not yet allowed us to sort out, we can get the car home without too much difficulty. So we enjoy each other and the drive. We eat, sample the wine, and enjoy the wares and entertainers at the fair. It is a very pleasant way to spend a spring afternoon.

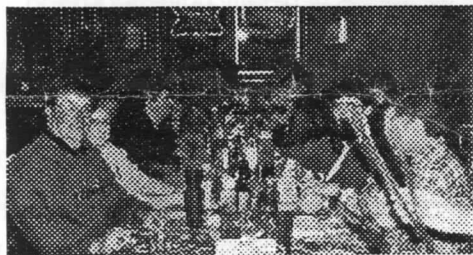


Other drives include the run to St. Joseph for the **Heartland Regional**. This drive usually involves Route 7, lunch in Brownville (if we don't get lost on the detours) and an early arrival for the Friday night doin's at the event. Our enjoyment is shared vicariously by several on the route. This year we even acquired a follower in Auburn. He was a fellow with an MGA who had taken note of our revelry as we drive through town the past few years. This year he decided to follow us to see just what was at the end of our journey.

There was also the annual drive to Kansas City on Labor Day Weekend, which involved similar events. As always, we had winners at both events, and learned once again that much of the fun is in getting there. We also learned that there is an advantage to having a club hospitality suite, a place to sit down, cool off and have a cool beverage to help counteract the heat and humidity that are a part of this event.

There were several long drives that occurred this summer. Some of us drove through Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Canada, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and back home. There is some talk of going to the Florida Keys in 2003. If you are interested, stay tuned.

The second long drive involved a tour to Minneapolis-Saint Paul for MG 2001. This event happens about once every 5 years, and contains virtually

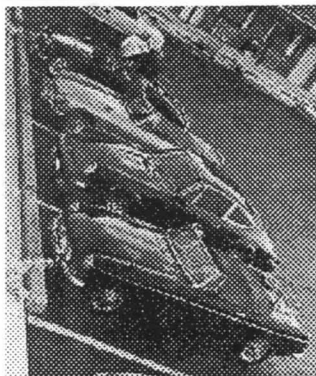


any type of MG one can imagine, including a few new ones which may be consid-

ered for import.

Still other members drove to Colorado for the **Triumph Driver's Conclave**. This run occurred after my busy season started, so I have not had the opportunity to learn how this trip went. (Hey people, how about a newsletter article?) Still, no news is good news.

There were several shorter drives as well. The drive to fish, to breakfast, and the poker run would qualify in those areas. We really are able to enjoy two of the better parts of the day on those runs. A pleasant early summer morning is a great time to tour—top down—to meet friends. The early evening, when the heat of the day has broken, also allows for a pleasant drive. It may be



because I am a farm boy, but a part of the fun for me is watching the change of the crops, and the growth of young wildlife.

There are also the short runs where someone decides to

go see someone else, and takes the fun car. Or the spur of the moment lets drive to (insert name of small town restaurant/watering hole here) for a burger and a cola, or maybe even a slice of prime rib. Those spur of the moment trips are frequently among the best.

We learned, once again, that occasional accidents will happen. The fun of touring in an old British Roadster is not without risk. Happily, each bumper bender was minor, and each car motored on. With the possible exception of John O'Brien's encounter with a deer while driving his Bugeye, no driver was in danger.

The year 2001 has been a great year for driving. The weather was pleasant, and gasoline prices, while variable, did not require a second mortgage to fill the tank. But the winds of autumn have blown and the leaves have been sent scurrying across the back yard. Another driving season is about to come to an end. It would be great if some creative, well informed



members could come up with new events traveling through new scenery with new recipes to sample and new antique stores to shop.

Age Testing

Count all the ones that you remember.
Ratings at the bottom.

1. Blackjack chewing gum
2. Wax Coke-shaped bottles with colored sugar water
3. Candy cigarettes
4. Soda pop machines that dispense a bottle
5. Coffee shops with tableside jukeboxes
6. Home milk delivery in glass bottles with cardboard stoppers
7. Party lines
8. Newsreels before the movie
9. P.F. Flyers
10. Butch wax
11. Telephone numbers with a word prefix (Olive -6933)
12. Peashooters
13. Howdy Doody
14. 45 RPM records
15. S&H Green Stamps
16. Hi-fi's
17. Metal ice trays with lever
18. Mimeograph paper
19. Blue flashbulbs
20. Beanie and Cecil
21. Roller skate keys
22. Cork popguns
23. Drive-ins
24. Studebakers
25. Wash tub wringers

If you remembered 0-5 - You are still young

If you remembered 6-10 - You are getting older

If you remembered 11-15 - Don't tell your age

If you remembered 16-25 - You are older than dirt!

Autocross Virgin

*By Joe Guinan
spitfirejoe@email.com*

It was the first Autocross, it was the last Autocross.

On Sunday, October 17, I participated in my first Sports Car Club of America SOLO II Autocross event. I didn't know until I got to the course that this was also to be the last event held at Omaha's

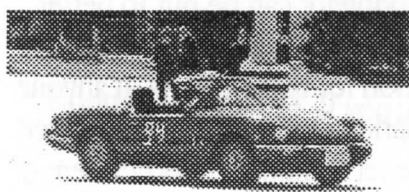


AK-SAR-BEN Event Center. Seems the big expanse of paved parking lot can be put to better use. The Nebraska Region SCCA is now in looking for a new location for these events. If anyone knows of a large parking lot that isn't being used on Sundays, please let us know. Another item of news we heard is that a new 2 1/2 mile road course race track is nearing completion across the river somewhere near Glenwood, Iowa. It seems that several days will be reserved for the use of the Nebraska Region SCCA. The members are excited about that.

SOLO II is a driving event in which one car at a time is sent off to traverse a race course that is marked out on a large parking lot by what seems to be a thousand traffic cones. Two seconds are added to the finish time for every cone that is struck. Each car is timed from start to finish, and is allowed several different "runs" over the day. We had a light turnout for this event, so each driver was allowed four different shots at the course. All cars are placed in different classes based on a well defined set of rules, therefore each vehicle is competing with vehicles of a similar weight and horsepower rating.

This event ended up being a special one, as we actually had four British cars in the field. All four were owned and driven by Flatwater members. Gerry Conant of Council Bluffs, Iowa entered his 1980 TR7 (#75 in the photos), and three Spitfires made the show. Mike Nelson of Omaha brought his 1979 (#95), Matt Gelvin, also of Omaha, had his 1978 (#94), and I drove down from Fremont

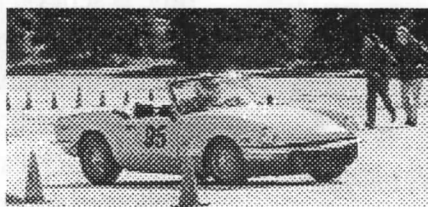
in my 1980 (#99). Gerry, Mike, and myself were in the "FSP" class. FSP stands for "Class F, Street Prepared" and is for vehicles that are slightly modified from stock. Matt Gelvin's car is still pretty stock, so it was placed in the "H Stock" class. One of the club officers remarked that they might even have to create a new class just for Spitfires, as they couldn't remember a day when they had three at



one event. We even had a couple guys drop by that plan on bringing their Spitfires to

an event next year, so it is possible that we may have six or seven Spitfires and a few other British cars at one or two events.

Mike Nelson and I showed up fairly early so we could get a good parking place, and get all of our gear set up. Mike's Union Jack flag provided the visual clue that there were LBCs to be reckoned with. Beach chairs, coolers, tool boxes, and everything that wasn't bolted to the car was removed and stacked neatly. The early arrival also allowed the two of us to get our share of the volunteer work completed before the racing started. Every driver is expected to work at something during the day's events. We walked the entire half mile course with small chunks of drywall that we used to mark the location of every traffic cone on the course. This allowed the course workers to establish whether or not a cone had been moved, and also enabled them to correctly reposition any cones that were knocked around. Most of the other drivers ended up working the course while cars made their runs, reporting in any time penalties and replacing the cones.

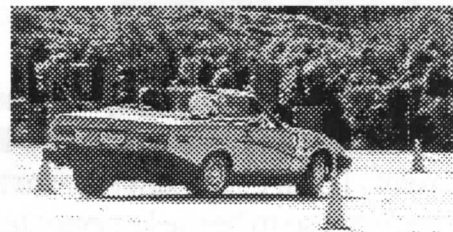


Having never participated in an Autocross, I wandered around with eyes wide open trying to take in all the details. The SCCA club officers did a great job of organizing the event and even held a "Course Walk-Through" for all novices so that we could walk the track and discuss how to attack different sections of the course, and how to avoid certain types of problems. My fellow Spitfire drivers were very helpful also, helping me figure out how to set up my car for optimum handling, and keeping me aware of all the different things going on. I don't think I would have considered entering the event without their assistance. Once we got going, I felt pretty comfortable and was able to concentrate on how to cut time from my runs, not figure out where I was supposed to be and when.

Gerry Conant ended up with the first place trophy in the FSP Class with a "best run" of 51.302 seconds. Second place went to

an amazingly fast 1975 Mazda pickup (powered by a nicely prepared Rotary engine, mind you) that clocked a best time of 51.759. Mike Nelson and I were next with best runs of 53.967 and 53.745 respectively. Matt Gelvin had the fastest Spitfire of the day with a best run of 53.087, though he came in second in class to a 1980 VW Scirocco that ran a 52.684. I was amazed that the posted times were so close together.

I discovered many things on this day. I



thought I would be watching my tachometer and making sure I was staying in the proper RPM band. Nope. I have absolutely no idea how fast my engine was turning. I couldn't take my eyes off the track long enough to take a look at the gauges. I thought I would be able to take the first run pretty slow and just figure out how to get around the track. Nope. The moment the starter's flag dropped, my right foot went to the floor and I was going as fast as I could the whole way around. Maybe that's why I "collected" four cones on one of the last turns. At least one person managed to get five cones in one run, so I didn't win that dubious "competition." I discovered just how important good brakes are on a sports car. A couple of the tightest corners were placed at the end of longer straights. I had to really stand on that middle pedal if I was going to get into the corners in a way that allowed me to get out of the turn smoothly. I discovered that even a car with a tiny little 1500cc engine can be put into a four wheel drift on the way into a corner and come out with it's rear tires leaving a light smoky haze in the air. (Ok, maybe some of that haze was oil smoke. . .) I also discovered that I wanted to do it all again. Many times. Many, MANY more times. My first event might have been the last one at Aksarben, but it won't be my last autocross.

ART DART PLAYFUL

by Barbara Rixstine

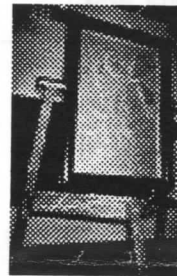


Center in early November to view Impressionist drawings, handmade paper circles, paintings, and the floor maze. The children's play center turned

A small but stalwart group of car folks made the first Art Dart trek to the Sioux City Art

out to be the hit of the day. Flatwater members had the chance to be kids again—as if most of us weren't still kids—and enjoyed the chance to play with Lego-like toys, nail patterns, stick-on letters, moving pictures and see it-feel it displays.

Attending were Bev and Ben Anderson and Ben's sister, Joan; Jane and Brian Goldsmith; Sue and Marvin Marshall; Bob Shaw; Martha Johnson; and Barbara Rixstine. A good lunch was had by all at the Green Dragon in Decatur, Nebraska and except for



almost being blindsided by a trucker, the trip went off without catastrophe. Bev even had a chance to meet her Sioux City cousin!

The next Art Dart is planned for Friday, January 18, to the Sheldon Art Museum, for a viewing of 1940s and 1950s comic strip art and on to Barrymore's for a sampling from their martini menu. More details later.

Three Wishes

This guy was walking along the beach in Malibu when he came across this salt-encrusted piece of metal. He worked for an hour or so to remove the salt. Lo and behold it was a very old oil lamp. The guy started to buff it to remove the verdigris when 'poof' a genie appeared. This genie, like all genies, was so happy to be freed of the lamp that he granted the guy three wishes.

"I wish to be a dollar richer than Bill Gates," says the guy. The genie wasn't sure who Bill Gates was until the guy told him to check



Forbes magazine. When the genie called up Forbes from inside the lamp he learned that Bill Gates was indeed the richest man in the world.

"Guy," the genie said, "You will forever be a dollar richer than Bill Gates. What's your second wish."

"Genie, I want the Mercedes Benz 600S (AMG modified): black; with total internet capability; 3 - 7inch tv screens plus 1 - 13 inch; a PS2 in the front dash; and a mini-cooler in the rear seat."

"That's easy, Guy," says the genie. He waves his hand and pops out of the lamp. The genie then asks the guy for his third wish.

The guy mulls the problem over and over. A girl—nah, with billions and billions of dollars he certainly had become a chick magnet. World peace? Only wackos want that. The guy found a reason not to wish for anything that came to his mind.

"Genie," the guy said, "I can't think of anything now. May I save the third wish for later."

"Gee, this is most unusual. But you hold the hammer, I can't escape from this lamp until you make a third wish. Call me when you're ready," and whoosh the genie disappears into the lamp.

The guy carefully picks up the now-ever-so-valuable lamp and places it in front passenger seat. He turns the radio on to balance the sounds and makes all the other adjustments needed to get his great audio system customized to his ears.

After that, he pulled off the beach and headed south along the Pacific Coast Highway. Soon he was up to 80, then 90, then 100. The Benz handled perfectly. The guy was so happy that he began to sing along with the familiar commercial on the radio.

"Oh, I wish I was an Oscar-Mayer Wiener..."

DUES ARE DUE!

*John Ulrich -
Friendly Membership Chair*

Dues for both local and national members are due January 1 for calendar year 2002.

If you are a national member, you should receive a renewal notice directly from the AHCA. If you are a local member you will find a membership form printed in this month's Flatwater Newsletter. National members should return BOTH FORMS with a check, and local members should return the Flatwater form with a check. If you read the "Who We Are" article in a previous newsletter, I hope you will understand the need for a little more structure. We have become a fairly large organization. (94 members!) thus, here is my "please" list:

1. Please fill out the form(s) in full and MAIL THEM TO ME. I may know some of you like brothers, but I'm sure I haven't met everyone in the club. Please update information on the forms. Accuracy is good.
2. National members please be prompt. Edie Anderson is watching! Local members please be prompt. Joseph Lucas watching!
3. Please use the membership forms. When I get three fives and a name on a napkin from "fish", I promise to screw up your membership.
4. Please send a check made out to "Flatwater". Many times checks are the only trace of a lost membership.
5. Please don't give anything to Danielson or Stork. They may go to Europe or Brazil at any time, and they have enough trouble getting their own membership in.

If you have any questions please call me at (402) 421-9252. You may also e-mail me at julrich@lps.org. If you leave a message on the machine, or with my wife, or college age daughter home on break, I also promise to screw up your membership.

Flatwater Austin-Healey Club

Membership Form

Flatwater Austin-Healey Club is the Nebraska and Western Iowa chapter of the Austin-Healey Club of America. For non Healey owners, it is a local British car club welcoming all marques and enthusiasts. We are dedicated to driving our cars, good friends, good food, and good times.

Date _____

Name	Spouse-other		
Address	City	State	Zip
Auto(s)			
Phone	Email		

- 1/2 year dues local dues (Aug.1 to Jan.1) \$7.50
 Full year local dues (Jan.1 to Dec. 31) \$15.00
 Full year National Austin-Healey Club with local dues. \$50.00
 1/2 year National and local dues. \$35.00

Questions and dues to: John Ulrich
 Flatwater Membership
 6845 S. 44th St
 Lincoln, Ne. 68516
 (402) 421-9252

Austin-Healey 100-4 MGA MK-I MGB Midget MK-II Sprite Mk II Mini Bug Eye Lotus Elan Morris Minor Jaguar E-Type Austin-Healey 100-6
 MGB-GT Land Rover Triumph TR-6 Sterling Jaguar XJ-6 MGC Spitfire Jensen Healey Triumph TR-4 MGC-GT Jaguar MK IX Triumph GT-6
 Jaguar MK-II Sprite MK-III MGA MK-II Austin-Healey 3000 Jaguar XJ-S MG-TC Sprite MK IV MGB-GTU8 Midget 1500



*3133 Dudley Street
Lincoln, NE 68503*

Jeff & Liz Lemon
4410 Serra Place
Lincoln NE 68516