



The Flatwater News

a publication by and for members of the Flatwater Austin-Healey Club

April 2003

Calendar

April--

12 -- Breakfast- Mahoney State Park, 9 a.m.

25 -- Fish at Nehawka

26 -- Walnut, IA antique run

May --

10 --Breakfast - Mahoney State Park, 9 a.m.

17 -- DeSoto Dart

30 -- Fish at Nehawka

June --

6,7,8 -- Heartland Regional in St. Joseph, Missouri

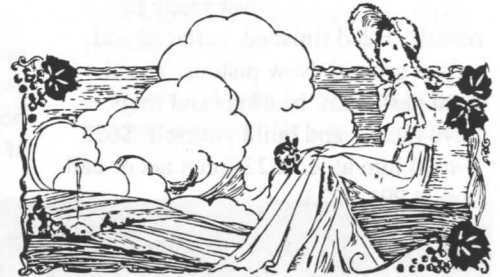
Antiques + Walnut, IA = Good Time for All

It's that time of year again. The 2nd Annual Walnut, Iowa Antique Outing is planned for Saturday, April 26. This is a fun outing that includes food, shopping and getting the little cars out on the road, so put it in your planner!

Lincolmites will meet at Big Apple Bagel in Lincoln (a club sponsor) at 63rd and "O" at 9:30 a.m. and set out from there.

We'll meet the Omahans and others at Brian and Jane Goldsmith's (23939 McPherson Ave., Council Bluffs, 712-566-2400) at 10:30 or so and then leave for Walnut about 11.

(Directions: From Lincoln, take I-80 east; take exit 8 to Highway 6 east; at mile marker 11, turn right onto 245th St. At McPherson, turn right. On the map, McPherson may be called G60.) Call the Goldsmiths for any questions about the trip.



Wondering about food? Already planned. We'll eat at the Villager on Interstate 80 at Walnut and then go on to "downtown Walnut" to shop.

Walnut is actually Iowa's "Antique City." Jane Goldsmith reports that Walnut has 18 antique shops (three are malls) three gift and country craft stores, a pub and a small burger restaurant within two blocks. Plenty to see and do; hope to see you there!

Attention Sprite Spree-ers! Going to the Sprite Spree in Pennsylvania May 10? Please let Jim Danielson know ASAP. 402-464-3733.



From the Presidential Garage

by Marvin Marshall

Thanks for all the phone calls and e-mails I got this month asking why Sue and I weren't at the Windmill for the meeting.

No one was sick, we just couldn't make it. It's the first time we've ever missed one.

It's also the first time in eight years we didn't have to be out at the Swap Meet at 2:30 in the morning earning some money for the club.

This one was planned and we thank Gary Rockel and associates for making it so. Time for us to stay home and let some young blood pay their dues, we were told. So we did!

Gary Rockel has a report on the Swap Meet on page 2 that tells more about it. Thanks to each and every one of you who braved the cold in our place!

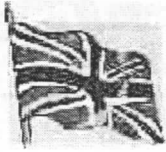
We didn't stay home, though. We were over at Bob and Martha's playing cribbage and partying. But I did wake up at 2:30 and think about you guys.

I should have seen a lot of you at Fish by the time you read this. If not, maybe at Mahoney.

With the warm weather starting, we'll be out cruising around looking for places to eat.

If you see us, stop and say hi.

Cars & Parts 4 Sale



Block For

Sale: Jerry Tessin says he has the following: 1500 block bored .040 over ready for

rebuild. Head finished, surfaced and valves ground. New pistons. You'll need gasket kit, bearings and rings. Save money and build yourself. \$625 E-mail him at jerlin22@cox.net or call him at 991-2723.

Jerry also says he's headed to Victoria British in Kansas City on Thursday, April 9, and would be glad to pick up parts for folks while he's there. Call and let him know if you need something.

Wanted: FAHC member Tim Clark is looking for a 3:90 rear pumpkin. E-mail Tim at IowaTimC@aol.com if you've got one to sell or give away.

Parts Wanted: Mike Cerny and a friend are looking for both seats and rails for a 1968 Midget. They also want a junked MGB for parts. E-mail to Mike at mecerny@teknetwork.com.

For Sale: 1972 MGB, new interior, new front suspension, new exhaust, rust-free, okay paint. Price negotiable. E-mail Bill Petta, Norfolk, at wjpetta@yahoo.com.

For Sale: 1970 Midget parts -- windshield and frame, glass has rock chips; both doors, driver's side has no window, both cranks and handles restored; grille, needs restoration; hardtop, needs all rubber gaskets; and front shocks. Call Tim Creger at 466-3968 (home).

Free: Come and get them: Four low-mileage tires, size 165/80 R13. E-mail Mike Nelson: mike@spitfireguy.com

For Sale: Jim Danielson has the following cars and parts for sale:

1963 Midget/Sprite;

1967 Sprite;

1973 MGB-GT;

1974 MGB-GT;

1979 Midget;

1980 MGB LE.

Call 402-464-3733 or e-mail jdanielson2003@yahoo.com if you want more info.

For Sale: 1972 Datsun 240Z. Good body to be restored, all frame is in good condition. Rust in typical areas. Extra parts, too many to list. In storage last 14 years. \$450.00. Call Mike Cerny for details: 402-727-4518 or e-mail mecerny@teknetwork.com.

For Sale: 948 with 4-speed transmission from 1960 Bugeye. Ron Bonnstetter, rjb@unl.edu/402-541-3141.

Check out our website: www.flatwater.org

Swap Meet Successful

by Gary Rockel, Vice President and Events Chair

The 2003 ENWICC swap meet is now history. Thanks to our volunteers -- Jim Danielson, Brian Goldsmith, Fred Meier, Devon Runyon and Jesse Wubbles -- who took the o' dark hundred shift.

Also thanks to Ben Anderson, Ron Bonnstetter, Marvin Marshall, Barbara Rixstine and Bob Shaw, all of whom volunteered "booth time."

I should also thank Bob for providing hot tea and cookies, which were very popular! Barbara brought a few brochures, membership forms and newsletters as giveaways to potential members. We hope we see some of those forms come back in and see some of the booth "passers-by" as members!

ENWICC donates to the Food Bank of Lincoln, which reported that \$4,310 was raised for the Food Bank. All together, 3,910 pounds of food were donated and 3,445 meals were made available for folks who needed them, thanks to everyone's work.

ANNOUNCING...

Two new sponsors have been added to the list for the Flatwater Austin-Healey Club:

Economy and Performance
19th and "Q" Sts., Lincoln
Owner: Kevin Gilbert

Absolute Body and Paint
49th & Progressive Ave., Lincoln
Owner: Terry Worick

Both Kevin's and Terry's work are known to be high-quality by those who've used them so we thank them for their support. Please stop by if you can and thank them too!

Thanks, Marilyn Michel, for your help!



Membership 2003 More Than Just Data

by John Ulrich, Membership Chair

Well, I've gone and done it! By finally getting out a membership list, the usual source of material for my "State of the Chapter" story is already in your hands.

I can assure you that the membership numbers are stable again this year, and if you stand all the members in a bunch, and throw a dead Lucas coil up in the air, you'll have a 50-50 chance of hitting someone who owns an MG.

We do have some new members with interesting cars and some long-time members with new additions to their LBC family. Browse that car column in your roster because it's impressive.

If you do the math, the average Flatwater member admits to owning about 1.8 cars.

This is assuming you count Sprites and Spitfires as whole cars, thus resisting the brainwashing from the AHCA and VTR, but you don't count the cars in an infamous pig barn outside Beatrice.

What the membership directory tells us is all good information. Trouble is, that's not the best part of the club!

Yes, we love driving our cars, but it's also the joy of making friends and knowing the —not average, not common — details which make our rowdy little bunch more than ordinary.

Do you know Paul Garnhart from York? His wife, Harlene, gave him a TR-6 for his forty-something birthday. What a wife!

Did you know Russ DeVoe and Dave Erickson have a classy, elegant style of printing? We have two sets of brothers in the club. I think that's neat.

Terry Davis is almost ready to pick up his ground-up-restored Bugeye from Absolute Body and Paint. Talk about a

time warp! It looks like FOB New York circa 1960.

Remember Doug Buchanan's GT-6 racer from the Fall Show? He was tireside up in that car at Elkhart Lake last summer.

Did you know Mike Nelson was a band director in a previous life? Speaking of music, John O'Brien and Fred Holbert both play banjo, and Fred plays some great red-light, smokey-bar, down-and-dirty piano.

Mike and Pat Barnes are pipers and drummers, as you saw in the last FAHC newsletter, and Al Rometo knows his way around the drums like Bob Weddington knows his way around a two-alarm fire.

A year ago, UNL science professor Ron Bonnstetter probably never dreamed of owning a LBC. He now owns two of them and runs the FAHC web site.

(We hope his wife Nicolette, a painter and art professor, will recover from the shock real soon.)

Marilyn Michel wasn't busy enough with work, grad school (again) and keeping Marty Klein out of trouble, so she found sponsors to help underwrite FAHC communication and event costs.

Editor Barbara Rixstine spends her time at work and home surrounded by words. (Editor's note: AND British cars.)

Bob Shaw counsels young folks at Goodrich High and his wife Martha Johnson is a handmade-paper artist.

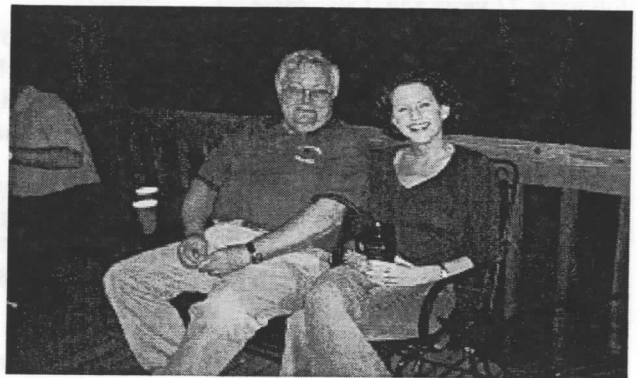
And while we're appreciating people, let's appreciate Ryan Reis

for making "Trixie," the purple MGB-GT, an honest woman.

Heck, let's appreciate Jessie Wubbles for starting a family, starting a LBC hobby, and volunteering to be an events co-chair.

(And Jessie had better appreciate his wife Crystal for making most of this possible.)

Where did John Rued learn to be an awesome writer? He's just supposed to



FAHC members Leo Thietje and Allie Worick sample beverages at the Winter Party in mid-March.

know about military aircraft, national security and stuff like that.

Why can Dennis Stone and Gerry Conant get around an autocross course so fast?

How come Steve Espelund can assemble a transmission as fast as I can assemble my trumpet?

See folks? This is the good stuff!

I could probably write three or four times this much about the members, but (a) Barbara would kill me, (b) It's not about me and (c) I want to leave you with the challenge of getting to know people by becoming better known yourself.

Spring is near and the cars will soon be out of hibernation. Let's make 2003 the year we all become more than just data.

Out In Left Field with an Austin Marina

by FAHC member Tom Briardy

I've owned 11 LBCs over the years, mostly "Midfires" and a couple of Bs. I've had lots of Euro stuff as well, but I'd never really heard anything of the North American lonely Austin Marina.

While shopping for an MGB key fob some 22 years ago, I also came across a fob for a Marina. I picked it up and looked at it, but I hadn't a clue what a Marina might be. I was an "MG guy", but for some reason I'd always remembered that fob for the Marina.

Flash to December 2000 — I'm self-employed and struggling through the usual expensive holiday season. I need to sell something! My better half says the nice VW bus in our driveway is in her crosshairs! (VW, my other illness!)

Not one to be left without some kind of classic around, I searched to scare up a quick deal for some cash and a car. After several unsuccessful days of searching, a classic car lot in old Denver finally had the answer. Stuffed



**Did you know there's a British Car week?
More info next month.**

in the back corner of the lot was this odd little British car. A little underdog surrounded by 60's & 70's battleships.

The car looked wonderfully original and cared for! It had one of the funkiest British orangy kinda colors (Braken) I'd ever seen, and a quick look under the hood revealed that familiar MGB motor! "Now here is something I can deal with - I thought!" When the dealer presented me with the original Window Sticker and years worth of records,

I was hooked! A grand plus the Marina for my bus...and I was off. December mortgage paid and classic car fix still intact!

Further research reveals that the Marina was a mixed bag. From pure Hatred in the US to a beloved "Little-Car-That-Could" in other parts of the world!

Variations from pick-ups to wagons and GT's to saloons were made. British Leyland created this car to be the new stylish economy kid on the block to be launched in the early 70's!

It was a simple and well enough designed unit with far more character than most of the competition of the day. Alas, the usual British labor problems combined with the typical lack of understanding English maintenance contributed to a less than wonderful overall reputation in America.

The Marina is somewhat of a British Leyland mutt. It has parts from Triumph, MG, Morris, and even Borg Warner in the case of my Automatic. These cars are really



Briardy's Austin Marina

more of a Morris than anything. Hence, the name Morris Marina in most of Europe, South Africa, Australia, etc.

Only the US and Canada got the so-called Austin version. I know what you're thinking about the auto! It is actually the most reliable unit for this car and has become quite a fun and interesting twist to my own personal LBC experience.

I love driving my Marina! Mellow and charming are key words here! But if fast is what is craved...the usual go-fast stuff is easily available. It's surprising how many people walk over to comment on the old girl. Like most LBC's today the Marina's simplicity and straightforward design is having the last laugh some 30 years later!

As it stands, there are very few around anymore. At a guess maybe 2 to 3 dozen "drivers" are left in North America. The only other Marina I've personally had a chance to see is part of the barrier wall at a small car salvage yard outside of Erie, Co.

Dawn and I are the folks on the members' list from Colorado. We grew up in Eastern Nebraska and traveled many country miles in our midfires.

We hope to relive some of those journeys, tales, and tips through the FWAH club, even if we ARE out in left field.

Got a story to contribute? Great!

Send it to the editor by the 25th of the month: fahcmailbag@yahoo.com

Miscellaneous Sputterings

by FAHC member John Rued

It is 4:30 on Friday; I am sitting at my workstation contemplating the rest of my evening: gym, Nehawka, and *Nightline*—the gym because it's an investment in my future health and well-being, Nehawka because it's an investment in friends, and *Nightline* because I find Ted Koppel's dispatches to be refreshingly free of perceived conservative/liberal (you pick one) bias.

The world is a funny, sad, joyous, tragic place. Life is too short not to take advantage of the multitude of opportunities that life presents. These opportunities are often showcased in the mundane and, hence, not often perceived as opportunities until it is too late.

But often our creativity allows us to "burn through" the mundane veneer to uncover the true opportunity that lies beneath. For example: I'm in the pickup, driving to work, and anticipating the 0800 premission briefing. I'm also late.

Now to understand what happens next, you'll have to picture my squadron's physical layout: It is perched on an overlook behind STRATCOM headquarters. The upper parking lot—restricted to folks with a higher pay grade than mine—is located behind barriers and armed STRAT security; you need a badge with the right credentials to get in. Proximity-wise, it is an ideal place to park the truck.

The lower lot—open to conscripts and lesser-ranked volunteers like me—is densely populated such that if you don't get

to work by 0730, you'll park (it seems to me) about a half-mile away. Add a lengthy trek up half-a-mile (it seems to me) of steep steps. Proximity-wise, it is a less than ideal place to park the truck.

Now, I have my old STRAT badge with—interestingly enough—the proper credentials emblazoned on it. Should I flash it, usurp some Colonel's parking spot, and arrive on time OR not flash the badge, park with the minions, and arrive late? The choice isn't hard...I flash my credentials to the sky cops. Unfortunately, my hopes of an immediate wave-through are dashed when the cop brandishes an under-the-vehicle mirror-on-a-stick and proceeds to verify that I'm not smuggling in any chemically unstable contraband.

But—Lo!—an opportunity. An opportunity to immediately ascertain the level of winter-induced corrosion on the relatively rust-free Texas truck frame! "Hey, Airman. Can you do me a favor?" He laughs and agrees; upon completion of his inspection, he flashes a smile and remarks that it doesn't look too bad underneath. He waves me through. And though I am late to the briefing, I am comfortable in the knowledge that the truck may last me yet another year.

So the connection? If not for this crazy, humorous, frustrating world—one that puts an armed guard with a mirror at my closest point to the most ideal park-ing spot in the world—I would not have the satisfaction of knowing that by frequent undercarriage flushing, I have cheated truck fate once again. It underscores the les-son that opportunities are omni-present; that we don't have to wait for "the opportunity". Rather, we just have to embrace "the opportunity".

Regalia Shirts Now Available -Ask Mike Nelson for yours

Have you seen our newFAHC logo t-shirts?

FAHC members Mike and Nancy Nelson have done (in the editor's opinion) a fine job of creating and selling Flatwater Austin-Healey Club of Nebraska t-shirts and their work is appreciated.

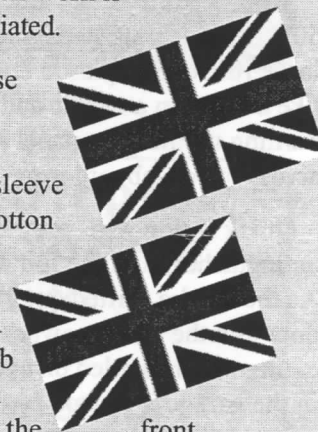
These high-grade, short-sleeve gray cotton t-shirts have

the club logo in red on the front and look great on those who've worn them.

Mike will order more, in different sizes, but wants to make sure he doesn't get stuck with a closet full. (And who can blame him?)

To order yours, put aside \$15 each (you'll want more than one, right?) and e-mail Mike at mike@spitfireguy.com or call him at 402-~~571-7564~~ 498-4320

He'll find a way to get them to you.



PATCHES - A Trophy Winner

by FAHC member Joe Kueper

Part II

"Joe your car is on fire."

Those words ricocheted around in my head as I scrambled out from under the TR4A with visions of my garage engulfed in flames and spray paint cans exploding in the air like Fourth of July rockets.

A quick look calmed my fears by 50%. My welding had ignited the loose rubber and plastic door trim like a wick on a candle and it was burning up the door panel and across the dashboard trim.

Quick action with two fire extinguishers and the fire was out. As the smoke drifted out the garage door and the white powder of the extinguishers settled on everything in the garage it was obvious there would be no driving Patches this year. It was late September and I was faced with an unwanted winter project.



Motivation comes in strange ways. Mine came while scanning the VTR Vintage Triumph Register web site for events.

I had always wanted to drive a Triumph to a VTR National Convention but two things always stopped me.

First they were either on the East or West Coast and too far away and second, I didn't have a Triumph.

The screen flashed unbelievable news VTR 2002 would be held in Red Wing Minnesota. I immediately realized: "I can do this."

I had a beat up old TR 3B awaiting a frame-up restoration. It ran good enough to chance the trip. If I could put a quick paint job on it—hummm.

I read on. TR 4s were to be featured at the Convention. I was doomed. I knew I had to do this right and take Patches. I had nine months to make Patches run and look good enough to make it to Red Wing and not be embarrassed driving her.

I had a dream and a lot of work, more work than I had ever imagined. Oh, and the cost. Did I mention I only had enough money for parts and supplies so I had to do all the work myself?

Laminating the dash was quick, fun and only cost about \$40, but it took weeks to disassemble and clean the instruments.

A small rust spot gave way to a rotted wind-shield frame and a lucky find on the internet found a replacement for only \$50.

Then I spent many a cold winter night on my back under Patches rebuilding the rear frame that crumbled in my hands like burnt

toast. Patches legitimized her name as I cut out one rust spot after another out of the rear fenders and tub, replacing up to 35 % of the sheet metal.

A minimal use of Bondo helped me to smooth welded seams and prepare me to experiment with my newly acquired \$25 paint gun.

I had never painted a car so it was all trial and error. White paint seems to forgive a lot of mistakes. I soon learned that the perfect conditions for painting are 30 minutes before dusk with the garage door half open and the floor fan on low. This is when the wind stops and dust settles before the bugs come out. I hate little foot-prints in my paint.

Spring was coming and rebuilding the Zenith carburetors on the kitchen table one night improved engine performance only slightly. Then a compression and flow-down test proved the need for a head and short block rebuild.

Dismantling the engine produced broken rings on numbers 2 and 4 pinpointing the source of the smoke. I embarked on yet another task I had never done. Rebuilding an engine is just like the books describe. The machinist does the hard stuff and gives you all the parts to put back together.

Remember I'm on a beer drinker's budget so I decided to make my own upholstery. I used my wife's Singer sewing machine and about \$200 in vinyl, carpet and supplies. The interior is red in honor of the Huskers. I was running out of time so I got two nice Subaru seats from U-pull-it parts for \$50. They are so comfortable I may never finish and install the originals.

I finished Patches off with a new top and installation advice from the VTR web site.

In nine short months there were a bazillion details that required attention. Looking back it amazes me how really easy it is to work on one of these cars. I guess that is part of the attraction. I was replacing a leaky water pump, rebuilding the fuel pump and fitting the front valance on Patches late into the night before departure.

Neverthe- less, Patches rolled out of the garage at 7:30 Sunday morning with less than 150 test miles on the engine ready to go. Destination Red Wing.

I never told my wife Linda that I wasn't sure if we would make it. I had a trunk full of parts, my triple A membership, a credit card with a healthy balance and faith that 37-year-old Triumph technology and my shade tree mechanic skills were up to the task.

We headed across Iowa on Highway 30. After 100 miles of driving everything seemed to be going fine so I turned the wheel over to Linda. Months of late nights and the stress hitting an impossible deadline left me exhausted and I fell asleep immediately.

Somewhere down the road hours later as I was coming out of the fog of sleep my eyes focused on the speedometer and it read 95 MPH. I snapped upright as Linda finished passing the fifth of a line of cars and pulled back into the right lane. She grinned and quipped, "Patches sure is fun to drive!"

The Great River Road wound its way up along the Mississippi from Dubuque to Redwing and was perfect for Triumph driving. If your passion was hard driving, you could

power through a sequence of tight curves to test your suspensions and nerves while fantasizing about being a world-class rally driver.

Or as the mood strikes you, slowly putter along picturesque routes with great views of the river from the bluffs alternating with cool, shady valleys. Clean little river towns open up to wide spots in the road and offer a variety of unique cafe's, artisan shops, antique stores and bed-and-breakfast accommodations.

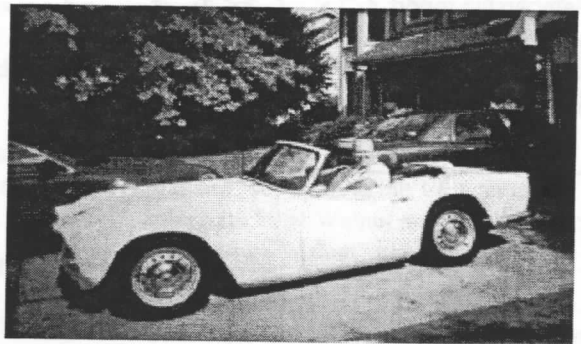
After three flawless days on the road I found myself standing at the window in my fifth floor hotel room. I gazed at the 250 cars below on the grass, and could not help but think that this was a Triumph lover's "field of dreams."

It was an awesome sight with every Triumph model represented in different colors with shiny chrome glistening in the sun. Each car had a different story and during the four days that followed I tried to talk to as many owners as possible.

They came from all over the United States and Canada. Most owners had a brag book of restoration photos and I was amazed at how many started with rust buckets like mine.

Through their pictures I could establish an immediate kinship with strangers because we had that common bond of "been there, done that" and we all had the scraped knuckles and dirty grease under our fingernails to prove it".

Joe and Linda Kueper from Papillion joined FAHC in late 2002. They own a 1979 and a 1980 MGB, a TR-4A and a TR-3A.



Road Trip to DeSoto Bend Wildlife Refuge Planned for May 17

Sometimes you just want to do something different.

This year FAHC will welcome in spring with a trip to the DeSoto Wildlife Refuge and Steamboat Bertram Exhibit near Blair on Saturday, May 17. It's a nice drive around the park, with plenty of wildlife to observe. British car folks are encouraged to bring their cameras.

John Ulrich is planning this spring jaunt and will have more details, including stops and food, in the *Flatwater News* May issue.



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 Lincoln, Nebraska 68503-2040



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Ramps
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INSIDE:
 Membership report
 Flatwater logo t-shirts for sale
 Part II of Patches' restoration

Jeff & Liz Lemon
 4410 Serra Place
 Lincoln, NE 68516

The Flatwater News is published monthly and members are welcome and encouraged to contribute items. E-mail news items to: fahcmailbag@yahoo.com.

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The Flatwater News is published for members like:

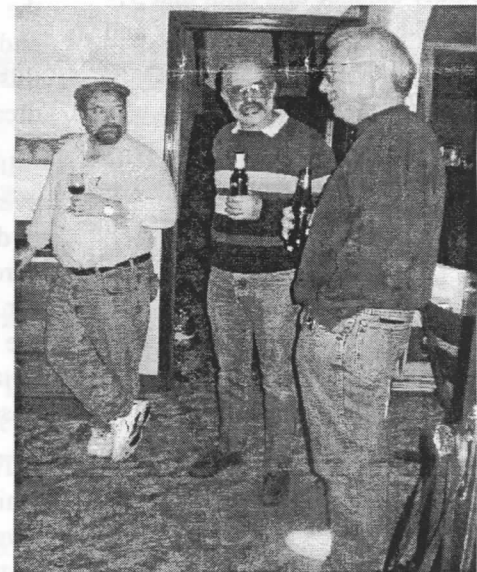
Scott Kahler, Bob Shaw and Vice President/Events chair Gary Rockel, caught here in a crucial car discussion.

Scott (and Ilene) Kahler live in Lincoln and drive a 1958 or 1960 AN-5.

Bob Shaw (and Martha Johnson) live in Lincoln. Four cars live with them: a 1989 XJ-6, a 1957 MGA, a 1971 Midget and a 1974 MGB-GT.

Gary (and Vicki) Rockel live in Lincoln and drive either a 1960 AN-5 or a 1979 Midget.

Thanks for being members Scott and Ilene, Bob and Martha, Gary and Vicki!



Scott Kahler (left), Bob Shaw and Gary Rockel enjoy some liquid refreshment at the officer elections in January.

E-mail update for Dave Ciaccio:
 tbird@msn.com