



January 2004

Flatwater News



A publication by and for the members of the Flatwater Austin-Healey Club of Nebraska and western Iowa
Find us on the web at: www.flatwater.org

Calendar:

Jan 1: Happy New Year!

Jan 8: Gearjammers
(note: this is a new night, see below)

Jan 10: Breakfast at Mahoney State Park

Jan 17: National members' meeting and holiday party (see story, right)

Jan 26: Fish at Nehawka

Events have elastic start and end times. Breakfast at Mahoney starts about 9, Gearjammers and Fish begin at about 6:30. Cozmo's meetings are temporarily adjourned for the winter.

Gearjammers On Jan. 8

Gearjammers closes on Wednesdays through the winter, we found, and an informal poll of Gearjammers "regulars" resulted in keeping the meeting there but moving it to Thursday nights.

The next Gearjammers night is Thursday, January 8. Members can decide on the February meeting date then.

FAHC Holiday Party Set for Jan. 17

The Annual FAHC Holiday Party – often known as the "It's Too Cold To Work On Our Cars So We Might As Well Party" – is set for Saturday, Jan. 17, at John and Bev Ulrich's home in Lincoln.

This is the annual party where everybody gets to see everybody else they see (or don't see) throughout the year and lie about what they're going to accomplish on their restorations this year. Well, maybe not really lie, just over-fantasize.

Non-car owners can enjoy the immense amount of excellent food that's always a hallmark of this event. Festivities begin about 8 p.m. (after the national members' meeting at 6:30.)

John and Bev provide plates, napkins and silverware, along with soda, coffee and tea. Guests are welcome to bring food and beverages, but it's not required. Come and have fun!

Directions:

From Omaha: Take I-80 to Waverly exit. Turn left and follow to 84th St. (stoplight). Turn left on 84th (south) and following it about 10 miles until you get to Pine Lake Road.

(Careful, Pine Lake runs in common with Highway 2 for about 400 yards.) Follow Pine Lake Road west to 45th st.

(Lincoln and Omaha directions are now the same.) From 45th and Pine Lake Road, turn north on 45th into "old Cripple Creek," NOT into Cripple Creek South!

Go one house north, hit a "t" intersection and turn left. Go one house to the west and turn right.

You are now on 44th St. It is the 3rd house on the west side of the street.

Look for the Union Jack in front!

Become a national member now or at the meeting!

Becoming a national member means:

Helping keep down the national insurance fee so that small clubs like ours, can put on events like autocrosses and shows that everyone can enjoy;

Getting the "Healey Marque" magazine every month and annual Austin-Healey calendar;

But most of all, being a national member means...

Helping the FAHC board make decisions about events and run a club of which everyone can be a part.

Call John Ulrich or Jim Danielson for more info.

Nat'l Member Mtg -- 6:30

Members who belong to the Austin-Healey Club of America are urged to come to the annual meeting and election of officers at 6:30.

The club must elect a new vice president/events coordinator because Gary Rockel has asked to step down due to time commitments elsewhere. All officer positions, however, are open for nomination.

National members who'd like to serve are encouraged to volunteer and/or nominate another national member (who agrees to serve) for office.

National AHCA bylaws require that officers may only be voted in by those present at the election. You must be there to vote. No proxies allowed.

At press time, two nominations had been offered. The ballot is:

President:
Marvin Marshall (incumbent)

Vice President:
No incumbent
Nominated: Barbara Rixstine

Treasurer:
John Ulrich (incumbent)

Secretary:
Terry Buchholz (incumbent)
Nominated: Marilyn Michel

National Delegate:
Jim Danielson (incumbent)



From the Presidential Garage

By Marvin Marshall

Dear friends and fellow car nuts:

That's about as jovial as I can get this month.

Over the years that I have written this column I have always strived to present our happenings in a light-hearted manner to bring a smile to your face.

Hopefully, my self-effacing humor and antics have done so. This is one old Irishman who wants nothing less than to see all his friends happy --both of them.

Sadly, the realities of life are not always so pleasant. There is a darker side to being your Do-Nothing-President. Aside from the mundane, pain-in-the-butt, day-to-day issues of the club; there is one job I dread more than any other -- bearing bad news of one of our own members.

During this past Christmas season, Beverly Anderson was seriously injured in an accident. She fell and hit her head while on her way to exercise class.

She was taken to the intensive care unit at St. Elizabeth Hospital in Lincoln and passed away on Tuesday, Dec. 23, 2003.

I know at our house that Bev, her husband Ben, and all their family, are in our prayers. There is no one in our extended family of lovers of all cars British who do not know Ben and Bev Anderson.

They have been active participants in our hobby from before there were any British car clubs around to join.

I never heard Bev say a bad word about anyone. Likewise, no one thought ill towards her. Bev

always had a welcome smile and a twinkle in her eye. She was always the perfect hostess. Bev would listen intently to your stories and be genuinely interested in all you had to say. She opened her heart and home to all.

Women are the great civilizers of men, and of Beverly Anderson, this was true indeed. Beverly lived a full life and her world travels and her exploits are legion. This is one Irish storyteller who was mesmerized by the tales she could tell.

If there is any good to come from this then I for one will surely take advantage of it. Although one's years may be long, life itself is very short. Enjoy it.

I am not going to quote this passage exactly; but I do fully embrace its meaning: "At the end of my life I don't want to just have lived the length of it. I want to have lived the full width of it also."

Beverly Anderson did. I will. I hope you do, too.

Marvin

Beverly Anderson passed away Tuesday, December 23, 2003. Our hearts go out to Ben and his family in their time of sorrow.

-Marvin and Susan Marshall

Ben Anderson designated the Abendmusik series at First Plymouth Church, of which Bev was a board member, for any memorials. If you would like to send a check in her name, please send it to our treasurer, John Ulrich, who served on the board with Bev.

More in 2004 -- Events For All

By Gary Rockel, Events Coordinator

A new year is here and the club events are starting to take shape. As you can see from the calendar (included in the newsletter) we have quite a few things already penciled in.

We are very lucky this year to have several members host some new events. Petricks, Shepards, Reis's, Garnhardts and Goldsmiths are some that have volunteered to host at this time.

With that, and the standard events, we are filling the calendar in nicely.

Remember, we still have room for your event. If anyone has any ideas please let us know and we will be sure to get them worked in.

Also, it's not too early to be thinking about volunteering for our March early morning swap meet patrol (around 2:00 a.m.) and the booth we have for the show (9:00 a.m.). Please contact one of the officers if you're interested in helping out with this.



Events like the summer Art Dart gave Jane Goldsmith (with back to camera) and Bob Shaw a chance to visit. Events like Art Darts can be suggested and run by any club member. Contact the new vice president / events coordinator to get started.

A Lucas Wiring Tale

Relayed by FAHC member Tim Clark

The Ignition System.

The spark plugs are dragons. The leads are long thin snakes, which are holding the dragon's tails. The rotor in the distributor hits them. It squeezes the tips of their tails, which causes them to bite down on the dragon's tails. The dragons then spurt flame involuntarily (a sort of knee-jerk reaction), igniting the mixture.

You may ask, what is a coil then? Well, the coil is a magic wizardry thing, which sucks magic out of the fuel to keep all the little demons in slavery. It is also there to perform the secondary function of electrocuting unsuspecting apprentice mechanics, who haven't learned the correct incantations to keep the demons appeased.

This incantation usually takes the following form. The mechanic places his hands on each fender, and proffers his back underneath the hood to receive the ritual mark of Issigonis - the fresh spot of grease between the shoulder blades. He then gives a sharp intake of breath, sucks his teeth and says the magic word of binding, "oooo, Kostyewthiswill." His palm must then be crossed with silver, because the injection demons require large amounts of silver to keep them going.

The Temperature Gauge.

The Temperature Gauge works by little magic dragons, which dip their tails into the coolant at the engine block. Their tails glow to a specific colour depending on the temperature of the water. The little magic dragons then run up a small ladder, which leads to the instrument panel. Inside the temperature gauge, the dragons pass their tails in front of an elf who compares the colour of the dragons' tails to a large chart on the inside of the gauge. If the colour of the dragon's tail is more red than the previous dragon's, then the elf adds more rocks to the scales, which ultimately display the engine coolant temperature.

September 30 - October 3, 2004 = Triumphest 2004!!

If there is one event no Triumph owner can afford to miss, it's Triumphest 2004, being held this year in beautiful downtown Lake Tahoe at the Horizon Casino and Resort in South Lake Tahoe, Nevada (800-648-3322). Three days packed with fun, including dinner-dance cruise on beautiful Lake Tahoe aboard the M.S. Dixie II paddleboat. Autocross, Funcours, Fun Rallye, Welcoming party, Hotel walking tour, Vendor and Regatta sales, Pinewood Derby, Hotel walking rallye, Banquet, Group Photo and more. Contact: Rich Gibbon rgibbon@volcano.net, (209) 296-8792 or Tom Rodrigues (650) 341-6716.

Hosted by the Triumph Travelers Sports Car Club



Fuel Gauges.

Dragons are not involved here due to the risk of explosion from their fiery breath. The fuel gauge works on a slightly different principle. A small demon stands on top of the tank and chucks small rocks into the filler pipe. He counts the time until a splash is heard, and shouts the time down a little pipe to another elf in the fuel gauge. Have you ever run out of gas? Just before the engine cut you probably felt the car sputtering and put it down to misfires. Its not. It's the rocks hitting to bottom of the tank. And you always wondered where all the crud in the float chamber came from...

The Heater

The heater knob is attached to a dragon's tail. When you pull it, the dragon gets mad, and you can feel the heat of his breath. But when you turn the knob, you are twisting its tail. That makes him really mad, and the hot air comes out in full force.

The Turn Signals

The turn signals switch starts a little demon with a muleskinner whip lashing out at the dragons at both the front and back corners of the car. When you move the lever to the right, he whips the right hand dragons. When you move the lever to the left, he whips the left hand dragons. When he hits the dragon, it shoots flames out. As the demon is closer to the front, he hits the front dragon harder than the back one. This is why the front dragon breathes "white hot" while the rear one only breathes "red hot."

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The MGA from E-BAY

By FAHC member Mike Seiler

This is how my wife and I became the proud owner of a 1960 MGA. Some of you may know us -- we're Mike and Mary Seiler and we own a maroon 1976 MGB. We've been members of the club about 3 years now. My wife first fell in love with the MGA when we were introduced to Brian and Jane Goldsmith by friends Larry and Diane Underwood - they both drive MGAs. Here's how our adventure began.

This past summer my wife started getting all heated up about owning an MGA. The last time something like this happened she was turning 30 and needed the MGB to feel young again, needless to say, this time it is menopause. So, not knowing where to turn to find a good car at a reasonable price, I turned to the Internet - eBay. My brothers told me I was nuts.

Now being a novice at eBay buying and selling, at first I just looked at what was available and the prices the cars would sell for. But late in September, I finally got up the nerve to bid on a car.

I didn't get any of the cars I bid on, but gained valuable information on how to successfully bid. Time passed and I bid on several cars, knowing the cars were way out of my price range.

Then, on Nov. 3rd, a car showed up that I just knew - to quote the Matrix -- was "THE ONE." I e-mailed the owner several questions and he e-mailed me right back. This is THE ONE I told myself!

The bid price of the car was hanging in there around \$4,300.00. As the days ticked by, I knew the car wouldn't go that cheap. I held off on bidding for fear of starting a bidding war. I checked with Brian Goldsmith to see what the possibility of borrowing his trailer would be. "No problem," he said, "Go for it" and he wished me "Good Luck."

On Monday night, November 10, with a half-hour left until bidding ended, I placed my first bid. The bidding war was ON. I held off fearless attacks by several other bidders, and in the end, I prevailed! I had actually won the bid! "Oh my gosh, what have I done?!?!". I heard rumbling through my sub-conscious mind. Not only have I won the bid, but the car is located in northeast Ohio, and I was in Omaha, Nebr. What could I have been possibly been thinking?

Once you've won the bid, you have 4 days to send the seller a down payment. Being mid-November, and knowing the weather could change at any moment, I e-mailed the seller and told him I would be there on Thursday to settle up with the whole amount and pick up the car. Now, I just needed to get my hands on the money.

To my dismay, the day started with a panic, as I realized Tuesday, November 11 was indeed a BANK HOLIDAY!!!

How was I going to get a cashier's check or even cash for the matter before heading out on our trip? Just out of chance and panic, I called my bank in the Baker's grocery store and they were open -- Thank You, Lord. I rounded up the trailer, tarp, plastic, rope, blankets, and duct tape -- everything possible I thought we might need for the trip. We were now ready to head out early the next morn.

The road trip!

Wednesday, the 12th and 5:00 a.m. came way too early. We had over 800 miles to travel - in one day!! We were heading to Salem, Ohio, just 40 miles south of Youngstown. must be crazy, but anything to calm my wife's hot flashes.

After a short detour to get a come-along, we were on our way. It's still dark at 6:00 a.m. in the morning, and news reports had been discussing deer being most active in November. Add to that, two of our friends had run over a deer last week and another hit one causing \$9,000 damage to his Cadillac. "What are we doing out here?" I asked myself.

Well, the sun did eventually come up and luckily, we didn't see any deer. The trip across Iowa was uneventful, except for that "little" wind advisory. Let's see, that wind is coming across Nebraska at 50 miles per hour, and I'm going 70 miles per hour, I'm thinking I should be able to outrun it. RIGHT???

Upon entering Illinois the wind was definitely catching up to us, but we pushed on. We arrived in Chicago around 2:30 p.m. and it was like 5:00 rush hour in Omaha. (Now I know what my relatives feel like when they come to Omaha.)

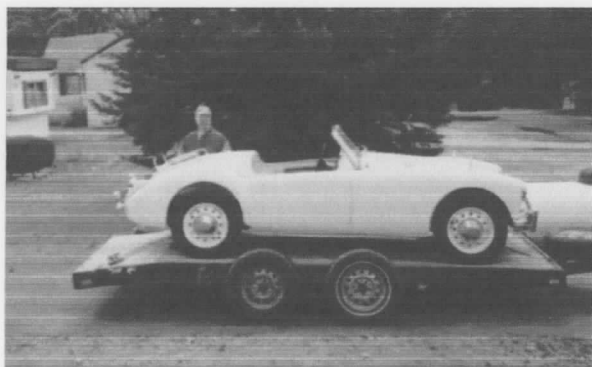
Cars and trucks were swerving in and out, and out and in, and back again and all in that horrendous wind. The wind blew harder, and harder. How could it be that it had caught up to us, we weren't slowing down!!!!

We made it though Chicago and into Indiana. Indiana, home of Notre Dame and the Indiana turnpike (toll road). Ah yes, to pay for safe passage across the great state of Indiana -- Only in America.

We had just began our toll road journey in Indiana when that wind came up out of nowhere. It must have taken a short cut across Lake Michigan, because it was no longer blowing from the west, it was now coming from the northwest with gusts up to 70 miles an hour per the radio station.

Now we know people do some crazy things, but why would that little white Honda go by us so very, very fast? "Oh no!" my wife yelled as the little Honda was now spinning out of control.

Three semi-trucks ahead of us are all slamming on their brakes - the smoke, the smell, the screech of brakes. "Where's the white Honda? we asked ourselves. There on the side of the road, her tail now firmly planted in the ditch, looking up now at the semi-truck sliding right towards her. We were sure she was gonna die!!! Fortunately for her, the semi stopped just before hitting her.



As we drove slowly by, I saw the woman in the Honda look up at the truck driver, and he looked down at her. She put her car in gear, and off she raced by us faster than before. We figure she must have had to make up for lost time.

We pulled over at the first stop to check every-thing out, and boy, was that wind blowing. Low and behold, unknown to us, we had lost one of the fenders on the trailer. We never heard or saw a thing, all we knew was that it was on the trailer when we started on the toll road. It's probably in Kentucky by now.

We finally reached the Ohio border – "Oh no, more toll," we said. "Do you have money? I don't." Foolishly in our haste, we had left town without much cash. Credit cards don't work at the toll booth – we needed to find an ATM.

We decided to stop at the Mejjers (like Wal-Mart) and get cash. No such luck...it wouldn't take our cards. So we asked around for US Banks. They had never heard of them, so we began to very carefully ration our money to be sure we had enough for all the tolls.

When we finally reached Toledo, we told ourselves, let's stop for the night. The wind and the stress of watching for deer had taken its toll; we couldn't possibly go on any further.

We're originally from the windy state of South Dakota, but we both agreed we'd never seen wind like this before. I worried the trailer would be blown over - it was THAT bad. All night the wind blew, it didn't let up at all. We heard on the news the next day that the wind was so awful it blew over a historical building in Toledo.

The next morning, while having a continental breakfast, we struck up a conversation with the couple next to us. We told them where we were headed, and they asked "Why on earth would we be going there?" Come to find out, they're from a small town just a few miles from where we are headed and told us how to take a shorter route.

The countryside in northeastern Ohio is very pretty, with rolling hills and woodlands, a perfect place to drive an MGA. With the help of MapQuest, we arrived at the home of Mr. Ralph Lake right on time, 9:30 a.m., 880 miles to his door.

I have to tell you about Ralph, the previous owner of the MGA. He's about 65 yrs. old and retired. He fixes up old cars as a hobby. He prefers older Chevys and Buicks

but he'll take what he can get. Ralph drives a 10-year-old S10, but he prefers to drive his 1939 Jeepster or his Model A. Both look just like they came from the showroom yesterday.

He stated he had an older Chevy he fixed up, and traded for a MG TD and the MGA. He gave the TD to his daughter, and the MGA he was fixing up until he came down with emphysema. He hadn't worked on the car for over a year, and because of his health, he was selling it. He had lots of ideas and suggestions and plenty of paperwork on parts bought and traded for, etc. Seems he loves eBay and buys and sells lots of parts (and makes money at it) for all kinds of vehicles. He was quite an interesting character.

After exchanging info, questions, title and money, we loaded up the MGA. By now, it was snowing lightly and only blowing about 35 miles per hour.

When I opened up the door to my truck, I think all the leaves in his driveway blew in. It felt like winter, but by the time we were loaded up, the snow had finally stopped. I might have forgot to mention earlier that on the way out, it rained, sleeted, and then snowed. But not to worry, it was supposed to clear up by nightfall.

With the MGA loaded up and all tied down, we were off and heading for home. The trip home went pretty un-eventful and we arrived in the Chicago area about 6 p.m.

We decided to drive through at night rather than during the morning rush hour. Little did we know that all the trucks are driving hard on the road at night. It was like driving in rush hour, except instead of cars, it was ALL trucks – 18-wheelers - they were everywhere!

We moved to the slow lane, but were still surrounded by trucks all through the Chicago area. The trucks finally thinned out around Joliet, just west of Chicago, so we decided to stop for the night.

We pulled into the Red Roof Inn and Mary jumped out to see if they had a room. I could see she was having quite a discussion with the night manager, who was admiring our MGA, so I decided I should find out what was up! The manager was informing us that he did have a room for us, but that he couldn't guarantee that our MGA wouldn't be damaged or even be here in the morning!

He suggested we move on down the road another 20 miles, where it would be safer. We so appreciated the tip, and drove another hour until we felt relatively safe. The manager at the Hampton in Ottawa said they never had any trouble, and we should be fine parked in their lot. I creatively parked the trailer where it would almost be im-possible to remove, and under the street light. But needless to say, we both were up and down all night checking to make sure it was still there!

The rest of the trip was pretty much smooth sailing. We received many "nice car" comments at gas stations and restaurants, and plenty of looks as folks passed us, and of course, those all-important thumb's up from other knowledgeable drivers; the most enthusiastic one was from a guy driving a convertible BMW.

The car is now at home in our garage and I have checked it over and I hope to have it running by next spring. But since it gets so cold in my garage, maybe I'll more realistically have it running by next summer!!!!

JOE'S GARAGE GIT-BY TIP

Keeping Your MG Cool

By FAHC member Joe Kueper

The replacement of the metal fan with electric fans on later model MGs was supposed to improve performance by letting the engine warm up quicker with improved control of the preferred operating temperature range and the added advantage of slightly more horsepower.

Ain't technology great? Well it is as long as you don't keep your car longer than the life of the electric fan. But we love our MGs and fan failure is just one of those inconveniences we must suffer. Oh, the fix is easy, but it is the cost that hurts. Well, suffer no more.

Original equipment replacement will cost you about \$140 for the two fan motors (If you can get the plastic blades off the old motors without ruining them) Add another \$100 if you need two blades. A cheaper fix is the after market 10 inch kit for \$100. That is a little better. But how about less than \$15? Got your attention, didn't I?

I stumbled upon a deal at a swap meet where I picked up a 15-inch fan with plastic housing that I thought might work as a replacement. For \$10, how could I go wrong. (Picture 1)

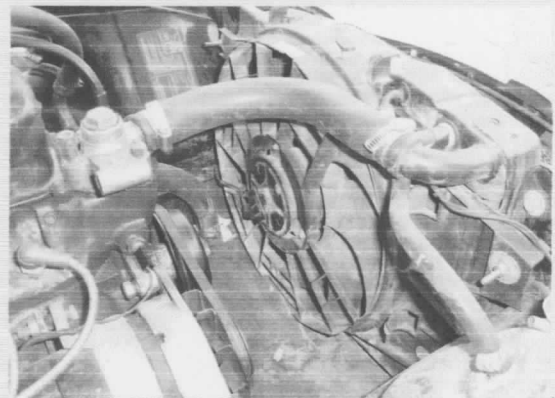


Joe and Linda Kueper became members of the Flatwater Club this year and this is Joe's second article for the club. Thanks, Joe! We look forward to seeing you and Linda at events soon!

As it turned out, the installation was way too

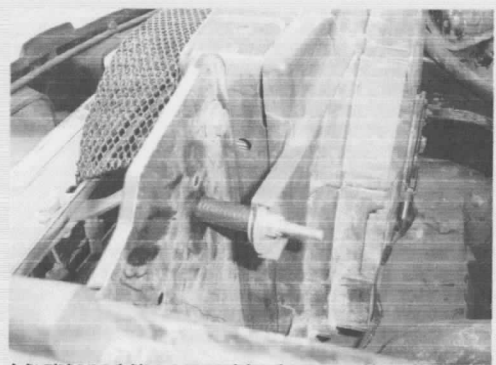
All members are welcome and encouraged to submit articles for the newsletter. Articles or columns may be edited for space and/or content. E-mail articles to fahcmailbag@yahoo.com or send them to: Barbara Rixstine, 1310 Idylwild Dr., Lincoln, 68503. Thanks!

easy. I trimmed a little of the plastic housing to make it fit around the over flow and top return hoses and it slipped right in on the back side of the radiator. (Picture 2)



As you can see, there is plenty of room. The unit I found is only about 3 inches deep and some have a 5-and-1/2 inch deep motor so you may want to shop around depending upon how much clearance you need.

I next drilled 1/4 in holes in the top tabs of the fan's housing and corresponding holes on each of the sheet metal supports from the wheel wells that hold the radiator. I fastened fan housing using threaded screw bolts and cut spacers from some stiff fuel hose. I used metal washers on both sides of the holes in the plastic housing to distribute the pressure and avoid cracking the plastic. (Picture 3)



I tightened the assembly down with self-locking nuts and compressed the plastic housing against the metal frame of the radiator just tight enough to ensure it did not vibrate or rub.

At the time I was interested in seeing if it worked and not how it looked. I used 4-inch bolts where 2 - and 1/2 inch should be sufficient. For you concourse types, maybe you could install it with wing nuts for easy installation and removal. Leave the old motors in for show and pop in the replacement for go.

(continued next page)

(Joe's Garage, continued from prev page)

Finally I disconnected the thermostatically controlled connections from my old bad motors and ran the driver's side connection to the two wires on the replacement fan. You have a 50/50 chance of getting this right. The motor will turn both ways depending upon how it is hooked up.

If it doesn't turn the fan to pull air through the radiator, reverse the wires. Since the fan motor can work both ways, it could probably work as a pusher if there is room to mount it in front of the radiator.

It was 90 degrees in the shade when I tested my new setup. Idling on my hot driveway, the motor heated up and the fan kicked in and cooled the system down in just a minute or two and shut off. It cycled several time with no problems. I drove my 79 MGB Limited Edition all summer in stop-and-go traffic and on long highway trips with no problems.

Recently I was shopping for bargain parts in my local U-Pull It boneyard and found the identical fan. This one cost me \$12.50 and I am saving it to replace the dual fans in my 1980 MGB at their first sign of failure.

Oh yes, I'm sure you are wondering. I found the fan in a late 80s Chrysler Plymouth Shadow. You need a 11 mm "metric" socket to remove three bolts and a pliers to remove the top hose and then lift the fan right out.

And now you know the rest of the story.

Don't hesitate to call me if you have questions: (402) 592-3132.



Sputterings

Miscellaneous

By John Rued

The latter part of December is that time of year for resolutions; you review your course, take a fix, and calculate an alter heading. Your future path is always contingent on the previous path. Yet we always seem to wait until this "annual" waypoint to adjust our path.

So we move—with some vague sense of direction—on one heading, seemingly unaware of contingencies that affect our track:

The boss who "kicks the rudder" with an unanticipated personnel change at work; the "winds that shift" when we deal with the loss of a loved one; the early arrival of holiday bills that "throttle back" the purchase of needed domestic goods. Without acknowledging the impact of these daily occurrences, we carry on—expecting to meet our annual goals.

But we fall short. And we try to define why. And we can't. So much happens over the course of a year that it is futile to identify that one event so pivotal in putting us where we currently are. So rather than wait until the end of the year to make your significant alter, take the time to continually reevaluate your position.

Consider frequent alters—most of them will be slight—that account for the dynamics of everyday life and allow you to adhere to course. Slight alters are easier to effect than significant alters. Slight alters are easier to measure results against. And by making these slight alters, you'll end up closer to your waypoint—and ultimately, your desired destination.

It is noon on Sunday. My first alter will be to get out of bed. See? It works...

\$\$\$\$ Dues Are Due! \$\$\$\$\$ If you haven't sent in your 2004 dues, please do so. Use the membership form on the website and send to: John Ulrich, 6845 South 44th St., Lincoln, NE 68503.

These sponsors, along with Victoria British, have enriched our treasury in return for their ads. Let's enrich their bottom line by supporting them with our business whenever possible and thanking them for their financial contributions.

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2004 Event ScheduleInsert

The Flatwater News is published monthly. Members are welcome and encouraged to contribute items to: fahcmailbag@yahoo.com. All submissions may be edited for length and information.

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The Flatwater News is published for members like:



Paul and Harlene Garnhart, members since 2002, shown here in their TR-6. The Garnharts live in York but caravanned with us to the Heartland Show in St. Jo and showed their car at the All-Brit Show in September.

Thanks for being members, Paul and Harlene!

Got an event you'd like to host?

The events schedule inside is by no means written in stone. If you're interested in hosting an event – and by host we mean plan and lead, not pay for – by all means, do!

Just let one of the club officers know what you'd like to do, what date you'd like to have it on, and get info to the newsletter about it. This includes suggestions for events on the slate too.

HRMNP Party the 24th

The Her Majesty's Royal Nebraska Patrol holiday party will be on Sat., Jan. 24 at the Knolls Country Club in Lincoln. More info and RSVPs -- Bill or Ferne Evans at 402-488-9660 or billevansmgb@msn.com.