



BONNEVILLE BANTER

Monthly Newsletter of the Bonneville Austin-Healey Club



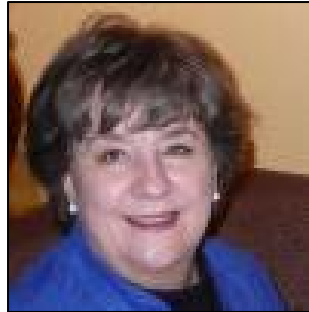
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www.bonnevillehealeyclub.org

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President's Message:

The Salt Lake Tribune Parade Magazine of April 22 ran an article entitled "Full House" which addressed the issue of "Stuff." Quoting: "There's FOOD. . . there's CLOTHING. . . there's SHELTER. . . and then there's STUFF!" It gave ways to purge stuff that's not worth saving. You can sell it; give it away; or trash it. Of course we all can look around our places and see lots of "stuff." But how to determine what is not worth saving.



I save junk mail to read at a later time (which time never comes). There are lots of magazines with articles I want to read at a later time. Now if I put all of this with what magazine articles Doug wants to read later, it doubles the volume. After a month of this there are several stacks sitting around. How do others manage this and still keep a neat and orderly house? Perhaps they are not as well read (my personal rationalization).

Then we have the garage and workshop. Wow! I wouldn't have any idea where to start. There are bottles of weed killer; spider, etc. killer; all kinds of fertilizers and all of them with less than a quarter cup of material left in them. Then there are the paint cans with some paint we saved to touch up when the need arises. Of course, we have changed the color of the walls three or four times since and really have no use for the old paints. Why do we hang on to these? We didn't grow up during the depression, but the way we hang on to things you would think we did.

Then there are tools I have no idea what they are used for. Maybe they were purchased for one project that is now long gone and over. But. . . you never know when you may need these again. Doug has boxes of screws, bolts, washers, nuts,

plumbing and sprinkler parts, electrical gadgets and so on. And. . . when he is working on a project he goes to Lowe's or Home Depot for parts because he doesn't take the time to find the ones he has saved.

This brings me to car parts. We all have boxes of Healey parts and tools. These may come in handy some day. But perhaps we should take an inventory of "all things Healey" and consider donating some of them to the club for the Healey Days' auction. If later you need the part, you can always buy them back at the next auction.

Keep 'em rolling,
Ann



FROM THE EDITOR:

Are you ready for this year's driving season? The Club has two events coming up very soon. First is the drive to Taggart's for lunch on April 28th. Then the first long trip on May 18th. The trip to Jackson Hole. Read more about that in the Activities Section.



This month's profile is on Kevin and Marie Cowan. Kevin appears to have been a "British Car Nut" for most of his life. Along with the profile Craig Mossberg sent another insert that you will have to ask the Oregonians (Cowan's) if it is possible to be true.

The big #%&#! C took another member in April. Gloria Morrison lost her battle with pancreatic cancer. If the Bonneville Austin Healey Club had issued membership numbers, Gloria and John would have been Number 1. They are the people who got us all together. Our condolences to John and the family.

Happy Healeying, Dave

Bonneville Austin-Healey Club

2012 Activities Schedule

April

4/28 Trip to Taggart's, lead by Jim Thornton to meet at Starbucks parking lot Kimball Junction, Park City, by 10:30 to leave by 10:45. Let Jim know if you plan to attend at jimt@secten.com

May

5/8 Meeting @ Red Robin
Tech Session TBA

5/18-20 Trip to Jackson Hole lead by Jim Revel, so far Mossberg's, Maxwell's, Colman's, Markmann's, Thornton's, Lewis', McEligot's & Revel's are going. We will meet at Jim Thornton's office on Friday at 9am leaving at 9:30. We will drive through Logan and Preston to Jackson with a stop at either Keith Mott's home or at a coffee shop he suggests in Logan. Return route to be decided. A social hour is planned both nights at the Inn on the Creek at 6pm with dinner on their own on Friday and reservations for 16 at 7:30pm at the Sweetwater Restaurant on Saturday and a drive through Grand Teton National Park and back to Jackson on Saturday. If anyone else cares to come let Jim Revel know at jimrevel@aol.com.

June

6/17-21 AHCA Conclave Louisville, KY

6/12 Meeting @ Joe Morley's
6/16 British Field Day.

July

7/10 Meeting @ Red Robin
Healey Days in Park City 7/27-29
Tech Session TBA

August

Utah Concours unknown date or interest in going
8/14 Meeting @ Joe Morley's
Tech Session TBA
8/18 Trip to Keith Mott's for a barbecue. More information to follow.

September

9/11 Meeting @ Red Robin
Tech Session TBA
9/14-17 Trip to Torrey, Zion Lead by Jim Revel

October

10/9 Meeting @ Joe Morley's

Tech Session TBA

10/14 Trip to Mirror Lake/Evanston

November

11/13 Nominations meeting @ Red Robin

Tech Session TBA

December

12/1 Christmas Party, place TBD

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BONNEVILLE AUSTIN-HEALEY CLUB 2012 OFFICERS

President: Ann Lewis: 801-255-8161
8226 Bryce Dr., Sandy, UT 84070
CorriqA9@msn.com

Vice President: Don Colman: 801-942-5259
6866 Pine Rock Road, S.L.C., UT 84121
oldnamloc@msn.com

Activities Chairman: Jim Revel: 435-640-3347
2040 Mahre Drive, Park City, UT 84060
jimrevel@aol.com

Treasurer: Sandy Maxwell: 801-943-4803
1752 Paulista Way, Sandy, UT 84093
sanddmax@gmail.com

Secretary/Historian: Craig Mossberg: 801-942-0750
2026 Brady Creek Dr. Sandy, UT 84093
cmossberg@comcast.net

Membership: Jim Thornton: 801-485-9404
3503 Millcreek Cir. SLC, UT 84106
jimt@secten.com

Newsletter Editor: Dave Maxwell: 801-943-4803
1752 Paulista Way, Sandy, UT 84093
sanddmax@gmail.com

Webmaster: Jon Hanson: 801-583-7512
1375 Roxbury Rd. S.L.C., UT 84108
jmh-consulting@earthlink.net

AHCA Delegate: Dave Maxwell: 801-943-4803

Kevin and Marie Cowan's Healey Profile

Wikipedia defines **Imprinting** as “the term used in [psychology](#) to describe any kind of phase-sensitive [learning](#) (learning occurring at a particular age or a particular life stage) that is rapid and apparently independent of the consequences of behavior.” It was first used to describe situations in which an animal or person learns the characteristics of some stimulus, which is therefore said to be "imprinted" onto the subject.

Imprinting is most often thought of as occurring to ducks and geese during early postnatal life. In my case, I was “hatched” in Germany where my father was stationed while in the Air Force. Although I don’t remember it, most people think I was imprinted on the autobahn in the early 60s where I saw the many exotic and foreign cars speeding by. After returning state-side and settling in Seattle, my dad reinforced this imprinting by accruing a constant stream of at the time uncommon foreign cars such as Mercedes Benz (for dad) and Volkswagen (for the rest of the family).

When I reached driving age and could afford to buy my first car, I sought out the council of my then brother-in-law who was the best car authority I knew by virtue of owning not just one, but two Porsche Speedsters. Both his Speedster ownership and his marriage to my sister ended badly, but he did know how to select fun and practical cars for a first time high school car shopper; including; an E-type Jaguar, a wicked Mini, a Triumph TR3, and a variety of MGs. However, the most memorable was a 20 year old Austin Healey 100. This hundred had obviously been run hard every day and was completely impractical for a high school student living in the rainy Northwest with its “pup tent” top and side curtains, but it was red and looked gorgeous. When I started car shopping, I promised my Mom I would get something practical and I would hold

out enough money to pay for insurance and maintenance. However, with the Healey, it was love at first sight and after returning from the test drive I immediately forgot my promise to Mom and in an act “apparently independent of the consequences of behavior” offered the owner \$1800, which was every penny I had at the time. He was asking \$2000, and turned me down without a pause. He was probably just was holding out for more cash. But he may have also taken pity on me, since he knew something about Healey ownership and realized that this would be a terrible choice for me.

MG's Hit Blanchet's Scene



Blanchet is privileged to have not one, but two classic cars of this month. Of course I'm referring to the M.G.'s of two seniors, Kevin Cowan

and Doug Paynes. Both cars are convertibles, and powered by 1.80 liter engines with a four-speed transmission (Doug's also has an overdrive).

The cars are quick, responsive and great for just getting around in. And with an MPG rating of anywhere from 15 to 30, not too tough on the pocketbook.

by Don Buesher

News Flash from Kevins High School Paper

Ultimately I did settle on a much more practical canary yellow MGB, but the grip that Healey had on me didn't quite let go. This grip was tightened when several years later a friend told me that his uncle had an old sports car gathering dust in the back of his garage and that if we could get it started, we could go for a drive. As we lifted the door I could barely make out a chrome smiling face peeking from the back of the garage. After moving countless boxes we discovered another Healey 100 in “ran when parked” condition. The 100 had been sitting for many years, but somehow my friend and I were able to get the engine fired up, and despite its dilapidated appearance, the car would even go. What we neglected to test were the brakes, so what the Healey wouldn't do was stop. The promised drive was exhilarating but very short and ended with an exchange of paint between the 2 door and the neighbor's Tudor. The 100 returned to its perpetual parking spot at the back of the garage

where it remained for the next 30 years. Funny enough, my friend emailed me last month to say the ~~pile of junk~~ "barn find" sold just last month for a pretty good price. Do cars dream? If so, this one must wonder if that test drive actually occurred at all or was it just a crazy fantasy sandwiched in the middle of its 50 year slumber.

Like many others before and after me, years of FDSC (Four Door Sports Cars) followed, as I perused an education, career, home, and family. Through it all, I did manage to squeeze in a sporty motorcycle and a sports car here and there, but somehow never could fulfill the long imprinted impulse until one day in Portland.

It was 1995 and I was driving on a remote section of Stark Street when something caught my eye that would change my life and bank account forever. In the window of a nondescript warehouse was a red Healey 100, just like the one I was unable to buy many years earlier. In another act "apparently independent of the consequences of behavior", I wrote a check for \$8000 for a car that wasn't rusty but wasn't running. However, just as quickly Tom and Skip Monaco became our best buddies in the car and the Healey worlds. After Marie's initial surprise (you paid HOW MUCH FOR THAT??!!!!) and before we knew what hit us, we were full-fledged members of the Austin-Healey Club of Oregon (AHCO). With Tom's help I soon had my 1954 BN1 "Austin of England" running and over the course of several years completed pretty good running restoration.



Touring the Northwest in our new Healey

We remained members of the AHCO for the next decade and went on every drive and excursion we could, including countless day going on trips to the coast, Willamette valley drives, tours of wineries, and AH West Coast Meets in Vancouver Island BC, Lake Chelan in Washington State, and Ka-Nee-Ta casino in central Oregon. To this day Marie and I still reminisce about racing our time machine through the high deserts of eastern Oregon at midnight, driving on roads that were impossibly cantilevered off cliffs over the pacific, and touring magic and remote corners of the Pacific Wonderland. At one West Coast Meet, I convinced Marie to ride to dinner with the windshield in racing position. Being a guy, I didn't think about my wife's hair, but when we got to dinner, she had invented a whole new "aerodynamic" look.



Marie's aerodynamic inspired hair style

On at another major Healey event we decided to participate in the club golf tournament, despite our total ineptitude at the sport. On the first tee, I didn't notice that Marie had moved to the woman's tees. My drive made a perfect beeline to her knee. Unsure of the extent of damage to Marie's knee and being hours away from the nearest emergency room, I ran into the club house to look for medical assistance. The golf pro said that the facility had no medical staff, but he did notice a car with a license plate that said "doctor" on it and suggested I try the club house bar (surly one of the most likely places to find a doctor). I went in yelling the proverbial "is there a doctor in the house?" at which point a group of older man began laughed uncontrollably. It

turned out the car in the parking lot was for "Doctor Healey" who wasn't a real doctor (but was a real A?/*^ H&%).



West Coast tour

A truly epic Healey event occurred during a tour to Sisters Oregon in 1999. After a gimmick rally we were unwinding in the hot tub with some acquaintances from the British Columbia AH Club of Canada. Over beverages one of the members mentioned that the founding member of the club had to sell his 100M due to his health and did I know anyone that might be interested. More independent of consequences behavior ensued, money exchanged hands, a back border crossing was found, and Marie again uttered the by now famous words; "you paid HOW MUCH FOR THAT??!!!!".

The plan was to restore my newly acquired 1956 100M and drive the 1954 BN1 until the "M" was ready. 5 years later (a) I took a Job with Questar in Salt Lake City, (b) we sold the BN1 to use as a down payment on a house in SLC, (c) and the "M" came home from the painters. I quit my job a week early and rented a moving van with the idea of reassembling the Healey and moving it to Utah with me. But, the doors wouldn't shut, so the Healey went back to the shop for the gaps to be fixed and the rest of the restoration to be completed back in Portland by my friend Tom.

Before long Marie and I were back on the road in Utah where we picked up with the Bonneville Austin-Healey Club (BAHC) where we left off with the Austin-Healey Club of Oregon. For the first few years our BAHC adventure was in an unseen "phantom" Healey as 100M was still in Portland.

The "M" took several more years to be straightened and when I did get the car here, it seemed my troubles where just starting. Some BACC members may recall the M's BACC debut at the clubs Brighten show where it announced itself by puking 3 quarts of oil in the parking lot. But with the help of friends here and in Portland including an engine "re-rebuilt" the car was sorted and our Healey fun has gotten back on track.

So, if as confuses said, "A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step" then in our case the journey started with a long forgotten duck like waddle on a distant stretch of the autobahn.



On the Road in the Park City Miners Day parade



East Canons fall colors



World of Speed in Wendover Nevada



Intermountain Concours

Kevin and Marie

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Bonneville Austin Healey Club- April 10, 2012 Meeting Minutes

Ann Lewis called the meeting to order at 7:35 PM. Meeting was held at Joe Morley's.

In Attendance:

Ann and Doug Lewis, Dave and Sandy Maxwell, Don Colman, Merlin Judkins, Jon Hansen, Jim Revel, Bob Markmann, Don and Julie McEligot, Jim Thornton, Ken Clifford, Ernie Reno, Dil Strasser, Joe Morley and Carol and Craig Mossberg.

Treasurer's Report:

Current balance of \$5,499.40.

Membership:

We currently have 45 paid members.

Editor's Report:

Dave asked Jim Revel for upcoming events detail for inclusion in newsletter.

Activities:

April 28th lunch trip to Taggart's. Road through East Canyon closed till May. Meet at Starbuck's in Kimball Junction, Park City at 10:30 AM. Jim Revel to investigate BMCU interest in joint drive as BMCU Cars and Coffee group also meets at Starbuck's on Saturday morning.

May 18th and 19th trip to Jackson Hole. Meet at Jim Thornton's garage at 9:00 AM to be on the road at 9:30 AM. Route to Jackson will be via Preston and Tin Cup. Group decided that dinner on

Friday would be on your own and as a group on Saturday. Jim Revel will make reservations at Sweetwater for Saturday.

June 16th - British Field Day

June 17th - Jim Revel to attend Louisville Conclave for two days.

July 27th-29th - Healey Days. Jim Revel to arrange Shadow Ridge accommodations.

Other Business:

Don McEligott proposed having club driving awards possibly based on distance or participation. Dave Maxwell reminded the club of the AHCA high mileage award program. It was agreed this idea would be discussed further in the June meeting.

It was proposed the club do more impromptu day drives. Plans should be routed through Jon Hansen for communication to all members.

Don Colman commended Dave Maxwell for the excellent SU carb rebuilding seminar held by BMCU at Rich's Customs on March 24th. Several BAHC members attended this event.

"Speed-The Art of the Performance Automobile" will be held at the Utah Museum of Fine Arts from June 2nd through September 16th. The meeting was adjourned at 8:20 PM.

Submitted by Craig Mossberg

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GOOD: A Bend, Oregon policeman had a perfect spot to watch for speeders, but wasn't getting many. Then he discovered the problem--a 12-year-old boy was standing up the road with a hand painted sign, which read 'RADAR TRAP AHEAD.' The officer also found the boy had an accomplice who was down the road with a sign reading 'TIPS' and a bucket full of money. (And we used to just sell lemonade!)

BETTER: A motorist was mailed a picture of his car speeding through an automated radar post in Pendleton, Oregon. A \$40 speeding ticket was included. Being cute, he sent the police department a picture of \$40. The police responded with another mailed photo of handcuffs.

BEST: A young woman was pulled over for speeding. An Oregon State Trooper walked to her car window, flipping open his ticket book. She said, "I bet you are going to sell

me a ticket to the State Trooper's Ball." He replied, "Oregon State Troopers don't have balls." There was a moment of silence. He then closed his book, tipped his hat, got back in his patrol car and left



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Dave Maxwell, Editor
1752 Paulista Way
Sandy, UT 84093