



BONNEVILLE BANTER

Monthly Newsletter of the Bonneville Austin-Healey Club



August, 2012

www.bonnevillehealeyclub.org

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President' Message

It's that time again for me to come up with an article for the club's newsletter. Everything I feel I want to write about would just anger a lot of club members. I'll just skirt around some issues.



Keep 'em rolling,
Ann

Our Country has just had one of the worst shootings (70 people dead or injured) of all time. How could that not anger each and every one of us? Why do people need assault rifles? Especially with 33-shot (or more) magazines!

It's an election year and the Country has never been more divided. I have never heard so many blatant lies and negativity in any election year as there are in this year. I would like to hear positive positions for the future. But this will not be.

Even the weather has not been "normal." We are suffering from a severe drought in Utah as well as in the "Heartland." Hurricane-force winds and torrential rains are occurring around the globe.

Friends and relatives are coming down with serious health problems; some dying; some just hanging in there.

I'm thinking this must be an obvious sign that I am getting old. Remember when the old timers only focused on the negative. When we were young we did not let these things get us down. We moved on to more positive thoughts.

That's the spirit! Think positively about the future. Get together with friends; have fun; joke around; have lots of laughter; travel through beautiful scenery; thoroughly enjoy wonderful food and drink; and keep active. With a more positive attitude we should start feeling more energetic and "younger." We won't let them bring us down!

FROM THE EDITOR:

August already, Check out the club calendar. This will be a very busy 4 weeks! Even before August



begins we have Healey Days and the Classic Sports Car Show, The Wasatch back tour, which includes a Drip off. Last time we did a drip off everyone had a lot of fun.

Hopefully you get this newsletter in time to join us for the activities in Park City.

August 18th we will be going to Logan and a BBQ at the home of Keith and Liz Mott. Be sure to get you names on the list of attendees at the August 14th meeting at Joe Morley's.

Then on August 29th at 2:00 P.M. we will meet at the Museum of fine arts on the University of Utah campus for a tour of the current exhibit. Speed-Art of the Performance Automobile. Afterward we will caravan to Jon Hanson's for a little croquet and food.

Craig Mossberg and I will be working the World of Speed event September 8-11, and maybe the 12th. Steve Pike will be bringing the re-creation of the 1954 Healey Streamliner. The car should be able to do the 200 MPH that Steve is shooting for. I highly recommend a trip to see the car run. The track opens for runs at about 9:00 A.M on Saturday, and will be running every day from around 8:00A.M. until dusk.

This month's profile is on Bob and Dixie Jahnke. I'm sure that English Healeys were not as long as bob remembers, also not as fast. But, look

what memories got him. The photos in the article came from Bob, except the one of Dixie's Mustang, Which I took on the 24th of July

Happy Healeying,
Dave

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motel reservations held for someone else at Zion in Springdale if anyone else cares to go. If so email me at jimrevel@aol.com or call me at [435-640-3347](tel:435-640-3347) if I don't hear that anyone wants them by the end of the month I am going to let them go.

We will be spending the Sunday night at the McAllister cabin on Fish Lake. More details will be discussed after Healey Days.

Thanks, Jim

Bonneville Austin-Healey Club

2012 Activities Schedule

July

Healey Days in Park City 7/27-29

Tech Session TBA

August

8/14 Meeting @ Joe Morley's

Tech Session TBA

8/18 Trip to Keith Mott's for a barbecue. More information to follow.

September

9/4 -9/11 World of Speed. The Bonneville Healey Streamliner will be running.

9/11 Meeting @ Red Robin

9/22 Utah Concours

Tech Session TBA

October

10/5 - 8 Trip to Torrey, Zion Lead by Jim Revel

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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Torrey - Zion Trip 10/4, 5 & 6

Anyone Else care go? So far we have Revel's, Maxwell's, Lewis', McEligot's, and McAllister's. We are in Torrey on the first night staying in the Howard Johnson's and Springdale the second night at various places. I have two

BONNEVILLE AUSTIN HEALEY CLUB HEALEY DAYS

2012 Classic Sports Car Show

July 28th from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Cars in place by 9:30am

On lower Main Street Between
Seventh and Ninth Street

Wasatch Back Tour

July 29th

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Member Profile

It Started With a Healey

To tell a sensible story, it will be best to divide Bob's adventures into three parts: Postwar, Early Adulthood, and Present Day.

Postwar

Postwar begins in 1952 when Bob, his parents and siblings went to England. Bob's Dad was an Air Force bomber pilot returning for Cold War duty in a part of England he came to know earlier in another war. He obviously survived the earlier war, wounded and sent home to free the hospital bed for D-Day casualties. Bob, *et al*, lived in a small English village about a hundred miles north of London. Village life was dominated by agriculture, carried out by tenant farmers and hired workers. The lord of the village was the well-known

travel agent, Sir Thomas Cook of Cook's Tours (still in business I believe). Everyone worked for him somehow. A bit like Lord Grantham's estate. Bob and family lived (with two other USAF families) in one of Sir Thomas's excess manor houses. Hardly cramped, each family had four or five bedrooms but with a couple of baths. One family was even saddled with two ballrooms, (great for storage). The manor house grounds comprised about a hundred acres of orchards, meadows and dense forest. It was paradise for eight year old Bob!

It will be instructive for the reader to learn a bit about what kind of life Bob led before the word **Healey** popped up. Village life was the life of most Englishers in 1952. And village life involved a village shop/post office, usually a smithy owned by the local lord, a phone box (booth, red, glass-paned top to bottom), a "bobby's" (a copper) house, and a church (of England of course). In front of the village shop was always a red post (mail) box. Depending on the age of the village the box was cast with the English monarch's royal crest: "E II R" was the unit installed from 1952 onward. Older villages would proudly display a "G VI R" or "G V R" or even "E VII R." Of course we all know what happened to "E VIII R." Bob fell into step with all the history and became fast friends with the local lads (he wasn't into lasses at the time). He and his pals sampled the recent history by exploring bomb and V-1 missile craters, and they fought off repeated assaults by "The Hun" charging up hills surrounding the village. Bob & his forces were so successful because they held the high ground, manning "pillboxes" (concrete bunkers with machinegun portals overlooking the valleys). Rationing wasn't the only thing left over from the war.

So one day in 1954, Bob's idyllic life was interrupted by a phone call (there were phones in the manor house). The villagers as a rule had none. They had no cars either. "Council houses," the ones built and owned by the federal government (the Socialists of course), had running water but only outhouse toilets. Electricity was on a pay-as-you-go basis; a coin-fed meter was mounted on a kitchen wall. Back to the phone call.... The call was from an American school classmate, inviting Bob to come for a ride with him in his Dad's new car. You

can guess how this ends. A new Austin Healey One Hundred, red, left-hand drive, not that Bob knew LHD meant it was going “home” with his friend (to the states). Bob has trouble to this day reconciling his childhood memories with what he now knows. The car (he learned later what it was) he remembers was some thirty feet long, redder than Red Rider, and just barely sub-sonic. It literally flew down the lanes (there were no motorways then), roared along the hedgerows, and surely “got air.” It was love, and he’s never forgotten it.

Early Adulthood

Bob never saw that car again. He saw no other Austin Healeys either for years. When he was about 21 years old, Bob’s car experiences took a somewhat generic turn, at least as far as sports cars were concerned. On visiting a friend one evening, he was asked to run to the store for milk. “Take the car in the garage,” he said. He tossed Bob the keys, and Bob turned to see a small roadster sitting in the darkened garage. Bob climbed in and turned on the ignition. The dash lit up like an airplane instrument panel, and the cockpit closed lovingly around him. Bob was coming to the time in his adulthood (I use the classification loosely) when he would pick a car (it was much more important than a bride), and the loving little roadster was what he wanted (or something like it). It turns out it was an MGA. A cozy little piece.

Now we get serious about Bob and his cars. At this point, right after the MGA “love-in,” Bob was ending his third year at the Air Force Academy. That would have been 1965. Rules then permitted only seniors to own cars, and they could assume no debt to have one. If they had their own money to buy, fine; otherwise Daddy bought it. Well Bob had no money, so Bob called Dad. Bob’s Dad’s words echo yet in Bob’s head: **“Do you think I’m made of money?”** Permit a short digression here as I offer a word of advice Bob learned: “Never be the child of a father raised in the Great Depression.” So Bob’s resources for buying his car were limited.

It must have been frustrating for Bob to watch the cadet parking lot fill up with all the Daddies’ cars. There were MGBs, Vettes, GTOs and one 427c.i. Cobra.

The Cobra lorded it all over the Vettes; the biggest Vette at the time was a 426c.i. But fate had a good news/bad news surprise for Bob. It was a 3X5 index card on the squadron bulletin board: “MUST SELL ’57 Jaguar Convertible. \$900 Firm. Call Butch Grems. 303-472-XXXX.” Turns out Butch was a very recent graduate, and he’d just bought something else. Bob called and went to see the car: an XK-140 it was, faded red, automatic converted to 4-speed. It had that cockpit feel and look. And it ran. Bob has never been much of a shopper, so soon he was on the phone to Dad. The check arrived in a few days, and the deal was done. With the car in place, Bob looked to the second item on his priority list. He called his girlfriend and offered to give a ride home to Cedar Rapids in his “new” Jag. They made it to Newton, Iowa, where the Jag broke down. Bob bought two Greyhound tickets and escorted his girlfriend the rest of the way home. He was chivalrous if nothing else. The Jag stayed at a repair shop in Newton. Bob had no money for repairs, and he wasn’t about to ask Depression Dad for money.



Bob prepping the Jag to trade in on the MG

From here Bob began the long, slow process of getting smarter about cars. Bob took an offer to the sports car dealer in Cedar Rapids: let’s trade in the lame Jag for a new car. The dealer agreed subject to prior inspection of the Jag; he offered \$700 in trade; and we had a deal, sort of.. There was one snag though; Bob would have no money to complete the deal until December 1, that fall. That was one of the many other Academy car rules: no personal indebtedness for seniors

until December of that year. That proved no problem for the dealer, but the anxiety nearly drove Bob mad. An MGB turned out to be all he could afford, but the extra \$700 Jag trade money got some nice extras: wire, O/D, rack, radio, Skipping ahead, Bob's salesman drove the car to Colorado for the December 1, closing. Thus began three-plus years of reliable motoring. A quick digression if you please: Bob made contact with the "salesman" in 2008. The exchange was very pleasant, and the salesman enthusiastically admitted that the 1 Dec 65 trip to Colorado was the most fun delivery he had ever made. Ironically Bob reached the salesman in his vacation home overlooking the Lake of the Ozarks. He and his wife had flown their plane down for holidays and were proceeding next to their condo in Naples, FL. Clearly Bob should have asked him for a job instead of a trade-in back in 1965.



The MG somewhere in Colorado

The red "B" lasted till spring of 1969, when Bob took a step backward in car-smarts. The car had taken Bob to USAF flying school in Lubbock and then to C-130 school near Nashville. There the car helped court a lovely redheaded American Airlines stewardess named Dixie Dugan; the car gave her the impression that Bob had money. Bob left the car with his parents and siblings while he spent most of '68 and part of '69 in Southeast Asia. But when he came home he rode in a new "B" after dark one evening, and a whole new "cockpit" look struck him. Weeks later, in a fever, he traded the red '66 for a blue '69. He didn't like blue, and it had no O/D. I think what did push him over the top though was the triple-wipers. The blue "B" was a lemon: persistently sticking S.U. floats, generator failure, and clutch failure. He sold it (still under warranty) and paid off Dixie Jahnke's new

Mustang. Perhaps he had redeemed some car-smarts. He had certainly showed some woman-smarts.



Dixie's Mustang as it is today

The Present

At Bob's Dad's funeral in 2002, he spoke to those friends and family in the church and described his late father as the poster-child for Tom Brokaw's "Greatest Generation." Five weeks later he spoke to mostly the same people about his Mom. She was the "Phantom of Delight" from her high school yearbook (extracted from some poem), and Dad, Bob was told, was lucky to have "won" her. It was 1942 in Anniston, Alabama, and Bob's Mom-to-be and friends came from Birmingham for a U.S. Army Air Corps mixer. Years later Bob's godfather (his Dad's best friend and fellow airman in Anniston) told him that his parents' initial meeting was tense: "Alabama meeting New York"! Imagine. But Dad finally made the cut.



The JahnkeTR-3A

Well Mom and Dad bought Bob his first sports car (the Jag) and, sadly, they bought him his last two sports cars. You know them as Bob & Dixie's green Healey Tri-Carb and green TR-3A. So the Healey love

from 1954 finally re-appeared! Different color, shorter, slower, but his. She's from Bob's Mom and Dad so she'll be with Bob & Dixie for the duration. From there she'll become a "hand-me-down." Bob already has one child "sold" on sports cars; and even, 3 year-old granddaughter, is already coveting the TR.



The Tri-Carb at the popularity show in Klamath Falls

Bob Jahnke 2012

BONNEVILLE AUSTIN HEALEY CLUB- JULY 10, 2012 MEETING MINUTES

Ann Lewis called the meeting to order at 7:30 PM. The meeting was held at the Red Robin.

In Attendance: Ann and Doug Lewis, Dave and Sandy Maxwell, Jon Hanson, Jim Revel, Ron and Kathy Jensen, Bob and Pat Markmann, Jim Thornton, Dil Strasser, Joe Morley, and Craig and Carol Mossberg.

Treasurer's Report: It was agreed that this will not be shown in meeting minutes.

Membership: There are 48 paid members.

Editor's Report: Dave Maxwell encouraged members to read the newsletter in its entirety.

Activities: Healey Days July 27th, 28th and 29th. Jim Revel reached agreement with the Wasatch Jaguar Club to share expenses. Volunteers are needed to man the

upper and lower entrances. Shifts will be in ½ hour increments. Jim Revel will coordinate. The Wasatch Back drive, led by Dave Maxwell, will start at 10:00 AM at Markmann's home for coffee and bagels. Drive will be through East Canyon and Trapper's Loop and proceeds to the Shooting Star in Huntsville for lunch. There will be a Drip Off contest at the end of the drive. Judging will be: Most Oil (after all, these are British cars), Best Drip Pattern (to be voted on by participants) and Least Oil.

Picnic at Keith Mott's house in Logan on August 18th. We will leave at 10:00 AM arriving around noon. The club will reimburse for all food and beverage costs. We need to determine how many people will attend and RSVP no later than the August meeting.

Utah Concours Car Show will be held on September 22nd.

Healeys Return to Bonneville will be September 8th through the 12th.

Other Business: There was a lengthy discussion on Don McEligot's suggestions for various club driving awards. A vote was taken and the attendees unanimously agreed that there was no support for additional driving awards. Members felt awards for participation were not the primary motivation for participation at club events.

Jon Hanson will coordinate a visit to Speed-Art of the Performance Automobile at the Utah Museum of Fine Arts on Wednesday, August 29th. The plan is to meet at the UMFA at 2:00 PM and go to Jon's home for a weekday cook-out after the tour.

Drive Away Cancer. The group discussed a possible club donation to this charity. Concern was raised about how much of the donation would actually go to fighting cancer and how much is absorbed by salaries and administrative costs. Jon Hanson will research this issue and further discussion will be held at the August meeting. In the interim, it was agreed that the club will make a \$500.00 donation to the Utah Food Bank. Sandy Maxwell will advise about a possible tour of the Utah Food Bank in conjunction with our donation.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:34 PM.
Submitted by Craig Mossberg



BONNEVILLE BANTER

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