



Volume 32, Number 5

Healey Enthusiast

September/October 2021



Bryan Johnson and his fully restored BJ8 at the Big Lake Car Show, at Concave 2021

Upcoming Events

Sat	Oct 23, 2021	Wisconsin Brunch & Byways Fall Color Tour, Dawson's
Sat	Nov 20, 2021	2021 Banquet, Joseph's Grill
Sat	Dec 4, 2021	Planning Meeting
Sat	May 21, 2022	Spring InterMarque Kickoff

See the website for details: www.mnhealey.com

Minnesota Austin Healey Club (MAHC)


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Websites

Minnesota: www.mnhealey.com
National: www.healeyclub.org

PIE

(President's Informal Evening)

Date: **Wednesday, July 7, 2021**

Time: **6:00 p.m., meeting at 7:00**

Place: **Joseph's Grill**
140 South Wabasha
Saint Paul, MN 55107
651-222-2435

Come and enjoy beverages and/or food with the friendly club members, catch up on news and events, and discuss cars and restorations.

Thank you to those who submitted news, articles, and photos for this issue:

Dave Hatzung
John Hatzung
Brian Johnson
Steve Rixen

Please send submissions before the 15th of the month to:
daphne.walmer@gmail.com

Current and past newsletters:
<http://www.mnhealey.com/mnhealey/newsletter.htm>



HEALEY ENTHUSIAST

The official publication of the Minnesota Austin Healey Club, a Minnesota Non-Profit Corporation. THE HEALEY ENTHUSIAST is published 11-12 times per year for the benefit of its members. Articles that appear in THE HEALEY ENTHUSIAST are the opinions of the authors and do not express the position of the Minnesota Austin Healey Club on any matter unless specifically noted. We do our best to ensure accuracy but cannot be held responsible for errors and omissions. Contributions are welcome on any subject related to Healeys, club members, or of general interest to the classic car hobby. Material from THE HEALEY ENTHUSIAST may be reprinted in any other publication provided reciprocal article use permission is granted by that publication. Deadline for submissions to the editor is the 15th of the month prior to the next issue. Classified ads are free for MAHC members, \$5.00 for non-members. For display rates contact newsletter advertising. The Minnesota Austin Healey Club Inc. is operating as a Minnesota Non-Profit Corporation and is affiliated with the Austin Healey Club of America, Inc.

President Dave Hatzung's Very Presidential Column

Happy October, everyone! It's kind of trite to start an article out that way, but it is surprising how time and other things go by so fast. It seems like not long ago that I uncovered my Healey and turned the key to start it for the first time last spring and hoped it would start—and it did! Now, I'm looking to get it ready for its long winter nap.

Speaking of fast (nice transition huh? 😊), I went to my first Drivers Training school at **BIR** (Brainard International Raceway) a couple weeks ago. It was sponsored by a rival (not the MAHC club), and I did not drive my Healey, but instead my "other" sports car. What an experience! I won't go into details (158 on the straight), but I way overdid my skillset, and I'm very lucky to have finished the day without any bad things happening to me or my car.

And I did learn a lot. That being said, I'll share a short conversation I had with another member of our club, who shall remain un-named. I asked him if he was ever jealous of his wife racing their hot Healey and if he ever wanted to get out on the track himself (see, I didn't mention any names). He said, and I paraphrase, "my personality is such that I am probably too overly aggressive to safely race a car." In other words, I'd probably injure myself if I ever raced competitively. I suspect I may have a similar issue. So, it is with even greater respect than before that I look up to the Healey racers in our club. They are a very talented group of people.

Back to October. The leaves are starting to turn, the temps are also changing, and now we're being told to start buying our Christmas gifts already because there is going to be a shortage of them. Well, don't they know there is a shortage of Austin Healey's and that people better start buying up those? As I watch recent sales, the prices of our cars continue to rise, although not as fast as the price of gas.

A big thank you to those MAHC club members who picked up a Healey that had been donated to our club. I'm told it was not in any shape to be a rebuild, and may well have to be parted out, but I'd like to thank the guys that picked it up – **Gary Wetzel, Jeff Lombard, Scott McQueen, and Phil Dawson**. **Phil** was nice enough to put it in his huge storage building until someone figures out what to do with it.

There's a great article in the latest Hagerty magazine about a guy who has a huge shop that restores Bugeyes. It's a great read. If you don't get the magazine, let me know and I'll send you a copy.

I just got back from a trip to Scottsdale, and while there my wife and I stopped to pick up some groceries, and I noticed a really nice Big Healey at the gas station next door. I told **Mary** I'd meet her in the grocery store after I ran over and looked at the Healey. I talked to the owner who was there getting gas, and it turns out he had it recently restored it at

Fourintune. In fact, I think it is the "old English White one featured on their website. Small world.

We had a great October MAHC meeting at **Joseph's** with 15 people attending. We got an update about Waumandee from **Betty and Carl Stine. Kate and Clarence Westberg** were there, along with **Dave Herreid, Rich Stadther,** and **Phil Dawson. June Moerke** brought her latest batch of home-made salsa. She also brought her always-smiling husband **Tom. Eileen Wetzel,** our club's National Delegate, gave a report about the changes and improvements going on at the AHCA. **Dick Leighninger** announced the date for the Spring Car show in Osseo. **Dan Powell** announced that **Barb and Gary Ronning** are again chairing the November 20th Banquet, and **Barb** confirmed that announcement by a phone call made by **Eileen Wetzel** over her speaker phone. There will be a **Silent Auction** so please start to get together any items you have for that.

Party Time: **Stephanie and Phil Dawson,** and **Nancy and Greg Lauser** will be hosting a Fall Brunch and Color Tour on October 23rd starting at the **Dawson** Estate. Watch your email for further info.

Well, that's all folks. I'm sure I missed something or forgot something or somebody, so my apologies for that.

Take care and stay well,

Dave Hatzung
Your Faithful and Loyal President
(ad infinitum)



Waumandee 2021

by John Hatzung

Heading southeast along the Mississippi River, the weather wasn't promising for the glorious fall trip to Alma, Wisconsin. On and off, mist made the sweeping uphill and downhill curves along the river snaky on my well-worn Dunlops, too easily spinnable. The weather turned to rain, and I arrived at the course as the sweeping crew was wrapping up, so I ran into town to check in at the Waumandee House.

I decided to forego the wet trip to the winery and back (pizza goes better with beer in my mind) and headed right to Suncrest Pizza Farm. The rain stopped by the time I parked and the parade arrived. The pizza was great as conversations with Andrew Tasi ('89 MR-2) and Bill Connell ('69 TR-6). Tom Hazen enlisted John Peter Halsmer to talk about his professional racing career. Halsmer is a former driver in the CART Championship Car series. He raced in 5 seasons, with 33 career starts, and started in the Indianapolis 500 in 1981-1982. He finished in the top five three times in the CART series, with his best finish in 2nd position in 1983 at Cleveland. It was really interesting to hear from someone who has actually made a living racing cars.

Saturday morning came clear and sunny with heavy dew; it was a good thing I brought towels. Tom and crew had everything in place, and the drivers listened to his instructions, everyone anxious to take their first run. Kate Westberg helped staff the timer at the top of the hill. This year the course sported an extra chicane, another relocated at a last curve and what seemed like a few more approaching the finish to control speed. That didn't prevent one exceptionally fast Bimmer (BMW) from hitting some pretty high speeds—or from going off-course and finishing his runs mid-afternoon. Good thing corner workers were re-positioned up the hill with ladders.

There were a lot of serious cars and drivers.

Neilson's and Moravec's '88 Vettes bookended the fastest nine times, with the expected Porsches and BMWs filling in the gaps—with the notable exception of Cody Smith's '85 Cutlass (4th fastest). Phil Dawson ran his Midget close behind the 11th place Datsun 280ZX (Jay Silverberg) at the top of the mixed group of mostly heavily modified cars and leading the English makes, including Brian McCullough's MGB, Roman Hrynewicz' TR-8, Dean Borris' Super 7, Mark Fisher's Lotus, Brian Duoos' Jensen Healey, Bill Connell's TR-6, Rick Paulsen's Spitfire, L. A. Fisher's GT-6, Rich Stadther's TD, Justyna Wilson's Midget, Don Peterson's TR-3B, and MGBs driven by TJ Jayawardena and Rick Michels. My runs might be characterized by a subconscious quest not to kill myself (at least that's what I tell myself) and a missed shift (or two), slowing my times as the day progressed. It was still incredibly fun. As I learned "crewing" for our racing members, community and very cool cars make for a unique camaraderie and new friends I hope to see again soon.

Like my late arrival, commitments required an early return, so I missed the banquet and what might be one of the last tours of the Franklin Museum. The trip home was as glorious as the runs up Blank Hill Road. Thank you, Tom Hazen, and all the folks who helped make it happen.

DCTC Update

Apologies for processing and distributing photos – hopefully I can find more time to upgrade my Dropbox skills and make them available. A few folks have provided USB drives to upload, because they're all big files.

I have only heard one preference for Saturday for a DCTC track day, with many people fine with a Friday event. The timing seemed good for the racing crew. With sufficient notice, it appears there's enough interest to fill out the 50 or so slots we targeted for the Restart event—or fewer if we want. There was also some talk about a two-lap run, which would present an interesting challenge to the course designers among us. Let's put potential 2022 events on the Annual meeting agenda – those should include Amery as well as DCTC.

For your movie-viewing pleasure as fall falls and winter (and TV binging) approaches, here's a link to car movies on You Tube, forwarded to your editor by Steve Rixen:

<http://www.tvraaca.org/oldmovies.htm#movie>



WISCONSIN BRUNCH & BYWAYS

FALL COLOR TOUR OCTOBER 23

Hosted by Stefanie & Phil Dawson and Nancy & Greg Lauser

The event starts out with brunch on Dawson's patio from 9:30 – 11 featuring a variety of quiche, breakfast meats and crème brulee french toast from the wood oven, coffee and juice. We will then enjoy the Lauser's Byways Color Tour of Pierce County from 11 – 1 p. m., ending in River Falls, WI for easy access to I-94 east to Twin Cities.

Dawson's address: N8569 635th Street, River Falls, WI 54022

(fall back date is Sunday October 24)

RSVP by Oct. 18 to stefphil972@hotmail.com

“Head West, Young Man,” a Long Route to Conclave/Big Bear Lake, CA

by Bryan Johnson

I first noticed an Austin Healey as a kid. A white sports car would catch my eye as it drove by, and I wondered what it was. I'd never seen anything like it before. Many years later I would discover the identity of the mystery car with the unique sound.

My first experience of the classic car world was a 1959 MGA. It was sold to me as “rust free.” After dismantling it, I became painfully aware of chicken wire, fiberglass, sculpted bondo, etc. I learned some rudimentary auto body skills, and with much help, the car became a show winner at local and regional car shows.

It was at a car show that I had a face-to-face encounter with the mystery sports car that I had seen driving around town over the years. It was an Olde English White BJ8, owned by Dr. David Knowles. He parked next to my MGA, and I was smitten. I had never been this close to the car that always made my head turn.

Dave did not know me, but he could tell by my drooling and hyperventilating that I was in love with his car. He asked me if I wanted to drive it around the block. He didn't have to ask twice. One lap and I was hooked. The MGA was cool and my first love (my young daughter helped me block sand it), but the Healey was better. It had more to give, roll-up windows and a wooden dash. I was also fascinated by the overdrive switch.

Long story short, I sold the MGA at Barrett-Jackson (almost broke my daughter's heart) to a new owner in Madrid, Spain. The hunt was now on for a BJ8 to restore.

I found a '67 BJ8 that was last licensed in Ohio. The tabs were from '75, and the windshield had a hospital parking sticker. I assume a doctor was the original owner. Subsequent owner(s) had left the car in disrepair. It was in tough shape, definitely not “rust free,” and it was almost complete. Apparently, it had been left to rot out in an open field.



Bryan and his fully restored BJ8 at the Big Bear Lake Car Show, at Conclave 2021

I bought the car from a broker and paid his asking price. Now that I'm a little more seasoned in the classic car world, I would have negotiated a price. I really wanted a '67 BJ8, but I wish I would have started with a complete and more solid car.

I liked to ski in Colorado and found a shop in Elizabeth, CO, DBA Rocky Mountain Healeys. The shop was in a livery stable from the Wild West, but instead of horses, it had Healeys in different stages of repair/restoration. I shipped my car to the shop and started sending money in installments while teardown and restoration began. At first, things seemed to be going smoothly, and my anticipation grew. Every time I'd visit, the other cars always looked the same, and my progress became sporadic, even though installments were being requested. Again, being more seasoned, I would have smelled something fishy sooner.



Basically, the shop owner was run out of town by many angry and disappointed Healey owners. He asked me to pick up my Healey, as he was heading to LA to start a new life. I should have picked up my project, but I had paid ahead on installments and wanted to get more work done. He took my car and one other Healey (misery loves company), with the promise he would get it done in LA after he got settled. Well, we all know how this story goes. I wasn't being asked for any more payments, and my phone calls weren't being answered. (This was before emails and texts were common.) I was eventually told to come and get my car, and I would be refunded \$5,000.

Bryan's his mother (and co-pilot) Marilyn with his wife Ann in front of the BJ8 at the Big Bear Lake Car Show at Conclave 2021

I flew to LA with a friend and arrived at the address where my Healey was. It was in a sketchy area. I almost threw up as I could see two Healey chassis's sitting out on the driveway, exposed to the elements, and begging to be vandalized or stolen. My engine block was sitting on the side of the house, uncovered and looking like a rusty boat anchor. Inside the house, on the floor of a bedroom, were my parts intermingled with the other Healey's parts. My doors, fenders, and shrouds were in another room. "Which are mine?" I'm thinking as my stomach flipped.

It was our job to figure out this mess on our own. There was a lot of tension in the air. As you could imagine, I would have liked to have gotten a pound of flesh. I did leave with a notarized promissory note that I would be refunded \$5,000 for work not completed. If anyone knows Scott Kerzner's whereabouts, he still owes \$5,000, plus interest. An expensive life lesson was learned.

We rented a truck, loaded the Healey hulk and parts, and headed east. Driving a slow rental truck from LA to MN gave me time to decompress and gather my wits. My intention was to have Fourintune finish the car, but as I drove cross country, I remembered an ad I had seen in the *Healey Marque* for a shop in Lawton, Iowa. We were tired and ended up stopping in for an inspection. The shop specialized in Healeys, and it looked impressive. We're talking Aston Martins, Jags, Ferraris, Maseratis, Lamborghinis, and many Healeys. I'm impressed: we're basically in farm country and here sits this world-class shop.

OK, Plan B, we're scrapping the trip to Fourintune, and I've decided to have this shop restore my baby. The only problem is that no estimates are given; it's a time and materials shop. To make matters worse, the previous work was substandard and had to be redone. Again, I'm a lot more seasoned now, and I would never do this again. Time and materials are one thing, but with no cap or range, it's just an open checkbook. I was worn out from the disappointment from the prior attempt to bring the carcass back to life. At least I knew this shop would get the car done.

It took five years from the time the MGA was sold, to driving my nut-and-bolt, ground-up restored car. We spent many good times driving the car with the kids jammed in the "back seat." A high was being awarded in multiple Concours d'Elegances, including a Lion's Award at Meadowbrook in Auburn Hills, Michigan. The car turned out beautifully, and it's my pride and joy.

As an aside, I have the receipt to show that I paid for a "Balanced and blue-printed engine." I'll explain later that I didn't get what I paid for as far as that goes. Now I know that I would've gotten a spec sheet with such an engine. The car is beautiful and strong, but the engine always sounded like it had loose valves, with the note of a tractor, not an engine with exact tolerances.

As we all know, Conclave at Deadwood was



The Rim of the World drive at Conclave 2021

awesome, but anyone who heard my engine told me to adjust the “loose valves.” I drove the Healey to Devil’s Tower and toured Needles Highway and the Wildlife Loop in Custer State Park. Little did I know that I was fortunate not to have catastrophic engine failure.

After Deadwood I brought the Healey back to the shop in Iowa. It had been years since I had service done there, because time and materials can even get scary on service/maintenance. The shop installed new tires and a sideview mirror and replaced a broken exhaust hanger. The shop was noticeably different now, no cars in the showroom, no extra cars being restored, no large staff, only a handful of Healeys. In fact, the exterior sign was so faded that I wasn’t sure I was at the right place. It was a totally different vibe, but the work was completed in a timely manner. Ironically, the shop said my “valves sounded loose.”

Time to call Steve Rixen for help adjusting my valves. I had the good fortune of having Steve help me with mechanical work over the years. Steve was always a patient teacher, as I’m not a very experienced mechanic. Steve adjusted the valves, but he still wasn’t happy with the sound of the engine. (A Healey shouldn’t sound like a tractor.) The car ran fine, but even after adjusting the carbs, the exhaust fumes would burn your eyes, and black soot spouted out the tail pipes. This is the way the car had always sounded, so it sounded normal to me.

Fast forward to January 2020, and it’s -40° windchill as I’m loading the Healey into an enclosed trailer to get an oil change and those dang “loose valves” adjusted again. I had spent the fall touching up and detailing the engine bay in preparation for the Florida Conclave (later cancelled due to COVID). The problem with the tie-down straps, when it’s that cold, is that they clicked and tightened, but they didn’t lock. I didn’t know that until the next day. It was bitterly cold, and as I was driving in town, I noticed every time I stopped, I felt a thump. At first, I thought it was so cold that the electric brakes on the trailer were locking up. After a couple more stops and starts, I got a sick feeling that something was wrong. I pulled over and opened the trailer door. The straps were loose, and the car was sliding around on the frosted floor, causing damage to both the car and trailer.

I filed a claim with Hagerty and called the Iowa shop, since they built the car and had the paint codes. At the time I didn’t know anyone that I’d trust to repair the damage. I trailer the car to Iowa, but I hesitated to start the work because I didn’t know what the insurance would pay, and the shop wouldn’t give an estimate. Remember this shop only does time and materials: “I work for the customer, not the insurance company.”

I did all the leg work, pictures, and multiple conversations with the adjuster, etc. (Hagerty was wonderful to work with.) After getting all my ducks in order, I was ready to pull the trigger. Thank God the restoration wasn’t started, the shop called and told me to come pick up the car! The shop was closing its doors—talk about that different vibe.

Why didn’t you tell me that before I brought the car? Now what? Who do I trust? I call the guru, Steve Rixen, and he says, “Give Rick Proehl a call. He painted Fred Ambli’s Healey and he does great work.” I call Rick and he agrees to take on the project, fitting it between his many projects. Thank you, Steve and Rick!

He does a great job, lots of pictures and very prompt and meticulous. I appreciate his friendliness and immense talent. He, too, mentions those “noisy valves.”

I get the car home and am thrilled with the completed car. It's beautiful again as Rick was able to straighten out all the minor damage. The body and paint repairs are complete, the engine bay is stunning, but the car still sounds like a vintage John Deere and now is running poorly under load.

I take it to my mechanic for an oil change and another attempt at adjusting those pesky valves. He (Tony from Old Town Garage in Mankato, MN) calls and says the oil has metal filings in the drain pan. He pulled a spark plug and took a scope to discover scoring in the cylinder wall, but the good news was the valves were already perfectly gapped.

Now what? I own a beautiful lawn ornament that doesn't run. I call Steve Rixen and he says to call Fred Ambli. They refer me to Dan Iberg at Midwest Motor Sports, Sauk Rapids, MN. They pulled the engine and tore it down. Turns out those noisy valves were my pistons slapping in the cylinders, not loose valves. The pistons were too small—so much for the “balanced and blue-printed engine.” Another fun discovery was the camshaft nut falling off when the timing chain cover was removed.

When the car was built, the engine and tranny were a custom color. Since the engine and parts were out, I thought it would be a good time to change to the Moss engine color. The Iowa shop wouldn't give me the engine color paint codes, either.

I took the parts and tranny home, prepped, primed, and sprayed them Moss Engine green. I eventually got a call to come up and paint the block (the camshaft and machining were done). The engine rebuild was done and was ready to install.



I rushed up to Midwest Motors and began to frantically prep the block. They were nice enough to let me use their tools and space. When it came time to paint, I had to spray outside. It was hot, windy, and humid. I did my best but wasn't confident the paint job was up to snuff. I'm sure Dan and staff were glad that I was responsible for such a poor job. Anyway, the tranny and motor were installed, mechanic drove it 100

miles and changed the break-in oil. I drove it another 600 before the snow came.

Getting the car ready for Big Bear Lake during the winter months, it became obvious that the engine paint job was awful. It looked like a 3rd grader finger-painted it in the dark. It was horrible, Dan probably didn't want to hurt my feelings, and didn't tell me how poor my work was.

I tried to respray it in the engine bay, but there are many angles, nooks, and crannies that couldn't be reached. I had an autobody store "match" the Moss Engine paint. I could now reach the nether regions with a pad or small roller. It didn't match the sprayed areas perfectly, so I ended up repainting everything. Good thing for COVID, because this was a painstakingly tedious procedure. The color was a Honda Silver Mint, a beautiful color that is very close to Moss Engine paint. It was a lot of hours in horrible positions, but it turned out great.

For me, COVID was an opportunity to learn new skills and meet new people (social distancing and wearing a mask). In the end, the newly rebuilt engine works perfectly and now sounds like a purring tiger and not an antique Minneapolis-Moline.

You're asking yourself, why is this article on the Big Bear Lake Conclave taking so long? Well, it's been a long trip to get to the point where I have a fully restored and fully fettled BJ8.

My 88-year-old mom, Marilyn, was my copilot on the trek to California. My wife, Ann, flew out to join the festivities. After picking Ann up at the airport (an adventure in itself, hauling an enclosed 20' trailer), we drove in heavy fog on hairpin turns up the San Bernardino Mountains to our lodging.

I met Captain Dave Grundies at a rolling tech session. He helped the guest expert diagnose an air vent problem. While redoing the engine bay, I had incorrectly attached the driver's air vent trunion, which didn't allow the vent to open and close. He and I corrected the problem, and we became friends. He took my mom and wife under his wing, and his San Diego club adopted us as honorary members. I think people got a kick out of my mom being such a good trooper.

The highlights of the trip were traveling cross country with my mom riding shotgun and hearing stories that I'd never heard before. Spirited driving in the San Bernardino Mountains, the scenery was breath-taking, and the car performed flawlessly, thank you, Dan! The best drive was to Arrowhead Lake. We convoyed with the San Diego Club for lunch at a resort overlooking the lake. It was hard to eat with a huge smile on my face after such a spectacular drive. That drive is what this car was designed for.

The trials and tribulations on the history of my BJ8 all washed away, and the effort to get to California was worth it. After all, if you get to drive with your bride on the Rim of the World Highway, with the top down in a line of Healeys, dicing up the corners, all the past melts away, and you revel in the present.

Sitting at the table on the last night, reminiscing with new friends, watching a video of the different events, etc., our name was announced for winning Best in Class for two light BJ8's. What a thrill!

Now for the long drive back to Minnesota. Mom, do you have any more stories? Do you want to head to the Poconos?



From left, Marilyn Johnson, Ann Johnson, and Bryan Johnson packed into the BJ8 for a quick jaunt during Conclave 2021

MAHC Membership / Renewal Form

Minnesota A-H Club Dues New Renewal \$20.00
Austin-Healey Club of America Dues New Renewal \$50.00
BOTH CLUBS \$70.00

Minnesota A-H Club (Local only) Dues New Renewal \$25.00

Name: _____ Spouse: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State _____ Zip: _____

Home Phone: () _____ Work Phone: () _____

E-mail address: _____ Receive Newsletter via email? Yes No

HEALEY INFORMATION:

Year _____ Model _____ Color _____ Original Owner (Y/N)____

Year _____ Model _____ Color _____ Original Owner (Y/N)____

Condition: Show Quality Nice & Roadworthy
 Could be running with help Restoration Projec

Make checks payable to: MN Austin Healey Club (or MAHC)

Checks covering AHCA membership renewals must reach Jim Kriz no later than **January 1, 2021**, to assure that your information appears in the 2021 AHCA Membership Directory.

Send form and checks to:

**Jim Kriz
2000 Kenwood Pkwy.
Minneapolis, MN 55405**

Marketplace

Marketplace policy: All ads are free to current members. For non-members, the charge is \$5.00 per month. Ads will be run for three months, after which time the advertiser needs to submit new ad copy. Please inform the editor if your item or items have been sold during the three-month period, so that the ad can be removed.



For sale: 1961 Bugeye Sprite Project Car
This car has been in storage for years. It is a strong chassis for restoration, about 90% complete. Some new parts.

Price: \$4850

Contact: Bob Rittan at 612-729-1368 or cfmfxr1@yahoo.com



InterMarque Breakfasts

Contact Todd Bjerknes to be added to email list for the week's location

RSVP to tbjerknes46@gmail.com

InterMarque Newsletter

Check out InterMarque's multi-marque calendar in their latest newsletter for even more car events!
www.intermarque.org

Marketplace (continued)



1966 Austin-Healey Sprite for sale by charity.

Car was donated to the Center for Vision Loss in Allentown, Pennsylvania. 166K miles. VIN: HAN8L53998. Contact Dennis Zehner at (610)433-6018 x 241 or dennis.zehner@centerforvisionloss.org.

Body parts from 100-6 for sale: Front scroud, beautiful condition, stripped. Rear deck. Hood. Door, one side only. Fender, left (driver's) side? Also, other minor parts. Call Dennis Koepsell 920-400-6052 anytime or email koepselldennis@gmail.com.



Marketplace (continued)



FOR SALE: 1961 Austin Healey 3000 MKI

This was my race car, raced primarily at Road America 2014 - 2018. It was unfortunately damaged in an incident. It has a lot of special features: a Denis Welch rally cowl vent, removable carburetor access panel, and lightened doors and sills. It comes with chassis, fenders, doors, dash, MSD ignition box, Accusump, 10-circuit Painless wiring harness, and windshield frame. The front frame has damage along with front shroud, RF and RR fenders. Therefore, it is a project car. There is no drivetrain, steering, or suspension. I have many photos I can send.

Asking \$ 2,500; will be sold on a Bill of Sale.

It is currently mounted on a rolling carrier made of square steel tubing for easier transport and loading into an enclosed trailer. If interested, I would sell this also for \$200, which is the cost of the wheels, which are high end. Contact Jeff Lumbard at lumbard@msn.com or 952-642-1073



For sale: 1962 Austin Healey BT7 MK II. Very low miles restored to a high level. Red with white hard top. Asking \$50K. Contact Chuck Ash 715-245-7303 cwash211@comcast.net

