

To The next owner of this 1967 Austin Healy Sprite MK IV:

Perhaps you may find it interesting to learn how this loved little red car is being passed on to a new owner. Our journey with her began in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1968. We learned from the local sports car dealer that she was driven from Texas by a very pregnant Air Force officer's wife on her way to joining her husband in Germany.

In the beginning, the car was bought for me. I loved driving her to work to various island schools. As the weather got hotter, the original black leather seats and interior became more and more difficult to tolerate in the local heat and humidity. Taking pity on me, my husband traded our Corvair in for a brand new air conditioned Pontiac Grand Prix then took the Sprite as his own.

That's where his love affair began and has continued to this day over thousands of traveled miles in and out of the country. Looking back, I remember the first road trip to visit family in Florida. Unfortunately, I sat on the passenger side of the car with the floor heater going full blast. Later, we learned the cut off is a valve under the hood!

The Blizzard of 1978 in Connecticut nearly brought the end to her. Unable to climb the slick hills to our Quaker Hill home during the dangerous storm, my husband had to abandon her next to a dumpster at a local convenience store. Days later when we went to dig her out of the snow bank, the only thing in sight was the antenna sticking out of the snow. The dumpster saved her from being plowed under.

One of the longest trips for the Sprite was aboard a cargo ship to Sardinia, Italy. She was a perfect car for the small winding roads of the island and for exploring via a ferry trip to Corsica. Being so close to the salty air meant she needed a facelift when we came back to the USA a year later. My husband then began the first of restoring her at several duty stations. Being carried away, he finally tore her apart to the last nut and bolt all carefully stored in labeled plastic bags. You can imagine how many hours and weekends it took to reassemble her again. By this time, I was getting a little jealous of her and started calling her "THE OTHER WOMAN." That only lasted as long as it took for an out-of-state friend who called and believed me when I said Chuck wasn't home. He was out on the street with "THE OTHER WOMAN!" From then on, the Sprite has been called, "Little Red Bitch!"

Being a Navy family, we moved nineteen times between the east and west coasts. I remember one trip west over the Christmas holidays when I strapped a blow-up Santa Claus to the steering wheel who then looked like he was driving the towed little car. You can say we shared a lot of Christmas cheer across the states that season. We kept that Santa many years to recall the joy he created that trip.