



# owners group blurb

SERVING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE TO THE GREAT LAKE WATERS (SPORADICALLY)

## EUROPEAN CLASSIC SPORTSCAR PICNIC

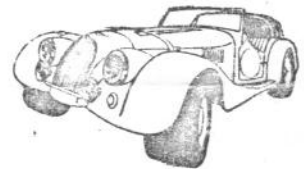
SUN JULY 30, 12 NOON  
HUMBER TRAILS CONSERVATION AREA

The Alfa Romeo club have initiated the first annual event for "classic" European sportscars. The format this year will be a picnic to which certain clubs and individuals with the requisite exotica have been invited. Some Craven cars will be on display. No concours or competitions this year. Please bring your own refreshments. Number Trails Conservation Area is 12 miles north of Metro limits (Steeles), South off the King Side Road (this might be the Nobleton-King City road) between Hwys 27 and 400.

Alfa Romeo

## RACE AROUND THE HOUSES DOWNTOWN HAMILTON, MON. AUG. 7

At 1:00 PM there be a 30 car race in the streets of downtown Hamilton for Vintage sportscars (including early Elizabethans). This race will be organized by the Vintage sportscar racing group (VARAC) and entries include Cooper Moraco, Aston, Osca, 'Nash, Big Healey, Loti Gall, MG Magnette, Testa Rosa, and Lister MG. A Honda race follows and at 3 bells a Formula Atlantic race. Full day costs \$10 per person (\$6 per child). We'll leave it to individuals to make their own arrangements but if you call Doug Price at 233 8342 we'll try to put Toronto members in touch so that they can drive out together. The map may be of some help - see bottom of page. Other details available from organizers in Hamilton at 527 0474.



**SLALOM - "RCA",** 1450 CASTLEFIELD, KEELE & EGLINTON W, REGISTRATION NOON SAT AUG 12.  
**FUN RALLY** BAYVIEW VILLAGE SHOPPING CENTRE, BAYVIEW & SHEPPARD E, REGIS'N NOON SUN AUG 13.

These are 2 low key events for the amateur, no competition licence required. The slalom is a gymkhana/wiggle-woggle thing and quite brief. The Rally is strictly for fun and will last 3 hours - bring pencil, paper, watch, navigator. This should be good practice for Steve's event Aug 20! MG club organizer is Al Cornish - 651-5723- for these events.

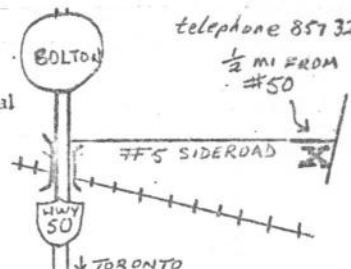


## BEERS' BOLTON BARBEQUE

BOLTON, SUN AUG 20, 2 PM

telephone 857 3210

1/2 MI FROM #50



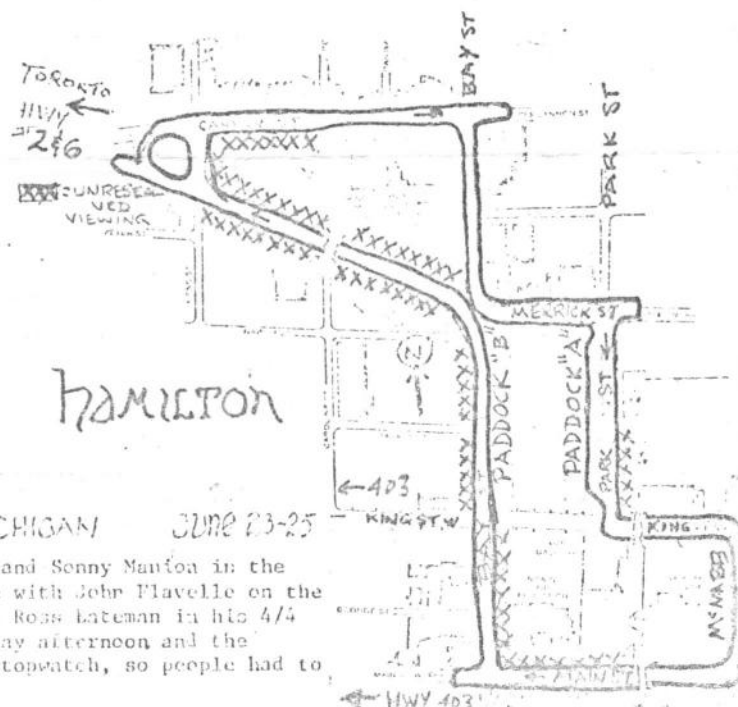
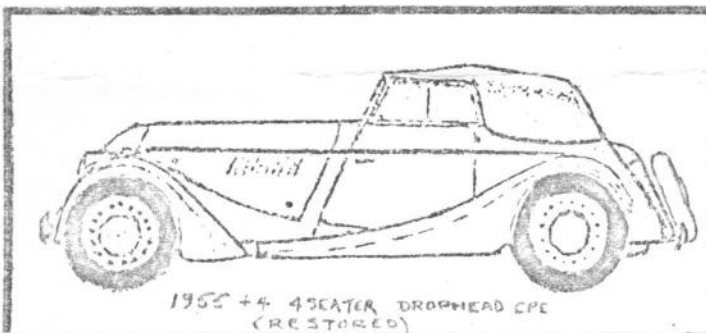
For the 3rd edition of this event Steve is laying on an hour long informal scenic fun rally on local roads. Roads will be chosen for interest, not all will be paved, however Steve will test them with his historic 1938 4/4. Late in the afternoon the barbeque will commence. Guests will kindly be so good as to bring their own meat and drink; Audrey will supply salads and (if the rain permits) perhaps some coin. As ever the barbeque will be informal and contrived. The big mystery, after last year's event, is, what car will Alan Sands set out in and what car will he arrive in?

**SUBSEQUENT EVENTS - SAT SEPT 16 VINTAGE SPORTSCAR RACES, SHANNONVILLE, ONT.**  
**- SAT SEPT 30 OKTOBERFEST ANCASTER, ONTARIO (MDG EVENT)**  
**- SAT OCT 14 VINTAGE SPORTSCAR RACES, SHANNONVILLE, ONT.**

**FLOGGERY** BUGATTI Blue 1933 2 seater Climax-engined Morgan 4/4 - truly a collector's treasure and successful concours car rebuilt by the redoubtable Beer family. Contact Steve Beer in Bolton at 416-857-3210 or PO Box 137 Bolton Ontario.

Despite our parlous finances our Bursar has opened up enough to allow us to offer FREE - one new MCS badge for the person who comes closest to identifying the nature of the incident that gave rise to the following announcement which appeared in a recent issue of the U.K. Morgan (4 wheeler) club magazine:

The Chairman regrets to have to announce that the National Committee have, on March 12th, 1978, instructed the Registrar and Treasurer not to accept a renewal of membership of John A. Berry of 38 High Street, Castle Donington without reference to the National Committee. This action has been taken as a result of Mr. Berry's conduct in connection with the Club Dinner Dance at the Abbey Hotel in February.



## HARBOUR SPRINGS,

MICHIGAN JUNE 23-25

Two cars made it from Ottawa, the Whitworths in their black Plus Four and Senny Manton in the red 1955 Curved Flat Rad. A brief stopover in Pembroke to commiserate with John Flavell on the recent outbreak of gremlins on his 3 wheeler. Other Canadians included Ross Lateman in his 4/4 and another Mog from London. The traditional concours was held Saturday afternoon and the banquet that evening. Sunday's gymkhana was cancelled for lack of a stopwatch, so people had to be content with enjoying themselves which we hear they did with gusto.

# JAGUAR CONCOURS

PRINCE HOTEL, TORONTO, JUNE 11

This was a pleasantly low keyed affair one Sunday which for some started with an impromptu continental brunch chez nous in the west end before trundling off to the Prince Hotel. There were a lot of new faces and Morgans. In fact, with 10 cars MOC was best represented marque other than Jaguar itself. MG's were represented by only 2 model T's. So perhaps we're winning the war at last.

Most types of Jaguar attended; noteworthy were the immaculate "C" type and the "XKSS" - the road version of the famed "D" type. The lone Daimler Dart (SP 250) looked appealing in blood red, which shows the power of nostalgia.

Amongst the Morgans it was good to see Chris Charles' lemon yellow flat rad. This represents an arduous rebuild of a near basket case, the event provided a trial run before Piper's Hill. Derek Broadly made a first showing in his recently acquired black +4, it looks a splendid machine, however his Kustom wheels occasioned some comment. After a thorough investigation of all the circumstances and considering the wheels that the factory currently puts on the Plus 8, it was decided not to ask Derek to park with the Corvettes.



On the day before, David Ross and I spotted a maroon 4 seater on Royal York and gave chase. It nearly got away by turning into a side street and thence into an open garage. Some time later, after our thorough search, the owner thought it safe to come out. That's when your Morgan Spotter Squad pounced and the zealous registrar got one more Trophy for his list. As a result Colin Watson & Son were at the Concours.

The Prince buffet was a bit pricey at \$10.50 so we all ended up eating at the coffee shop.

A fine "do" by the Jaggers and we're glad we got invited. Considering the commemorative badges it was good value. Only regret was that they don't hold the Concours at the Old Mill any more.

## SPRING TUNE-UP



## Piper's Hill, June 25

The weather is always spot on for Canadian Morgan events and the "Tune-Up" was no exception. Fifteen Morgans made it; one +8 bounded down the lane with at least 6 passengers. Some four cars showed for the first time after rebuilds - David Sands' 1955 2 seater (ex-Alan Sands) and Doug Price's '55 4 seater coupe were complete rebuilds, Chris Charles' will be same when finished, and Brian Rmohr's maroon drophead represents a sort of "total tidying up and refurb". Peter Datells showed for the first time with his green '64 +4 which was his father's once and has has been considerably spruced up.

Some of us slipped over the valley to view the contents of the barn which now houses only two Singers ("3" 4 seater sportsears) and an excellent blue TF. One Singer, which Alan had offered for parts looks restorable, the other is under wraps and roof, upholstery, wood, body, and chrome are very fine. A weekend's cleanup and paint rubbing might produce a charming sportscar with period flavour. The Singer seemed of surprising quality and sophistication (to a Morgan owner) but the height of the floorboards was quite dizzying. The car was recently sold to a local steelworker - remember, it was advertised first in the Blurb!

During the picnic there was a brisk traffic in the new badges at the now discontinued introductory price of \$6. Alan and Zdenka broke out a bottle of Champagne to celebrate the inaugural run of the 4 seater drophead - a premature celebration as it turned out.

As ever the Spring Tuneup was a fine day for the kids and for the swimming enthusiasts. Late in the afternoon Stan Liberati arrived in his newly acquired red Baker Special- essentially a new 4/4 assembled in Canada. For those who could stay late there was a barbeque. Once again our thanks to Zdenka and Alan for a great day.

### LURAYCATE

MIMSLYN HOTEL, LURAY, U.S.A. DOMINION DAY



WILL PETER MORGAN REALLY QUIT? The Washington Post, those wonderful people who brought you that blockbuster scandal "Watergate", in a 2 page investigation of American Morgan owners quoted group god-father Peter Morgan as "having seen enough Morgans". He was subsequently quoted as vowing not to return.

After 3 years of clandestine meetings hidden in the Luray hills at the "seedy" Mimslyn Hotel which they had taken over, the American Morgan owners have finally been caught by a forthright Washington Post reporter. Morgan engines were declared a major source of air pollution and bumpers and doors a menace. The car's overall design was revealed as having been cribbed from the British World War II Mosquito fighter 'plane. Having been thus exposed as a dangerous violator of the War Secrets Act it is little wonder that Mr Morgan was making such otherwise surprising statements and eventually admitting to being a foreigner. Mogmen were revealed as anarchists having no respect for government, some referring to it as a "bureaucracy".

Bill Fink, San Francisco Morgan distributor, described as dressed in jeans and a dirty undershirt, admitted that American Morgan owners were upper middle class fetishists, scared of things that go up and down and round and round and make noise. "It's weird," he said, after commenting, "If I were honest...".

The Post noted that only 38 of the 110 cars partook in the autocross. Subjected to detailed scrutiny was a young Canadian, Peter Datells, who had come 600 miles and was obviously suspected of having slipped Canadian Beer across the border. When the Post tried to look at a code sheet in Datells' navigator's hands, Steve Beer cried "Whoops!" as it blew away, "Well we don't need it anyway." The Post stated that this was patently untrue. Obviously not only the Post had been suspicious of the meeting, for 90 minutes after Steve "lost" his instructions, he and Datells along with 5 other cars including the +8 of Peter Morgan and Gil Baker "were pulled over in front of Kite's store" just before Datells was about to lead them into some caves. Steve Beer denied knowing the location of the caves.

Surprising, Audrey and Reg Beer escaped notice despite having arrived in their blood red SS. Equally anonymous were David Ross and friend Peter who had the prescience to delay their arrival using the time to remove something hot from the +1's radiator. Brian Johnston, the group's lawyer, rushed down late Friday night with Fanny, not taking time even to instal the top, driving relentlessly through the night in their lurid yellow and black Plus 8, well cooled by the soft refreshing rain.

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Word has it that Peter Datells astonished everyone by mistaking the wet gymkhana course for a skid pan.

Attending the meet were three 3 wheelers, about 3 dropheads, and a white plastic Plus Four Plus curiously reported by the Post to be beset by the ravages of the Florida salt. At the flea market one gentleman was offering partial or complete wood frames.

All in all, it sounds as though some of us missed a good time:



# PIPER'S HILL EPIC

The week before the Spring Tune-Up was frantic for the various MOG ateliers with cars being hastily readied for the arduous run to Piper's Hill on June 25 or for Luray the following week-end. David Sands, licking his wounds after a few unhappy practice runs with his just-restored ex-ex-Alan Sands Plus 4 was beating the bushes to scrounge a brake master cylinder. On the Thursday night before, when hope seemed quite lost, Chris Charles managed to rebuild an old one out of his own Flat Rad, and David began to prepare in earnest for one final assault on Piper's Hill. Included in his team would be his personal mechanic following directly behind.

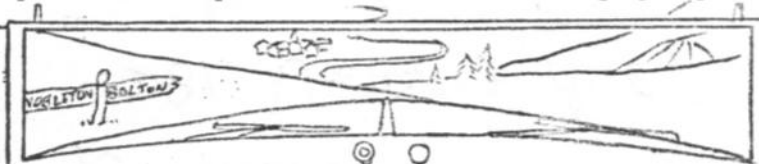
There were whisperings that Brian Rumohr would bring out his long inactive maroon Drophead but this could not be confirmed.

Chris Charles' own pock-marked yellow Flat Rad which he has rescued from the junk yard was another determined hopeful. It was still rather slow so it was arranged that Chris would set out ahead of the main convoy on a pre-determined route to be rescued in case of break-down.

The last of the debutantes was to be my '55 4 seater Drophead which had been whisked out of Jollie Olde in baskets many years before and painfully put together again. It had been off the road since 1968 except for a few cautious runs along the laneways between Redditch and Malvern and one furtive, unlicensed dash up the Motorway to the Manchester docks with a discharging battery. By the Wednesday it was sitting impatiently in Woodbridge still innocent of paint. By Thursday it was partly painted when some apprentice went amok on the bodywork. Friday night it was finally painted and Stu Harvey and I were there Saturday morning ready to stick on brake lights and licence plates. The trip home was eventless. A brief detour to Humberbridge for seat-belts earned Chris' never-to-be-forgiven epithet "It looks like Monty's Humber staff car at Alamein!". (You've certainly dated yourself, Chris). Apparently British War Department Green would need some chrome trimming to bring out its subtle virtues.

Sunday came with a cloudless sky - fortunate indeed as we had no top. At noon the War Department set out with Ed Thomas' white 4/4 doing pick-up. The long drive-way to the street was negotiated without mishap and we turned north for the long haul up Royal York to Dixon Road. After Dixon Road the open highway with its attendant dangers and great stretches between service stations finally had to be faced. On we strove, past Woodbine, all the way to Nobleton with the blazing sun on our backs and Triumph furnace roasting our legs. Turning left to strike overland to Bolton we were truly into the wilderness. Still no sign of Chris in the Pock-Marked Yellow. How surprising - how disappointing. However our engine seemed strong and the brakes still held - clearly any breakdown was to be as far from civilization as the gods could arrange.

The twisting Nobleton-Bolton road is usually one of the most glorious with great plateaux and steppes, invigorating views, and glorious sunrises and glorious sunsets. On a clear day you could almost hear trumpets as you sped to the edge of a plateau and into the glorious sunrise (or sunset). To-day there were only horns from irate motorists trying to pass.



In what seemed like less than an hour we began the steep descent into Bolton. The only worrisome aspect of this decline was that it meant long ascents to get out of Bolton - in our case up the South Hill to get to the Beers' and later the notorious North Hill when we headed northwards to Piper's Hill.

The climb of the South Hill began vigorously but I dearly wished that I had a temperature gauge. Up, up we went. As we neared the crest the engine fluttered, even hesitated. But it was mind over mechanics and we made it. Jubilation was, however, a bit clouded with anticipation of the great North Hill. The Beer homestead gained, we paused to cool engines and buy some lamp-wick for the bonnet. By now we were running late and there could be no more evading the North Hill. Off we set, Audrey in her Fire Reels Red, Martin in the Blue '38, back down the South Hill building up momentum for the North. Unfortunately traffic lights intervened at the bottom and we had a practical test which did not show drum brakes to advantage. And then up we climbed. Up, up, up. This was not your average Porlock Hill. Don't mention your Honnister Passes. Don't want to hear about the Goddard! This was It. The Moment of Truth, Crunch of Crunches; after years of restoration work the Universe was about to unfold as only the gods could foretell. No cooling clouds to drive up through; only rarified air, relentless sun, and a four cylinder furnace. However we were, in fact, quickly over the top before the Universe had a chance to unfold.

Much heartened, we soon attained Palgrave. What could stop us now? Then Balycroy! Almost there. Quickly through the long wasted Cedar Springs, soon we could discern Piper's Hill Farm.

We greeted our Caravanserai with cheerful hoots and were welcomed by David Sands and mechanic, Brian Rumohr, and the precocious Pock-Marked Yellow.

In the evening coolth we set off alone for Toronto in good cheer and confidence, abandoning all thoughts of a detour around Polton. The North Hill was soon descended, no traffic lights impeded our momentum and up we went on the South Hill. Half way up, a hesitation - nothing subtle - it was a full blooded rebellion. But still we climbed - higher and slower - and slower. Yet we made it, we actually did.

The gods were with us now as we blasted down #50 to Tollgate Corner, tore along Albion, and ripped down Kipling. Just above Dixon we stopped for just a moment to affix our front licence plate. Laughing at what paucity roadblocks the fates could muster I climbed into my seat, shut the door, and pressed the starter button. The Universe unfolded....

Perhaps our Technical Section would be a happier place to explore the causes of a discharged battery.

