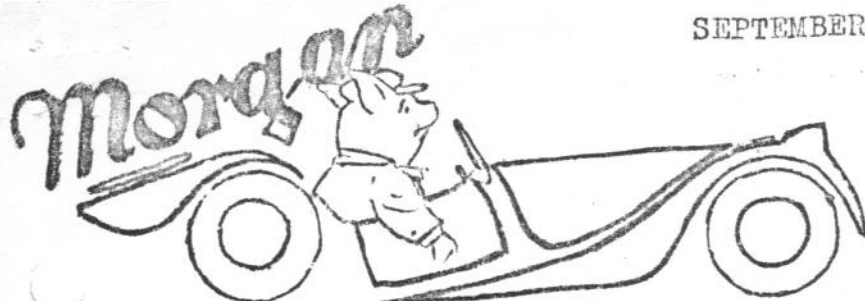


owners

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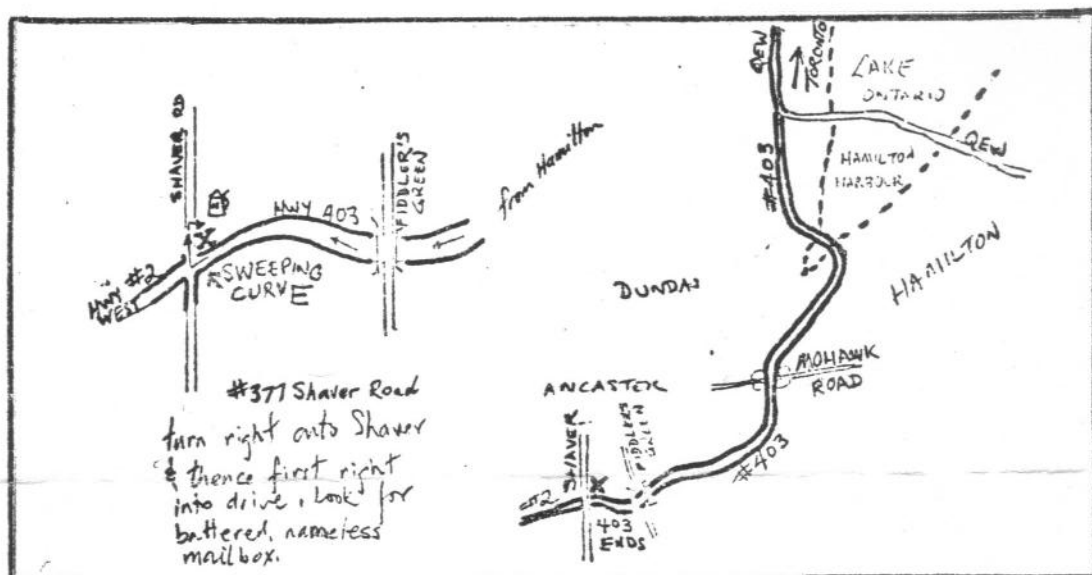
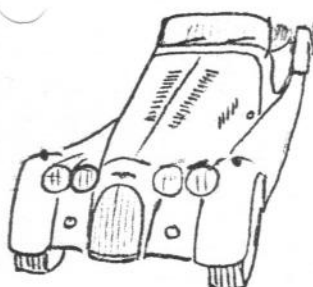
SERVING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE TO THE GREAT LAKE WATERS (SPORADICALLY)

OKTOBERFEST

ANCASTER OCT 1, 2:00 PM

ACHTUNG! Mogmen will note date change to Sunday!
After such a good time last year Fanny and Brian Johnston have invited us back for another Oktoberfest. This year we've decided to have for adults so book your baby-sitter to-day. Please bring along your favourite drink for an Oktoberfest meal. It might be a good occasion to bring along any slides related to Morgans etc taken over the past year. The maps below tell you how to find the old stone farmhouse which is just off highway 403.

Especially in view of the vagaries of the postal delivery, and to let them know how many barrels of sauerkraut to lay down, please let the Johnston's (648-2788 in Ancaster) or Doug Price (233-8342 in Toronto) know you are coming.



BEERS' BOLTON BARBEQUE

BOLTON SUNDAY AUGUST 7

In 1976 this event attracted one Morgan (Bruce Fuller's 4 place +4); not even Audrey's own SS made it. In 1977 there were about 10 Morgans and this year attracted our ALL TIME RECORD of 18! (Ironically, Bruce Fuller couldn't make it). Included were 2 SS's, 3 dropheads, and 2 flatrads. Surprisingly the most common colour was maroon, nosing out the once supreme BRG.

Shelley and Hendrick Rens in their black +4 took first by second guessing the rally instructions, though personally I think that the first section before the first time checkpoint should have been scrubbed. But all in all the rally was great fun on well chosen roads and I guess that maybe it was a good tie breaker at Glen Whatever.* Audrey outdid herself with the food this year and it was with great regret that some of the more venerable had to slip home before nightfall to be nursed along with ailing fuel systems. By the way, a hundred thousand puncture to that maroon +4 that waved to us as it zipped past us stranded on no. 50.

* leaving 14 cars tied for last place, however.

EUROPEAN CLASSIC SPORTSCAR PICNIC

HUMBER TRAILS SUN JULY 30

The entrance to Humber Trails was not at all well marked and so the Nobleton-King City sideroad was crawling with confused Tigers, Alfes, Astons, Lotii, and Mogs. M.O.G. was well represented with, inter alia, someone up from Windsor in a Plus 8 and Gary Wagenaar in from Calgary in an extremely contemporary +8. don't know if it's the comparative bulkiness or what but Plus 8's tend to be two-tone these days. All picnickers got to vote on their favourite car. Mog owners blew it by each voting for his own car instead of mine, thereby letting first place go to an Alfa. The Lotus group seemed particularly spirited, a joint event might be fun next year. By all accounts the event was a success, thanks to the Alfa folk. Next year it will probably be a joint event by the relevant clubs.

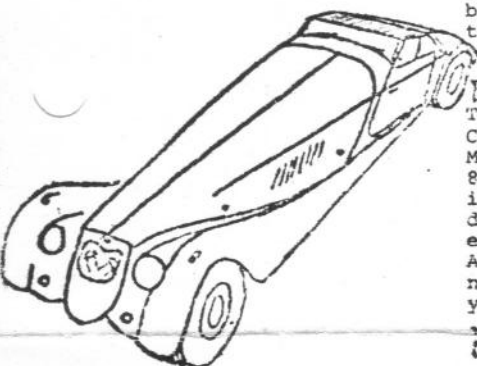
MOGGERY

1936 3 wheeler maroon barrelback Kx4 Matchless Water cooled. Running and in good condition. 'Phone Stu Harvey 416 231 88

RUNNING ON...

FOLDING WINDSCREENS A firm in the U.K. will be making folding wind screens for all roadster models. Alan Sands has details. 'phone 416 936 4341.
MORGAN MINUS 8 Another U.K. firm has brought out a 1/3 scale pedal push +8 for enthusiasts' children. A photo of a front view is indistinguishable from the real thing so it probably is not cheap. More details as available.
MOG 78 After our record turnout of 18 Morgans it is a bit daunting to learn that the big annual event in Jollie Olde attracted some 300 cars including many from Europe. Not only has planning begun for '79 but also the BIG MOG commemorating the 70th anniversary of the marque. A good excuse to cross the pond in 1980.
GOOD NEWS & BAD NEWS A spy tells us that the bureaucracy in Bagdad-on-the-Rideau has decided to let low volume manufacturers export to Canada for the next year or so without conforming to all these new regulations. The bad news is that Malvern is now quoting 4 year delivery times. I wonder if that pedal car could take a Fiat 500 engine?
AND YOU THOUGHT THERE WAS NOTHING WHATEVER LEFT TO PUBLISH ABOUT MORGANS!! The Washington Group have published a first rate hardcover book with special emphasis on American doings. Cost is about \$17. Audrey Deer has details (416 857 3210)

The Bursar & Registrar are muttering darkly of insolvency. Seems that financing the badges was the last straw! We basically finance MOG via an infrequent assessment of \$5 per family. If you can't recall being nailed in recent memory please contact David Ross at 65 Stockport, Apt 1503, Toronto, 416 763 7562. Also send details on car. Badges \$7 at Oktoberfest.



BOLTON RALLY

OR: THAT DAMNED SOUTH HILL AGAIN

The memory of the Piper's Hill event being fresh in our memory, Sunday morning was spent double checking all systems. As the gauges still weren't operating, water was checked and a yardstick determined that there was sufficient fuel to get to Bolton and back. Chris Charles popped round in the Pock Marked Yellow to agree routes in advance so that we could do pick-up just in case the carbs packed it in.

Off we set in the War Department Green with a brave face - once again via Nobleton and overland to Bolton. Admittedly it would have been shorter by no. 50 but this route was more scenic and took us up the great South Hill of Bolton so that we could prove that the War Department's fuel supply problems were truly resolved.

We were about the 15th Morgan to arrive and Rally Chairman Steve Beer was chagrined that he wouldn't have enough sets of instructions, so he began to spread rumours of a car breaker route and horrendous mathematical calculations. He needn't have worried for the mere requirement of pencils eliminated a few. The shortage of copies arose from the route having been finalised just after the xerox machine at the Post Office had been closed for the weekend. Great was the clamour to be early starter as few wanted to have the 14th carbon copy.

With the extra motivation of having 14 pick-up cars behind, the Pock Marked Yellow grabbed pole position followed by the Jorgenson Lemon Yellow. Behind a Morris Garages went Doug Scott in the black Dry Rot Drophead. Then the War Dept and James Haw's Plus 8. Cars set off at one minute intervals at an average speed of 15mph along a gravel road toward highway 50.

In a trice we caught up to car no. 4 and were soon into scenic back roads and rolling woodlands, looking for farmers' names on barns, and for taxidermists and pheas-tries. Never alone, we always had at least one car immediately ahead and behind.

Suddenly we were overtaken by the good doctors Haw & Harvey in No. 6, the Plus 8, who then maintained about 15 seconds in front. Now since the War Dept had no speedo we had had no idea whether we were running fast or slow although we had already passed No. 4 just for sport. Knowing that Stu Harvey, the navigator, would be engrossed in multitudinous simultaneous equations to keep on time, it followed that we would be spot on if we got one minute ahead of them. But there was no way the Plus 8 would let us by until it slowed at Castation Corner. After a quick correction we also turned right and were soon behind the Plus 8 once more. But as the road was in poor condition there was no chance to pass. By now there was a noticeable tendency for the rally cars to cluster. However there was still no sight of No.'s 1 & 2, the Pock Marked Yellow and Jorgenson.



As we headed back into Bolton it looked like there would be a massive tie for first place as everyone had so far answered every question on the list. It only remained to name a building that had once stood at Glen Something or Other at which point we were to turn right. Glen Something proved a long time coming and soon we were halted at the traffic light at the bottom of that valley in the heart of downtown Bolton, headed west. "Get into the next lane and take Haw on the inside!" insisted Rosemary my navigator. But it seemed unsportsmanlike to do this in town, we would wait until the open road. Without warning, Datells in his BRG 4 seater shot past us all on the inside just as the light turned green. The War Dept was incensed and took the first opportunity to overtake Dattells. Then round the next bend came Chris in the Pock Marked Yellow looking grim and green and ignoring our hallos. The instructions after Glen S. did say to proceed in the only direction possible - obviously a dead end lay just ahead which would explain Chris' doubling back on us. Then Jorgenson came toward us - Glen S must be near indeed! Jorgenson did return our wave though without obvious enthusiasm. But soon we were past Sand Hill as lemming-like we pressed on and on and on.

Still no Glen S. At the next stop sign for the road to Bellfountain Datells caught up and claimed that we had had all gone too far - we should all turn back. Now we realized that Dattells knew the area like like Brer Rabbit his bramble patch, and weren't about to be tricked into giving up just before reaching that last answer at Glen S. So on we went only losing heart when we realized that Datells had indeed abandoned the quest. We stopped on a steep shoulder and were promptly joined by a whole queue of Morgans. The consensus was that something was horribly amiss, that we should all go back to "Start" and GET BEER.

Someone suggested hauling him half way around the course to a certain corner.

Switching on the ignition, we were alarmed at the loud death rattle of the War Department's Skinners Union electric fuel pump. Out of gas! We hadn't allowed for a rally of this length when we measured the depth in the tank. Haw generously unclamped the black rubber fuel line from his Plus 8's electric fuel pump to use as a syphon from his tank. Not being able to see the gas coming I swallowed a mouthful. While I was choking Haw took over - to no avail - no trick filling a mouth but no way into the bottle. Then Haw remembered that he too had an ELECTRIC fuel pump. He turned on ignition and soon we had pumped out a gallon. But still the War Dept wouldn't start. The SU pump rattled away getting hotter and hotter as

air jetted out the overflow pipes of the carbs' reservoirs. Then we realized that the shoulder was so steep that the fuel in the tank had simply sloped away from the intake pipe. We pushed the car to a level spot and started instantly. On our return we were met by Martin Beer who had been sent out on a rescue mission in his virginal white E Type - seems the instructions for a right turn at Glen S. should have said left and that Glen S. had been many miles back in Bolton. Martin then blasted off with news of our fate and as he disappeared the War Dept quit. And then it started. And then it stopped. And so things continued 'til we coasted down the West Hill into the centre of Bolton with an expired fuel pump. Right at the bottom of that damned great South Hill again.

