

SNOBMOG

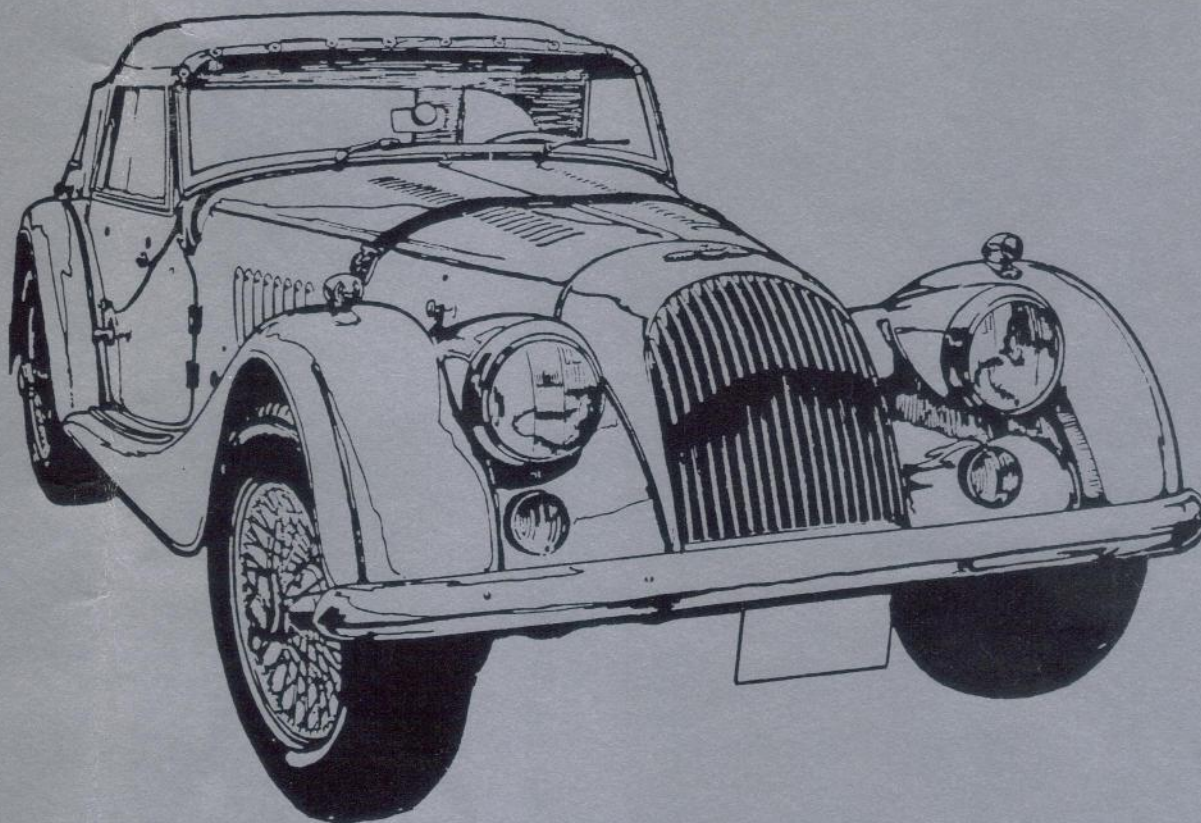
Gazette

incorporating the

BLURB



MORGAN OWNERS GROUP



INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

SNOBMOG '80

NIAGARA '80

MORGAN WELSHES

DEFINITIVE HISTORY OF THE MORGAN MARQUE

DEC 1980



The Copiously Illustrated
SNOBMOG
Gazette



December, nineteen hundred and eighty

1980 Tour Of British Isles **SNOBMOG '80** ... *from our Correspondent*



EUROPEAN ROADSTERS ABOUT TO FOLLOW 'SNOBMOG' ONTO HOVERCRAFT photoby Mr A. Isselhard

Although a number of 4 seater dropheads with their owners and staff had flown directly to England, the SNOBMOG 80 tour officially began at Ostend in Europe. Our registrar, R.Moran Esq of Belgium, had chartered 2 large Hovercraft car ferries. Originally SNOBMOG had chartered just one but so many European owners of roadsters asked to be guided to Beaulieu that a second proved necessary.

The Hovercrafts landed at Dover on the Thursday afternoon allowing just time for the scenic SNOBMOG tour across southern England to the New Forest in time for a late supper at the 12th century Sir John Barleycorn inn. The roadsters that joined the tour did so with the proviso that they would not slow the procession. The tour included the Californian and Canadian delegations as well as the representatives of the Australian and Japanese Morgan clubs. Mr C.Charles joined the procession in a hired Morris to provide any technical advice needed by our drivers.

After an hour of hard motoring over the South Downs our drivers needed refreshment and R.Moran Esq, with his quite remarkable knowledge of southern England, led us to a restaurant just off the Motorway. Many of our members were quick to admit that they would not have thought of stopping at what, on the outside, seemed such a modest cafe. Not even for just their drivers. In fact, the restaurant had much to be modest about.

During the second stage of the procession the hood of the Moran Snobmog came adrift at speed. The driver was severely dressed down for this and as he had been in charge of the car's preparation, few members gave the car much hope at the Beaulieu Concours. This truly seemed a great pity as the car had been shipped at enormous bother to the well known SNOBMOG restoration facilities in California and the refurbishment and selection of hides and veneers personally supervised by Barbara Willburn.



SNOBMOG



Waiting for the Plus 8's



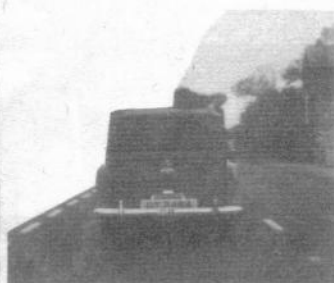
A further halt was made, this time at the Jolly Farmer, on the A31, ostensibly for refreshment and to advise some lost Dutch Morgans, but really to let the Plus 8's catch up. The highway had been quite twisting.

Around 10 PM the recently thatched Sir John Barleycorn at Cadnam on the edge of the New Forest was reached. The roof had just been thatched both for this occasion and as a response to the British prime minister's call for a return to the Old Values. This is as good a time as any to thank Mr Reeves and Janet & Ken Hill of the New Forest Morgan chapter for organising this touching welcome. Not to mention, of course, the masses of enthusiastic roadster owners who came out to welcome us and the inevitable 2 seater drop-heads hoping to apply for associate membership.

Daimler-powered SS



The whole day of the Saturday was devoted to the Sprints at Goodwood, a racetrack near Chichester which was popular in some circles just after the last Great War. It had been arranged that your writer would be driven by Mr Steve Spence from the Master Builders in a Daimler-powered SS. It was a pleasure to anticipate once again riding ahead of that dignified wisp of blue smoke. In fact the ride was a trifle more raucous than expected, Mr Spence being accustomed to racing his SS formerly in South Africa and presently out of Conwy, Wales. The weather was splendid and the sight of hundreds of Morgan roadsters and three wheelers quite amusing. The sprint competition was spirited with several 4 wheeler racers out to gain FTD at this well publicised event. Bill Fink of Isis Motors in California had spent long hours at Malvern perfecting his turbo-charged, propane-converted Plus 8. Goodwood was to be the official introduction of this the first Turbo Prop since the Vickers Vicount of the early 'fifties. Observers were also hoping, in vain, for the official introduction of the oft-rumoured Fiat-engined 4/4.



Passenger forced at great personal peril to re-fasten hood on R Moran's Snobmog.

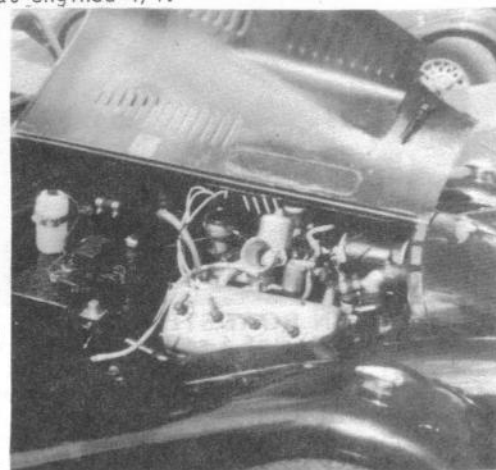
Swedish Drophead at Sir < John Barleycorn

Around mid-night we bade farewell to the assembled well-wishers and retired to the SNOBMOG headquarters at Lord Montagu's private hotel, the ancient Master Builders at Buckler's Hard, near (but not too near) to Beaulieu.

Arising early on the Friday afternoon, we toured Lord M's automobile museum. The museum has its attractions certainly, for example one of those quaint three wheeler Aeros that Morgans had to make during their struggling years. The enormous Sunbeam Golden Arrow land speed record car was as inspiring as ever. For the nostalgic the happiest moment came as we espied Montgomery's Humber Staff car of glorious Alemein days, resplendent still in its exquisite War Department Green paint. (The last supplies of this inimitable shade have been shipped to Canada).

In the evening we attended the Mediaeval Banquet at the Abbey of the Kings, happily convenient to the Motor Museum. The affair was hosted by Lord Melvyn of Rutter and his lady. A surprising choice by the English Morgan clubs in the way of hosts as Rutter is in trade and deals in spare parts for Morgans. Indeed, it has been whispered that he is only a "lifetime" peer. Nonetheless the evening was diverting with minstrels and luscious dancing

Daimler SP250 engine



It was pleasing, however, to see the original Lawrence tune SS that took its class at the Sarthe in 1962 (how long can roadsters keep resting on these laurels, 'though?) Competition grew fiercer as the day grew short and each sprinter raced to rejoin the queue for another try when it completed its turn on the circuit. Ultimately Mr Peter Askew in his 4/4 took fastest time ahead of the racing +4's and +8's. In fact we hear that he just beat Mr William Tuer in a 1932 JAP SS*.

*As reported in the Iola, Wisconsin "Old Cars Weekly", Aug 28, 1980, by their correspondent Mr A Isselhard.

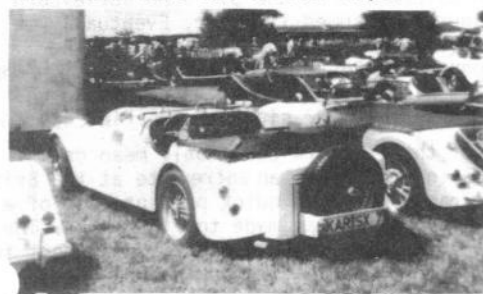


Goodwood Sprint, photo from *ジュンボラン*



Mr Askew's 4/4 at Goodwood, *ジュンボラン* photo.

Strolling through the paddock and the visitor parking we were truly astonished at the number of 3 wheelers in England and reflected that their popularity must result from the generally depressed economic conditions in that country. Also in the visitor section were some interesting mutations from Germany; a new white 4/4 four seater with built-in luggage locker - a commendable attempt though not a patch on a real Snobmog. We had thought that such tastes were restricted to the Ottawa valley so were amazed to find a German chrome cowed Plus 8. The Europeans seem to have a craze for overfull badge bars and we suspect that they can only take their cars out on cool days.



The return journey to Buckler's Hard through the leafy lane ways was a pleasure if not entirely restful. Mr Spence's SS is not a particularly restful car. The German Plus 8's elected to return at top speed along the motorways (their +8's being accustomed to arrow-straight autobahns with no speed limits) rather than the convoluted English country byways. The local police had promised to be on their best behaviour and to leave the Morgans alone. However the sight (particularly in the 40th anniversary year of the Battle of Britain) of the German Plus 8's blitzing down the motorway 3 abreast was too much. International diplomacy was strained for many hours.



German Plus Eights terrorising peaceful English hamlet. photo from October issue of *ジュンボラン*.

In the evening a "Disco & Barbeque" was held - the food and disco sounds were not our sort of thing and we retired to the Master Builders as soon as the awards for the Sprint had been presented by PHG Morgan. (More intrusion by members of the trade, but then Motordom has always been plagued by commercialism). On the way to Buckler's Hard your writer decided to ride in one of those Minis that seem so popular nowadays. Traversing the same roads as so recently covered by Mr Spence's Morgan SS, one was amazed at how comparative rough the Mini seemed. One just cannot beat "fin de siecle" engineering for front suspension.

Now the Concours at Beaulieu Abbey on Sunday was not the washout that has been depicted in the popular dailies. In the first place, aside from all the SNOBMOG cars, there

were 800 Morgans - a not inconsiderable achievement. The Sunday had dawned quite brightly according to our drivers and we all turned out, after breakfast, to help the Morgans tidy up their car from the ravages of its driver and the Belgian pavé. After a rest we joined some English members, David Trevethick with his gleaming burgundy & silver, Dixon Smith (who has finally been prevailed upon to cease racing his well-known white model) and Michael Leete who had just acquired the famous ex-Dixon Smith Maroon Snobmog from an unfortunate member whose circumstances have obliged him to quietly dispose of a part of his collection.

The rains did not come until after the Morgans had assembled and we had had a preliminary glance around. Still no sight of the Fiat-engined 4/4. The SNOBMOG enclosure was delightfully situated in a leafy glade aloof from the trade pavillions. Unfortunately the untimely rains required us to abandon our idyl and crowd in with the masses under the traders' tents. There one's ears were assailed with rasping urgings to buy reproduction Brooklands steering wheels, wooden fascia panels, all the latest Morgan books, club and MOG 80 regalia, 3 wheeler chassis, and all manner of parts which our men tell us are becoming so scarce (we told them there will always be the Black Market and they replied that that WAS the Black Market). Most of the vendors knowingly displayed signs bearing the words "Ja, Mann Spricht Deutsch". One does not want to appear hypercritical of the intrusion of the Trade at such an event; it has its place, one supposes.

In retaliation for all the tours by Morgan roadster owners through the works, PHG Morgan had organised 4 charabancs to transport the workforce down to Beaulieu so that they might ask naive questions and make suggestions about owners' restorations;

"Oy, I remember building up yer Plus 8 chassis just last year. We were out of gearboxes at the time so I cobbled up an old Moss box with parts of a Rover one as best I could. Yer mean yer haven't had problems yet?"

"I must say yer've done a nice job on yer new top. Pity yer used the wrong colour thread, though. I was just telling the judges how we used grey thread on all the +4's that year."

"I see you've replaced all your floorboards with the original-type tongue & groove. I can't think why. We quit using the fiddling stuff soon as we could get some decent marine plywood."

However, none of our drivers seemed able to elicit answers from the workforce concerning the rumoured Fiat-engined 4/4.

Despite the frigid monsoons, the judging proceeded apace and was completed in time for Lady Montagu of Beaulieu to present the overall prize. However she absolutely refused to come out of her palace in such weather. Trevethick was requested by the organisers to drive to the palace in his silver & burgundy 4 seater drophead. It was hoped that such unaccustomed luxury and splendor would tempt her ladyship from her warm and dry stately home. Eventually it did. In the meantime the lesser awards had been handed out. Actually, in view of the rain, they were not so much handed out as thrown to the recipients who drove up to the judges' booth. Roger and Hele Moran won second prize in the +4 category. It is a pity he fumbled the catch and drove over his award.

Lady Montagu rode up with the Grand Prize which had been safely stored in the palace vaults. She refused to get out of the back seat into the rain. It was finally announced that it was Trevethick's car that, after all, had won first over-all (and of course first in the +4 class). This solved the problem with her ladyship who tossed the trophy into the front seat and was promptly driven back to her palace.

An advertised feature of the Beaulieu Concours had been a stately procession of each of the Morgan models produced over the years. In view of the weather this was gotten through as quickly as possible.



Some notable members of SNOBMOG braving the driving rain at the Concours, L to R: Jerry & Barbara Willburn, prominent Sth Californian Snobmog restorers; Dixon Smith, guardian of British morals, leaning on his racing Snobmog (see Ken Hill's Vol II, p63); John Blakemore, celebrated author of "Survivors" series book on D Smith's Snobmog and other postwar Morgans & MG's; Michael Leete of England, a fortunate new member; Doug Price, eminent editor. Willburn photo

By the time the Concours was finished the crowd was cold and wet through. The vendors, on the other hand, stood out with broad smiles and bulging wallets.

The feature of the evening was to be an intimate SNOBMOG dinner at the Master Builders for members and a selection of representatives from other Morgan clubs. We relented in view of the day's misery and squeezed in about 70 guests in addition to our own members.

Nonetheless the chef kept to his usual high standards and, following the sweet, SNOBMOG regaled the guests with accounts of the Concours victory and gave out its highly regarded beer steins as prizes where merited. Our registrar, responsible for so much of the success of the SNOBMOG tour, was presented with one of the rare loving cups from Canada of which the Beers of Bolton had agreed to part.

Quite out of patience with days of evasion concerning the introduction of the Fiat 4/4, we cornered PHG Morgan at the head table with the blunt question. Stung by so direct a question on this delicate matter, he attempted to shift the topic. He offered to consider producing a batch of commemorative drophead coupes for the projected anniversary celebrations in 1985. SNOBMOG advised him that it would let him know the suitable number of 4 seater dropheads required and the remainder could be 2 seaters. PHG would not be drawn on re-introducing the 3 wheeler (which SNOBMOG has so often warned would be a retrograde step, anyway). He did let slip the astonishing insinuation that in view of their fully independent suspension and space frame chassis the 3 wheelers were highly sophisticated and their construction would entail the highest degree of skill as compared to present day roadsters.



PHG Morgan absolutely stung by a blunt question.
photo by A. Isseihard.

The fifth day in the New Forest was blessedly restful and ended with closing ceremonies at the Sir John Barleycorn as the SNOBMOG entourage resumed its tour. Eventually we arrived at the Star at Upton and the next morning the noted author-photographer (Postwar Morgans and MG's), John Blakemore, conducted his fellow SNOBMOG members through the works at Malvern to look for signs of the Fiat 4/4.

The total absence of the Fiat 4/4 could only mean one thing. It was to be introduced at an entre acte at the British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch. A quick presentation of a commemorative drinking vessel was made to PHG Morgan. The procession then swung south poste haste into Upper Kent to endure a Grand Prix. To pass the time during the race an official meeting was convened during which a motion was passed creating a subservient chapter, SEMISNOB, to cater to 2 seater flat rad dropheads. Another motion was passed at the end of the conclave to announce that we do not really give a damn if the Fiat 4/4 is never introduced.



A Word from Our Major Domo

Many of you have told me (others have not) how much you are looking forward to receiving a copy for Christmas of SNOBMOG's especially commissioned "Definitive History of the Morgan Marque". It is with sadness that I must tell you that a labourers' strike at the binders has delayed publication. By way of amends, so inadequate I fully realise, the December Gazette is publishing the first chapter for your Christmas enjoyment.

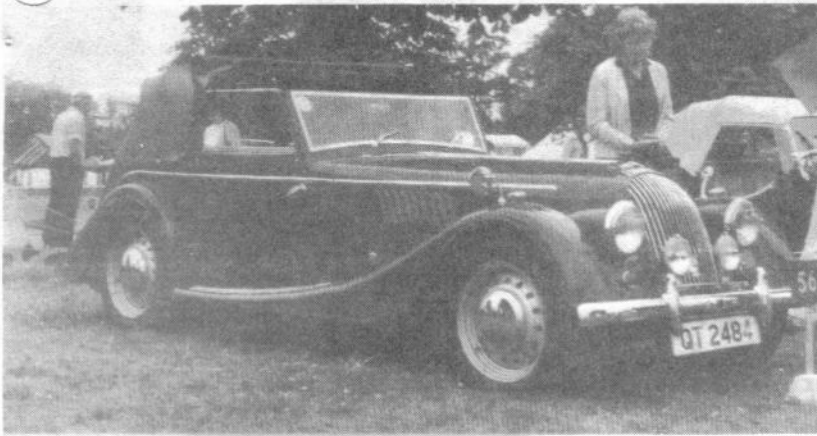
This exciting first chapter covers the little known and hitherto unpublished earliest Morgan years. In compiling this chapter we have been most fortunate in obtaining the generous assistance of Lady Alacritie Leighton, of Thorpe Leighton Manor, the great great niece of the late wife of the late Bishop of Worcester. Lady Alacritie has graciously allowed us to read all the correspondence and scrap-books of that grand lady who was so prominent in Morgan's early history.

Incredible as it may seem, no author has previously thought to investigate the back issues of the 'Ecclesiastical Times' which have proved a gold-mine for us as serious Morgan historians.

If the book is not ready early in the New Year, we will serialise the second chapter which covers the enthralling period of Morgan's participation in early inter-city races.

Such a pity to learn of the Canadian club's insolvency and we are more than glad to send out their Blurb (or whatever, the name seems to change so much) with the Gazette to help them with their postage.

Anniversary Celebration



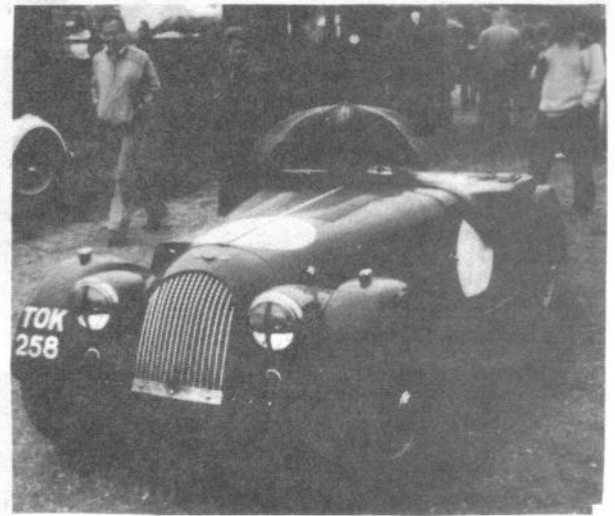
The Moran Morgan Snobmog. photo from *ジュンボラン*.



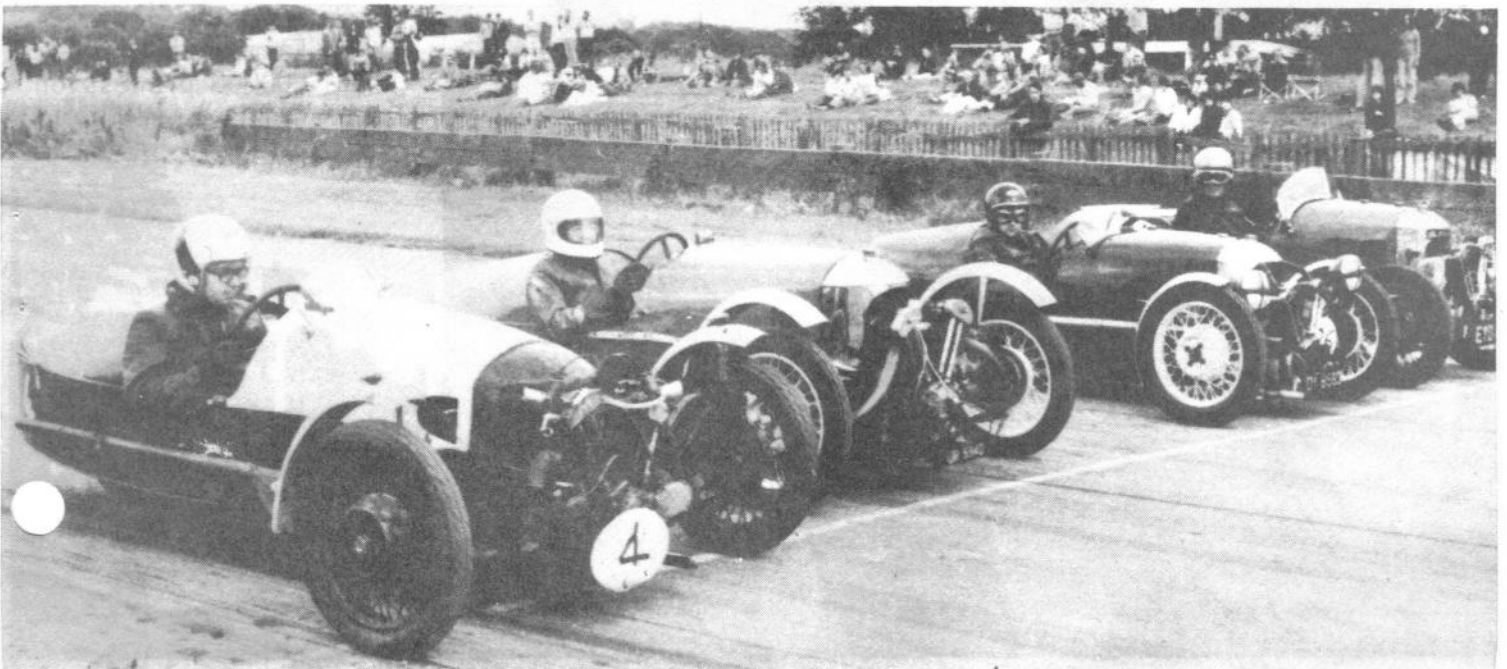
At the White Cliffs of Dover



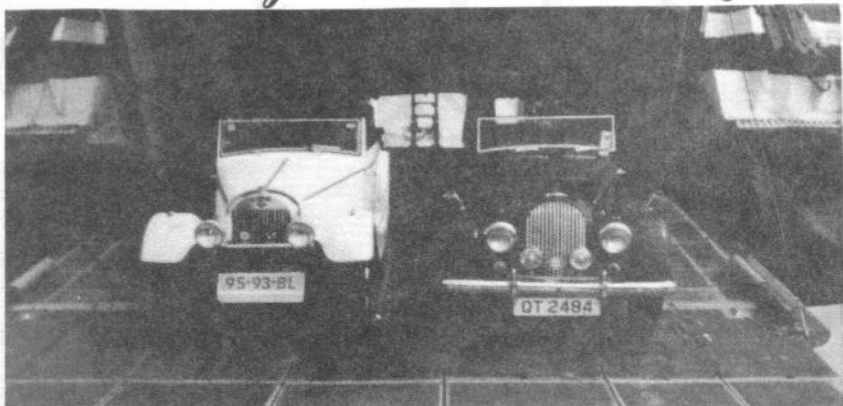
Trevethick's excellent silver and burgundy Snobmog.
photo from *ジュンボラン*.



Messrs Lawrencetune's Le Mans winner
at the Concours.



Goodwood Sprint. L.W.Ayres photo from U.S. 3 Wheeler Newsletter, Vol 2/3 '80



R. Moran's Snobmog leading the European roadsters off Hovercraft at Dover. Belgian applicant for SEMISNOB attending.

photos from *日本の未来*.

European roadsters just off the Hovercraft



Goodwood paddock



Queue for Sprint



R. Moran, Esq with his prize, a Loving Cup.
<(He thought it was a futuristic bubble pipe)
A. Isselhard photo.

Dutch roadster at the Jolly Farmer about to join SNOBMOG procession



THE DEFINITIVE HISTORY OF THE MORGAN MARQUE

commissioned by

The International Society for Morgan Four Seater Drophead Coupés

Part One, The Early Years

The Prebendary Morgan Perambulator Company



Business acumen was a characteristic noted early in the career of the young vicar of Stoke Lacy. "I'm tired of cathedral business being misconducted by incoherent curates!" declared the Bishop of Worcester to his wife, "The man for the vacant Prebendary job is unquestionably this young Morgan chap." And so it was that George Morgan, scion of a prominent dynasty of rural vicars, was appointed Cathedral Prebendary.

During his frequent business trips to Worcester, his wife was obliged to get about Stoke Lacy alone as best she could, carrying her babies under her arms. Ever inventive, George drew up a light-weight 4 wheeler baby carriage. He took his rough sketch* to the cathedral blacksmith and Mrs Morgan and her babes pronounced the finished product a great success. Soon all the prominent wives of the parish were pestering George for replicas.

When George ordered a dozen more baby carriages to be run up, the blacksmith built an extra for his own wife. In no time the womenfolk of Worcester gathered at the cathedral gate, clamouring for their own copies of the Prebendary Morgan's light-weight baby carts. The Bishop complained that with all the pounding on the gates the very foundations of the cathedral were weakening and the Great Tower was swaying alarmingly.

Thus it was that in that auspicious year, 1885, George Morgan, with the Bishop's acquiescence, instructed the blacksmith to engage some assistants and announced that he would mass-produce his special baby carts under the trade name "Perambulator". Articles of incorporation for a joint-stock, limited liability company were prepared in the name of the "Prebendary Morgan Perambulator Company, (Manufacturers and Mongers) Limited". For convenience, the name was often condensed by using the short form "Ltd".

* George Morgan's original sketch can be seen upon written application to the South Kensington Science Museum; ask to see the inside back cover of the Common Book of Prayer (quote Museum Inventory No.LTOWZ/235).

Of course, George Morgan's "Perambulator" was not the only baby cart on the market. Heavier models had been available for years. Morgan's own quick success (especially during the late-Victorian post Riel Rebellion baby boom) naturally encouraged imitators. It was difficult for the average family to choose the best product. Long established manufacturers launched defamatory advertising campaigns claiming that the light-weight "Perambulators" just could not handle the notoriously rough roads of the period. The short wheelbase of the Perambulators certainly did result in a rough ride; occasionally bits fell off or desperate babies were observed deliberately throwing themselves out at speed. The consumers' and mothers' magazines of the day were ill-equipped to carry out meaningful comparisons.

The situation became so chaotic that the Midlands Midwives Association (honourary patron, the wife of the Bishop of Worcester) decided to convene a baby carriage endurance race. The course would run from Leicester to Morton-on-the-Marsh via Fosse Way (the old Roman military highway), this being one of the few paved roads of the time).

The advantages of competing on a paved course were not lost on George Morgan who applied immediately for an entry form and designed a specially lightened model**. Mrs Morgan commenced a rigorous training programme. Each day she beat her way several times 'round the parish bounds, her Perambulator loaded with six babies (some borrowed from members of the church W.A. who also paced her during her village circumnavigations).

Great were the celebrations in Worcester and Stoke Lacy when the news was telegraphed from Morton-in-the-Marsh that Mrs Morgan had gained the Grand Prize gold medal by pushing her infant son, Henry Frederick Stanley, to a resounding victory. The cathedral workshops set to making replicas of the successful racer. Within a week George held a Press Demonstration in the cathedral close for his new "Grand Prize" model.

By now the Bishop was having private thoughts about the ancient cloister workshops being converted to a major manufactory. Neighbouring bishops had complained. Jealous, perhaps, but still... Already he had decreed that the new smokestack be reduced to a height ten feet shorter than the Great Tower. This, he was assured, would be carried out within a week, weeks ago. He ignored the engraved invitation to the Press Demonstration. But he dared not even suggest to his wife, one of the redoubtable Leightons of Thorpe Leighton Manor, near Leighton Buzzard, Beds, and patron of the race sponsors, that she not attend. Already she had entered her daughter and grand-daughter in all the suddenly fashionable races that were being held throughout the land. And nothing could prevail upon her not to make a speech at the Press Demonstration. In that speech she declared the major factor in the completion of the Fosse Way race in such rapid time (3 days, 8 hours, 6 minutes, and 39.51521 seconds) to be that the Fosse Way was paved.

The Times correspondent took note and the next morning that august journal thundered out the great benefits of Paved Roads. That very afternoon pointed questions were asked in the House of Commons and in the Other Place a week later. A Royal Commission was established to report (preferably the next winter) on why no roads had been paved since the last Roman Administration. Murmurs of scandal suggesting the syphoning of road funds threatened ruin to the governing party in the General Election anticipated that autumn.

** Ibid, Inside FRONT cover.

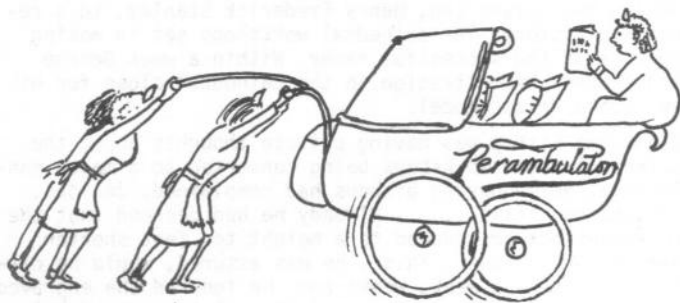
It was discovered that the secret of road paving had died with the Roman Administration. Immediately London was rife with rumours of a revitalised Roman party. The Whigs and Tories were agast at the prospect. All the Anglican bishops were appalled. The Bishop of Wells had his palace drawbridge placed in readiness. Many bishops harrumped in rude letters to the Ecclesiastical Times, denouncing their Worcester colleague whose wife had unleashed the affair.

Then Adam MacAdam, an ambitious backbencher, made a private suggestion to the Prime Minister. The public demanded paved roads; no one remembered the technique, but - how many old Roman roads lay slumbering under the ruinous English roads of the present? Instantly a map department was established in the Ministry of Public Works. Wherever a stretch of English road appeared to run straight for 50 yards a chain-gang of convict labourers (many shipped from Australia at great expense) were dispatched to dig through the accumulation of mud to uncover the ancient Roman pavements. Within months, Britain was criss-crossed with paved carriageways. The new system of road building was dubbed 'MacAdamising'. The public was enthralled, and the government was swept back into power in a snap election.



Perambulator sales burgeoned. The cacophony in the cloisters worsened while the undiminished smokestack and the Bishop fumed. Being an astute businessman, George had already appointed the Bishop's wife to the Board of Directors. That good lady soon suggested to the Bishop that the east wing of the episcopal palace be converted to works offices.

As years rolled on the enterprise flourished and many new models were introduced. Perhaps the most famous was the fabulous limited edition 4 seater model with its exciting drophead hood crafted for large families. This untypically heavy model required a team of 4 specially conditioned nannies and a governess. It was sold to only the wealthiest of households.

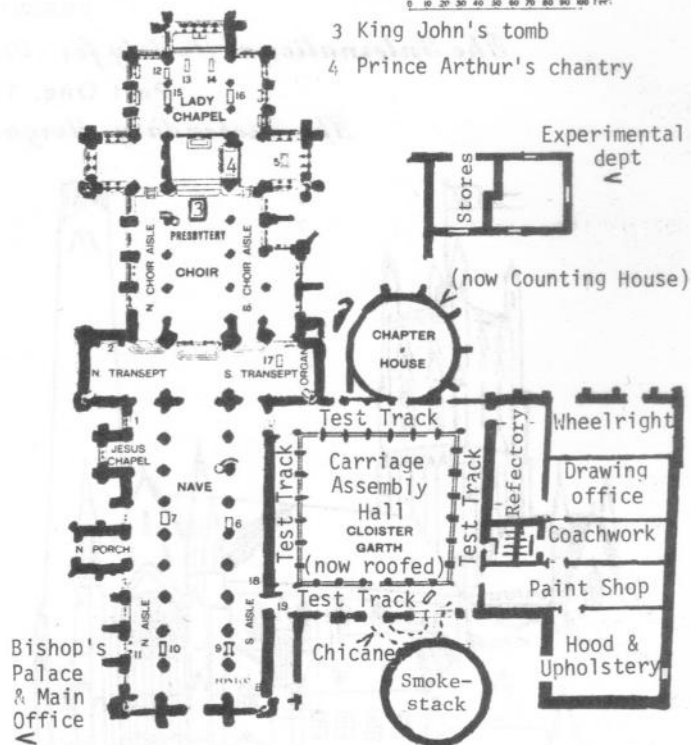


The ageing and wearied bishop had removed himself permanently to his summer palace at Pickersleigh Episcopi for some peace and quiet. Unfortunately the winters around the village of Pickersleigh Episcopi are notorious for damp and the Bishop quickly became crippled with arthritis. In his heart George was deeply fond of the old Bishop (certainly his successor would hardly be so understanding). Large and luxuriously fitted coachwork was installed on a standard Perambulator chassis and shipped to Pickersleigh Episcopi.

The Bishop was delighted and resolved each day to ride around the palace gardens and some days right down to the village. Unfortunately for the Bishop's retainers who themselves were quite elderly and not immune to the damp, the Bishop's Perambulator was enormously heavy. It required several servants to push it, especially through the low lying marshy portions of the grounds. Whenever the Bishop decided to ride into the village whole relay teams of retainers had to be sent on ahead and waited at the public houses. This brief custom is captured forever in the delightful names of these pubs; the "Bishop's Mitre", "Cross Keys", the "Bishop's Cart", and the "Drunken Retainer".

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL

0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100 Feet



Before long the old Bishop found that most of his staff had quit or expired from unaccustomed over-exertion or cirrhosis of the liver. Once again he found himself cooped up in his palace. When word of his plight reached Morgans they dispatched a special lightweight chassis version. The Bishop's delight sagged suddenly some weeks later as the carriage came apart half way down the palace steps.

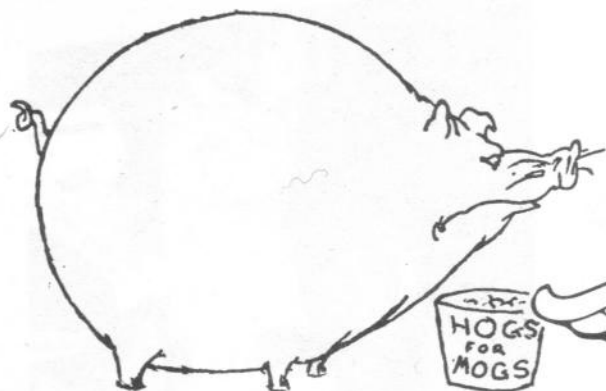
The physicians ordered that the Bishop be confined to bed for months. This was fortunate as it gave the design office a prolonged period to consider how a large adult-size but lightweight Perambulator might be contrived to cope with elderly clerics often weighed down with massive robes. Inspection of the broken chassis had revealed that the wood frame had largely rotted. But this was considered a merely local problem. The extreme damp of the environs of Pickersleigh was known to be instantly ruinous to ash.

Morgans had noticed a large potential demand among the clergy needing personal transportation in and around their palaces and vicarages. Sedan chairs were now considered anti-social and locomotives inconvenient.

After weeks of concentrated thought it dawned that only one front wheel was actually necessary. This deletion permitted reduction not only in wheel weight but chassis weight as well. The revolutionary model was promptly launched at the Cathedral Summer Fete. Morgans soon knew that they had a success on their hands as all the canons and vicars from the surrounding bishoprics placed deposits. The order book extended into years.

"Perambulator"

TM



HOGS
FOR
MOGS

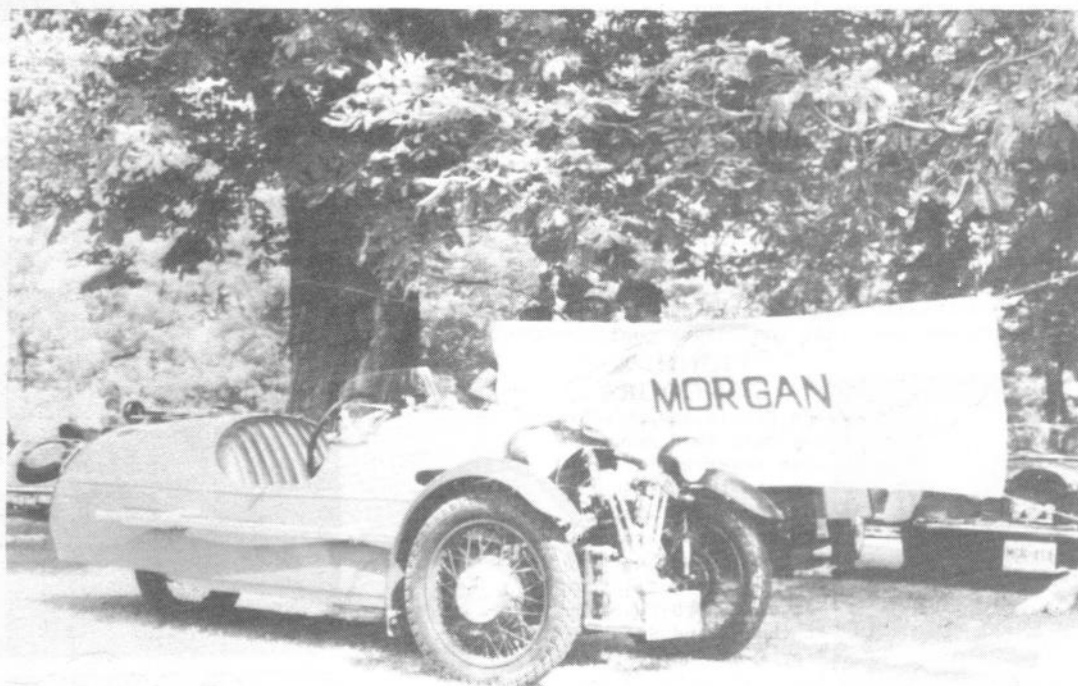


MORGAN OWNERS GROUP

THE BEGGARED 'BLURB'

DEC 1980

NIAGARA 80 SEPT 5 6 7



Doug Redmond's green 1937 SS at the Concours. S Beer photo

The second running of the Niagara event, a joint Western New York/Canadian affair, started a day earlier this year with a Mediaeval Banquet on the Friday night. The guests assembled, drinks in hand, on the front verandah of the Buttery, overlooking Niagara-on-the-Lake's main road, and watched

the Morgans arrive from as far away as Philadelphia, Ottawa, Columbus, Detroit, Buffalo, and St Catharines. After some discussion last winter, the club had committed to deposits for 18 seats at the Banquet. At the last minute Steve Bridges found himself inundated with requests for seats and was





Brad getting a pat or so.

Steve Beer photo

able to hassle the proprietors up to about 45 seats.

During the multi-course meal our host, the ebullient King Henry VIII (some members bet that he was only an actor), abetted by a jester and some young lovelies put the guests through their paces. Alternatively he praised some and humiliated others. Despite his experience at the Mediaeval Banquet at Beaulieu, Chris Charles got into the mead again, but the damage was not immoderate.

The banquet was not one for the fastidious, especially those guests who had not thought to bring their own forks and spoons. The main course was a large roast chicken plunked in front of each guest. After some bewilderment as to how to tackle their fare in a genteel manner with only hands and teeth, optimists remarked how fortunate it was that the chickens had been plucked. Each chicken was supplemented with an additional stack of chickens for the greedy and all the pork and lamb that the guests could tear off.

PICNIC & CONCOURS

The picnic and concours was held in a separate area reserved for Morgans in the park just outside the village.

The Concours categories were allocated between pairs of judges, Steve Manwell & Bob Tescione of the US and Steve Beer & AB Sands of Canada. AB Sands, understandably jealous of the War Dept Green Snobmog influenced his co-judge to declare the car "Most Surprising to have Gotten Here" (Mr Sands' Yellow Submarine +4 had been left at home, but we won't dwell on that). In addition to the prestigious



"MEAD, MEAD, GLORIOUS MEAD..."
S Bridges photo

Judges' Award, the guests themselves were asked to cast ballots for the most popular car and the most impressive car history. The "History" allocade went to Ann and Harry's "Yellow Duchess". At the time of writing, the committee subsequently appointed to verify that history has not yet reported. The picnic enjoyed the perfect late summer weather which ran the whole weekend.

The Concours was followed by a mass procession to Niagara Falls led by Steve Bridges' spiffy chocolate/cream 4/4,



Steve Bridges offered to pay us more to print this photo than Don Barber offered us not to.

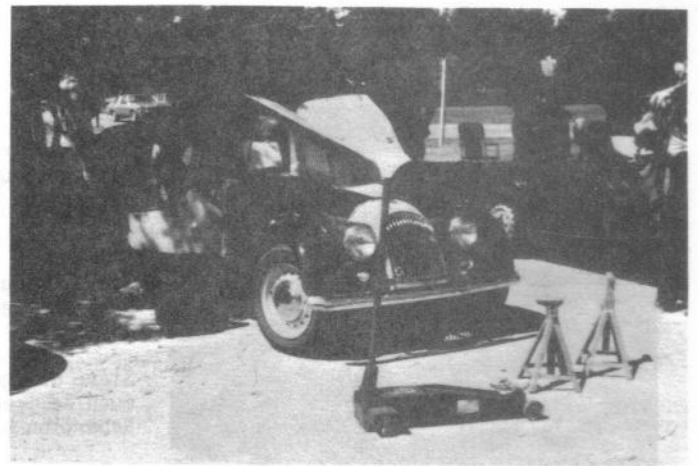
Don Barber looking exceedingly pleased with himself. S.Bridges photo.



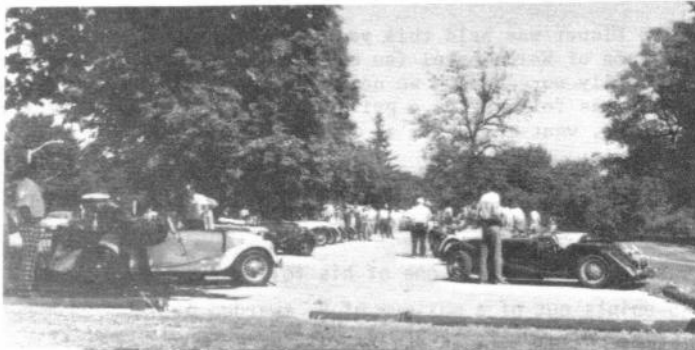
Inniskillin Winery



Steve Bridges' much photographed 4/4. Steve Bridges photo.



The Spahrs' Yellow & Red "Shell Oil" undergoing more epic repairs. Ray Shier photo.



Ray Shier photo

conours



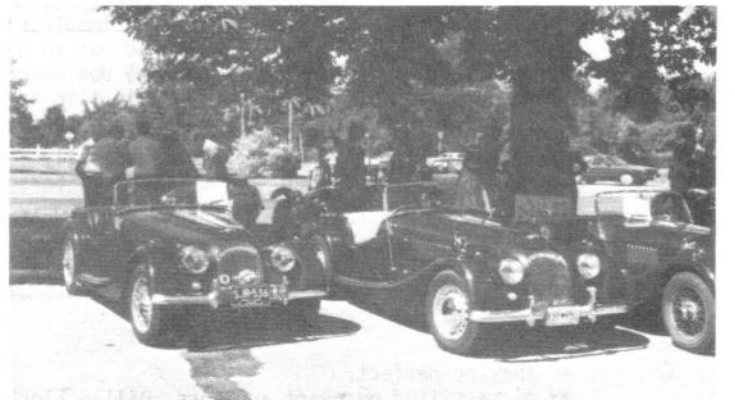
Judges Steve Beer & AB Sands
 < awe-stricken by the War Dept
 Green

Judges AB Sands & Steve Beer
 having a close look at Doug >
 Redmond's 1937 SS.



Morgan from
 Michigan
 disgracing >
 itself. Ray
 Shier photo

Richard
 Winterburn's
 red Flamingo
 < Flat Rad,
 a recent
 ground up
 restoration.





The 1979 Triple Prize Concours winner about to lead off the Procession to the Falls

◀ Steve Bridges posing with his much admired 4/4

Steve Bridges posing with his much admired 4/4 without Dave Robertson standing in front.



After the procession, guests rested, drove over to America for drinks, shopped Queen Street, or toured the Inniskillin winery. This small winery was a special treat as it is generally accounted to be Canada's finest. After a comprehensive and personal tour we enjoyed a wine tasting session supplemented by some excellent cheeses.

The Dinner was held this year at the elegant and old Prince of Wales hotel (so elegant that a number of guests actually wore ties - we nearly asked them to leave). Dessert was followed by a prize-giving session which, for the record, went something as follows;

NIAGARA '80 CONOURS

CATEGORY	PRIZE	WINNER
For Leadership at Luray	Sgt Major Swagger Stick	George Lafford, awarded by Ray Shier, one of his followers.
Worst King Pins	Wonderwash	Audrey Beer, with 9 points out of a maximum of 8, awarded by judge Steve Beer (relation). Craig Seibert of Philadelphia was runner up with 8 out of 8. AB Sands announced that the judges had had difficulty deciding whether the king pins on the admittedly otherwise superb "War Dept Green" Drophead were seized or just absolutely perfect*
Most Readable (excessively emblazoned badge bar)	"Profile" History of the Plus 4	R Winterburn's '52 red +4, the "Flamingo Flat Rad".
Most Ingenuity	Toy, Racing Game	Harold Kennette for stuffing a Chevrolet engine into his Plus Eight
Worst Possible Taste	-	ditto
Dirtiest Engine	Gunk	Dave & Nancy Turnbull whose ochre coloured "Orange Crate" scored a perfect 8 out of 8. Awarded by their former friend AB Sands. Many runners up.
No Fun for the Canadian Judges	1980 Morgan Calendar	The "Great White Hope" of Spider John Bulyk from New York
Most Surprising to have Gotten There	Wonderwash	Nigel Canard's 4 seater Drophead, the redoubtable "War Dept Green". This car, a great crowd pleaser, graciously declined to run for the premier award, Judge's Choice.
Sheer Tenacity	Decorative "Niagara '80" Mirror	Penny Bates for nursing Lee & Gus Spahr's "Shell Oil" +4 - a car which is painted in the most hideous red & yellow combination imaginable and which obviously should not have been allowed out on a public road.
Organisers' Special Award	Inniskillin Wine	Wendy & Don Barber for especially great effort to get car ready in time for Niagara '80. Donated by Inniskillin Wines.
Longest Distance	"Garage Supply" Wind-breaker	John Kirks of Fairfield, Ohio (after the usual unseemly row that generally determines the recipient of this award) Gift courtesy of Garage Supply of St Catharines, Ontario.
Best History	Poster	Ann & Harry Walters' Yellow Duchess Plus Four**
Peoples' Choice	Lge Mirror	Doug Redmond's '37 SS.** Large "Niagara '80" mirror
Judges' Choice	Badge	Doug Redmond's '37 SS. Hand carved Morgan winged badge.

* They're perfect.

** As certified by event auditors, Bill & Florrie Norgate, trustworthy to the point of punctiliousness.





Wendy Barber laughing appreciatively at a well expressed witticism from the illustrious president of HOGMOG. < Wendy is holding the largest of the 3 mirrors that she hand made for the event; the one shown being for the Peoples' Choice. Steve Bridges photo.

Reg Beer had been asked to explain how he had hand carved the Morgan logo he is holding. It was prepared for Judges' Choice. Unfortunately, > Reg is extremely shy and was immediately reduced to incomprehensible giggles. D. Robertson, organiser, not amused. Steve Bridges photo.



Following the prize-giving, something less serious seemed in order. "Rendezvous", the first of the double feature movie show, was screened. This 15 minute unexpurgated film commenced as a Ferrari, camera perched by the driver, set out early in the day from the east end of Paris. It streaked non-stop through the eastern banlieus and Place Concorde, down the Champs Elysee and careened 'round the Place d'Etoile*. Racing at breakneck speed through the feus rouges and down narrow passages between camions lourds proved exhausting for most of the audience, who were still heavily laden with the large supper.

The only problem with the movie occurred when the sound track apparently failed. Happily the irrepressible John Bulyk, president of the 3/4 Group of New York City, helped out. With his fascinating Ferrari engine imitations he audibly geared the Ferrari up and down through some tricky corners, dodging the odd stray concierge.



His Ferrari frenzy died as the film ended at Versailles. The projector switched to a brief documentary on a 70 year old Devonshire inventor who had learned to distill pig manure into methane for his Hillman. He really put that 1950 Hillman Minx through the corners as he ripped along the twisty country lanes. Try as he might, however, Mr Bulyk could not seem to master the subtle intricacies of the Hillman 4 speed, barely synchro'd column mounted gear shift. It was probably the reverse H pattern that out-foxed him.

After the films, various small groups charged off to see the Falls at dark or to drink in the piano bar at the Oban.

At 7 AM Sunday, Dave Robertson led some hardy types on a brisk run to Queenston Heights and back. A great pity that AB Sands' blue Allard J2X kept breaking down but we hear that he ultimately did get it home to Piper's Hill.

*Now officially designated "Place de Gaulle", however this was suppressed in the version supplied in deference to English-Canadian sensitivities.

Sunday breakfast was on the lakeside verandah of the Oban Inn, scene of last year's dinner. The Oban has a specially tranquil atmosphere enjoyed by all (except by Mr Bulyk who apparently found it too tranquil).

A convoy then set off through the vineyards to St Catharines for the Slalom especially laid on for us by St Catharines Motor Club. We really weren't sure how popular the Slalom (a high speed driving skilled test over an extraordinarily complex route) would be, so were delighted with the enormous response.

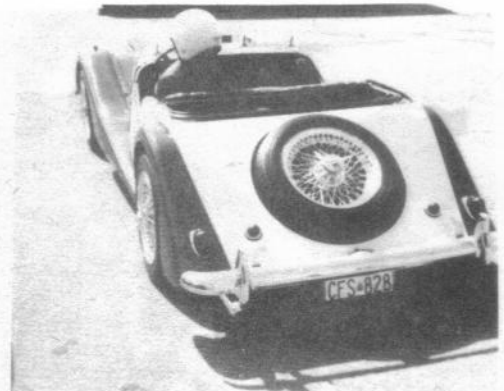
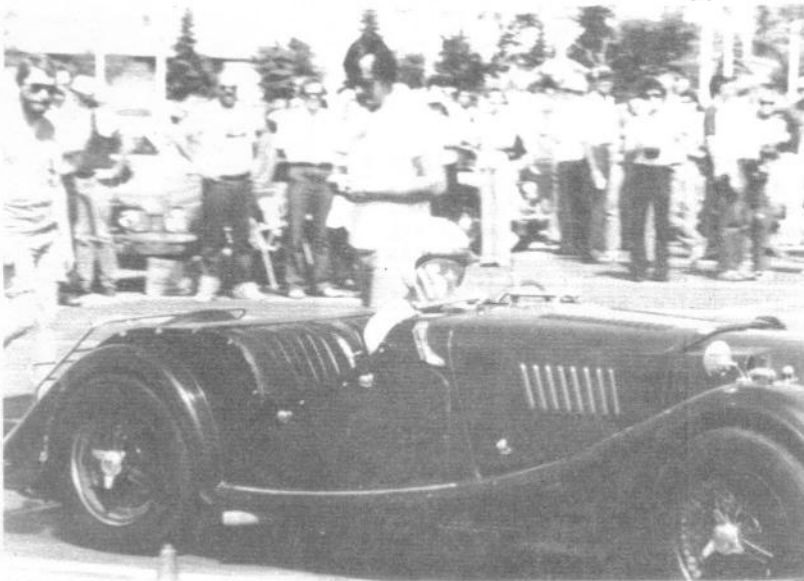
The clubs would like to thank all those who helped lay on the event, in particular the organisers Dave Robertson and Steve Bridges and the St Catharines Motor Club.

Craig Seibert of Philadelphia leaving the Oban after breakfast. >

Harry Walters about to set off at Slalom (from the look on his face this photo was taken prior to his brakes failing). S Bridges photo

V



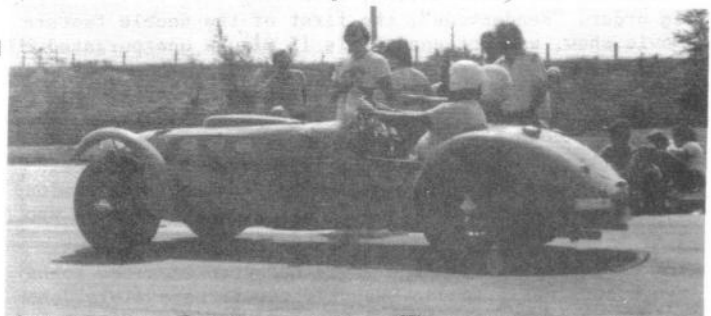


^ Steve Bridges looking for the starting gate at the Slalom. We apologise to other members of the St Catharines mob who have complained of the frequency of photos of Mr Bridges in the Blurb. But if they had any idea of the fuss he makes when we don't show him, we are sure they would understand.



^ S Beer in the Great Unwashed

< Dave Smith in the Blue Misery giving an example to Mr Redmond. S Beer photo



^ AB Sands had embarrassed himself mightily by getting quite lost on his first Slalom run. For his 2nd try he persuaded Steve Bridges to accompany him, figuring that Steve, being a native of St Catharines, would know the layout. The above photo, taken midway through the run, shows Mr Bridges asking a spectator for directions.



^ Ray Shier had been fearful of embarrassing himself by losing his way through the complex maze of the Slalom. Accordingly, he had hidden a walkie-talkie in his helmet for directional reports from Mary who was to be positioned atop a lamp standard. Unfortunately the reception was poor and much valuable time was lost with adjustments.

v Sharon Patterson at speed.

Steve Beer photo



PRESIDENT SPORTS NEW

HOG MOG

BONNET BADGE

NO	DRIVER	MAKE OF CAR	CLASS	1ST. RUN	2ND RUN	3RD RUN	BEST TIME	FIN. POS.
1	D. KIRALY	TOYOTA	CU	1:16:39	1:14:90	1:13:62	1:13:62	1ST.
2	H. KENNETTE	MORGAN + 8	+8	1:12:21	1:09:64	—	1:09:64	1
3	T. KLOOSTERMAN	CELICA	PREP.	1:21:07+	1:10:39	1:14:71+	1:10:39	1ST.
4	J. DWEN	MORGAN + 8	+8	1:18:89+	1:20:42+	1:16:77+	1:16:77	3
5	H. WALTERS	MORGAN + 4	4's	D.C.	1:30:56+	1:28:71+	1:28:71	
6	C. CHARLES	MORGAN + 4	DEALER ENTRY	1:22:07+	1:18:57+	1:11:93	1:11:98	1
7	R. KLOOSTERMAN	CELICA	PREP.	1:17:96+	1:12:32	1:33:78+	1:12:32	2ND
8	A. SANDS	ALLARD J2X	JAG-ALLARD	D.C.	D.C.	1:37:12+	1:37:12	2
9	D. BOOKER	CELICA	PREP.	1:21:26	1:17:26	1:21:96+	1:17:26	3RD
10	R. BEER	MORGAN + 4	4's	D.C.	1:19:33	1:16:78	1:16:78	
11	A. WALTERS	MORGAN + 4	MORG WOMEN	1:26:46	1:27:18+	1:21:04	1:21:04	2
12	D. SMITH	MORGAN SS	3 WLR	1:23:60	1:20:78	1:23:74	1:20:74	1
13	B. PATTERSON	MORGAN 4/4	4's	1:14:82	1:14:70	1:13:12	1:13:12	1
14	R. SHIER	MORGAN 4/4	4's	D.C.	1:24:04	1:21:31	1:21:31	
15	S. SEER	MORGAN + 4	4's	1:18:68	1:15:31	D.C.	1:15:31	3
16	C. ROBERTSON	CELICA	LADIES	D.C.	1:20:79	1:19:62	1:19:62	1ST.
17	S. RAYMAN	MORGAN 4/4	4's	D.C.	D.C.	1:22:96	1:22:96	
18	S. PATTERSON	MORGAN 4/4	MORG WOMEN	1:24:20	1:23:45	D.C.	1:23:45	3
19	M. SHIER	MORGAN 4/4	MORG WOMEN	1:42:04+	1:29:76+	1:25:43+	1:25:43	
20	M. BEER	JAG XKE	JAG-ALLARD	D.C.	1:14:17	1:12:34	1:12:34	1
21	S. BRIDGES	MORGAN 4/4	4's	1:17:23	D.C.	—	1:17:23	
22	E. CLARKE	MORGAN 4/4	MORG WOMEN	D.C.	1:25:32	1:21:00	1:21:00	1
23	J. PRINCE	240-Z	C.D.	D.C.	1:15:01	1:14:74	1:14:74	1ST
24	J. COLLINS	MORGAN 4/4	4's	1:20:07+	1:16:55	1:18:43+	1:16:55	
25	D. TURNBULL	MORGAN + 4	4's	1:26:60	1:23:28	1:18:75	1:18:75	
26	J. WALL	MORGAN + 4	4's	D.C.	1:14:04	1:13:26+	1:14:04	2
27	J. HAW	MORGAN + 8	+8	1:26:70+	D.C.	1:14:60	1:14:00	2
28	N. TURNBULL	MORGAN + 4	MORG WOMEN	1:27:95	1:28:71	1:29:00	1:28:71	
29	S. BEYNDON	TOYOTA	LADIES	1:33:12+	1:34:26+	1:27:71+	1:27:71	2ND.
30	J. CAMERON	JENSON HEALEY		D.C.	1:28:12+	1:26:14+	1:26:14	
31	K. SCHMIEDL	VOLVO	MDD.	1:19:03+	D.C.	1:10:34	1:10:34	1ST

D.C. - OFF COURSE

+ - INDICATES PYLON HIT (TIME ADDED)

THANKS TO : MARY CRUNDWELL, TONY & RICK KLOOSTERMAN, CAROLYN ROBERTSON, DON BOOKER, DON KIRALY & JOHN PRINCE

Dear Blurb,

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

c/o Doug Price, 95 Willingdon Blvd., Toronto, Ontario,
Canada, M8X 2H8

If you are able to type your letters it would be greatly appreciated if letters can be kept to 4½" wide (no more). Letters may commence with a suitable salutation -- Dear Editor, Honoured Sir (Americans please note that 'u'), Dear Blurb, etc. "Doug, Boyo" is not considered respectful.

Dear Sir:

ARBOREAL ENGINEERING

I note with interest in the September 1980 copy of *The Inestimable Blurb* (page 5, *Running On, Miracle at Luray*, paragraph 3) that the anniversary of Morgan Motor Company was to have been celebrated by the planting of a 70-year old ash tree at Piper's Hill. Since most 70-year old ash trees weigh several tons and would have to be balled and burlapped to allow successful transplantation, I cannot understand how such a large object could have been misplaced. The only other sensible explanation, that the 70-year old ash tree was a Japanese Bonsai miniature, would be so out of keeping with the nature of the occasion that I cannot give it any credence.

Under these circumstances, could you enlighten readers as to how this ambitious arboreal engineering feat was planned, giving drawings or pictures of any specialized equipment which was to have been used?

Yours with interest, Tom A. Hawk

Editor comment; We suppose that most editors are inured to the attempts by Public Relations Officers to slip favourable press releases past their noses as hard news. In this case the writer, "Tom A. Hawk", has over-reached himself. We detect an attempt by Tomahawk Log Splitter Industries to get in some subliminal advertising through our printing "Tom A. Hawk". Frankly, Tomahawk themselves were involved in the planned transplant ceremonies and we felt we were doing them a favour by discreetly suppressing the tale. However, after this tawdry attempt via "Tom A. Hawk" for publicity, we believe the members deserve the facts.

As we understand it, the shortage of fossil fuels coupled with the recent sales drives by Tomahawk Log Splitters have resulted in near depletion of Canada's forests. Corrupt Agricultural Inspectors are reported to have certified whole tracts of walnut forests as infected by Dutch Elm disease so that they could be cut and split for firewood. Last season the Marketing Division at Tomahawk predicted, in some alarm, that sales for new Tomahawk splitters would effectively dry up with the cutting down of Canada's last tree, anticipated in December 1984. Obviously the cultivating of seedlings and their transplanting would soon become Canada's no. one growth industry.

Tomahawk wanted to be in on the ground floor. They felt that with their past involvement in forest equipment, their engineers would have sufficient experience to develop a line of tree transplanters. Projecting well into the future, they even designed a device capable of transplanting trees up to 70 years old. In May they heard of the Morgan 70th Anniversary celebrations. Through their Colgan distributor they offered to transplant a 70 year old ash tree in commemoration. As you can imagine, the publicity would have been tremendous. The day before the event their executives may have been a little nervous that their log splitting engineers may not have got the transition to the gentler art of transplanting quite right. They asked to be allowed a trial run.

Apparently the test with our 70 year old ash tree started off well, until the trunk was firmly in the grip of the transplanter's jaws. At this point the device went amok. After about an hour the historic ash tree was simply a large pile of kindling.

We really had not planned on releasing this information especially as their management apologised so nicely at the time. But circumstances alter cases, as they say. We were just about to print you a picture of the incident but were prevented at the last minute by a court injunction.

Dear Editor, Thank you for your indepth answers to my questions regarding past issues of the Blurb (or Glurb, or qunlg, as it is also known). You have indeed made a number of points quite clear. And I guess that you're just trying to keep us on our toes with your subtle joke in the story of the 1950 Mille Miglia. Most of the readers, I'm sure, picked up on it right away, but it was days after when it hit me. Your capitalizing of the word Finish, and I quote "slipped off a cliff on the Finish curve", no doubt is a sly reference to the actual events of the day. The way I understand it, (please correct me if I'm wrong), is that the Finnish Minister of Transportation In Exile, Oscar McSweeney (an alias), pulled a length of well worn motorcycle chain across the track after anchoring it to the previously retired official Icelandic entry. This, of course, caused the crash of the heroic Vanguard engine +4. Incidentally, the Vanguard +4 was not alone. Other victims who met similar fates included 3 Allards, a pre-prototype Bricklin and a Packard laden down with camping gear and a stepladder.

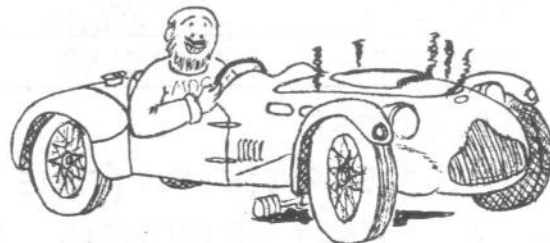
You'll be pleased to know that the Toyota vs. Cape Dorset disagreement has been settled. The spot where the cars sank has been covered with "clean fill" and now supports a combination diner and ballet school. Church-hill has come out ahead as well. Now the railroad goes there, and Monty Forthwrite has closed his ailing Toyota dealership. He's quoted as saying, "I'm telling you, the ship'll be here tomorrow".

Finally, but most importantly, I went to check on my August issue and it's missing. I would appreciate having it back if anyone comes across it. Actually it's my bank manager that's concerned. I've used it for collateral on a new boat loan. It can be easily identified by the three or four cold chips and bits of fish batter wrapped inside.

Sincerely, Scott Barrie.

Editor comment; Mr Barrie is correct when he writes "Most of the readers...picked up on it right away." In other regards, however, he is off the mark. We quite naturally assumed that our knowledgeable readers would be familiar with the story concerning the tragic fate of the Vanguard-engined prototype Plus Four in the Mille Miglia. At the time, the Palermo Opera Company, on tour with the road show version of the opera bouffe hit, "Cavalleria Rusticana", had camped on a slope by the roadway to watch the finish of the race. When, in his typically excitable Sicilian manner, the company's cook espied the leading +4 in the distance, he accidentally tipped his caldron of boiling olive oil onto the roadway. The rest of the sad story is, we are sure, too familiar to most readers to bear retelling.

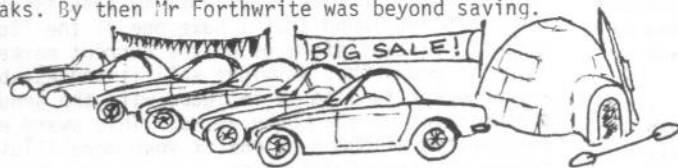
We suspect that something like the event that Mr Barrie has attempted to describe actually occurred the same year at Watkins Glen. That affair was touched off by a dispute between the Finnish and Icelandic motorcycle manufacturers who had entered a supporting race. The dispute soon spilled over to the sports cars. The remains of the 3 Allards were combined into a single J2X which could not pass the New York state safety check. As a consequence it was exported to Canada where it has been breaking down ever since. According to our records its last 2 breakdowns occurred in Niagara last September.



The Packard had been borrowed from some wealthy campers by the organisers who were using it as a course car.

It is quite true that the Toyota incident is now regarded by the authorities as a closed matter. The Official Secrets Act was invoked last week. According to our sources, the "clean fill" referred to was in fact fill that had been whisked away under cover of night by the Eldorado Mining Company's uranium refinery in Port Hope Ontario. The diner and ballet school were expected to be heated by the natural propensities of the fill. The whole complex was paid for by the Canadian taxpayer under the guise of grants from the dep't of Regional Economic Expansion and the Canada Council. As can be imagined, it was a complete failure. The job market for ballet dancers in Baffinland had been inadequately and over-optimistically researched. Diners at the short-lived restaurant were said to glow in the dark for days.

The case of Monty Forthwrite is, in the words of A.B. Sands, especially lugubrious. He was faced with certain economic ruin when his uninsured shipload of Toyotas came to grief. However, Mr Forthwrite, with the assistance of a loan from the dep't of Native Affairs, invested heavily in an expansion of facilities when he obtained the exclusive Northern Manitoba, Keewatin, and Franklin franchise for the new Morgan Plus Four Plus. Unfortunately, the Eskimos found that these didn't float any better than the Toyotas. Morgans themselves prospered thereafter with a new line of fiberglass kayaks. By then Mr Forthwrite was beyond saving.



Dear Blurb:

LITERARY MASTERPIECE

The recent rash of correspondence on the value of back issues of the *Blurb* has caused me to view those copies I possess in a new light. I was particularly impressed that the Club has gone to the considerable expense of having its supply appraised at the insistence of Harry Walters (September *Blurb*, page 6), and decided to reread some of the earlier issues in the hope that I might detect the underlying quality which had led to the skyrocketing in the value of *Blurbs*, and allow me to get in on the ground floor in similar, but as yet undiscovered, literary masterpieces. Thus far, I am puzzled but am persevering.

During this process, I had occasion to read the November 1979 issue. I noticed on page 2 (well below the photograph of the Swami *Kuhrma*) the following extract:

"First Prize for the best description of his car goes to John Collins - the copiously illustrated Morgan official history book (just as soon as we've read it through)."

Now I know how annoying it can be when you're reading a good book (particularly one with lots of pictures) and someone tries to hurry you along. I would hate to be accused of such selfish and inconsiderate behaviour. But then I realized that if such interest has now been generated in back issues of the *Blurb*, other members may reread their copies and perhaps ask me how I enjoyed the book, or even want to borrow it to read themselves. The embarrassment I would feel on behalf of the Club in confessing that I had not yet received the award has tipped the balance and outweighed my reluctance to disturb our esteemed editor in mid sentence.

If you'll just lend me the book, Doug, I'll let you have it back within a week for you to finish reading. Honest!

Yours hopefully, John Collins

Editor Comment; We do wish you would show more patience. It is an excellent book, though recently surpassed, so we can have some feeling for your impatience. We think we can promise it to you in time for reading over next Easter. However, if you are embarrassed about not being able to describe it to enquirers, you may wish to come 'round to our offices where we will be happy to let you thumb through it. Please be sure to make an appointment and to bring your own refreshments.



Y DRAIG GOCH

MORGAN WELSHES

Doug, Boyo: How is it that a man with a fine Welsh name such as Price can bring himself to print this silly nonsense about four seater Morgan drop head cars?

You ought to be ashamed of yourself! These SNOBMOG people are using you. They are probably English, or worse, Irish!

Why don't you do something useful for a change, such as explaining that MORGAN is a grand and historic Welsh name itself and that MORGAN cars are the proud representatives of a tradition that extends to the Druids!

It's time Peter Morgan came out of the closet too!

Stop this awful SNOBMOG business while there is still time!

Remember: "Mynych y syrth mefl o qesail!"

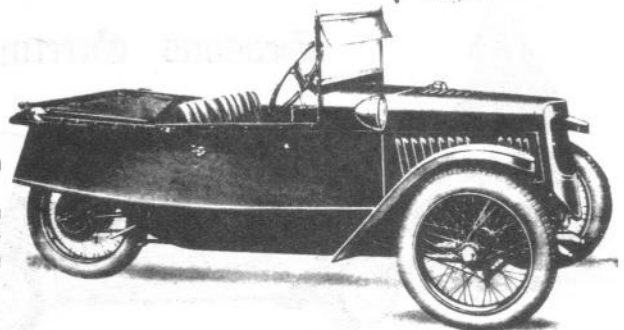
Yours, etc., Morgan Morgan, Los Angeles, U.S.A.

Editor's comment; Wfft i chi! Rydyn ni maddau y ffôl, ofnadwy geiriau yn y llythr am y enwog SNOBMOG. I too have often thought that Morgans should come out of their English closet, but having a Scottish 'first' name I felt that it isn't my place to say it. However my daughter's name is Megan*Myfanwy and there can be nothing more Welsh than that. When she is a bit older I'll have her speak to Peter Morgan about the matter. Perhaps they should move the factory all the way to Caerdydd, Sir Forganwg (Cardiff, Glamorgan).

We've always wanted the *Blurb* to be bilingual. It's funny how the American and European Morgan clubs go ape over English things; the Europeans even give their clubs English names. How much more appropriate it would be in Welsh. "Morgan Cymdeithas ffrainc" sure beats "Morgan Club of France". --Dymuniadau qorau! ...Doug ap Rhys.

* I first saw the name "Megan" at Prescott (MOG 70) on a cute little 4 seater 3 wheeler "Family" model. It had come from Wales and had "Megan" written in gold on the bonnet. So my daughter can justly claim to have a Morgan as a namesake.

v "Megan"





COGNOSCENTI AND LURAY

Dear Editor: In an effort to clear the air, "cognoscenti" was a term used by the Indians of Pocahontas's tribe to describe the first three-wheeled wagon that rolled off the Susan Constant at Jamestown Island in Virginia in 1693. ("Cog" meant "wheel"; "noscenti" meant "three") Although we understand Mr. Collins' misuse of the word (it was a Virginia tribe), we are as yet undecided as to whether to forgive him.

I also make reference to your cleverly devised "Running On" column which is so obviously written to negate the hypnotic trance your readers have been placed in after Mr. Collins' aptly named article, "Miracle at Luray". Needless to say, the D. C. club takes for granted the pedestal upon which the Luray event stands and because we consider the English version representative, we have improvised a shelf on the Eastern side of the pedestal from which we allow their event to reside.

We appreciate SNOBMOG's documentation of the true meaning of the initials in the MG marque. It has been suspected by our membership for years, but the definitive proof was not available until now.

In closing, I hurriedly reviewed my back issues of the Blurb and found that I have one of the "Burp" issues. Please inform us of the current market value in order that we might sell it and establish an endowment fund to be included with the annual presentation of the booby award. This award was inaugurated at MOG.9 by one of your more illustrious members, Audrey Beer.

Thank you, Randy Gillett, Editor, the ROUGHRTIDER.

P.S. Your analysis of the rally results was slightly in error. Twenty-six teams did complete the rally course, all the Hogmoggers made an off course turn directly towards the nearest bar.

Editor Comment: Re your "Burp" issue of July 1980; I am sorry to have to tell you that you are in possession of a counterfeit which, while full of consequent interest, has absolutely no monetary value. It appears that an undesirable element (locally known as the "Cosa Noscenti") tried to cash in on the soaring prices of back issues of the Blurb. Fortunately they were bad spellers and their product is quite easily identified. We thought that all the counterfeit issues had been rounded up by now. However did you get one? We should appreciate it if you would send your "copy" to the RCMP headquarters on Alta Vista Dr N, Ottawa, Ontario.

Re "cognoscenti"; I spoke to my young daughter Megan, who, despite her impeccably Welsh credentials, also manages to be descended from Pocahontas' husband, John Rolfe. This makes her something of an authority on the language of Pocahontas. In fact Megan simply confirmed what I would have thought to have been self-evident to the merest layman. "Cog" is the southern Indian shortform for "Cogol" (Castor Oil). "Noscenti" was the expression used by Mr C.Columbus' sailors when they first smelled it ("We smell it!") smeared on the Indians who used it as perfume. So "cognoscenti" clearly refers to people who can readily recognise Castrol Oil from inferior petroleum based lubricants.

You seem to distinguish Luray as a "pedestal" event whatever that may mean. Should we infer from this that Luray is merely a pedestrian affair?

For those who like to go fast, the Empire Division of the Jaguar Clubs of North America is a group worth getting to know. They host two or three track meets each year at Lime Rock, Watkins Glen, and Bridgehampton which is at the eastern end of Long Island, New York, about 580 miles from Toronto. The track fee at \$65 U.S. advance registration (\$75 U.S. afterwards) is not cheap, but it does get you on the track with skilled instructors for both Saturday and Sunday.

This year, the event was held on October 4 and 5, and was also attended by a strong contingent of Porsches, a 930 Turbo having the fastest lap time of 2:02.91 for the 2.85 mile circuit. According to my calculations, this indicates an average speed of 83.48 mph. The best Jag time was 2:13.06 for an average speed of 77.07 mph by a Series II E-Type. I understand that the lap record is held by a specially modified E-Type, and is in the order of 1:51.0, or an average speed of 92.4 mph. Such a performance would involve maximum speeds of some 130 mph near the end of the straight.

Naturally, this is a bit much for your average Morgan. I will not trespass on the territory carved out so capably by Doug Price¹, but I did manage to blow a big end bearing on about my fourth lap, and spent most of the rest of the weekend as a spectator or working as a flagman/intercom operator on the corners. I did get a ride around in a couple of Jags and actually drove a Series II E-Type with a V-12 engine (very cautiously, I might add). Fortunately, I was able to clean up the crankshaft sufficiently to install new bearings and drive back to Toronto with a delay of only a couple of days (to get the parts, that is -- I made quite good time on the drive).

If anyone is interested in future trade events, the contact through whom I obtained the information is Art "Baby Duck" Casselman of the Toronto Jag Club. He may come along to our Pub Night at the Artful Dodger on November 14, and I will bring a diagram of the Bridgehampton track with details of each of the corners and recommended driving procedures for negotiating them.

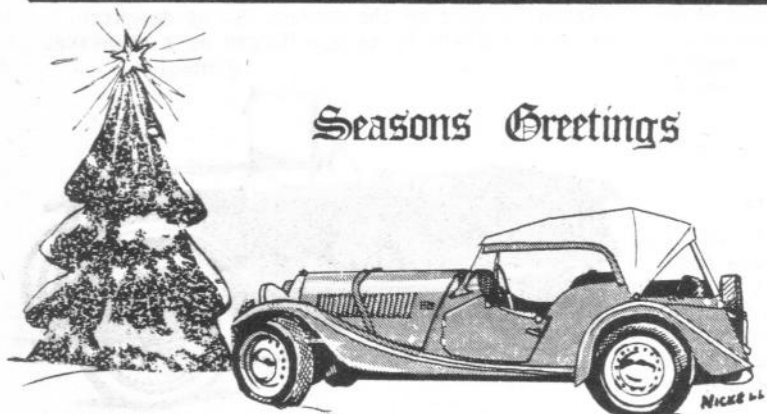
It would be interesting to see some of the "big" Morgans give the Jags a run for their money at these meets. I'm sure we would be welcome, and I know I enjoyed myself this year, broken big end bearing notwithstanding. It's bound to be fun in 81 John Collins

¹ The Blurb August 1980, pp. 7, 8

Ibid., April 1979, p. 1

Ibid., September 1978, p. 2

Ibid., July 1978, p. 3

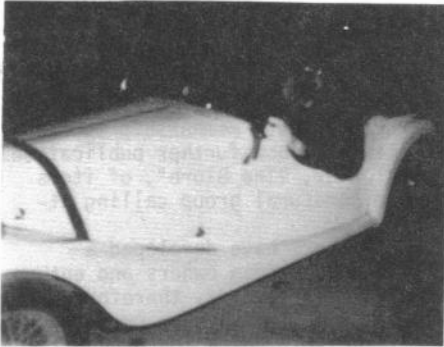




Hosts Pauline
& David Smith
(416 791 9753)



RVP
would be nice



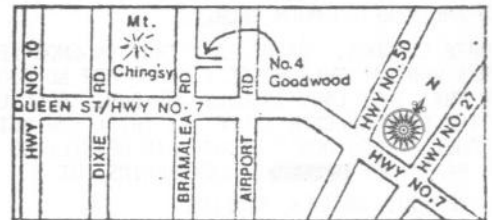
Last year Edie & Paul Rich were the only members to arrive top down at the Christmas party. B Rumohr photo

POT LUCK AFFAIR Please bring along a food contribution. Also BYOB. As it is practically certain that Mr Charles will be in attendance, members are especially requested NOT to bring any mead.

To add a bit of merriment, guests are requested to bring along a suitably jocular gift (maximum \$3), recipients' names to be drawn from a hat at the party.

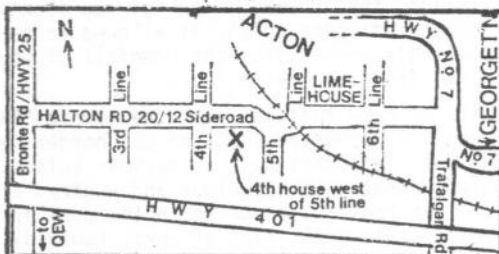
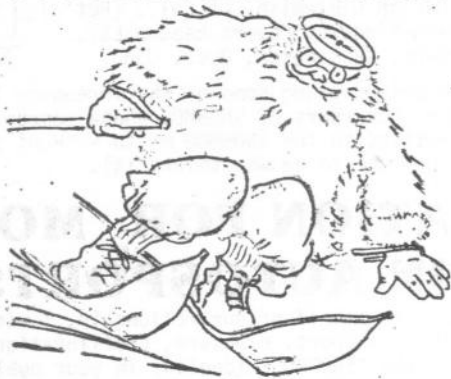
Club elections to be convened.

The Christmas party will take place at 4 Goodwood in Bramalea, just opposite Mt Chinguacousy, the site of the M.O.G. Winter Olympics of March 1980. Bramalea itself is immediately east of Brampton.



WINTERFEST SAT FEB 7

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING



SKIERS! CROSS - COUNTRY SKI IN THE AFTERNOON THROUGH BEAUTIFUL LIMEHOUSE QUARRIES! SKIIS CAN BE RENTED IN GEORGETOWN FOR \$6/half day, \$12/day at NORTH HALTON SPORTS, 416 877 7777.

SUPPER STARTS AT 5:30 or 6PM.

MANY PEOPLE (DROVES, ACTUALLY) STAYED AWAY LAST YEAR, WE THINK MAYBE BECAUSE OF SOME OF THE ACTIVITIES PLANNED.

THIS YEAR: 1; We guarantee lots of snow

2; No ground hog hunting. Ground hogs will be left alone unless they attack first. Thusly we will avoid another demonstration by the Greenpeace Foundation.

3; Home Brew Beer will not be offered. This should satisfy guests with discriminating palates and a taste for decent beer and who will not few embarrassed to bring their own

4; There will be no gambling during the Darts and Billiard contests which are to be tests of skill.

5; Free off-the-road parking provided.

EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT Come for supper or later and enjoy a slide/movie show of Luray or MOG 80 at Beaulieu.

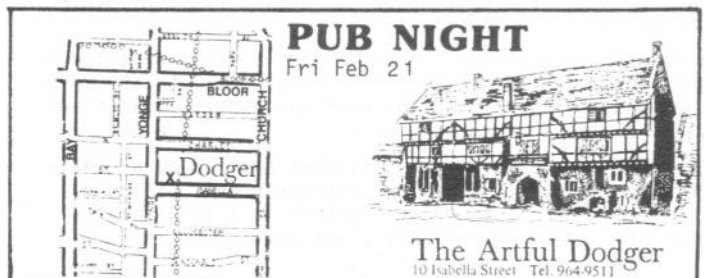


CALENDAR

CHRISTMAS PARTY	SAT DEC 13, 8PM	BRAMALEA
WINTERFEST	SAT FEB 7, 2PM Ski 6PM Eat	LIMEHOUSE
PUB NIGHT	FRI FEB 21 8PM	ARTFUL DODGER

PUB NIGHT

Fri Feb 21



The Artful Dodger
10 Isabella Street Tel. 964-9511

Dear Blurb (con't)

DEAR MISTER EDITER,

MY NAME IS ABIGAIL AND I AM NINE YEARS OLD. MY MOMMY AND DADDY HAVE A MORGAN CAR THAT THEY LOVE VERY MUCH. SOMETIMES I THINK THEY LOVE THE MORGAN CAR MORE THAN THEY LOVE ME.

DADDY SAYS THAT YOU LIVE IN CANADA, WHICH IS VERY FAR AWAY AND IS FULL OF BIG WOODS AND ANIMALS AND INDIANS AND POLICEMEN WHO WEAR RED SUITS AND WHO SING PRETTY LOVE SONGS TO INDIAN GIRLS. DADDY ALSO SAYS YOU SEND A PAPER WHICH TELLS ALL ABOUT MORGAN CARS WHEAR YOU LIVE.

DADDY WORKS IN THE STEEL MILL AND IS VERY BIG AND STRONG. HE SAYS HE GOT SO STRONG BECAUSE OF ALL THE BEER HE DRINKS. DADDY SAYS YOU GOT MANY BEERS IN CANADA AND THEY IS CALLED AUDREY AND REG.

ANYWAY, SINCE YOU SENT YOUR PAPERS LAST TIME MOMMY AND DADDY HAVE BEEN REAL MAD. IT IS BECAUSE OF SOMETHING CALLED SNOGMOB. DADDY AND MOMMY YELL AT EACH OTHER NOW. SOMETIMES THEY YELL AT ME 2. THEY SAY THAT SNOGMOB STINKS AND IS BAD. SNOGMOB HAS MADE OUR HOUSE REEL UNHAPPY. DADDY SAYS HE WILL SELL OUR MORGAN AND GO A WAY. DADDY SAYS HE DON'T WANT TO GO TO CANADA BECAUSE YOU PEOPLE HAVE ALOT OF TRUBLE WITH FROGS WHO LIVE IN A PLASE CALLED QUEEBECK.

PLEASE, MISTER EDITER, STOP SNOGMOB AND MAKE MY MOMMY AND DADDY HAPPY AGEN. SNOGMOB MUST BE STUPID TO BE SO BAD AND MAKE SO MUCH TRUBLE.

I HATE SNOGMOB. DADDY SAYS THAT SNOGMOB PEEPEL ARE JERKS WHO HAF THEY NOSES STUK UP FOR NO GOOD REESON AND THAT THEY CARS IS UGLY AND DUM. PLEESE, MISTER EDITER STOP SNOGMOB STUFF. I THINK YOU BETTER ANYWAY, BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T DADDY SAYS HE WILL GO TO CANADA AND BEAT YOUR CANUCK BRAINS OUT.

I LOVE YOU, ABIGAIL BEARING

48 KYLE RD., HAMPTON BAYS, NEW YORK, 11946
P.S. I IS A HONER STOODUNT.

Editors Comment: Dear Abigail, Your parents sound very neurotic and we are sorry for you. They are also confused on some quite basic Morgan nomenclature. "SNOGMOB" actually refers to a lot of rather base people who drive around in Flat Rad Roadsters. We have preferred not to mention them in the pages of the Blurb - it would only encourage them. Nor should "SNOGMOB" be confused with "SLOBMOG" who are much the same sort except wealthier and drive Plus 8's. They are a good example of money getting into the wrong hands. On the other hand the drophead "SNOBMOG" is a prime case of money getting into the right hands. The people your father describes certainly sound like the SNOGMOB but either he reads about them elsewhere or he has gotten mixed in with a bad element. However we look forward to meeting him at Queenston Heights during Niagara '81. Meanwhile we are sending your father a brochure outlining a course in Correct Use of the Queen's English.

p.s. You left the "U" out of "honer"

HUMBER HAWK CLUB

The Hon. Doug Price, Editor, Sir:

While it is not the intent of our Club to snipe at the activities of colleague organizations, we feel we must formally deplore the emergence of a self-centered and self-righteous splinter group within the ranks of North American Morgan enthusiasts.

We refer to the odious "SNOBMOG" developments reported in your newsletter and which are so detrimental to the spirit of good fellowship in the best Anglophilic traditions we all strive so hard to uphold.

More than ever before, organizations such as ours, dedicated to the preservation and furtherance of historic British marques, must stand together in a shoulder-to-shoulder display of solidarity and commitment.

20

"SNOBMOG" must be stamped out - utterly crushed - as soon as possible. This must be done for the good of all. Unless it is accomplished quickly, other Clubs will become afflicted with the same malevolent infection.

Can you imagine, for instance, our own organization beset by the clamors of Hillman Minx and other kit-car owners for acceptance and recognition?

We implore you to act with alacrity. Cast out these impure elements and return to the fold!

Your Most Obedient Servant, J.A.P. Anzani,
Chairman, Committee on Inter-Club Affairs,
Northwest Regional Centre,
Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.

HUMBER
HAWK CLUB
OF N.A. INC



ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY SAPPHIRE.

Armstrong Siddeley

Lovers League, Ltd

Dear Mr Editor: I am instructed by our membership to issue the strongest possible protest against further publication in your organization's newsletter, "The Blurb", of items relative to an offensive and unnatural group calling itself "SNOBMOG".

Over the years, many of our members have developed a strong feeling of kinship towards Morgan owners and enthusiasts throughout North America. Mere words, therefore, can not adequately express the anguish felt by our group over the devisive and destructive activity of a few egocentric and perverse Morgan owners.

We urge you to take immediate strong corrective and cleansing action against this group of deviants and thus protect the pure and essential spirit of British sportsmanship and fairplay we all cherish and hold in common. We make this plea not merely on behalf of the A.S.L.L., but in the name of British marque clubs everywhere.

Sincerely yours, Adrian C. Blemish, Lt. Col., (Ret'd),
Secretary, Armstrong-Siddeley Lovers League, Ltd,
National Headquarters, Washington, D.C., USA.



Editor Comment: We passed along some of the foregoing letters to the Board of Governors of SNOBMOG whose response was to refer the writers to the SNOBMOG motto - "Honi soit qui mal y pense" (Evil be to he who thinks it).

FOUNDATION FOR MORALITY IN AUTOSPORTS

Dear Editor Price: On behalf of our fellowship, I wish to protest the continued support, exposure, proliferation, and endorsement of the "SNOBMOG" ideology in your publication. Without question, the "SNOBMOG" concept represents a noisome and corrosive influence which, if allowed to go unchecked, will inevitably prove to be the downfall of your organization and all associated with it.

I give Great Thanks to know that, as yet, the sordid "SNOBMOG" corruption has not permeated south of the border between our two nations. In addition, I am further bolstered by the sure knowledge that such an odious and unclean activity could never take root and flourish in the pure and healthy atmosphere of this great land of ours. Especially not in Southern California.

In closing, let me appeal to the common sense and basic sense of decency of Canadian Morgan owners: Look to the Bible; look to the annals of Christian endeavor; look to your own past! Cast out Snobmogisms from your collective bosoms. Severely beat, maim, and/or kill all of its adherents. Destroy to the last fender-bolt and lug-nut the cars contaminated. Restore your Club to its past grandeur!

Resist not this clear call to cleansing action. If you do, the result will surely be nothing less than eternal damnation for you and all your descendants!

Fondest regards, The Rev. W. Clevis Pinn, LL.D,
Chairperson, Committee on Moral Turpitude, Foundation for
Morality in Autosports, Los Angeles, California, USA.

"A Worldwide Non-Profit Endeavor"

cc Hon. Peter Morgan Chas. Smith, Esq Mr Ken Hill
HM Elizabeth, II U.S. Border Patrol

Your Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, Ma'm,

Re the letter from the Foundation for Morality

Thank-you for handing me your copy of the remarkable letter from that American Morality Foundation at dinner the other night. SNOBMOG is truly saddened to see Your Majesty dragged into such petty affairs. On the other hand, your family knows better than most just how pushy these people are. I don't like to take an "I told you so" attitude, but if George had been less indulgent with them in 1781 like Arnold said, we wouldn't have to live with such bother to-day.

Our Board of Governors earnestly suggest that you not even answer their letter and that you instruct your social secretary to make sure that this Clevis person doesn't get on to any guest lists.

As requested, we did check the Bible for all references to SNOBMOG, and you may rest assured that there is not one unfavourable passage; not in King James' authorised version at any rate.

Your Majesty will be pleased to learn that the Royal Four Seater Drophead's restoration is nearing completion in our California facilities. They would, however, appreciate (and we hesitate to remind you once more) a few guineas in the way of progress payments.

Your Servant,
cc Editor, the Blurb. Governor of Board, SNOBMOG.

PS Yes, it is a great pity the way Pierre is trying to drag you into his fight with Rene & Peter L. You ought to drop him as well from the guest lists.

Dear Sir:

ELECTIONS

As you are aware, I have been nominated for the position of President of the Morgan Owners Group. When I agreed to stand, I did not realize that there were any other candidates, and thought that, in the absence of anyone else's desire to do so, I was seeking to take over from-Doug Price the responsibility he has discharged so well for the past several years. In the September Blurb, I learned for the first time that Audrey Beer was also running for President.

I believe that Audrey is an ideal presidential candidate. The enthusiasm, knowledge, ability and sheer hard work that she will bring to the position, coupled with the standing she enjoys among other Morgan groups both in North America and in the United Kingdom cannot, in my opinion, be matched by anyone else, certainly not by me. I am delighted that Audrey is prepared to be President, and she has my vote. Had I known she was running, I would not have agreed to stand, and I now withdraw as a candidate

John Collins.

PEOPLE TO CONTACT

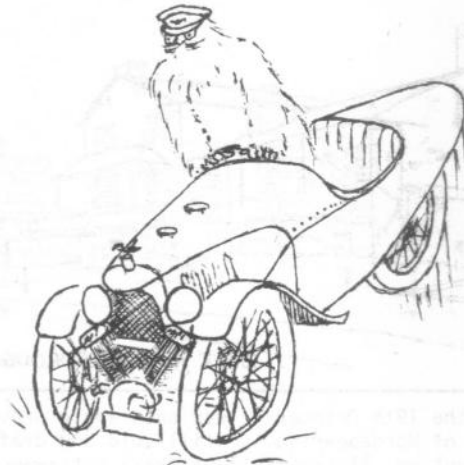
It would be presumptuous to publish the 1981 Executive prior to the elections, so we'll just list the candidates in case you need to get in touch prior to the Feb. Blurb.
President/ Audrey Beer, RR3, Bolton, Ontario, LOP 1A0,
Registrar 416 857 3210.

Bursar Mary Shier, Limehouse, Ontario, LOP 1H0,
416 877 1427.

Competitions Steve Beer, RR3, Bolton, Ontario, LOP 1A0,
416 857 3210.

Editor Doug Price, 95 Willingdon Blvd, Toronto, Ont
Canada, M8X 2H8, 416 233 8342.

YOU KNOW YOUR MORGAN NEEDS WORK ...



WHEN THE FRONT BRAKES TEND TO STICK

(advertisement)



OMAHAWK
WORLD'S FINEST
SPLITTERS & SHAVERS

**KINDLING &
WOOD CHIP DEVICES**

SAVE ON FUEL COSTS THIS YEAR!!

WITH JUST THE PRESS OF A BUTTON THIS NEW TOMAHAWK MACHINE WILL CONVERT THAT OLD BLUE SPRUCE ON THE FRONT LAWN, THE CHRISTMAS TREE, YOUR DINING ROOM SUITE, OR OLD SPORTS CAR INTO 'COMBUSTION EFFICIENT' KINDLING OR CHIPS!

THIS FABULOUS NEW PRODUCT HAS BEEN ASSIDUOUSLY TESTED ON TREES UP TO 70 YEARS OF AGE!
(Not recommended for Bonsai varieties)



Before



Please rush me your copiously illustrated brochure on the TOMAHAWK KINDLING & WOOD CHIP DEVICE. My Charge ☐ Master-card ☐ is enclosed. I understand that there is no obligation! address _____
MAIL TO-DAY TO: A B Sands,
RR#1, Colgan, Ontario, Canada.



"A Face You Can Trust"

AUTUMN TOUR

Photos of Forks of the Credit by Steve Beer



DUKE of MARLBOROUGH

On Sunday the 19th October it was once again proved that the spirit of Morganeering is still cold and drafty. Eleven, count'em, 11 cars full of crazy nuts were out there in the early morning frost, a few of whom declined tops or curtains (what enthusiasm) taking their last look at this year's beautiful autumn foliage with great company.

After a brief warm up breakfast at our meeting place the gang, with commanders Ray and Tim Shier leading the pack, navigated through the back roads (paved of course) of rural Peel county, (of note; Reg Beer enthusiastically traded his passenger seat sans heater with equally enthused and anxious Bill Ellman who arrived in his Datsun coupe with glass roll-up windows and three speed heater). Driving through such noted areas as Terra Cotta, The Forks of the Credit, (not to mention the MG Club headquarters and proving ground) this time of year, even on a cloudy gray, at times rainy, day is sheer pleasure. The bit of rain that we had subsided so that our cars and contents could rest at the lay-by about mid-way for a chat and take pictures. (That's lay-BY).

Yours Truly (Team Dry Rot as some would have it) then took pole position and led our convoy to (you guessed it) drink food and more drink at the Duke of Marlborough. Upon arrival it was drawn to our attention that there were four cars missing (how about that, not one of them was the War Dept.). We learned fifteen minutes later that Rick Andrews had a spot of starter problem (it's always a "spot" isn't it) and the god's found it fitting that they got rained on with vengeance during their delay.

As it turned out, the group had the whole pub to themselves. Except for a small time-delay in the food dept. (they hadn't expected so many on a Sunday), it was a very enjoyable end to our excursion with darts and socializing in an old English style pub with a fire on one side and the bar on the other. I think a good time was had by all.

Steve Beer



Recently promoted Sergeant Major Geo Lafford reviewing vehicles at Forks of the Credit preparatory to venturing into MG territory.

A worried Mary Lou Lafford discussing a family problem concerning delusions of grandeur with comparatively normal member, Paul Rich.



Staff photo

HOGMOG TREASURY DEPLETED

PLEASE PAY YOUR DUES



The Bursar has bottomed out and we have to acknowledge the help of seasoned Slalomist Liz Clarke and Sheldon Rayman who printed this jumbo issue without charge. Our thanks also to SNOBMOG for making their vast, well oiled organisation available to us and putting the issue into the mail. We had a small coup at the last minute when DRB Motors also provided us postage for sending out their flyer.

So that your editor won't have to beg for more favours, and to give your new Bursar and President a fighting chance, please fill out the enclosed membership form and send it in with your 1981 annual dues of \$10. (All except Ann & Harry who, by special arrangement, pay every quarter).

OBAN INN IMPERILLED

Dear Audrey & Reg,

The Great White Hope carted us home unerringly and with no more than a loose coil wire's worth of complaint. I cannot describe the pleasure of seeing familiar faces again and the fun of meeting new ones. The hospitality shown us by all of you was charming and delightful.

The one exception was the waitress at the Oban who refused to serve us on Sunday A.M. I have taken out a contract on her life and am planning the First Annual 3/4 Morgan Group Firebombing of the Oban Inn to coincide with the "kick-off" of our Autumn Mog event. Once we have their attention, we can properly evaluate the sufficiency of their reform and decide whether further criticism is in order.

On the other hand, both Stephanie & I were very impressed with our own behavior. To wit: we used no foul language, made no trades in human bondage, graced you with no sordid erotic innuendo, remained remarkably sober, and in general were very models of temperate and reserved behavior. We assume you all appreciated our strenuous efforts in this direction.

We delightedly thank you for the award which we received (we think...) for "going (coming??) the distance and (yet) looking good". I should say that if one is not going to look good, why go (come) the distance, but that is a point of philosophy far too subtle to expound on at this time. We were charmed by the thought that you were perceptive enough to see our inadequacies in dealing with the concept of time to make the award a calendar. We were, however, somewhat startled to note that it is, in fact, 1980!!! One could attribute this lapse on our part to the high quality of hallucinogens available in N.Y.C. but we prefer to think of it as "simply having lost track of the time".

As Morgan Meets go, Niagara was one of the best. You guys do it right: low key, disgorged, fun. The spirit of such a meet can never be lost as frequently happens in some of the more heavily orchestrated meets. I imagine that it takes considerable effort to achieve this relaxed environment and my hat(s) doff to those individuals who worked to make it all happen.

We hope to see you all (yes, even you, Martin) at Autumn Mog. ...Love, "Spider" John Bulyk, (Pres. N.Y. 3/4 Group)

PS Doug might want to print this in the Prestigious(?) Blurb - I love being quoted; even misquoted will do.

Editor comment; We originally didn't wish to print the foregoing, preferring to keep the Blurb prestigious. As for your plans for the Oban Inn, would you please clear them in advance with Mr Bridges.

RUNNING ON

Janet Hill of the New Forest, co-guest of honour and co-winner of the Great Bolton Rally seeks your help. Her photos of her trip to Canada were ruined and she'd like to replace a photo of herself at Bolton, preferably posed by Chris Charles' black Kustom Wheel +4 which she navigated to victory. Please send to Audrey Beer, RR3, Bolton, Ontario, LOP 1A0.

MORGAN IN THE GRASS

Peter Morgan will be guest of honour at the 1981 "Morgans On The Lawn" in California next Spring. Full particulars of his visit will be forwarded, upon application, to members wishing to present complaints in person.

MORGANS IN THE MEDIA

The English "Collectors' Car", current issue, has a feature and centrefold on the Morgan 3 Wheeler museum in Rolvenden, Kent. A forthcoming issue is reported to feature the photography of John Sheally II. Impossible as it may seem, the January (tentative) issue of "Cars & Parts" will have a feature on MOG '80 which is expected to be almost the equal of the report in the SNOBMOG Gazette. Of course, we should not omit to mention the splendidly (almost copiously) illustrated articles about MOG 80 and the factory in the Oct. & Nov. issues of the Japanese magazine *ジューパン*.

DRB

BOOKS FOR SALE

217 Davenport Rd.

Toronto (416) 922 8860

After some tense bargaining we are happy to include the flyer from DRB Motors who are paying the substantial postage for this heavy Blurb. DRB, being specialists in interesting motors, have gradually established a comprehensive inventory of motoring books. The flyer does not list their Morgan selection which follows;

Postwar MG & Morgan; J Blakemore, "Survivors"	\$35.95
Morgan; First&Last...; G.Bowden	18.75
More Morgan	G.Bowden 16.95
Morgan Sweeps the Board; 3 Wheelers	24.95
Morgan In The Colonies; J Sheally II	24.95
Four Wheeled Morgan; Vol I, Flat Rad; Ken Hill	14.95
Four Wheeled Morgan, Vol 2, Cowled Rad; expected Dec 1	

We understand that DRB also specialise in "wide Track" conversions to Aston Martin DBS's.

ELECTIONS

Don't forget, elections at the Christmas party Dec 13.

NEW MORGANS TO CANADA

Chris Charles is pleased to announce that arrangements have been completed in Canada for the propane conversion of new 4/4's and +8's. Regrettably, new Morgans will not be cheap. Chris can be reached at (519) 743 2491 or at 27 Wilhelm St, Kitchener, Ontario, N2H 5R7.

Calendar

Published by the U.K. 4 Wheeler club, the 1981 Calendar has 6 pen & ink sketches of 3 and 4 wheeler Morgans. Definitely worth having if past calendars from the MSCC are any guide. You will note in Mr Bulyk's letter on page 23 how delighted he was to receive a 1980 calendar as an award at Niagara - he finds it especially helpful in keeping track of time. Certainly, these calendars are cheaper than having the Smith's clock on your Fascia panel fixed. Send £1.90 per copy (incl postage) to Melody Nightingale (editor comment; Honest!), MSCC, Moat Cottage, Hampton Lovett, nr Droitwich, Worcs, England.

DAVE ROBERTSON NEEDS HELP

Dave Robertson is restoring a double spare '56 roadster and finds himself without the original white instrument controls (choke etc.). If you can help please call him at 416 935 0656 (St. Kitts).

JAGUAR CELEBRATION

The Ontario Jaguar Owners are celebrating their 21st Anniversary on Wed. Dec. 17 at the Valhalla Inn in Etobicoke in conjunction with their Awards night. \$20/person includes a quality meal. For details contact Gary Leeke 493-8275.

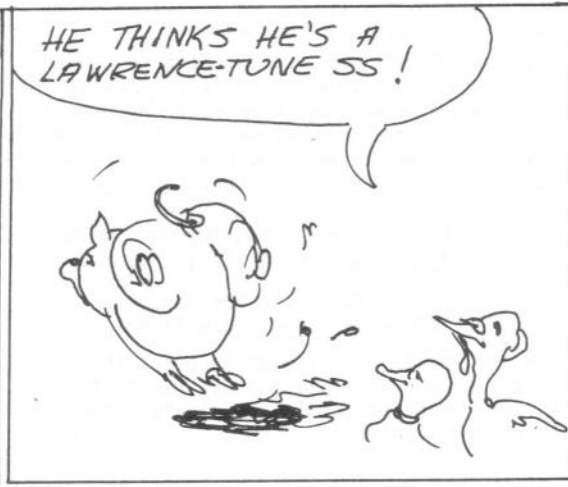
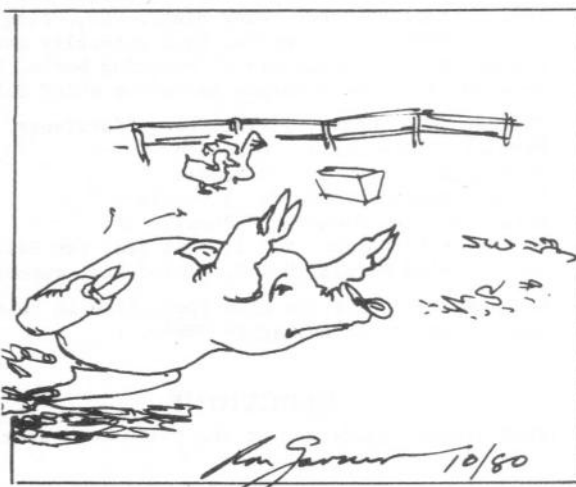
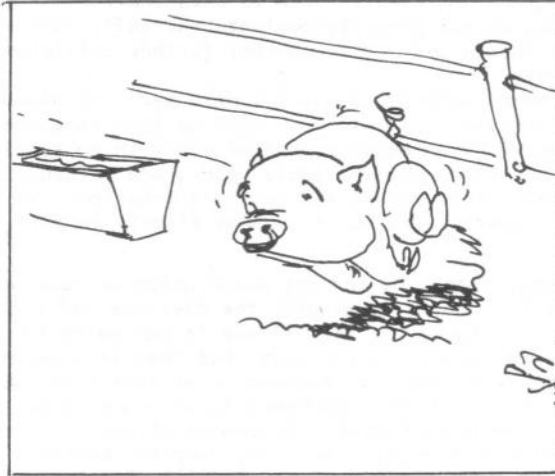
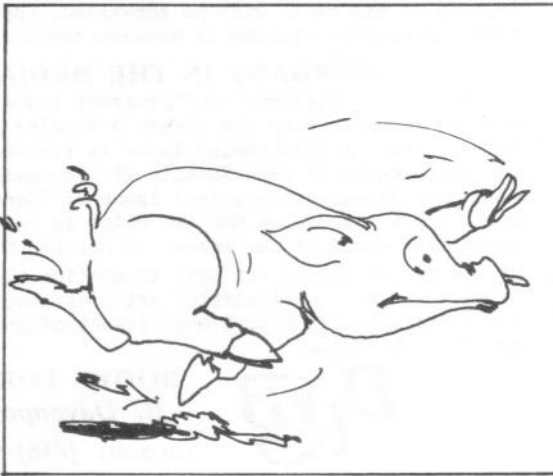
TECHNICAL

Technical Tip from Ernie Hennessey, organiser of the Blue Mountain Rally;

What have 1957 Buicks got in common with Rollaids?

consume 46 times their weight in gas.

Hogmog by Ron Garner



PARTIAL KIDNEY SAVER

BY STEVE BEER

Problem,- Fall and spring
drafts around your waist
and kidneys.

OUTSIDE FOLD

BOLT HOLE

3 7/16"

not
ACTUAL SIZE

INSIDE FOLD

INSIDE FOLD

Partial Solution; make covers for those gaping holes in 2 seater roadsters around the rear leaf spring front pivot mount.

This will not stop all drafts, of course, but it does help on one of the worst in cars not equipped with spring covers from the works. Use the pattern supplied, cut and fold, (pattern is for left and reverse folds for right) and modify to fit your particular car and wiring harness. Transfer pattern to aluminum or steel, drill and bolt together, and use woodscrews to install.

note that the pattern takes up a full 8½x11 page. In case your copy is slightly off-register, we have provided reference points (see arrows from a reference point to edge of original page). Please compare with distances on printed copy and compensate.

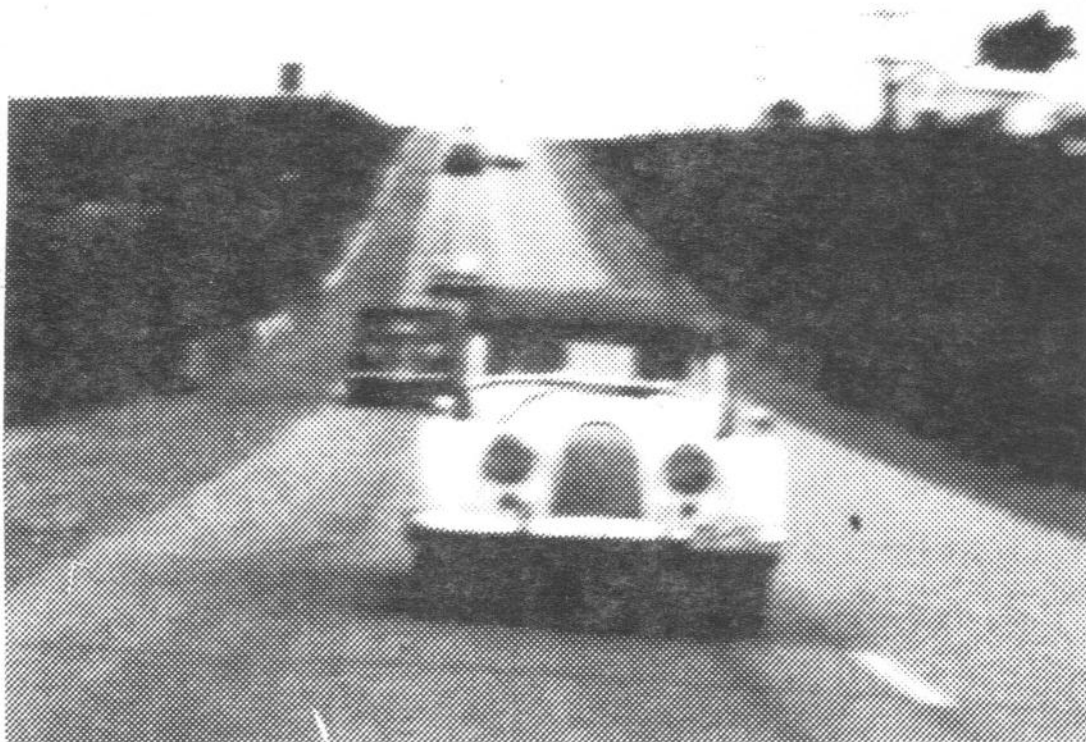
OUTSIDE FOLD

OUTSIDE FOLD

1 25/32"

5 3/16"

3 1/4"



Formidable Autumn Tourists, Sheldon Rayman and Liz Clarke, keeping ahead of Linda & Brian Rumohr who, having noted the hint in the September SNOBMOG Report, are mounting another attempt to place first in a HOGMOG event in an attempt to be noticed by the SNOBMOG Membership Committee. POLICE PHOTO.

Our thanks to Liz Clarke and Sheldon Rayman who, having already printed (at no charge) 3 issues of the Blurb early in the year, swallowed the cost of printing the December issue.

We apologise to them for the crummy state of the "copy" and appreciate their making such an effort to make it look good.

If you have any printing requirements please give them a call - tell them that The Editor sent you - at 445-9600.

DID YOU KNOW?

That watermelons do not ripen after picking.

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