

Autumn
2019

MSCC Yorkshire Centre Newsletter



Editorial

So, how was your summer? A wag once said that an English summer is three sunny days with a thunderstorm and they wouldn't be far wrong with what's been chucked at us this year. But it's not stopped our social club with members who drive Morgans having a good time. Ken Grindrod's unusual photo of the "queue" at Mouse Mog gets the coveted front cover slot and on page 26 there is a piece on their jaunt to Italy in May. Ken also organised his first event in June, promptly named the "Bladder Run" because of its length and you can read all about it on page 10. The (very) keen Greens have covered Mog 19 with a great article; we particularly liked their amusing take on the Concours. There's full coverage of the Yorkshire Weekend and Mouse Mog written by your editors with results and photos on page 12. You will all enjoy Viv Edward's article on page 28 on the trip down to Donorail called Planes and Cars and Train even if the weather did chuck it down on one of the days. Richard and Margaret Davis sent us a report on the gliding at Pocklington that features on page 32. Perhaps some of you saw the television programme on the Smithsonian channel called Aerial Britain? If not, turn to page 24 to find which lucky Morgan owners got to participate and how it all went.

Our next issue will come out just after Christmas and it will have coverage of the Raven Hall party - you are going, aren't you? Plus, an article on what it's like to have your Morgan serviced at Beamish. We will also be highlighting all the photos that are up for "best photo" to be awarded at the next AGM as well as the shortlist for the best articles. We have our work cut out this year as there is a long list! A big thank you to everyone who has sent us copy, especially the keen Greens and in-house photographer, Ken Grindrod!

Francis and Sheila

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John's Jottings



With summer now coming to an end, we still have a few weeks of October which can at times provide us with some lovely driving days. Our summer season has been busy and well filled with events for us to participate in, in particular the Yorkshire Weekend and Mouse Mog which was much enjoyed by everyone who attended and we were also blessed with some excellent weather. Many thanks to Jan for organising an excellent weekend. Also our thanks should go to everyone who has organised events for us over the past few months.

Although things have quietened down now event wise, we still have our YUMMS, Christmas Carol Evening and the Christmas Weekend at Raven Hall to look forward to.

For me though, the next few months tend to be a bit busier. By the time you read this I will have been to the NCM at Ansty near Coventry; towards the end of November we will be having our Planning Meeting so get your thinking caps on for ideas for next year's events. Remember though we don't just need ideas, we also need members who are willing to organise them as well. Sunday 12th January 2020 is our AGM so a bit more work for me setting that up. I will be sending out notifications etc. over the next few weeks. As yet we still don't have anyone willing or prepared to stand for Vice Secretary.

It is always nice to welcome new members and July saw Kevin Fitzharris, James and Clare White, and Lawrence and Clare Roberts joining our ranks. Welcome to each and everyone of you and I look forward to meeting you in the near future at one of our events.

Sadly, recently we learnt of the passing of Doug Bingham who had been a member of Yorkshire Centre for many years, we send our condolences to Margaret and family.

Finally, as usual, my thanks go to Sheila and Francis for all their hard work in preparing our newsletter, thanks to everyone who sent in articles but remember without your contributions there would be no newsletter, so keep sending them in.

All the best

John and Mal



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MOG 19: The Victory Run

Morgans in Nelson's County

(Or 'Of course it's a Concours - don't you Yorkshire Folk know 'owt?')

This year's 'Mog Event' was held at Dunston Hall, Norwich, Norfolk over the weekend of June 21st to 23rd.

Being 181 miles from home we decided to set off after the morning rush on Friday 21st. After a slow start with the usual M62 morning traffic being delayed even further by a car fire necessitating lane closures, fire engines and police cars across 2 lanes, we moved swiftly on via the A1 to Newark and the turning onto the A17. Here the traffic was stationary (again) and after about 15 minutes we'd managed to join the sliproad onto the A17 roundabout, where a large sign declared 'New junction lay-out, improving the A17'. 'Well,' I thought, 'it must have been horrendous before if this is new and improved!' Then as we were almost at the roundabout, we heard those old familiar sirens of a fast approaching police car. There'd been a collision on the Newark exit that meant all the traffic heading in that direction was using half a lane width plus some of the grass verge. Moving on from there we had plain sailing towards Sleaford and Kings Lynn. As we approached Sleaford, we felt the need for a coffee and comfort break so looked for a suitable stop. Having passed a couple of lay-bys with 'toilets' advertised we decided to give those a miss. A short way further, on the left we flew past a layby with a nicely white-washed café just beyond it. Hurrying past I noticed that there were 3 or 4 Morgans in their car park, so a turn at a junction down the road saw us back at 'Garwick Café', where we met up with the other Morganeers, headed by Yorkshire's very own Maurice and Pamela Denton. Five Morgans on the forecourt made an attractive view. The coffee was good too!

The others were heading to Mog 19, but were staying at various hotels around Norwich before moving on to meet even more Yorkshire Centre Morganeers in Suffolk, after the weekend.

Back on the road we made steady progress through heavily trafficked roads, allowing that we were in rural, farming country we didn't do too badly, arriving at Dunston Hall early afternoon.



Once we'd registered our attendance, received our room allocation and goody-bag (the subject of some comment as the weekend progressed, more of that later), we settled into a well-furnished and recently up-graded bedroom with all the facilities you needed. 400 Morgans had been registered for the event, and as the weather promised to hold, the organisers were expecting more each day as visitors.

Morgans everywhere! Many from all parts of The UK, but also from Holland, Belgium, France and Germany plus one intrepid couple from Sweden.

Back in the car-park, people were busy unloading, meeting up with friends old and new, some took the opportunity to sit and watch the comings and goings, enjoying a glass or two of wine and just relaxing before getting ready for the welcoming evening buffet in the marquee at the side of the hall. A very busy affair, with informal grouping of people, 10 to a table enjoying an ample and constantly refreshed self-service BBQ type fare.

During the day, we met up with many friends from the Yorkshire Centre, which was well represented with visitors from all parts of Yorkshire, some coming for the day before moving on to other venues.

Having received a plea, by-email from our illustrious Centre Secretary, for volunteers to subject themselves to the rigours of The Concours (apparently there had been insufficient numbers to make the event viable, with pressure from a certain company that were sponsoring the awards – more were needed). Not being clued up as to what it all entailed, we mulled over ‘making one in’ to keep the event alive. Anyway, we’d sleep on it and see what tomorrow brings.

It brought a bright but cool morning and after a hearty breakfast (by now it was 09-15), we decided to give the Concours a go. Big mistake! Bearing in mind that a volunteer is just someone who misunderstood the question in the first place. So, out to the appropriate parking area we went.



You'll note that people were all over the place, washing, polishing, dusting, spraying, displaying all manner of bits and pieces, and you'll also note that there is no activity at our 'Isa' – anyway, we found the registration desk, signed on, paid a fee (shock horror to a Yorkshire couple) and were informed that judging started in 20 minutes at 10am. Good job we'd removed the 2 million or so dead

flies from the front of the car yesterday! We should have had a clue what was about to happen when our entry number was 13, out of.....13! Still, a faint heart and all that, I thought we'd better at least put the carpet mats straight and throw the sweet wrappers out. A horn sounded and no sooner I was joined in the car (me at the drivers' side on hands and knees picking up bits of rubbish) by a lady in the passenger side with a clip-board. Strange, 'Who are you?' asked I. 'A judge,' said she, and continued, 'judging's started, too late for that now'. Well, there you go, at that whilst putting the hood cover neatly back, another fine gentleman joined in saying, 'For concours you need the hood up.' Oh bother, so up went the hood. He continued 'Can I see your tools?' – well, that is something us Yorkshire Folk know about. Pulling out the waterproof jackets, umbrella, and other necessities from the rear ledge, I lifted the cover to

display the jack, wheel wooden knock-off thing and a couple of other bits of vital equipment, to the echoes of 'Could do with a bit of a vac out'. It was at that point that I'm sure I heard Susan say 'Well if you've nothing better to do, get on with it!' It became clear that we'd missed the point of all this, and were definitely not going to be a winner! Still, we did take part, probably helped to make someone else's car look brilliant and it's all part of life's experience. A bit like trapping your hand in a door, and I won't try that again either!

After that, we were free to visit the trade and craft stands, enjoying friendly chat, banter and coffee with many of them. They were set out in 2 distinct areas, one to the front of the venue, with dealers, suppliers, services and accessories there, the other to the rear of the hall, alongside and in the marquee. All seemed to be doing a brisk trade with crowds of people enjoying the event. Not everyone agreed with the layout, but, you can't please all the people all of the time (or some any of the time)!

There was a pianist playing in the Hotel lobby, 3 lady singers outside, entertaining seated spectators with modern and period songs, a mechanical organ playing popular tunes. The organisers had provided details of many events and places to visit off site, so some took the opportunity to venture into the beautiful Norfolk countryside. Others took part in the walking treasure hunt in Norwich city centre.



That evening was the Gala Dinner. 280 guests enjoyed the meal and were later entertained by the speaker, a retired Met. Police officer and Forensic Scientist, much to the delight of most of those gathered there. His subject matter reflected the nature of his career's work, and a few found it a little too graphic on an odd occasion. I personally found it very amusing and almost fell off my chair with laughter. The evening was rounded off with music and dancing to the group 'Cranmog +5', typical of Morgan related matters, there were 7 of them. Anyway, their mixture of music was much appreciated by all, with the dance floor full until well after the scheduled finish.

Sunday saw many events, plus of course the chance to re-visit the trade and craft stands. Off site was held the gymkhana and autosolo at the former RAF Coltishall

There was also the awards ceremony for the Concours winners.....guess who didn't win?

Later in the afternoon was the much awaited Afternoon Cream Tea. Well, the least said about that the better, but suffice to say, not well received, 1 scone, jam and cream and a self-service tea or coffee.....once sufficient of each had been found to supply all those that had paid good money up front! There was, however, a 3 piece jazz group playing outside for the benefit of the attendees. They were well received and much appreciated.



An evening buffet had been arranged that gave the opportunity to 'fill up' and to catch up and chat with friends, and to make new ones.

Monday morning seemed to arrive all too quickly. Most of the attendees were packing cars and heading for home. The trade stands were dismantled, some leaving the previous evening, the car park emptied and the hotel returned to its tranquil self.

Having travelled a fair way to get to Dunston, we'd decided, before the event, to book 2 extra nights at the hotel and use the days to explore a little further afield. So on Monday we visited Cromer, Felbrigg Hall and Blickling Hall before finding a great country pub for an evening meal, The Recruiting Sergeant, at Horstead, just outside Coltishall.

Tuesday we saw heavy rain overnight, but by 09-30am it had cleared and dried up, with warm sunshine. A trip into Suffolk took us passed a farmhouse we'd stayed in previously (was it really 38 years since we were last there?). Parking in the pier carpark in Southwold, we enjoyed a seafront walk, a drink and stroll along the pier. On returning to the carpark we were pleased to see 3 Morgans with their owners, from of course Yorkshire and a couple from Germany, who we'd seen at Mog19.

From there it was a trip north, up the coast to visit the Horsey Wind Pump (more tea here) and then on for an evening meal at The King's Head, at Marsham before returning for our last night at Dunston.

After breakfast on Wednesday we packed the car and headed for home, calling en-route at Old Hunstanton, where we visited the lifeboat station. It's one of only 4 around our coast that has a hovercraft. Placed there because of the treacherous sands and fast tides, the documentation shows it's used almost everyday during the height of the summer months, and all manned by volunteers (remember what I said about volunteers)?

We managed to find another good pub there too, 'The Ancient Mariner Inn'. Well worth a visit.

After that, back home via King's Lynn, Newark and our old friend, M62. All in all, A Reight Good Do! Thanks to All involved.

Mike and Susan ('The Keen Greens')



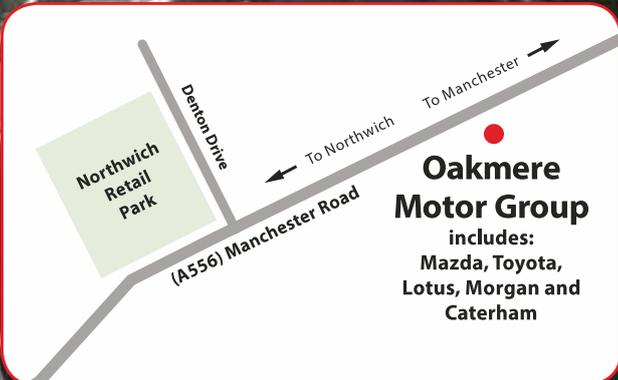
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Lanes and Moors Scenic Drive

.... now called The Bladder Run!

Sunday, 23rd June

Ken and Helen Grindrod's first go at organising a Morgan run was epic. Not only was it 100 miles long but it was completed on mostly B roads with little or no traffic. This distance is way beyond the average Morgan owner's bladder range so Ken thoughtfully indicated several comfort stops.



Expecting to suffer malnutrition, rickets and scurvy on such a journey many members had an extra breakfast at the Balloon Tree Garden Centre starting point. Luckily the weather was fair and warm after several weeks of rain and cold temperatures. After a sensible start in small groups the cars bunched up at a level crossing but then thinned out travelling north through the Cleveland Hills. We turned south just 9 miles from Middlesbrough. The scenery showed Yorkshire at its finest and the return journey over the North York Moors was equally stunning. At times we were above the tree line, sometimes amongst the heather and often in verdant valleys.

The only traffic queue involved the Triumph Car Club at a cross roads, who, interestingly, we met later heading towards us!

Close to the finishing point at Castle Howard we got lost, not unusual for the Claytons you may think... we never realised there was a Malton and a Marton in the same area! On eventually arriving at Castle Howard, the surviving Morgans lined up on the edge of the cricket pitch whilst the owners went in search of yet more food and coffee. Suitably refreshed and

returning to the cars, we found that Ken had arranged for the Morgans to be allowed access to the private drive to park at the front of the castle for a great photo opportunity.



As far as we are aware all Morgans and owners are accounted for and all will now lie in darkened rooms and garages to await the next Bladder Run!

Thank you Ken and Helen for a superbly organised Grand Day Out in God's Own County.

John and Sue Clayton



Yorkshire Weekend and MouseMog 2019

Ripon, 5th-7th July,

Early on the Friday morning, having decided to risk leaving the side-screens at home, we had a wind-blasted drive down the A1 and M1 to Wortley Hall, near Barnsley, for the start of the 2019 Yorkshire Weekend – the “Yorkshire Centre ‘Grand Départ’ Tribute Tour”. After meeting up with everyone, we collected our goody bags and sat down to our ‘cream tea’ (tea or coffee and a scone), which set us up for the day ahead. The goody bag contained a nice surprise –



The same – but subtly different in the seat area

a chocolate Morgan coloured-matched to each of our cars, individually made by Jan herself. They struck me as looking remarkably similar to the bars of Morgan soap we got in the goody bags at Mog '94 at York!

Then the first day's scenic run. The tour followed as far as practicable the route of the 2014 Grand Départ, and took us through Holmfirth, Huddersfield, Ripponden, Sowerby Bridge, Hebden Bridge and Keighley. The Tour de France cyclists in 2014 had the benefit of closed roads and police escorts – unfortunately, we did not! There seemed to be lot of vehicles milling about in West Yorkshire on a Friday – and needless to say there were traffic jams from Holmfirth to Keighley. ‘Tour de torture’

as someone put it. After Keighley – liberation! The horses could be unleashed! There were some lovely views on the way and some great driving roads, but the run would probably be best done at 6 am on a Sunday morning. The route continued through Silsden and Addingham, then onto the A59 towards Harrogate, and north to Ripon and the Ripon Spa Hotel. (Sheila and I diverted south to spend the night at home – and to feed the cat!)



“Chocks away! Ready for take-off, Cap'n Edwards”

We arrived at the hotel car park the following morning where we met up with those doing the Saturday run. After comparing notes and a bit of tinkering under bonnets, people began to set off for the day. The route covered fairly familiar Yorkshire Dales territory, but, unusually, it went anti-clockwise giving a different perspective to normal. So, up to Reeth via Leyburn, crossing the bridge at Grinton, which tragically was washed away in the terrible August floods. And then a slow crawl along



the busy and narrow Swaledale valley. We then turned left just after Muker onto the infamous Buttertubs Pass, where we stopped for our picnic. It was surprisingly quiet up there, a gang of motorbikes but not many cars – two Morgans passed us while we were having our break. After that downhill to Hawes, east to Aysgarth, southwest to Grassington, then east through Pateley Bridge and back to Ripon and the hotel. A grand day out!

Sue Franklin took this photo from their Plus 8 on the Buttertubs Pass

out!) and on to the cathedral. There we were unexpectedly treated to a fine singing exhibition by an American church choir who were on a 12 day tour of English cathedrals, singing their repertoire of classic and modern religious works in each. As there were about 50 of them, they made a splendid sound which seemed to lift the roof off when at full volume. All unadvertised – just singing for their own pleasure, and for the glory of God, to the delight of those who happened to be there at the time.

Back at the hotel after freshening up and meeting everyone at the bar, we enjoyed our dinner, which seemed to last until the staff hinted that it was time for them to tidy up.

After a full English the next morning (early brunch really) was the mini-Départ to Mouse Hall, the home of Jan and Mark, for Mouse Mog. The format was the same as last year – two timed rounds each, the winners being decided by the closest times of each run. The aim was 'accuracy and consistency'. So high speeds were not necessary, but that did not stop some of us doing their best to beat the clock, sometimes scattering cones everywhere. But others were very successful going round quite sedately.

Francis



Two competitors queue up, raring to go



Ken Grindrod

Tony Franklin reverses through the slalom to win his class

The results: the numbers are the time differences in seconds:

4/4 Class

WINNER – David Haigh – 6, *(Photo 1)*

John Clayton – 18, Simon Lawson – 21, Neil Baxendale – 28

+4 Class

WINNER and OVERALL WINNER – Ken Grindrod – 4, *(Photos 2 and 6)*

Richard Cole – 5, Andy Lucas – 9, Alan Smith – 9, Derek Bacon – 12, Richard Lee – 15, John Forrest – 17, David Stanton – 20, Adrian Brewer – 24, John Anderson – 31

Roadster/ +8 Class

WINNER – Tony Franklin – 6, *(Photo 3)*

Dave Bright – 10, Francis Elvins – 11, Bill Lievesley – 44, Peter Wingrove – 49, Maurice Denton – 53

Ladies

WINNER – Lynda Boucher – 18, *(Photo 4)*

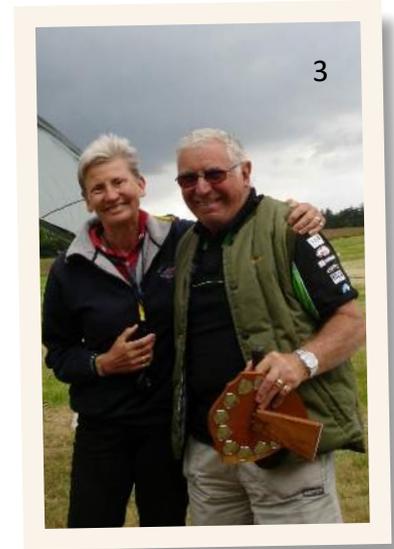
Diane Bright – 21, Sue Franklin – 57

Most Penalties

Derek Bacon – Winner of Wooden Spoon award *(Photo 5)*

Fastest Lap (no prize)

Dave Bright – 2 min 21 sec



A Fly on the Morgan's Bonnet at the Yorkshire Grand Prix 2019

Ey up, 'ere we are again at the Yorkies' annual testosterone-fuelled competition, where on a hot day like today the competitors all seem to be smelling quite nicely of Lynx deodorant, and they all managed to bring the necessary accessory tucked away in the Morgan's glovebox of spare Y-fronts. Motor Sport is DANGEROUS. "It's almost like a rite of passage," said Jan Lawson-Eccelstone, Chief Motor Sport Executive of today's tournament. Ah, yes. Good old British quirkiness, as Jan explains alongside her number two, Mark, a retired entrepreneur and philanthropist, just what is involved in the day's proceedings. Apparently, the ultimate aim is accuracy and consistency and after driving the course twice the winner will be the driver with the closest times. There was also a rat involved which is something that Lewis Hamilton never has to deal with. Nerves of steel these Yorkies.



Where's the end of the queue?

And so we begin. Or do we? There appears to be only one contender in the pits whilst the drivers nervously watch what happens next. What happens next is the driver gets a navigator, so we have the very experienced team of Sir John Anderson-Surtees partnered

with Neil Edwards-Andretti. Hmm, this should be good, me thinks. As they disappear into the distance, they really did disappear. Where are they, everyone wondered? Have they taken the top corner at speed and come a cropper? No, it apparently had started to rain and Andretti wanted to put the Morgan's hood up. After that, the queue began because everyone wanted to have a go. This was part of the fun because the Yorkies are an odd, masochistic lot that like nothing more than to spot a Morgan queue and ask "Excuse me, is this the end of the queue?" This is how Britishness works. Anyway, Jan Eccelstone dealt with everyone firmly, smiled sweetly and dealt with everyone's passive-aggressiveness to a tee. Even though it's world-class in Yorkiland. The next driver was ... oh, my gosh it's the legendry Maurice Denton-Mansell, sometimes called the Oracle with his chief navigator, Pamela. Alas, It did not go well. There were problems in the Chicane, a bit of aquaplaning and the G Force to contend with. Plus, apparently, Pamela's navigating in the cockpit. After completing the course, he was heard complaining to Eccelstone that microphones should be compulsory on all dashboards next year. I fear not, as flies on bonnets have standards, you should know,



Where's that bloody cone!

I should mention at this point, the sterling work the race steward was doing; the Captain's wife gets all the best jobs. Top Gun, David Bright-Senna, is out of the pits like a bat out of hell and living by the mantra "if everything seems under control, you're not going fast enough". It earns him the fastest time of the day in a car with the most miles on the clock. His co-pilot, Diane looked shaken and stirred and demanded that sick bags be now compulsory (as well as the spare Y-fronts). The next petrol-head heading out of the pits is smooth operator, Ken Grindrod-Hamilton, a virgin F1 Morgan racer but keen as they come. Faultless driving skills puts him into pole position and qualifying times wins him the driver of the day. We had three ladies competing for the lady's trophy: perhaps this was because Michele Baily-Schumacher was racing at Silverstone? Regardless, Lynda Boucher-Moss, just back from track-racing at Montlhery, took the trophy.



Shaken and stirred!

Prize-giving shields, trophies and bottles of plonk. No champagne spraying around on the podium, like you see on the telly. Well, they wouldn't would they? They're from Yorkshire. Let's end with something that we should all remember "Speed never killed anyone; suddenly becoming stationary – that's what kills you." An apt metaphor for life don't you think? Well done everybody.

Sheila, aka the fly on the bonnet

with regard to unprintable words. Next on the course, was the Rocket, Bill Fangio, a legend in Yorkiland. My gosh, his Morgan sounds like no other here today; what's he running it on, Jet Fuel? Probably, knowing Fangio. Alas, he too, had problems with the G Force but it was his experience with the "cones" in the Chicane that he managed to become unstuck. After demolishing several, one firmly became imbedded under the Morgan's axle. They say in racing, that your car goes where your eyes go – it's off to Specsavers sharpish for you Bill then.

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Me and my Motor - John Forrest

All Roads Lead to Malvern



It's a fair old trek up to Elloughton in East Yorkshire from Harrogate, so John suggests that Dobbies garden centre just off York ring road would be a good halfway point to meet up, as well as having a cuppa and a bun. And, like the well-organised Centre Secretary he is, he comes laden with notes and suitable photographs. Good job really, as my shorthand notes are rubbish now and it causes a laugh later on when I slip up with "Obadiah". Read on...

I had heard that John had had a relative working in the Morgan factory but never got to hear all the details, so it was a lovely surprise to hear the story unfold and that John was actually born in Malvern in 1945. His mum was a Malvern lass although her father, Arthur Frith, came originally from Stavely, near Chesterfield (we'll come back to Arthur later on). When John was not quite two, his parents left Malvern to live in a small village not far from Manchester near to where his paternal grandparents lived. As is the case with many engineers in their formative years, Meccano sets, bikes and all things mechanical all played a part, firmly encouraged by Dad whose background was in radio and radar.

On leaving school in 1960, John started an engineering apprenticeship at Mirrlees Bikerton and Day, a Stockport based company which manufactured large medium-speed diesel engines for marine, rail and power station applications and as John puts it, "It was a good old-fashioned heavy engineering," which gave him an excellent early grounding. He gained an HNC and on completion worked in the Research and Development department. However, as an ambitious

young engineer, he left in 1968 and joined a plastics vacuum forming company as a Works Engineer and progressed with his studies, eventually becoming a Chartered Engineer. As I haven't a clue what vacuum forming is, I ask him for further details; it seems vacuum forming is a process used extensively by the caravan industry to produce washrooms, shower cubicles, external panels and so on. Of course, those who went on the Swift caravan visit will know all about this! The company had over the years become a major supplier to all the UK touring caravan manufacturers and John was now Technical Director. However, in 1991, the owners sold most of the caravan business to a competitor, Thompson Plastics in Hull, which necessitated a move over the Pennines to east Yorkshire. Not an easy decision, he tells me, and he became Product Development Manager for the caravan side of the business. Unfortunately, in 2007, there was a management buy-out and he was made redundant. Early retirement, however, was not on the cards as he is now very happily free-lancing doing contract repair work for Swift Caravans and a couple of principle suppliers. I have the feeling he really does not want to fully retire and will more than likely carry on until he can no longer climb in and out of caravans!

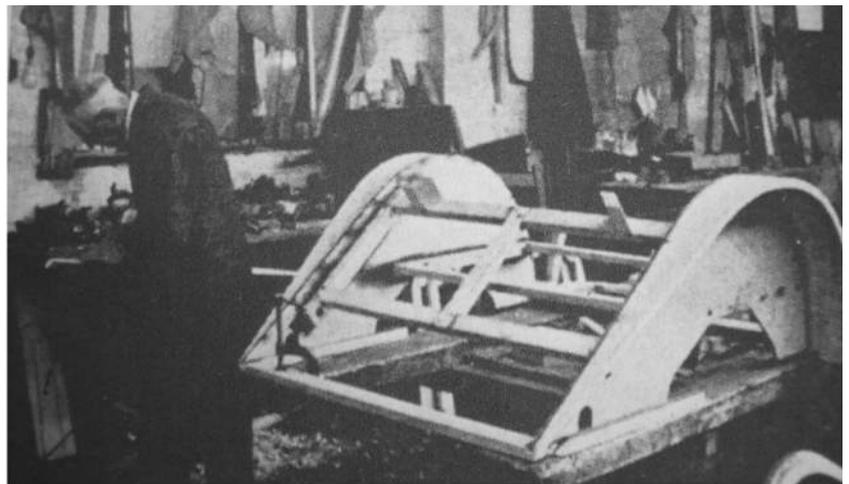
Nostalgia kicks in when he tells me all about his posh Harry Hall bike fully fitted out with Campagnolo parts, apparently a beautiful racing cycle, but wasted on him as it was only used for mucking about on. Then there was a 350cc Panther Redwing that John describes as a "bit of a one pot lump" and not really ideal for a first motor bike. It all came to an end one day, he tells me, when it went into the back of a car, the car's hydraulic brakes being a lot more effective than the bike's cable and rod ones. After examining the "head size dent" in the car's boot, back he went to the posh push one, eventually selling it in 1964 for £25 and buying



his first car for £15. The car was a 1947 Ford Anglia "Coffin Nose" (*stock photo on left*) and caused some confusion when transcribing my notes later on when I have to ring up John and ask him where exactly is Obadiah and what was he doing there? John replies "It's the name of the blinking car!" which his best friend's grandmother had named "Obadiah", a car she loved, apparently because it was the only car she could get in without taking her hat off! This was the car that he passed his test in at 20. Other cars followed including a Ford Squire that John laughingly describes as basically a Thames van with windows and a bit of false wood on the sides. When it eventually met its end one dark and icy night it was more a case of being "swept up" rather than towed away! Its replacement in 1967 was a 1954 VW Beetle with the small oval rear window and was the car on which he learnt a lot about maintaining and repairing cars. One was recently advertised, he tells me, for £34,000! The Beetle was followed by two Volvo Amazon 122s which he modified with engine upgrades and twin carbs, taking the spec up to

that of the P1800s. In 1973, another Volvo came along, an early 144s, and what he says was the nicest looking one with the small bumpers before Volvo started fitting RSJ's for bumpers. He regretted selling it to buy a 1973 Audi 100LS but the Audi was the first car that didn't need an MOT, albeit only by a few months. This was another car that eventually needed another engine re-build but he chalked it up to good experience. In 1979, the perks of company cars (those were the days) came on to the scene and a succession of Chrysler Horizon, Ford Capri, Vauxhall Cavaliers, Saab 900, Rover 216GTi, Volvo 440SE, VW Golfs, until the final one, a VW Bora which came with John when he retired and kept for 10 years, describing it as a real work-horse. Today, John drives an Audi A3, at which point we'll leave the tin-tops and head over to Morganland.

John's connection with Morgans goes back to his grandfather, Arthur Frith, who started working at the factory just after the First World War. He really deserves a separate article as a tribute. Arthur went through the War in the RFC as a Flight Sergeant Observer, flying reconnaissance missions over enemy lines. During the Second World War he worked for Flight Refuelling at the Morgan Factory



on aircraft de-icing systems. A pattern maker by trade, Arthur worked in Morgan's Wood shop often, John tells me, having to interpret HFS Morgan's blackboard sketches and ideas into workable solutions. In the 1950's, one job in particular was to produce the original tooling patterns and mock-ups for the modern style wings and cowl. Meanwhile, the everyday work was assembling the ash frames. John has no evidence to substantiate it, but he would be surprised if Arthur had not made the famous rear wheel arch clamping jig that is still in use today. In 1958, he took over as foreman of the Body Shop and believes he stayed in that role until 1967/8 when he retired in his late 70's. An extraordinary man, who no doubt would be as pleased as punch to see his grandson driving a Plus 4 today. The photo of Arthur at his

DATE	NO	TYPE	DESCR	MOUNT	FINAL
	299	F. Sides	Baker	Baker	Cheapy
	300	"	Tapping	Tapping	Cheapy
19/4/28	301	Cooper	Cookell	Hill	Cheapy
	302	"	Fish	Hill	Cheapy
	303	"	Hill	Hill	Cheapy
	304	"	Cookell	Hill	Cheapy
	305	"	Fish	Fish	Cheapy
	306	"	Cookell	Hill	Cheapy
	307	"	Fish	Fish	Cookell
	308	"	Fish	Fish	Cheapy
	309	"	Fish	Fish	Cheapy

bench was taken in about 1960 and is taken from an article Road and Track Magazine did on Morgans. It was reprinted in the Brooklands Book "Morgan 4 Wheelers 1936-1967". The other photo shows a page from the workbook ledger held in the Morgan factory with Arthur's signatures in it. For those of you who keep your back issues of Miscellany (February 2015, page 39) Arthur is mentioned in the article "The

History of the Morgan Hardtop" as he was the body shop foreman and involved in preparing YUY 224 for the 1960 Monte Carlo Rally.

In 2007 Mal bought John a Morgan Factory Driving Experience and the long-dormant Morgan bug was re-ignited. He joined MSCC in the same year and then the Yorkshire Centre the year after. They finally decided to buy their present car, a 1993 Plus 4 in 2009 from Lifes Motors. "Molly" the Morgan, is now part of the family. "What would be your dream car?" I ask, and in the rather crowded Forrest fantasy garage, we home in on just one for his daily driver, a Beacham Jaguar MKII V8. John and Mal have actually never done any overseas trips in the Morgan preferring the take it on jaunts to the wonderful British countryside, staying in very nice hotels and touring each day with a hamper on the back of the Morgan. All quintessentially British.

Finally, we shouldn't forget John's sterling work as Centre Secretary. I remember at the 2014 Annual General Meeting when there was a vacancy for Vice Secretary, John was the only nominee. A deathly silence and we all said "Who's John Forrest?" Well, the man has certainly made his mark since then, becoming Centre Secretary in 2015, and my nickname for him is Mr Communicator - what would we do without such people? John, who hates fuss, would probably tell me "to stop mithering". And I will, but not before we all at Yorkshire Centre say a great big thank you to you and your number two, Mal.

Sheila





Car of The Month

2017 Morgan 4/4

We are delighted to offer for sale this stunning 2017 Morgan 4/4. This example is presented in Morgan Sport Black with tan yarwood leather interior and black dashboard. This lovely Morgan has had one owner from new, covering only 4,302 miles and is still covered by Manufacturers Warranty until October 2019. Specifications include, embroidered headrests, easy-up hood, luggage rack with sidescreen storage and black spoke alloys.

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Corsa Red / Black Leather and Walnut dash. 27,000 miles

£42,990



Morgan 4/4 Anniversary Model

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2015 Morgan Plus 4

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Me and my Motor - IDS

Iain Duncan Smith is perhaps now the Morgan owner best known to the general public, so we couldn't resist including this item taken from the 14th July edition of the Sunday Times Magazine.



BUMPS IN THE ROAD Iain Duncan Smith says his Morgan attracts many "thumbs up" but makes for a rough ride

Me and My Motor

Leading Brexiteer Iain Duncan Smith votes for a classic

Politicians are at times just as keen to escape politics as the rest of us, it turns out. Iain Duncan Smith, the prominent Brexiteer and former Conservative Party leader, confesses that when the pressure gets too much he takes refuge behind the wheel of his very British Morgan sports car.

Taking charge of Boris Johnson's leadership campaign hasn't made it any easier to tear himself away from Westminster, but when he does, his favourite way to unwind is pootling along country lanes with the top down.

Only about 850 Morgans are made each year, all assembled by hand in the company's Worcestershire factory, and Duncan Smith says it is "quite unlike driving a modern car".

"When you look through the tiny windscreen, you see what appears to be yards of bonnet," he grins. "Other motorists are always winding down their windows and giving me the thumbs up. There's a real nostalgia for classic British cars from an era when they built cars to look good, not to be aerodynamic."

Following an outing in March to meet other Tory bigwigs at Chequers, pictures of Duncan Smith, 65, and his Plus 4 went viral and he received emails from around the country. "The only thing they were interested in was the Morgan — not Chequers, Europe or Brexit."

It's regrettable, he confesses, that the firm that makes his quintessentially British sports car was recently sold to an Italian investment bank. "I'm deeply saddened," he said, "but nevertheless proud to own a car made in the UK which is so obviously British. It's the sort of car you really have to drive and you feel every bump on the road, but that's half the fun of it."

The son of a Second World War RAF flying ace and a ballcrina, Duncan Smith's first car was a BMW 3-series, which he got in 1975 during his army days — he was in the Scots Guards from 1975-81 — and "drove all over Europe". The speedometer broke on his way to Munster, Germany, where his battalion was based.

"The dial was stuck at zero — I had no idea how fast I was going."

After selling the BMW, he bought a stylish Lancia Fulvia coupé from his father. "That was a wonderful car — the love of my

life." Presumably with the exception of his wife, Betsy, whom he married in 1982. "The Italians are fantastic engineers. It was unbelievably responsive."

Before leaving the army, Duncan Smith took a heavy goods vehicle driving course in a four-ton Bedford, "which I thought might be useful while I was looking for a job," he says. "I must have eaten more chip butties at transport cafes over those two weeks than in all the years since."

After starting a family with Betsy — the couple have four children, aged 26 to 32 — he bought a series of estate cars. "The idea of sporty cars goes out of the window when you have a family," says Duncan Smith, who has been the MP for the constituency including Chingford since 1992.

He became Tory leader in 2001 and the following year bought his second-hand, fully reconditioned Morgan Plus 4, in British racing green. His official car was a black Vauxhall Omega V6 (he remained as leader until 2003). In 2010, David Cameron made him work and pensions secretary, a job he held until 2016. His everyday car for the past 12 years has been a second-hand Range Rover, which he "got cheap because the gearbox had gone", but which turned out to be a good buy.

And should he decide to turn his back on politics, he does have that HGV licence to fall back on

Driving

Life



MY LIFE IN CARS

1975
BMW 3-series



1979
Lancia Fulvia



1981
4-ton Bedford truck



2001
Vauxhall Omega V6



2002
Morgan Plus 4 (main picture)

2006
Range Rover



MY DREAM CAR
Aston Martin DB5
"Sadly, completely unaffordable!"



The Sunday Times Magazine • 99

Here is the link to read it on-line:

<https://www.thetimes.co.uk/article/me-and-my-motor-the-leading-brexiteer-iain-duncan-smith-vpr6rn6w>

Morgans on the Moors



Last September, five Morgans could be seen driving across the North Yorkshire Moors, with a drone hovering over them, filming. Their owners, including Richard and Sandi Cole, Peter and Carol Seward, and David and Liz Stanton, had been invited by Dublin-based Tile Films to take part in a series called Aerial Britain. This had been commissioned by the American Smithsonian Institute for broadcast on their TV channel - now available in the UK (Freeview channel 99 if you can get it). As it has now been broadcast (the Northern England episode was first shown on June 14th), Tile Films have generously sent us some stills from their footage and allowed us to publish them in our humble newsletter.

Sandi recalls that they met at Egton Hall near Whitby, then spent three hours being filmed, firstly in a colour co-ordinated convoy (red, green, red, blue, red) by a drone that flew above and alongside them, and then each car individually with a camera inside the car filming the driver. All for three minutes of fame in the final cut. They then all drove to Whitby to a “very, very nice” fish restaurant and were all treated to lunch. The weather was perfect, and they all seemed to have had a great time.

Our grateful thanks go to Tile Films and the Smithsonian for permission to publish these fantastic pictures. It’s a pity that these pages are too small to do them proper justice.

Francis





David and Liz Stanton lead the pack



Richard and Sandi Cole, right and below



“Mustn’t fluff this gear change while they’re filming!”

“Don’t look at the camera, don’t look at the camera, don’t...”

(See also the ‘back cover’ for another shot)

La Bella Italia with the Grindrods

When Ken's photos of his three week jaunt to Italy in his Plus 4 pinged into the newsletter inbox, it was chucking it down outside here in Harrogate. Ah well, we needed a bit of cheering up and Italy's stunning landscape certainly did the trick. That and a bottle of Chianti later that evening.



Ken and Helen's destination was a rather gorgeous, characterful holiday-bond property in Stigliano, Tuscany, just east of Siena. As well as visiting all the local attractions, Ken very much wanted to visit the Ferrari factory and had emailed them beforehand to ask if a tour was possible and to take photographs of the factory. No reply was forthcoming, but Ken being a very dogged Yorkshireman contacted his local Ferrari dealer who said don't worry about it and go ahead.

One of the highlights of the trip was taking the Morgan over the Splügen Pass that connects southern Switzerland into northern Italy. It was a clear sunny day with virtually deserted roads and was one of the most memorable drives they have ever had in the Morgan.



On the journey home they stopped in Monaco for lunch (as you do) and the three-wheeler in the photo (*next page*) just happened to drive past. The car was registered in Switzerland and the driver was quite friendly according to Ken. But why was he driving with a life-size teddy next to him in the car?

There is no Morgan in the photo that they took on the way home but we could not resist showing you the fantastic photo of Chartres cathedral that Ken took on the longest day of the year at 11pm in the evening.

With some superb photos of the Morgan on the trip, we could not help gently teasing about how in every shot the Morgan is always looking showroom shiny. Helen just rolled her eyes and said, "The bucket went everywhere!"

Many thanks to Ken and Helen for all the photos and details of their amazing trip.

Sheila



The (short) visit to the Ferrari factory



The Swiss teddy bear and its chauffeur spotted in Monaco

A laser show lights up Chartres Cathedral at night



Planes and Cars and Train

A Short Yorkshire Centre Adventure - a Visit to "Donorail"



A couple of years ago a very good friend of the Yorkshire Centre, John Donovan, suggested that some of us might like to drive south for a day to visit his own garden railway. This seemed like a good idea but many people were put off by the thought of doing over 400 miles in a day in British traffic!

Fast forward to April of this year when the subject was again raised over lunch with our friend, this time it was suggested that we make a proper trip of it and include a couple of visits to other attractions, thus extending the time and reducing the daily mileage.

So it was, that on a Tuesday in August, fourteen Yorkshire Centre members set off south with most of us meeting up en route at the Imperial War Museum in Duxford. This ex WW2 airfield



now houses half a dozen large hangars filled with many planes from the early days of aviation right up to the current day. This is a fascinating museum, and if you have never visited Duxford, I recommend that you put it on your "to do" list, and you will not be disappointed but allow at least two full days!

Late in the afternoon we reluctantly tore ourselves away and left Duxford for our overnight accommodation, some in B&Bs, others in hotels.

The following morning dawned WET, very WET. Sensible people had brought wellies, but at least it was warm rain, and we are used to that in Yorkshire, aren't we? After breakfast we all made our way, with umbrellas aloft, to our host's rail terminus where we met up with a number of other Yorkshire Centre members who live "down south" – we tell them "its grim up north" – to avoid overcrowding in God's own country! Before long we were ushered onto wonderful little carriages and were transported under petrol power to the main station further up the line. Here the magic began, despite the rails being very wet, and maybe suffering from "leaves on the line" following the torrential overnight rain. After a short while, spent drinking coffee and eating scones with jam and cream, the most glorious real miniature steam engine appeared from the engine shed. Soon full steam was ready and the sound and smell took us all back to our childhood and youth. With the engine connected to the carriages we all took our turn to ride behind the engine around an ingeniously designed course which was much longer than expected and included a superb tunnel that was laid out on a bend in the track

thus giving a brief period of genuine darkness before emerging into daylight, so evocative of a full size railway.

Interestingly, when John first decided to build his railway someone who shall remain nameless said that he would "never do it!": words have been eaten!

Some people had to be virtually prised from the carriages but I think that no-one got left behind!



During the journey on the railway there are a number of interesting things to see from statues to a genuine War Memorial that has been re-sited from elsewhere and then blessed by "a man of the cloth!"



We now all repaired to the local pub (next door!) to enjoy a fantastic buffet that had been arranged by our hosts, having eaten all that we could there was so much left over that I think the locals may still be dining on it!

All too soon it was time to smarten up for the evening where some of us enjoyed a lovely meal at a restaurant in a nearby town and put the world to rights.

Our trip down south ended on the Thursday for many of us as we travelled north up the A1 with a visit to The Shuttleworth Collection and the adjacent Swiss Garden which are located near the town of Biggleswade. This was the first visit for some of us to Shuttleworth and the question is "why?" Like Duxford it really is a fascinating museum and throughout the year there are many weekend events that should make any visit exciting.

At this point we really must express our thanks to our hosts John and his long suffering wife Cheryl for not only inviting us all but also for entertaining us so royally whilst opening up their home and garden and allowing us to invade their privacy. We must stress that this was a "one off" visit that will not be repeated.

Was it worth the trip? To quote JD, "MARVELLOUS."

Viv Edwards

The Band of Brothers Just Got Bigger

As you all know, there are quite a few brothers with Morgans in the Yorkshire Centre and at one point Charles Neal (Miscellany) thought we might have some kind of record. We're delighted to showcase Michael Green's brother, Terry, who owns a 1948 F4 three wheeler. Isa, Mike's Morgan, is just seventy years younger than his! Terry has owned his car since 1974, uses it all year round and is a member of the Three Wheeler Club.



The photo shown was taken last summer at Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire. Apparently, Isa often gate-crashes three wheeler events. Well, they're not called the "Keen Greens" for nothing you know.





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Gliding at Wolds Gliding Club, Pocklington

27th June 2019

A former World War II airfield was the venue on a glorious sunny evening for an exhilarating evening of gliding arranged by David and Carole Haigh at the Wolds Gliding Club at Pocklington. The airfield was an operational flying station of the Royal Air Force and Royal Canadian Air Force, operating primarily Wellington and Halifax Bombers, between 1942 and 1946, and after return to agricultural use, the station now forms an industrial estate and a restricted use airfield for gliding. The two original 1000 metre runways still exist but for our event, the adjoining grass runway was used.



20 brave Morganeers attended a comprehensive pre-flight briefing in the clubhouse before venturing out to the launch site, some in their Morgans, others driven by David in the club mini bus which doubles as mission control.

There waiting for us, were two K21 two seater gliders with qualified pilots ready to take participants up. Parachutes were provided! Carole efficiently marshalled the flights, ensuring the next participants were in their parachutes ready to go as soon as the previous flight landed, so that as many flights as possible could take place.

A number of Morganeers had flown in a glider before, but to us and several others, this was a completely new experience. We made our way to the gliders, and after being helped in and our harnesses secured, the pilot briefed us on the uses of the controls. The gliders are launched by a cable attached between them and the Skylaunch winch, which has a 8.2 litre V8 engine. We waited in trepidation for the signal to be given to the winch at the other end of the airfield to start the launch. We took off at a speed of 0 to 60 in 3 seconds in a 45 degree climb to

approximately 1000 feet, at which point the winch tow cable was released and dropped to the ground, and we were flying free as a bird. Breathtaking!

The flight lasted about 6 minutes during which we made a circuit of the airfield with wonderful far reaching views of the surrounding countryside. We were then given the chance to take the controls with a short spell of instruction. Landing (thanks to the pilot's skills!) was amazingly accurate and surprisingly smooth.

It was a really wonderful experience and several of us enjoyed it so much, we had a second flight.

Many thanks to David, Carole and everyone at the Wolds Gliding Club for such a fantastic time.

Richard and Margaret Davis



Richard and Margaret awaiting their turn, wearing the heavy parachutes

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Ripon Old Cars Show

The 28th July saw nine Morgans on the club stand at the Ripon Old Cars show.

This was the first visit by the club to the show – the consensus on the day was that it should not be the last – I will therefore look to propose inclusion in the calendar for next year.

On the day we were blessed with a fine, dry and warm day - makes all the difference.

The show itself attracts I would guess 600 classic cars of all types, ages and size from Yorkshire and the north east, split 20% club stands with the balance being parked in the order of arrival in the show field - a true feast for the enthusiast.

Supporting the show are 25 traders - selling consumables (I always buy disposable gloves here) alongside old parts that, if one can identify and had need of, would be a bargain, plus the obligatory sweet stall and charity tombola.

2019 was the 25th year of the show - going from strength to strength each year. It makes a very modest entry charge with profits going to charity.

I can best describe the show as having the feel of a friendly of village fair.

Paul J Pickburn

It could only happen to Russ...

Russ and Ange decided to take their new (to them) Audi A5 convertible out for a spin on a lovely sunny day on a local country lane. Unfortunately, they found themselves behind a farm tractor and trailer which looked rather wobbly. Luckily they kept their distance when the whole load fell off onto the road.

However, Russ says, the worst part was having to reverse a mile or two before they could turn round, which is not easy when there are several other cars behind you doing the same. It could only happen to Russ... (Lovely car, by the way!)



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BK60 MOG

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The Bradford Classic – a Damp Squib

Thankfully, it's not often I have to put something together about a Morgan event that turns out to be a damp squib – my motto has always been if you haven't got anything nice to say, don't bother. However, in this case, I feel partly guilty and partly responsible. Last year the Bradford Classic was an entirely different affair and I gave it a singing endorsement in last autumn's newsletter. So much so it perhaps inspired a bunch of Yorkshire Centre Morgan owners to turn up for this year's event. One couple even had to get up on a Saturday morning at 6.30 so they could get there in time – will they ever, ever, forgive me? And it was lashing it down as we all left home that morning. All Morgans arriving with hoods up – unheard of I know.



Pride of place and much photographed, but in the shade all day.

“Why are the Civic Hall gates closed”, I asked, assuming that, like last year the entire Hall would be open to the public with guided tours and the council staff on a charm offensive. First disappointment of the day (and I still don't know why the Hall was open last year with the Mayor in attendance). Closely followed by the realisation that for the entire duration of the day we were all going to be parked in the shade; what little sun did appear – no way José were we going to get any. We had been told beforehand by the organisers that this was a sell-out event but there were quite a few empty spaces where classic cars should have been and we could only think this was because of the weather.

On a positive note there were some interesting cars on show so it wasn't all doom and gloom and our band of Morgan owners like nothing more than to have a chat – even if it is “Bloody 'ell it's freezing,” or “Bloody 'ell it's raining AGAIN.” Demelza and Hazel, two very posh dogs belonging to our group, seemed to be the only ones having a good time. Sadly, some badly behaved children with inconsiderate parents ruined the day for one of us, whose car was

scratched, and who said, in his own words, *“The public nature of the show with no barriers between the public and the cars presents risk of damage when the general public get too close, and in particular fail to control their children, specifically allowing them to climb on cars for photographs. Speaking for myself, I will not attend events in the future with un-fettered public access.”*

We personally wouldn't go again or organise another trip to this event, and really if you've been once you wouldn't want to keep going back. An email from the organisers the next day tells us they made £1,500 for local charities (raised mainly by members of the public paying to go for ride of about 20 minutes in a volunteer's classic car; £20 for a TVR, £30 for an E-type Jaguar and so on) which of course, is always a good thing. They also said they appreciated that were a few issues which they will review for next year.



Morgans steal the show

Sheila



“Mum, can I have £30 for a spin in this nice red Ferrari?”

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Who's who in the Yorkshire Centre

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mscopyorkshire@gmail.com

Past Centre Secretary



Russell Sayers

0798 5284724

Assistant Centre Secretary

Position vacant

Centre Treasurer

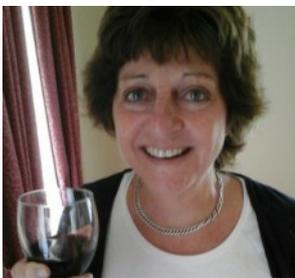


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WEST



Chris Murgatroyd

07980 860043

halifaxboilerdoctor@sky.com

The Manor Golf Club
Drighlington
Bradford
BD11 1AB

Second Wednesday of each month

YORK



Patrick Boucher...

patrick.boucher@btinternet.com

... and John Clayton

01937 843181

byeck.again@gmail.com

Roaming Venues

See Flyers for details

Fourth Tuesday of each month



Next issue due end of December