

# MSCC Yorkshire Centre Newsletter



Spring 2020

## Editorial

Well, who would have thought it? As we say goodbye to the Service Directory, the Noggin contacts list and the rogue's gallery of the Yorkshire Centre Officers that now sit in the more suitable platform of the Centre's Website ([www.yorkshiremscc.com](http://www.yorkshiremscc.com) - take a look, it's really good and well done to Ade), we still have a 33 page issue hitting your in-boxes.

It's a "Yorkshire" Miscellany from Yorkshire folk with great stories. Take Maurice's trip to Monza for instance on page 16, a story over 37 years old and guaranteed to make you smile. Or, how about the Reynolds' thrilling trip to NZ, in which they even managed to snap a few Morgan photos.

Closer to home, Mike Green and Russ Sayers pay a tribute to Dave Randall's handing over the "steering wheel" to Matt at Lifes Motors. Was it that long ago, the AGM? Yet there they all are - the AGM awards and photos on page 5. And talking of photos, the front cover honours of this issue go to Carl with its arty and that little-bit-different shot of Morgans.

We can also let you all know, (especially for the keen ones) that the theme for this year's Raven Hall bash is "Going Viral" - an interesting choice don't you think, especially in these pandemic times! Seriously though, we know quite a few of you, as well as us, have had their travel plans cancelled or curtailed - perhaps we should take on board an old saying of Churchill's against adversity - "KBO" (Google it, it's a bit rude!). Finally, take a last look at the me and my motor column, as this is really the last one; how appropriate then that it's a nod to someone from our neck of the woods - the former York Noggin contact, Mike Pixton.

Enjoy!

Francis and Sheila

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## John's Jottings



After the hustle and bustle of the AGM you'd think the following couple of months would be a bit quieter, but not so. There's been a bit of membership to sort with Jan, an NCM meeting, launch of our new website and the traditional first YUMMS of the year with a great turnout and thanks to Neil for organising it. Also I have had some work to do on Molly the Mog. On doing a pre-MOT inspection, I noticed what appeared to be a cracked front suspension rebound spring, anyway a bit of grease over the suspect coils and no MOT issues. However, on said springs one was cracked in two places so new springs now fitted, oil changed, levels checked and greasing done. Molly is now wanting to get her wheels back onto terra firma and poke her nose out of the garage blinking hopefully at some spring sunshine.

As I alluded to earlier, we now have our new website up and running and our thanks must go to Adrian Brewer, our webmaster, for developing this for us, an excellent site which will develop over time but that is up to you. As the old adage says put now't in, get now't out so if you have any thoughts, ideas, etc. you would like to see on the site or perhaps some archive item which might be of interest, let Adrian or me know and we will see if it is practical or suitable for inclusion. Also note that our website is now again linked to the MSCC site, so you can also access it that way as well if you wish.

I am sure for some of you the MSCC annual accounts, voting paper etc which arrived with this month's Miscellany glazed over a few eyes. However the AGM is important and I would urge you to use your vote. As I reported in my NCM summary, Colin Thornton, Martin Rickerd and Mike Mackay are able people who I feel are worthy of your vote.

Thanks as usual go to our Editors and contributors for another packed edition with lots of interesting articles to read. Sadly a couple about the closing of Life's Motors and I for one will miss the ever helpful Dave Randall and I wish him well in his retirement. However the good news is the name will continue under the stewardship of Matt Jackson. Another that caught my eye was the story of our intrepid global explorers, the Reynolds.

Finally I would like to give a warm Yorkshire Centre welcome to ten new members who have recently joined us in Yorkshire Centre: John and Ann Davison, Martin and Ann Scott, Nick Riley and his partner Susan, William and Elizabeth Gardener, Colin and Patricia Sharp.

Again a very warm welcome to you all.

Anyway, that's enough from me so read on and enjoy.

*John and Mal*

### NEWSLETTER INFORMATION

The newsletter is published quarterly – the end of March, June, September and December. We often get asked when the deadline is for copy and although we are very flexible we would prefer to receive copy at least two weeks before publication. If you are sending us photos that you would like to be considered for the front cover then please bear in mind that the shot should preferably be in a portrait format. Like the Miscellany Calendar, if you would like your photo to be considered for the photo of the year award then it should be recent but unlike Miscellany, we have no objections if people are in it! In fact it could be a shot of two happy people in a scruffy Morgan eating an ice cream!



# The 2020 'Nuts off' run

The Yorkshire Centre's  
first run of the new decade

Many of you will remember that, around 10 years ago, the Nuts Off run had to be hastily re-routed. This was due to the snow that had fallen, making the upper reaches of the planned route impassable to all but the hardest 4x4 driver. Of course, this being Yorkshire and Martin and I not wishing to waste a good, unused route, we decided to dig the original 'snowy' route out for the first run of the new decade.

Twenty five brave Morganeers arrived in some 13 cars at the Tankersley Manor Hotel, north of Sheffield. Everyone arriving quite damp from the morning's rain. As usual, routes were handed out to all participants – or offers of 'follow us' to those with no passenger to hold the instruction! After a goodly number of 'Happy New Year' greetings, and the odd bacon sandwich, everyone set off into the wilds of South Yorkshire.

Right: A wet arrival at Tankersley Manor



This year, we set off in search of some Pennine views. Amazingly, the rain stopped as the route headed into the nearby hills before turning towards the Woodhead Pass. We turned right off the main road and were rewarded with the clouds lifting to reveal a great view across the county. From there we descended into Holmfirth, to only climb out again through one of Yorkshire's more oddly named villages – Netherthong.

Once again back on the high roads, the next destination could be clearly seen in the distance – Castle Hill – where the route skirted the tower whilst providing a panoramic view of Huddersfield. Dropping down to a right turn at Tandem, we climbed back up to the final ridge road at Upper Hopton. The views again clear as the rain continued to stay away. Finally, the last few familiar roads took us to Tong Golf Club for a really well needed pint. 48 miles in January – hood off – joy!

Left: A surprising dry arrival at Tong Golf Club

Many thanks to everyone that supported, and hopefully enjoyed, the run.

Carl Aveyard MSCC 8307

Martin Lockett (pictured above helping put the roof up before lunch!)

# The AGM Awards

12<sup>th</sup> January 2020



As usual, this year's AGM took place at the Manor Golf Club, Drighlington. Seventy seven of us gathered together for lunch before the AGM started, giving us the opportunity to catch up with as many as we could get round to see.

The AGM started during the coffee, with John Forrest 'in the chair' (on his feet actually). The minutes of the meeting have already been distributed – so no need to repeat them here. Below are the pictures of the winners of the awards, which John Forrest presented.



*Mike Green and the Classic Car Cup, which is awarded to the person who has contributed most to the Yorkshire Centre over the year*



*Jan Lawson gets the Kenning Cup for organising the best event of the year*



*The Gremlin Trophy went to Patrick Boucher, due to persistant problems with the ECU on his Roadster*



*Russ Sayers was awarded the Pist'n Broke trophy because he enjoys tinkering with his car*

## The Newsletter Awards

For our Favourite Three Articles, in  
no particular order...



Mike and Sue Green for their  
account of MOG 19 - The  
Victory Run - and their  
experience of the concours  
event (left)

Viv Edwards for her reports  
on their trip to Montlhery  
and the visit to 'DonoRail'  
(right)



Steve and Catherine Reynolds  
for the story of their epic  
motorcycle trip to the 'end of  
the world' in Patagonia (left)

*...and for our Favourite Photograph:-*

*Ken Grindrod for the picture of his Plus 4 at the top of the Splugen Pass between Switzerland and Italy*



## A Fly on the Wall at the AGM

*Baz and Dean, just like last year, are taking a break from their kitchen duties. There is an adjacent door to the meeting room from the kitchen and the lads are having a snoop, just as the AGM is starting.*

“Baz, ‘ave you seen what these lot ‘ave eaten; every year we give ‘em bigger and bigger portions and just ‘ave a look at tables been cleared, it looks like a swarm of scavenging ravenous locusts ‘ave been in ‘ere. They’re nothing like the other posh car clubs we ‘ave in here, like the Bentley Drivers’ Club or them other right snooty ones, you know, the ones with the James Bond cars.”

“Aye lad, not much to go in swill bin. Sometimes ah thinks there’s summat going on with this lot. Ave you noticed ‘ow everyone is calling that bloke over yonder, The Oracle? What’s that all about then? Makes me think this lot are part of some weird CULT or summat,” says Baz.

“It’s a flippin’ CAR CLUB, is what it is,” says Dean. “‘Ave you looked outside in car park, there’s thirteen of ‘em parked out there.”

“Mebbe so Dean, but ‘ave you seen their number plates, all MOG this, MOG that. And another thing they’re always chuntering on ‘bout numbers in the club. ‘Ow many go to Noggins, ‘ow many is in club, ‘ow many for the AGM”.

“This is what CULTS do Baz, they get yer to join up and then you ‘ave to go these NOGGINS. Then to keep ‘em sweet, it looks like they give prizes to the keenest ones. Look, see what ah mean. The KEEN GREENS ‘ave walked away with two of ‘em. And what’s that wine they’re givin’ ‘em Dean? Coats go Roaming or summat?”

“Nay, lad, didn’t you pick up anything on the trip to Paris last year? It’s a ‘Côtes du Rhône’ and summat ah wouldn’t mind meself with me tea tonight. I did overhear that them editors couldn’t get ‘old of MORGON wine this year as Co-op ‘ad sold out and Waitrose wanted 15 quid a bottle.”

“You see! It’s like a CULT – MOG this, MOG that, NOGGINS and now MOG wine. Ey up, Boss man is now up asking for subscriptions, more CULTish behaviour if yer ask me. They’re even givin’ a pressie to the one who tinkers the most and another one to the poor sod who’s ‘ad the most problems. I’m clueless as to what an ecu\* board is, ‘ave you ever ‘eard of such a thing Baz?”

“Nay, lad, and it looks like them lot don’t ‘ave a clue either. Me and the missus love our little Punto, you’d never catch me in one of ‘em cars. Did you see ‘em coming in from scenic run, bedraggled and wet. Although, you just might ‘ave a point about what we’ve be gassin’ about. Ah did notice that the two of ‘em who always set these so called ‘nuts-off’ runs both ‘ave weird T-shirts on. And just now they’re chuntering away about going live or summat on the Internet with a webmaster and you can only get in with a protected password.”

“A webmaster,” says Dean, “would he be like a Grandmaster or summat?, because this book I finished reading last week was all about the Knights Templars with a grandmaster as the leader.”

“Dunno,” says Baz, “but they’re a rum lot by half and having it ‘appen here in Drighlington of all places, perhaps we should have a word with boss when we see ‘im next. Anyhow lad, that’s It for this year with this lot, let’s get back into kitchen to finish-up so we can have a pint in the bar.”

*The fly on the wall – aka Sheila*

*\* I’m reliably informed by F that an ecu board is an electronic control unit, in other words the bit that always goes wrong, and the most expensive bit to put right.*



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### A HUGE THANK YOU

to all who gave so generously to our Christmas Raffle. You raised £410 which was handed over by Joyce and Jane to Trevor Cherry from the Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire Air Ambulance. Thanks once again from the Team for your continued support.



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## YUMMS and Scenic Run - 28<sup>th</sup> May, 2020

Come and join Francis and Sheila for a YUMMs lunch at The Fleece, Addingham (<https://the-fleece.com/>) preceded by a scenic run (optional) starting near Harrogate. Meet up at the Crimple Hall Garden and Antique Centre ([www.crimplehall.co.uk](http://www.crimplehall.co.uk)) in Pannal from 10.30, where you can enjoy browsing the antiques or have a leisurely cuppa in the café, before setting off for a scenic run to Addingham, arriving at about 1.00 pm for lunch at 1.30. Or make your own way to The Fleece for lunch.

Full details and menu options will be sent out later - corona virus permitting!



## Because Life(s) Must Go On .....

By Michael Green



As with everything in this world, time moves on and things evolve, so it is in the Morgan World too. Everyone reading this will know, or at least know of Lifes Motors Ltd, of Southport. Their adverts read "The oldest Morgan dealer in the world. The main Morgan dealers in the Northwest of England since 1926".

There comes a point where there's a need or desire for change, and so it is with Lifes. Dave, the latest of a long line of family owners has decided to take a step back, away from the business and that left Matt (Matthew) Jackson, their long serving mechanical Morgan wizard with a bit of a dilemma, should he look for a new job elsewhere, or take the big plunge and acquire the business rights to Lifes?

No doubt, after much soul-searching and hard decision making, he and his family agreed to take on a bold new venture, and sink the family savings into purchasing the name, goodwill and spares stock to continue on with "Lifes Motors". Having served a full apprenticeship in motor mechanics, and with the last 11 years working solely on Morgan cars for a living, he knows this marque inside out and from every angle.

On Tuesday 14th January 2020 Matt opened for business at his new premises, located at Banks Service Station, 40, Church Road, Banks, Southport PR9 8ET. The business, which is just

a few miles out of Southport town centre, is in a compact complex, adjacent to Europa Engineering, a Company specialising in all things automotive, but with specialist skills in many areas, ranging from vehicle restoration, specialist parts manufacture and fabrication to painting and trimming and even building a complete "Lotus Europa" from scratch, not to mention a partially restored 1960's Ford Mustang, a showroom full of restored classic motorcycles and even a 1955 Bell helicopter - yes, a Bell helicopter!

So, Matt's in good company, at the moment he's sharing the workshop with Europa Engineering, but the plan for the future is that Matt will expand into the whole of the building as they scale back on their activities in 12 months time. The intention is to have his own dedicated office space, with a waiting room and other facilities together with a courtesy car for customer's use.

Just at this moment in time, while he awaits BT installing his telephone line and internet (which they said would have been done by now!), Matt can be reached on his mobile number of 07850 254922. It's intended to continue with Lifes existing number of 01704 531375 and that should happen within the next few days (come on BT, time's money you know!).

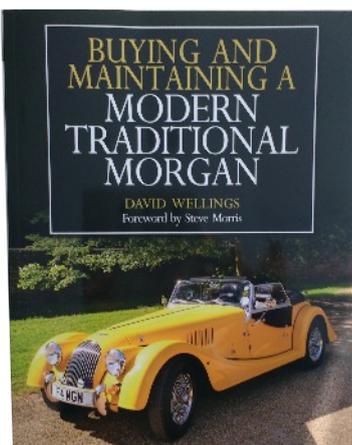
We dropped our car in for service and were chauffer driven the short distance into Southport, from where we were collected when our car was ready, around lunchtime.

The service we received was excellent, and because Matt's not a Limited Company, nor VAT registered, there was no dreaded 20% extra added to the bill, however, there was of course VAT paid on any service items and parts bought in, but not on the labour charges, and that to a Yorkshireman was an added bonus! If you want a very professional service, with a friendly and enthusiastic smile, we would highly recommend a visit to the re-born "Lifes Motors" - give him a try, - you won't be disappointed and you can enjoy a day out by the sea at no extra cost!

Please note, the opinions and comments in this article are all my own, and were completely unsolicited, based on our own experience.

*Mike Green, Halifax, 17th January 2020.*

Update: After six weeks, Openreach finally connected Matt up! He has retained the old Lifes phone number, which is as above. And we hear that there is a new website on the way.



### FOR SALE

David Wellings' Book "Buying & Selling a Modern Traditional Morgan" (cost £25) in mint condition as New, selling for £15 including postage.

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## *Lifes Motors 1926 to 2019*

*A Tribute by Russ Sayers*

Several of you will have heard about the problems I have had with Barbara, our plus 4. During one of my numerous phone calls to Matt, Life's mechanic, told me, "By the way Russ, Dave's retiring on the 24<sup>th</sup> December and the garage is closing." What a bomb-shell! Dave and his father have become rather a Morgan institution; we will miss our trips to West Street, Southport: drop the MOG off, have a chat and a coffee. Followed by a walk around the shops or on the front to the pier/park. To return to find Matt had worked his magic and there's the MOG sat there waiting to take us back home.

Thankfully all is not lost. Matt has now taken over the trade name of Life's Motors and is carrying on offering to work his magic.

Over the years, both my brother Terry and I have purchased numerous Morgans and used the garage for both service and repair.

Andy and Pauline Lucas often mention the day of the Trans Pennine Trail when Dave and his team welcomed us all to the garage for the start of the weekend event. Andy and Pauline pulled up at the garage with water leaking from the radiator on their Pus 4. Within no time the MOG was brought into the garage and repaired – all done and dusted and with no charge.

I feel that we, here in the Yorkshire Centre, wish Dave a long and healthy retirement. And good luck to Matt in his new venture.



*Matt, Russ and Dave, with a rather nice 1957 Plus 4*

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# Monza by Morgan, 1983

By Maurice Denton



After a trip to the Monaco G.P. the previous year, Jan (he of Choc Ices fame) and myself decided to go to Monza for the Italian G.P. in September, 1983. We would make a family holiday of it taking in a week through France and Switzerland, visiting the Schlumpf Collection and spending a week in the South of France.

How about taking the Morgan?

Well, we had John, who was just 5 and Claire just coming up to 2. A fortnight's luggage for four and no luggage rack! (hate the things!). Also the car, although I would trust it mechanically, was showing signs of wear and tear bodily. In fact, I was planning a rebuild very shortly.

We decided on the madcap idea of taking the Morgan!

I set to with filler and spray paint to get the car looking fit for a little posing around the Casino Square in Monaco.

Packing the car was a real task. As our John has said, 'We didn't need airbags when we were little; Dad strapped us in the car three days before and packed around us. We weren't allowed to get out until we arrived.'

Not strictly true, but you get my gist!

As you can see in some of the photos, the hood was in use, (shock, horror) otherwise, we would have probably lost most of our luggage, never mind the two kids!

The four of us set off, meeting up with Jan and his girlfriend, Ann, in a XR2 Fiesta en-route. We were aiming for our usual 6 a.m. ferry from Dover. I must confess Jan and Ann kindly carried a bag for us, thankfully.

First stop, Reims where we took in a visit to Moët & Chandon and posed by the old G.P. circuit.

The trip continued across to Switzerland, where in a small town we saw a convoy of tanks coming down the road. I had never been so close to a moving tank before; the noise was deafening. In fact, we cupped our hands around both children's ears for protection.



Onward towards Mulhouse, home of the Schlumpf Collection, which had only just opened to the public. We stayed at a sort of coach house just outside Mulhouse which I had read about in a motoring magazine.

I have tried a couple of times since to find it but to no avail.

It was run by Jean Louis, a splendid young man. At the hotel also were two Swedish gentlemen, one in a 4 ½ litre Bentley, and the other in a Packard.

Jean Louis had a car collection behind the hotel with at least 8 Voisins. I had never seen one, never mind eight!

We all asked about an evening meal which produced a puzzled expression. He explained he was a bit short on staff, but would cook us all a meal if we would clear away and wash up



afterwards. Not a problem! After all, we had two women with us! After a wonderful feast, they cleared away whilst Jan and myself repaired to the bar for a few beers with the Swedish lads and Jean Louis.

The next day the Schlumpf was amazing. The best car museum I have ever been to before or since. At that time, it hadn't been commercialised, no gift shop or café, just pretty much as the brothers had left it. Brilliant! We have been back a couple of times since, it is still unbelievable.

Onward towards the South of France. The two cars were performing wonderfully. I must admit we all were enjoying our extended trip in the Morgan.

We arrived on the Cap Ferrat around mid-afternoon to be greeted by a chap who I presumed was the agent. Bear in mind, we had to be at the Automobile Club de Milano at 9am prompt the next day to collect our tickets. We sat and had a beer with him and he asked what we were planning for the week. 'We're off to the Grand Prix at Monza tomorrow!' Jan and I exclaimed.



A worried look appeared on his face. 'Which car are you going in?' he said. 'The Morgan of course,' we both replied. 'How long will it take us?' we enquired.

'Six hours' was his reply.

'We'll set off at 3 then!' says Jan.

We did set off at 3 the next morning, armed with sandwiches and drinks the girls had packed, leaving them to have a quiet day on the beach.

Along the coastal Autostrada, turning left just before Genoa then up through the plains of Lombardy towards Milan. The rental guy had obviously underestimated the Morgan.

We were there for 6!

We found our way into the centre of Milan; not many people around as you would expect at 6am on a Sunday. We wanted to find the Automobile Club de Milano first, then park up and have a leisurely breakfast before picking up the tickets at 9am.

We looked for someone to ask for directions; after a while we spotted an immaculate elderly gentleman with a gorgeous young female on his arm, strolling along after a night out. I don't think she was his daughter!

'We'll ask these two.' I declared. Easier said than done. 'Can you tell us the way to the A.C.M.?' I enquired. The gentleman immediately set about telling us the way, waving his arms around in all directions. Trouble was, I don't speak Italian. After a while both Jan and the girl were in fits of giggles, with myself and the gentleman unable to see the joke! We eventually parted, having gleaned the words sinistra and piazza which we took as 'left at the square'. This proved

*The Villa in Cap Ferrat*

to be spot on and we found the ACM straight away leaving us time for breakfast, collect the tickets and drive up to Monza.

Arriving at Monza early, we were able to park in the Great Park and walk towards the circuit. The atmosphere was electric as it always is at Monza. The support is 95% Ferrari and the 'Tifosi' are fanatical.

On entering the circuit, I noticed not just the odd one but many people cutting through the fences or climbing over. I saw a chap on a scooter ride up to the fence, produce a set of wire cutters and snip his way through, bike and all! When we got inside we noticed a girl, whilst climbing the fence, panic on the top. She froze until the police came along and helped her down. On the inside!!!

We had grandstand seats on the pit straight in a wonderful position. Unfortunately, our grandstand and others were being invaded by people climbing up the back and sides to gain entry. By the time the race started, we couldn't sit down. There were about three people to every seat.

I vowed then, the next time I came I would not buy a ticket and get in free. This we did in 1988 viewing from the outside of the Parabolica having scaled down the old banked circuit and made our way in. I was with Pam and the two children then. That's how easy it was. It was a Ferrari 1-2 in the all-conquering McLaren season just after the death of Enzo.



*Police assisting the young lady to climb off the fence and into the circuit*

The race itself was won by Nelson Piquet in a Brabham, followed by Rene Arnoux in a Ferrari with Eddie Cheever third in a Renault. We were opposite the podium and able to view everything. The crowd literally ignored Piquet, but erupted when Arnoux came onto the podium. Although he was French, he was driving a Ferrari. That's all that mattered to them.

Getting back to the car, the place was gridlocked. We joined the queue but remained stood still for ages. Suddenly, a few cars in front of us, a Fiat 500 cut down the banking and started to plough across a field full of corn or something similar at the side of the road. He was soon followed by a German Beetle towing a caravan! We glanced at each other and without a word, followed them. At what seemed about halfway through, the Beetle and caravan got stuck. We valiantly followed the Fiat and eventually found ourselves on a relatively quiet road on the way back into Milan.

Our plan was to have a decent meal in Milan before travelling back to the villa. We stopped at small family run filling station to top up with fuel for the return journey. Grandma was sitting on the forecourt knitting. It was that sort of place. A young girl, about fifteen, came out to serve us. I could see from her face she was thinking about something. She looked at the pair of us; we must have looked a bit shell shocked, I must admit, having been on the road since 3am. All of a sudden she said in broken English, 'You have come.....all the way....from (noticing the GB sticker) Great Britain..... in this?' 'Yes!' we said. At that point she stopped

everything, ran across to Grandma who dropped her knitting, and suddenly all the family came out to greet us. I'm sure they thought we had set off from home this morning and were going straight back tonight!

We went into the centre of Milan once more and joined the Sunday night Milanese crowd for a wonderful meal. The trip back once again took about three hours.

We spent the rest of our holiday relaxing and sightseeing along the coast. On the last day or so we all went along the coast to San Remo. Coming back home, the two cars were pulled by two Italian policemen.

They accused us of going through a red light, which we most certainly did not. It was a fiddle. The funny thing was, as normal practice in the days before the Euro, I always used to pull in at a petrol station and get rid of all my spare currency filling up the car. Therefore, I had not got a bean in Italian Lire. I knew Jan was in a similar position. The first officer issued both of us with a large fine, to be paid on the spot in cash.

I must admit I smiled. We tried to explain the position to which the officer looked dismayed.

In the meantime, the second officer was circulating round the Morgan saying EMMA - GEE. I said to him 'No, a Morgan.' 'EMMA - GEE.' 'No, it's a MORGAN,' Pam exclaimed. 'For goodness sake, let him think it's an M.G.' I wasn't having any of it and grabbed him by the arm, led him to the back of the car to show him the 'Morgan' script. He was finally convinced.

In the meantime, the other officer kept scribbling out the numbers and putting in a lower amount to see if we would pay. We emptied our pockets and bags to finally convince him we only had about £6 worth of Lire between us. They weren't best pleased, but let us go after taking what few Lire we had. I was convinced it was a fiddle after seeing, as we were driving off, that they pulled a Belgian registered car.

We set off for home early on the Saturday morning. Having made good time when we got into Dover I decided to go straight through to home. Jan and Ann found an overnight stayover.

Over 1,000 miles in one go, four up in a Morgan. Not bad I reckon.

*Maurice Denton*



*Patrick Tambay's  
Ferrari which  
finished 4th*

## On the Road Again... NZ 2019



We took our motorbike in a van to the shipping agent in Gravesend late October 2018 and met up with it again in January 2019 in Auckland. We took it to have the "Warrant of Fitness" test (MOT equivalent) and the bike registered. We took out motor insurance but incredibly this is not compulsory in New Zealand. The whole thing took about an hour then we were off on the start of our 5,600 mile tour of New Zealand riding a mixture of tarmac and gravel roads; lots of gravel!

The first stop was Paihia in the Bay of Islands staying near the Waitangi Treaty Grounds where the much-contested Treaty of Waitangi (Maori: Te Tiriti o Waitangi) was signed 6th February 1840 between Maori Chiefs and the British Crown. A day's ride from here and we arrived at Cape Reinga, as far north as you can get by road where The Tasman Sea meets The Pacific Ocean (*see photo above*). According to Maori oral history this is where the spirits of deceased Maori leap into the ocean to return to their ancestral homeland of Hawaiki.



South Island is much less densely populated with excellent roads and stunning scenery. We rode all over South Island. We had a great time in Invercargill, Burt Munro's hometown. This was the Kiwi legend played by Anthony Hopkins in the film *The World's Fastest Indian*. The immaculate Morgan 3 wheelers were on display in The Classic Motorcycle Mecca Museum in Invercargill. From

Invercargill we rode to Stirling Point on Bluff Cove marking the most southerly point of New Zealand.

We stayed in Hanmer Springs east of Christchurch before tackling the Moldsworth Station route to Blenheim. This road is open January to March each year but can be closed due to conditions such as fire risk. It is 122 miles of gravel road through a 180,000 hectare farm. Official warning; no cell phone coverage, no fuel, no café, no shops, stay on the



track, if you break down the AA won't want to know about you and if you're renting a bike then your insurance is void. We took note . . . and did it anyway! We had a great time in New Zealand on our bike. We're going again next year to be in Invercargill for the 5 day annual Burt Munro Festival in February.

*Steve and Catherine Reynolds*





*Beamish*  
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### 2018 Morgan Three Wheeler

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### 2017 Morgan 4/4

Presented in Dove Grey with contrasting tan Leather interior. Only 1 owner from new and just 2,865 miles.

**£39,990**



### 2006 Morgan 4/4 70th Anniversary

2006 70th Anniversary Model. Duck Egg Blue with Black leather. RHD. Only 11,598 miles

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### 2000 Morgan Plus 8

Presented in Corsa Red with a walnut dash that compliments the traditional look and feel of a Morgan. 27,042 miles.

**£39,990**



## Me and My Motor - Mike Pixton



With raging storms and February being the wettest month on record a trip to the seaside in Scarborough where Mike and Barbara live was never going to be on the cards, however what would we have done without email that came to the rescue for this article, (although we did sneak in a pub meet-up half-way to finalise the article!). Thanks to Mike for all his efforts in stepping back in time and giving us a worthy story mostly in his own words.

Mike's parents were married during the Second World War and he came along in 1946. Early days were spent in Cheshire, about eight miles from Chester and Mike tells me that in those days you could roam the countryside with very little traffic. His father was a mechanic and because of this they always had cars in the family and Mike fondly remembers learning to lap valves on some of the cars his dad worked on at home. Both his mother and father were keen motor and motorcycle racing fans and some of his earliest recollections were trips to Silverstone in their Morris 8, which was quite a journey in those days with no motorways or dual carriageways. They would be regular spectators at Oulton Park and his father constructed a number stands so they could always get the best views. As a teenager and living close to Oulton Park he used to cycle to spectate at most meetings during the summer months, and it's no surprise to hear that he later went on to compete in motor cycle scrambles around Cheshire for three seasons using BSA and DOT 250cc bikes.



With this background Mike was determined to work in the automotive industry and he applied for student apprenticeships to all the leading manufacturers of the time, finally landing an apprenticeship with what I would call the "bees' knees" of the motor industry, Rolls-Royce motor cars at Crewe. Further education was at Loughborough University where he took his degree in Automotive Engineering. As Mike says, "What could be better for a car mad teenager?" Itching for his first car, he got a sit-and-beg Ford

Perfect which consumed large quantities of oil apparently, but it did the trick of transporting Mike and friends round the pubs in the Cheshire countryside around Crewe. Not long after, with



driving experience behind him, he was very keen to get his first sports car but ended up with a Morris Minor, which whilst not being his ideal choice, served him well until it came to a sticky end when it was attacked by a drunk driver (not Mike, I hasten to add!)

During his apprenticeship he had various periods where he spent time working in various departments; the most notable was six months working on the development of a diesel version of the Wankel rotary engine

Rolls-Royce were developing for a military contract. After graduation, he worked in Chassis Development working on Automatic Air Conditioning and vehicle cooling. Following the demise of the Morris, along came a couple of Minis, one of which he built from a trimmed shell and fitted with an MG 1100 engine. Then finally came the day when Mike was able to buy his first sports car, a 1959 Austin Healey 100/6 and he and Barbara were able to get their first taste of open-air motoring. In Mike's words, "I used to spend an awful lot of time fixing the exhaust system which was continually leaking or cracking but for £200, would you expect any less!" Francis remembers this memorable car as he working for the same company as Mike and just like the typical car mad engineers they were (and still are!),

he was driving around in his Triumph TR6! Anyway, they kept this stunning two seater roadster for about six years and even then were able to sell it for a substantial profit. Once Mike had passed his mandatory RR driving test (with an ex police instructor no less), he was able to drive the full range of vehicles in the development fleet, Cadillacs, Oldsmobile Toronado and of course the iconic Rolls-Royce Silver Shadows. "What was it like driving a Silver Shadow at the age of



*Stock photo - not Mike's car!*

only 23?" I ask him and in Mike's words "It was an awesome experience and you certainly noticed how other drivers showed their respect to the Shadow at junctions and roundabouts." Testing also included continental touring racking up many miles in various weather conditions to ensure the Air Con/ Heating maintained constant temperature for the occupants.

After leaving Rolls-Royce, Mike spent three years working for Volvo Concessionaires and during this time they had the introduction of the Volvo 240/260 series car. This was his first real experience of public speaking as he had to give a presentation to all the Service Managers from the Volvo dealers in the UK. The company car, you've guessed it, was a Volvo 144 and he rates it as one of the most underrated car on the market as he found you could really press on with it and it responded to enthusiastic driving. The oil crisis of 1975-76 brought redundancies and later

he got a development job at Foden trucks where he worked for fourteen years (and met Francis who was a Design Engineer there). Foden was a significant supplier of military vehicles to the MOD and he was involved in the various trials they had to complete. Some of these trucks were "Tonka Toy" variants and after passing his HGV 1 driving test, he got to drive many of these remarkable vehicles. Apparently, these 32 tons, 9ft 6 wide left hand drive eight wheelers are great fun to drive! Mike left Foden in late 1989 but not before he and Barbara had found their first Morgan, a 1976 4/4 in Royal Ivory. He joined MSCC and was a member of the Northern Centre and attended the noggins on Sunday evenings in Lower Whitley and competed in his first gymkhana.



Mike had kept the 4/4 until 1998, but not before they had sampled some success in a number of competitions as the photo illustrates.

Mike and Barbara moved to Scarborough in 1989 where he was Quality Manager and later Engineering Director for Plaxton the bus and coach manufacturer and worked there until retiring in 2011. A new set of challenges faced him and he was responsible for the introduction of the first 15m 70 seat coaches regularly

seen on the motorway with the Megabus logo. His final project was the design and introduction of the latest range of Plaxton coaches, the Elite with the very aerodynamic swept back shape. At this point, Mike joined the Yorkshire Centre and as you all know, was Noggin Contact for the York Noggin for a remarkable sixteen years. He was also on the organising committee of the '94 Mog event in York and was in charge of the trade stands. More recently, Mike organised a YUMMS with a fish and chip lunch followed by a factory tour of Plaxtons and here's a photo of some of the Morgans parked outside the showroom (*next page*).

The craving for more power resulted in the acquisition of a very nice 1983 Plus 8, again in Royal Ivory, and this car was to bring more competition success culminating in first place overall in the Grass Autotest at MOG 2002 at Gaydon. In this car, Mike and Barbara enjoyed a couple of short continental tours to Honfleur and the Laon Classic. Enjoying their retirement and with longer continental tours in mind they decided to upgrade to a more modern car. They found an



interesting 2006 Plus 4 in their favourite dark blue colour on sale at Ledgerwoods in December 2007. This was the start of the touring bug and they went on to sign up for Jeremy Wilson's trip to Norway, Neil and Andrew's first trip to the Mille Miglia, and their first trip to Spain, the wonderful driving roads of the Picos de Europa and the Rioja wine area.

Five years later, Mike was missing the power and the driveability of the Plus 8 and having seen Maurice's new 3.7 Roadster at a YUMMS lunch he thought it was time to invest in their first new Morgan (I should mention, at this point, Barbara categorically butts in with – AND LAST!). So, a deal was done with Phil Ledgerwood to exchange the Plus 4 for a new 3.7 Roadster. They had loved the colour combination of the Plus 4 so they ordered the new roadster in exactly the same colours, or so they thought, as apparently the Muirhead leather was no longer available. A desperate call to the Morgan factory to enquire what alternatives might be available brought a eureka moment. Morgan later found four hides



in their colour, just enough for one car. Finally, in March 2013 they took delivery of their only "new" Morgan. They've used the car extensively, doing as much mileage in Europe as they have done in the UK, visiting the Mille Miglia a second time, Circuit des Ramparts and their own private trips to Brittany, Paris, Santiago de Compostela and the Spanish Pyrenees in recent years. However, it's the trip to Norway that they both still remember with fond memories. The organisation was superb, the scenery spectacular and the company (21 Morgans in total) all helped to make it a fantastic holiday, along with wonderful weather. Hoods down all the way, except for the last day going from Bergen to Stavanger on the way home.

The Morgan is ready, taxed and raring to go this Easter joining up with Neil and Viv on the Yorkshire Centre trip to Holland and I will keep my fingers (and toes) crossed that the weather is kind for them. As members of the York Noggin (now renamed the Centre Noggin) with fond memories of events too numerous to mention, it's lovely to showcase our appreciation of Mike's Yorkshire Centre involvement with the club and to wish them both all the best for the future and miles of good driving in their lovely Roadster.

*Sheila*

# The Whixley Wonder at the Anchor Inn

Thursday, 20th February



*Steve and Francis performing a synchronised shutting of the doors next to ‘Isa’ – the Keen Greens already at the bar!*

“Crikey,” I said to Francis, “there’s nearly as many here today as at the AGM.” (Forty seven of us, in case you’re wondering). My money’s on this being one of Yorkshire Centre’s most attended YUMMS, second only to Neil’s other event - the scenic run for Drive-it Day, when he managed to get about 70 Morgans up to Tann Hill. We should never forget (for the ones who were there) that the record is the Rose and Crown, Askham Richard when it kick-started MOG 94 off with over 89 Morgans and close to 200 people attended the York Noggin. Of course, it could be just that everybody was suffering from “cabin fever” – storm Ciara and Dennis keeping us all huddled up indoors, after-Christmas “misery-itis”, Brexit fatigue and now, the Corona Virus to look forward to.

The food was as good as ever and I can confirm that the steak and ale pie ticked all the right boxes. Extraordinary value; another reason why we keep on coming back in droves perhaps. But it’s probably the Morgan Craic that gets us out to socialise and your editors picked up on some good stories for the newsletter. Catherine and Steve Reynolds finally got their hands on a bottle of wine awarded for their story on their trip to Patagonia on a bike. More to come from this adventurous, globe-trotting couple.



Morgan Hoots-a-plenty to Neil and the Duchess for a smashing afternoon.

*Sheila*

## Leeds-Bradford Airport YUMMS

10<sup>th</sup> March 2020

Most of us have flown from Leeds-Bradford airport at some time or other, either on holiday or on business, but I don't suppose many of us have thought much about its history. Well, Ken Cothliff soon changed that when he gave us a talk at the Fox and Hounds at Bramhope. Carol Hodgson met him by chance at a Remembrance Day Service held at a disused Baptist Cemetery where she volunteers helping to tidy the place up. Ken was a standard bearer representing the No. 6 (RCAF) Group Bomber Command Association and they got chatting. It appears that he is an aircraft enthusiast (to put it mildly), who has written books on the subject and gives talks to car clubs. He is also a member of the MG Car Club.



In the thirties, LBA was just an airfield known as Yeadon Aerodrome, with grass and a flying club. Soon some commercial flights started where the check-in was a tent. But the big changes would come with the coming of WW2; the RAF set up a base there, and Yeadon's owner persuaded A.V. Roe and Co (Avro) to build a shadow factory there. Although this was the biggest building in

Europe at the time, it was well camouflaged and was never spotted by the enemy. 700 of the iconic Avro Lancasters of Dambusters fame were built there as well as many Avro Ansons.



An Avro Lancaster (left) with a Hurricane behind, and an Avro Anson (right)

(Pictures from Wikipedia)

The factory employed 17,500 people at its peak and Ken is raising funds for a memorial to the forgotten workers, mainly women, who worked there. A collection for the fund raised £62.45.

Then we made our way to the lunch destination, going by a devious route that took us past the airport entrance and the old Avro factory (now an industrial estate on the right after the airport roundabout on the A658 going north). Our destination was 'The Royalty', a pub on the Chevin which has a fine view of the airport (on a fine day). Nearly 50 of sat down to a 'right royal', hearty lunch, which was served remarkably efficiently considering our numbers.

Many thanks to Keith and Carol Hodgson for organising a great day out, and particularly to Ken Cothliff for his wonderful presentation.

*Francis*



*View of the airport from the Royalty*

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## Claire and her Search and Rescue!

By Ange Sayers

As some of you might be aware, our daughter Claire had a horrendous fall whilst out walking with both Russ and I on Thursday 27<sup>th</sup> June. We were in a field near Rodley and Horsforth and the roads were approx. 1 mile away in each direction and somewhat impossible to reach by ambulance. Claire slipped and went over on her ankle and the break was so bad she broke her ankle in 3 places. I was convinced that if she did not receive help soon then she was in danger of losing her foot. The ambulance control centre had told me where to meet the crew who eventually arrived after about 30 mins, blue lights flashing. I jumped in with the crew



and we got to the end of the field and we all ran, the crew equipped with pain relief to give to Claire when they eventually got to her. Russ was waiting with Claire and had made her as comfortable as he could. When the crew arrived they knew straight away that they would not be able to rescue her due to the distance from the vehicle and the fact that they had no way of getting her over the stiles and gates that were blocking the way. So the crew after giving Claire gas and air, contacted the Control centre who arranged for help. 40

minutes later, Calder Search and Rescue arrived; 14 volunteers equipped with everything they needed to get Claire off the field. They made up a wheeled stretcher, placed her on it and covered her with a silver blanket. They wheeled her to the stiles and gates and got her to the waiting ambulance, all this whilst Claire was nearly unconscious with the pain.

The ambulance crew whisked her off to St James's hospital and I went with her, with Russ following on in the car. Whilst the crew were getting Claire in the vehicle, I managed to say



a quick thanks to the guys and ladies from search and rescue and went in with the ambulance, blue lights and sirens all the way to hospital. Claire was taken to Minors, her ankle was manipulated and assessed and eventually she was taken to a ward with a temporary cast on. She was given Ketamine for the pain. We stayed with her until 8pm then we went home, but a good friend of hers stayed with her until 10pm. The next day, Friday, Claire

went into theatre and was operated on; she had her ankle put back in and now has 2 plates and 10 screws holding it in place! And because of the skill of the consultant Orthopaedic surgeon, she did not have to have a cage fitted which would have delayed her recovery time considerably.

Claire was eventually let out of hospital on the following Tuesday having had another temp pot on. An appointment at the fracture clinic, a week later resulted in a lovely pink pot fitted



which she had on for 6 weeks, followed by a further 6 weeks in a walker boot and finally on 19<sup>th</sup> September, she was able to be free of the boot. On the 8<sup>th</sup> October, 15 weeks later, Claire started her new job as a Community nurse at Knaresborough and Rural. We knew that we would just have to try and thank the Calderdale Search and Rescue Service. They are based at Mytholmroyd and Horsforth/Rodley is just about the furthest they come to in their area. At the September YUMMs, held at Russ Swift's house, Russ went around after the meal asking members if they would not mind donating to the Search and Rescue. As Claire and myself had just arrived, having had the good news from the fracture clinic that she had been discharged, people could see just how well and up-and-about with her walking she was. And the great news is that there is no long term damage. The very kind club members at the meal contributed £130 and together with Russ's colleagues from work, we managed to raise £150. I emailed Anne, the communications officer for the search and rescue and said that Russ, Claire and I would love to come over and personally present the money and Claire could have a chance of thanking them herself. So a date was set for Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup>

October. We met a few of the guys that were there on the day and a big cheque was produced so I could write on it the amount we were giving and we posed with a couple of the guys for pictures. Next year, Russ, Claire and I are hoping to do a sponsored walk in aid of the Search and Rescue along the canal at Rodley to Bingley and back, 22 miles in total. It's so vital to support these organisations; they rely completely on charitable donations and it cost £50,000 a year to fund. And to the members of the Yorkshire Centre, thanks to you as well for your kind donation of £130.00. We never expected that we would need help from search and rescue but we are so grateful to them getting our girl off that field.



*Ange Sayers*

PS sharp eyes might have noticed a figure in the rear of the second picture, that was me running to keep up!

*A blast from the past - Maurice Denton's Plus 4  
in Switzerland in 1983 - have you got a blast  
from the past worthy of the back page?*



*Next Issue - end of June*