



The Tormogger November 2007



Welcome to another new newsletter! The next issue will be the Christmas Special. Now that is summat to look forward to. Send seasonal greetings to all your pals in one fell swoop by saying "Happy Christmas" in Tormogger. I know I will!

An e mail from Carol Kennet plopped into my inbox:

Hi Richard

Thanks for the newsletter. It is coming through loud and clear and I enjoy reading what you're all up to. I read that the Cromford Steam Rally had been put back to end of September some time. Do Morgans still exhibit?

I note you are looking for articles for the newsletter and I might have something of interest. Back in March, I had TTB's wings fettled as there were chips on all the edges, the rear passenger side being the worse. I took it into a local body shop (another story) and what they found made my hair stand on end. It was horrendous and not only did it takes absolutely ages to do, it cost an arm and a leg. On the good side (yes, there is one!) the owner took photos as he went along and the spare rear wing that Melvyn found in his attic came into use. I have kept the old



Don't you just love Trevor's Raffles?
David Birch does!



The photos above relate to Carol's article overleaf.

Apologies to the readers who didn't get their Tormogger posted last month. Double dose this month! Sign up to e mail and be sure of getting it quick!

the Blame John Stephens column

Tormogger Christmas Dinner: Saturday December 8th, at Prestbury Village Restaurant, 9.00 pm, meet in the Admiral Rodney, the pub next door, at 8.00pm. Places limited to 30. Bring along a gift- wrapped Christmas present for a raffle.

First Course WARM PRAWN & CHORIZO SALAD Garlic, olive oil, lemon & olives NATURAL SMOKED HADDOCK Creamy pasta topped with a poached egg CRISPY HOI SIN DUCK SALAD Coriander, sesame seeds & spring onion FRESH ASPARAGUS Wrapped in prosciutto & grilled with hollandaise sauce CAPRESE SALAD Plum tomato, buffalo mozzarella, basil, olive oil & balsamic vinegar **Main Course** 10oz RIBEYE Blackened with Cajun seasonings, served with Bearnaise sauce PAN ROAST DUCK BREAST Cumin roast squash FELAFEL 'BURGER' Topped with Halloumi, roast pepper, onion chutney. VWHOLE ROASTED SEABASS With olive oil, lemon & salsa verde SLOW ROAST LAMB HENRY Celeriac mash, redcurrant & rosemary sauce **Puddings** STICKY TOFFEE PUDDING Toffee sauce & whipped cream CHRISTMAS PUDDING Brandy cream sauce BAILEYS CHOCOLATE POTPEACH FRANGIPANE TART VANILLA POD ICE CREAM FRESH FILTER COFFEE & MINTS £22.50 per person plus 10% service Send your choices together with the cheque payable to The Prestbury Village Restaurant. menu choices to be sent to :-John Stephens 3, Osprey Drive, Wilmslow. Cheshire. SK9 2LA. 01625 524928

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NOTE: READING TORMOGGER ARTICLES CAN BE DANGEROUS. Articles printed in Tormogger represent only the views and opinions of the writer, and are not to be construed as the official view of the High Peak Centre, the MSCC, or indeed the views of the Editor, whose decision is final.

Tales of a Mog in France. Part 1

I have moved from a small hamlet in Derbyshire to a bigger hamlet in the Hautes Alpes where life moves at a gentler pace, the air is cleaner, the views stunning and technology a good 10 years behind everywhere else. It is a busy village in summer and a busy village in winter but the periods in between are very quiet.

It was during one of those quiet periods that I decided to make enquiries about having my Mog wings seen to. The edges were badly chipped and not wanting to trailer it back to England it seemed an excellent idea to find somewhere local and after a lot of asking around I took it to the recommended, and only, body shop around here.

In the autumn of last year, I drove the car down, parked it next to a very tatty Renault van and walked into the office looking for somebody, anybody, to help me. The owner looked up and I explained my dilemma, bearing in mind that my French wasn't as good as it could have been then.

During that time, the van drove off and my car was there for all to see. Suddenly the shop emptied and my car was surrounded by lots of men dressed in blue. I invited the owner to have a look at the damage and he asked whether it was a Ferrari. 'I wish....' I said!

He walked round the car, loudly sucking in his breath, scratching his head and muttering, what sounded like Italian, under his breath. The men surrounding the car went quiet as they watched in anticipation and I watched in ever increasing alarm as he prodded and pulled at the wings dislodging large quantities of rust. I smiled sweetly as he asked if it was my car. I showed him the registration documents as he suspiciously asked where I had acquired it.

He was none too pleasant and even more suspicious when I told him that the passenger rear wing might need replacing if it could not be repaired and that I would be able to obtain one from England without difficulty. It then dawned on me that his suspicion didn't come from the car but from the fact that the car was in my name and there did not seem to be a husband around. I had no intention of telling him who my husband was as he had me riled by then Stroppey, me? Never.....

After what seemed forever, it was decided that I would see about obtaining a new wing, and that he would send me an estimate. He then shrugged his shoulders and told me that he was too busy to be able to do it before this spring. His attitude really did rankle but I kept telling myself that this was France and he owned the only body shop around so I agreed and went home.

I rang Melvyn Rutter who said that the wing would have to be made, as there were none in existence and to send him a close up photo of the existing one. I duly did this and a couple of days later he rang to say he had found one in his attic and though it might not be a perfect match to the driver's side it was a +4 Dhc wing. The plus bit was that as it had been there for some time it was dusty and he offered me a discount. Who was I to argue? 48 hours later the wing arrived. Impressed? You bet

Hi Richard.

My Morgan's six month holiday in Italy is sadly coming to a close, but we were fortunate to have one last fling. We are always very careful where we park our Morgan. Not that the Italians would go out of there way to damage our car, as they love beautiful machines, but they also like UK number plates? We are on the Tuscany/Umbria border and just inside Umbria is Lake Trasimeno. [7miles x 5miles] and the yachting club at Passignano a lake side town as a secure car park. So when we have been for a run around the lake, if possible we end up there. We Returned to our car one Thursday afternoon to find a invitation placed behind the wipers, asking if we were interested in entering a Classic car rally, organised by the Umbrian and Tuscany Classic car Association. To be held that coming Saturday/Sunday."We certainly were! We arrived early at the appointed starting venue at the main Toyota agents large car park in the near by town of Perugia. Congratulations to Toyota who were sponsoring the event, they really did it proud. There was an excellent breakfast laid out a great variety of choice of continental or Northern European. We made ourselves known to the secretary duly booked in, and were presented with two large number 35s for the sides of the car and one for the front, two bright yellow tee shirts and two bright yellow peaked caps. You were certainly going to see us coming. Ho! and instructions and diagrams of the route to be taken, {all in Italian?]

There were over forty classic cars in the rally, mostly Italian but a surprising number were British. All be it owned by Italians. Which made me feel quite proud. And our Morgan of course. There were Ashton Martin, Austin Healy, Healy Sprite, a Caterham Seven, a lovely XK 150 Jaguar. Our Morgan of course MGs As and Bs, Triumph TR4. And a 1928 Bugati open tourer of which there are only three left and only one in running order some large American jobs, and of course our Morgan. They started with a time trial, the usual thing, the nearest to 10 seconds over 100 mts 8sec; over 50 mts ect, ect, all electronically calculated. We participated even though we did not have a stop watch. One. Two. Three. a little faster. Four. Five slow down. Six. Seven. slow. slow. SLOW. eight. nine. FASTER. I dread to think what our final score was, but they were very kind they applauded us at every event. I am sure the written directions and diagrams were excellent, but only if you were Italian. We left the car park following a Healy Sprite with an old large brown battered leather suitcase fastened on the rear, that was my beacon. The Drive through this beautiful country side was wonderful. We stopped at local co-operative wineries there were local cheeses local wines, only for the passenger I might had, more speed tests, more stops at cafes in small isolated villages, to end up eventually at lunch time at Perugia golf club. Here we were met with trays of ordure, and local Champagne. And then a five course lunch under a large Marquee on the lawns of the golf club. We were fortunate to sit with the retired Managing Director of the Local chocolate factory "Nestles". Both he and is friend both spoke excellent English. After this wonderful lunch we proceeded on another tour of the country lanes and villages ending at a professional motor bike race track, spectator stands, pits the works, and a race in progress. After the compulsory speed trials, by this time my wife and I were coordinating quite well, even without a stop watch. By now the motor bike race had finished, and Yes, we were led onto the race track, waved down the slip road and five times around the circuit, absolutely fantastic! And there was more to come we left the race track and we followed battered brown leather suitcase back to of all places the Marina at Passignano. The final stage of this rally was the first eleven in the speed trials were each drawn a sailing boat, and they sailed as a passenger, or a member of the crew if they wished, from the marina around one of the lakes islands and back to the marina. Points were allocated accordingly. Next year, even thou we will not have our Morgan in Italy with us, we will make sure that our boat is available for the final race. It all ended with a dinner on the flat roof of the Yachting Club, just as the sun was setting over the lake. A fantastic ending to a fantastic day, and a professional video to remember it by. Saluta.

Rod Hughes.

Part 2 of Carol's tale next issue