

LOTUS LETTER

WINTER 2009

PATRICK MCGOOHAN

YOU WON'T GET IT

WHAT'S IN A NAME

LAPPING DAY

WEST FALL RUN

LCC CALENDAR

TWO RESTORATIONS

OLD ENGINE OIL



COVER:

Chris Marson's Lotus Elise at his Muskoka cottage. The top is up I notice

PHOTOS

- Chris Marson.....Cover
- Doug Howey.....Two Restorations
- Mike McGraw.....Two Restorations
- Dave Rush.....What's in a name?
- Mike Crabtree.....Black & White
- Chris Happe, Ivan SamilaLCC VARAC Lapping Day
- Mark Rector, Rob Roy.....LCC FALL RUN West
- M. Eddenden.....Illustrations, Old Engine Oil

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WINTER 2009



Michael Eddenden, Editor/Art Director

Lotus Club of Canada

Except in February the Club meets the second Tuesday of the month at 7:00pm
 at the **Hare and Firkin Pub** (427 and 401)
 2800 Skymark Ave, Unit 28, Mississauga. (905 624 4273)
 The next meeting is Monday, January 12, 2009.
 The Club's website is <http://lotusclub.ca>.
 The Lotus Letter is the Lotus Club of Canada's newsletter.

*When I look at this picture and see the condition of the body I always wonder, 'What is Kevin thinking?'
 For more see photo story, Two Restorations.*



LOTUS CLUB OF CANADA

WINTER PARTY

7:00 PM

FEBRUARY 21 2009

SATURDAY

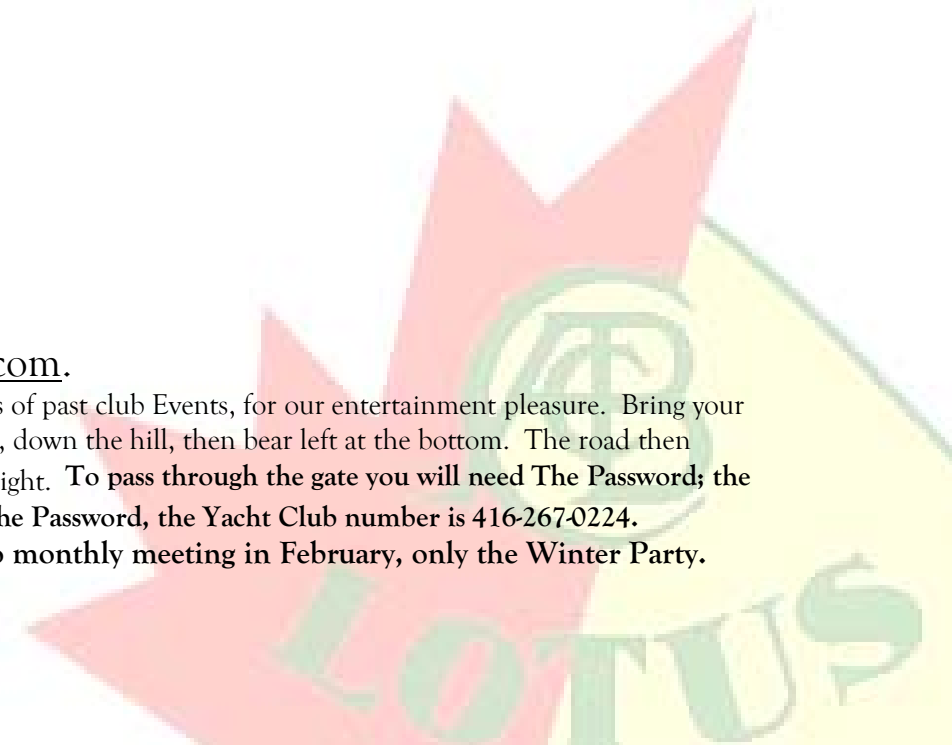
\$7. PER PERSON

HIGHLAND YACHT CLUB

RSVP/VOLUNTEER contact Roger Barker H: 416 621 9068 email rogerfbarker@hotmail.com.

The evening will comprise the bar, appetizers, various dishes, salads and dessert. Someone (that's you) will likely bring Videos and DVD's of past club Events, for our entertainment pleasure. Bring your photos for Don Seibel to scan into our Archives. To reach the Highland Yacht Club take Brimley Road heading south off Kingston Road, down the hill, then bear left at the bottom. The road then follows the shoreline, Scarborough Bluffs on one side, Lake Ontario on the other, until it reaches the Yacht Club's entrance gate on the right. **To pass through the gate you will need The Password; the Clubhouse is far enough away that shrieking and honking will do no good. To obtain the password call Roger Barker. If you forget the Password, the Yacht Club number is 416-267-0224.**

Please note that the Winter Party supersedes the February Monthly Meeting at the Hare & Firkin Pub in Mississauga. **There will be no monthly meeting in February, only the Winter Party.**





WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Years ago Donna and I visited the Westwood Racetrack. It was set high on a foothill outside Vancouver, surrounded by forest and mountains, and gave a spectacular view of the Fraser delta. That coupling of convenience and beauty was its undoing. The races we watched were the last. The land was sold for houses. Next time we visited Vancouver, it was a suburb.

Recently a photo arrived in my email from Dave Rush of the Lotus Club of British Columbia, and owner of a Lotus Elan.

“Cool names of streets are about all that's left of the course,” wrote Dave.

I went to Google Maps and zoomed in on the satellite photo until streets lined with big houses filled the screen. Most of the trees were gone. Driveways were big. Shrubbery abounded. I clicked the label button and all the street names appeared magically. Lotus Court. Elan Place. Lancia Place, Alvis Court, Delahaye Drive, Daimler St., Talbot Court, Cord Avenue, Napier Place, McLaren Court, Hudson Street, Nash Drive, Dupont Place, McLaughlin Court.

I don't know of any streets named for cars in Ontario, but well east of Toronto is a tiny hamlet called Lotus. There's not much there, but from time to time the Club arranges a Run to stop for a photo.



1928 - 2009

PATRICK McGOOHAN

M.Eddenden

“Patrick McGooohan’s dead.”

It was Mike Potter. He was phoning in the middle of a workday from his house, snowbound out in the country, at the end of a long, unplowed lane. “Did you know he was American?”

After we finished talking I sat for a few minutes thinking about McGooohan, then went looking through the internet for the obituaries. They weren’t difficult to find. Most covered the same ground, some by rote: *Danger Man*, the *Prisoner*, his performance in *Braveheart*. Slowly a pattern of contradictions emerged from the facts like the outline of Number Six’s face pressed against the skin of the giant balloons in the *Prisoner*. But without the death mask connotations.

McGoohan, unambiguously English and Irish, was born in New York. (His parents returned to Ireland within months and later moved to England.) He did not get his start in TV in popular spy shows but on the stage, in Ibsen and Shakespeare, and not the Tragedies but the Comedies; that his best received role was Petruchio battling Kate in the *Taming of the Shrew* is perhaps, not surprising. In the interval between the play’s final rehearsal and the evening performance he married Joan Drummond. She played Kate. They’d been married 57 years when he died.



He was the prototypical spy in *Danger Man*, and at £2,000 a week the highest paid actor in the U.K., yet he refused the roles of James Bond and the Saint; he said they glorified casual killing and treated women terribly. He was a cult hero, but fled to the States to live in relative anonymity, fiercely protective of his private life in an age of Fame. He made the Lotus Seven famous and is forever associated it but as far as I can tell had no interest in sports cars. He vowed never to work in television again after they cancelled the *Prisoner*, as strange and obscure a show as ever appeared on TV, but he went on to win two Emmy awards for writing, acting, producing and directing episodes of *Columbo*, as mainstream and successful a show as ever aired. He was difficult to work with, yet he was offered both the role of Dumbledore in *Harry Potter* and Gandalf in *Lord of the Rings* and only turned them down because of illness. Peter Falk called him “the most underrated, under-appreciated talent on the face of the globe. I have never played a scene with another actor who commanded my attention the way Pat did.”

McGoohan was an iconoclast only if television is accepted as a loved and respected institution, but he certainly challenged the system without regard for personal repercussions. The *Prisoner* is the usual proof of this. After all he created, wrote, starred, directed and produced it, it is unique, and it flies in the face of Network wisdom. *Gilligan's Island* was running at the same time. And perhaps the *Flying Nun*. He kept the show going despite ratings, critics complaints, and the easy, profitably famous life he might have led. It is no wonder that our images of McGoohan and Number Six blur together.

But there is a role, earlier in his career that is I think more prescient than Number Six.

In 1959 McGoohan won an award for his role of Brand, in Ibsen's play of the same name. It is not often performed today, and when it is, directors don't treat it sympathetically.

Brand is an uncompromising priest, with an ideal of God derived from the Old Testament. But his vision inspires the local

villagers because he strives not merely for their salvation, but Man's soul itself. In the end however, the villagers can not or will not follow his hard example and his judgement on them is harsh. He dies abandoned, absolutely alone, screaming, “Does not God consider the will of man?”

It is more futile and pitiless than Number Six's struggle with The Village.

Perhaps the most compelling link between McGoohan and Brand, and Number Six, comes at the close of the first act. Brand comes to a conclusion after a struggle. “What you are, be fully, not in parts and pieces,” he says. To be less is to be less than yourself. The obituaries said McGoohan was difficult to work with. Not a team player. He condemned sexual liberalism, he held strong religious beliefs, he rejected a material world, and he would not compromise. Roles that promoted values he opposed were turned down. Roles he accepted had to adapt to his beliefs. The *Prisoner* didn't carry a gun. Neither did John Drake. No one even died the first season of *Danger Man*. Brand went further. He wanted to save the world. He demanded they change.

Brand, McGoohan said, was his favourite role, the one he was most proud of. I assume it is also how he would like to be remembered.



YOU WON'T GET IT

From *To Build a Seven*, Written and illustrated by Michael Eddenden

What follows is an excerpt from To Build A Seven, a book on building my Caterham Seven. This Chapter attempted to explain the significance of The Prisoner for Seven owners, a subject that cannot easily be exaggerated. Peter Egan owns the complete Prisoner on DVD. I contemplated changes in light of Patrick McGoohan's death, but everything I came up with was unhelpful, so I have left it to speak for itself. All you need know of the story, is Donna and I do not have a Seven yet and have been looking unsuccessfully for some time.

January 1989

The search for a used Seven is going nowhere. No leads, no ads. Nothing to inspire us. All that's left is talk. I can feel the excitement of wanting the car drain away, subsiding into the featureless boredom of the bleak winter afternoon. It is one of those colourless days that inevitably blocks your way, the sort that makes you question perseverance, of doing without, of inarticulated desires. Why did I want a Seven? Really, why?

"You keep mentioning the 'Prisoner' when you're talking about the Seven," interrupted Donna. There was a hint of irritation in her voice. She is more rational about the Seven than I am and consequently has fewer reserves.

"What is the 'Prisoner'?" she repeated.

Not surprising, in a Chinese household of eleven children and six adults, operating a family business that was open 365 days a year, and with English as a second language when it was used at all, she had never seen the show, never heard of it. This was going to require some explanation.

I had forgotten.

There were no slick and expensive automotive magazines from the U.K. at the corner store then. There were no books on it. Videos and DVDs were unknown. There were no websites devoted to it - there was no web. No computers, no ipods, cellphones or blackberries. There were no Caterhams. On the other hand, there was a Lotus dealer in Toronto and you could walk in and buy a Lotus Seven off the showroom floor and drive it home, but I did not know this and would not find out for another 30 years. Growing up in a southern Ontario suburb in the Sixties there was a greater chance of being eaten by sharks than running into a Seven. The first time I saw one was 1979. The friend I was with said it was a Lotus. I shook my head; the name meant nothing to me.

"It's the car McGoohan drove in the *Prisoner*," he said.

That cleared it up.

I remembered the series. It aired in Canada in 1967, a time when shows, once shown, disappeared forever. Yet I clearly remembered Patrick McGoohan gripping the car's wheel, blasting down a deserted runway straight at the camera. I had been exposed to the Seven, subconsciously at least, all along. Like the show, the Seven lay hidden in the folds of my mind, waiting - a sports car sleeper cell.

The *Prisoner* had granted me some protection against the mundane. Most cars today are intentionally generic. They are comfortable. They isolate their drivers from traffic, cocoon them. They are as reliable as refrigerators and often as distinguished. Lotus Sevens are neither comfortable nor generic. They are unique. You cannot forget them any more than you can recall the specifications of your refrigerator.



Lotus has always attracted secret agents, at least on film. Emma Peel had her Elan, James Bond his Esprit, and the Prisoner -Number Six- his Seven. But the Seven was a special case. Number Six and the Seven seemed made for each other, and no other. The Prisoner rejected the glamorous world of secret agents, though he had been one of the best. A maverick, he is imprisoned in the surreal, sinister Village for it. He does not know where it is. He does not know who has imprisoned him. He does not know who are prisoners or guards. Everyone has a number, even those in charge, Number One and Two. No one has a name.

His struggle to escape is a struggle to stay sane in a society created by spies, a paranoid society.

Emma Peel couldn't drive a Seven; not because they are Spartan, but because she was the quintessential woman spy. She didn't rebel against the system; she was the system. It existed to promote her. James Bond drove an Esprit, like the other exotic cars that came before and after, because it was a Type - a status symbol of Supercar success. Try picturing Bond in a Seven. The Seven isn't even retro enough for Austin Powers, despite its age. Its Brand Equity doesn't draw a large target market.

Looking from the other side of the mirror, could Number Six have driven anything else? It is hard to imagine what. He was too sophisticated to drive a motorcycle, too hands-on for Jaguar, too British for a Ferrari.

McGoohan, who conceived, wrote, starred in and produced the show, understood this from the beginning. In 1966, during pre-production, he was searching for the right car. Lotus's Managing Director showed him the new Elan and a Seven. McGoohan rejected the Elan, then turned to the Seven, KAR 120C.

"I had that certain feeling," he said later. "It sort of looked me straight in the eye. I test drove it. This was it. A symbol of all the Prisoner was to represent; standing out from the crowd, quickness and agility, independence and a touch of the rebel."

It was lucky for the *Prisoner*, the TV show that is, that the Seven existed. It was just as lucky for the Seven that the *Prisoner* came along to promote it for generations. To Seven owners at least, the Seven and the *Prisoner* are inextricably linked. Both are unique. Both break the rules. Both are kept simple and single-purposed, almost crude. They are not slick; the budget shows. Both are bravely unrealistic; there are few concessions to the real world of mass marketing, while idiosyncrasies that no modern marketing department would let pass abound. They are not on message.

* * *

"You said he's always shouting 'I am not a number, I'm a free man!'" interrupted Donna.

"Oh yes - It's his mantra."

"But you always call him Number Six. Doesn't he have a name?"

"Uh..." I thought about it, desperately, a little puzzled, a little annoyed. She was right. We never learn his name, not in the beginning or at the end, even after he escapes. McGoohan never gave him one. He didn't have a name.

"And he drives a Seven?" she asked.

"Er, yes."

"This makes him a maverick?"

I nodded.

"Number Six on his Seven versus the evil Number One and Two?"

"It's deep," I bleated.

* * *

Freedom was achieved at a cost, in both fact and fiction.

In the real world the iconoclastic show, supposed to run for 24 episodes, failed in the ratings and was slashed without warning to 17. McGoohan, now at the highpoint of his career, vowed never to make another TV series and retired to California.

Lotus meanwhile tried several times to drop the Seven. By the late sixties Colin Chapman wanted to move up-market. He wasn't sentimental about Lotus's humble backyard beginnings or the Seven. It was Caterham Cars, Lotus's only Seven dealer, who coerced Chapman into keeping the car in production long enough to star in the *Prisoner*. Caterham even supplied the KAR 120C of the series. And that famous car, in fact two different Sevens that used the same plates, was soon forgotten, in reality if not on film. The first KAR 120C, the one in the title sequence, was exported to Australia, where it was written-off, presumably in an accident. The second car, the one in the final episode, disappeared. No one knows what happened to it.

The Village ironically, exists, a bizarre ¾ scale resort in Wales, called Portmeirion. You can vacation there, if you want.

In the fictional world Number Six appears to succeed. In the final episode Number Six escapes the Village but only after discovering the unsettling truth; Number One, the unseen arch-nemesis of the series, is Number Six himself, but a bestial, insane, alter ego,

an inexplicable mirror image. An evil twin long before the term was coined. The show ends exactly as it had started 17 episodes before, with Number Six driving his Seven down the runway, hurtling towards the camera, his face set with the same anger, heading to the same fate.

“He has no freedom,” McGoohan said of Number Six. Perhaps thinking of the battle he had to make the show he added, “Freedom is a myth.”

Yet Number Six never breaks, never gives his torturers what they demand. “We want - Information,” they demand. “You won’t get it!” he taunts. And they don’t get it. They don’t break him. They never understand him. He is his never ending struggle against conformity.

Do I struggle against day to day conformity by watching the show? That’s like saying we struggle against conformity by watching TV. If so, then watching reruns carries more cultural weight than I’m ready to concede. It is a pleasant illusion to think I might, momentarily, fend off the generic, the status quo, while watching an episode. But what if I actually owned a Seven? What if I built my own Seven?

Many dismiss the Seven as a kit car yet the briefest drive proves how many want to see the car, want to hear it driving by. I remember the crowd’s reaction to the two Sevens at British Car Day. When the cars left, a thrill of excitement spread like a ship’s wake. Middle-aged men stopped talking to watch with unconscious smiles. Children exploded with shouts. Unwittingly dropping their cool, teens gaped, and didn’t care. Somehow, without being able to articulate it, these spectators instantly recognized the same qualities that McGoohan saw in the Seven. It stood out in the crowd. It was independent. And it proved it, not by its handling or performance, but by existing in a world where it should never have existed at all. The Seven offered inspiration.

The crowd that day watched the two Sevens go by, until they were out of sight. Watching is enough for most people, or has to be, but for those stubborn, or patient, or lucky few, who wait long enough and search long enough, the bar is set at owning and driving a Seven.

Which am I?

* * *

“Would I like the show?” asked Donna.

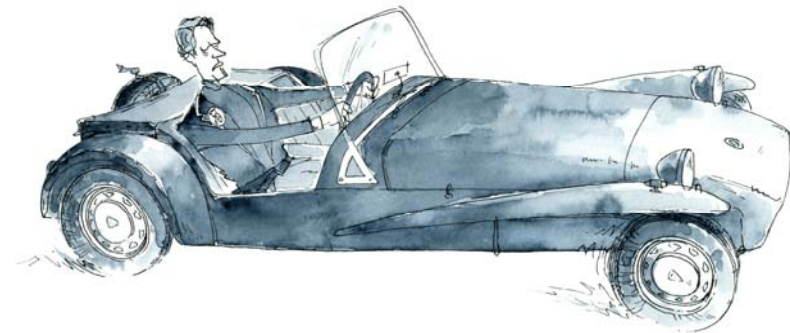
“You’ll love the car,” I said with conviction.

Favourite Quote

In the episode *Many Happy Returns* Number Six escapes the Village temporarily. After many hardships he makes it to London, disheveled, penniless and without any proof of identity. He finds himself at the front door of his former home just as KAR 120C, his Seven, drives up. The driver is a woman. She stands up in the car, walks across the seats in her heels, steps down onto the curb, and heads for the front door. Number Six, desperate to prove to someone that he is who he says he is, lunges forward, pointing to the Seven.

“I know every nut and bolt and cog - I built it with my own hands!” he shouts.

“Just the man I’m looking for,” she replies, “It’s overheating in traffic.”



Kevin Marson & Roger Barker

TWO RESTORATIONS

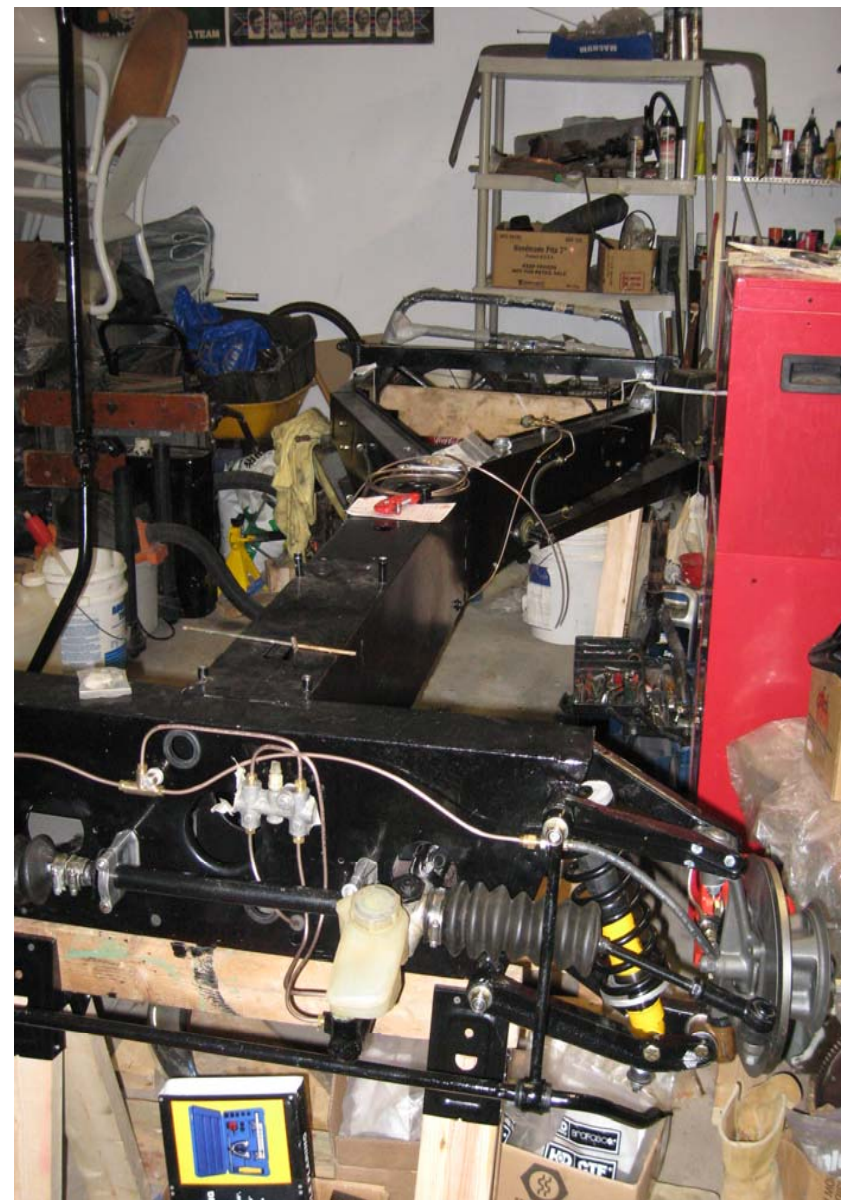
Photos by Mike McGraw (Kevin's Europa) and Doug Howey (Roger's Europa)

Kevin Marson and Roger Barker are restoring Europas.

Kevin's been at it for three years; Doug Szoke, who owned the car before Kevin, had worked on it since 1991. Roger bought his Europa in 2000 and has worked at it off and on since. Kevin's Lotus should be on the road in time for the Ancaster Fleamarket. Roger's deadline is a broader target: 2009. The difference is competition. Until the Europa is on the road Kevin has no Lotus to drive. He has also never driven it. Roger has a very driveable Lotus Elite in the same garage luring him away every fine day. From time to time I receive progress pictures of car parts and crowded garages. A few are reproduced below. Kevin's Europa is a 1969 S2. Roger's is a 1973 Twincam Special.

This page Roger's Restoration: In January, hardy Club members gather around the newly painted shell of Roger's Europa, stored in the trailer outside while the chassis undergoes a complete restoration in the crowded garage. Bottom left to right, Ged Mounsey, Iain Thompson, Keith Marshall, Rob Bentley, Roger Barker, Kevin Marson (Nose only and then only if you look very closely.)

Overleaf Kevin's Europa: bare and bondo, the ride home after painting, and going back together.





Lotus Club of Canada/VARAC LAPPING DAY 2008

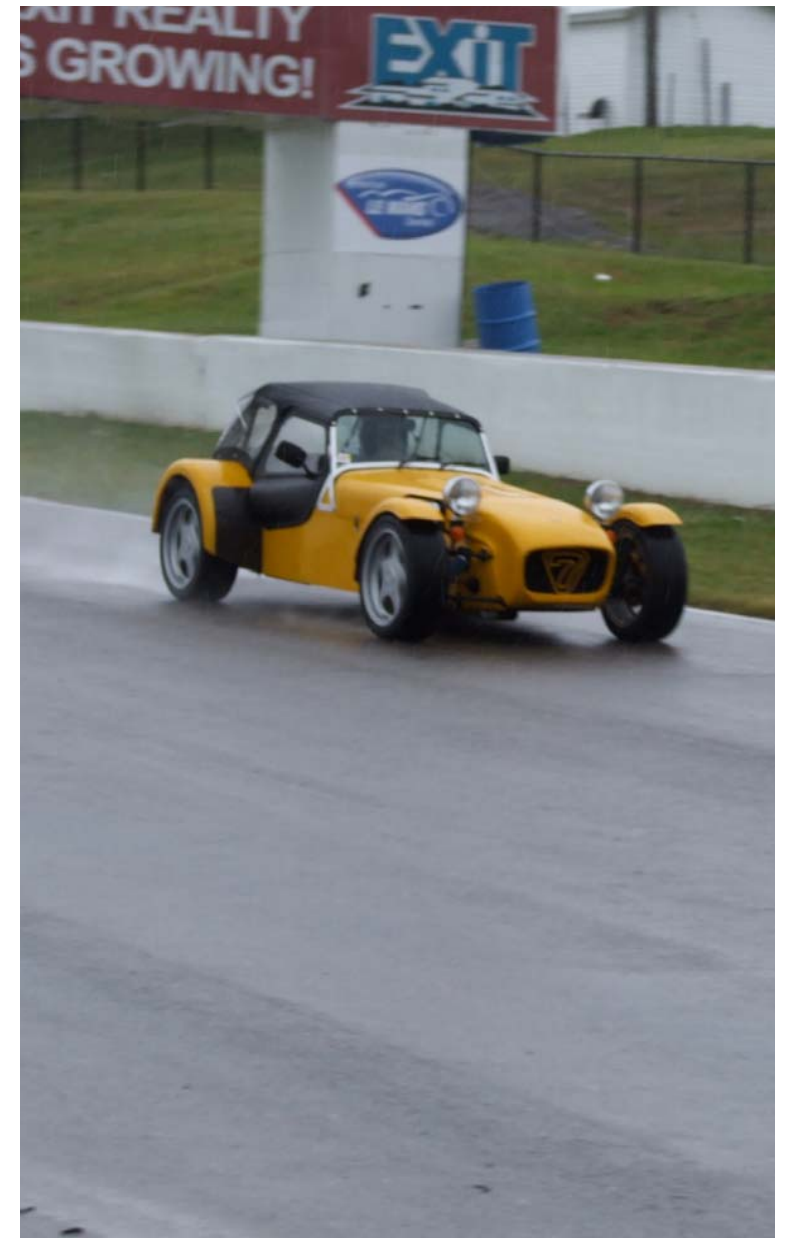
Stephen Rodger
Photos by Chris Happe

For those new to the Club or those members who have forgotten Track Day, Lotus owners from Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa and fellow sports car enthusiasts from thither and yon have shown up at Mosport annually to savour the delights of fast lapping the Big Track, talk tech and share the instant stories found in each lapping session of this historic and very special one-way road.

Lapping Day is always held on the Thursday before the annual VARAC - that's Vintage Auto Racing Association of Canada - Vintage Fest weekend. It features five or so lapping sessions where our prized British metal gets pushed beyond its usual routine of Club Runs and weekend blasts.

Normal driving behaviour takes on an edge that only a no-speed-limit road could offer. Everyone there feels the rush of anticipation while waiting for the pit lane to open just before our session starts, helmets on and right feet twitching at throttle pedals. And with a conflicting mix of trepidation and excitement, we repeatedly exit Moss Corner with the Back Straight looming ahead and eye the tach as we pass the Flag Stand at mid-point, hoping that the engine will hold together.

VARAC allows for 30 spots and last year we saw 10 taken by Lotus Club Canada members with 3 spots going to Eastern Canada Lotus Club members. As we've invited the Trillium Miata Club along for the past three years, 7 spots went to their enthusiastic members; friends and VARAC entrants needing some extended track time took the remaining spots.





All told we had 7 Sevens, 2 Elises, 2 Europas of Lotus or Caterham extraction spanning 1963 to 2006. The already mentioned 7 Miatas, a TVR, a Toyota MR2, a Nissan Skyline, a NSX, and a Sirocco; other sundry vehicles rounded out the field. After experiencing some memory-loss due to time passing (it's January now) and other brain cell destroying holiday activities, I remember the 2008 Lotus Grid Day for the infamous 'who me?' drivers meeting chewing-out, multiple offs (at least 4), spins (stopped counting) and (eek!) crashes (a record-breaking 2), the gathered Can-Am cars' earth shaking sound, and some pretty satisfying oversteer compensating moments.

Also joining those long-itched memories in my brain from childhood and beyond will be the sight of the yellow rear-wheel drive TVR, John the driver (surname omitted) and associated debris gently sluing across the Back Straight and just coming to a stop in front of my hurdling Seven. Enough said, and the anticlimax - both the Seven and driver lived to tell the tale, wheels and arms still attached.

As one guy who annually tries to get thirty plus enthusiasts out to the Mosport, seeing a smashed car was the last sight I wanted to see and much less a memory that I would take to my grave. But the worst had happened, one of our Lapping Day stalwarts had fallen and the "why" hurt to hear. The debriefing was simple, "I went for fifth but ended up in third." Seeing that this occurred at something like 80 mph, the ensuing rear wheel lock-up ended in a thoroughly crunched front-end - from the nose to the doors.

So after years of fair weather and some pretty exciting track days, 2008 saw wet and the kind of excitement you get from watching your RSPs fizzle. Not to mince words, it was that sinking feeling one will get in the pit of your stomach from time to time; the very last thing I wanted to see was damage to either car or driver or as it was in this case, both.

Label me delusional but most shared expectations surrounding Lapping Day (based on past experiences) are populated by visions of reasonably prepped cars, reasonably keen drivers, and mostly brisk and uneventful in-a-good-way laps.

Well, our collective 2008 experience had all of the above with some weather thrown into the mix just to spice it up.

John's shunt wasn't due to wetness as his incident happened before the skies opened but Bill (surname also withheld) on the other hand, felt the barrier kiss twice (left front slightly bruised, while the rear bodywork detached from the rest of the car) coming into Moss Corner after the track had been baptized by drizzle. Then there was more weather-inspired mess with Simon's off and more excitement patching together a feverish rim-and-tire remedy.

Goddamn, I even 360ed in the running water pouring down a downhill section with just a slight touch of the throttle. But a bit of bruised ego wasn't even in the same ballpark as the pain emanating from John's ribs at the post-lapping dinner held in Bowmanville.

For John, dinner came after an afternoon filled with some good luck. Amazingly, after the over-the-top generosity of Rob B. and his offering of his towing kit, some phone calls to TVR in Scarborough (who would have thunk), John got his car to a safe place and within days had a bead on a donor car.

And I'll always remember standing in the paddock with Bill, tearful eyes glancing at his car's crumpled body panels, admitting that there would be another winter's worth of body work after the previous winter's worth of body work. Enough of the memories, or I will become delusional.

I hate to say it but 2008 was payback for the years of brilliantly sunny days, perfect track conditions and nary an off-track excursion. Nah, we just weren't going to be blessed perpetually with the Bronte British Car Day weather phenomenon so it had to happen eventually that we would get rained on.

What did we learn? Even though it didn't seem like the natural thing to do, most of us started to take the wet line through corners. Braking started earlier with gentler pedal pressure. Steering became very considered and throttle, well, became even more considered after seeing the world turn completely around in my puddle coming off Moss Corner.

And finally, by turning a collective track protocol mistake like passing the VARAC President driven, Volvo station wagon doing fifty kph under a yellow flag into an after-school-detention-feeling bonding experience during the subsequent driver briefing has to be a plus.

Aside from the events described above, the 2008 Grid Day participants came away still believing that the cars we own and indeed the bodies we inhabit, should be taken out at least once a year and be given an experience that borders on the sublime even if there was a little added water. As just a small part of the multitudes of sport car owners who regularly avail themselves of track days, Lotus Club Lapping Day enthusiasts know that on one particular June day every year the potential outweighs the risk.





A beer from Scotland, new to us, found at the LCBO recently. Haven't opened it yet. Perhaps I'll hold off until the Club's Winter Party. Or perhaps not.



Lotus Club of Canada

FALL RUN WEST

Stephen Rodger

Photos by Rob Roy and Mark Rector

After the announcement of the east end starting point for the 2008 Lotus Club Fall Run, emails began floating back and forth among several west end Lotus and Caterham owners whose desires ultimately inspired the running of an alternate Fall Run starting in the west end of the GTA. The reply-to-all discussion harked back to the time when the Club held Breakfast Runs in the east and west ends of the GTA, albeit short-lived. I recall enjoying several.

Our discussion related to the odds of our cars making it through the trip to the start, the Run itself and back home without breakdowns; return distance estimates starting running into the hundreds of kilometres. A collective online decision was made and quite quickly and discussion turned toward dates. Availability became a moving target and much like that MASH episode when all character's relatives are trying to pick a date to meet. Ironically, after multiple offerings, the same day as the Official Fall Run was picked.

I volunteered to do the route. Starting in Milton, I picked the usual suspects - the route followed the Escarpment, finishing at Mono Centre Inn for lunch, with a double helping of River Road.

As the October Club meeting approached, I must admit that I felt a little hesitant about broaching the subject as the concept might be interpreted as being, err, radical, as in the political sense and not in the rad/dude sense. Sure enough, I got a good helping of tongue-in-cheek 'How dare you!' ribbing when I stated that there would be a West version of the LCC Fall Run, to anybody who would listen.



Enough preamble.

As the group pulled out of Milton, my Caterham Seven, oddly and ironically tanked; this after all the discussion about whether our cars would make it to and from the East Run, proof is in the pudding or as it was in this case, the coil. This was a surprise (duh?) as the car hadn't shown any hiccups all season. But nonetheless, I had lost spark and the car would not move a foot further, except maybe backward.

This happened just as we began our first Escarpment climb and so there we were, clinging to the side of the rather steep hill checking my fuses, not once but twice. A quick jog to the closest driveway, a hurried request for a parking spot, phone number exchange and we were off.

I shared the only other seat in Rob Roy's Esprit and experienced my first Run as a passenger. I would have rather been driving but c'est la vie. We left the Rattlesnake area and ended north through the wilds of Halton, skirting towns and villages all the way. After a brief stop at the Dufferin County Museum in Mulmur, we made our way up to the River Road. Upon descending into heaven, we first headed west toward Hornings Mills and then looped back for a return trip. God, what a road.

But with the earlier pause to check fuses, the Museum stop, and the extra run on the River Road, we found we had missed the optimal luncheon window at the Inn and our opportunity to munch on their really good steak. We arrived at about 1:30 but were told we would have to wait forty-five minutes to order. Yes, the kitchen was that backed up, and instead, we were offered drinks and a long wait on the deck (brrr). We deferred to the time and chill factors and chose to gamely proceed to the Super Burger at the junction of Highway 9 and 10/89 for burgers and fries.

Our late lunch provided the opportunity to reflect on the day's events, by reliving the sublime River Road, reflecting on the nature of British car electrics, getting to know each other a bit better and pondering how we ended up eating burger instead of steak.



Lotus Club of Canada

2009 CALENDAR

| | | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|------------------|---|
| LCC Winter Party | Highland Yacht Club | February 21 | Roger Barker 416 621 9068 |
| LCC Garage Tour | TBA | TBA | Roger Barker 416 621 9068 |
| Ancaster Flea Market* | Ancaster Highway 52 | April 19 | www.ahcso.com |
| Wings & Wheels Festival | Downsview | May 22-24 | www.torontoaerospacemuseum.com |
| LOG 29 | Birmingham, Alabama | May 28-June 1st | www.lotusltd.org |
| British Car Week | International Awareness | May 30-June 6 | www.britishcarweek.org |
| LCC Spring Run | TBA | June 6 | Stephen White stephenjwhite@rogers.com 905 822 2392 |
| LCC Kart Session | Centennial or Mini Indy | June LCC meeting | Stephen Rodger srodger@hughes.net |
| MGCCT Autofest of Classics | Brampton Fairgrounds | June 7 | www.mgtoronto.com |
| Classics against Cancer | Georgetown | June 14 | www.morgansportscarclubofcanada.com |
| LCC/VARAC Track Day** | Mosport | June 18 | Stephen Rodger srodger@hughes.net |
| VARAC Festival | Mosport | June 19-21 | www.varac.ca |
| VARAC Concours | Mosport | June 21 | www.varac.ca |
| Brits in the Park | Lindsay | July 19 | www.victoriabritishcarclub.org |
| LCC Summer BBQ | TBA | TBA | |
| British Car Exhibition | Niagara-on-the-Lake | August 15 | www.niagarabritishcarclub.org |
| British Car Day | Kingston City Park | August 16? | www.bootnbonnet.org |
| Lime Rock Festival | Lime Rock, Connecticut | Sept 4-7 | www.limerock.com |
| Zippo Vintage GP | Watkins Glen, NY | September 11-13 | www.theglen.com |
| British Invasion | Stowe, Vermont | September 18-29 | www.britishinvasion.com |
| TTC British Car Day | Bronte Park, Oakville | September 20 | www.torontotriumph.com |
| LCC Fall Run | TBA | October 18 | Duncan Lamb duncan.lamb@sympatico.ca |

*New location for Ancaster Fleamarket: Take Trinity Road (Regional 52) exit off Highway 403, heading South. Fleamarket is on southwest corner of Trinity and Garner Rd (Regional 53)

**LCC/VARAC Track Day: There will be a Track session at Mosport, June 18 if there is sufficient interest. In addition, there are numerous open lapping days organized by various clubs at Shannonville, Dunnville, and Calabogoe.

Contact Stephen Rodger for information (srodger@hughes.net) To join the Lotus Club of Canada, contact Membership Secretary Don Home (416.424 4888) Our annual fees are cheap at \$20. Club's Website: <http://lotuscarclub.ca>.

Lotus Club of Canada meets the second Tuesday each month at the Hare & Firkin Pub, Mississauga, at 7:30pm. Calendar updates to Roger Barker, 416 621 9068, rogerfbarker@hotmail.com



GLOVEBOX

M. Eddenden 416 463 5679 eddenden@pathcom.com

HELP WANTED: Repairing Elan brake servos

I have a 1969 S4 Elan and I need my brake servo repaired or replaced. I wondered if any members could help with the name of any company in NA that repairs servos?

Regards, Keith Marshall, kimarshall@cogeco.ca

FOR SALE: 1970 Lotus Europa

The owner was a friend of mine who passed away very suddenly last spring; his wife and son are trying to sell the car to clear up Evan's estate. It has the Renault hemi head motor with a custom intake and carb. The picture here was taken last summer a month before Evan died. He took me for a drive and it goes like a rocket, but cosmetically it needs some TLC. They are asking for best offers.

For more information contact Club member Dennis Deeley, Bowmanville, 905-243-3691, dendeel@aol.com



FOR SALE: 1965 MK 1 Lotus Cortina

Built at Lotus in Cheshunt UK, November 1965, LHD Original UK registry JCC 504D Carnarfon, Wales. Imported to Canada in 1966. Ground up restoration completed in 2003. Current mileage, 1500. Registered collector car in BC These cars are extremely rare... only about 1600 were ever produced! Most of those were raced or abused into oblivion. Only a handful ever survived. It has been over 40 years since these cars were produced, so examples like this car are non-existent.

Cost to restore in 2003, \$75K plus 1000s of hours of personal time investment. This is a true original spec collector car that can carry 4 people in comfort and style, and can thrill the driver at track days. **Priced fairly at \$29,900 USD firm.**

For much more information go to the following web address on **Craigslist**

<file:///G:/LCC/Lotus%20Letter%202009/1018709485.html> 1965 LOTUS CORTINA - \$29900 (BC)

Reply to: sale-1018709485@craigslist.org

