THE CAN-AM CONNECTION

vol. 11 no. 9 Newsletter of the Windsor-Detroit MG Club Nov.-Dec. 1991

I Can't Think of a Funny Headline!

Hibernation Party December 7; Get Your Tickets NOW!!!

Imagine yourself in a tropical paradise, where the temperature is always warm, the sun is always shining, and you never have to put your hood up. Now look out your window. OH MY GOD! WHAT'S THAT WHITE STUFF ON THE GROUND? IT'S HOW MANY (or few) DEGREES OUT THERE? YUCK!

Yes, it's that time of year. By now you have tucked your car into beddy-bye, covered it up, and read it a story. Now it's time to have the most fun you can have without your car! It's Hibernation Time!

That's right, the annual Hibernation Party will take place on Saturday, December 7, at 7:00 at the Sicilia Hall in Windsor. This year's event, organized by Lou Tortola, promises to be one of the best ever. There will be dinner, drinks, dancing, music, door prizes, and a raffle. But wait, there's more!

We will also be electing officers and giving out our annual awards. Speaking of awards (nice segue, eh?), If anybody out there has any nominations for Member of the Year, Rookie of the Year, Navigator of the Year, or Anything else of the Year, contact me with your ideas.

We might even have a surprise visitor. No, not Santa (aren't you a little old for that?), but our own President in exile, Hayden Heath! *(Editor's Note: He's just here to make sure we don't elect him president again!)*

Tickets are only $20 Canadian, $18 U.S., £10.15 U.K., ¥2340.90 Japanese, DM 29,51 German, L. 22041, Italian, or $55,260 Mexican, and include dinner, dancing (we will have a DJ this year), and door prizes and a cash bar. **YOU MUST PURCHASE YOUR TICKETS IN ADVANCE!**

In addition, the bar will not exchange U.S. dollars—they will take U.S. funds at face value, so get Canadian currency!

The party will begin at 7:00, with dinner starting at 8. This is always our best-attended event, and this one should be the best yet, as Lou has something up his sleeve that he won't tell me, so I can't tell you. For ticket information, call Frank Lucente, (519) 977-5346, or Marla Zebarah, (313) 382-6715.

How to get there: From the Bridge, follow Huron Line (Highway 3) for a while, past St. Clair college. At the fork in the road, stay on Highway 3. The Hall is just past the fork on the right side of the street. Turn down the side street and park in the back.

Season's Greetings!

The officers of the Windsor-Detroit MG Club would like to wish everyone a pleasant and safe Holiday Season!

Hayden & Ann Heath
Gary & Diane Howe
Frank & Linda Lucente
Guy & Ann St. John
Roli & Betty Sylvestre
Dan & Marla Zebarah

Christmas Gift Idea:

We now have T-shirts & Sweatshirts with the club logo. Contact your regalia chairman for availability!

This Month's Events:

Note: Events in **boldface** type are WDMGC events!

NOVEMBER

28 (Thur)	Thanksgiving Day (U. S.)

DECEMBER

7 (Sat)	**Hibernation Party, Sicilia Hall, Windsor. Details on this page!**
25 (Wed)	Christmas! Did you remember batteries?
26 (Thur)	Boxing Day
31 (Tue)	New Year's Eve—Don't drink and drive!!

The Litter Bag

by Dan Zebarah, Editor

The car was dead. Dead as a doornail. Whitworth Screw slammed the bonnet and stalked back into the office.

"Ratchet!" he screamed.

Bob Ratchet looked up from his paperwork. "Oh, Mr. Screw," he said, "I thought you left."

"Just shut up and give me your car keys," Screw said.

"But how will I get home? The buses aren't running, with it being Christmas Eve and all."

"YOU can walk! Don't forget who loaned you the money to buy that rattletrap." Screw took the keys and went into his office.

"At least MY rattletrap runs," thought Ratchet.

Ratchet punched out and headed for home. "Merry Christmas, Mr. Screw!" he shouted. The resounding "Humbug!" let him know that Screw heard him. Outside, there had to be at least a foot of snow on the ground and there was no sign that the blizzard was going to end soon. He looked at Screw's car in the parking lot. "The old skinflint probably was too cheap to put antifreeze in it," he chuckled.

The streets bustled with people doing their last-minute shopping. At least Ratchet didn't have to worry about that. Screw didn't pay him enough to live, let alone to buy presents.

Screw pulled into his driveway and parked the car. "I'm not going to put THIS car in the garage; it's not worth sheltering." As he walked into the house, he had the feeling that someone was watching him.

As he got ready for bed, he looked out his window at the hustle and bustle on the street below. "Suckers! You're all fools," he said. "Wasting your money on presents for other people. 'Merry Christmas', they say. 'Season's Greetings' they say. I'm the richest man in the city, and I didn't get that way by throwing my money away on presents just because it's Christmas! Of course, the money I inherited from my deceased partner didn't hurt either, but he couldn't take it with him."

All at once, an icy wind enveloped the room. An eerie voice called out: "Whitworth Screw! Whitworth Screw!"

Screw dived into his bed and hid under the blanket. "That sounds like my old partner Joseph Lucas, but he's been dead ten years!"

The lights went out. "I was Joseph Lucas," the voice said, "but now I'm a disembodied spirit, doomed to wander the earth as a penance for all the bad things I did while I was alive. I have come to warn you, Whitworth Screw."

Screw pulled the blanket over his head. "The Dickens you say! A warning? About what? Hey, did you have anything to do with my car today?"

A mist filled the room and a ghost appeared. "You always were nosy," Lucas said. "I'LL do the talking! You will be visited by three spirits tonight—"

"They better not want anything to eat!" Screw interrupted, "I'm not running a boarding house for wayward ghosts!"

"Will you shut up?", Lucas continued, "These spirits will try to get you to mend your ways, become a good citizen, and change your oil every three months or 3,000 miles, whichever comes first."

"Lotsa luck," thought Screw, "Not at $1.50 a quart."

With that, the mist cleared and the lights went back on. Screw decided to leave the light on and tried to go to sleep.

As Screw started to nod off, he heard a tremendous crash, as if a tray of silverware had been upset. He looked and saw a rotund man picking up a tray of silverware off his bedroom floor. "Who are you? What are you doing here? Where did that silverware come from? I don't own any silverware."

The man looked up. "I am the ghost of Christmas Present."

"Is that my present?" Screw asked. "You shouldn't have."

"I said Christmas Present, not presents, stupid!" said the ghost. "The silverware is for me. You can't be too careful with germs these days, so I bring my own. Let's go." He took Screw's hand and headed out the window.

They flew out the window and

(continued on page 6)

The Can-Am Connection is published nine times a year by the Windsor-Detroit MG Club. Deadlines are the 15th of the month. Contributions are welcome in either written or typed form, or on computer disk using an IBM compatable word processor.

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ADVERTISING RATES:

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FREE to members!
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Business Card Size:
$5/issue, $36/year

Quarter Page:
$10/issue, $72/year

Half Page:
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Full Page:
$25/issue, $180/year

FINE PRINT

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In the Headlights

Happy Birthday Wishes to the following people:

Patrick Werner	Nov 4
Edna Fleming	Nov 6
Mike Principe	Nov 6
Roberta Sand	Nov 6
Jeannie Hastings	Nov 7
Patrick Trofin	Nov 9
Keith Nelson	Nov 10
Susan Schultz	Nov 13
Pete Tortola	Nov 13
Guy St. John	Nov 17
Jeff Newton	Nov 19
Laura Mann	Nov 21
Lance Rutherford	Nov 22
Mark Uhlig	Nov 23
Matt Oles	Dec 1
Jane Boot-Osowski	Dec 6
Barb Binkley	Dec 8
Judy Monroe	Dec 8
Kim Rutherford	Dec 11
Lorrie Campbell	Dec 12
Dave Ruch	Dec 14
Kristi Lahners	Dec 14
Dave Fraidenburg	Dec 15
Sandy Stoyshin	Dec 16
John Van Dyk	Dec 16
Aaron Pillon	Dec 21
Stephanie Connor	Dec 22
Erik Fleming	Dec 22
David Hanson	Dec 22
Holly Orlowski	Dec 30
Dan Zebarah	Dec 31

—Marla Zebarah

This is a threat.
If you don't send me any articles, not only will I be forced to keep putting these little boxes in the newsletter, but they will eventually work their way up to the FRONT PAGE!

Now wouldn't that be embarrassing?

Calendar of Events—1991-92

Note: Events in **boldface** type are WDMGC events!
*subject to change without notice

NOVEMBER

28 (Thur)	Thanksgiving Day (U. S.)

DECEMBER

7 (Sat)	**Hibernation Party, Sicilia Hall, Windsor. Details on Page 1!**
25 (Wed)	Christmas! Did you remember batteries?
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31 (Tue)	New Year's Eve—Don't drink and drive!!

1992

JANUARY

1 (Wed)	Happy New Year!

FEBRUARY

? (???)	**WDMGC Luau, Details later.**

APRIL

12 (Sun)	Cecil Kimber's Birthday.

MAY

10 (Sun)	Mother's Day. Wouldn't she look good in a WDMGC T-shirt?
15-17 (Fri-Sun)	Octagasm '92, Sponsored by the Emerald Necklace MG Register, Ohio.

JUNE

21 (Sun)	Father's Day. Let him work on his car, alright?

JULY

? (???)	**WDMGC 4th annual Homecoming Picnic. Details TBA.**
7-11 (Wed-Sun)	MG Canada '92, Peterborough, Ontario. Hosted by the MG Car Club of Toronto and the North American MGB Register.

AUGUST

28-30 (Fri-Sun)	University Motors 16th annual Summer Party, Grand Rapids.

Welcome New Members!

We would like to welcome the following new members to our club:

Rick and Pat Green live in Windsor. Pat is a realtor. They have a 1957 Burgandy MGA, a 1959 Burgandy MGA, and a 1979 black MGB LE.

Pat and Kathy Luckino live in Fraser with their two sons, Mike and Matthew. They own a 1970 British Racing Green MGB. Pat is in the Personnel field.

Donn Rajaniemi owns a 1979 Gray MGB. He also says he owns a 1977 MGB that is disassembled and "hanging in a thousand pieces on the walls". (I think we all know what you mean, Donn.) He lives in Pontiac and is an office machine Technician.

Brian Schwartz lives in Plymouth. He owns a 1978 orange MGB, and his travelling companion is **Terri Wiechert**. Brian is in Real Estate Sales.

Ken and Karen Smith live in South Lyon with their son **Wade**. (No, he does not work for Moss Motors.) They own a red 1970 MGB. Ken is a loss control Consultant and joined us at the apple picking tour.

Hope you enjoy being a part of our club!

A Short History on South Eastern Finecast and Their Kits

by Ross W. Whitaker

South Eastern Finecast as we see it today has changed a lot since its inception more than 20 years ago. The company's early beginnings are sketchy at best. The company began as Auto-Kit Limited with the issuance of 1/24th scale metal race car models. At some point later, Bob Wills stepped onto the scene and incorporated the Auto-Kit line of metal car models into his line of products which was the start of Wills Finecast. What I can tell from two sets of old instructions is that the change over did occur when English money was still quoted in pounds-shillings-pence, and the company's address was still in London. Bob Wills moved the company to Forest Row, a suburb of London, where it is still located. While Bob Wills was in charge, he expanded the line of kits produced plus began issuing the larger more detailed kits such as the Bugatti Type 59 and the MGBs. In early 1988, Bob decided he wanted to retire, and sold Wills Finecast to Chris and Dave Ellis. They changed the name to South Eastern Finecast. They have continued expanding and improving the line of kits produced with the introduction of the Austin/Morris Mk.1 Mini/Mini Cooper and more recently the MGA (both roadster and coupe) and revamping the MGBs to 1-piece body castings. Their current project is the rubber bumper MGBs which are due out later this autumn.

Now about the kits themselves. The range of kits originally began as just racing cars from various Grand Prix eras with the exception of the Lotus Super 7 and the MG M Type Midget. These original 1/24th scale kits are still produced and are in the A000 series of kits being only curbside models (defined as you would view a car from the curb.. i.e., closed up not showing underside/engine detail which would not normally be viewed). And some of the early kits (i.e., 1928 Miller 91, MG K3, Mercedes SSKL) feature real wire wheels where you actually string the spokes using the wire supplied in the box. As in any model, to get an exact replica, a little detail may be added here

(Continued on page 7)

Classified Ads

FOR SALE: Aftermarket hard top with hardware, good condition, $200 or best offer. Factory hard top, good condition, with hardware, $275. Dan Zebarah, 382-6715. (ufn)

FOR SALE: British car brochures and sales ads. Jay Kollin, (313) 464-4381, after 6. (ufn)

FOR SALE: Rostyle wheels for MGB. Set of 4, $50. Complete rear bumper assembly for '62-69 MGB, $50. Jay Kollin, (313) 464-4381. (1/3)

FOR SALE: Half Tonneau, red, for early MGB. Excellent condition, $35. Dave Clarke, (519) 966-3449. (2/3)

FOR SALE: Left hand sun visor, $14. Rear view mirror, day/night, $15. Guy St.John, (313) 349-3649 (2/3)

FOR SALE: MGB parts: rubber front bumper, 4 wire wheels, 4 Michelin 14 x 155 tires, steering rack, Zenith carb, etc. All good condition. Norm Lupo, (313) 296-0215 (2/3)

FOR SALE: Seat kit for 78-80 MGB, black. $250 Canadian. Also MGB LH front fender with new patch panel, 78-80 fuel and temperature gauge. Dave Hornby, (519) 734-6952. (3/3)

FOR SALE: MGC Parts. Engine, suspension, interior, etc. Too numerous to list. Tim Covert, (313) 355-0749. (2/91)

FOR SALE: MGBs:
1977, Primrose Yellow, Rostyles
1977, Teal Blue, Rostyles
1976, Wires, new carpet
1974, Early, Teal Blue, good paint, rostyles, new bumper, new carpet.
1975, Fresh Deltron paint job, rostyles
1980, One owner, rostyles
Garey Knop, (313) 623-9039. (1/3)

FOR SALE: Magazines. Road & Track, Car & Driver, Sports Car Illustrated, etc. $1-$5, each, depending on condition and age. Lou Slyker, (313) 541-8951. (1/3)

WANTED: Emission control components; Air pumps, Zenith carbs, Air manifolds, gulp valves, etc., Any condition, Dan Zebarah, (313) 382-6715. (ufn)

Looking for something? Selling something? Don't forget, these ads are FREE to members! Call or write the newsletter editor.

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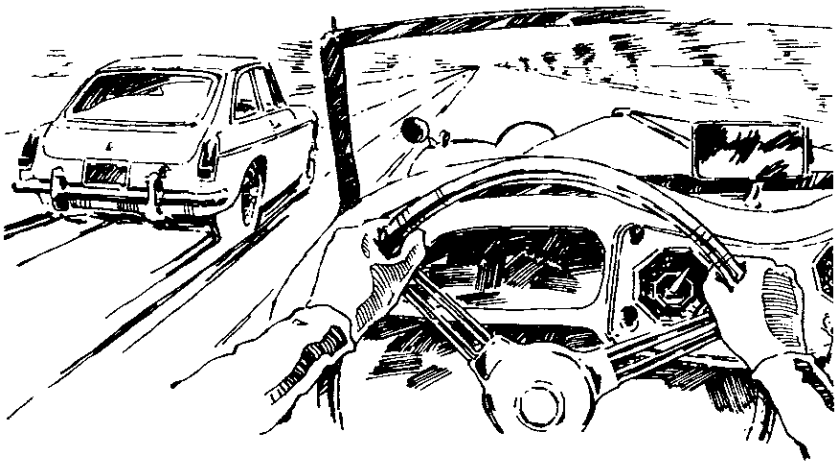
EXHILARATION SAYS IT ALL



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The Litter Bag

(continued from page 2)

circled the city. "We can fly, we can fly, we can fly!", sang Screw.

"Wrong story, blockhead," said the Ghost.

They landed outside a small house. The ghost pointed to the window. Screw looked inside. There was Bob Ratchet sitting with his feet in a tub of hot water. On his lap was a small child. Screw could hear Ratchet's wife talking as she walked into the room. "That cheapskate Screw has no right to take your car, Bob. If you had a brain, you would have stood up for your rights."

"But dear, it's Christmas," Bob replied. "Anyway, he DID give me tomorrow off."

"Big deal. You have to go in early for the next month, wash his windows, and make his lunch," she said. "Anyway, look at Tiny Tim here. He needs another operation."

Ratchet put the child on the floor. "Run, er, limp along now," he told Tim. He looked at his wife. "What exactly is wrong with him? He needs all those operations, but I don't know what for."

"Neither do I," said Mrs. Ratchet, "But the doctors said he'll keep needing them as long as we have any money. Well, it's time to open our presents. Tim!" Tim came into the room.

"Oh, wow! Presents!" Tim opened the first one up. "A pencil! A NEW pencil!!"

"He stole that pencil from the company!" Screw told the ghost.

"No he didn't. You SOLD it to him. At LIST price!"

"Oh, yeah."

"Let's go," said the ghost.

When they got back to Screw's house, the ghost disappeared in a cloud of smoke. As the smoke cleared, another figure appeared. "I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

Screw looked at him. "That was fast."

"Look, it's a short story, not a novel," the ghost replied, "Let's go."

They flew out the window and landed at another house. "This is my childhood house and—and—THAT'S ME!!!" Screw pointed at a teenage boy working on a car. "I never did get that car running. Everybody wanted money to fix it."

"So you sold it and invested in Joseph Lucas' automotive firm. You two were made for each other; ambitious, ruthless, penny-pinching scoundrels who would sell their own mother if the price was right," said the Ghost.

"Flattery will get you nowhere."

"In fact, when Lucas made you a partner, the papers said, 'Lucas has been Screwed', and you took it as a compliment."

"Frankly, my dear ghost, I don't give a damn," said Screw.

"Wrong story, blockhead!" said the Ghost. "Let's go back."

Back at Screw's house, the Ghost vanished, saying, "Just wait until the third ghost gets here."

Screw watched the ghost vanish. "I can hardly wait."

A voice boomed from the darkness. "Well, I won't keep you waiting." The ghost appeared, looking like a cross between the Grim Reaper and Darth Vader. He rode a black horse whose red eyes lit up the room. "Let's go."

Screw cowered in a corner. "There's no place like home. There's no place like home," he whimpered.

The ghost took his arm. "Wrong story, blockhead," he said, leading him out the window. Screw felt like singing 'Ghost Riders in the Sky', but that pun was even too bad for him.

They alit in a dark alley. The police were carrying a body out of a boarding house. "This," said the Ghost, "is your destiny."

The policemen were talking. "Imagine that. Once he was the richest man in the city, and now he's going to be buried in a pauper's grave."

"Right," said the other cop, "It's hard to believe that somebody could lose that much money that quickly."

"Who is that?" Screw asked the Ghost.

"Shut up and watch."

The officers took the body and put it into a wagon. One of them started writing on a small piece of paper. "Whitworth—Hey, Bill, how did he spell his last name?"

"S-C-R-E-W. Just like it sounds."

Screw grabbed the Ghost's arm. "That—that—that's—"

"YOU." said the Ghost.

"What happened? How did I die penniless?"

"Watch." The Ghost took him to another place in town. A big crowd had gathered in the town square. There, in the middle, was none other than Bob Ratchet, and he was giving out packages to all the children.

"Ratchet? How did he get the money to give away presents?"

The ghost turned to Screw. "He sued you and a jury awarded him your entire company, your house, and all your money."

"What did he sue me for?"

"Remember that pencil he gave his son two ghosts ago? Well, Tiny Tim was limping with it, fell and put his eye out."

"My mother always told me that would happen," Screw interrupted.

"The jury found you responsible because you didn't pay him enough to buy him a real present."

This was too much for Screw. He buried his face in the Ghost's robe. "Please! Is there any way for me to change this? I promise to change my ways!" He opened his eyes and found himself in his bedroom.

He raced to the window and looked out. The snow had stopped and the morning sun glistened on the rooftops. He spotted a boy walking down the sidewalk.

"Hey, kid!" he called out.

"Who, me sir?"

"Yes. What day is this?"

"It's Christmas sir."

Screw's heart rose. "I haven't missed it!" He tossed a coin purse down to the boy. "You know that turkey down at the market?"

"You mean the one in the window that's as big as me, sir?"

"No, I mean the owner."

"Oh, THAT turkey."

"Remarkable boy! Intelligent boy! Tell him to send a complete dinner over to the Ratchet house."

"Right away, sir!" The boy turned and ran down the street.

"Oh, and keep the change!"

"Why thank you sir!"

Screw then dressed, went downstairs, and headed out the door. He went to the nearest toy store, bought some toys, and headed for the Ratchet house.

As he knocked, he thought to himself, "I might even get to like this Christmas thing." The door opened.

"Why Mr. Screw," Mrs. Ratchet said, "What are you doing here?"

"Merry Christmas!" Screw said, "May I come in?"

"I guess," said a puzzled Mrs.

Ratchet, and she showed him in.

In the living room, Bob and Tiny Tim were playing on the floor. Bob looked up. "Why Mr. Screw! You gave me the day off, remember?"

Screw looked at Tim. "Here, boy! Merry Christmas!" He handed the bag over to him.

"Look, Daddy! Toys!" Tim's face lit up like a, well, a Christmas tree.

Screw smiled. It was the first time in many years he had something to smile about, and it made him feel good. "Ratchet," he said, "I've been thinking. You've been with me for what, twenty years?"

"No sir," he replied, "four months."

"Whatever. Anyway, I've decided to make you a partner."

"Really?"

"Not just that. I've decided to triple your salary."

"Why thank you, Mr. Screw!" said Bob.

"Why thank you, Mr. Screw!" said Mrs. Ratchet.

"God bless us, everyone!" said Tiny Tim.

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!" said Screw.

"WRONG STORY, BLOCKHEAD!" said everybody.

THE END

EPILOGUE

Bob Ratchet became a partner in the company and worked twenty hours a day, seven days a week. Tiny Tim recovered from whatever it was he had, fell in with a bunch of punk rockers, and ran away from home. Whitworth Screw sold his share of the company to some big corporate conglomerate, took all his money, and moved to Bermuda with Mrs. Ratchet, who got tired of not seeing her husband for weeks on end. Bob sold all of his interest in the company and opened a macrobiotic restaurant in the trendy section of town. He has been seen at various nightclubs with Marla Maples. The ghost of Joseph Lucas is still haunting automobiles throughout the world, and the ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and Future wrote a book about the experience and have appeared on "Oprah", "Geraldo", and "Donahue". AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ONE AND ALL!

Southeastern Finecast

(continued from page 4)

and there. As the range grew, so did the complexity of some of the kits. The MG TD is a curbside model as are the other A000 series kits. The A200 series of kits are the top of the line each having full engine and suspension detail plus (in the newer kits) extra goodies such as chromed and/or photoetched parts. For example, the MGB has three different wheel styles, one being photoetched wire wheels, plus it has the option of having the top up or down, and now a 1-piece body. The new MGA also has a 1-piece body plus photoetched and chromed parts, but no wires, yet the option to build either a 1500 Mk.1 or 1600 Mk.2. The earlier kits in this range, such as the Bugatti Type 59 or MG TC do not have chromed parts, but they do have all the other detail features to build a beautiful exact model. To achieve the chromed look on these, a little elbow grease is needed along with light sanding and then polishing. In reviewing the current list of kits along with the new additions, you will note that the tendency is now towards English sports cars only, as England is most likely their main market base. I'm not complaining as I do like and own two of those sports cars, and will probably own more as many sports car owners do. And finally, you may note that many of these kits are not produced in 1/24th scale or at all in some cases.

Some of the prices for South Eastern Finecast Model Car Kits, sold in the U.S. by D and R Enterprises. If you would like to know if other kits are available call D and R at (414)774-8870.

The A000 series are "shell" or "curbside" kits (no full engine/suspension detail). The A200 series contains full engine detail and some chromed and photoetched parts (wire wheels). ALL kits have full interiors. Prices include shipping and handling.

A010 1928 MG M Type $79.95
A017 1933 MG K3 Magnette $79.95
A018 1950 MG TD Midget $79.95
A021 1955 MG TF $79.95

A205 1947 MG TC $129.90
A207 1966 MGB Roadster $149.90
A208 1966 MGB GT $149.90
A211 1956 MGA 1500/1600 Mk.1/1600 Mk.2 $149.90
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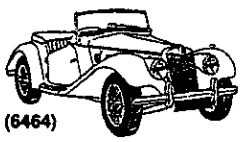
Don't Forget! The Hibernation Party is December 7. Get your tickets now! See page 1.



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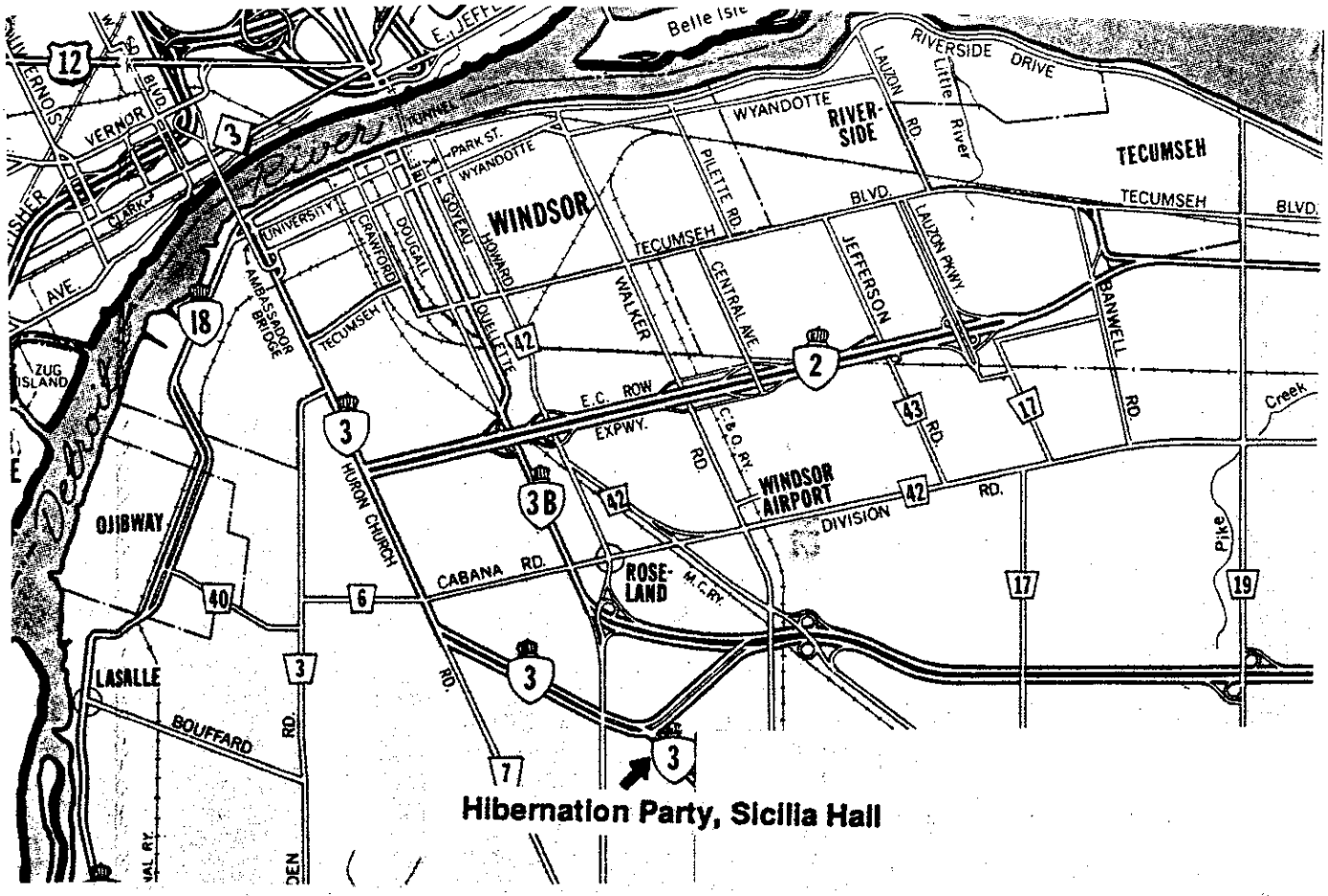

Hibernation Party, Sicilia Hall

The Windsor-Detroit MG Club
1327 Austin
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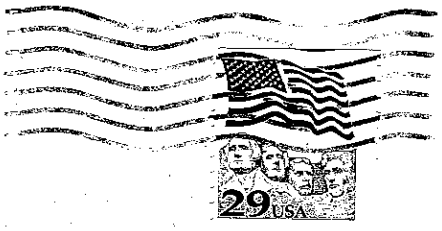

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