

Dave Gordon told *Your Car* why classics must always be treasured, after a run-down sports car changed his life

**Y**ou'd be hard pushed to find someone more passionate about classic cars than Dave Gordon, who is on a one-man mission to show people that a vintage vehicle is so much more than a nostalgic set of wheels.

It was perhaps inevitable that the 52-year-old grandfather from Newmachar would end up tinkering with engines, after his own grandfather taught him the trade when he was just eight-years-old.

He has gone on to travel the world with the oil industry and have two children with his not-so-carmad wife, Anne, but there has always been another special someone in Dave's life.

He was only a schoolboy when he fell in love with his one and only classic vehicle, a 1965 MG Midget MK2.

He could see past its sorry state to the dream car that lay beneath decades of neglect, but it wasn't until he was an enthusiastic apprentice mechanic that the MG arrived in his life for good.

It has been more than 30 years since he spent £130 on the car, a large amount of money considering his £33 a week pay packet!

But he is more in love with the MG than ever, and has completed its latest restoration with the help of his grandchildren.

As Dave told us:

**66** From a very young age, I was always



Dave Gordon with his 1965 MG Midget MK2.  
Photographs: Jim Irvine

## Part of the family

interested in motorcars and all things mechanical; I used to assist my Grandfather with the repairs to all the family cars.

Life was certainly busy and very exciting; I was only eight-years-old at the time.

Granda was a man that would prove to have a large impact on my life and would inspire me in my fu-

ture career. He was a proper old-school motor mechanic and had an incredible knack of being able to repair almost everything.

All my school holidays always consisted of Granda and I jumping into his Morris Minor and driving up to the local scrap yard where we would load up an old engine or gearbox which

had been previously removed from an old scrap car.

On our return to his garage, with the help of Granda's brother, Bill, who stayed round the corner, they would place the engine on to our make shift workbench which would consist of two sawing stools and an old house door.

Granda always had a

small stool for me to sit on which he positioned just inside the door and in full view of the makeshift workbench.

The first couple of days would pass by consisting of me sitting on the stool and watching and listening to him as he would slowly dismantle the engine, explaining the purpose of each component, what each

component was called and finally what material each component was made with. Then he would slowly rebuild the engine putting all the components carefully into their correct position - ensuring they were all set up correctly.

But he would always ensure the bolts were left loose because in the days that followed - the roles would change.

Granda would sit down and I would go ahead and dismantle the engine, describing each of the components and also I would also rebuild the engine as I had been shown.

I loved it; from then on I dreamed of becoming a motor mechanic just like Granda.

Some years later, on my daily walk through the village on route to catch my school bus, I always found the time to stand and admire an old red sports car.

It was a 1965 MG Midget Mk2 with wire wheels.

It looked as if it had been

neglected for a number of years and always looked very sorry for itself with its faded paint work, rusted bodywork and flat tyres.

That didn't matter to me, I pictured myself driving a car just like it.

Sometimes dreams do come true, and on the 16th of July, 1980, it would be my first day as an apprentice mechanic at the Post Office Garage.

I meet my journeyman, Tommy, who was fortunately an old-school mechanic just like Granda.

During my apprenticeship, I continued to learn all the aspects of motor vehicles from mechanical, electrical to bodywork, etc.

During our spare time, we would often carry out some repairs to friends' and neighbours' cars at my parent's garage, and as usual, it was not long before the subject of sports cars, or should I say "The Sports Car" would be the topic of our conversation.

During one of these days,

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my life was to change forever as Tommy had heard enough.

We walked up the road to take a look at the little old car with the faded red paintwork and rusted bodywork, wire wheels and flat tyres.

Of course, by this time, a further year had passed, and yes - it was looking a bit worse for wear.

Tommy's first words were "you have to be joking" - it needs too much work.

After some discussion, he quickly realised I had taken a real shine to the car, and before long, Tommy was knocking on the owner's door asking if they might consider selling the car.

I am glad to say they said



yes, and after a short negotiation, the price had been agreed of £130.

Of course, back then, my apprentice wage was £33 per week, and a loan was arranged from the Bank of Mum and Dad.

Thankfully they approved my loan and the deal was done.

Every spare minute of every day became part of my mission to getting my MG Midget back on the road; many late nights would

pass including cut and bashed fingers, but the hard work was eventually paying off.

By this time, I had successfully passed my driving test and the car was booked in for its M.O.T.

The following week, the car had passed its M.O.T. and I was now officially driving my 1965 MG Midget Mk2 on the open road.

That day, I felt the luckiest young man on the road.

The MG was to be a car I would use on special days and summer weekends, which I would enjoy for the next couple of years, but things were to change again for my MG and me.

In 1984, I met another

love in my life, Anne, and we got married in 1986. Having to buy our first house meant that I could no longer afford to keep a second car on the road, and I decided to put the MG into storage, yes back to my mum and dad's garage.

And so the years just simply passed by; we had two children and life was busy.

Over the years, career circumstances changed which ended in a lot of international and UK travel, and I had the opportunity to purchase a lock-up garage in the village and thought it would be good to store the MG.

It was to stay there for 19 long years, which proved to be a big mistake.

The paintwork faded, there was rusted bodywork, wire wheels and again, some flat tyres.

The MG was a member of our family and I decided to carry out a restoration on the car for the second time round.

This was very special because I've completed the car with my two grandchildren, four-year-old Tommy, and Daisy who is only two.

They've loved it, and as they're moving to America for two years, it was a really special time together.

Anne always says that there are three of us in this marriage - DG, AG, and MG.

Old cars have a heart, the MG has seen me fall in love, become a father, and all these years later it's still here.

I wouldn't change it for the world. ”

