

May • June 2011

Inside:

SpringMog

Mine & Wine

Murrays' Follow Me

Jim & Bob's Fabulous Kiwi Adventure!

. . . and more



The Morgazette
The Newsletter of the Morgan Sports Car Club of Northern California



The Morgazette

Newsletter of the Morgan Sports Car Club of Northern California

The Morgan Sports Car Club of Northern California (MSCCNC) exists to support and further the appreciation of Morgan motoring and the related activities of its members and friends. Our common interests start with enthusiastic support of the Morgan sports car experience and extend to the friendship and camaraderie amongst all like-minded persons.

Club Officers 2011

President • Bart Weaver
408-254-8912 • bartweaver@earthlink.net

Vice-President • Bob Schmidt
510-792-4157

Secretary • Marj Scooros
408-254-8912 • mscooros@earthlink.net

Treasurer • George Tollworthy
925-462-6378 • trikenut@comcast.net

Activity Chairpersons • Phil & Elaine Fisher
925-930-6037, mailtophil@astound.net or
togetelaine@astound.net

Board of Directors • Linda Cannon,
Jerry Gurley and Shelley Katz

New Membership • Audrey Haines
916-652-5679, audrey.haines@ncbb.net

Membership Renewals & Advertising •
Kathy Tollworthy, 925-462-6378
Trikenut@comcast.net

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Morgazette

Editor • Gordon Craig
510-638-4904
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The Morgazette

is the newsletter of the MSCCNC. It is published 6 times a year and is mailed free to members in good standing.

We welcome any and all original or reprint articles and/or photos labeled with the following information:

- 1) event; 2) date of the event;
- 3) names of all persons appearing in photos;
- 4) name of publication (in the case of a reprint);
- 5) names of authors and photographers.

The **DEADLINES** for receiving ads, photos and articles:

- **July 18** for July-August issue • **Sept 27** for Sept-October issue
- **December 12** for November-December issue

Classified ads placed by members will run one time. Please notify the editor if you wish to place the ad again.

The **Morgazette** is now available in an on-line format as a web PDF. It can be downloaded at the club website or contact the editor.

Welcome New Members

As of May 2011

Craig and Bunny Davis
P. O. Box 995
Pebble Beach, 93953
831/625-6410
craig-talbot@comcast.net
1967 Kingfisher Blue +4
4-seater

Richard and Catherine Torres
501 Olima Street, #201
Sausalito 94965
415/847-5380; 415/274-0554
rtorres57morgan@comcast.net
1957 yellow-prime +4

Robert M. Worthy
350 Piney Lane
Morro Bay 93442
805/772 1490
miltworthy@mac.com
red 1961 DHC

Dennis and June Cox
3918 Grove Avenue
Palo Alto, CA 94303
650/856-9629
dpcoc@sbcglobal.net
1982-83 BRG 4/4

Cover Photo: Bob & Thorley Murray,
Marj Naughton, Carol Pittman, and John Hardgrove
gather round Bob's +8+
during the Mine & Wine Tour.
Photo by Donna D.

The Morgazette Online
<http://morgancars.us/msccnc.html>



* MSCCNC Club Sponsored Event

Other events are listed for information only
Please let Activities Co-Chairs, Phil & Elaine Fisher, know if you would like to host or promote an event on the Calendar. (Contact info pg.2)

JUNE

Flyer

*3RD-5TH FRI-SAT-SUN • **MOG 100 Reunion** at the **Sonoma Historic Motorsports Festival**.

Pierce & Greg Powell coordinating Morgan participation, 510-531-2448, pierceandgreg@gmail.com See Flyers.

4TH SATURDAY • 21ST Annual Hayward Field Meet All British Car Show & Swap Meet Cal-State University East Bay (Hayward). Information and Registration: <http://www.moasf.com/hayward>

5TH SUNDAY • Lucas-Marelli Rally: southern Santa Cruz Mountains above Watsonville and the Pajaro Valley. For information, contact Don Reichel at (408) 354-2222 or e-mail at acastlekeep@aol.com

3RD-5TH FRI-SAT-SUN • Buttonwillow British Extravaganza, Races & Concours, near Bakersfield.

26TH SUNDAY • Palo Alto Concours d' Elegance www.paconcours.com

JULY

1ST-3RD FRI-SAT-SUN • **MOG 2011** (UK Morgan Clubs) www.mog2011.com

Flyer

*8TH-10TH FRI-SAT-SUN • **MogWEST** in Cambria, CA. Coordinators: Gerry Willburn & Audrey Haines, 916-652-5679, Audrey.haines@ncbb.net

AUGUST

14TH-21ST ALL WEEK • Monterey Car Week www.montereycarweek.com: • Carmel-by-the-Sea, Concours on the Avenue • Automobilia Monterey • Pebble Beach Tour & Concours d' Elegance • Concorso De Italiano • Rolex Monterey Motor Sports Reunion

*19TH FRIDAY • **Morgans on the Floodplain** (dinner), Carmel Valley, Loren Steck & Annette Yee, 831-626-8761, lorensteck@aol.com

SEPTEMBER

*10TH SATURDAY • **Baron Roche-Jan Barton Run**. Jerry Gurley, 408-867-9042, ivygate@comcast.net

24TH-25TH SUNDAY • **Ironstone Vinyards Concours d' Elegance**, Murphys CA.

OCTOBER

*6TH-9TH THUR-FRI-SAT-SUN • **FlogMog**, Murphys to June Lake. Dave Sneary davesneary@aol.com

Flyer

15TH-16TH SAT-SUN • Nineteenth Annual California Autumn Classic. Morgan Hill.

*21ST-23RD FRI-SAT-SUN • **Octoberfest & Talent Show**, Audrey & David Haines, 916-652-5679, Audrey.haines@ncbb.net

NOVEMBER

*TBD • **Gobble Wobble Tour**. Gordon & Maggi Craig, 510-638-4904, lismoregordon@sbcglobal.net, and Bill & Teresa Wilson

DECEMBER

*10TH SATURDAY • **Holiday Dinner**, Kathy Tollworthy, 925-462-6378, trikenut@comcast.net

*26TH MONDAY • **Boxing Day** coordinated by Wendell Bain, 707-795-0260, wbain@sonic.net

CORRAL PARKING MONTEREY Motor Sports Reunion, 2011

Morgans can again enjoy Corral Parking at the Monterey Historics at Laguna Seca this August thanks to the hospitality of the Jaguar Club.

Flyer

See form for more information on ordering tickets.

Corral Parking is only available through tickets purchased through the Jaguar group – tickets purchased online or directly through Laguna Seca do not qualify for corral parking.

Contact Audrey Haines for more info (916/652-5679; audrey.haines@ncbb.net).

Latest News On MOG 100 Reunion!

The Infineon decided that anyone driving a Morgan will be allowed to pay at the gate for *both* the discounted Morgan Pass and the corral parking.

So if you missed the pre-registration, Here's your 2nd chance!



Message from Our President

Bart Weaver

The MOG 100 Reunion is fast upon us. Pierce and Greg have done a fantastic job of organizing this event. I encourage everyone who is able to attend. It looks like a lot of fun. Also, final registration for MogWest is just around the corner. If you are planning to attend you will need to post soon.

It is with great sadness I learned of the passing of Steve Roarke. He was a true automotive enthusiast and all around good guy. He aquired his first Morgan in the late 50's. The 1950 +4 he was just finishing restoring was bought in England and used to tour Europe. As many members know, he loved touring by Morgan. He, along with Jeremy Harrison, were the primary instigators of Morgans Over America.

My very first Morgan club event was Steve's 1990 Ocktober Fest at Healdsburg. The well organized tour of Sonoma wine country and the barbeque at his Dutcher Flat house on the hill were highlights of an unforgettable weekend. Friendly club members, great cars, and a beautiful drive - what a great introduction to the world of Morganeering.

Bart Weaver



History Notes

By Larry Ayers, Club Historian

Wayback in Morganland, May - June

1977 • The Club has 94 paid-up club members! You have a recipe for Snow Cheese Pie. A big Toast to intrepid club members at the S.F. Cliff House to send off those brave members journeying to Virginia for Mog East in July.

1982 • It was the 3rd Annual Campout at the Bear River Lake Resort in Amador Co. sponsored by Gary and Kay Hill. A Cinco de Mayo diner was staged at the El Charro in Pleasanton. Paul and Mary Lukes ran the "Rocky Horror Picture Rallye II" followed by a BBQ at their home in San Jose.

1987 • Some members attended the 16th Biennial Friendship Day car meet followed by a BBQ at Andy and Phil Eisenberg's home. An exciting dinner was held at the Mamounia Moroccan Restaurant in San Francisco. Plans were made to attend Mog West at the Cambria Pines with \$52 for a room without fireplace, \$65 with fireplace, or \$80 for a suite with fireplace.

1992 • A Coastal Tour hosted by Bob and Linda Frisbey visiting Wilder Ranch Park, Ano Nuevo State Park, Pidgeon Pt. Light House, and Nick's Rockaway Beach Restaurant in Pacifica for dinner. Teriaki Steak, including tax and tip for \$17.00. More eats were offered at Bull's Texas Café on Van Ness in San Francisco.

Steve Roake.
Friend,
Architect,
Car Collector



On an Oyster Run, showing his Morgan to Mike Gerdt

In Memoriam • Stephen (Steve) Allen Roake 1938-2011

Story & Photos by Elaine Fisher



Our dear friend Steve, always charming, smiling, with a zest for anything cars and much more, became a very special friend to us when we went on our first Morgans Over America trip in 1990. Since then, he has been a special friend, organizing routes for MOA II- 1995, MOA III-2000, and MOA IV-2005. He and I worked closely on organizing MOA III and IV, neither of which he was able to drive due to health problems immediately before the trips. Despite being hospitalized and recuperating prior to each event, he still provided the necessary routing for the events to succeed. Undoubtedly, he also had commitments to other car clubs as well, which he cheerfully fulfilled.

Steve had worked with Jeremy Harrison of Liverpool, England, to launch the first MOA and organize a road trip for Jeremy's dream of driving



his lilac Morgan "through a tree". As our fearless leader, every morning Steve was smiling, happy and ready to lead the group in his 1967 +4 Competition, white Morgan, despite having enjoyed a bit of red wine the night before. No matter what happened to his Morgan, including the +4's head



gasket failing in the middle of Death Valley, being towed out to Barstow, and having his car set on fire during repairs, Steve was always laughing and positive.

Steve was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and practiced architecture in Manhattan then in San Francisco, where

he started his own firm in Bernal Heights. He invested in San Francisco real estate, and designed numerous Victorian remodels, and award winning new residential complexes in the city. He brought property in Dry Creek, designed and built his beautiful home and moved there full time in 1998.

Not only was Steve a Morgan fan, he also loved old Franklins and Studebakers among others, and had quite a collection both at home and at a



garage in Geyserville. Last year he kindly hosted MOA V for lunch, and a visit to his wonderful automobiles.

Steve will be truly missed by all his friends and family.

A memorial celebration of Steve's life will be held on June 10 at Villa Chanticleer, 1248 N. Fitch Mountain Road, Healdsburg, CA 95448 at 2 PM.

Please let Elaine Fisher know if you plan to attend.

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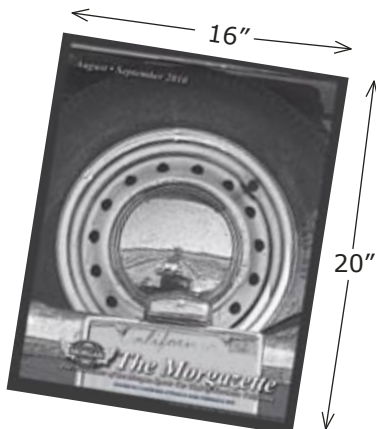
Editor's Notes

By Gordon Craig, Morgazette Editor

Reminder: "Club members with their Morgans."

If you would like to be featured, find an existing, interesting, high resolution photo of yourself with your car; or, give some thought to posing with your car in an interesting area — take a vertical shot (TALL, not wide), and send it to Donna [e-mail address on page 2]. However, no promises about using your photo until it is reviewed for production values.

After the photo has been used on the cover, Donna can make the cover into a 16x20" poster for you, like the one given as the award for 2010 Photo Contributor. [Shown on the right.] It's not free, but close. The unframed poster will cost you \$20.00, which includes postage/handling.



Let's have a year of interesting, personal covers.

MOTOMAN at MALVERN.....

On the web, go to http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6fFT0Jm-fpo&feature=player_embedded

and give a look at this really fun episode of "MotoMan", who goes to the Works and builds a Morgan from the frame up, nicely done!

ONE FOR ALL, ALL FOR ONE!



Mousquetaire
Morgan Club
Jean Pierre Pujot
0033 30 6173
8944



Congratulations to Tamzen Cannoy & Jon Callas on the Early May Delivery Day of Their New Aero Super Sports from Morgwest.

Looking forward to seeing you both (and the Aero) on future runs, bw, editor



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2005 MORGAN ROADSTER
Connaught Green 1,500
miles Tobacco leather

2005 MORGAN ROADSTER British
Racing Green, 7k miles

2003 MORGAN PLUS 8 35th
Anniv. Edn. BRG Metallic/
two tone 2.4k miles

2003 MORGAN PLUS 8 35th Anniv.
Edn. Merlot metallic 8.8k miles

2003 MORGAN PLUS 8 35th Anniv.
Edn. Rosso Corsa, 6.6k miles

1991 MORGAN PLUS 8 Green

1989 MORGAN PLUS 8
British Racing Green

**1968 MORGAN PLUS 4 Four
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RX for Old Morgan +4 Gearbox Removal

by Colin Musgrove

Procedure from scratch is:

- 1) Strip out interior, unscrew speedo at gearbox and remove trans tunnels.
- 2) Disconnect front end of prop-shaft
- 3) Remove clevis-pin from handbrake on axle, undo drilled 'handbrake-cable' bolt on gearbox, remove handbrake retaining bolt and handbrake (don't lose the spring and pawl and make a mental note to file up the ratchet and pawl on assembly) Shove out of the way.
- 4) Remove gearbox to chassis retaining bolts (bushes will probably be knackered, if so replace on assembly...major cause of trans vibration)
- 5) Put jack under front lower lip of bell-housing and jack up until gearbox rear flange will clear chassis cross-member.
- 6) Remove remaining 7 gearbox to bell-housing bolts.
- 7) Squat in cockpit, put 'box in 2nd or top, seize gear lever and attempt to waggle gearbox out with primary shaft and muff coupling attached.
- 8) Book appointment with chiropractor or osteopath
- 9) Continue waggling, heaving and straining, tapping with rubber and/or copper mallet until box starts to move. Do NOT insert chisel, screwdriver or any other barbaric instrument. It **will** come, eventually
- 10) After back is healed carry box out of car and put your back out again
- 11) Upon recovery, remove scuttle centre panel
- 12) If you are one of the fortunate three people who have a Musgrove bulkhead with enlarged centre panel you simply remove the bell-

housing and withdraw same into car (why didn't MMC think of that?)

- 13) Otherwise, fit slings or lifting brackets and remove engine and bell-housing!! You **can** do it without removing the cowl (or rad) but watch the crank-case breather and you will inevitably distort the bulkhead centre lip a bit (not recommended for the concours boys)
- 14) Split engine and bell-housing (which is where we came in!)
- 15) Unscrew clutch-operating bolt
- 16) Withdraw alloy piston c/w carbon thrust washer forward

Now, at this stage I strongly recommend that you replace the alloy piston and carbon thrust with new/aftermarket parts. You can't really repair either easily and it's not worth the hassle. Also I'd get the bell-housing re-sleeved. Then, if you also replace all clevis pins and forks, re-make the Meccano strips and re-bush the pedal you will have a clutch operation as good as it can be within the constraints of the Heath-Robinson design. I'd also replace the clutch driven and friction plates. Do NOT forget to align the plate or you'll never get the primary shaft in and the aforementioned osteopath will be ordering a Bugatti Veyron on your money!! Also, for God's sake don't forget to put the crankshaft pilot bearing back if you took it out, I did once :-)

Re-assembly is the reverse of the above, as they say (for 'they' read 'those who have never done it!!')

Best of luck,
Colin

MTW MOG SPORT BADGE on offer

This is the MorganWest design of the new Three Wheeler MOG/SPORT badge, celebrating the new Morgan Three Wheeler, the 3W, the badge currently being made for us by the UK firm of Toye, Kenning and Spencer, est. 1685. They are, we feel, the world's finest producer's of vehicular regalia. There will be a run of 100, all stamped and numbered and we are offering them on an initial presold basis, priced at \$135.00 US plus shipping.

Should you care to reserve one, numbers being issued on a first come, first serve basis (less #'s 1-7), we can accept payment by creditcard or check or PayPal. Please direct your inquiries to: suzanne@morganwest.net along with your mailing address, credit card #, etc.

We will ship them as soon as they arrive from the UK. Thank you, Dennis Glavis www.morganwest.net



2011 Wine and Mine Tour

Story by Joyce & Doug Hamilton • Photos by Gordon, Larry Ayers & Donna D.

Participants

Morj Scooros	4/4
Larry Ayers & Donna Dell'Ario	+4 dhc 4ster
George & Kathy Tollworthy	+8
Bob & Linda Frisbey	+4 flat rad
Gordon & Maggi Craig	+4 4ster
Michael Gerds	+8
Ed & Mary Arnold	+8
Bob & Thorley Murray	+8+
Carol Pitman & Elizabeth Gelfand	+4 4ster
Bill Fink	+8+
Bob Panero	+4 4ster
Marj Naughton	+4 dhc
Phil & Elaine Fisher	+8
Wendell Bain & Norma Rhatigan	
John Hardgrove	+4 dhc ss
Paul Marchant	+4 ss
Grant & Angie Larson	+4 4ster
Doug & Joyce Hamilton	+8
Tim & Molly Polidorff	MGTD
Jim Taylor & Ellen Jo Baron	Jaguar XJ6
Greg Powell	BMW Z3
Maan & John Cartwright	BMW 318
Bob Schmidt	Matrix
Dean Jackson	Mini

The 2011 Wine and Mine Tour, co-sponsored this time by Doug & Joyce Hamilton and Grant & Angie Larson, took place on Saturday, April 17, starting with mid morning refreshments at the Hamilton's in Atherton. For its 2011 version the run featured a visit to a private vineyard and winery located along the scenic rift valley of the San Andreas fault near Woodside, followed by a tour of the famed Filoli mansion and gardens, conveniently up Canada Road from the Wine stop. The small but beautifully maintained vineyard belongs to Angie Larson's friends Clifford and Berdine Jernigan. The Mine tour connection was the Empire gold mine in Grass Valley, the richest gold mine in California. This mine was owned by William Bourne, who used some of his vast wealth from the mine to establish his Filoli estate in 1915-16. The Roth family of Matson Line shipping fame acquired the estate in 1936 and greatly extended the formal gardens around the mansion to their present world class form.

Leaving Filoli the tour drove part way up the east slope of the adjacent Santa Cruz Mountains on ultra-twisty Kings Mountain Road to a lunch stop at beautiful Huddart Peak. Following lunch was the main driving event, Kings Mountain to the range crest then down the steep redwood-filled canyon of Tunitas Creek to Highway 1 on the coast. A fast run down Highway 1 brought us to the Pescadero Creek Road turnoff, then through more redwoods back across the range and on to the Larsons for a convivial end of tour get together and dinner. The party gradually broke up as late afternoon daylight gave way to a moonlit evening for everyone's trip home. For our part the trip home from the Larson's, again on Canada Road but this time under a full moon shining through scattered clouds, was a perfect end to another great day with Morgan friends.



Mission Trails & Making Friends

SpringMog 2011 • Story by Gordon Craig, Photos by Michael Jhon & Gordon

"Welcome to the SpringMog. Your hosts are John Grosetto, Bob Panero and Michael Gerds. Our trip will take us to Paso Robles where we will spend three nights. The routes are planned to take us to/through interesting and beautiful places to include Parkfield, Morro Bay, Cambria, Eagle Castle Winery, Big Sur, and San Luis Obispo Farmers Market... The weather forecast indicates clear skies and daytime temperatures in the 70's. We plan to cover at least 692 miles in about 21 hours and 50 minutes. So... fill up your tank, pack your bags, and get ready to have a good time."

Tuesday, May 10

The forward to the SpringMog 2011 by our three leaders beckoned us to a four day road adventure, setting the stage of what became a wonderful sojourn into Old California, the Mission Trail, Antique "Brass Cars", superb wine tasting and a bonne chance meeting of fellow travelers finding their way to the sparkling waters and rocky ocean shores of Big Sur, blocked off by major slides on the main Hwy. 1. But back at the start, we assembled at Morgan Hill, Cochrane exit off Hwy. 101, from different corners and routes of the Bay Area. There were 8 Morgans in all, 2 +8s, 6 +4s, one Lotus Elise belonging to John

and Jan Grosetto and Dean Jackson brought his brand new Mini Cooper Wagon "All 4". Bright, sunny morning and from Hwy. 101 we headed for San Juan Bautista/Hollister along Hwy. 156 and turning south onto Hwy. 25 down through little towns like Tres Pinos and Paicines. We are in the Old California, the Old Mission Trail/Land Grant California, the time of Spanish and Mexican colonization and settling, decades of years before Statehood and the 49ers. You can realize this just by the size of the ranches you are passing, huge, large tracts hardly fenced at all, except for the road, just open country and more open country the farther you go. This is also the home of the Pinnacles, a unique geologic formation, we didn't go this time, but it is certainly worth a look in the future and you know once you've driven this road, you'll do it again, well, at the right time of year. It is just too hot in the summer to consider.

We wound our way through a series of lazy, angling cross valley zigs and zags with long straightaways so you could get up

Peach Tree Road junction. Just as we slowed and stopped to check our maps, along comes of all things a blue high bodied, spoke wheeled open roadster Brass Car on 198 from San Lucas to the west, and it's moving along at a good clip, the driver and rider give us a wave, and soon, coming right behind, is a Model A four door roadster, and gives us an "OOOGA" horn. They go on to the right turn south on Peach Tree Road, and we light the engines, and follow on. We catch the Model A fairly quickly, and he pulls over waving us on, and we wave back, but the first car is far ahead, gone from sight, certainly doing more than 65. Eventually we run up behind a deep blue with brass accents **Bentley**, but we're enjoying the country too, no need to rush,



and he leads us through lush countryside speckled with Spring Flowers and green and growing grasses.

Peach Tree becomes Indian Valley Road and we begin to see vineyards, rows and rows of vines. The Bentley is huge compared to our cranky little roadsters, like a Hummer on big spoke wheels, straight and true down the road, no wavering, wandering, no slowing, just steady on. Indian Valley Road takes a wide sweeping turn to the west and soon we are in San Miguel, another of the Mission Towns. We park under the shade of the Mission Oaks, take



speed and see miles ahead, then a slowing to a gentle turn back the other direction and across the valley again, moving on to the Hwy. 198/

a breather and a stretch, as we do along come another 15 or so Brass Cars: a yellow Mercer, 2 Rolls Royce Silver Shadows, a Pierce Arrow, the Model A four door, and others, they all honk and wave. Then we take the Hwy. 101 South on ramp, while the BCs go the side frontage road and we head for Paso Robles, the Adelaide (our "base camp" for



the tour, and our **official "greeter", Albert the house cat**) and the end of a near perfect day of Mog driving and tour-

ing. That evening, Lynne and John Willburn arrive from their home on Hwy. 46 and we go off to dinner to a local pub, across the town square from the Paso Robles Inn. John was driving us, and we took a turn through the parking lot. There was hardly a modern tin top around, instead full of BCs, the ones we had seen earlier, and dozens and dozens of others, all gathered for what turns out to be the **Annual Mozart Gathering**. Coming from all parts of the country, most trailed in covered Diesel carriers and



there for the next four days of their own unique motoring. John Mozart, master automotive restorer and collector based here in the Bay Area, has arranged this Big Event. Easily 70+ antique and vintage steeds parked in all the stalls of the Inn, what a sight.

Wednesday, May 11

The next morning from the balcony of our second story room, I glance down and couldn't help but notice a decided list to "lismore", our +4. There it was, a rather flat left front tire. Seems my recent purchase of four new Kuhmos included one "run flat", that is, one tire, after running all that way the day before, then parked for the night, goes flat. Down the way of parked Morgans, others were gathered around Michael Gerds early +8. The day before he had been experiencing vibration as he drove, and before the run began, he and

Bob Panero had gone over the car stem to stern tightening everything, and readjusting the front end dampers, often a source of "St. Malvern's Dance" when not properly situated in their "keepers" on the chassis slot provided. Michael had had the wheels and Pirelli Cintaus checked out by

Jose of Rite-Way Wheels in Walnut Creek the week before, and Jose had opined that even though these tires had hardly any wear, they had probably set in one non-rolling position for a very long time by the PO (possibly 20+ years?) and had become "squared", and even though Michael had owned and driven the car for the past 5 years, they were now prematurely deforming on the sidewalls and were approaching their foreshortened end of life. This was probably the real source of the vibration, and it wasn't getting any better, seemed to be increasing. So the morning became a Tale of the Tires for the both of us, I borrowed Michael Jhon's spare (thanks Michael J.), and Michael G. rode shotgun



with our other Mogs, and the +8 remained parked. I didn't use my "spare" as it was really an "ornamental" 155-15 Dunlop bias ply, old as the hills, and it does not do to mix bias ply and radials. (Yes, I'm an idiot, I should take a proper spare, will fix that in the near future.)



Today was our "short" run day, basically a drive over to the local roads east of Templeton and Atascadero, and if you're a regular to MogWest in July, are hardly ever traveled by a Morgan in the Rallye event because the temps then are in the 100s. Our Rallye Maestro John Willburn for MogWest therefore often has us stay on the coastal roads and towns, but this day **he came in his +4+**, all red and gleaming, and rode with us. We then took Hwy. 41 over to Morro Bay, stopped for lunch, a bit of shopping, and on to Cayucos. John, Michael J. and Maggi and I in "lismore" branched off at Old Creek Road to **go back to John's barn to see if we could fix that flat**, everyone else went north to Cambria. The cellphone coverage at John's is problematic, so after the tire seemed to be fixed, I went up to the highway and tried various pull outs to catch up with the rest, as I knew they would be coming out of Cambria on little used Santa Rosa Creek Road, no luck, but I didn't have to wait long as the troupe arrived in a cloud of dust led by John Grosetto in the Lotus. He looked over to me, said, "What a terrible road... I got to hand it to these guys, they have a lot of grit." The "grit" didn't last long as we alighted at **Eagle Castle Winery**, 10 miles down Hwy. 46 towards Paso. This is a fantasy castle with a moat, huge timbered



doors, a grand hall entrance, two parquet floored fine dining halls, chandeliers, a very large tasting room and enough heraldry, portraiture and shining armor, swords, bows and shields to launch the Hundreds Years War. And that's just the main castle. The Sommelier guided us to an equally large and towered building housing crushing machinery, collection tanks and oaken casks from Hungary, France and Pennsylvania primarily chosen for their distinctive qualities in maturing Barbera, Zinfandel, Cabernet and Syrah over the years. We had tastings of all, all superb and poured with aplomb by our guide, using a long, thin glass beaker suctioning each in turn, he didn't lose a drop. Then, outside to the row of Mogs, and that blankety-blank tire went flat again! Thanks again, Michael J. for your spare, kept it on for the rest of the trip.

That night, we had a lovely bbq back at the Adelaide, joined by and thanks to Chris Panero and Kathy Gerdt, who had come separately in the van bringing most of the fixings, salads and appetizers, while the rest of us brought the main courses for

ourselves. The Willburns joined us again along with some other local guests, and we talked and partied into the night, end of another great day.

Thursday, May 12

Today we took the roads east again, heading back to San Miguel, the lower end of town parked full with the Brass Cars preparing to get underway for their own run in the countryside. Of course, we stopped and ogled, quite different for a change, usually we're the ones stopped and ogled, Franklins, Mercers, RR Silver Ghosts, Bentleys, Pierce Arrows, and a delight to see



up close and chat with the owners and drivers. Aside from rhd, some of these cars have confusing pedal arrangements, like the accelerator in the middle, clutch on the left and brakes (usually cable or rod actuated) on the right (or it could be the other way around), so its best to have someone drive who has had a bit of practice. Also, gauge clusters of the speedo, tach, clock (wind-up) and fuel

positioned where a side view rear mirror would be off the



windshield, but its also there, too, there is a lot going on with these cars, and nevermind the shift patterns of sometimes two levers at once, spark advance on the steering wheel etc. This is cellphone/texting banning at its best!

Back to the relative simplicity of our Mogs, we headed out Vineyard Canyon Road, dipping through the twists and turns of vineyard country until we arrived at a bridge with a sign warning, "San Andreas Fault. Now Entering North American Plate". What? This means all our lifetimes living here if you are West of the Fault we're living on the Pacific? And East we're North America? Wow, seems lots of us make this journey back and forth here in the Bay Area without giving it a thought. We should ask the folks just down the road in Parkfield, all 18 of them, what's it like just to cross the

street! But as we arrived in "The Earthquake Center of the West", the subject changed to gasps and exclamations, "It's a Dusey!" Parked by the Parkfield Cafe was beautiful red Boattail with chrome letters running down the side of the long bonnet spelling "Supercharged", a '30s Dusenber two seater, absolute stunner. We didn't have long to wait, though, the bright yellow Mercer came steaming in, and a little later no less than four RR Silver Ghosts in a row, the Franklin, Pierce Arrow, the Blue Bentley, and a half dozen others followed, also large trucks with closed trailers were coming in too. Parkfield was becoming a traffic jam. As we left and wave goodbyes again, I wondered since the Dusey Boattail has no hinged lid to it, how do you get the golf clubs in? Well, there's an answer, you probably know it, and if you don't ask anyone who drives one.

We headed out on the Cholame Road to Hwy. 46/41, quite near where these two roads merge, and the site of the 1955 crash of James Dean occurred. The original intersections of the two old roads are gone, but a memorial is at the precise spot of the accident, off to the side of the new roads. We were heading west so we didn't go to the memorial, but it came to mind. According to one researcher (Wikipedia), though Dean was found to be at fault at the time, a 1990s computer recreation of the accident "proved" he could not have been going any faster than 57 mph in the Porsche Spyder when a car pulled out abruptly in front of him from the Old Cholame road. Reportedly his two passengers, badly injured, heard him say "He should have seen me!" Ah well, whatever happened, a Great One was gone from us just like that, driving a little roadster



just like in the dawn of our youth we would be doing, and its a sobering thought, some of us have had this happen and survived, there but for the grace.... and the road, the road turns left and south through to Creston, where we stop and lunch at a Bar and Grill run by one waitress/cook who fed us (15 all at once, unannounced) great burgers, BLTs, and a pastrami sandwich or two. She's a trooper, hats off.



Then it was on to San Luis Obispo, known locally as SLO, and boy is it ever. It is just like San Francisco, over impacted with traffic and not a parking space in sight and all sorts of posted restrictions and "No Parking" admonitions. Ergo, some of us didn't make it to the Farmer Market downtown because we wandered the little hilly streets of SLO to no avail. Ergo, some of us gave up and headed for the Adelaide. But, courtesy of one of the lucky Mogs who actually found parking and wrote this account:

The Gum Wall of SLO • by Michael Jhon

Probably inspired by the day-long (and often unsuccessful) efforts to stick together, Michael & Kathy guided most of us to the notorious gum walls of SLO and pointed out approximately where their daughter and fellow UCSC students had



left their sticky signatures. She then instigated a group chew (each participant allotted a length of rolled gum) and the careful, tasteful application of "Morgan" to the wall of wads. (Rory (Bob and Chris cousin, lives locally) is shown applying the finishing touches.) We then spent the next couple of hours taking in the renowned SLO Farmers Market with a bewildering assortment of food stuffs, crafts and information booths. Adults & children alike were charmed by an animatronic talking dog in his police cart, complete with bullhorn, siren, flashing lights and wisecracks. Also in the SLO police petting zoo were a dismounted horse and an obviously off-duty police dog (apparently enforcing the "No Dogs Permitted" sign--when not licking up spilled ice cream...). Our initial (and final) stop was____a popular brew pub for suds & dinner substitutes. The temperature dropped with the sun and, after a momentary glitch in Tinkerbelle's lighting circuit, we headed back to

Paso Robles and the snug sanctuary of the Adelaide motel. To which I can only add, What a Dusey!

Friday, May 13

This is our Getaway Day, and the longest driving day we will have (250+miles). Everyone is up bustling, packing, off to breakfast at nearby Margies. I go to fill up at the local Shell Station across the street. As I emerge from the side exit of the Adelaide, a man driving a large Chevy SUV loaded with camping gear onto the roof rack waves at me, and asks me in Italian accented English, "How do I get to the Coast and Big Sur?" The short answer would be to drive West on Hwy. 46 to Route 1, turn right and go north, past Cambria, Hearst Castle, Ragged Point, keep driving for several hours. But this question needs a longer answer because the road is blocked north of Ragged Point, impassible from a slide last March. I motion to him to stop and come over to talk with me. Two boys stick their heads out of the windows of the SUV. He comes over and says, "yes, we want to drive the coast and see the beautiful Big Sur." His name is Roddy, and the boys are Noah (11) and Yogi (8). So I tell him the problem, and as he and the boys come over to the Mog I tell him the only way to the coast is through a series of back roads that will get us north of the slide and if he is willing to follow us, we will get

him there. Roddy, Noah and Yogi are happy to hear this news and in the next hour meet up with all of us as we load up the Mogs. Roddy and the boys have come from Guatemala where he was a language teacher at an International School, and before that, in Hong Kong. Their mother is back in Italy visiting her parents and will join them in Vancouver. They had been in Guatemala only three months, and the city is rife with unrest and assassination squads and street killings, in fact, the teacher Roddy had replaced had been murdered and he didn't find this out until he got there! So, they decided to leave lest any harm come to the family. They had come through Mexico under escort from the Army on the highways there, and were so happy to get across the border at Laredo, their first time in the US. Roddy tells me he was born in Perth, Scotland where he grew up for the first decade of his life, so he spoke both Italian and English to start with. Then his parents, both teachers, moved about to different schools and countries and he learned other languages, and now his boys are doing the same thing. He home schools them as they travel.

The boys and their Dad are an instant hit with everyone, laugh-

ing, joking, telling stories and Yogi and Noah get to ride shotgun with Michael J. and Bob Panero in their +4s. We say our farewells to John and Jan Grosetto in the Lotus as they have to head directly to San Francisco and Michael Gerdtls will go north on 101 in the +8 with the dicey tires/vibrations at a slow pace (he made it home just fine, bought a new set of Michelins, no more "vibes".) Off we go out Lake Nacimiento Road at the back end of Paso Robles, past Chimney Rock Road and stay on the Lake road (aka GR14) as it follows the shores and crosses the dam that separates the upper and lower lakes, more than 40 miles over this lake system. Then we come to the Jolon Road (GR18) and head north to Fort Hunter Liggett, we are going to Mission San Antonio de Padua, the most remote

the 1700s, with outbuildings and surrounding grounds. Also, nearby is the Hearst Hacienda, a grand rancho commissioned by WR, designed by Julia Morgan as a working ranch and northern hunting lodge for his San Simeon Hearst Castle holdings. It is now a hotel, and about ten years ago Dennis Glavis led a fearless group of Mogs to its doors, "Jolon To Your Hats!" The Mission has beautiful gardens and statuary and after a hour of looking about in the Chapel and anterooms, we are on the road again, this time over the Los Padres mountains/National forests of the Nacimiento-Ferguson Road, the ultimate twisty, hilly and always spectacular upclimb and downcurve. The drive from the heights to the shore is a breathtaking feast of coastal views and white knuckle downhill steering tight turns, a very twisty

descending escalator of a road with some oncoming traffic of tourist cars and delivery trucks detoured this way, makes for close quarters on some blind turns. At the bottom turn onto Hwy. 1 north, we wait up for Roddy SUV, who pulled over from time to time to catch his breath, and he



of California's 21 Missions and certainly one of its most intact, since there was never the growth and development around it that other Missions acceded to. It is just as it was from





turns up all in one piece after a while. Just a short lope up the road to Lucia, and a welcome lunchstop at the cafe, and we all sit out on the deck at a long table, warming in the bright sun and munching on gourmet sandwiches and salads, delightful in our newfound company/fellow travelers who will go to camp in Big Sur for a night or two, and we who will head for the barn in the Big Bay Area. Its a little sad to leave off Roddy and the boys, and Grant and Angie (who could converse in fluent Italian with them) exchange contact details so we hope to meet again, our hugs and best wishes all around, and our Morgan roads bless us in the journey each and every one.

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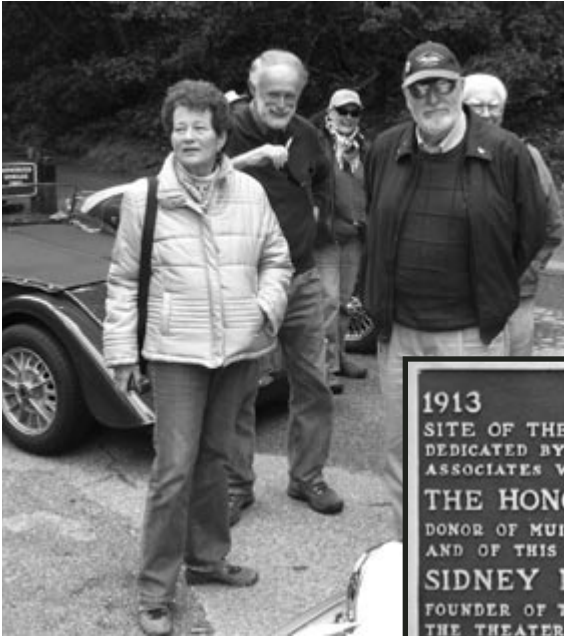
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Murrays' Mid-week Follow Me Tour

Story by Gordon • Photos by Larry Ayers & Donna D.



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SIDNEY B. CUSHING
FOUNDER OF THE MT. TAMALPAIS RAILROAD AFTER WHOM
THE THEATER IS NAMED
ALFRED PINTHER
THEIR MUTUAL FRIEND, PERENNIAL LEADER OF THE ASSOCIATION
AND PRESERVER OF THE MOUNTAIN'S NATURAL STATE AND TRAILS



Every year in May, we gather at Bob and Thorley Murray's lovely home in Larkspur on a mid-week Wednesday, Bob hands out the Driver Directions, says "Follow Me" and We say "We Follow You."

And as we drive the winding lanes of Larkspur, Corte Madera, and Mill Valley we never quite keep the parade together due to stoplights, downtown traffic, or go the same way Bob intends us to, but we get there, we always do.

This time it was the heights of Mt. Tamalpais

for a picnic, stopping at the Mountain Theatre along the way, then on down the west side towards Bolinas, onto Nick's Cove north of Marshall, then back to Rancho Nicasio for dinner. Lovely day, the views were vistas of cloud and blue skies in all directions, we could see where we had been and where we were going. We even hiked around the Peak, does this mean we'll follow Bob anywhere?

Well, Bob and Thorley are in Paris now, and they didn't take us!



*We took loads of beautiful panoramic photos, but showing **one** wouldn't do them justice.
Sorry you missed the views!*



Woodland Winners

Story & Photos by Gordon



Sunday, May 22, 8 Morgan Club members and friends descended on the Woodland Fairgrounds for the United British Car Clubs Swap & Show for a row of Northern California Morgans.

Dave Furtado and Gary Marquis of Redding and Chico, respectively, James Nickerson of Folsom, Rod Miller of Oakley, and yours truly brought their roadsters while Larry Ayers and Donna Dell'Ario brought their 32 JAP 3TW, "Old Rose."

Paul Cowley of Petaluma brought his 1952 Rolls Royce.

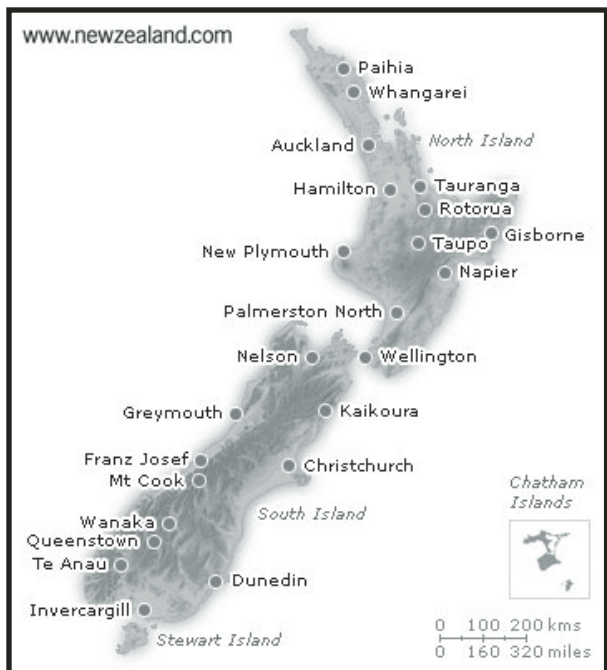
Other Morgan owners who dropped by were Michael Anthony, Paul Marchant, Wendell Bain, Tim Waller & Aice Gentry, and Dick Nyquist.

People's Choice determined awards. Placing in the Morgan Class were:
3rd • Rod, 2nd • James, 1st • Larry.
Paul swept the Rolls Class with a First.
Congratulations to all of you!



The 2011 Grand Tour •

A most beautiful time travel experience with 40 Morgans



In February arrived my +4 Four Pass (via container ship) and myself (via NZ Airlines) in Auckland, New Zealand, to join some 50 members of the Morgan Club of New Zealand on their "2011 Grand Tour."

Thus began a three week and 2,400 mile odyssey in near perfect conditions through scenery where "Lord of the Rings" was filmed. The tour itself began and ended in Auckland, in the northern half of the North Island and followed the shape of a "figure 8," with the cross-over point being the ferry over the Cook Strait (between the two islands), and with the southernmost point in Queenstown in the lower half of the South Island.

My companions on this adventure were **Tom Riley**, for the first week; and Bob Murray for the

last two weeks. Tom is Ellen's Australian colleague and my car friend, who joined us for the "Brunch & Brigadoon" run in 2008 (Tom rode with me over Mt. Diablo, and met many MSCCNC members at Bob & Chris Panero's after-concert party). Bob (who must be one of our club's founding members) and I have shared many a day on the road on three "Morgans-Over-America"s, and this was my turn to do the driving and let him enjoy the scenery. Our other companions in other cars included not only the 50 Kiwi's and their 28 Morgans (and one Volvo P1800), but 17 Brits in eight more Morgans (and one MGA "Deluxe"), four other Yanks (MSCCNC & MogNW members Bob & Barb Stinson; and MogNW's Dave Hammond and Gary Johnson) in two Morgans, one Aussie in his Morgan, a family of three from Switzerland driving a borrowed four place 4/4, and two Canadians (in rented tin-top). Kiwi members joined and left the tour as their home-base and work schedules allowed. Most of the foreign visitors (having no nearby work-, or home-demands) stayed for the whole trip.

Our first two days took us down to the towns of Rotorua and Taupo (**a photo op for 20 Morgans**) and onto the "Thermal Explorer" highway. Here the hot and colorful pools, bubbling mud pots and steaming fumaroles were reminiscent of Yellowstone.



A 1960 Morgan on New Zealand's 1960s Roads

Story & Photos by Jim Taylor



American cars – right-hand drive Model A Fords (built in Canada), Buicks, DeSotos, Hudsons participated in substantial numbers. Of course 1930's English cars were suitably represented as well.

Our **southbound ferry crossing** occurred at the end of the first week. I said goodbye to Tom and welcomed Bob. First days on the South Island were spent in



Blenheim, the heart of a splendid wine region and home of the Omaka Aviation Heritage Centre (google it for a treat). Additionally we were invited to view the interesting museum and meeting hall of the Vintage Car Club of New Zealand at Brayshaw Heritage Park. The violent and tragic earthquake in Christchurch (120 miles to

Our next two days coincided with the annual **Art Deco Festival in Napier** – this event is serious! Not only were many brass bands and people in 1930's dress, and stalls serving "depression" food; but best of all, there was an incredible parade of 1930's cars. Well over 100 cars took part. I was surprised to see so many

our south) occurred during our second afternoon in Blenheim. Some of our group said they felt it slightly, but Bob and I spent the afternoon in a tasting room and (consequently?) felt nothing.

Our route then took us across to the west coast, via **Lake Rotoiti** for a photo op. Locals pointed out the 100 year old eels in the lake – these sizable creatures seemed almost tame and unafraid of us human gawkers (sorry, picture didn't turn out, but youtube has good film). Visiting the rugged coastline at Punakaiki was impressive and the "pancake rocks" were most unusual.



The tour continued down the coast and leaving Hokitika we passed by the Franz Josef and **Fox glaciers**. Bob and I walked up to the latter after parking my Morgan and placing the cover over it to prevent the car's soft parts being eaten by Keas.

The Kea is the NZ mountain parrot, famously believed to eat the rubber from around car windscreens. The glacier was interesting – especially the two colored veins of melt in a single stream -- but our precautions against destructive parrots



turned out to be something of a "snipe-hunt" since we saw nary a bird (or evidence of destruction) in the whole car park.

While in the town of Fox Glacier we saw and met **Giles & Rosie Gill who had driven their 1934 Morgan Family 350 miles from their home in Invercargill!!** They joined the tour at that point for the next few days before driving home the same distance – that's Morganeering in my book! Here they are on their way to Haast where we stayed overnight



Leaving Haast and driving inland, the almost deserted road took us past Lake and the town of Wanaka, to a lunch stop at the quaint **Cardrona Hotel**, and over the Crown Range.



From there we descended into Queenstown for a long weekend. The heaviest traffic we experienced in New



Zealand was here, probably because of ongoing street maintenance. The group traveled across Lake Wakatipu on a 100 year old, hand-stoked twin screw

steamship, the **"TSS Earnslaw"** for an **elegant dinner** (and sheep shearing demonstration).



This weekend coincided with a car show produced by local Morgan enthusiast Jeff Williams, in which his very tasty +4 Super Sports was displayed next to the only



Aero 8 Super Sports in New Zealand . The **Williams'** **invited the whole tour out to their place** (an elegantly and comfortably restored sheep station) for a barbeque, conversation, and mutual auto admiration fest – a wonderful time.



On the way back to our hotel that evening my +4 died and the combined diagnostic skills of the many Morganeers who stopped in the dark couldn't put a finger on the cause. Fortunately, in Auckland, I had obtained a complimentary card for roadservice merely by showing my Triple-A member card at the AA offices, so my flat-bed tow was on the spot in no time. Next morning in the hotel garage the coil finally failed completely and the problem was identified & solved – many thanks to Dave Hammond and his spare coil!! I jury-rigged the wiring to the new coil and called ahead to John Hardgrove's NZ friend John Mehrten (who had planning to meet the tour later that day), to see if he could bring along a HT ferrule to secure the contact. When we met up with **John and his wife Chris**, they had not only brought the ferrule, but a crimping tool to finish the job. Bravo Mehrtens!



And thanks to our own John Hardgrove for making the introductions!! This meeting took place at the East Coast town of Moeraki, known for the unusual round rocks on its beach.

That night was spent in the picturesque Victorian town of Omaru. The next day we were guided by local Morganeers in their Aero 8, to Omarama for a complimentary (and delicious) lunch in their restaurant. That afternoon we visited the **Mt. Cook visitors center** for another photo op. That evening we stayed at Lake Ohau in the midst of the mountains.



The next two nights we had been scheduled to stay in Christchurch, but in light of the earthquake damage and subsequent disarray we needed another stopping point. The tour's organizers managed somehow to find accommodations for the whole group in the spa-resort town of Hanmer Springs, which is north and east of Christchurch. The drive to Hanmer Springs took us on "The Inland Scenic Route 72," which skirted the earthquake's devastation. Our destination boasted sulfur hot spring baths and most of the tour took time for an afternoon's watery relaxation on our "free day."

Finally we drove to the ferry terminal in Picton, once again for an evening voyage back to Wellington, where we all stayed in a mid-city hotel with the next day free to explore New Zealand's capitol. Although it rained heavily in the morning the rest of the day was cool and fine for walking. On the next morning rain began again as



we set out driving up the west coast of the North Island. Mid-morning several of us visited the **Southward Car Museum, in Paraparaumu** – an extensive and comprehensive collection of cars (as well as motorcycles) from literally around the world (google that for an impressive photo spread). Local Morgan members had laid on a late morning tea a little further up the road, so we hurried on to connect with the rest of our group and to meet ten more members from the North Island who joined the tour at that point. That night we stayed in the town

of Stratford. Like most of the towns where we stayed, Stratford had one main street with stores and motels, but also with a selection of cozy restaurants serving excellent food and drink at moderate prices.

The next morning brought both bad and good. The bad was the rain, which was even heavier than it had been the two previous mornings. For the good news we found that Stratford was directly on the eastern terminus of the "Forgotten World Highway" (Highway 43) a well paved road (with one seven mile stretch of drivable gravel) through some spectacular and exotic scenery, as well as the "**Republic of Whangamomona**" (since you're in the spirit now, google the republic for political background) where, fortunately for us visas were not required. Also



Open top . . . Just five of 44 Morgans in Oamaru yesterday for an international rally with their drivers and navigators (from right) Neville Hay (Auckland, 1996 Morgan Plus 8), Scott Murray (Auckland, 2004 Anniversary Plus 8), Lindsay Purvis (Oamaru, 2010 Aero 8), Bob Murray and Jim Taylor (California, 1962 Plus 4) and Gary Johnson (northern California) and David Hammond (Oregon, 1958 Plus 4). PHOTO: DAVID BRUCE

>Oamaru

Morgans tour highways and byways

By DAVID BRUCE

THREE weeks touring New Zealand in an open-top car seems a dream, providing the weather co-operates.

While some of the 44 cars on an international Morgan car rally, which stopped in Oamaru yesterday before heading for

Omarama and Mt Cook, are hard-tops, most of them are convertibles.

The rally started in Auckland on February 14 and is now circling the South Island, before finishing again in Auckland on Monday, where some of the cars will be shipped back to their countries of ownership.

Rally organiser Scott Murray said the overseas contingent included six cars from the United Kingdom, three from the United States and one from Australia. A Swiss couple and a woman from England had hired Morgans to drive in the rally.

The latest model on the rally was a 2011 Roadster, while

there was also a 2010 Aero 8 and 2010 Supersport.

The first Morgan rally was held two years ago for owners of the 200 cars of various ages of the marque which exist in New Zealand. Because it was the 100th anniversary of Morgan, no overseas drivers took part.

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the rain was over midway through the morning. Highway 43 is known as one of the least traveled roads in New Zealand and it was fun having it to ourselves. As is usual in such Morgan touring, we rarely saw one another until reaching a stopping point, so the gravity of driving alone through such lush and lonely countryside

was palpable. After a lunch in Taumarunui, the rain began again and continued to come down in buckets – not pleasant with the top down, but Bob and I carried on – daring one another to wimp-out and call for cover – without it. We pulled into the town of Wairakei for the tour's last night. The final banquet was splendid with plenty of good fellowship.

The last day's weather for the drive back to Auckland was perfect – a fitting ending to a wonderful three weeks!

A note about the the climate, the weather, roads, the speeds, and the time travel.

The northern part of New Zealand (say Auckland) is about the same latitude as San Diego, while the southern part (around Queenstown) is about the same latitude as Seattle. We were there in their summertime and temperatures were about as we would expect – except for the rain. When it rained the temperatures drop a bit and NZ doesn't have a rainy season, it can and does rain anytime. Thus, we had a few warm (85f) days around Auckland and beautiful 70 degreee days elsewhere unless it rained and and cooled off a little. ALL PERFECT FOR DRIVING AN OPEN CAR!.

For me, learning to drive in California in the early 1950's and owning my first Morgan later in that decade, this trip was a return to the past – I was in a time machine. Trying to read all of those long Maori place names on signs and maps added to my disorientation. Driving my Left Steering Wheel car on Drive Left Roads added yet more to the unreal feeling of it all.

As Bob Murray points out, the roads throughout New Zealand follow the countryside – they do not cut through it. This makes the scenery look more natural and the roads curvier. The roads are also mostly two lane (with many one-lane bridges) and the speed limit is 100 kpm (60mph). These

conditions all echo roads in the US in the early 1950's. Better yet my +4 (a 1950 design, although it is a '62) is always happiest at about 60 and I put it there and kept it there throughout the 2,400 miles. Many in more modern Morgans traveled faster (some reported very fast indeed) but few of those fell afoul of the law. Most of these roads simply did not have any traffic to speak of – including police. Lucky for us Kiwis are cutting back on their sheep production in favor of dairy cows, so the sheep herder's traffic jam was not a local feature we experienced. These road surfaces are among the best I've ever driven on. Yes, there were construction delays (maybe a dozen in total), but they were active, not large or long delays.

Otherwise we experienced ONLY ONE pothole in all those miles – amazing!

On my last day in Auckland I asked **Derek Atkinson, the local Morgan go-to guy for service,** speed mods, and restoration to put my car on his rack for normal servicing and a thorough inspection. Derek found a number of fasteners loosening up, and the odd leak here and there but nothing I wouldn't expect. Those roads were certainly easy on my car. I'm looking forward to Ellen and me driving the +4 back from Vancouver when the container arrives in May.

For another vision of our trip got to URL for photos taken by Arnaud G a talented filmmaker and member of the Swiss Family participants. They're terrific!



Spring Break

Story & photo by Larry Ayers

Fourteen year old Jason was overjoyed at the prospect of visiting his Uncle Jim's farm during Spring Break. He hadn't been there for years. After settling into his room, he decided to explore the grounds and out buildings. While walking behind a building, his keen eyesight caught the shape of an unusual-looking vehicle, or perhaps it was just Mother Nature playing tricks on him. He approached cautiously and realized that it was only part of a vehicle. But what make? Then he saw that it had only three wheels, one of which was removed for some reason.

Could this be? He pushed aside branches from the front of the radiator and "Morgan" appeared. He hadn't heard of this make, although he recalled seeing pictures of three wheeled vehicles in a book at home.

What was this strange vehicle doing here? It wasn't very large, and seemed to be built for someone his size, and it had two doors. He climbed into the cockpit for a better feel, hoping to understand more. As he sat on what remained of the decaying seat cushion, the leather crackled and sank beneath him. Wrapping his hands around the rough large steering wheel, he tried to imagine how it would be to drive. His left hand moved to the gear

shift lever in an attempt to jiggle it. Surprisingly, the lever moved freely, so this was a good thing he thought. Then it dawned on him. Since he was only a couple of years away from driving age perhaps this little car was something he could rescue,



if his uncle would allow him to work on it. Wow! How cool would this be to take to school? With bubbling enthusiasm, he hurried back to the house, questions running through his head. He had to know more about this vehicle.

Just awakening from his afternoon nap, Jim could see that Jason was excited. "Well, you must have seen it then, he exclaimed." Jason stated that he found some strange looking three wheeler in the field. "What was it doing there?" he asked. Jim said that a neighbor had a collection of old British MGs, and the Morgan was the odd-ball in his collection. He did some work on his neighbor's tractor and took the Morgan in exchange for

his labor. He further explained that it is called an "F-model" because it is fitted with an English Ford motor. At the time he was given the Morgan it was running, and he used it for running around the fields when weather permitted. One day, the

starter motor failed to operate. After attempting to start it using the hand crank without success, he gave up and began cussing "Lucas, the Prince of Darkness" as his neighbor often referred to the demons that seemed to live in his MGs. Before he could get around to having the starter motor repaired, the battery died. Giving the

Morgan a disgusted kick, it was left to suffer the weather's indignities. With little invested in it, there was no incentive to drag it inside one of the out buildings. Besides, he wanted to punish it!

"Well then, would you mind if I work on it when I come for a visit?" asked Jason. "Could we move it inside out of the weather so it doesn't get any worse?" "Oh, I suppose so," offered Jim. "But do you know what you're getting into? This old machine needs a lot of work, perhaps a lot more than you would think." Jason's eyes were sparkling with anticipation by now, a fact not dismissed by his uncle. "I'll take good care of it, and".....

before he could finish Jim chimed in, "Then I'll give you a hand with it. I think this might make a good project for both of us. Since I've retired and hired out the farm work, this could be a goal to share, and a chance to teach you a thing or two, young man."

Jason shook hands with his uncle on their agreement. He had hopes that once the Morgan was restored and running his chance of owning it would be much greater. Now, this was something to look forward to, and a good

reason to visit the farm again soon. He could almost picture driving the restored Morgan to school.

Jason could hardly wait to move the Morgan inside, and decided when he returned to school to write a report on his visit to the farm and the discovery of a wonderful three wheeled vehicle. Who knows, he might even get extra credit for the project? He would Google "Morgan three wheelers" and learn more about them. This was a Spring Break he would remember for years to come.

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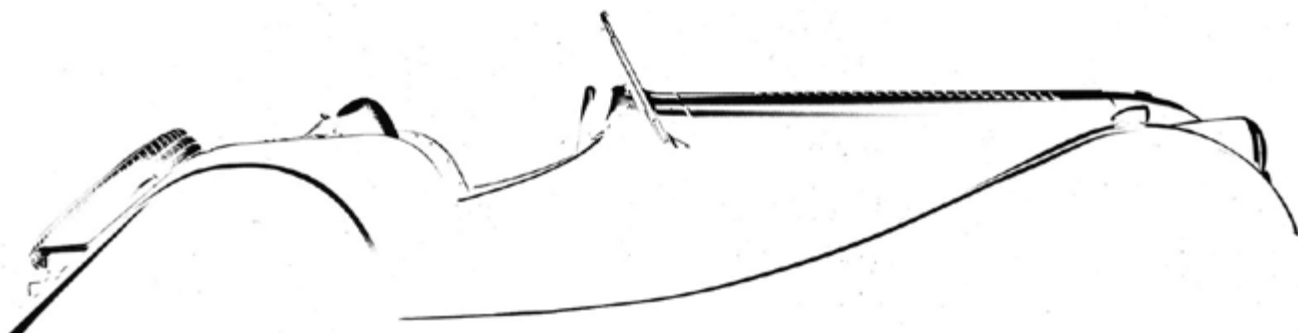
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