



The Morgazette

The Newsletter of the Morgan Sports Car Club of Northern California

September ~ October 2015

Inside:

20th Anniversary FlogMog edition

History, Memories, Driving the Journey

And More ...

Remember, it's time to pay your dues





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.

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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:

Nov-Dec issue Dec 4

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 a digital format as a web PDF. Contact the editor.

Photos • please note: All photos in the Morgazette are used with the permission of the photographers. Any re-use must acquire new permission. Ask Donna Dell'Ario for attribution.

Welcome New Members!

Bruce Junior

Santa Ana, 92705
Morgan: "not yet"

Former member – rejoining:

Mike and Cathy Preovolos

Vallejo, 94590
1960 blue/gray 4/4

Terence J. Leary

Los Gatos, 95031
1936 black Super Sport

Richard and Melanie Smith

Fremont, 94539
1963 BRG +4

Cover Photo: Half Dome looms just over the road on the climb to Granite Point overlook on the road to Yosemite. Shot by Bob Frisbey on the 20th Annual FlogMog, early October.



*** MSCCNC Club Sponsored Event**
Other events are listed for information only • Please let Activities Chair, Jim Taylor, know if you would like to host or promote an event on the Calendar. (Contact info pg.2)

OCTOBER 2015

18 SUNDAY • Morgans Over America VI ends in Williamsburg/Norfolk VA. Contact Elaine Fisher.



The Prez Sez...

By Michael Rubin, President

Is anyone home? Or perhaps I should ask if everyone is home by now....

The preceding weeks have given us a legendary Mogs Over America from South to North to East and back again, just concluded as I write this. Check the next issue for terms and conditions.

And the other great trundle, the 20th anniversary Flog Mog is also concluded and this issue provides full and complete history and details, including photos.

In addition, we also had another great regular event, Morgans on the Lawn, hosted by the Stecks. Special thanks for continuing this tradition during Monterey historics week despite a serious family emergency that sent Annette jetting home to Oahu. Mahalo, for the event, our sympathies and malama pono. (Story and pictures from Larry and Donna in this issue.)

Coming up — a flyer is enclosed for Turkey Trot to the Hoe Down and y'all come to this twist on our annual Thanksgiving-time drive and celebration of Fall.

The Holiday Party has had a switch to midweek — **Wednesday, December 16** — instead of Saturday night, still at the Oakland Yacht Club. Details to follow. By the way, as of this writing, the Marina Inn next door has failed to respond to multiple phone calls, messages and emails, so it's not guaranteed we'll have the previous \$79 group rate. (Even the Yacht Club manager went over and left a note to no avail...)

Other year-end items include paying your dues, so don't put your membership form at the bottom of the to-do pile (guilty once or twice). Also, elections — no, the club, not that noisy gang on TV. If you want to run for office in our group, no multi-million dollar campaign needed, raise your hand or have someone nominate you. The club doesn't work without people to do the heavy lifting. I know, I'm up close and get to see them at it all the time.

Speaking of both, December 26th marks the illustrious Wendell Bain's Boxing Day Run, about as Brit as gets. (The day after Christmas in ye olde, the help had the day off while the Upper Crust gave gifts to the help and favored trades folk, carrying them in boxes, of course, no doubt elegantly decorated, likely by other help.)

And in January, it's the annual planning meeting. If you want a particular run or activity you hanker for, show up and talk it up — and be ready to take on responsibility for it. (Unlike a member of another Morgan club who tried an angry uprising after his pet "suggestion," made multiple times, didn't take place, because he didn't want to do it himself.)

NOVEMBER 2015

* 14 SATURDAY • Turkey Trot to the Hoedown. Contact Gordon Craig and Don Henry.

DECEMBER 2015

New Date *16th WEDNESDAY • Holiday Party. Oakland Yacht Club

*26 SATURDAY • The NEW Boxing Day. Contact Wendell Bain.

JANUARY 2016

* 10 SUNDAY TENTATIVE • Oyster Run. Contact Donna Dell'Ario and Larry Ayers

* 24 SUNDAY • Planning Meeting, Los Altos. Contact Ellen Jo Baron

continued on page 5

NEW 2015 MORGAN
3 WHEELER Black/Black!

NEW for 2014, The MORGAN
ROADSTER '65 Maybach
Himalayan Grey Metallic
body/Black wings, two tone
Anthracite/black leather/red
piping; 340HP 3.7 Vee6 with
6 speed manual transmission

NEW 2014 MORGAN
3 WHEELER ONE OF A KIND
// HUGE PRICE REDUCTION: S&S
2138cc; Jaguar Stratus Grey
metallic, brown leather

2014 MORGAN
3 WHEELER Sport Green,
tan leather, 1.5k miles

NEW 2012 MORGAN 3 WHEELER
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2014 suspension upgrade

2010 MORGAN AERO
SUPERSPORTS Zurallic Blue
Metallic //RECENT PRICE ADJUSTMENT

2005 MORGAN V6
ROADSTER Maserati Bordeaux
Metallico // ARRIVING SOON

2005 MORGAN ROADSTER Land
Rover Panama Green Metallic

2003 MORGAN PLUS 8 35TH
ANNIVERSARY EDITION,
Dark Red Cherry Metallic

1995 MORGAN PLUS 8 ALLOY
Bugatti French Blue

1967 MORGAN PLUS 4 FOUR
SEATER SUPERSPORT, Pozzi Blue

1964 MORGAN PLUS 4
FOUR SEATER, Ivory

1959 MORGAN PLUS 4
DROPHEAD COUPE BRG/Black

1958 MORGAN PLUS 4 FOUR
SEATER Ivory/Green leather

1955 MORGAN PLUS 4
FOUR PASSENGER DROPHEAD
COUPE 2 Tone Blue

1951 MORGAN PLUS
4 DHC Dark Blue



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Ben LaMar

April 23, 1935 - July 30, 2015

After spending a glorious day with his wife, Gail, doing many of his favorite things, Ben La Mar, 80, passed away unexpectedly on July 30, 2015.

Ben has maintained an active Law Office in Half Moon Bay for more than 50 years and was still an active member of the State Bar of California at the time of his death. Ben and Gail have lived at Miramar Beach outside of Half Moon Bay for over three decades.

Known for his love of classic cars, Ben could often be seen cruising Highway 1 in everything from a Citroen 2CV, to a classic Morgan +4 roadster, to a stately 55 year old Rolls Royce Silver Cloud I. His knowledge regarding all classic cars was legendary as was his showing of various cars at the Hillsborough Concours d'Elegance for 27 years in a row. It is believed to be a record.

Ben also was an avid fisherman and was a senior member of the San Francisco Rod & Racquet Club for 51 years. In 2012 he landed a sturgeon in British Columbia that exceeded 100 lbs. . . at the age of 77!

Ben's children, grandchildren, wife and extended family will miss him, his undeniable unique style, and his love of life. His many friends and clients will miss his counsel and his unstinting attempts to set things right.

So long, Bennie. We'll see you on the other side.

Published in San Francisco Chronicle on Aug. 9, 2015

Ben and brother, Bob LaMar, as they co-hosted the 2014 Oyster Run with Larry Ayers & Donna D.



Prez Sez, cont'd

Meanwhile, the drought continues, which leads me to the best water saving tip shared by the San Francisco Chronicle: Remember, dilute your water by half and it goes twice as far.

Cheers, Michael

(PS • One of the very best blogs I've found is SiminaitisSays by Dennis Simanaitis, Road & Track magazine's engineering editor for 33 years. www.siminaitissays.com to take a look and sign up. Dennis is knowledgeable, interested in and writes about everything from turn of the last century travel to opera and, shockingly, automobiles past, present and future. Alas, Dennis has sold the Morgan he owned for many years with wife Dottie (the R&T librarian), a Plus 4 four seater Family Traveler. It was Dennis who encouraged me to get a Morgan and put me in touch with people who helped make it happen, people who are now fellow members of the Morgan club and good friends. I guarantee you'll always find something interesting to read on Dennis' blog.)

News, notes and tidbits

Susan Loesche proudly writes to say "Bob LeMar and I won Awards of merit in the European Sports Cars through 1973 class of 20 entries at this year's Ironstone Concours in Murphys. Bob's beautifully restored 1955 Morgan Plus 4 Drophead Coupe was noted along with my 1968 Morgan Plus 4 Roadster," Emma," which also won the Participants Choice Award for Morgan at the All British Car & Motorcycle Show at the Blackhawk Museum in Danville."

Congrats, to Susan and Bob, and thanks for sharing.

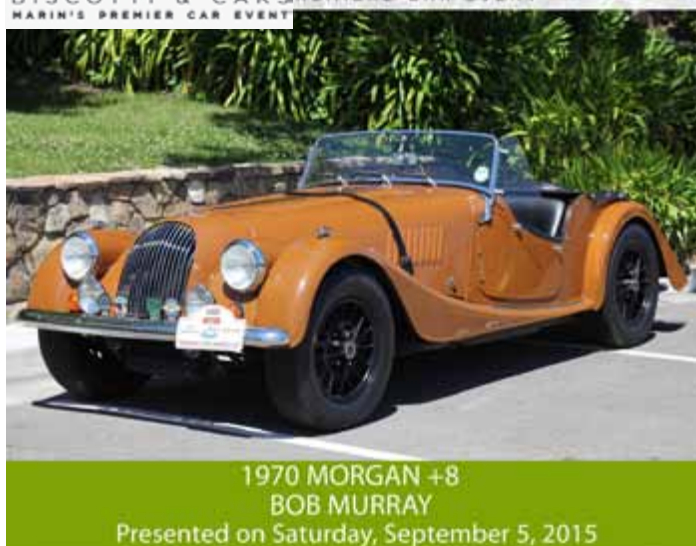
Cheers, Michael

Morgan Owners in Non-Morgan Events

Biscotti and Cars, a popular Marin County group that hold runs on scheduled Saturday mornings, selected Bob Murray's early +8 as their featured car in early September. This Morgan was one of our featured Centerfolds in 2013.



Congratulations Bob, Happy Trails! ed.



Featured Car: Morgan +8, Bob Murray, owner

"In 1969 we were driving around Europe on our honeymoon in a VW camper for three months and because I had a Morgan +4 I wanted to go to the Morgan Factory. Morgan started building three wheelers in 1909 and built their first four wheeler in 1936. It was called a 4/4 - 4 wheels and 4 cylinders. They still kept building three wheelers though. in 1950 it got a bigger engine and was a +4. and the +8 has eight cylinders.

Morgan stopped sending cars to the U.S. in 1968 because of our regulations. They would eventually start importing them again only to stop again. They are still building this model but the only new Morgans coming into the U.S. are the reintroduced three wheelers because they are licensed as motorcycles. I had my car licensed in England so it came in as a used car. The waiting list was nine months then and would eventually reach seven years.

My car has the Rover aluminum V8 which Rover brought from Buick and redesigned. It is 3528 cc (215 cubic inches) with 185 H.P. and weighs 2000 lbs. The early +8's are known as narrow body Moss box cars and are very sought after. My car has the original paint interior. The only thing that I have changed is to put a bigger radiator in as early +8's overheated."

KNP 5 Update News • Wins 1ST Overall in Palos Verdes Concours!

You might recall in the May-June issue a story of KNP 5, a +4 Rallye and Race Car, restored by Tim Cree in the mid-2000s and later acquired by Dennis Glavis of MorgansWest, Santa Monica.

Well chronicled in the Jake Alderson books, "Morgan Sports Cars, The Early Years" and "Morgan Sports Cars, The Heritage Years" KNP 5 took a deserving 1ST in the Palos Verdes Concours in mid-September. Congratulations to Dennis and Tim!



Trike Guys Ride

Larry Ayers & Donna D in his 2013 M3W, joined Glenn Oclassen in his 2009 Liberty Ace along with another Ace and a Motoguzzi Triking for some fun on Marin/Sonoma County roads in August and again in October.



Highland Morgans, Scots Games

Pleasanton, September 5 & 6



Our Club was well represented at the Scots Games again this year. Marty Meiger managed arrangements for our club members to bring their cars and participate. Sunday afternoon the Tollworthys arranged an after-party at their home. Thanks to all who came, ed.



MTWC 70th Anniversary AGM

Story & Photos by Larry Ayers

I had the good fortune to visit England in September and one of the goals on my itinerary was to attend the **70th Anniversary of the Morgan Three Wheeler Club**, founded in 1945. I joined the MTWC in 1970, and this year marks my 45th year of membership. You see the connections here.

Prior to heading to the Malvern Hills, I visited **Peter Thompson, the MTWC Librarian who keeps all the club's archives** at his place of business not far



outside London proper. He was most helpful in making copies of several stories about Red racing from magazines in the 1930s and even treated us to a proper pub lunch, such was

his generosity. Thank you, Peter.

I took British Rail from London Paddington to Great Malvern and settled in at the Abbey Hotel for the nights of 18-20 September and became reacquainted with some familiar faces I hadn't seen in quite a few years. I should mention that only three other Americans were there for the AGM weekend; Chris Towner, and Lynn and Robert "Kermit" Wilson.

I had intended to hire the **Gerald Carr F-model** for the weekend but with no driving or speed events



Larry and Ross Herbert with the Carr car

scheduled it wouldn't have been worth the effort. Besides, the trike was housed 14 miles from Great Malvern and required GPS to locate it on very narrow country lanes



Near the entrance to the MMC Visitor's Center

leading to a farmhouse.

The Spares Fair was held on Saturday morning in the **MMC Visitor's Center** that also houses the Museum and Gift Shop. When the doors opened at 10 AM, the hordes invaded the space and found the treasures they required to keep their trikes on the road, or stock up on spares for the future. I managed to snare a pair of 2 speeder front wheel grease caps for Red, my racer.

Saturday night was the banquet and I was invited to sit at the head table and enjoy the company of some of the club's officers. An excellent meal was served with toasts to certain principles and entertainment from "the three tenors" who were excellent.

Sunday morning dawned bright and early with another nice day of sunshine and four of us "were volunteered" er, selected, to judge the trikes in the car park and provide winners in the 2 speeder, 3 speeder, 5 speeder, F-model, scruffiest, and best of show categories. The judges, Robert Wilson, myself, and Lars Doren and Lennart Nilsson, both from Scandinavia, got to work and selected the trophy winners just prior to the Annual General Membership Meeting that commenced at 10 AM. Around 25 trikes attended the weekend, and I felt it was a shame that no tour or speed event wasn't on offer since this was a special anniversary weekend. Perhaps club members are waiting for inspiration at the 75th MTWC Anniversary providing some of us are still functioning along with our three wheeler steeds.



A Runabout outside the MMC Visitor's Center

One of the subjects during the meeting was how best to spend the



MTWC AGM Spares Fair



An unusual Quad Mog V-Twin

money in the Leaven's Fund, and I gave a spiel about using the money to manufacture new parts to aid in keeping our trikes on the road. Another subject was using Pay Pal to pay for annual membership renewals. Both subjects were bashed around before being accepted by the membership. Following the meeting many people packed up and headed homeward.

Fortunately, the weather Gods were with the MTWC for the weekend as rain was present on both Friday and Monday. Overall, attending the MTWC AGM was a fun event, catching a ride in a 1927 Aero, and seeing many members of the club again. **Long may the MTWC and those quirky little trikes survive and thrive.**



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How It All Began - Back to the '80s - the Original "FlogMogs"

By the Editor, Gordon Craig • Historical photos courtesy of Wendell Bain

In Roseville outside Sacramento there lived a couple of Mogs who loved to drive. Barclay Schaw and John Burks were roommates in College, and after they both graduated they moved to places quite close to each other. They had their Morgans, and they found other Morgan friends nearby who wanted to do something with their cars, too.

"Drive, He Said" and in the words of the poet, this is how "FlogMog" happened.



Morgans at Sutter Creek

The 20th Anniversary FlogMog

Welcome to this Morgazette edition devoted to our long running, long riding FlogMog events held annually in Autumn. This event has evolved over these past 2 decades from a hardy (and younger) smallish group to regularly increasing numbers of Morgans and other vintage cars.

In the following pages you will find a History of FlogMog by John Burks and Barclay and Ginny Schaw, how it began in the 1980s as a series of runs into the Sierras and High Desert of Nevada, the unique origins of the event. Then FlogMog lapsed until the mid-90s when it was revived anew by John and Dave Sneary, welcoming all comers. The original article and photos by then Morgazette editor Wendell Bain of the 1996 FlogMog reappears, quite a saga. Then last but not least the 20th Anniversary FlogMog, organized and put on masterfully by John and Dave with a great turnout of Morgan Club members old and new. We owe them a great gratitude for their consistent hosting, planning, good will and leadership of these road trips over the years. Thank You, John and Dave, for all you have done, your Vision begat so many wonderful Journeys for all of us.

FlogMog has always been a string of day runs mapped together over 4-5 days, averaging from 150 to 200 miles a day. Sometimes a "base camp" is chosen, like Quincy, and runs are devised that loop out and back in different directions and on ever changing roads and scenery. Other times an objective has been named, like Death Valley, or Crater Lake, and towns and hotels several hundred miles apart are strung together in a large loop

heading out and back (eventually) to the Bay Area. We've had all kinds of weather and road conditions over the years: rain, sleet, snow (not a lot but some), warm, warmer, clear skies, and hot driving days, always a share of side-of-the-road flat tire or boil over/mechanical fix-it sessions, and the occasional tow-it-home breakdowns (adventures in themselves, ahem).

By and large the memories remain, and here are some recollections by various drivers and veterans of FlogMogs over the years:

From Bob Frisbey: *I remember getting to Cloverdale hot and thirsty, looking forward to a great party, only to find out that I was exactly 24 hours late. The motel manager said that the Morgan folks drank many bottles of red wine and had a great time. I laughed. I caught up to the group the next day. Next time I won't rely on my memory when scheduling accommodations.*

From Bill Button: *Flog Mog experiences. Was it hitting a Deer on Hiway 4 to Murphys? Or was it climbing out of Klamath Falls to Crater Lake following Dave Sneary in His Blue 4/4. Or was it just getting to Weaverville from Seattle. Maybe chasing John Grosseto and Marge Naughton from Weaverville to Eureka. Or Bob Panero from Willits thru the Coast Range to a Dead End where there was a Super Market and a Man dressed as a Lady. No it was the Second Day of "Weaverville". I was sitting in front of My Motel Unit*

when John Burks, said "Lets Go". John was driving His very fast and powerful +4. I, My Bitsa. +8 was fast but I was "half fast" in the chase. John kept this run in perspective. The road to Redding was curvy and well banked, making it a delight for a Morgan. A stop for gas near Redding, then off to Susanville with a complete change of scenery. A half a day of delightful Morgan driving. Following one of the top Morgan Race Drivers on the West Coast. I lost John while getting gas. So drove alone down some fantastic Canyon Roads to Oroville and a Flog Mog Banquet. Also, leaving the June Lake Flog Mog and going to Ashland I was following the Burks Aero 8 with Barbara driving. My GPS records My top speed--98 driving My +4-4Str. My Oh My!

From Tom and Bev Morgan: I remember Tom and I sang and played guitar on our first FLOGMOG (in the Sierras, ~2004?), and the Larsons carried the guitar because there was no way it would fit into the MGA. On our 2nd FLOGMOG (into Death Valley) the MGA overheated and Tom broke out half of the "teeth" in the grill to give it more air. We were by the side of the road, probably 395, and John Grossetto stopped to help in his Lotus roadster, and others were sidelined periodically on that trip, where we went 1000 feet above AND below sea level in one day. I remember falling in love with FLOG MOGs, riding in a +4 from Boonville to Ukiah, enjoying the company, the scenery, the ambience of a road trip in a cute little car.

From Dave Sneary: In my opinion the best FlogMog was the 2006 edition. Many in the Morgan community said it couldn't be done, but we did it. Death Valley FlogMog! 1215 total miles from Hollister to Wofford Heights through Death Valley to Tonopah to Yerrington then home.

From Susan Loesche: FlogMog "Dos Rios" 2013, I participated in the 18th Flog Mog tour with 3 days of mountain driving around Quincy. Many of us followed Bucks Lake Road out of Quincy on our way home, the long way of course.

Shortly after an encounter with a small herd of cows crossing the road, I heard a rustling sound in the bushes to my left. Suddenly out of nowhere a very large bear cub, taller than Emma I believe, darted out of the woods right in front of Emma from left to right. Had I not swerved to the left instinctively and immediately (probably learned from years of defensive motorcycle riding), the bear cub would have most certainly collided with Emma's right wing and disabled Emma in the process. A near miss to be sure.

Momma bear was probably not far behind and that would have been even a bigger problem with nowhere to hide in an open Morgan Plus 4 roadster. Fortunately all ended well for me, Emma and the bear cub.

Wow, I remember that one Susan, Maggi and I were right behind you when this big and furry ball of a bear cub flashed in front of you, what a sight!

That's how it is when you're on a FlogMog road, always another turn, always something to see in its natural glory. I remember, nearly my first or second FlogMog (about 2002?), with Viggo Riddersholm as my co-pilot. We were loping along on a High Desert Road towards Tonopah, one of those stretches where you crest a hill and a vast expanse is before you, and off to the south a row of thunderheads in the sky are on a collision course, and you didn't bring the "weather gear." What else to do but plunge ahead riding the undulations of the road like surfing the waves to the coming storm, and then it is all above and around you in swirling mist and pouring rain. "Don't worry," yells Viggo above the din, "its only water!"

**Lets get in our Morgans and ride along,
shall we? gordon**



Morgans at ... where else?
Morgan Summit



Commemorative
Badge and Dash
Plaque created and
produced by Dave
Sneary, John Burks
and Bob Panero.

History of FlogMog

By Barclay and John Burks

FlogMog • The Early Years by Barclay Schaw



We came over a low rise on State Route 139 somewhere between Adin and Canby. There ahead of us was a school bus with a Corvette in trail. We were moving rather fast, some might even say we were breaking the law, so our approach was rapid. The Vette saw us. He pulled out to go around the school bus and we followed, not slowing at all.

Ginny and I were in the lead followed by Burks and then Jerry and Bobby Madeiros. As we passed the bus all the kids on the right side jumped up and ran over to the left side. Apparently, in all their trips to and from the classroom, they had never seen three Morgans go by their school bus at nearly 90 mph. With all the weight on one side the dear old bus heeled over like an America's Cup yacht coming about in heavy seas. We were past in a flash, right behind the Corvette. When he pulled back in front of the bus we just kept going. We left him far behind and out of sight. We soon reached the turn that would take us up to Tulalake, so I pulled over for a beer break. Of course, the coolant coming out through the

bonnet louvers had something to do with the time out as well, but since it was a Morgan no one seemed particularly concerned. Cool down, drink up, be on your way.

This was the late '80's, the beginning of FlogMog, the hidden FlogMog in the time before it became what it is today. There was just a small handful of us then, but we had some fun and we covered a lot of territory. And where was the rest of the Northern California Morgan Sports Car Club? Well, I guess we'll never know. What we do know is that what is now called FlogMog has grown to become a cherished event.

It was decided that since we were driving longer distances than normal club events and because some of us lived in the Sacramento area that we should join the British Morgan Club and become a "Centre". We applied for and were granted centre status. We had to have officers and a correspondent to send photos and stores about our activities ... and we needed a name.

The names of the centres in England were typically a derivation of their local area followed by "Mog". We decided since we were driving such distances we were "flogging" our cars. Thus was born FLOGMOG. I suppose it could have been "SacMog" or "BenMog" (for Benicia), but nothing else had quite the ring of "FlogMog". Although Ginny was named President of FlogMog, Burks was the nominal leader. He picked the route, he chose the dates, he led the way. He has, of course, been in that position ever since.

Each year, after we decided when and where we were going I sent notice of our plans to the Morgazette as an invitation to join us. It would be somewhat of an understatement to say the response was tepid at best. Bob and Linda Frisbey came along once or twice, we had a fellow in a SuperSport on one event and another year a very nice couple from northern England went with us. Generally, though, it was a small group. I suppose this was to our advantage in a way, because we never knew exactly where we were to end up each night, so we never had motel reservations. We just rolled in to town and found a likely Morgan Motel. That wouldn't work any more, not with 10 - 15 cars that FlogMog now sees.



Ginny & Barclay Shaw. 2015

The History of Flog Mog by John Burks

If you haven't understood what FLOG Mog is all about ... let me tell you.

Back in the early eighties when I was living next door to Barclay and Ginny



Schaw there was beginning to be long distance events for vintage cars; Martin Swigs, California Milie, and Bob Sutherland's Colorado Grand. Both were thousand mile events for vintage cars but a bit out of our price range. The Schaws and the Medieros tribe and myself over a nice dinner and a glass or two of wine decided we would do our own thousand mile event . A run to Tule Lake, a high Sierra trip that featured some nice snow and a trip to the Northcoast with Morgan owners from England were among the first adventures I can remember. Around this time this group applied for Centre status from the English Morgan Club. This we were duly granted and had to come up with a name for our centre, hence-- FlogMog. The centre status's have since been revoked. (*MSCC/UK discontinued Overseas "Centres" one by one through the 90s to present day, ed.*)

The rules were simple. NO posers, NO Whiners- Just Drive! If we say we are leaving at 8:00 in the morning- we leave at 8:00 in the morning. If you want to leave at 9:00 that's fine. If you don't like the way we do it you are welcome to plan your own event. We have never done the same trip twice. The distance driven has varied from a short six or seven hundred miles to about 1300 miles. We had several lean years, but with the help of Dave Sneary, who breathed new life into the Flog Mog event, we found more people interested in driving their cars.

Starting in 1996, we successfully recruited more participants who were foolish enough to join the fun. In the ensuing years we have had grand trips covering lots of California, Nevada and Oregon. There have been a few car breakdowns, (AAA is rumored to put on extra staff for the weekend)

, a couple of minor accidents, Carol Pitman's incident with a tomato truck in Colusa, and Will Goodman's minor roll over near the Bristle Cone Pines, Bishop, CA. There could have been some moving violations - I am not sure. We had never intended this to be an all Morgan event. Everyone is welcome as long as they bring something interesting. This has included Corvettes, Alfas, Porsches, Lancias, Minis, Lotuses, MGs, Jaguars and others that weren't interesting enough for me to remember.

This year is the twentieth anniversary of the second coming of Flog Mog. There are a few that have made every Flog Mog event; some that only came once and either sold their car or took it apart so that they would not have to come again. All Morgan drivers have always been welcome to celebrate and drive with us.

FlogMog, 1996

By Wendell Bain, story and original photos

John Burks leads a whirlwind tour through Zurich, Austin and other places of interest.

No poseurs, no whiners. Drive he said, and drive we did. My odometer indicated just under 1,100 miles when I parked the car back in the garage Sunday night. All in all a good event. My car never missed a beat, but others did have some adventures - more on that later.

The Start - Jamestown - 0800 11th October 1996

Friday October 11th, it was a little cold at 7:30 a.m. when we set out to meet the others at the Chevron station in Jamestown for the start of the tour. Five Morgan's showed up. My '59 +4 two seater,

John Burks (host of the event) with Dean Jackson in his '63 4/4; Lynn and Karen Powell in their '61 +4 four seater, Dave and Cherie Sneary in a '63 4/4 and Steve Roake's rare +4 competition model (sort of the poor man's Super Sport).

Waiting until 8:30 for late arrivals, we set out for Sonora Pass. At 9,624

feet, it was the highest elevation point on the tour. B-17 crews of another era would just be going on oxygen about this altitude, but we were headed for lower elevations. Passing Devil's Gate Summit (7,519 feet) and dropping down to Bridgeport. Both the scenery and weather were great.



Jamestown start

FlogMog 1996, cont'd



L to R: Dave Sneary, John Burks, Cherie Sneary, Karen and Lynn Powell, Dean Jackson and Steve Roake.

Bridgeport was a fuel stop for several. We were surprised to find the 92 octane premium, which most of the cars required at \$2.11 a gallon. They would like 108 octane race gas, but it wasn't available from the local gas station. From Bridgeport, we drove South on Highway 395 past Mono Lake with its strange rock formations and fall foliage in brilliant reds and golds along the June Lake loop.

Back on Highway 395 we climbed over the ominously named Deadman Summit (8,041 feet) going past Mammoth Lakes and over Sherwin Summit (7,000 feet) to arrive in Bishop for the lunch stop. Here several late arrivals joined the group: Paul Marchant in a +4 Super Sport, Henry Zappa in a 4/4 two seater with Volvo B-18 power, Will Goodman in his +4 two seater. We now had eight Morgans. Eleven people sat down for lunch at El Charro Mexican Restaurant. After several beers with lunch and the necessary pit and petrol stops, we departed for Big Pine, which would

mark our course change from

Highway 395 to 168 East and on to Zurich. No, not that Zurich, this one's in California, only we would by-pass it.

On the Southern border on the Inyo National Forest something happened that changed the mood of the event. At least for a couple of hours.

"Somewhere West of Laramie" as the 1920's Jordan Motor Company ad went, touting the romance of the open road... Well somewhere East of Big Pine, one of our group probably lost touch with a little of that romance... Maybe a lot. It was the only truly frightening incident of the weekend. I was following Will Goodman over some rather roller coaster up and down terrain, when he lost it and the car flicked left.



As he tried to catch it, it snapped right doing a 180 degree loop and slipped off the left side of the road sideways. The car caught a dirt berm and flipped over. All I could see was a huge cloud of dust and thought, "Oh S--t! This is going to be a bad one!" I stopped and ran toward the upside down car and as the dust settled, I could see someone scrambling around

through the open passenger side door and within a couple seconds Will emerged, virtually unscathed, brushing off his shirt and hair. As he looked back at the car he said, "Damn, I just got it back from the shop." We managed to get him to stop moving around and Cherie, trained as a nurse, kept an eye on him to make sure he was alright.

Meanwhile, the cars ahead of us, John Burks and Paul Marchant, were motoring along unaware of what had happened. Will had a cellular phone, but we were too far from that form of civilization for it to work. Dave Sneary drove back to Big Pine to get a tow truck, while the rest of us got the car back on its wheels. Short of some slightly broken body work, a flat tire and a bent wheel rim, the car didn't look too bad... It wasn't good though and the car was towed back to Bishop and Will went with it, surprisingly in good shape after his adventure.

John, Dean and Paul returned. We decided maybe the pace had been a little too hot. We motored off at the legal limit. Crossing into Nevada, (where

there ain't a legal speed limit) John realized how much time had been lost and how much ground we had to cover, so it was pedal to the metal.

Goodman plus 4 flipped

Lucky Will still standing



Goldfield was the next fuel stop and the sun was setting fast. After Goldfield we had another adventure. Steve Roake's car was overheating, so we made a stop to add water by the side of the highway. Cold water in a hot radiator produced an image similar to Old Faithful blowing a geyser of steam up to about the level airliners might have to avoid it.

We made it to Tonopah, our stop for the night, and decided to deal with the problem in daylight. I liked that idea, feeling somewhat like I had been slow roasted and sandblasted.

My room was huge! Two queen size beds, small refrigerator, a table with two chairs, and it was all mine.

We decided to go to dinner about 8 p.m. at the Mitzpak Hotel. According to Mr. Burks, and I quote; "Outside of fast food it's the only game in town." I found the food quite good. Also, when asked if the Linguine con vongole had fresh clams, the waitress answered, "Fresh frozen". Pretty honest.

Another early night, as the plan was to be on the road by 9 a.m.... preferably earlier. Steve Roake still had cooling problems to sort out and had laid in a supply of bottled water. John's throttle linkage had come adrift. He repaired it with duct tap after finding the local auto parts store didn't have a bolt the right size. Everyone was on the road by 9 a.m. turning onto highway 367 from highway 6 out of Tonopah. Within a few miles we arrived in the Great Smokey Valley. While nothing was burning, the incredible distances create the illusion of fog or smoke. At first I thought this valley would only be a few miles in length. WRONG! I think it might be close to a hundred miles in length, running along the San Antonio and Toiyabe Mountain ranges.

Here we stopped near Carvers, Nevada, at an auto parts store and bought two tubes of Aluma Seal after

[Below] Steve Roake's car boils out. Marchant (forgnd) Greg Powell, Burks, Steve Roake, Dean Jackson, Cherie Sneary (bending over) Dave Sneary (pointing something out to Karen Powell)



a previous pit stop to relieve full bladders resulted in Steve Roake's car boiling out again. Another fifty miles down the road and we added the sealant along with yet more water. Strangely enough it started to work. Steve's car did not experience any serious overheating problems for the balance of the trip.

Arriving in Austin, that's Nevada not Texas, we stopped for lunch. The restaurant, the name of which escapes me, had excellent food (burgers). the service on the other hand was in a different league.



Powells waiting for cattle

Karin, Wendell, Henry, Lynn, and Dean at lunch

One of the waitresses didn't come to work, so the one who did, was really busy. We even had to go next door to the unmanned bar to get our own beer. Tough job, but someone had to do it. The carved 19th century bar was very ornate and quite elegant. Austin had been quite prosperous during the mining days.

Back on the road, we were now slightly ahead of schedule, so we could relax the pace somewhat. Also, Paul Marchant had asked John to slow things down as his crankshaft was vibrating at certain engine speeds. Over Railroad Pass (6,431 feet) and onto Carroll Summit (7,452 feet).

On the way to Fallon, we stopped for a brief and I do mean brief,



Continued on page 18



"Itsa Bitsa"

This is an inspired Plus 8 ~ This is a homebuilt conglomerate of Morgans 10 years in the making, and ongoing... This Morgan is owned, built and driven by Bill Button of Seattle, a Northern California Morgan Club member. This Morgan is self-described, "Itsa Bitsa", says so right on the bonnet. This Morgan is a Long Rider, Bill has come south many times for SpringMogs, Oyster Runs and at least a half-dozen FlogMogs, thousands and thousands of miles of rendezvous and driving the runs with us. Bill has made an icon, the "Itsa Bitsa", built for the road, built for FlogMog.





FlogMog 1996, cont'd



photo shoot at Salt Wells. The sign featuring scantily clad females gave one clue as to the services available inside. The barbed wire around the place also gave you the impression that if you weren't a paying patron, you probably wouldn't want to hang around and discuss your options with Guido and his buddies. Remember, it's legal in Nevada and they don't want the girls to get the idea there are any other lifestyles out there. Next we drove past a naval air station--maybe those guys frequent Salt Wells, there can't be much else to do out here.

Arriving in Fallon, we made another fuel and pit stop. From Fallon on highway 50 to Silver Springs where we turned South on highway 95, past historic Fort Churchill. Not sure what's historic as we didn't stop. John had mentioned that now you know where these places are, if you want to take pictures, you can come back another time. Through Waubuska, Yerington and picking up highway 208 into Wellington (probably named after a pair of boots).

Turning South on highway 395 to Topaz Lake and the Topaz Lodge, for the second night's stop. Here the lake and surrounding mountains were beautiful, but the lodging wasn't as nice as in Tonopah. Can't have it all. Here Marj Naughton with her immaculate '57 +4 Drophead and Mike Anthony with his bits and

pieces Morgan with MGB power, joined the group.

It seems not everyone planned ahead and made lodging reservations. But it all worked out... sort of. There was only one room available, so I offered to share mine with John and Dean, so that Lynn and Karen Powell could take the available room. Little did I realize how this would turn out. We went to dinner at the deli downstairs, not realizing there was a real restaurant upstairs. It was not great, but not bad. The only questionable item being the Bar-B-Que beef. The sauce was good, what it was on, I'm not sure. Is beef geometrically shaped like miniature shingles?

After dinner we went to the bar to chat and listen to the "band", which consisted of a guy and a girl singing, while he accompanied them on an electric piano/organ/guitar/drum (ain't technology grand) instrument? They were pretty good. We wasted the evening away until it was time to hit the sack as we had yet another early start.

My room became the "dorm". I realized why after college I didn't

want go back to "dorm" life ever again. It was funny though. I ended up with six people in my room. The lodge only knew about three. I had John Burks, Dean Jackson and me, the planned three. I also had Paul Marchant and Henry Zappa, couldn't let them sleep in their cars, and Mike Anthony. It was a no smoking room, after

about two hours of Mr. Burks version of internal combustion, I advised him he could smoke in the room all he wanted, but no more developing thrust, talk about air pollution and this with all the windows open.

Next morning the sun rose over partial clouds on the lake. It was beautiful, with golds and reds blending with the blue sky. After breakfast in the "upstairs restaurant", we got on the road at about 9 a.m. It seemed like 100 feet and we crossed into California. Turning onto highway 89, we climbed steadily up to Monitor



Summit line-up; & waiting for the sheep

Pass (8,314 feet) and headed for Markleeville. The views from the mountain passes were just spectacular.

Climbing ever higher, we picked up highway 88 at Woodfords and crossed over Carson Pass (8,573 feet) and dropped down to Kirkwood. In all we had accumulated a total altitude of (69,954 feet) in the passes we had gone through on this trip. Definitely qualifies you for flight pay.

Now dropping ever lower we found our way to Jackson and the National Hotel for a quick beer before heading to John and Candace's "Estate" for the Sunday Bar-B-Que. Dave Sneary had the idea that since the October Birthday group would all be in attendance, that we would get a cake. He called ahead and had the local Safeway bakery create one for the occasion.



Cherie, John, Henry birthday kids

So here they are: John Burks - October 15th; Cherie Sneary - October 16th; and Henry Zappa; October 22nd. They were quite surprised by the whole thing. There comes a time when most of us would just as soon forget about having another birthday.

The turnout for the barbeque was approximately 30 people and added another ten Morgans to the festivities, including John's neighbor who is restoring a +4 four seater and is in her 70's. Pretty spunky. Good event. Thanks to John, Candace and Dave.

There's a postscript to this story from Dean Jackson and Mike Anthony:

Dean says, "I remember Will's accident....I was

Close up first day drivers



riding shotgun with John in the lead car, Paul Marchant close behind. We thought everyone else was strung out behind us as we crested a hill and entered a long valley but as we came to the next hill we realized no one was with us. So we stopped and waited for someone to catch up, but no one appeared, even after 15-20 minutes. We realized something had happened, so we turned around and drove back to find parked Morgans on the side of the road and Will's +4 flipped over. Will was standing there, being tended to by Cherie. When his car hit the berm and started to roll he was quick enough to lay out to the passenger side, and coupled with the fact the car came to rest over a ditch depression there was enough room for him to escape serious injury and open the door and crawl out the passenger side. He was a very lucky young man. We were able to right the car, and it could have been driven home with the spare tire put on, but Will wanted it towed, and went back home in the tow truck. He had only owned the car a short while, had bought it from Goodman Loy and had a lot of work done to have it roadworthy. The FlogMog was his first long trip with it." According to Mike Anthony, "... the car was taken to Bill Finks shop and later was sold as salvage to a mechanic friend and rebuilt. Later, Will bought a Plus 8 and moved to Southern California."

They both remember the Tonopah "Dorm Night" with Wendell, best described as "...odiferous, windows open."



Wendell and Dave one day run Oct 96

The 20th Annual FlogMog

Story by Richard Rogers, Roger Shawyer (aka "W&W") and Gordon • photos by Bob Frisbey, W&W, Mary Radu and Gordon

**We came from Here,
We came from There... We
came from Far, We came
from Wide... We came
from All Points and Time
Zones to get there. The
20th Anniversary Run of
FlogMog, a continuous line
of touring runs over days
and days stretching back
over the years, this one was
Big, with places to go never
quite navigated this way
and that, Big in numbers of
newcomers and old-timers
alike come from near
and far.**

Organized in great secrecy by our Founding Fathers, Dave Sneary and John Burks, with only a "need to know" the barest details of hotel reservations and the Ahwahnee luncheon arrangements to all of us, the major order of the 1st day was to get there, and the "there" was Oakdale, the start point the Motel 6 along East F St., State Route 120 in the Central Valley east of Manteca. Eventually, about half of us showed up that first night, Sept. 28, a few tintops in our numbers. As usual, your humble scribe was relying on his little grey cells for the drive. I am known far and wide as "Cap'n SatNav" to my admirers, and my notoriety prompted Wicherd & Woger (aka Richard Rogers and Roger Shawyer) to travel the farthest from their native shores of Sydney, NSW, Australia for their 2nd FlogMog in 3 years. They joined us this year as part of their larger American Tour, which included arrival in L.A., Mustang rental to the

Southwest, FlogMog, a Continental Drift to Denver, then flying to Chicago to travel by more car rental to Detroit, southern Canada, Niagara Falls, the Northeast, then a AmTrak Crescent City Special to New Orleans, and finally the flight back to OZ via LA. They are still on the road, and invoking the Spirit of Alexis deTocqueville, FlogMog excerpts from their travel Blog (Woger and Wicherds Weally Wicked Twip <https://randrtrip.wordpress.com/>) appear in these pages, and serve as witness to my exceptional navigational skills, ahem.



W&W ready themselves for the rigors of FlogMog...

Monday, 9/28 Leaving the Barn for Oakdale

The Oakdale Day began with following Gordon and Maggi in their tintop to pick up the Tollworthys. We hadn't seen George and Kathy since the 2012 Flogmog when they had



Apparently George used to race the JAP engined three wheeler.

to retire after overheating problems and were surprised to see some of the machinery hiding in their garage.

Finally it was time to head off to Oakdale and Gordon took the lead. Have I mentioned Gordon's skill with Satnavs? Well it is only beaten by that of George's. We didn't let Satnag know that Gordon was leading, so she thought we were on our own, but at the first mistake I think she smelled a rat and had an inkling that Gordon was involved. She just would not shut up!!!! Turn right on 120, I said turn right on 120. WTF how many times must I tell you Turn right on 120. We ignored her again, knowing that Gordon didn't have a clue where he was going. By this time George had decided to sit between Gordon and us, so we realised if we turned off to the correct way then they would panic. This was starting to feel like a scene from Life of Brian. After some time going in roughly the right direction but the wrong way, George turned left into a farm track. This totally confused Roger and Richard, but like sheep they followed. It seemed that George had been following a white car in front of him that he thought was Gordon, which turned out to be a farmer going home. George decided to pull over and fiddle with his satnav. Richard and Roger decided that the safest option was to listen to our own dear Satnag who was usually right and she took us straight to the Motel. Half an hour later Gordon and Maggi turned up at the Motel followed by the Tollworthy's half an hour later. Oh the joys of travelling in convoy... There were already a number of Flogmogs at the Motel and after a quick alcoholic beverage we sat down to dinner. Roger and Richard were pleased and amazed to see Tim Waller who had travelled



Tim Waller and Lynn Powell

the Commodores lecture. We met up with some old friends from the 2012 Flogmog – John and Barbara Burks, Carol Pitman and others, so started gassing again, until the Commodore pulled us all into line. Route maps were given out together with panic envelopes that gave final destinations to enter into the GPSs, for those who had them. Everyone looked at George and Gordon... hmmm which one will use them

first? (See below, "FlogMog Drivers Meeting")

Everyone left the car park in different directions mostly ignoring the instructions but vaguely heading the right way and most turned up at the first pee break in Coulterville. Yes, of course George didn't turn up, however Gordon managed it, we suspect he had tied a rope to one of the Morgans. Coulterville is a fairly authentic looking western type

down for the start of Flogmog, but unfortunately would not be joining us for the next 4 days. We went off to get some vino and returned to discover everybody had disappeared. Was it something we said? Oh well we had to update the blog, so headed off to our rooms.

Tuesday, 9/29, Oakdale to Oakhurst

We were instructed that we had a 9am drivers meeting, so Roger decided we should start early with breakfast. A deep and meaningful conversation ensued regarding our female passenger. It was probably time to give "Satnag" a name. Roger had been considering purchasing her a little black number so for the sake of sanity Richard considered a sex change maybe on the cards with a few hormone injections and a deeper voice it may not seem quite like nagging. However, we soon realised that we could be tempting fate and we could end up with a paranoid android similar to Marvin from the Hitchhikers Guide. We didn't think we could handle "Your not going to like this but you need to turn left" or "You'll ignore me anyway, but you should have turned right back there" or " Here I am, brain the size of a planet, teaching two morons which way to go".

We finally decided to call Satnag... Tina, as in: "Don't cry for me Satnag Tina... The truth is we never loved you... " We realised we were losing our minds and should join everyone for



"Excuse Me, May I Have Your Attention Please? Over Here, Turn Around!"



"These are Your Diving Instructions, Please Read them Carefully..."



"HUH?? WHAT??? WHERE is THIS???? YOU'RE KIDDING!! SHEESH!"



"OK, We're Leaving You Behind... Just Remember, Follow the Directions, Bye!!!!"

FlogMog, Cont'd



town, a meeting of the old and new. So the old style saloon type hotel was surrounded by Tarmac with Wifi and Latte's.

Wagons ho and we headed off towards Catheys Valley, this time with the majority going in the right direction. It was nice to be following a stain (collective term) of Morgan's and we soon arrived at our next pee and food stop.

Packed lunches were pulled out of every conceivable hiding place and one enterprising Morgan owner opened his bonnet to reveal spare ribs cooking on his Honda 2000 engine rocker cover.



Eventually the Tollworthy's arrived, but Gordon was nowhere to be seen. We knew there were some tempting Antique stores en route that could have captured Maggi's imagination, but after at least an hour we gave up and continued on to our final rest stop for the day at Oakhurst. (In my defense, I followed the signs with pointing arrows, it didn't help at all!) Rooms were sorted out and there was a need to get everyone together, so we started taking a few chairs out of hotel rooms and placing them in a corner of the car park, knowing that if you build it they will come. Sure enough there was soon a large gathering of morganers armed with bottles of all kinds of alcoholic beverage, peanuts, Cheerios and anything else that can fit in a crisp packet. Reluctantly we all broke for dinner considering sustenance a necessity. Returning to the enclave later resulted in a considerably reduced gathering... but there was still alcohol to be consumed with good conversation.

Oakhurst saw the arrival of Ginny and Barclay Schaw in their beautiful, freshly painted blue bodied and tan upholstered +8 with a stunning custom Myrtlewood dash.



Ginny and Barclays Beautiful Myrtlewood Dash with new beige interior and fresh blue paint makeover of their +8, what a knockout!

Also, Bill Button and Bob Horsely, in tandem from Seattle in the "Itsa Bitsa" +8 and Bob's '05 Roadster, a sizable group by this time, over 25 Morgans and another 10 tintops.

Wednesday, 9/30, Oakhurst to the Ahwahnee to June Lakes

A big day on the cards so just time for a big breakfast, replace the chairs in the rooms and head off to Yosemite National Park. But then we saw Paul Marchant with his 1965 SS...



... and Roger scored a ride. Well Richard did, but he decided he didn't want to risk another back injury, so Roger won.

Now Paul is not the kinda guy to worry about schedules and instructions so generally follows the route at his own pace... usually at breakneck speed. So Richard loads Paul's stuff into the Mustang and off we go to the first stop well after everyone else has left.

We decide to detour to Glacier Point that is a sheer cliff above our lunch stop with incredible views (approximately 9000 feet up)

After battling hordes of tourists, coaches, massive RVs and 4WDs going very slow we finally start our descent into the Yosemite Valley. On the way down a Wolf or Coyote ambles



Half Dome – you can actually climb it



View down into Yosemite Village



Oops, don't feed or pet the animals – that includes bears.

across the road in front of the Mustang, without a care in the world except Plague and where his next meal is. However, by the time Richard had found the camera, taken off the lens cap, switched on the camera, dropped the lens cap, looked for it and not found it, the wolf/coyote had crossed the road and started up the incline. We continued down into the valley to have lunch at the Ahwahnee Hotel which was built in 1927 in a year, using materials sourced outside Yosemite.



Inside, most of us were just finishing a sumptuous lunch around large tables (not everyone pictured),



Paul and W&W show up, finally!

But everyone else is leaving so we're last again. Time to head off to June Lake this time with the Mustang in the lead to save Roger's nerves. Halfway up yet another steep hill with sheer drops at the side there is a forlorn Commodore standing by a strangely modified +8. At this point we have to mention the shoes. To say that they are bright red is an understatement... they could probably provide illumination for a third world country. They are so red that we expected him to click his heels together and say "Are we still in Kansas, Toto?"

FlogMog cont'd



Nevertheless it seems that he suffers from loose nuts and he watched his rear wheel nuts overtaking him while negotiating some rather dangerous bends. He pulled in to a lay by just as the wheel fell off. Wow, was he lucky, it could have been a serious situation. We stopped

to lend assistance. They had managed to find two nuts (not the driver and passenger), but the others had been eaten by passing bears, squirrels or chipmunks. Unfortunately the scissor jack had broken so they were unable to jack the car up, so we checked Paul's jack but this was next to useless so pulled the luggage out of the Mustang and incredibly found that it used a scissor jack and still had one! We jacked it up, replaced the wheel and used the three spare nuts on the spare wheel, then checked the other wheels. We were soon on our way and in time for dinner and a lot of Commodore ragging.



June Lake line up

Thursday, 10/1 June Lake to Bodie to Bridgeport (and Strawberry Inn, those of us who made it)

There was an air of foreboding when we woke up, the sky was overcast and the temperature had dropped. We tried to get a breakfast up the road, but one young girl on her own with a queue stretching out of the door changed our mind. We tried the

other end of the street and found another cafe with more staff. Where did all these people come from?

We got back to the motel to find most had left or on the way out, so a quick pack and we were ready to go. However, Paul had been having problems with his newly rebuilt SS motor yesterday and wanted to check the noisy tappets. A relatively simple job involving removal of the valve cover and measuring the rocker arm gap on each valve. We soon discovered that all the exhaust valve gaps were slightly enlarged, but one inlet valve was huge. It was obvious that there was a problem with this valve and after considerable technical discussion and prevarication, Richard adjusted it up, replaced the rocker cover and we all decided to press on. By this time everyone had left except Paul, R squared and Bob. We left in convoy to our first stop at Bodie, a preserved gold mining ghost town. We pulled over for petrol and Paul mentioned he had another problem. This time it was the battery not charging. After fiddling about checking the wiring and trying to look intelligent, Richard found that the main power post on the Alternator was loose. He tightened it up with a crescent wrench (that's an adjustable spanner to anyone not resident of the US) Started the car and still a lack of charging through the ammeter. A bit of head scratching and then Richard discovered that the terminals weren't actually crimped on the wires, just poked in the holes and flapping about like the proverbial. Nobody had a crimper so we had to improvise with parrot grips. Richard also discovered that the big black wire was the main positive terminal when sparks flew as it accidentally touched earth, luckily it's a Morgan so no fuse. Finally we were on our way with a huge charging current feeding the battery.

We continued on to Bodie with a 6C (42deg F, yes it was nippy, ed.) wind whistling around and under our shorts, then it started raining. Boy were we glad to be in the Mustang with the roof up and the heater on max. Paul and Bob were frozen with a stalactite forming on the end of their noses. Suddenly the road disappeared and turned into a corrugated dirt road. Paul's SS has very stiff suspension so apart from the loss of a number of teeth, we were concerned that the whole car would fall apart. "No worries mate" says Roger, "Park 'em up here and squeeze in the back of the



Bodie town overview.

Chapel and Ranger's house.

Frisbey on Main St, Bodie

Roger's new project.

Bodie Aero.

Bodie +4 needs complete restoration.

'tang". These guys didn't need asking twice and because of Roger's girth, Richard had to drive squelched behind the wheel with legs around his ears. 3 miles later we got to the Ranger station to pay for entry. Paul chirped up from the back seat, "When are you going to pave this road" Jeez that was a mistake. The young attractive female ranger's hackles rose to alarming proportions. "I hope they never do, we want to preserve the integrity of the site and my grandfather is buried in the cemetery. I've lived

here all my life!" Oh hell, thought R squared she's going to chuck us out before we even get in there.

Well, dear reader, we did get in and wandered around taking photos shivering and wet as the rain and biting cold wind whistled around us. But definitely worth a visit and all praise to the Commodore and John Burks for including it in the run. What a ghost town...

The town was founded in the mid 1800's after gold was discovered in them thar hills by Bodey. In 1932 it suffered a fire and a lot of buildings were lost. The use of chemicals, etc were discouraged so the site is now preserved and no further mining is allowed. There is no truth to the rumour that Roger and Richard took some Maglites down the mine to search.

We eventually left the site and shuttled Bob and Paul back to their Morgan's as it started to rain again. We headed to SR108 and the Sonora Pass, but decided to stop off at Bridgeport on the SR395 junction for some late lunch and a pea stop. Luerley pea soup but big mistake! Still raining and wind still blowing we continued on and turned onto the 108. Those with reasonable memories and not bored out of their skulls may remember that we had already travelled on this road on our way from Mammoth Lakes to San Francisco, so we were, by this time, old hands on the treacherous winding road.



Sonora Pass starts.

FlogMog cont'd



Still climbing Sonora Pass

We reached a point 3 miles from the 9628 foot summit to be stopped by a couple of 'Job's Worths' in the form of a ChiP and a snow plough driver. They were blocking the road and proclaimed the road to be closed. Huh? We said in unison, "But we need to get to Strawberry, we're booked in" We watched as cars emerged from the opposite direction ie from Strawberry. We pleaded and pleaded to no avail and were turned around.

We had no choice but to find alternative accommodation in Bridgeport an hour back down the road. Still we had good company and Bob, Paul, Richard and Roger had their own dinner party at the Bridgeport Inn.

Meanwhile, Back at the Strawberry Inn on the other side... The rest of us had no idea of what a frustrating ride W&W, Paul and Bob were having, one thing about mountain country, weather can change in a minute and cellphone coverage is spotty at best.

We had left ahead of W&W, Paul and Bob at June Lake, had already been to Bodie where we caught the wind



Bob Horsely at Bodie

Others like the Commodore and the Button Bitsa turned back, too bouncy and bad weather. As we came

to the US395/SR108 Junction in Bridgeport, just about all the FlogMogs were setting to leave, lunch was abbreviated, the rain was coming down, and times a'wasting, get over the Sonora Pass. Maggi and moi dallied at the Bridgeport Inn, had that delicious pea soup and sandwiches, thinking we would wait for R squared and company. We waited, but wanted to drive the summit in daylight ourselves, so we departed in the Sentra tintop. As we were halfway up, we fell in behind a huge, 70 ft. semi crawling at 5 mph, and it started pouring. This idiot had ignored multiple signs warning "No Trailers, RVs, No Semis" on this road and now he was finding out why... the rear of his rig was dragging and plowing into the side cut of the road, the outermost rear wheel went flat and part of the rear bumper bulkhead bent in from repeated collisions with side cut, loosening rocks and dirt out onto the road. Finally, we found a short straight, wide enough for us to slither past and we were free of him. Later, he made it over the pass, stopped at the Strawberry and we found out he was a local contract driver who figured since he could drive his Pick Up over the summit, why not the Semi? Doh!

Climbing over the Sonora Pass there are moments when of necessity, weather and circumstances a road on a FlogMog becomes entirely your own driving mantra.... no one else around, either too far ahead or too far behind, and the rain pouring and pouring as we hit the summit and descended, some of it was snow mix, and the light was grey, the road laid out in rhythmic turns one after another until a tight switchback and then again the rhythm....it was mesmerizing, wet and wet, the window open to catch the fresh mountain air, the wipers flapping time. And it was great to know that most of the western Sierra upslope was getting a long denied dousing, and the Big Dryout was over, at least up here a little bit interrupted. Going through Yosemite the day before, beautiful as it always is, so many dried out and brown dead trees and vegetation, and here the next day, some relief. Too late to help with the horrible



Pitman bbq Morgans

fire season we are having, of course, but a promise it might bode for a wet and substantial winter.

Those of us driving Mogs over the Pass got drenched, but by the time the Strawberry Inn came into view as if on cue the rain thinned and the clouds disappeared in the late afternoon. A good thing too, that evening in nearby Pinecrest, Carol Pitman had opened her family cabin for the 20th FlogMog party. Unbeknownst to most of us, Chris Panero had brought up all the fixings for a great roast chicken dinner with salads and fries. Thank You Chris, what a great spread!



Dave and John announcing badges

Commodore Dave and John Burks, our fearless leaders for all these years, called us to assembly and gave speeches of welcome and commemoration, noting veterans and newcomers to all the FlogMogs like veterans Mary and Rich Radu, who were very active in the late '90s into the millennium years. They also noted those who could not make the Run this year, including our marooned



Dave hands a 20th FlogMog badge to Rich Radu.

drivers back in Bridgeport, who finally reached us by working cellphone to let us know what happened. Finally, Dave and John brought out the 20th Anniversary FlogMog Car badges, one by one handing them around to us and keeping for those who could not make the run for mailing later. What

a handsome medallion, designed by Dave, John and Bob Panero and struck into a limited edition 100 or so. Many thanks for this grand and thoughtful gift to all of us.

We raised toasts and cheers of appreciation to Dave and John with lots of brews and wines, and because it was thoroughly wet down and ok to do, a fire was ignited in the fire pit and warmed the chill off the mountain air. Inside the cabin, disco and dance music bombed out to the veranda and all the gals started dancing, no stopping us now, no how, and most of the guys huddled around the fire pit until one by one they were drawn into the melee inside because if they wanted seconds, they had to run the gauntlet, and most of them did:)

Friday, Oct. 2, Back to the Barn Day

In the morning, we began to say our goodbyes, knowing we would see each other again. That is really what FlogMogs are about, camaraderie on the road, the journey together... They go back 20 years or more now, and there are more miles ahead, maybe not with all of us, but there are always other roads...



But it is not quite over for our OZ brothers, Paul and Bob, still on the other side of ►

Barbara and Button say farewell



Bitsa and Horsely headed for Seattle

Kathy and George headed for the barn



FlogMog cont'd

the Pass...

Wake up and think, what the hell are we doing in Bridgeport, we should be in Strawberry? It's cold, still 6C and after the 30s that we've been used to it feels worse. Still wearing shorts though

We can't wake Paul, poor sod was so cold yesterday he must be hibernating. So we head over to the Bridgeport Inn 'cos CalTrans say that the pass is still closed. We chomp down on a decent breakfast with Bob Frisby and then Paul strolls in. The skies are clear, sun is shining, but it's still bloody cold. So we decide to walk up the road to see the Highway Patrol office to see if the pass is open 'cos CalTrans are still saying its closed.

There are two cops behind the counter, one about 6'5" in plain clothes that looks like the head honcho and one in uniform. So we explain our predicament and ask whether SR 108 is open like his sign says. So the head honcho says "Yeah, it's been open all the time" Errr, no it isn't we say, it was closed last night 3 minutes before we got there due to an accident. "Huh, what accident, there was no accident" Errr yes there was and there was one of your highway patrol officers there. He told the snowplough operator blocking the road to ticket us if we attempted to go through.

Well that did it. The guy wasn't happy. He checked the website, checked some docs, and then said "Yeah it's closed. The CalTrans guys are suppose to tell us" Bugger, still closed. Roger and Richard really want to go that way to say goodbye to all the folks that were on FlogMog as they were unlikely to get another chance. So we check the map to try and find an alternative and it seems that the only way around is



Check out the snow caps, that's where we're going.

to go back through Yosemite and back to San Francisco. We resign ourselves to our fate and miserably walk out with heads held low with the cops apologising behind us. Luckily we stand outside for a while not believing our bad luck and looking at the clear skies. Then the head honcho comes out and says the pass is open. Yeah right we say, pull the other one it's got bells on. No really he says it's open. Woohoooo we're off and scream off down the street. Oops are we going to get pulled for speeding?

Paul puts the metal down and we're really steaming!!! We see the Burkes, Button and Bob Horseley travelling in the opposite direction on their way back home and give a wave. After sitting behind a red Mustang Richard gets fed up and floors our Mustang on a long straight, ignoring the double yellow lines, and we're finally doing a decent and safe speed. We catch up with Paul who was assisting the local trees in times of drought and tell him to get in his car and follow quickly 'cos there's a slow running Mustang just behind us. He does an early Le Mans dash closing his door and buckling up on the move.

Finally we get to Strawberry and Everyone has gone!!! Oh well we think we'll have a quick coffee and pee stop and find Carol Pitmans place as Richard and Roger really want to say cheerio and she's probably still cleaning up after the probable wild orgy and BBQ the

night before. Bob turns up after we have finished our coffee. Bob has Carols address in Pinehurst so we head off, hoping that she's still there. Nah, not with our luck. Remnants of a big fire and enough bottles to stock a brewery for a year was the only evidence that anyone had been there. Wow, must have been a good party. Richard tests the temperature of the ashes in the fire and declares that "White men leave two hours ago". So nothing for it but head off to our hotel in Hayward. We say our goodbyes, promise to meet up in Sonoma on Sunday for the historic racing and head towards San Francisco. Well that's the end of FlogMog 2015 which must be one of the most fun events you can have in a Morgan. The people are friendly and great fun to be with and the event is well thought out. The Commodore and John Burks do a tremendous job and we would highly recommend it to anyone who actually likes to drive their Morgan instead of just cleaning and staring at it.

Guys, We missed you all that morning, too, sorry we didn't hook up at Trail's End, But we all took the journey together, that's what counts, Happy Trails!



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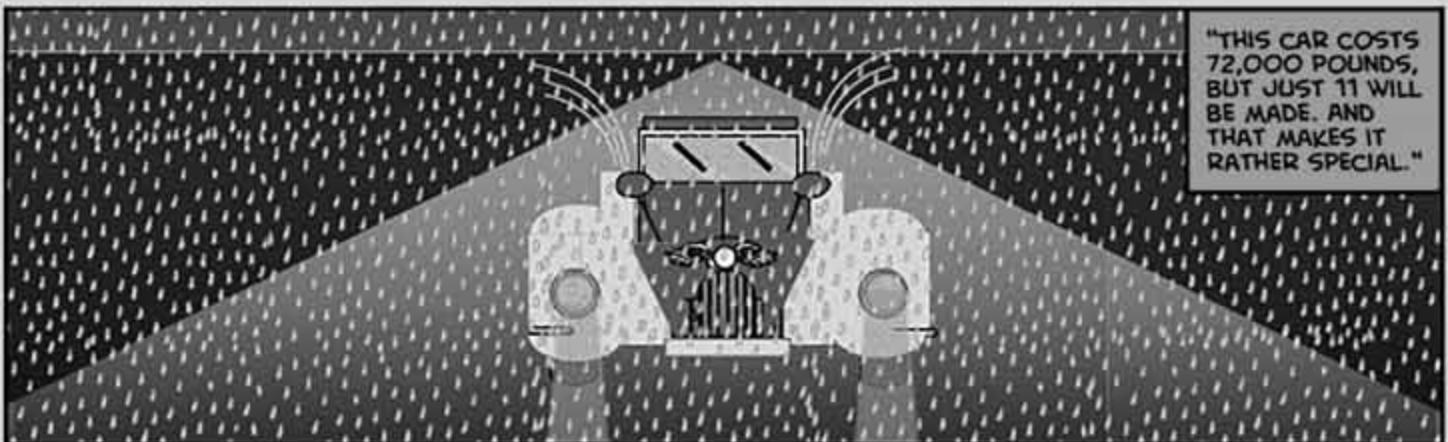


FlogMog ... the road goes on forever!

IN 2000, MORGAN BEGAN PRODUCTION OF THE AERO 8 SERIES I, WHICH COULD NOT BE SOLD IN AMERICA. AFTER YEARS OF USA-MANDATED MODIFICATIONS AND CRASH TESTS, A NEW VERSION OF THE AERO 8, CALLED THE SERIES II, WAS APPROVED FOR SALE IN THE USA.

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Morgans in the Meadow

First and Last of the Real Car Parties • Friday, August 14, 2015

Photos by Larry Ayers



Mike Hattem and Bob Schmidt

Despite a death in the family that took her away to Hawaii, Annette Yee called out to friends and left detailed directions on food and schedule so that the party could go on. Loren Steck stayed to host the BBQ and left the next day to join Annette and Jonathan. Many thanks to the Steck family for their "over and above" effort to keep the traditional BBQ on the Friday of Monterey's Auto Week.



John Miller determines that the coals look ready



As always, conversation is most prized. L-R: Dennis Glavis, Jerry Gurley, Greg Powell, Lynne Gurley, Peter Schmidt, Lynne Willburn. Ed Stump, Dale and Karen Barry. Composit of Morgans in the meadow.



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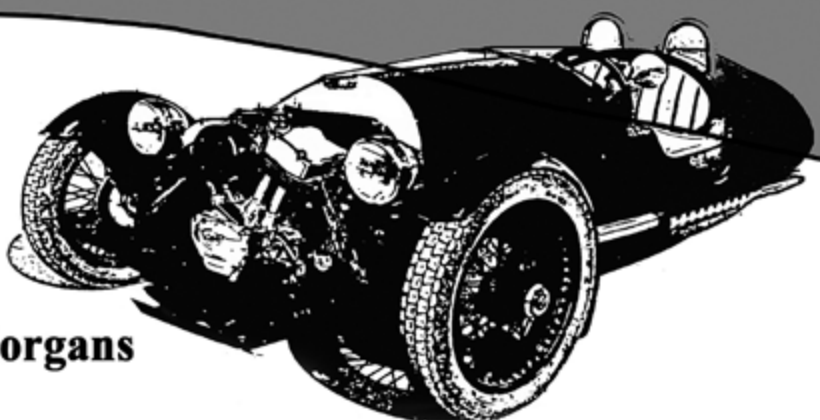
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