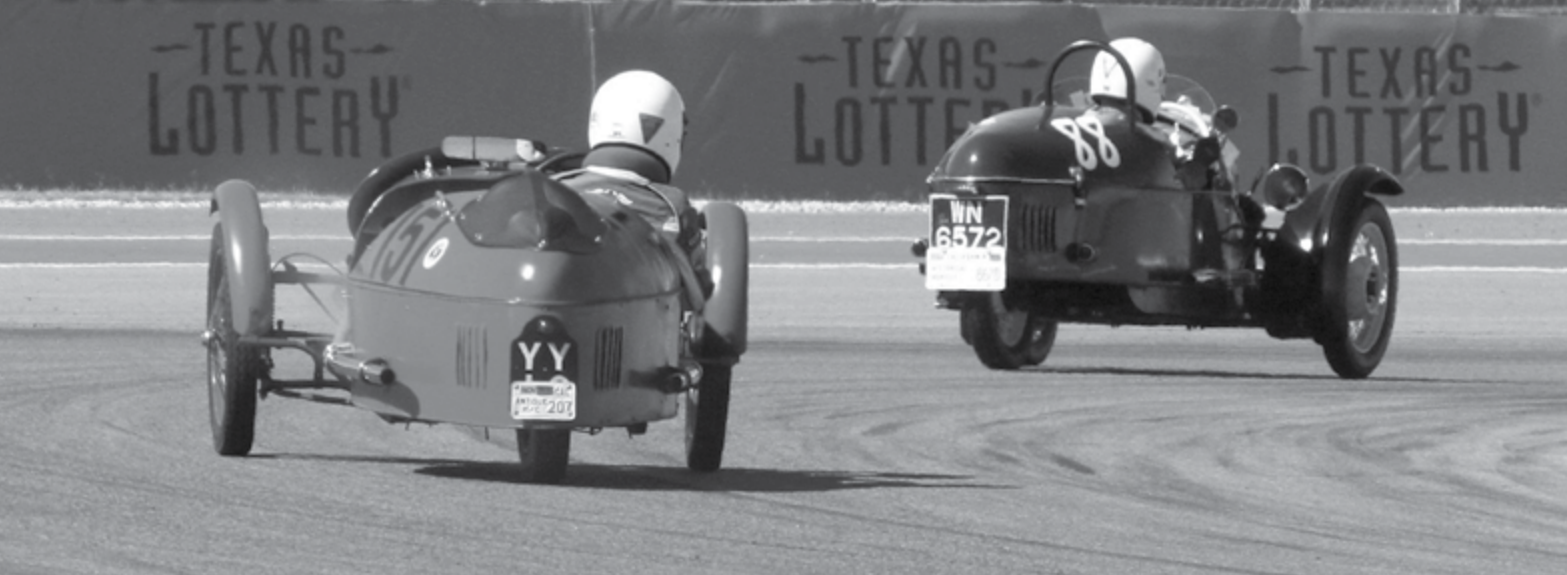




The Morgazette

The Newsletter of the Morgan Sports Car Club of Northern California

November • December 2013



Inside:

**Autumn Flog Mog • Oktoberfest • Texas Racing • Turkey Trot • . . . and more
And don't forget to mail in your ballots and membership dues to Bob Koupal.**



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 2013

President • Morgan Staines
mogstaines@gmail.com

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MRubinCom@aol.com

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maggicraig@sbcglobal.net

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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:

• **January 27** for **Jan-Feb, 2014 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 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

Renewed:

Barclay and Ginny Schaw
60 Greenstone Terrace
Sutter Creek, CA 95685
541/373-0351
1988 red +8

New Address:

Marj Scooros & Bart Weaver
4251 N. Bear Claw Way
Tucson, AZ 85749

Club Event information:
<http://msccnc.blogspot.com>

Cover Photo: Racing at COTA, Austin Texas: Larry Ayers' 1930 Super Aero, Dale Barry's 1934 J.A.P. Supersports, and Duncan Charlton's 1952 flat rad +4. Photo courtesy of Dave Ferguson and Sports Car Digest.



*** 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)

Thanks to the Fishers for a year of great Activities — and cheers to Jim Taylor as he takes over in January!



MSCCNC Meeting Minutes of 10/19/13

President Morgan Staines opened the meeting.
There was no old business.

Treasurer George Tollworthy gave the report that we have \$10,000.00 in our account. MogWest yielded a profit of about \$200.00 this year. The profit was much lower than in previous years because the regalia buyer did not buy the leftovers as he usually does.

In new business David Haines brought up that what was collected for the BBQ at registration did not cover the cost of it. A discussion was held on how to remedy the shortage next year. Suggestions were to raise the price from \$45.00 per person or to cut back on the quantity of food and entertainment. It was noted by George that the caterer's prices have gone up. Audrey Haines will discuss the matter with the Willburns.

Gordon Craig shared information on a fund raiser that the Southern Club is having for Morgan mechanic Tony McMann who works at Morgans West. Tony has often extended himself above and beyond to help out Morgan Club members of both clubs with mechanical problems. He was recently diagnosed with stage four cancer. The funds would be to help with medical expenses and support for his family. Suggestions were made to contribute a set amount, pass the hat and/or match what the Southern Club raises. Audrey made the motion that the club contributes a set amount of \$250.00. The motion was seconded and passed. David Haines then

December

***14th SATURDAY • Holiday Party**, Oakland Yacht Club. Contact - Elaine Fisher.

FLYER *26th THURSDAY • Boxing Day Run- Contact Wendell Bain.

January 2014

FLYER *12th SUNDAY • Oyster Run XX,
Meet at 10 AM. Contacts - Larry Ayers & Donna Dell'Ario, Bob LaMar. [note Location: San Mateo County.]

FLYER *19th SUNDAY • Planning Meeting & Potluck, at 3 PM in the Clubhouse of Jim Taylor and Ellen Jo Baron: 30 Los Altos Square, Los Altos, CA 94022 Home- 650-559-9778 Cell: 650-380-6431

Meeting Minutes

by Maggi Craig, Secretary

passed the hat around and an additional \$200.00 was collected. Gordon and Tim Waller will also pass the hat around again at the Turkey Trot. Gordon also let everyone know that the Turkey Trot which he and Tim are organizing will be on Saturday November 9th. The run will go to Reiff's Garage in Woodland.

New member Gabriel Orebi Gann was at the meeting and was heartily welcomed by the club.

Morgan Staines brought up the topic of voting for club officers. Although willing to continue as President if need be, Morgan felt that after two years in office it would be good for someone else to hold the position. It was raised and passed that an Appointment Nominations Committee be formed consisting of Morgan, Audrey and Elaine Fisher to work on finding nominees who are willing. George Tollworthy will continue as treasurer and Maggi Craig said she would be willing to continue as secretary, but also felt that after two years it would be good for someone else to hold the position. The ballot will show her as a nominee and there will also be space for write ins. R. B. Ward nominated Michael Rubin for President. Michael was not at the meeting and will need to be contacted. It was announced that Elaine Fisher, who was not at the meeting, will not be able to continue next year as Activities Chair. The club also needs to find someone to serve in this position.

The motion to close was made, seconded and passed.





Presidential Points

By Morgan Staines, President

Mogalog!

Can Amazon and Mogslist be far behind?

What would the holidays be without the arrival in the mail bin of the Hammacher Schlemmer catalog, "Offering the Best, the Only and the Unexpected for 165 years," to say nothing of the unnecessary, overpriced and absurd, year in and year out, for as long as our mail carrier has been pitching the slick 4-color rag at us?

And there it was in all its glory. The exciting new Morgan Three-Wheeler, in traditional British Racing Green with checkered flag detail across the nose, gracing the cover of "America's Longest Running Catalog." Well, that seems fitting enough. But my first reaction was mixed. Our favorite car, in mailboxes, on kitchen tables and in personal reading rooms all across the land. That's great! But would "The Authentic Morgan Three-Wheeler" be taken seriously, displayed as it was on page 80, below "The Only Outdoor Heated Cat Shelter" and across from "The World's Best Pre-lit Douglas Fir"? (Hammacher Schlemmer is nothing if not superlative. Just the best.) Would anyone actually buy a Morgan out of a catalog, or would it be dismissed as just a toy? I'm a big believer in marketing, thoughtfully done. So I worried about it. Slept on it. Contacted a couple of our dealers for their perspective. And . . .

- Yes, someone would buy a Morgan out of catalog. Someone did!
- It is a toy. On a lovely, grand scale.
- Why should it be taken seriously? Seriously.
- Bazillions of hitherto unaware Americans have now seen a Morgan, in print if not on the road.
- To order your new Trike (Item #KU-12273), call 1-800-227-3528. No gift wrap.

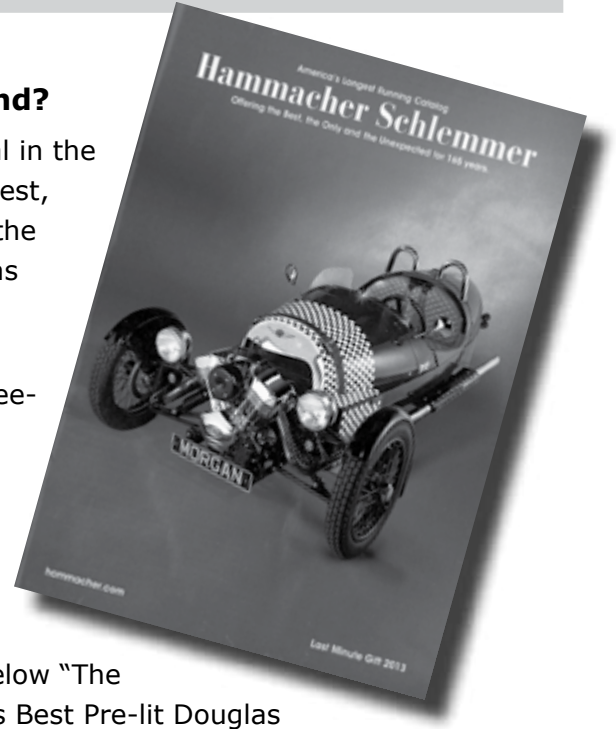
More seriously, which as you know is not easy for me, I want to thank all of you for the privilege of standing at the helm of this club for the past two years. In particular, I want to thank all who hosted events, the many more who attended events, and the real leaders of the club, whose names appear under the masthead on the inside front cover of this issue. Thanks to all of you, all I had to do while standing at the helm was just stand there, taking in the dedication and camaraderie of this great group of people who love these curious, beautiful cars of yesterday, today and tomorrow.

Enjoy the holidays!

Bundle up and take your Morgan out for a spin. You know how much it loves the crisp cold air. Gather your loved ones around and tell them "I love you." Don't wait.

See you on the road!

P.S. I love you.



New MORGAN Plus 4
60th Anniversary Badge



2013 MORGAN 3 WHEELER The Very
Last Brooklands Edition - No. 50 of 50.

2013 MORGAN 3 WHEELER NEW
Porsche GT Silver, Black Wheels

2010 MORGAN AERO SUPERSPORT Cote
D'Azur blue metallic/Wings and roof
panels in Midnight Blue Metallic.

2009 MORGAN AEROMAX

2008 MORGAN AERO 8

2005 MORGAN ROADSTERS:
Silver Blue | BRG | Grigio Ingrid

1967 MORGAN PLUS 4 FOUR
SEATER Supersport

1965 MORGAN PLUS 4 FOUR SEATER
BMW Laguna Blue, new chrome

1963 MORGAN PLUS 4 FOUR SEATER
Ivory/Dark Red - REDUCED

1962 MORGAN FLATRADIATOR SkimpY San

1962 MORGAN PLUS 4 SuperSport
Roadster Soft Yellow body/Black

1960 MORGAN PLUS 4 Roadster

1959 MORGAN PLUS 4 DROPHEAD COUPE
Kingfisher Blue, stunning restoration.

1953 MORGAN PLUS 4 ROADSTER
BRG, Brown Leather

1935 MORGAN 3 WHEELER Ivory

1934 MORGAN 3 WHEELER Ivory



DRIVEN AT HEART

MORGAN THREE WHEELER

WWW.MORGANWEST.NET



WWW.PERANAWEST.COM

WWW.ALLARDWEST.COM

OTHER MARQUES

2013 ALLARD J2x MkII Blue with Red
Leather, Hemi engine!

2013 PERANA GT BY ZAGATO
730HP/6Speed manual
or 430HP/AT

2011 ZOLFE ROAD ROCKET

2007 HARLEY DAVIDSON
HL1200N NIGHTSTER

1978 TVR TAIMAR

1972 HARLEY DAVIDSON
XLH SPORTSTER

TVR 3000 S CONVERTIBLE PROTOTYPE
1978 model, purple/tan leather,
black top

1960 AUSTIN HEALEY 3000 BN7

Morgan

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(310) 998-3311

DENNIS@MORGANWEST.NET
DENNIS GLAVIS, MANAGING DIRECTOR | 3003 PICO BOULEVARD, SANTA MONICA, CA 90405

Flog Mog, "Dos Rios"

Story by Gordon • Photos by Ken Miles, Susan Loesche and Gordon

This past October, FlogMog ran its 18th Tour with 3 days of upslope and mountain driving around Quincy and a network of back country roads for unparalleled driving and touring. "Dos Rios" (Two Rivers) flowed on and on.

We had 17 Morgans and 3 tintops, and 2 breakdowns that happened as we came separately to and from the start point in Woodland. One a M3W that blew a fuel pump on I-80 coming up, Paul Marchant got it home and joined us the next day in his trusty SS. Marj Naughton unhappily busted a push rod in the DHC and had to cancel completely. This happened almost out of the box, somewhere around Knights Landing as we crossed the Sacramento River on our way to the Feather River, hence "Dos Rios".

pumps to soda fountains to pedal cars to Marilyn's lipstick on the guest register, you name it, it is there. Out in front of his converted California bungalow in a quiet neighborhood off Main St., welcoming owner Mark Reiff parks his '80s 'Vette and beautiful '60s Ford tow truck with dualies. Everyone loved it. After the visit, Mog Mike Gerdts realized the place really needed just a little something more, so a vintage six pack of Coke Classic made its way on a subsequent "Turkey Trot" a month later.

East out of Woodland, then north into the Great Valley winds of early October along the banks of the Sacramento, always this time of year, and it blows in gusts and whirls. It starts out warmish in the bright sun and then that wind sets

in. It is really the southerly jetstream for the flocks of honkers and ducks, alighting now and then to feed on the rice fields. East

California, I've always seen them from afar, driving past on Hwy. 99, even I-5, this time, finally, we were heading for the "world's smallest mountain range" and a landmark I've always meant to see up close. Composed of ancient volcanic lava domes, this area was a land grant to John Sutter from the Mexican government in the early California days, and over the years John Fremont and his party encamped here and the land eventually parceled up between a dozen or so ranching families for generations. To this day it is nearly all private land, a small set of acreage opened for very limited public use. The topography is fascinating as you get closer, you have an eerie sense it all should be larger laid out on a vast plain somewhere but its like the old car models, 1/25 scale. It is certainly worth the time and drive around the base if you are ever in the area.

After lunch at the Hofbrau the eastern side of Oroville, we met up with Mog Gary Marquis in his Aero



But before we got started, some of us visited **Reiff's Gas Station in Woodland**, an Old Timey place with just about every conceivable bit of this and that automotive memento from mid-20th century America, gas



on Hwy. 20 past Meridian onto West Butte Road through the kick up **the pinnacle shapes of the Sutter Buttes appear.** In my 50 years of driving in Northern

and friends Paul and Steve in Paul's **beautiful '58 Lancia B24.** They



FlogMog, cont'd

led us on up Hwy. 70 and the North Fork of the Feather River Canyon. It is a breathtaking 120 mile ride, the fall colors were just coming in and in the upper reaches the sheer granite walls of the canyon are above and below you. There are a series of power stations, car and railroad tunnels and a bridge or two that comprise quite a feat of engineering carved out of this massive verticality. Midway we turned in to **the Belsen Resort** for a brief respite, its long been a watering hole/resort in these



parts. Back on the climb again, the road is banked perfectly, so you can get a succession of sweeping curves and just barrel along turn for turn using a bit of the centrifugal force in a consistent rhythm wheel to wheel, it just puts you in a zone. So much so I forgot to get out of 3rd, kept wondering what that damn whine was about until I realized, whoops, into fourth idiot, much to the relief a couple of Mogs behind me.:) Then, we just let it out, just the best. A lot of heavy trucks use these roads, fuel delivery, logging, fire truck tankers etc and it is down to a science for keeping these kind of vehicles on grade as they manage tight turns (for them), so we get the benefit. Hwy. 70 joins Hwy. 89 and we pulled into



Quincy in the late afternoon. It was only then as we checked into the Ranchito (our usual haunt when we go to Quincy) that we learned of Marj and Paul M. and their respective breakdowns. Some of us got separated and a bit lost, but we all and Paul caught up with each other in time for **our evening bbq**, and it was on to



the next day.

This was to be our most challenging day, and a long one, on paper over 250 miles, necessitated by a certain "sequestration" tactic in the U.S. Congress which closed already cut-back Federal facilities, in our case Lassen Volcanic National Park which we had planned to use to keep it at a

175 mile day. **It was cold, it was sleety here and there, sometime snow**



on the side of the road and it was a long way round, so most of us bagged it trying to complete the full circle to Old Station on to Susanville to Portola and back north to Quincy. Not for the lack of trying, but all of us backtracked from various stops along the way, and not for lack of a scenic road either, any way you turned, you got one. Our choice came at Manton across recently paved fire roads, never seen anything like it, fully paved, hardly used back country roads all to ourselves, and in our case, thanks to Bob Frisbey and his GPS we had a spectacular drive back via the east side of Lake Almanor and Mountain Meadows Reservoir to Taylorsville and to a wonderful dinner at Sweet Lorraine's in Quincy that evening.

Thursday was our departure day and from Quincy we followed Bucks Lake Road in the upper forests where we had a right of way issue with a small herd crossing the road to the feed in the barn and Momma Cow wasn't having any of us, standing her ground, bringing us to a halt and

getting her young 'uns across the road. Good for her, what's our hurry, anyway. A little later on the straight downhill and picking up speed, we had a large bear cub dart across and nearly T-bone Susan L's beautiful lowline +4, she instinctively pulled to the left and just missed it, sheesh it was close. Maggi and I were right behind her, what a sight, all rippling fur and muscle bounding headlong into the brush. We all made it to Oroville and the Hofbrau again, and afterwards went south into Sacramento south on Hwy. 70 this time, and home, some through the Delta, others stayed on the Interstate.

Tour maestros Dave Sneary and John Burks did it again, planned a great FlogMog for all of us. Dave summed it up: "We had it all, from eighty degrees in the valley to freezing ass cold in the mountains, great BBQ, great roads, excellent food and wine and good friends. Four days of Morgan bliss." Besides our Thanks for a great time and great roads, some further comments from our Fellow Mogs.

From Lorraine & Mel Cohen - The Napaguy: As you know this Flog Mog was our first but it won't be our last. We are looking forward to future Flog Mog's. We especially enjoyed dinner at Sweet Lorraine, which could have been named for my wife. We found that everyone who attended were great and that many had attended in the past and made us feel very welcomed. It was just great sharing our love for the Morgan.

Thank you for all the work you did. We all appreciate it.

From Bill Button: Thanks Dave and John for keeping the Flog Mog spirit alive. I have no problem of driving an extra 1,200 miles just to get to and back from a Flog Mog.

What fun. What great driving. Good food that took some special effort to make happen. Finally the Good Nature of the Northern California Flog Moggers. I am safe at Home In Seattle and ready to join the Flog Mogger's any time. Tomorrow I get to work on the "Bitsa" to get it ready for next year. Thanks to John and Barbara I am well on my way.

From Ken & Pat Miles: Flog Mog is a great event, great driving, great roads, great people, and an event that you should do once in your life. Remember it is annual and held in October every year. Pat and I will go back even though it means driving for 15 hours each way. (Vancouver and back!)

And Many thanks from the rest of us - See you next year!

John & Barbara Burks, Aero 8

Bill Button, Plus 8

Dave & Cherie Sneary, Plus 8

Lynn & Karen Powell

Mel & Lorraine Cohen, Plus 8

Gordon & Maggi Craig, Plus 4

Bob Frisbey, 4/4

Michael Gerdt, Plus 8

Gary Marquis, Aero 8

Tom & Bev Morgaan

Marj Naughton, Plus 4 DHC

Bob & Chris Panero, Plus 4

Carol Pitman, Plus 4

Barclay & Ginny Schaw, Plus 8

George & Kathy Tollworthy, Plus 8

Ken & Pat Miles, 4/4

Dean & Fawn Jackson

Philip & Elaine Fisher, +8



Oktoberfest Goes for the Gold

Story by Gordon • Photos by Peter Schmidt and Gordon



David and Audrey Haines hosted us in mid-October for a weekend of touring the '49er Gold Country and opened their home, hearts and hospitality for us to celebrate Oktoberfest. Lots of us attended, and we had a great time, this is how.

Friday afternoon we came to the Haines manse in Loomis for the **"garage snoop"** – the celebrated 4/4 racer (see the May-June MGZT for its Buttonwillow exploits) was docked and ready to go. David noted his Healy "Big Block" project is away at the body shop at the moment, but this Morgan "man cave" is a delight to visit always, and the HO gauge train set up next door grows ever larger and more detailed with additional tracks, more town and farm scenes in the layout now. He also has acquired a bright candy apple red '34 Ford Sedan chopped and channeled, with a 350 V8, auto trans, mag wheels and slicks in the back.



Saturday is always the Run Day and Audrey our Tour Director pointed us in the direction of Auburn and the historic Placer County Courthouse and Jail, a well done exhibit of local lore, Native American history and the growth and prosperity of the area for the past several centuries. Then on to Coloma, the town is the site of Sutters Mill where in 1848 John Marshall discovered gold in the creek rip rap powering



the nearby sawmill. It brings home the notion of that little, hushed up event, word gets out anyway, the Rush is on the next year and that leads to essentially why we are all here today. It is a History Run not of Determinism, but how things played out in the present and are always changing.

We stopped for lunch at the nearby Sierra Nevada House, long a respite for miners, travelers, and who should drive up as we supped but New Morgan Clubmember Gabriel Orebi Gann in her late model +8. Welcome Gabriel, very glad you joined us all, recently moved here from London via the East Coast. We went on to Placerville and the Gold Bug mine, the only city owned mine in the West. Downtown a stage coach was circling the town square, once well known for its old name, Hangtown. Then we headed west on U.S. 50 and connecting roads back to Loomis to the HighHand Fruit Packing Sheds. Inside, an enchanting nursery, rug store, gallery, an amazing olive oil and balsamic vinegar shop and three fantastic winery tasting rooms – the driver directions thoughtfully advised “taste the wine before the olive oil.”

We came back to the Haines manse, had a business meeting (covered in the minutes, p. 3), then the wine tasting (with catered dinner) resumed and just before the Talent Show got underway, Prez Staines brought forth the Tombstone awarded him at the last Holiday Dinner. This is how I remember it: Struggling under its weight and carved regalia, he babbled something about refusing to give up this symbol of office, but sputtered in resignation that he just couldn't lift it anymore and what a damned nuisance it was taking it to work everyday. It was all very overwrought and we sympathized fully and persuaded him to pass it on to the next victim – whoever that may be – at the Holiday Dinner coming up. He reluctantly agreed. With that over, on came the Talent Show, few

in number (3) but they all packed a whallop. But since he was still standing there on the floor, Prez Staines doggedly ploughed ahead in a dramatic recitation of “a shad tale about a fishician, a sturgeon to be more precise, who was conched with a malpractice clam.” At the end, someone from the crowd draped a cape over his trembling shoulders, quietly leading him away, as we in the crowd chorused “Please, please, please” in true James Brown glory. Then, not to be outdone, and to make our New Member Gabriel feel even more at home, David and George Tollworthy got up and sang an impromptu duet of lovely old London Towne songs that went on and on, and almost into trouble as George yet again attempted to assume the position le cockroach, only to be stopped in the nick of time by Kathy. Whew, we were all spared. Our last performer, **Maggi, belted out “The Kit Car**

NO-NO Song” sung to a tune originally written by Hoyt Axton and popularized by Ringo Starr. She led us in chorus after chorus and brought the House Down, Bravo! The Judges began deliberating long and hard, but were cut short by resounding acclamation that Maggi should be accorded 1st Prize, a recording contract, back-up band and yes, she will go on the road and reprise “The Kit Kar NO-NO Song” coming up at our very own Holiday Dinner, Dec. 14! Don't miss it! Audrey did her best and gave George a cigar and water pillows to assuage his sour grapes.

Sunday morning after we all got together for our traditional brunch at Venita Rhea's in Rocklin, and headed out to our various barns, another warm and fun Oktoberfest behind us. Can't wait 'til Next Year, Thank You Audrey & David, for having us!

Saturday Dinner and Talent Show



Morgan Three Wheeler Racing at the Circuit of the Americas

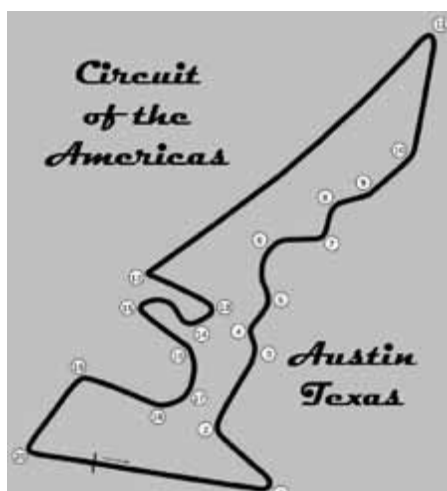
Story by J. Dale Barry & Larry Ayers



Two Morgan 3-wheelers ventured almost 2000 miles east from California to participate in the first vintage races at the new Formula One race track near Austin, Texas over the long weekend of 24-27 October 2013. J. Dale Barry traveled 1500 miles from southern California with his 1934 DTZ J.A.P. V-twin Sports Racer, and Larry Ayers traveled 1800 miles from northern California) with his 1930 J.A.P. V-twin Super Aero (historically known as Red) and were entered in the pre-war racing group.

Dale and Karen Barry, and Larry Ayers and Donna Dell'Ario were house guests of Duncan and Lee Charlton at their country farm for a week and were provided great hospitality. The Charlton family resides about 30 miles from the COTA complex and Duncan races a Morgan of the 4 wheel type and was also entered in the vintage races. Duncan also has a Morgan 3 wheeler. Larry's sister and 7 nieces, nephews, and spouses who all live in Texas, came out and supported both three wheeler racers and enjoyed a super time. Dale's brother and sister-in-law, also from Texas, also came to crew for the Morgan team.

The COTA racing circuit is a convoluted oval road circuit of 3.4 miles with 20 turns (five of which are 120-150 degree bends) and two long straights of more than ¼



mile in length. An initial steep hill of 133 feet elevation begins just after start/finish. The main attraction for the Morgan 3 wheelers was that the COTA circuit is a new Formula One layout and this vintage racing event was the first one to be held at the new circuit. The organizers plan to have at least 4 additional annual events and a five year contract was signed.

The total number of race entries was about 550 and included a premier pre-war class, several small bore sports car classes, some powerful closed wheel classes, several open wheel formula classes, a Can Am class, and a NASCAR class. The long straights were well-suited for the more powerful and maneuverable open wheel and ex-professional race cars with speeds that exceeded 150 mph.

The entrants in the pre-war class were scheduled for four track

sessions but were allowed to run two additional sessions with the small bore (group one class) on this challenging circuit. We found it very beneficial to have the added practice sessions.

The pre-war class included a 1911 National that participated in the first Indianapolis 500 race in 1911, a 1939 Maserati that finished first in class, a 1939 Talbot Lago Grand Prix, a 1939 Lagonda, three MG N types, a 1934 Chevrolet, and a few post-war race cars, which included a 1957 Cooper T43, two 1951 Morgan 4 wheelers, a 1948 Talbot Lago and a 1962 Dolphin America. The post-war cars were added to the pre-war class to fill out the number of cars as they had a pre-war appearance.

The pre-war racing class started with 20 entries but finished the long weekend with only 16 vehicles competing in the final Sunday official race. Several racecars in the pre-war class developed problems during the events and either did not start (DNS) or did not finish (DNF).

The two historic and traditionally prepared Morgan 3 wheelers seemed at a disadvantage at this track since they have a top speed of about 75-80 mph, couldn't downshift efficiently, so ran in third gear for the entire race. Lifting onto 2 wheels at the sharp turns was a common hazard but did not interfere with the racing. The Morgan 3 wheelers were also underpowered for the long, high speed straights, and were passed and occasionally lapped by some of the other race cars with 4 and 5 times the

engine power. It was interesting that the race initially started just before the 133 foot hill where we thought there would be a problem ascending the hill, but this was not the case as second gear has good torque. The hill was just another obstacle for the remainder of the race and was not a problem, even in third gear.

This COTA vintage race event was the first one for vintage racecars, and it seemed to be a must-attend to us, even though we finished last and next to last in the pre-war class. Additionally, since most other racers and spectators had never seen a Morgan 3 wheeler "in the flesh," our paddock area was generally surrounded with other racers and spectators taking photos and asking about the Morgan 3 wheelers. We were mobbed by photographers at the grid and one of them asked for permission to mount a camera on Red to record footage for another in a series of racing DVDs.

A really good time was had by the Morgan racers, we were blessed with no rain for all 6 of our track sessions and both Morgan 3 wheelers finished all sessions with no mechanical failures. We will certainly attend other vintage racing events in 2014 on the west coast. However, there is also another possibly must-attend double attraction in 2014 - a second COTA event for vintage racing coupled with a first-ever vintage race event at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway in June 2014 on successive weekends. Planning has already begun.

There are about 180 known Morgan 3 wheelers in the U.S.A. with many kept in the garage or under restoration or on the Concours show circuit. It seems that perhaps half may be road worthy but are used infrequently. Just 4 or 5 are committed to frequent vintage racing events. There are only two Morgan 3 wheelers currently racing in the western states. Suggestion to the U.S.A. Morgan 3 wheel owners, dust off your Morgan 3 wheeler and come out and vintage race with us in 2014.

Morgan racing in Texas, Saturday Sidebar

Further Notes from Dale and Duncan

Dale Barry and Larry Ayers brought their trikes to the US National Vintage Championship at the new Formula 1 complex in Austin, Texas. I'm driving our 1952 Plus 4. What a huge, complicated track, 20 turns with lots of elevation changes and camber changes, and increasing/decreasing radii. The main downside to this place is that there are 525 entrants, many of whom drove over 1500 miles to attend, in a place designed for a few F1 teams, so getting this many trailers through the entry tunnels and arranged to allow the race cars to get to the grid took one entire day and track time is necessarily limited. We've had two 15-minute practice sessions so far and we're starting to learn the track. I haven't seen half of the pre-war cars yet, but there's a Lagonda, two Talbot Lagos, a number of MGs, a 1911 National (which competed in the first Indy 500; he'll be on the track with his riding mechanic), a Miller-Ford, and a few more that I haven't seen yet. The pre-war group is so small (and a few dropped out, including Peter Giddings with his 1935 Alfa P3 and Ray Morgan and his 1928 Brooklands Special) so they've allowed cars that look like pre-war cars to join the group: John Miller's 1951 and our 1952 Plus 4 are included. I can imagine the 3-wheeler pilots felt dwarfed by the F1 track since my 1952 Morgan Plus 4 felt tiny as I circulated with them among the pre-war group - those two probably had time to check their email each time they drove down the 1-km back straight. I rarely see pre-war cars racing in my region so participating in this was a real treat for me.

Duncan Charlton

Yes, we are on the full F1 track and it is both fun and technical at the same time - 5 turns with 115 to 120 deg corners, a few 90 , some esses and at least 2 high speed straights where over revving is easy to do - one has to watch the tach. The front engine FJrs are easily over taken by the rear engine types but the front engine types catch up in the corners with some the rear engine types.

As Duncan noted, lots of different car types and about 550 cars entered.

The pre-war group has less than 20 in number and now has some non P-W types to fill out the group.

Wonderful track and 3.4 miles in length.

Dale

I'll try to set the camera so there's a better view of the tach so that when I review the video I can get a better idea of speeds. I had let that Maser (the list says it's a P3) by on the main straight to watch him and ended up chasing him but he's at least a second and a half quicker around the track. The Talbot Lago drivers are getting more comfortable around the track now too so I'll be chasing them today also. I sat in one of them and wondered how one



Sidebar story continued on page 16



1970 +8

In 1969 we were in England on our honeymoon after driving around Europe for three and a half months in a VW bus. We could not order the car direct from MMC at the time due to export restrictions, so Bowman and Acock handled the sale and export.

The car was best in show at MogWest in 1994 and was in Morgans Over America 1 2 3 and 4.

I always say when I bring it to a car event –“original interior, original paint, original owner.”

Bob & Thorley Murray



gets used to wallowing around in such a large cockpit! My best time might qualify me 5th.

Duncan

The Maserati belongs to Paddins Dowling. One Talbot Lago and the Bugatti (co-driven by Jim Stranberg) belong to David Duthu of Houston and the other Talbot belongs to Denis Bigioni of Ontario. Brian Blain brought one of his Nationals, the 1911 Indy car. The Miller-Ford Indy car is Tom Malloy's (Corona, CA). Tony Parella (SVRA owner) recently bought a very fine 1934 Chevrolet open-wheel sportster to complement his interest in Corvettes (someone else is driving his gorgeous 1958 'Vette). One of my favorites (among many) is Richard Morrison's 1939 Lagonda V12 LeMans replica (from Salina, Kansas). I'll try to get a clear shot if it today -- it's pretty imposing.

Duncan

By the by, we had a wonderful time at COTA racing with group 1 cars (small bore type) the first day on the track and then with our regular group - pre-war the rest of the week. Great track and fast with several long straights, five sharp turns of 120-150 deg, other 90 deg turns and a hill just after start/finish of 133 ft elevation change. Both Morgan 3 wheelers pulled strongly up the hill to our surprise (we are more familiar with steep hill at Sears Pt which is far more steep than COTA) and then full throttle down the other side.

The fun meter was pegged at the max.

See the url for the SCD noted by Duncal at page 1, 11 and 12 - a number of Morgan photos.

Dale

This Year Turkey Trot got off to a Hop - that is, we from the Bay Area assembled at the Lake Herman exit/overlook to Suisun Bay on I-680 so we could get a leg up on a run to Woodland and our first stop, **Reiff's Gas Station**. Joining us was new member **Lee Pochapin and his relatively new Morgan 3Wheeler**, bought in April. Welcome Lee, glad to have you!

We hopped a bit on the Interstate to get to Cherry Glen Road south of Vacaville, then on to Pleasants Valley Road for a good bit of spirited driving through farm country to Hwy 128 east, continuing along the Putah Creek past I-505, to County Rd. 95. I was the lead +4 in this group, in my rearview was Lee in the 3W and I can tell you he took every turn as tight and as fast as I did, and if he had known where to go, he could have blown right by me and not looked back. I must say that 3W looks to be a great handling Morgan, and that's the hop to the jump, alright.

We arrived to Reiff's Gas Station to greet our Sacramento Morgan friends. If you have read the FlogMog story, you know we haven't been the only Mogs to see it, but this trip included the transport of a six pack of Classic Coke from FlogMogger Mike Gerdts per arrangement

Turkey Trot •

Story by Gordon



At a Hop and a Jump?

Photos by Larry and Gordon



to **Mark Reiff**, via yours truly and "lismore". Mark was very appreciative to get it, and showed us around. **Quite a treasure trove of mid-century America automobile**, see photos to get an idea.

We lunched at a beef and ribs place in Woodland, and took up a collection for the benefit bbq for Tony McMahon (See Dennis Glavis Phil Hill/Heeey Tony article). Then we headed out east of Woodland for a scenic run south to Sacramento Airport and – well, some of us did, ahem, then again some of us mistook the first I-5 on ramp at Woodland as the one in the driver directions, did exit at the airport, and circled and circled until a certain Tour Director took us in tow onto the Garden Highway. We meandered along the River bank for a spell, then went cross town to the former McClelland Air Force Base to the **California Aerospace Museum**. First thing you notice is a big, spacious Frank Gehry glass building full of airplane things, cutaway multi-stage propeller and jet engines, helicopter cockpits, ejection seats, etc and then some inside, but mostly outside just about all the fighter jets and support aircraft the USAF and Navy had in their arsenals in the past 70 years. Wonderful to see all the icons of my boyhood, F-104s, Mig-17, F-101s, F4 Phantoms, on and on. There was also a retired, donated UPS 727 cargo jet, too large to be stationed at the Aeronautical School nearby, and kept half-filled with fuel so it would stay weight balanced on the ground, and not tip over.

We had a smallish turnout, six Morgans, two tintops, but we had a good time, and did a good thing. Thanks to Tim Waller and Alice Gentry, my wonderful co-organizers, last but not least.



Blue Angel Cougar



MIG and F-104



*Merlin engine
cutaway*



Grumman amphibian

A Pleasant Distraction

By Dave Doroghy

There are Morgans, Morgan Drivers and then there is Morgan Serendipity—somewhere in the twain, the three meet up.....One sunny day I was just driving “lismore” to do some errands, and then.....? Thanks Dave, for the telling of it, cheers, editor.

Ever have one of those days when everything is going wrong and you need a happy distraction to re-boot your “even-disposition compass”? I had just one of those challenging days last month during a road trip that my girlfriend and I took to San Francisco in my VW Camper Van. And the equilibrium re-boot happened shortly after I spotted the top corner fender of a red Morgan, about 300 yards away, parked in a strip mall where I was lamenting my predicament.

Let me explain.....

Last month we took a ten-day road trip holiday, driving from Vancouver to California. A few hours after loading up the van and crossing the border, we stopped in Portland to buy brand new tires for the German hotel on wheels. It needed a new set and I figured I would save money on sales tax buying them in Oregon.

So with the finest brand-new road rubber money could buy we travelled further south, down the I-5, 300 miles to the Bay area. That’s where, while slowly entering a state campsite near Oakland, California at midnight, I accidentally drove over one of those horrible spike belts. It was dark, I was tired, the sign into the campsite warning

me of the imminent tire damage was in mice type, and OK, it was my fault. It was like a scene out of a cartoon as I opened the door of my modern hippie van only to hear the hssssssss sound of air escaping out of the deep gouges in the four new tire sidewalls, as the camper slowly, sadly, and softly, descended onto its metal rims.

THEN, the next morning, after sleeping on the side of the road in the immobilized van, I was embarrassingly visited by the camp ranger checking if I was OK.



THEN, after calling and waiting hours for AAA assistance, my lame rig was placed on the back of a flatbed truck and taken to the nearest repair place in the small Northern California bedroom suburb of Castro Valley.

THEN, we were informed that no tire stores in this strip mall hamlet stocked the tires I needed.

THEN, we ran into problems finding a special food that our sick hungry dog needed.

THEN, while shopping for food for ourselves in the local strip mall Supermarket I accidentally dropped a big jar of Salsa on the floor and it exploded all over the isle.

Then, then, then then,you

get the picture. I was just having a bad day; I’ll spare you all the grim details.

It is always darkest before the dawn, because while standing in this supermarket strip mall parking lot, with salsa all over my pants, 300 yards away I spotted the unmistakable red fender of a Morgan. I smiled for the first time that day and said to my girlfriend Jeannie “Hey, look it’s a Morgan, let’s go over there and have a look”. Jeannie could not believe that from a distance equal to a par 4 golf

course fairway, my eye sight was sharp enough to recognize the partially hidden, distinctive red fender. An untrained eye would have surely missed it.

The cars magnetic pull drew us in. And soon after, in front of a bank where it was parked, while admiring the four-wheeled beauty, the owner emerged and we struck up a conversation. Our common interest in the cars we both owned fast-tracked us out of the uncomfortable stranger mode. Soon I had an interested fellow Morganster telling me the history of his car as I volleyed back stories about mine. In no time, the three different negative thoughts of the nine hundred dollar new tire bill showing up on my next month’s Visa statement, a hungry sick dog in the back of my disabled van, and a messy patch of salsa splattered all over the supermarket floor (and on my pants and shoes), disappeared. I was transferred into a far more pleasant mind-set of Morgan paint colors, engine models



and cool leather hood straps. For 20 minutes we stood in the sun and just talked about our cars. I

completely forgot about everything else that had happened in the previous 12 hours.

But wait, it gets even better. Turns out that the bearded gentleman that I serendipitously ran into was none other than Gordon Craig and that he was the Editor, Web guy and General Over-seer of the Morgan Club Newsletter for the Northern California Pod. He was like our version of Stephen Hutchison. When I told him that I was the acclaimed and celebrated "Dorg" of Dorg's Morg he told me of course that he had never heard of me.

Gordon offered to help us in any way he could. However, there was not much he could do - the tires

I needed were on route from San Jose and wouldn't be there for at least a few more hours. But Craig had helped in a way that he didn't even know. For 20 minutes he took my mind off of the situation at hand and brought me to a better place. Aside from being a knowledgeable Morgan conversationalist he showed compassion and interest in my recent mishap, and we exchanged email addresses.

As our conversation slowly came to an end and we went our separate ways I sensed that there was a good story in here somewhere.

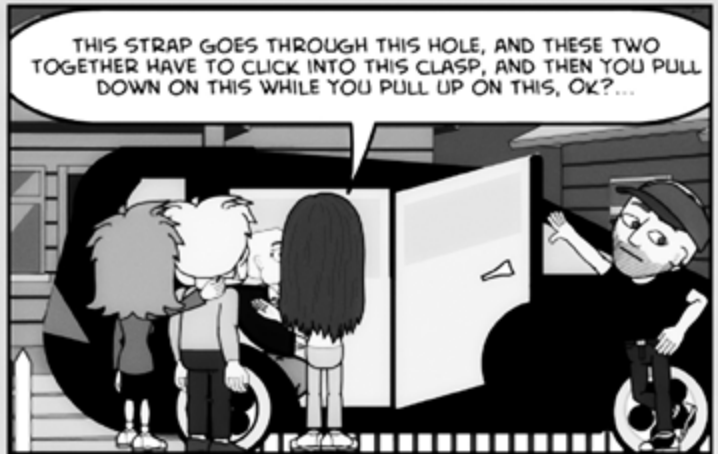
All of my Dorg's Morg articles can be viewed on my website: www.dorg.ca

A Note about Racing Pit Crews — Invite the Family — Start Them Young! by Donna D.

One of the big attractions of travelling all the way to Austin, Texas for the races at COTA, was that Larry's sister, nieces and their families lived fairly close by, and except for his sister, none had watched their "Uncle Larry" race. Several other Pre-War racers donated their Pit Crew passes and so we were able to get pit credentials for all the family. I decked them all out in red T-shirts with our racing logo and with their lanyards and credentials, they said they felt like "rock stars" — it was their first experience at vintage races. All of them were eager to help Larry in any way they could from running to follow him to the start grid, making lunches, and keeping the pit tidy. But of course, the many race groups were like magnets and they went off to find other perspectives of the track. One great-nephew, however, was fully intent on cleaning the cars after they'd raced: first polishing Larry's and then offering to dust Duncan's, Dale's and Karen's racers. He even found a couple of things that "didn't look right — things

Uncle Larry needed to fix." Great energy! Super Pit Crew!





This story appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle recently. Our fellow Clubmember writes fondly of his "true, blue" +8. Ed, many thanks for bringing it to our pages, she's a "keeper." cheers, ed.

"My Ride"

by Ed Abramson



This is the fourth Morgan I've owned. The earlier cars were the +4 model which has a four cylinder engine, while this car has a small block V-8. Although the body style goes back to the 1930's when Morgan stopped making three wheelers (last year they started making them again) in favor of four wheeled cars, the mechanicals of my car are modern. It even has air bags, and unlike the earlier cars, it's reliable although equally impractical.

My car attracts a lot of attention. In addition to the honks and waves, there are the inevitable questions whenever I stop. "How old is it?", "Is it an MG?", "Do they still make them?" and, from the more knowledgeable car buffs, "Does it still have a wood frame." Questioners are invariably surprised to learn that it's only 10 years old, and the body panels are still attached to a wooden frame.

My love of thoroughly impractical English sports cars started at age 16 when I spent a semester with my father in Cambridge, England. When I got my first car I wanted a sports car but MG's and Triumphs were too common and I couldn't afford a Jaguar so I got a Morgan. It was three years old and cost \$1,200, The Morgan was not only

impractical – if it had snowed overnight I'd find a mini blizzard on the seat when I came out – it was also unreliable. The Lucas starter, generator, fuel pump, or distributor would fail with some regularity. It got so bad that fellow students would avoid me as I was walking to the parking lot because they were afraid that I'd ask them to push the car so I could pop the clutch to get it started.

Nonetheless when I started graduate school I drove the Morgan from New York to Gainesville, Florida. The drive down wasn't too bad, but the drive back in December with a canvas top and side curtains that didn't fit was very uncomfortable. I remember stopping at a gas station in Virginia at 2 a.m. and standing next to a wood burning stove for a half hour to defrost before resuming my trip.

I sold the car shortly thereafter but went through Morgan withdrawals so a few years later I bought another one. It had four seats and was great fun taking my kids for a ride in the country. Fortunately, it wasn't

my only means of transport. Since I'm not much of a mechanic its frequent need for mechanical attention got to be prohibitively expensive. Frustrated, I again sold the Morgan.

Several years later I found a reasonably priced two seater in Marin so I succumbed with grandiose plans to restore the car to its previous glory. Needless to say, I again got frustrated, sold the car, and began 16 Morgan-less years.

Several years ago a friend and fellow Morgan enthusiast told me that the +8's were "real (i.e., reliable) cars" so I started thinking about trying again. I was working under a tight deadline for my It's NOT Just Babyfat book when the friend called to tell me about a lovely blue on blue +8 in Seattle. With a little encouragement from my daughter I bought it. It's not an every day driver, but when the weather is nice I take it to my Lafayette office, or drive up the coast to Bodega Bay. In August a childhood friend and I drive down to Monterey for the classic car races at Laguna Seca and the other old car events. Monterey and Carmel are filled with dozens of red Ferraris but there's only one blue Morgan. I'm pleased that aside from a troublesome seat belt, it's only required routine maintenance. I'm keeping this one.

What Do You Want From A Morgan?

by Spider J.C. Bulyk • Reprinted from The Morgan Ear May 2009

Following is a little meditation from our Mog friend Spider Bulyk, owner and driver of "The Great White Hope", a +4 fourseater plying the roads and lanes of Deepest and Wildest Connecticut for many years. Many thanks, Spider. ed

Ya know,

I think it comes down to thinking carefully about what it all is you want from a Morgan.

In the Discourses by Epictetus (a Greek slave of Romans), he notes that the most important question in life is "What is it you want?" followed closely by "How is it you intend to get it?" Epictetus of course does not assume goodness or badness of the person asking these questions, merely that they are to be asked and are of primary importance regardless of the ethical qualities of your intent.

So I know that with The Great White Hope, what I want is the driving experience of a Morgan in the late 1950's - which because of its inherent design harkens back to driving experiences of earlier times - in

its entirety - not just the car but the entire environment through which I drive it. I even live in a place that seems similar to the country byways in old(e) England. My commute is up past lakes and on country roads that are arch-overhung with trees. I see cows and horses, occasionally a noisy John Deere. Sometimes there are even more than 2 cars on the road with me. I try to be almost never on highways (except those built during the WPA and on which trucks and buses are forbidden). It's a time machine; in the force of my will I can rock the universe back on its fulcrum to a warmer, more pleasant day, and for a short while I feel the sweet taste of that universe in harmony. From a driver's perspective, it is the world as described in that first-ever driver's handbook, The Lure of Speed (Sir Henry O'Neal Dehane Segrave). delightful in its innocence, like a fire just lit or field grass in early spring, not of this time and fleeting at very best.

Who, in their right mind, would ever want to change the description in the preceding paragraph by "improving it". I work hard to not improve the Hope. Oh, OK, sometimes I'll replace a part with one that promises to not fail quite so often, but even some of the failures harken back to that time. It is a time when, presented with some failure (starter, points, regulator, tyre, etc.), it was expected that you would take an hour or two to repair it and (only then) continue on your way with any tardiness forgiven. Why would I want to sacrifice that ease and grace to convenience? Truthfully, I'm not into convenience....it has become, in my estimation, the enemy of a civilized life in that it creates expectations of human behaviour that are in and of themselves inhuman.

The '57 four seater is exactly and wonderfully an embodiment of that deliciously polite and peaceful time; every line in that car holds with no compromise to it's original intent; no need

for better performance, or better braking, or better acceleration, or more appeal to popular sentiment and commercial viability; or better weather protection, or -dare I say again- convenience is evidenced.

I know I blaspheme but, if it were a better car I wanted, I already have that. My everyday car is a BMW Z4 (snow or shine) and I wouldn't trade it for a more modern Morgan. When I want to drive a vintage car, the Hope comes out under my loving hands.

Nor, in any of the above do I mean disrespect to those of you who see it differently, whose love of touring in a Morgan the way I might tour regularly in the Z, whose interest in high performance, or whose love of more modern technology is evidenced in their Morgan choice. I merely needed to put down how I, personally, see it (all) in Morgans.

Crustaceously,

Spider

3585 (four-seaters, high bodies, wide boards, and long grilles forever!)



Phil Hill Memorial Banzai Run/Heeeey Tony Rally & Benefit, 2013

By Dennis Glavis



This year's Rally took us up Lake Hughes Road, past Castaic Lake and into the Angeles National Forests, elevations up to about 4,300 feet. We stopped at the Rock Store in Lake Hughes a traditional motorcycle meeting place, bar, café, live band entertainment spot and proceeded back along Lake Elizabeth Road and down San Francisquito Canyon back to Valencia. We originally met at the Corner Café in Valencia for coffee, Morgan chatter, and rally instructions for all. Attending the rally were about 14 various Morgans, a racing TR3, a TR4, some Porsches including a 356 SC Cabriolet, a Ferrari 355, Jaguars, and various tintops. The weather was smacking, cool and crisp and totally blue skies, the poplars lining the route up all chromium yellow and orange.

We finished at our home in Valencia where we had perhaps 55-60 folks attending what was now the benefit for Tony McMahon, 13 year Morgan tech at MorganWest, now battling the ravages of advanced cancer. Tony, his wife Tonya and his daughter, Devon showed up and were greeting by an enthusiast cheer from all, hugs

from all and the glow on his face, the twinkle in his eyes said it all..... Fresh sausages, baby back ribs were grilled (my sincere thanks to Dick Love for his relieving me of chef's duties allowing me to mingle), home made vege tomasles steamed, and gads of victuals and libations were devoured. The Rally winners were announced, the Howletts, the Kleins in their usual heated battle for first and the grand prize Turkey awarded! Event tee shirts were provided and a grandiose time had by all. But by far the best part of it all was the look on Tony's face at the outpouring of love and feeling for him. He called me every single day for the next week and could not stop talking about it in the most positive expressions.... the true purpose of the event had been well accomplished and this was a reward, a prize, for one and all who came, who donated to his Fund, who expressed the support that he so dearly needed. Thank you, thank you, one and all....Pamela and I were moved and so pleased at what was an absolutely wonderful, wonderful day.

Your faithful scribe,
Dennis Glavis



*Thank
you*

PostScript - "...With a little help from My Friends", editor

As you know, our club [MSCCNC] voted at its last business meeting (during Oktoberfest) to send a total of \$450 for Tony's benefit bbq. Also a separate "pass the hat" brought an additional \$120 from the Turkey Trot run. Approximately \$14,000 has been collected overall from the Benefit bbq, private and club donations ongoing.

"Pamela and I and all of the MorganWest family would like to thank all of you for your generosity, love and kind thoughts given to Tony McMahon and his family. There's a new bright light in Tony's eyes that words of thank you cannot express.

Sincerely,
Dennis and Pamela"

Quite apart from the kerfluffle sadly playing out (sad for some, not looking back for others) at MMC these days, life goes on at the Works with the Old and the New side-by-side and literally running out of floorspace as never before. Our fellow clubmember, Stewart Slipiec, takes us on a timely tour, editor.

The "Old Shed" Bursting at the Seams

Story & Photos by Stewart Slipiec (and Doris)

Yes, I was able to cross off one item on my "Bucket List." It's a pilgrimage every Morgan owner should make.

Earlier this month Doris (my fiancée) and I vacationed for 10 days in England. Doris had never been to England and wanted to visit the many castles and cathedrals. Being a good sport she agreed to tour the Morgan factory with me (which

she greatly enjoyed as well).

English folk refer to the Morgan factory as "the old shed in the county where they build cars". (It is stated in a complementary manner.) The plant is red brick, old, surrounded by a residential area. The factory is a series of buildings cobbled together based on various expansions over the past 100 years as new MOG models were created. Floors were painted, skylights in the roof



help light the factory and there was organization and a fluid flow to the car build process.

Peter Morgan's original interest was to build a car to climb the hills around Malvern instead of walking up the hill. Malvern is a small town set next to relatively tall hills similar to what you would see in and around Napa (only green). If you have every driven in England,

the roadways are quite narrow. Driving a right handed car, shifting gears with your left hand and being on the opposite side of the road complicates matters. One time when passing another oncoming vehicle our mirrors "clicked". Actually our mirror was punched inward to Doris's side window which gave her quite a scare. It's easy to visualize why the plus 4's with their narrow bodies came about.

The entire production operation is relatively small in terms of the number of workers, the size of the "plant" and the number of products made. There is genuine pride or "craftsmanship" attitude present as the Morgan is a hand built car. From what I saw, vehicles are test driven on a city street at the plant site. Keep in mind I am originally from the Detroit /Windsor area . . . the car manufacturing Mecca of the world. Ford-Chrysler-GM all have perfected car assembly operations using robots and computers as well as having sophisticated test tracks with vertical climbs and banked corners to road test the finished product.

Our visit began in the Reception center. This tour had been scheduled six weeks prior. We arrived early (of course). We watched an introductory video on the history of the Morgan car. Then we proceeded to tour the factory. Tour time was a full 3 hours. There were about a dozen people in our tour and I was the only Morgan owner. So I got special attention.

The numerous buildings are divided by product - the plus 4, aero and trike buildings and also by woodworking, metal working, assembly, paint shop, upholstery operation.

In the **woodworking shop** where I saw an ancient wood mold used to bend and shape the wood wheel wells. The mold goes back to day one and is a well used





original piece of Morgan history; some "new" stuff I saw is a reinforcement "bar" that is inserted diagonally in each door for crash strengthening.

In the **metal working shop** I was particularly interested in the press operation to make louvers on the Bonnet. Some bonnets have louvers in the top, some in the side and some both. All the work is done by hand, one louver at a time. A tedious, exact process.

Morgan bodies are all alloy (al-you-min-e-um) now. I watched a worker "shaving" the edges of a bonnet to perfect the fit; bonnets are a custom fit item.

Vehicle assembly area is where the engine, transmission, wiring, etc. come together. There are not a lot of workers assigned to work on every car. Rather a few workers take "ownership" to build a car and then formally sign-off their work when completed.

We did not tour the paint area in detail because of safety concerns. But did see the beginning where cars arrive with the wheels on but then the body is lifted off and painted component by component. Choose your color . . . hundreds of combinations is possible. Newest look is the dull finish (not my favorite).



The **"Brookland" car**, a limited edition, with the Ford V-6 engine, 5-speed transmission was the latest car being produced.

Orders for 3-wheel Trikes has obviously exceeded expectations and it was clear they did not have enough space.



This entire room was no more than 100 feet by 100 feet! It was acknowledged that some thought is being given to a new larger building in the near future. Interesting an all polished alloy 3 wheeled vehicle was unveiled for us. It reminded me of the planes flown by "American Airlines". Not certain why they did not like the look but I figured it would be too shiny in the sunlight and a distraction on the roadways.

There is a museum at the end of the tour and lots of ancient pictures. **Some of Peter's old cars are on display** - 3 wheelers with brass cowls and bicycle type



wire wheels to the latest (Green) Aero. Some odd variations of Morgans are on display that were custom built for family use. The fiberglass Morgan built from 1963 to

1967 proved to be a flop. The low number of these cars built resulted in its demise.

Like I said earlier, I was the only Morgan owner in our group and was asked by the Morgan rep "if they could get me a new Morgan today with the USA importation



certification would I buy one"? I said yes, of course. I think he thought I was a rich American. Doris just looked at me dead panned.

Great gift shop. Lots of Morgan souvenirs to choose from.

Put it on your to do list!

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can be.**

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Greg Solow's

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Member Classifieds

Morgan Plus 4 for sale Nov 2013.



Car has racing history but details of 1950s era are not confirmed. Triumph engine with modest 125-130 flywheel hp. 4-wheel drum brakes, A.R.E. wheels. Competition stub axles, Porterfield RD-4 brake material (hasn't faded yet), panhard

rod, adjustable lever shocks in rear, new driver harness. Moss gearbox rebuilt within the last year. Everything on the car is ready to race today. Very reliable, good for many more races before it's time for freshening the engine top end. Comes with spare stock TR engine. Car is near Austin, Texas and has been racing in CVAR Group 4 (preservation class, pre-1962) during 2011-2013 but could compete in Group 2. Best time at Texas World Speedway road course: 2:10; best time at Circuit of the Americas: 3:00. Torquey engine allows a full lap in top gear at TWS with a lap time increase of only 3 seconds.

\$30,000, no trades unless you have a ready

Morgan 4/4 race car to swap!

Call **512-965-7583** or email me at

duncan.charlton54@gmail.com for more details and pictures.

Flickr photo set at <http://tinyurl.com/l5zs7qr>

For Sale: 1960 Morgan Plus 4, 2 seater

"I have owned this MOG for 7 years. It is a daily driver" [Stewart Slipiec].

All original. TR3 Triumph engine with 4 speed transmission. Rare alloy body and bonnet (with steel wings)

Body off professional restoration in 1998 by a well known Morgan specialist. Fastidiously maintained ever since. Solid car everything works. 8/10 rated. A 1st place winner. Cruises smoothly at 65 mph.

Upgraded alloy radiator w/ cooling fan. Vredestein Sprint radial tires. Painted wire wheels recently performance balanced, badge bar, heater, new Eibach springs with (adjustable) SPAX shocks, decambered, upgraded ignition, oversized ribbed oil pan. Nice top w/new windows (2013), tonneau cover, Milita steering wheel, new solid cherry wood

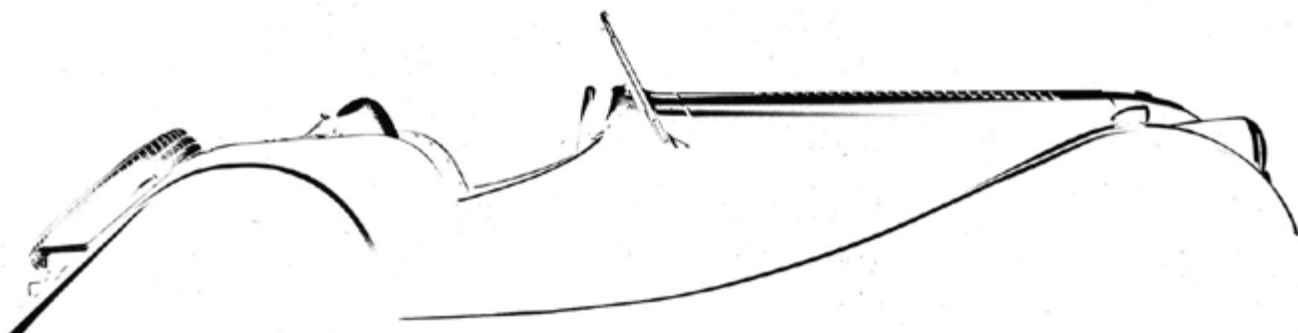


dash, leather lined glove box, original white faced instruments, leather interior with overstuffed seat cushions. Beautiful grey body with deep red wings.

Price: \$42,000 obo

Contact Stewart at

ss.5053@aol.com or **248 452-1414**



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