



The Morgazette

The Newsletter of the Morgan Sports Car Club of Northern California

September~October 2020





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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 2019

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Morgazette

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Tcherek Kamstra

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 23

The **Morgazette** is now available in a digital format as a web PDF. Contact the editor, or see the website.

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.

Membership News

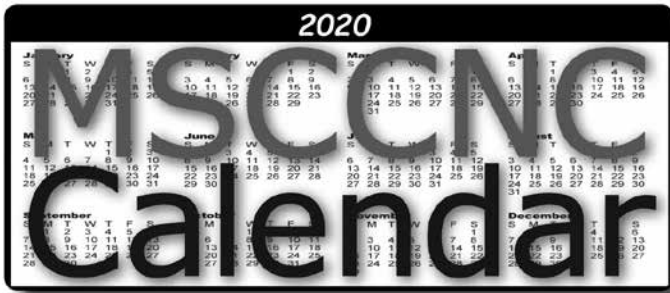
No new members reported.

Sad news from the Southern California Club:

Gladys McNaughton, Long time member, and wife of John McNaughton, died during the summer. We often saw her at the annual MogWest gatherings. Gladys and John really enjoyed their Morgan, driving it on many long-distance trips, including one in Asia. Our condolences to John and their family, and to their friends in the Club.

Cover Photo: One of my favorite Oktoberfest photos taken quite a few years ago. That's Larry Ayers' 1971 +8. Donna Dell'Ario

**Take care, be safe, stay healthy.
We look forward to more good times together.**



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

Dear Members,

We are offering Socially Distanced ideas for your consideration. Its been a dismal year. Its kind of hard to build enthusiasm. These ideas are to keep the club and its members involved and committed to doing what it takes to make the "Club Great and Active Again". Participation is the way to do it. We had only a handful of members enter their photos in the July Challenge. It would be great to hear ►

from more of you on these next few offerings. Stay Well, we are looking forward to seeing you when the coast is clear. Angie Larson,

OCTOBER

- * 18-21 • **CANCELLED** Finding Fault/Rocky Horrors – Contact Ellen Jo Barron/Jim Taylor, Joyce & Doug Hamilton
- * 25 SUN– Nominations of Officers for 2021 at ZOOM MEETING 5 pm • Elaine Fisher will send out instructions and provide help for all members who wish to tune in and participate
- * 2-31 entire month of October – Socially distanced - Oktoberfest with a friend or two at home or at a beer garden. **See Ad on page 27**

NOVEMBER

- * 1-22 • Turkey Trot – Contact – Martin Mieger • **see below**

DECEMBER

- * 6 SUN • Holiday Party @ Zio Fraedo, Vallejo – Contact – Elaine Fisher **Very Tentative at this point**
- * 26 MON • Boxing Day – Wine Country Tour – (Rain Or Shine) – Contact – Wendell Bain



Turkey Trot 2020

Hello!

Morgan Sports Car Club invites you to call some friends and drive somewhere, eat a turkey leg or find a wild turkey.

Take some pictures of your event to send in to the Morgazette editors

by November 22

Do be safe and have fun,
"In the event you get in trouble, Marty disavows any knowledge of any and all things!"
Happy Thanksgiving
Uncle Marty



Minutes of MSCCNC Board Meeting

August 10, 2020 • Recorded by Lexa Most, Secretary

Present: President Paul Marchant; Vice President Elaine Fisher; Treasurer Martin Mieger; Secretary Lexa Most; Directors Wendell Bain and George Tollworthy. (Tcherek Kamstra unable to attend.) Members present: Larry Ayers; Donna Dell'Ario, Morgazette Production; Bob Koupal, Registrar; Angie Larson, Activities Chair; Fred and Ann Thompson, Morgazette editors; and (briefly) Phil Fisher and Grant Larson.

Due to Covid 19, meeting was held via Zoom. Called to order by Paul Marchant at 5:15 p.m.

M/S/C (Lexa/Martin) Approval of minutes of January 12, 2020 as published in Jan-Feb 2020 Morgazette.

Treasurer's Report presented by Martin. See report elsewhere in this issue. Balance as of 8-1-20 is \$5893.71. Lengthy discussion followed of club costs versus income. Dues income will increase to \$45.00/yr in 2021. No income from MogWest this year since event was cancelled. Discussion was held regarding possibility of increasing advertising income. Elaine states that by November 1, we need to know if we will be able to have Holiday Party. If not, she will press Zio Fraedo's to refund deposit or roll it over to a later date.

Fred and Ann report receiving articles of historic interest, which are good for publication now, but will need fresh content to keep magazine interesting while Covid 19 limits club activity.

Activity ideas were discussed.
1) Small groups (i.e., people in local zip codes) gather for socially distanced picnic outdoors. Could invite members who have not been active. This activity similar to one suggested in past by Jim Taylor and Ellen Jo Baron. Individual member would have to take responsibility for organizing, sending invitations, follow-up.
2) Angie suggested socially distant rally.
3) Tcherek is postponing Bill Fink Memorial Run originally scheduled for August 31; new

date TBA. 4) John Burks' Mini FlogMog is tentatively planned end of September in Quincy, also subject to cancellation. 5) Donna and Larry suggested Oktoberfest challenge: Local club members (2 or 3 couples) enjoy beer somewhere. 6) November Turkey Trot: Find some wild turkeys to photograph with your Morgan. Martin will prepare flyer for Angie to distribute electronically.

New Business: Paul Marchant moved to increase Board of Directors to include Activities Chair, Morgazette producer, and Morgazette editor. Members filling these positions would have to be elected per club's current Bylaws. Changing composition of BOD would require a change of Bylaws. Motion failed for lack of second.

Next meeting: Via Zoom at Oktoberfest October 25, 2020. Time TBA. Elaine will arrange Zoom. Ann will investigate Zoom instructions for any interested member to join on their devices.

Meeting adjourned 7:05 p.m.

A poster with a dark blue background. At the top, the word "Zoom!" is written in large, stylized, yellow 3D letters. Below it, a yellow rectangular box with a black border contains the text "Attention all members" in yellow. At the bottom, the text "MSCCNC Nominations" is written in yellow. Below that, the text "Sunday October 25th 5pm" is written in white. To the right of this, the text "ELAINE FISHER will send a Zoom Link and information to all-" is written in white. To the right of that, the text "CONTACT ELAINE FISHER OR ANGIE LARSON FOR MORE INFORMATION" is written in white. At the bottom right, the text "Members please join us" is written in white.



Prez Sez

by Paul Marchant

ATTENTION: let it be known that all members can attend a Morgan Club board meeting. We have a board meeting coming up this October 25th time to be determined. An email will be sent to you with the time of the meeting. Please feel free to Zoom in. It would be great to get some input from more members.

My goal as Prez was to get on the horn and get more members involved in club events. Having owned the same Morgan for over 50 years has been quite an adventure. One of my favorite events was driving cross-country in 1977 with John Burks, Henry Zappa and one stowaway Lisa. We left the Cliff House in SF at night with a send off party of club members, who thought we were crazy to head for Luray, Virginia for the National Morgan meet put on by the Washington DC club. What a beautiful country we have to see close up instead of cruising at 30,000 feet. If anyone is interested to go next year give me a holler. By the way no trailers!!

Please participate in the upcoming Oktoberfest and Turkey Trot. The formats are a bit different this year but you can still have a bit of fun with these events.

In closing remember, you can't take it with you. Stay safe and looking forward to a better year next year.

Prez Paul

Note: you must have the application called "Zoom" installed on your device. You may use a computer, tablet, or smartphone. To install Zoom, please go to: <https://zoom.us/download> and click on the first Download button under Zoom Client for Meetings.



From the Editors

Fred and Ann Thompson

As we move into month 10 of this very unusual year, I'm contemplating a plethora of automotive wisdom to include in notes from the Editors in this issue of the Morgazette. The Charles Dickens novel comes to mind with the famous quote "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of light, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair.." Oh boy, Ann asked, how are you going to connect that to the Morgazette and your beloved Morgan? I rambled around and finally settled on something I read a while ago. That is, that we have an inclination to interpret present events in a negative frame. But when we think about the past, we tend to remember positive experiences. I think the term for this is "nostalgia bias" or "rosy retrospective." An example would be road trips. I'm not going to recall the times when my car broke down or when I missed an event when she wouldn't start. So, my thoughts go to the experience of driving my beautiful '63 Morgan through the curvy roads of Northern California, wind in my hair, the unmistakeable rumble of that TR 4 engine, the G-Force as I accelerate through the turns, the feel of the road – every dip and bump. There are very few things that I enjoy more. The memorable camaraderie comes into play with friends of a common purpose and love. Here I would like to thank all those who have contributed their wonderful stories to the Morgazette and to encourage more submissions of your wonderful experiences with a car like none other. But now that non-essential travel and trips are

discourage during this quarantine, we can still enjoy some outdoor recreation as long as we are practicing safe social distancing measures. Go ahead and take your Morgan out for a spin every few days if you can, such as a trip to the nursery. It will do your car good, and it'll perhaps do you a bit of good as well if you are feeling stuck during these trying and isolating times. Please be safe out there, everyone, and be sure to listen to health experts and officials on how to approach self-isolation, social distancing, and proper hygiene and prevention measures.



Trip to the nursery, a social distance Morgan adventure. Fred Thompson



Adventure in the time of COVID-19 3,000 miles in a Morgan

By: Jim Taylor & Ellen Jo Baron

Come with us, while we take a long Morgan drive in these strange days...

Early in June Ellen's sister called to chat and exchange news. Innocently she asked whether we were still coming for July 4th to their vacation home in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, as planned. We had been sticking close to home and venturing out for little more than groceries for 10 weeks.

I had been catching up on the +8's unessential "bucket items" during this time, and had spent much time sitting in the driver's seat of the lifeless car recalling the fun of the 6,000 mile drive last year on "Morgans Over America VII - The Best of the West". We were suffering from cabin fever and I was ready for a drive. "Why not drive the Morgan to Colorado and back, via Los Angeles to visit my son and his family," I mused. "We would carry our own supply of spray bottles of cleaners to kill COVID-19 in motel rooms" replied Ellen. "We would also carry a big bottle of hand sanitizer to refill the little bottles we would carry in our pockets" we both exclaimed. "Yes, we'll come" E told her sister, "but we'll all have to wear masks indoors, and wash our hands frequently!!"

It was a strange start, but we all seemed pleased (or at least tolerant) with the plan.

Our route was soon laid out. We would leave June 29, spent July 3rd & 4th in Steamboat, and be in LA by July 8th. The route resembled a recumbent isosceles triangle with its short side the 350 miles from LA back to the Bay Area in the subsequent week.

Steamboat is on old US 40, the main Sea-to-Sea, East-West road (formerly called "the Nation's Highway", or "The National Road") before the Interstate Highway I-80 was built far to the North — so we were assured at least 300 miles of quiet motoring on this now little-used road. To get to the terminus of US 40 we would have to drive I-80 as far as Salt Lake City. That part seemed doable, plus Dinosaur National Monument was on the way and we wanted to visit — it was scheduled to open July 1st. We'd be just in time.

Returning West after our visit, the planned route was, on paper, initially bucolic. An anticipated jolly jaunt West and South on secondary roads (US 40 West, and Co State Road 13 South) would bring us out at the town of Rifle in Western Colorado where we would connect with I-70 West, which covered or obscured the 94 year-old US 6 (also called "Grand Army of the Republic Highway") in that part of the state. I convinced myself that even on a modern Interstate highway I could imagine being on the old US 6, as the natural scenery was still the same. Coming on this route would allow us to visit Cedar Breaks National Monument, which is just South of I-70 terminating and becoming I-15 in western Utah. Cedar Breaks had been on our itinerary on "Morgans Over America (MOA) VII", but the road to it had been snowed in. Here was a chance to see it after all.

Thereafter, the route on I-15 from Cedar City, Utah to LA was expected to be hot going in July. In anticipation, I scheduled us into Barstow, CA (only 115 miles

from our final destination) for an early air-conditioned sleep and dawn departure to continue our run through the Mojave Desert. We would be glad we did. Given all the Interstate driving already, to complete the triangle I figured we could stand a few hours more, so I routed us back up I-5 from LA to the Santa Clara Valley and home.

The Trip East: June 29 - July 2

The 3-day forecast for our route was salubrious — temperatures mostly in the 60's and 70's, some overcast, occasional rain showers. The larger weather pattern was called an "omega" system due to the shape of the giant warm front in the middle of the country. That bubble would be in for HOT weather, while the Northwest and Great Basin (through which we were driving) would be cool. Perfect!

We set out Monday morning with side curtains up, but open to the sky; sweatshirts on under windbreakers. The only warm temps we hit that morning



were low 80's through Fairfield and Sacramento. The Sierras and 7,000 ft. Donner Pass were beautiful .



Our first brush with our pandemic's "new normal" for touring was our gas and lunch stop outside Reno. Here we tested our new gas pump etiquette — Jim fits a face mask, then puts on a nitrile glove from a bag of clean ones, steps out of car, extracts wallet and credit card before touching pump, inserts and removes card with naked hand while entering zip code and lifting pump handle with the gloved one. Lifting gas cap with naked hand and pumping with gloved one; then reversing all actions without touching wrong stuff with wrong hand! Finally removing glove and placing it in the "dirty glove" bag. Don't forget to safely remove mask as you drive away.

Here, also, in the Reno gas stop and convenience store, we tried out one variation of our daily COVID-19 lunch stops — the "frozen food extravaganza". Here is



our elegant "The Bomb" — actual name — chipotle-chicken burrito about to be served, by moi, in our al fresco dining room. This frozen confection had been warmed up by a convenience store clerk, in their microwave. It was reassuring to see that the clerks wore masks and isolated cash handling from food handling, and didn't allow customers to touch anything except the freezer door handles, and their own choice from the freezer. Hand sanitizer was available upon entering the store and at the cash register (which was equipped with a "spit screen"). As one wag said in response to that

day's informal blog, "Thanks for the update! The "Bomb may not have been the best lunch ever, but it sounds better than a meal at Donner Pass!" (In my pandemic state of mind I could hardly stop laughing.)

Nevada, for the rest of the afternoon was very English: bright with cloudy patches, and cool. The first day's drive had been great! Arriving in Winnemucca we were faced with our first night away from home in ten weeks. The sign on the lobby door provided the friendly greeting, "No mask, No service!". In the Reception driveway were several old guys stumping around muttering about "rights" and "freedom" as they returned to their pickup trucks — either to fetch masks or leave for somewhere else. As we were about to draw negative conclusions about face-mask practice by Nevadans, we noticed nearly all the vehicles in the lot had California plates! The motel chain's corporate propaganda had assured us that "rooms would be kept closed for up to 72 hours after guest checkout", to clear it of active COVID-19, "if at all possible." When I asked about this at check-in I was told by an unmasked clerk behind the spit screen, "Hell no, we've been booked solid." So much for controlling the pandemic by limiting the number of customers.

Once we got our keys, Ellen went straight into a routine, which would be repeated for the next two weeks; she sprayed and wiped every reachable surface or handle in our assigned room. Only then could we relax and begin to think about next steps for the evening.

Dinner in Winnemucca also set the pattern for the rest of the trip. A nearby restaurant offered take-out, which we ate in our room. Breakfast next morning was a scary experience in which guests, unmasked, opened cooler doors

and pawed through packaged fruits and/or cold muffins to make their choice. The motel staff was apparently unwilling to enforce their mask rule once guests were in the building, and seemed unconcerned or unaware of the naked hands rummaging through the "reduced breakfast offerings" provided. We were glad to be away and on the road again.

Day two was wonderful— partly overcast and temps in low 70's. Nevada is building a number of wildlife bridge crossings over I-80 — they're impressive structures.



We stopped just over the Utah line for a picnic lunch at the Bonneville salt flats where speed records are set. Nothing much was going on that day, and although some more ordinary vehicles were out on the salt trying for their personal best, I decided NOT to take the time, or incur the salty accumulation on 2Blu's undercarriage to venture out. We were having adventure enough. Here I'm holding a chunk of salt that



has fallen off a motorcycle just off the salt flat in the background.

High altitude all the way that day. We started from Winnemucca at about 4,000 feet and climbed above and dropped again to that

Adventure, cont'd

point throughout the day. We drove through a lusty rain shower in the afternoon, but it was brief and the raindrops sailed overhead as we motored on. Finally at the end of day we were in Park City, Utah, at our highest elevation of 7,000 ft. That was a great driving day, if one has to do it on an Interstate—I-80 in Nevada has a VERY good road surface, compared to either California or Utah!

The motel in Park City was very much more in tune with pandemic precautions — all staff wore masks (even the gardener). And, there was a liberal array of hand sanitizer stations throughout the property. Better yet they delivered up a full and tasty hot and cold breakfast (the ONLY one on the entire trip), served cafeteria style by friendly staff behind a long spit screen, which we then took back to our room to eat.

Day three was short, but filled with weather changes, sunburns, and great roads. It was sunny but chilly as we started out, climbing up to 8,000 feet at the top of the Wasatch Mountains over Daniels Summit. We were comfortable bundled up in sweatshirts and windbreakers, and with side curtains still in place. Descending the Wasatch Back Range we picked up old, 3-lane, US 40 highway as our elevation dropped to 5,000 ft, and it warmed up as we continued on this high plateau for the rest of the morning. We arrived in Vernal (at the eastern edge of Utah) having chucked our outer layers of clothing, and checked into our motel early (about 1PM). By this time it was getting HOT under a blazing sun. Our sun exposure while driving was “face first” this day, and what skin had been exposed (even with some

sunblock) began to glow red. Oh — and after Ellen had disinfected the room — it felt good to rest a few minutes in air-conditioned bliss.

We then set off to nearby Dinosaur National Monument to visit its famous “Quarry” — the star of the show and ‘raison d’être’. Like all National Monuments, this one contains one beautiful or interesting feature. Unlike National Parks, in which a visitor can (and should) spend multiple days to appreciate, the Monuments can usually be seen in half a day or less.

The “Quarry” is spectacular — it provides a clear record and tableaux of how dinosaurs of many kinds died in the mud of an ancient flood. Over time the once flooded riverbed was tilted in an uplift and exposed six vertebra of an enormous plant-eating beast on the ridge of a range of hills that formed the top of a seam of thousands of preserved fossil bones. In 1909 a paleontologist (Earl Douglass) from Pittsburgh’s Carnegie Museum identified these intact tailbones at this site, and soon began to excavate and remove over 20 intact fossil skeletons, which are exhibited in many museums around the world today. The site was declared a national monument in 1915, while excavation continued until the early 1920’s. Plans to protect the quarry and allow visitor access began early and have evolved into the recently constructed climate-controlled building, which now encloses this 1,000 foot long by 250 foot high



near-vertical wall of bones. This wall is said to be one of the most incredible fossil sites in the world.

We appreciated SOME of the National Park Service measures to prevent the spread of COVID-19 at this Monument. For example, alternate rows of the open-air shuttle bus seats were closed off for social distancing and the bus seats and grab handles were disinfected between each trip. However, masks were only “advised,” not required by NPS, and many of our fellow visitors chose not to wear them and were eager to bunch up to get close to the exhibits.

Once, again we picked up dinner from a local restaurant and took it back to our room. (Hint: Do not choose Mexican Tostada as a take-away item on a blazing hot day. By the time it got back to our room, it looked like nothing I’ve ever seen before — kind of a combination of soup and salad — although the mess tasted exactly like a good Tostada).

The next morning we found our “brown bag breakfasts” in a refrigerator in the motel lobby. A sign on the refrigerator stated, “use sanitizer wipes to open cooler”, but no wipes were to be found. The motel staff did not wear masks, congregated together, smoking, in front of the office and seemed unaware of social distancing with guests either. The day outside was bright and clear, and it was beginning to get hot.

Now beginning day four I foolishly resisted erecting our “Bimini Top” as physical protection from the sun. I expected as we climbed the Western Slope of the Rockies that temperatures would cool and perhaps we’d have some cloud cover, too. That was not to be and the sunburns, initiated the day before, were in for a second dose. We were now coming into the hot

zone caused by the “Omega” or bubble shaped weather front, in which hot temperatures stretched from the Rockies to the Great Lakes. Ascending the Western Slope on US 40 offered a rather gradual climb; and though Steamboat’s elevation approaches 7,000 feet, it is still 22 miles short and 3,000 vertical feet below Rabbit Ears Pass at the Continental Divide. Even without the heatwave we were not going high enough to benefit from the cooling effect usually found at two miles high.

We had time and decided to drive into the Monument from another entrance to visit some fine lookout points over the the Green and Yampa River valleys. This planned 40 mile roundtrip was curtailed at five miles when the well-paved road gave way to broken asphalt and pot-holed surface. We had a snack at an overlook before returning to US 40 and on to Steamboat Springs.

The next 2-1/2 days were a



comfortable family visit and restful time in this Colorado mountain town. Not much attention to social distance or masks here, but then again they haven’t had much of the pandemic sickness either. We took a walk on the nearby Buffalo Pass trail in the Medicine Bow/Routt National Forest. At 9,000 ft the wildflower season is short, but we were seeing it at its height — here’s a Columbine, Colorado’s state flower in abundance along the trail.

Later Ellen’s sister found a meadow with a view in which we

could have a picnic. Truly bucolic splendor...



The Trip West: July 5 - July 8

On July 5th we said goodbye to family and departed for West and South. It was a beautiful morning, but the Bimini Top was up in anticipation for much higher midday temperatures and strong sunlight as we descended from the Roan Plateau to the towns of Rifle and Parachute at about 5,000 feet. We would be glad we had the Bimini, even before we dropped down to the Colorado River and I-70. On state road 13 heading south, toward Rifle, doing about 60 mph, we saw a construction warning sign (many of which we had encountered along the trip) without much sign of anything going on.

Rounding a curve, suddenly the speed limit dropped to 35 mph and the pavement dropped off onto rutted gravel. Pumping the slow pedal vigorously I slew onto the gravel, and almost instantly decided 35 was much too fast for these conditions. As the pebbles rattled against the bottom of the aluminum wings, I kept decreasing speed until 10 mph seemed to give a smooth and quiet ride. But at this speed, traffic was beginning to pile up behind us. Luckily both the center and the shoulders of the road were marked with rubber cones, and our lane was at least 1-1/2 cars wide. I could occasionally dodge over to the right between two shoulder cones to allow the vehicles behind to pass us. I could not see the end of the construction (it looked like it

went on forever) and being Sunday there were no work crews to ask how long it went. Then it began to rain, lightly at first, then harder with fat drops. We peered out the windshield as the gravel turned to sandy mud. The passing cars and trucks slowed down for us and



very little mud was splashed up from their tires. The Bimini top is made of “Sunbrella” material and is supposed to be water resistant, but we had never used it standing still in heavy rain — short answer is: it works and I was dry. Long answer is that a heavy wind was blowing from Ellen’s side of the car and it was blasting rain (as well as some mud thrown up from our wheels) into the car and onto her. She was soaked. As the clouds began to break, but before the sun came out, it began to sleet, then harder — was it hail? As soon as it began the hail quit (without damaging the Morgan), the sky cleared, and the pavement was back under our wheels. It was only six miles, but had taken us 40 minutes. Well, the way the car and Ellen looked we could now pass as having had some kind of off-road adventure. Everything quickly dried in the bright sun as we dropped into Rifle. A quick lunch stop in Parachute (pop 1,000) put us into an impromptu car show including a couple of “Rat Rods”.



Adventure, cont'd

It was hot on I-70 through Grand Junction and across the Utah state line, but the car was running sweetly and our memories of recent cold and wet seemed to sustain us to our motel in Green River (pop. 1,000; elevation 4,000 ft). Our experience in pandemic preparedness in this part of rural Eastern Utah was the oddest to date — but probably effective for us. After Ellen got a reception clerk to appear at the spit screen, take her credit card, and dispense a room key, we never had contact with any of the staff again. This was obviously aimed at limiting disease transmission from staff to guests, and it is doubtless effective to a degree. However the staff themselves wore no masks or gloves and were often sighted in joint work, including the lasting image of two lobby clerks behind the spit screen (without masks of course), their foreheads together as they closely examined something out of sight behind the reception counter. If one of them contracted the disease it would surely spread like wildfire among them.

The next morning, just a few miles west of Green River, we saw a strangely familiar sight — a large, pyramid-like pile of white concrete blocks off the I-70 to our right.



We had seen this apparition before, and rather recently too — “Ah, yes, we had passed this way

on MOA, just last year.” Ellen had already investigated this 44 foot high pile last year and informed me it was called “Ratio” and is not just a random stack of blocks, it is arranged in a “Fibonacci Sequence” — A mathematical sequence of numbers: 0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, ... The next number is found by adding up the two numbers before it.

MOA VII had covered 6,000 miles of road last year in what was successfully and accurately billed as “The best of the West.” I had tried to route our present trip so that it did not cover any of last year’s drive, but “Ratio” proved that I had not succeeded completely. The 20 miles MOA shared its route on US 191, with I-70, from on its way diagonally (SE-NW) across Utah is the little bit we were currently on. Here was proof, if we needed it, that it is no longer possible to drive a Morgan any distance on secondary roads without a detour to an Interstate highway.

We followed I-70 across Utah. This was planned as a “short day” (only 230 miles). As we left Green River, and the nearby “Ratio”, it was about 10 a.m. and still cool enough to call the driving “very comfortable”. Soon however it turned hot. Then, climbing into the Wasatch Range, cresting at Salina Summit (almost 8,000 ft), driving became cool again, which was nice, followed by a drop to 5,300 ft where it was hot again.

Wow, after only two hours out and two miles high, I was so hot and cramped in the Morgan’s cockpit I had to stop, get a Coke from a roadside fast food joint, find cool shade under a tree, and squat down on my haunches to stretch my hamstring muscles. The triple effect was restorative and we set off again, but a niggling voice in my head said that I might be getting

too old for the pace I had set for us. “Bill Button wouldn’t have been such a wuss”, I thought, “and he was seven years older than me!!” (R.I.P. BILL) After that remediation and meditation it was much easier, and we got to our motel in Cedar City (5,800 feet) by 2 p.m.

After a cheerful check-in from a masked and “distanced,” but not “spit-screened” reception clerk, Ellen sanitized the room; we rested for an hour, then we “ascended” the 20 miles to Cedar Breaks National Monument situated at 10,000 feet elevation. This would be the highest point of our trip. This National Monument had been on our “bucket list” since last year. The MOA group had found the route blocked by deep snow, so had not been able to see this vast and colorful natural amphitheater. But for this trip, four weeks later in the year, there was no snow; the sun was shining and a fair wind was at our back. It was worth the stop. The bright orange colors of the many water and wind eroded “monads” or spires reminded us of Bryce Canyon, but there were other soil colors too — ocher, gold, tan and brown— to add to the magnificence of the view.



On our way back down we stopped at an overlook to the South, which

included a glimpse of Zion National Park nearly 50 miles distant.

In the early morning at the motel we discovered the parking lot was full of trucks and their drivers were making ready to leave. We, too, wanted to be on the road before the heat became too great, so after picking up our “pandemic-reduced,” take-away breakfast bag of fruit and muffin we were on our way.

The road now was I-15 South, direction Las Vegas. It was cool for an hour or so. Before entering Nevada, I-15 cuts through a 30 mile corner of NW Arizona, which follows the Virgin River Gorge. By the time we got there, the sun was already too high to wash the gorge in the deep gold and long shadows we were hoping to see, but it was impressive not withstanding.



Las Vegas was hot at 9 a.m. and we didn't linger. The freeway traffic moved fast and after a stop for fuel & etc. we carried on. However, 35 miles further South we ran into what seemed like the “mother of all traffic jams.” Waze and Google Maps on Ellen's phone both showed a 45 minutes delay due to multi-vehicle accident between the towns of Jean and Primm at the California state line. It was 10 a.m. and 92°F. Traffic was stopped as far ahead as we could see. I turned on our new Spal radiator fan as soon as we slowed down to a walking pace and I left it on for the entire time (50 minutes stop and go traffic, as it turned out). Pulling the hot desert air through the new “Mulfab” radiator in this way kept the engine temperature at 180°F without creeping up a speck.

I was at ease about possible engine overheating and was able to display a face of patience and fortitude. Other drivers in the jam would occasionally roll down a window to ask the usual questions about the car, or to comment sympathetically about our “air conditioning” or our “trunk space.” The camaraderie was cheering and the jam finally dissolved, but without any trace of “the accident.” I later learned that this four-lane section of I-15 is a notorious bottleneck, and combined with slowing for the upcoming California Agricultural Inspection Station creates a perpetual jam. “Oh well”, we were out of it and on our way again.

In another hour and a half we were in Barstow and checking into our motel. It was 103°.

There were more of the usual COVID-19 inconveniences, but this time we had to request our “brown bag breakfast” in advance. The room was cool and dark, and after the usual disinfecting, we settled down to rest. Later we fueled up, picked up our takeaway Mexican dinner, returned and ate early and went to bed. It would be another early morning.

Once again, our fellow motel guests were mostly truckers and they were up and away in a noisy rumble at 5 a.m. I picked up our “reduced-offering” breakfast and we were gone by 6:30.

Ellen describes this leg as follows, “Day 10. Barstow to West LA. A final 2 hours of terror on LA freeways and we have arrived. Jim says, ‘Don't worry, I'm in my element’, as I clutch the dashboard. I say, ‘If I never drive here again it will be too soon.’”

In fairness to the day, the weather was cool and partly overcast, which thickened as we approached the coast. Furthermore, traffic was fairly light and there were no slowdowns as we approached the famous

freeway “stack” in downtown LA.

But semi-trailer traffic on I-15 that morning had been as fast (and more intimidating) as anything we had seen in the previous week and a half. California posts on its Interstates a speed limit for trucks with trailers at 55 mph, but will allow 65 — but these days coming in from the East, many semi's are doing a solid 80 in posted 70 mph zones for autos only, and passing on the right to boot— it is scary in a Morgan, I do sympathize with Ellen. Are these the end of days? Is this “Mad Max” come to life?

Finally off the freeway, we stopped for a drive-through breakfast (enjoying our “sumptuous repast” while parked on a residential street) before letting ourselves into the borrowed condo where we'd stay for several nights. This would provide time to relax, to do laundry, to see my son and his family, and to have a brief visit with one of Ellen's relatives as well — all of us appropriately washed, masked and distanced.

The next day my son and I took the Morgan (him driving) out for a longish (400 mile) circle for lunch in Cholame in San Luis Obispo County. We both wore msk's the entire day in the open car and it was doable — and we enjoyed the day.



After al fresco get-togethers, first with Ellen's cousin, and then with my son's family, we would embark on the third side of our triangle —

Continued on page 13



MORGAN THREE WHEELER

3 WHEELERS:

NEW 2020 Morgan 3 WHEELER
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NEW 2020 Morgan 3 WHEELER
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2013 Morgan 3 WHEELER Polished alloy Brooklands Edition, #50/50, 5,800 miles // THE MOST DESIRABLE MORGAN 3 WHEELER, 5 SPEEDER!

ROADSTERS:

NEW 2019 Morgan 3.7 V6 ROADSTER
Sport Green, Ivory Leather, 5 polished stainless wire wheels, AC, Factory dark tan leather luggage with cover

NEW 2019 Morgan Plus 4 2.0 Polished alloy center body with Rolls Royce Velvet Green wings, Black Leather, 5 black painted Factory wire wheels

NEW 2019 Morgan 3.7 V6 ROADSTER
Tribute '65 America, Avril Blue Pearl Met./ Saddle Leather with tan piping and accents, mohair top, alloy wheels, A/C in stock

NEW 2019 Morgan Plus 4 BMW Silver Glacier body, Morgan Sport Black wings, Scarlet with Royal Blue XT Leather trim, range of '110 edition' options

NEW 2011 Morgan AERO SUPERSPORT
Black with Deep Grey Metallic wings and wheels, black leather 200 original miles // NEVER REGISTERED, 1 OF 33 MADE

2005 Morgan ROADSTER Acura Molten Copper Metallic exterior (special order) Yarwood Tan leather

Morgan +8+ conversion in 1995 by ISIS Motors included stock LS 1 Chevy, 6 speed, 4 wheel disc and alloy body, galvanized chassis

1991 Morgan Plus 8, Connaught British Racing Green/Tan leather // FULLY FRESHENED "TIME CAPSULE MACHINE"

1984 Morgan Plus 8 Isis TURBO CONVERSION Special Corsa Red/Cinnamon leather // PROPANE-POWERED

1977 Morgan Plus 8 Rolls Royce Shell Grey/Red leather

1967 Morgan Plus 4, DropHead Coupe, Ivory/Green Wings, Ivory leather // NEW GREATLY REDUCED PRICING

1964 Morgan 4/4 Green body Black wings, Black leather Wire wheels, 33k miles // READY FOR RALLY OR EVENT

1963 Morgan Plus 4 Connaught Green, cost no object restoration of a standard Plus 4, true Pebble Beach quality restoration // INSTANT FUN OR CONCOURS WINNER

1962 Morgan Plus 4 Four passenger, Red body/Black Wings // RESTORATION BY PHIL EISENBERG & RICHARD TUTTLE

1962 Morgan Plus 4 Four passenger, Black lacquer with red interior // OLDER CHRISTOPHER LAWRENCE RESTORATION

1962 Morgan Plus 4 Four Seater Roadster, White with black leather // FULL RESTORATION

1958 Morgan Plus 4 Bustleback Roadster, Dove Grey/Burgandy wings, Cream leather // INSTANT CONCOURS WINNER AND A JOY TO DRIVE

1958 Morgan Plus 4 DropHead Coupe, Regency Red/Black // 100TH ANNIVERSARY BEST IN SHOW WINNER

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Adventure, cont'd

going home. I chose I-405/I-5 as our return route, because, well, not just because. It is the direct route and we were eager to be home, and I actually always find something to make each journey on I-5 worth noting. Also, we had been on Interstates for much of the trip. Another 350 miles would be a "piece of cake."

The Trip North: July 11

That Sunday morning we got away before 7. As we drove East toward I-405 on Sunset Boulevard, out of the sun appeared a BRG Blower Bentley followed by a BRG Morgan Drophead — a beautiful sight on that lovely twisty road. I'm sure those drivers were as surprised to see us, in our travel-grimed Mog, as we were to see them in all their brilliance.

The rest of our six hour journey was uneventful. Temperatures were cool to comfortably warm, traffic light. Today proved to be part of the harvest season for tomatoes bound for packing plants to become catsup, tomato paste, and sauce. Many open-bin trailers heaped with the red fruit were towed North, while empties rolled South to be filled again. It was also the season for White Onions because we saw one tandem trailer of those headed North as well. I tried to imagine the thousands of Mexican meals those onions, and some of the tomatoes would contribute to. I was obviously ready to eat, but would

wait till we arrived home. At last we were pulling into the garage at home. Ellen wrote to friends, "It's been an exciting 2 weeks. I need a break, but Jim is all set to go again. I plan for us to stay put and self-quarantine for 2 weeks at least."



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me & my
MORGAN

Angie and Grant Larson with

My Morgan and My Friends

by Grant Larson, photos by Fred Thompson

Over 11 years ago, I purchased my 4-seater from Dean Jackson. It needed considerable restoration so I got it at a good price. Over the years I have done many repairs and upgrades. Here is the tale of my last disaster.

On the way home from the July Historic Challenge, after we visited the Historic Castle in Pacifica, very bad things began to happen. Big scraping and banging noises began in the front end of the car. We stopped and found that one of the struts that tie the two tubes together in the sub-frame had parted and one was bouncing on the ground. No problem. I was able to extract the loose part, throw it in the back seat with plans to reinstall it when I got back home.

The car was wobbling some, but we decided to drive home anyway.

When I jacked the car up to replace the strut, I found that one of the upper tube ends that holds the top of the suspension, was held on by the wing strut and a couple of puny parts. How we got home is a miracle. All that was holding the sub-frame together were two rust spots, which had broken loose on the way home. Our Morgan presented me





their Restored 1967 +4 4-seater



with enough problems to keep me busy for a month. Many conversations and a lot of money with Morgan Spares resulted in the following: The parts list:

1. New Sub-frame
2. Full rebuild kit, including King Pins etc. etc. etc.
3. Miscellaneous American threaded hardware to replace original English nuts and bolts...ala ACE HARDWARE.

I am very fortunate and grateful to Bob Panero, Fred Thompson, and Paul Marchant for their mechanical insights. I also owe a great deal to Bernie Peterson, my neighbor, who has a full machine shop in his home garage. The job was formidable; my friends were invaluable. You may know that the sub-frame is not an easy part to replace. It is buried deep behind the radiator and in front of the block. The following step-by-step details don't say the half of it:

1. Remove Bonnet, Cowl, Radiator and Bumper, (everything up front)
2. Disconnect left valance
3. Disconnect steering rods
4. Disconnect push away steering box
5. Remove king pins and other associated parts
6. Scribe position of sub-fame on

Grant Larson, cont'd

valance the before removal

7. Remove sub-frame (approx. 7 bolts and a bunch of tubes & wires)

8. Figure out how to force a new sub-frame into position

9. Bolt valance back into place using existing holes as drill points for the sub-frame

10. Begin bolting sub-frame into place and drill new holes into the sub-frame as needed

11. Bolt in steering box and shaft

12. Assemble brakes, steering rods, etc.

13. Check all nuts and bolts for tightness (big job)

14. Reassemble the king pins, bushing etc. (Thanks Paul for your special press)

15. Put the wheels back on and if possible do an alignment. My neighbor Pete showed me an easy way. (See next issue.)

This was not a fun job. It did keep me busy for about a month, but with the invaluable help from my friends it was a success. Dean Jackson graciously offered to refund my original purchase price, once again, out of sympathy.



Fred Thompson with Grant Larson



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Finishing Those Unfinished Projects

By: Neil A. Miller

During these homebound times, which things on your to-do list do you gravitate to? I realized when the coronavirus issue popped up it created opportunities I probably would have overlooked in more open times. Rather than dwell on the negative to-do options, I went directly to the "must-do" list on my Morgans.

The 1959 Plus-4 4-place was my first choice. You may have read my article in the January - February 2019 issue of *The Morgazette* — a 1900-mile drive can bring out many problems in a "restored" classic. The greatest concerns were quickly remedied. For a start, new wheels and tires were installed. Then, all the non-working electrical issues were corrected to make the car drivable. Also, a heater was installed. At this point I was thinking, "Finally, back on the road!" Or, so I thought. Next, work began on the cooling system.

Finishing the radiator came first. You might be interested in the radiator design that came out of a discussion with Ron Davis at Ron Davis Racing in Phoenix. Ron has made Morgan radiators for many years and that is why I went to him for help. After seeing a CAD drawing made from my original radiator, Ron was unhappy that the location required a pusher fan on the front. He said pusher fans are about 80% efficient compared to a puller fan. He thought about this option for a moment and decided to ask his designer to move the core forward to allow placing the fan on the back of the radiator. His speculation at the time was, "Why didn't I think of that before?" So, I may need to be corrected, but this could be the first puller fan/aluminum radiator designed for a 1959 Plus-4 4 place. Being in Arizona, this car needs as much cooling as possible. So, to add some extra support, a scoop was installed. Completing the radiator installation resulted in a stainless steel overflow tank, a stronger fog lamp mounting, badge bar additions, valve adjustment, a new valve cover gasket, and a large assortment of stainless hardware.

What to do next?

The GM style seatbelts had to go! The front seat belts were a rather simple change, but it was interesting that the original bolts were not sufficient for their intended use. I was very glad to have caught that. Now, I thought, "What should I do with the rear seat belts?" With my pondering, it became a design project. Given that the rear end cover/frame is the only metal below the rear seat, except for the petrol tank, there weren't any good

options to attach seat belts that would be strong enough. I decided to add a steel 1/2" x 2" bar across the back, have arms welded to it, and bolt the arms through the steel frame that supports the rear end cover on each side. Considering the obstacles, this actually seemed to work well. Now, all four seatbelts match.

A place to put a cell phone was next. The previous owner added a power source under the dash, so I was left to find a secure spot for the phone. Given the amount of jarring the Morgan ride creates, the cell phone mount needed to have a solid support. The transmission/drive shaft area was a good possibility. I came up with a metal framework that fit around this spot, and then I added an air vent phone cradle. The nice thing is that nothing in the area was modified or damaged to install it. But, there was one problem. I discovered the power source installed by a previous owner was wired incorrectly. Now, everything is operational.

It was time to test drive my updates. While on the road, an interesting situation arose. After about eight miles, the car completely shut down. The ignition, gauges, turn signals, and horn all quit. After a tow and an electrical check back at the garage, it turned out the fuse box failed. I probably should have caught this earlier, since the original looked a bit sketchy.

While I do believe we are ready for some trips, a few things are still on the to-do list. The door hinges need to be better secured and a refinish of the doors is in order. As I don't want to take it off the road right away, I plan to do this at a more convenient time.

Now, moving on to our 1990 Plus-4 Two-Seater. One of my most recent projects completed might be of interest. Sometime back, a radio I installed stopped working. I know the term "radio" may not seem appropriate for a Morgan — since you can barely hear yourself think at higher speeds — but at times, it is nice. Well, it turns out the speakers were the problem, although I did replace the old radio. I discovered the factory-installed speakers from 1990 were not meant for a modern radio. So, those speakers were replaced, plus a set of speakers was installed in front, above the transmission. To do this, a metal bar was fabricated to support them. The combination proved to work well. I also installed a cell phone holder and a cup holder that I am still evaluating.

As we still are in a limited mobility situation, what other fun projects can I do next? I shall defer back to my photography interests and produce some art.

Reprint from Industry Magazine

70 years in the making: Driving the new Morgan Plus Four

<https://www.hagerty.co.uk/articles/70-years-in-the-making-driving-the-new-morgan-plus-four/>

[Michael Rubin sent the following online magazine article to us. Michael was very kind in writing to Hagerty Magazine to insure permission for us to publish this story in the Morgazette. He heard from the Vice President of Content and Editor of Hagerty Magazine, Larry Webster, who granted us permission to use all the content of this article about the new Morgan Plus Four. We hope you will find it formative and enjoyable. Morgazette Editors]

Photos: Morgan

Seventy years ago, it must have been difficult to imagine two cars more divergent than the [Morgan Plus 4](#) and Land Rover Defender. But recently Morgan and Land Rover found themselves at the same crossroads: both were custodians of instantly recognizable and idiosyncratic English icons, but both cars had evolved glacially from post-war roots and were dated, cramped, not particularly safe in an accident and saddled with shaky ladder chassis and live axles that bucked and tremored at the merest suggestion of B-road. They drove as though possessed by the same gyrating Elvis, but thankfully both were to be reinvented with new aluminum chassis and independent suspension.



The new Defender you'll surely know, the Plus Four quite possibly not, but nearly three quarters of a century after the release of Morgan's core model, in 1950, the British firm has reengineered it so comprehensively that it claims just three per cent of parts carry over, and this might be a cautious estimate given those parts are actually bonnet latches. Even the name is subtly different, now written Plus Four in a change that mellows from seeming daft to perfect, because as much as things have changed with this Morgan, they haven't changed at all.



In fact, the car looks identical, to the point that you doubt Morgan's 'all-new' tag. Surely some body panels carry over? The mohair hood? The windscreen? Apparently they don't. The front wings are super-formed aluminium rather than hand-formed, the door shuts follow the curve of the rear wheel arches for the first time, and while the overall dimensions are similar, the wheelbase is 20mm longer. Small details, wholesale change.

Touring Morgan's red-brick factory buildings in Malvern – a sensory adventure that begins with the sweet smell of hot worked wood, then metallic swarf in the machining shop, and finally the rich aroma of Muirhead leather – you soon appreciate the depth of change.

It starts with a bonded aluminium chassis, built in Northampton and closely related to the wider CX-Generation chassis introduced in the larger, six-cylinder [Plus Six in 2019](#). That was Morgan's 110th year, or CX as the Romans had it.

To this chassis, Morgan attaches double wishbones all-round, made to a compact design that allows for deep-dished wire wheels, and manufactured on site. The old Ford GDI engine makes way for the BMW B48 2.0-litre (Morgan's first turbocharged four-cylinder engine), and a choice of six-speed manual or ZF automatic transmissions. There is electric power steering, another Morgan first.

Yet a structural ash frame continues to be placed on top of the chassis, the wood sourced from Lincolnshire (the former Belgian supply was ditched; too much shrapnel, sorry chaps) and around which aluminium panels are hand-formed. There is ABS, yet still no airbags or stability control. Morgans are of course still hand-assembled (at a rate of around 900 annually), and there's still a waiting list, though typically three to six months these days, not the decade of the 1980s, during which period some patient customers would actually die. Talking of which, if your old ticker isn't what it was, you'd

best sit down for the price, which rises from £48k to £62,995. But then neither is a pint a shilling these days.

Hop between old and new and already you notice one big advantage of the CX chassis – there's bags more room to slide the low and flat driver's seat back, even for six footers, and wider door apertures make climbing aboard less like stepping through a hula hoop.



Like outside, the Plus Four appears near identical inside – the speedo and rev counter are frustratingly out of the driver's line of sight in the middle of the dash, petrol gauge and water temp dead ahead – but changes include a conventional handbrake (not fly-off) and a small digital read-out that at last puts mph somewhere ahead of the steering wheel.

The [BMW](#) four settles to a purposeful, bassy idle, the clutch is friendlier than its heft initially suggests, first gear slots lightly if precisely and soon we're turning heads and climbing the Malvern Hills. The difference to an old ladder chassis car takes metres rather than miles to appreciate. The new model doesn't shudder or shake, it rides over potholes far more serenely and overwhelmingly this feels the more composed machine. It's not perfect, there's still the occasional undamped thud over transverse ridges and it can bobble over imperfections, particularly at low speeds, but this is a multi-generational leap in one single step. Already you feel encouraged to be liberal with the accelerator, especially as there's annoying wind whistle at middling speeds.



BMW helped calibrate its 2.0-litre engine to suit this 1013kg (without fluids, around 80kg heftier than before) sports car. There's a tiny pause of turbo lag, but throttle response is very prompt and the lack of mass means the Plus Four bursts forward with true urgency: easy in the mid-range courtesy of an ample 295lb ft of torque, downright rapid when you work it harder thanks to 255bhp (both figures well up on the Ford motor's 154bhp/148lb ft). Like a young athlete disguised in pensioner fatigues, this speed seems out of kilter with expectations and figures of 0-62mph in 4.8sec (or 5.2sec in the manual) and 149mph back up your gut feel.

Stripped of a series-production car's heft and soundproofing (and given full voice by an optional sports exhaust), the powerplant also bustles with mechanical chatter, a bassy simmer through the mid-range, subtle pops on the overrun, even Darth Vader exhalations of turbocharger when you lift the throttle. You fear it might sound inauthentic, but it suits this Mog, and the nicely spaced pedals and snicky manual gear

shift encourage you to indulge the tunes with flourishes of heel-and-toe and playful throttle blips.



You can perk things up with a push of the Sport Plus button, and you can also option the eight-speed paddleshift auto, which I tried and liked very much. I'd take the manual as much for the experience as the fact the auto gear stick is a slightly jarring lift from BMW, but there's no bad choice here.

There is, however, only one setting for the electric power steering, and while its ease and lightness recalls earlier Morgans, it initially feels too effortless to my palms, even in town. That feeling persists up in the picturesque Malvern Hills, where the steering swings the long nose quickly in to turns, but so quickly that I want more on-centre weight to lean on. There's also a sense that the rear end lags a fraction behind your steering, like the owner of a tugging dog caught off-guard. Perhaps more rear roll stiffness would help.



For a more sporting version that's probably true, but Morgans are bought for touring and ride comfort as well as speed, and as miles whizz past, so I come to trust the Morgan's handling and steering and those initial uncertainties fade. I work the chassis hard into a large roundabout and it behaves predictably and benignly and we're soon into the virtuous circle of extra confidence helping me extract the best from a sports car that recalls the old days, drives like nothing else and yet doesn't feel in the least bit antiquated.

For less money, you could buy mass market roadsters like the Jaguar F-Type and Porsche Boxster. Or how about an [Alpine A110](#)? Then there are the British companies such as Ariel and Caterham, both able to sell you something that's as interesting as it is thrilling. But none is like the Morgan, and for that, we should be thankful. The Malvern-based car maker continues to have a place on our roads.

By the time I burble back to the Morgan factory gates, I'm really very taken by it, pondering just how far the company could push a Plus Four in terms of performance given its better sorted foundations.

So while even quite keen car spotters can't tell the difference between Plus 4 and Plus Four from the kerb, from behind the wheel there's no question this is a break with tradition of the best possible kind. And unlike that Land Rover Defender, it'd be a surprise if every Morgan customer, even deceased ones, didn't wholeheartedly approve.

The numbers: Morgan Plus Four

ENGINE 2.0-litre four-cyl turbo,

POWER 255bhp @ 4400rpm,

TORQUE 295lb ft @ 1000-4300rpm

TRANSMISSION Six-speed manual, rear wheel drive

PERFORMANCE 5.2sec 0-62mph, 149mph, 39mpg, 165g/km

LENGTH/WIDTH/HEIGHT 3830/1650/1250mm

WEIGHT 1013kg (dry)







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Not All 3-Wheeled Morgans are "Trikes"

By Tom Morgan (as told to Beverly Morgan)



"Guess what I learned in school today," I said to Bev. "Uh oh," she replied. She's heard this before.

It happened during a track session for the coaches at a recent Hooked on Driving school, and I was driving my right-hand drive 1956 Morgan 4/4 racecar. Coming into Turn 9 at Infineon Raceway, I heard a "BANG," felt something let go near my right foot, and watched as my right front tire came away from the car, disappeared behind me, and then reappeared going past me on my left.

The wheel, free from its 1500-lb anchor, sailed down the track at a high rate of speed, finally coming to rest in the run-off area before Turn 10, driver's left. The Morgan and I, on the other hand, began rapidly decelerating from about 85 mph as I guided the unevenly-balance vehicle (which handled remarkably well) onto the access road, the chicane part of the track that motorcycles use.

When I returned two days later, I found the caliper some 50 feet from the track where it landed, beyond the tire wall and the concrete barrier.

The emergency crew retrieved the wheel and lift-towed the Morgan back to the paddock, loaded it onto my trailer (BACKWARD), and we came home. There, in front of the house, I noticed the succession of black tire marks along the right side of the maroon car that I had carefully washed and waxed the day before. One spot indicated that the tire had come within inches of my right shoulder. Upon closer examination, I noticed that the knob for attaching the side curtain on the right side was missing completely.

The subsequent operation of taking the 3-wheeled Morgan off the trailer to put into the garage was an engineering project. Turning the crises into opportunity, I decided to upgrade the 5/8" spindles to 3/4", and modify the hubs as they only make wire wheel hubs for the 3/4" set-up.

Just two weeks later, with the new spindles and hubs on the Morgan, we headed for Buttonwillow Raceway Park to run with the Vintage Auto Racing Association (VARA). Heading east on State Hwy 46, we approached the junction with State Hwy 33, the site where James Dean was killed in 1955. Dean is memorialized by large cut-outs outside a gas station/mini mart, and a traffic signal is (finally?) being installed at the intersection. I didn't see the arterial "STOP" sign until Bev read it aloud to me, and I slammed on the brakes, stopping in time.

As we proceeded, I looked into the rear-view mirror and saw an ugly sight: all four of the Morgan's tires had come off the trailer and some were just hanging in the air.

"Oh no!" "What now?" "OH NO!!" I repeated, pulled over and jumped out. Bev followed. I suggested that she GET SOME HELP, so she penned a sign and headed back toward the intersection. The third vehicle was a construction truck with the boss behind the wheel. When he spotted her, he crossed the median and pulled up behind us.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. Bev led him to me, and we assessed the damage. "Well, it only weighs 1500 lbs," I said. "If we just had 3 or 4 guys, we could lift it right back into place." "No problem," was his response, as he reached for his cell phone. "It's good to be the boss."

No kidding! Within minutes, we'd been joined by 3 other vehicles and about 8 men. While Bev snapped pictures with her cell phone, they soon had the Morgan back in position. But we'd had to cut a rear strap in order to free and move the car. "No problem," said one of the crew, and produced a long strap (in CalTrans orange) from his truck. Wow – what luck. So we handed them the still-cold 18-pack of Tecate we'd bought in Paso Robles and everyone went away happy.

SU Carburetors, Part II

By: Paul Lukes

To paraphrase a long-time Morgan enthusiast Dick Tuttle, SU carburetors may not be the best, but they are one of the greatest toys every made.

SU carburetors were standard fixtures on many British automobiles including Morgans. A pair was fitted to most of the Plus 4 Triumph engines.

SU stand for Skinner Union. Although there has been an ongoing belief that the founders were plumbers, Herbert Skinner (1872-1931) and his brother Car (Thomas Carlisle Sinner (1882-1858) were the sons of J.H. Skinner a director of Lilley and Skinner, a British shoe brand, manufacturer, retailer, and wholesale distributor of their own products and others boots and shoes.

The first model had a leather bellows that was sewn by their mother.

In 1905, Herbert applied a for a patent, which was granted in early 1906, and continued to develop and patent improvements through to the 1920's, including the replacement of the leather bellows with a brass piston.

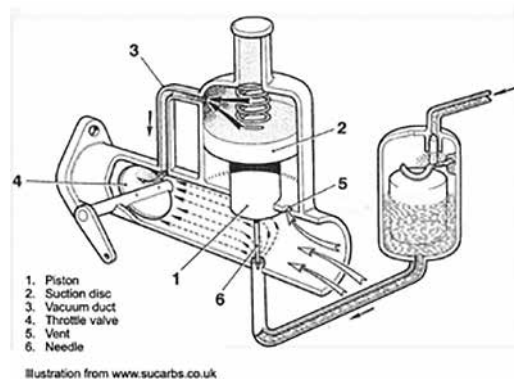
After incorporation as S.U. Carburettors in 1910, sales were slow. During World War I, the company made aircraft carburetors, but sales remained slow in peacetime, and the company was not profitable. Carl Skinner approached one of his customers, W.R. Morris, and sold him the business.

SU carburetors were widely used not only in Morris's MG products but also Rolls Royce, Bentley, Rover, Riley, Austin, Jaguar, Triumph (Morgan), Volvo, and Saab 99 automobiles for much of the 20th century. SU also produced carburetors for aircraft engines including the early versions of the Rolls-Royce Merlin used in the Hawker Hurricanes and Supermarine Spitfires.

Hitachi also built carburetors based on the SU design that were used on the Datsun 230Z, Datsun 260Z, and other Datsun cars.

SU carburetor's main feature is a piston with a tapered needle that slides up and down in an opening (jet), which allows fuel into the airstream passing into the carburetor. Depending on engine demand, as the needle rises and falls it opens and closes the opening in the jet, regulating the passage of fuel. The movement of the piston controls the amount of fuel delivered.

What makes the piston rise and fall? The answer is the Constant Depression or Constant Vacuum principle. Glad you asked.



A vacuum is created by the demand of air into the engine, which pulls the piston up, the needle is drawn out of the jet and more fuel flows into the airstream. It's that simple.

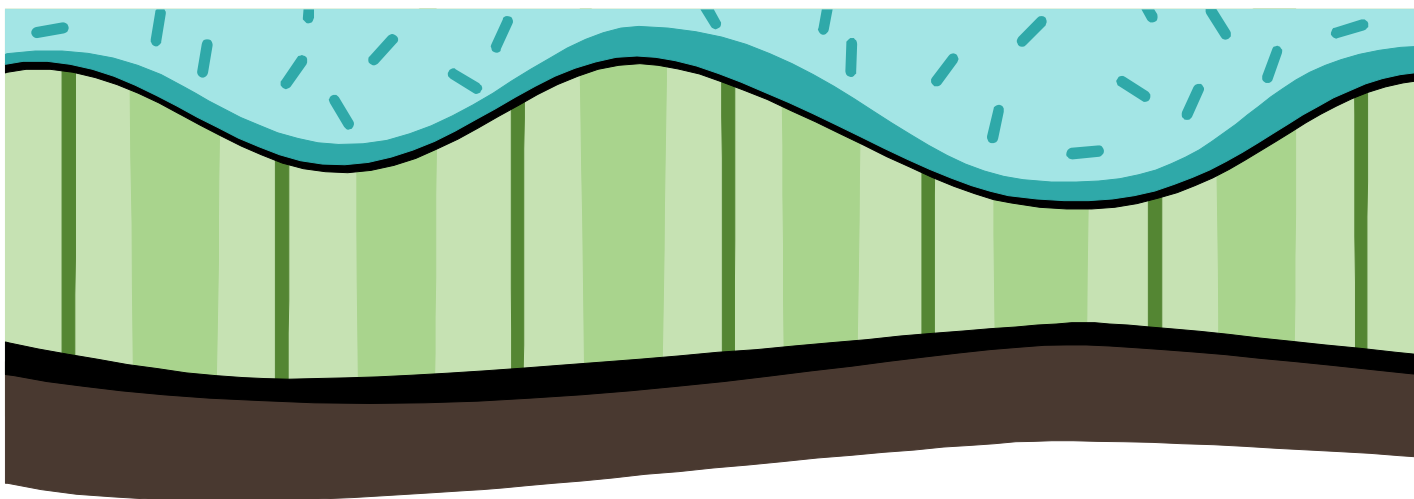
So what's the downside of this carburetor? Since SUs rely on restricting airflow in is slower than carburetors with accelerator pumps that dump additional fuel into the engine.

With fuel injection and computer-controlled engines, SU carburetors became relics of another era.

So, if you still have one, be sure to top off your dashpots and life will be good.



**"Thanks for doing the dishes
and folding the laundry
.....so, how much did you
spend on Morgan parts?"**



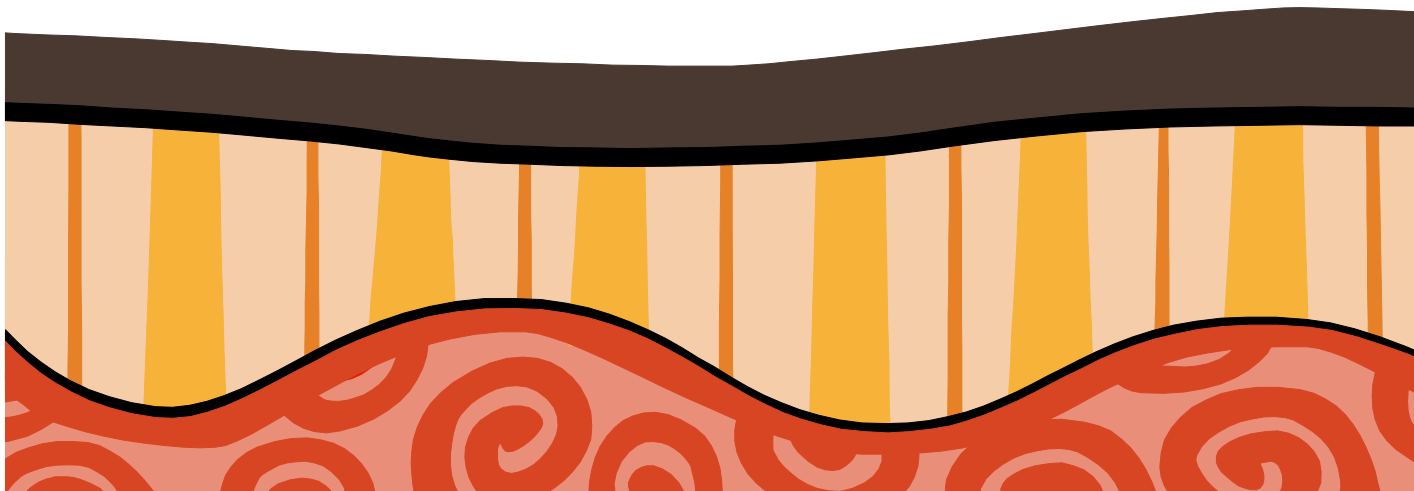
Morgan Sports Car Club Northern California Socially Distanced Oktoberfest!

Date: Your choice, Time: You name it, Place: You pick.

Your mission is to call a couple of your Morgan Car Club friends, pick any date in October, arrange to have a beer or two, and toast to your Morgan and friends.



Take a couple of photos of you and your friends enjoying your beer and send those photos along with the names of the participants to:
msscncnews@gmail.com. All entries must be received by October 31st.





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