

May~June 2020



The Morgazette

The Newsletter of the Morgan Sports Car Club of Northern California





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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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Secretary • Lexa Most
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Treasurer • Martin Mieger

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plus Wendell Bain, Tcherek Kamstra, George
Tollworthy

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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:

- July 27

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.

Welcome New Members

Patrick and Lindsay Nevis

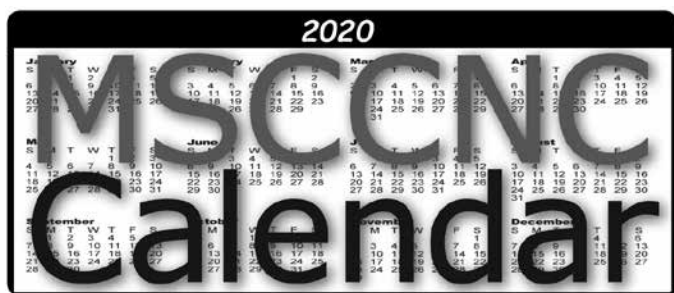
Pacific Grove 93950
cell: 916/803-8639
121BMW3@gmail.com
(no Morgan data)

Steve and Paula Smith

Gualala, CA 95445
Home: 707/785-4745
Cell: 916/850-9479
ssmith1027@aol.com
2005 dark grey roadster

Cover Photo: There is always room for one more in a Morgan 4 seater. Amanda, in San Francisco, with her dad's [Fred Thompson] 1963 Morgan +4.

**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)

POSTPONED *

- * TBD • South Bay Run And Winery Visit - Contact – Fred & Ann Thompson
- * TBD • South Bay Run – Airplane Rides – Contact – Bob Frisbee
- *TBD SUN-WED. * Spring Mog (Finding Fault/Rocky Horrors) -Contact – D.Hamilton/J.Taylor SEE OCTOBER
- * TBD • S.F. Proposed Tour Of Alfred Hitchcock Movie Landmarks Through S.F. & Marin Contacts – Tchereck Kamstra & Toby Tuttle

JULY

10 FRI • Collector Car Appreciation Day – All across the U.S.

Hi All, GOOD NEWS ...maybe.

There is a glimmer of hope for the Morgan Club Activities at last.

EllenJo Baron & Jim Taylor & Joyce & Doug Hamilton have agreed to tentatively put " Finding Fault" a three day affair involving a visit to the Pinnacle, Oct. 18-21. This all depends on the Distancing Rules and other factors of course. Pencil it on your calendar. You must be looking forward to being on the road again. If it looks like it can be done, I will be emailing you with all their instructions.

Fred & Ann Thompson are also willing to host their previously planned run in the beautiful coastal hills of the Peninsula but can't say when or what until it is clear that it can be done safely.

John and Barbara Burks are rethinking September FlogMog. This has been a tough year in more ways than one, so John feels like we need to do something rather local and simple. He is working on a substitute event that hopefully, won't be scrapped by the events of these past months.

Tchereck is also going to see if the Memorial Bill Fink Run can be fitted into these coming months. Stay tuned because....

Given how we are at the mercy of this virus obviously all these hopeful plans are subject to cancellation. I will be keeping you posted by email.

If you aren't getting emails from me, email me the proper address.

Looking forward to a better 2nd half of the year.

AUGUST

MSCCNC Participation CANCELLED 9-16 SUN-SUN
• Monterey Historic Car Week Check their website for exact event dates

CANCELLED* 14 FRI • Annual Morgan Welcome Party & BBQ At The Stecks Home – Contact – Loren Steck

***NEW** * 29-30 tbd BILL FINK MEMORIAL RUN-
Contact – Tchereck Kamstra

SEPTEMBER

* **NEW** * Date TBD • FLOGMOG – See activity note below – Contacts- John Burks/Lynn Powell

18-20 FRI-SUN • Morgan 3 Wheeler Club AGM celebrating 75th Anniversary • **VERIFY**

20 SUN • Danville Concours d'Elegance • **VERIFY**

26 SAT • Ironstone Winery Concours – Contact – ironstoneconcours.org Elaine Fisher • **VERIFY**

OCTOBER

* **NEW** * 18-21 • FINDING FAULT/ROCKY HORRORS – Contact Ellen Jo Barron/Jim Taylor, Joyce & Doug Hamilton see note below

NOVEMBER

* TBD • Turkey Trot – Contact – Martin Mieger

DECEMBER

* 6 SUN • Holiday Party @ Zio Fraedo, Vallejo – Contact – Elaine Fisher

* 26 MON • Boxing Day – Wine Country Tour – (Rain Or Shine) – Contact – Wendell Bain

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From the Editors

Fred and Ann Thompson

Thank you so much for the many emails and articles that were sent to us over these past two months.

We have included many of these excellent stories and photos in this issue and hope to include more in the months to come. Please keep the lines of communication open and keep your stories coming in. Other Morgan club publications are also experiencing lack of copy, but because of your help, I believe we have an excellent Morgazette this month. Our hope is that each new issue will include these personal and insightful stories and photos. Please do not hesitate to think back on your fondest Morgan memories and send them to us.

I have understood that many of us have been taking solo social distancing trips with our wonderful Morgans. Although this is one way to get out and about, get oil up into cylinders and around crankshafts, we miss the social contact of friends, the map directions that we either decide to or not to follow, the anticipation of a new curvy road and the unmistakable view and smell of the Morgan in front of us. We are hoping that this will change, and it will once again be safe for us to drive together.

Best to all.

Look at the picture first and then read the story:



This actually happened to an Englishman, in France, who was totally drunk. A French policeman stops the Englishman's car and asks if he has been drinking.

With great difficulty, the Englishman admits that he has been drinking all day, that his daughter got married that morning, and that he drank champagne and a few bottles of wine at the reception, and many single malts scotches thereafter.

Quite upset, the policeman proceeds to alcohol-test (breath test) the Englishman and verifies that he is indeed completely hammered.

He asks the Englishman if he knows why, under French Law, he is going to be arrested.

The Englishman answers with a bit of humour, "No sir, I do not! But while we're asking questions, do you realize that this is a British car and my wife is driving . . . on the other side?"

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Prez Sez

by Paul Marchant

It's time to get your Morgans out on the road. They are less crowded and your car cannot get the virus! I've been going to farmers markets quite a bit. On Sundays I recommend visiting Chris Hall who runs the Kensington Farmer Market at Kensington, Colusa Circle in Kensington. They have a nice website: (<http://www.kensingtonfarmersmarket.org/>). There is always a lot of good produce and flowers, as well as fish, eggs, and meat.

To keep you and your car moving, you can also try driving up or down the coast - some beaches are open! (Although many State Park parking lots are not.)

If you are not going to drive your car, at least push it forward or backward to eliminate flat spots on your tires, these are caused by the steel belts.

To finalize, here are words to drive by:

"Life should not be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safety in a pretty and well preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside in a cloud of smoke, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming: WOW! What a Ride!"

Hunter S. Thompson

Remember... You can take it with you!

My New 2019 +4

Tom Everts

I hope this story of pain, suffering, and developing patience will be of interest to my fellow Morgan Aficionados. Covid-19 has touched our lives in more ways than we can imagine.

As I may have shared, I ordered a *new* 2019 + 4 in October 2019. I was prepared to purchase a pre-owned 2005 Roadster, and had made an offer, which ultimately was outbid by another buyer. However, the dealer; Morgan Cars Mid-Atlantic in Lewisberry, PA, informed that they had an opportunity to grab a brand new +4 for "just a little more money". Would I want to go that route? I asked how much time I had to decide. She cautioned that if they did not speak up, some other dealer would and the car and opportunity to own one of the last 2019 +4's was going to be gone. After consulting with my Morgan consultant (and friend) Bill Button, I opted for the new one.

To "securing" the car required a 10% deposit, with the balance to be paid as soon as I could arrange a bank transfer of the balance. Within the next few days the finances were set and the waiting began.

The car was shipped from the UK to USA, arriving on March 13, 2020. Admittedly some of that delay was due to my asking if certain changes could be made to the car while it was still at the factory. The answer was, "Why yes, we'd be happy to make changes": AR Sport exhaust, heated seats, walnut dashboard (versus the painted dash), and the easy up black hood. Once the car was at the dealer my desire for "personalizing" continued unabated: Moto-Lita 13" steering wheel, wind deflectors, stone guards for the headlights, Lizard skin to protect the undercarriage, and Opti-coat (ceramic) to protect the paint. I also added: custom rearview mirror treads on the wings, AM-FM Bluetooth radio, and of course speakers and an antenna.

The dealer has been great to work with, and tolerant of my frequent calls, (OK, daily calls) to check progress on the car. The current, and hopefully last hurdle is for the Department of Licensing in Pennsylvania to reopen so that the car can be inspected, licensed, and titled. I've been developing something called patience ... if you are not familiar with it, try and avoid it ~ it's no fun.

So, turning into the clubhouse turn, we do not have an approximation, let alone a definitive date for the car to arrive. Everything is contingent on a relaxing of the "shelter in place" directives.

The photo is my car while it was still in the United Kingdom.

Stay safe everyone, Tom



If You Lived In Southern Oregon, You'd Be Home Now

By: Barclay Schaw

In the early 1980's Ginny and I (with two kids) lived on a couple of acres near Roseville, east of Sacramento. When a new neighbor moved in directly next to us we were particularly pleased because the old neighbor was, to put the nicest possible spin on it, a "little strange." Little did we know the new neighbor was equally strange because he owned and regularly drove Morgans. His name was (is) John Burks.

After we grew better acquainted with John; something that didn't take very long, beer and wine being what they are...he informed us that if we were to live next door to him we would need to own a Morgan too. I tried to explain to him that since he had moved into our neighborhood; perhaps the rule should be that he buy a 1978 GMC van with air conditioning that didn't work very well. For some reason this idea didn't quite fly. Besides, he just happened to have a +8 he was willing to sell for something like \$15,000. I considered this deal crazy since the aforementioned GMC in our driveway was worth a bag of donuts and a ham sandwich. Needless to say, we passed on the +8, but that was

no worry to John because he soon sold it to a fellow in Boston. That's Boston on the east coast!

How was he to get the car there? Ship it? Have the buyer come get it? Hell no! He would drive it himself, of course. So, off goes John on a 3,000 mile jaunt in a car, that if Ginny and I had the brains God gave a head of cabbage, we would have bought.

After Burks got home, the buyer was so pleased with the car he sent John a box of lobsters, clams and seafood chowder. And due to a mix up in the shipment, he sent a second box. So John, and by extension, Ginny, the kids and I ended up with four whole fresh (still alive and kicking) lobsters, about 200 clams and a gallon of chowder.

Of course, we soon bought our own Morgan, a 4-seater that Steve Miller had in Emeryville. Nice car. Too bad there wasn't any oil in the differential. When the rear end locked up outside Vallejo at 65 mph on I-80 I slid to a stop on the side of the road. John called a friend who lived near by. That is when I met Lynn and Karen Powell for the first time along with Greg who was a mere

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lad at the time. We towed the car to the Powell's garage, drove home to Roseville, picked up a rear end John had lying in his yard, drove back the next day, installed it and drove home. Easy.

That first Morgan was the beginning of a great adventure, which of course, you all know about because you have experienced it too. It was also the start of so many friendships and so many fun times over many years

I once rode with Bob Frisbey in his flat rad from Monterey down to MogWest. Either the car was too small, or I was too big, because about 1/3 of me was hanging out the side. We got lost on the rally, spent the night in a motel listening to the couple in the room above "cavort" from dusk till dawn, and ran out of gas on the way home. There was never a dull moment.

On one of the very early FlogMog's a fellow joined us who we had not previously met. He had a nice super sport and a strange habit. He only ate breakfast. He would order three entrees, eat them all and then eat nothing the rest of the day. His car had no top and no windscreen. We got into a raging snowstorm going up Hwy 49 into Sierra City. He needed to be thawed out in the bar that night.

Ginny and I have a small cabin on the Rogue River in Southern Oregon and have hosted a number of Morgan gatherings. One was organized by Gordon and Maggie and involved meeting up with the Pacific Northwest Club at their annual clambake in Newport. As we rolled into town we came upon a +8 being hoisted on to the bed of a tow truck. Gordon yells out, "That's Button's car!" Sure enough it was and that was when we met the great Bill Button for the first time. Never has there been a more wonderful Morgan personality than Bill. And even though he lived in Seattle he became a valued member of our club and attended many events, particularly FlogMog. He died early this year at almost 90 years.

FlogMog was at one time a "centre" of the English Morgan Club. Ginny was President. She got a call from a couple that lived in the very north of England, almost in Scotland. They were Morgan owners and wondered if we had an event going on. They, of course, assumed we

were a large group, not just the six or eight of us that made up the early FlogMog. They came to Sacramento and joined us (Burks, Frisbey's and the legendary Jerry Medeiros and his wife Bobbie) on a drive up through the redwoods and out to the Lost Coast. Years later Bob and Linda visited them in their home on the Scottish boarder.

In 2000 we bought our +8 from Bill Fink. Apparently, it was his tow car when he went to race, as well as the crash test car used to meet Federal requirements. I met him at the pier in San Francisco, gave him some money and drove the car back to Monterey where we were living at the time. Some years later we went back to the pier

for his birthday bash (and saw our first Aero) where we met Dave and Cherie Sneary for the first time. That meeting lead to a great friendship which included a trip to Europe with Dave and Cherie. We rented a boat in France and motored down the River Soane with Dave piloting the 40' cruiser and

me climbing out to work the locks. It was Dave's last adventure before he passed away in 2018.

I guess that's the best part of owning a Morgan. The friends you make. The cars are expensive toys no doubt, but it really doesn't matter what you pay because the people you meet along the way are worth every penny of it. We live in Medford now, I think Ginny and I have always been Oregonians at heart and Barbara and John live just down the road in Ashland. Bob and Chris Panero are here often to visit their children and the Bay Area is only 5 or 6 hours away. Maybe some of you should join us here. The roads are not crowded, the weather is much better than you would think, and we have a Trader Joe's! All we really miss are the freeway back-ups, the crazy home prices, and the Bay Bridge toll plaza.

The Morgan sits in the garage waiting for the rain to stop, and for Covid19 to wear down, and then we'll be on the road again to the coast, up to Fish Lake, into the desert of Eastern Oregon, or down to California.

Motor on friends...



1986 +8 & BARCLAY



1963



2019



1953



2019



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3 WHEELERS:

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NEW 2020 Morgan 3 WHEELER Fashioned after the 2010 Geneva Show "RAF Spitfire" Edition

2019 Morgan 3 WHEELER 100th Anniversary Edition, Porsche Matte Silver/Honey Tan Leather, 1,300 miles

ROADSTERS:

NEW 2020 Morgan PLUS 4 ROADSTER Sport Green with Saddle leather w/cream piping, Dark Green Mohair top and weather equipment, polished stainless wire wheels, Zembrano wood Dash, MotoLita wood rimmed steering wheel, all suspension options...last traditional Plus 4 we will ever get!! // COMING SOON

NEW 2020 Morgan 3.7 V6 ROADSTER Ferrari Grigio Ingrid Metallico with Honey Tan Leather // COMING SOON

NEW 2019 Morgan 3.7 V6 ROADSTER Champagne Metallic/ Sky Blue Yarwood leather, Black 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 Glacial Silver Body/ Black Wings/Scarlet Red Leather; Club Sport spec tuned ECU and exhaust, In Stock

2018 Morgan PLUS 4 Porsche Medium Ivory body/Sport Black wings, 500 miles

2010 Morgan AERO SUPERSPORT Black, Red, 2.7k miles

2005 Morgan AERO 8 Green Metallic, Tan, 2.7k miles

2003 Morgan PLUS 8 35TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION, Jaguar Platinum Silver/Muirhead Mulberry Leather Sport Seats

1989 Morgan PLUS 8, Silver/Black leather, gasoline conversion, 5-speed, 49.6k original miles, California car

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

1967 Morgan PLUS 4, Four passenger SuperSport perfect clone, ground up restoration

1963 Morgan PLUS 4 SUPERSPORT 1 of 101 Factory SuperSports, Rolls Royce Green Velvet (dark British Racing Green), Black leather, Black mohair weather equipment, Black wire wheels // **CORRECT RESTORATION TO HIGHEST STANDARDS.**

1962 Morgan PLUS 4 Four Seater Roadster, White with black leather

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

1953 Morgan PLUS 4, Ming Blue/Black Monterey Historics History, stunning!!

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A Californian Car

From: Cove Britton • Written by his Daughter

Preface:

My wife and I recently (so new to the club) purchased a 1966 Morgan Plus 4 from Dennis Glavis, I love the car and have been wanting one ever since Dennis had my dad drive one of his Morgans to a car show about 40 years ago. (I rode along.)

That said, I have had old Jags for years and raced my grandfather's E-Type at the Re-Union. Which gets me to this...my eldest daughter is getting her Masters in Education at Columbia and wrote this story as part of her program.

I thought I would share this story with my new Morgan friends; of course it tears me up every time I read it.

Story: A Californian Car:

Whenever he can, my father loads his 1964 Jaguar E-Type onto a flatbed trailer, hooks it up to his 1952 GMC pickup, and heads for the vintage car races near the California Bay Area. It is quite a scene: the sleek, dark green, two-seater Jag pulled by a silver-grey GMC around the bends of Highway 1 and over the Golden Gate Bridge. He gently maneuvers the steering wheel, and the caravan stays in its lane. It is an enchantment I will soon miss.

The Jag used to be a road car. The earliest memory I have is of watching the long-nosed shadow of the E-Type against the sheer, ochre cliffs north of Santa Cruz. The Jaguar had originally belonged to my great-grandfather Jack, a machinist who lived near the orchards now lost to the Apple Campus. For my father's 40th birthday, my mother finally agreed to his long-held dream of investing in converting it into a racecar.

After we arrive at the racing paddock, which is nestled within the racetrack, we park the truck and carefully offload the Jaguar. Next, we set up a red tent over the car. "It's just like the circus," my father comments as we survey the show coming-into-being. Other racers arrive and unpack. Spectators trickle in. A reunion of sorts, I watch my dad greet folks and smile over esoteric wisdom.

The price of admission has risen as the Rolex-sponsored event tries to market to nearby Silicon Valley. I suppose this makes sense as those who first loved these cars have dwindled. My shallow research of the E-Type turned up a barrage of obituaries from the British Medical Journal, of doctors who adored their Jags like a fourth child. As the buyers ebb, so do those who know

how to care for the cars. My father's mechanic is retiring, and there is no one nearby who can replace him.

When the time comes, my father changes into his orange, fire-retardant racing suit. He slides into the car and starts the engine. It roars to life, and then settles into a deep, smooth purr. Jaguars sound nicer than other racecars that have a tinny rattle.

I carefully stroll to the grandstands, mindful of the cars also making their way to the racetrack. It is always a little daunting to watch my dad race. In vintage car racing, the cars are more precious than victory. Drivers can be expelled for daring maneuvers, their actions monitored and censured by the colored flags waved at them as they pass the lap marker.

Nonetheless, my heartbeat ticks up as I watch him come down the nearby straight. Then, there is the wait for his car to return as he disappears around the curves of the track. I wait, unconsciously holding my breath, until he comes into sight again. He begins to maneuver to overtake the car in front of him. I lean onto the seat in front of me, quietly chanting, "come on, come on, come on." There is a light pause as the car in front considers blasting forward to prevent the pass, my father caught for a second on the side of the other car. And then, with the joy of watching my team making a goal, I cheer-- "YES!" as he pulls around and pours forward.

After a day of racing, my dad and I grab a beer at the concession stand. To my dad's delight, they have started selling a locally produced IPA. Modernization, admittedly, is not inherently bad. "Well, I didn't beat my lap best time, but I did pass that Shelby, so there's that," my dad says, chewing over the day's race.

I listen to my father, sometimes already aware that I will be looking back at this "before moment" the California of my childhood, when it belonged to the enterprising misfits and not the enterprising elites. I will shelf it with my great-grandfather and the supplanted orchards, of getting Bing cherries from the family-owned farm with my grandmother, of that restaurant run by the old lady who worked at my middle school during World War II. Already late to the sunset of this particular era, I snatch it up.

The cars return from the last race of the day, returning to their temporary homes in the paddock. The echoes linger for a moment before the sound escapes to the hills, to the sea.

Not the First Trip across the USA

In November 2017, a 1977 Morgan 4/4 4 seater parked up for a photo shoot underneath the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco. This marked the end to a planned move, and a 1,500-mile journey, across the USA from Colorado to California.

This wasn't the first trip halfway across the continental USA for the car. It knew it was possible to make the trip having done so fourteen years earlier in the opposite direction when it first arrived in America. (A trip that was featured in the January 2005 copy of Miscellany). But once again it was time for the Morgan to catch up with its owner who'd recently relocated to the West coast.

Since first arriving from the UK to its new home in Colorado, the car had enjoyed many adventures, and had also made some new friends in the local Morgan sports car club. Including one owner that allowed his goggle-wearing dog to ride upfront, much to the astonishment of other motorists more accustomed to seeing a human driver on the left-hand side of a car! The club's organizer, Philip Houha, had also helped tracking down much needed replacement parts in the last fourteen years. The car had also been the focus of amusement to many of the owner's friends as he tried, but failed, to use the car year-round in Colorado. However, when moisture instantly froze on impact with the windscreen in the depths of the Colorado winter it became clear the car was going to mainly enjoy the springs, summers and American

falls. And with mountains, including the Rocky Mountain National Park, all nearby, the Morgan thoroughly enjoyed exploring Colorado.

The owner, Andrew Heath, also was the source of great amusement when once told by a colleague that someone had hit the car in the office parking lot. After dropping everything to run outside to find no damage, and then noticing nearly all his colleagues watching with amusement from inside the office, the slow truth dawned that all was OK.

Getting ready for the Journey

Before starting the journey to California with help from a friend, Peter Arts, and the team at Thomas Vintage Motors in Boulder, CO, the Morgan received a full inspection ahead of the road trip. Other than replacing fluids and a couple of new wiper blades the car was declared ready for the trip. Then, just as in 2003, Moggie was finally rescued by the owner and friend, Tony Harris, to embark on the adventure. Custom made road trip t-shirt also meant the drivers, as well as the car, were ready for the trip.

Which way to San Francisco?

The American highway system may be a marvel of engineering but it doesn't always make for the most exciting road trips. The most direct route from Boulder, Colorado to San Francisco, California is

Interstate 80. Sadly, this is not an especially scenic journey through Wyoming, Utah and Nevada. And with three magnificent US National Parks awaiting in Utah on a more southerly route the trip planning wasn't too hard. Especially when the opportunity to stop for a weekend in Las Vegas, Nevada was also an option to allow the first co-driver to head home and the owner's father-in-law, Jim Hensler, to help finish the journey up from Las Vegas to San Francisco.

Moggie's on the Road Again

The first day was not only the longest, but also potentially the most challenging as the Morgan crossed Colorado into Moab, Utah and over the Continental Divide. Despite an early October snowfall just before setting off on the journey, thankfully everything went as planned, including clearing the Vail Pass at over 10,000 ft. in the Rocky Mountains. As the sun set on the approach into Moab the scenery was stunning the red rocks radiating in the evening sunlight.



San Francisco

Journey's end by the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco



Keeping it Social

One unexpected pleasure from the trip was sharing the progress each day through social media. With so many great photo opportunities, and an experienced co-driver willing to be dropped off to take videos of the Morgan speeding through National Parks, there was never a shortage of material to share each evening with followers on social media. Friends and family also took part in a "guess the final mileage" contest with a

custom road trip t-shirt as a prize for whoever guessed closest to the final distance. Photos of the Morgan's odometer at the end of each day allowed everyone to track their chances of success.

Despite cries of foul play, the closest mileage guess was from the owner's big brother, Simon Heath, with a guess of 1,500 just seven miles short of the actual final mileage.

Los Angeles
Long Beach



This was submitted by Andrew Heath

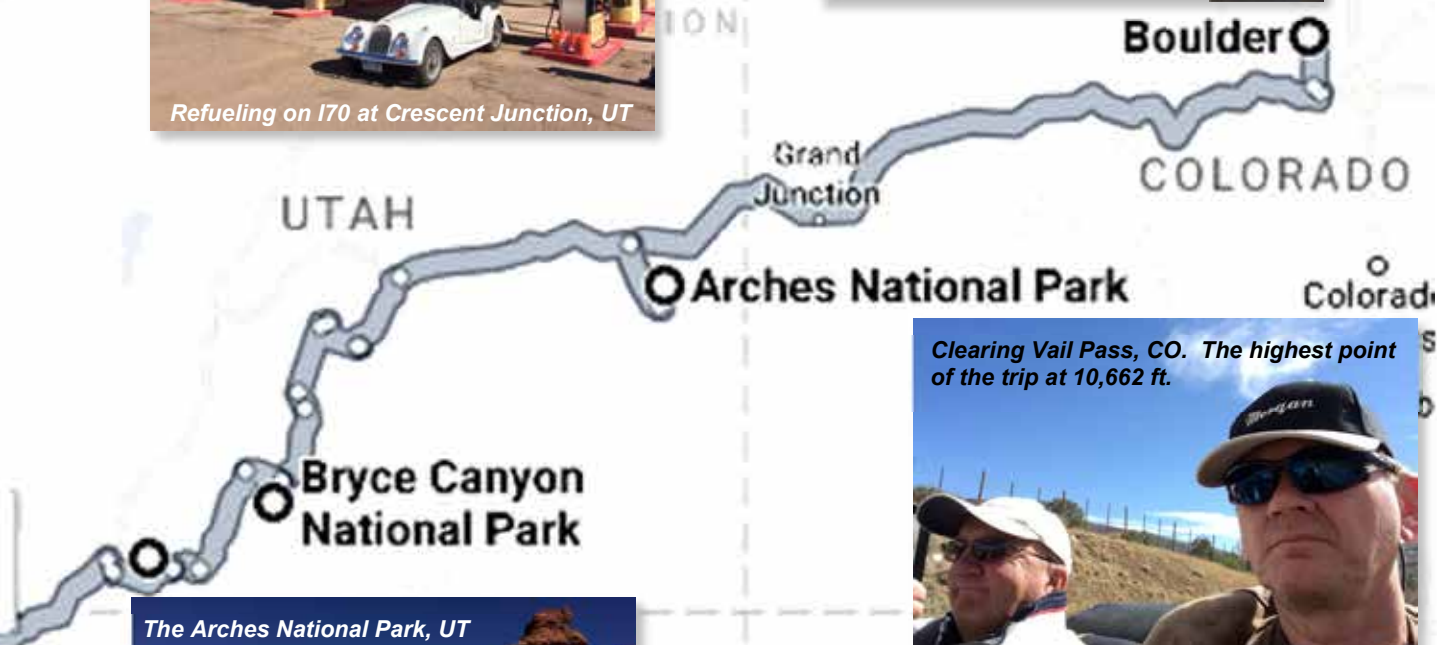
"I recently had [this] article published about my drive bringing my Morgan from Colorado to California a couple of years ago — the car even made the front cover of Miscellany in March 2018."



Refueling on I70 at Crescent Junction, UT



Proudly displaying collector license plates in Boulder, CO



Clearing Vail Pass, CO. The highest point of the trip at 10,662 ft.



The Arches National Park, UT

The next day started with exploration of The Arches National Park. The Morgan felt like it had transformed into Dr. Who's Tardis exploring an alien world of weather and wind beaten red rocks almost like traveling on the surface of Mars. After returning to reality and leaving the park behind, the day's driving continued after refueling in Crescent Junction and making sure enough coolant was added to keep the car cool in the high desert of Utah, before arriving in beautiful Bryce Canyon.

Day Three included two more of Utah's National Parks. The first was Bryce Canyon with its spectacular pinnacles of red rock, visible from the road high above the canyon. After an extended stop to investigate and fix an unexpected smell of petrol, the next stop was Zion National Park. The canyon road, the tunnel cut into the mountainside and the steep hairpin descent dropping out of the park made for magnificent Morgan motoring.

With half the journey over the Morgan finally joined the overheated rush hour traffic of Las Vegas on a Friday evening.

After a weekend in Vegas Tony Harris reluctantly relinquished his co-driver responsibilities to Jim Hensler. The fourth day of the trip completed the journey through Nevada and, at the otherworldly Ivanpah solar power station, the Morgan crossed in to California. After passing the oddly named town of Zzyzx in the Mojave Desert, a lunch stop followed at Peggy Sue's road side diner in Yermo with its abundance of '50s Americana. The final stop of the road trip was Bakersfield, California and then one final day exploring the agricultural valley of California before finally arriving in northern California and San Francisco.

Keeping the Bureaucrats Happy

Unlike the UK, all cars in the USA have a unique Vehicle Identification Number or VIN. One of the first jobs fourteen years ago when arriving in America was getting a VIN from the Sheriff in Colorado. After that the only challenge was passing emissions testing every year. Although the Morgan always eventually passed, it was usually a careful process of fine-tuning the carburettor at the mile-high altitude in Colorado to get the balance right. Then in 2009, once the car was over 30 years old, the Morgan became eligible for collector plates. These require emissions testing but thankfully once every five

years instead of once every twelve months.

Moving states in the USA always provides an opportunity for bureaucracy to present new challenges. Unfortunately, somewhere along on the less developed roads of Utah the rear license plate decided to escape. So, one of the earliest challenges for the car is replacing the Colorado state plates with brand new California license plates.

Journey's End

A few things had changed since the first journey back in 2003. For example, back then both drivers had a camera, cell phones were for calling people not Morgan selfies, packing a couple of laptops would never have made sense, and sharing videos with Facebook followers in the evening after a day motoring through the West would have required a camera crew following the Morgan. But the essential elements of the road trip remained unchanged; freedom exploring the wide-open spaces of the American West, sharing the adventure with close friends and family, and the joy of successfully arriving at the journey's end.

Now settled in its new home close to the Golden Gate Bridge, the Morgan is ready for new adventures up and down the California coast, exploring San Francisco, Monterey Bay, the wine country and beyond.

"I regret I've still not had chance to join a club meeting - partly because I can't work out how to get licensed with my 1977 4/4 in CA. If anyone has ideas that don't impact the authenticity of the car I'd love to hear them! I'm desperate to work out how I can legally get back on the road. I had the car registered in CO but can't find a way to do the same here in CA." Andrew Heath's contact info is in the 2020 Roster.

The Drophead Coupe that Followed Me Home

Story and Photos by Jon Rosner



Rosner providing bulk force. We pirated the Drophead off the property. Push, pull, tow with an aged strap to tow, inching down the rough cut driveway to the awaiting enclosed trailer and home in El Sobrante.

With no serial number on the chassis, the search for identification began. First to the amazing John Burks, then another call to the ever gracious Dennis Glavis. The later call yielded a suggestion, Hermen Pol, Morgan Historian in the Netherlands. \$100? Sure, why not. Paypal to Tcherek to forward the funds to her partner creator of the lovely badges, off and running. The quality and thoroughness of Hermen's report was jaw-dropping.

Now not only did we have the year and serial number but the name of the sales agency the original owner, the name of one of the men who originally bodied the car and the information about his son who rebodied the car and some. 1965 Morgan Plus 4 Drophead Coupe Body number 5150 on chassis 6021 would be resuscitated.

Linda and Larry Eckler of Morgan Spares offered awesome labeled photographs to help us determine what Ash we would need to undertake repairs. But the pieces might take umpteen months to order from Morgan Spares given Covid-19. Retired air traffic controller and ex-president of Golden Gate Lotus Club Jackie Feakins is known for her splendid paintings, metal sculpture and wood craft, renaissance woman. A challenge, something Jackie thrives on. It appeared to be only three simple pieces. Mission creep, these have compound curves. A ride over to see smiling Bob Pinero in the deep back woods of hidden roads in Walnut Creek, CA and patterns were in my grasp. AaarRRRggGGhhHH! They don't fit!! Three pieces now morphed nine complex shapes to model in hard foam and cardboard and fiddle to glove

Bill Finks tall loping stride, easy smile and dry humor reinforced my sense that Morgans were special, a step beyond the usual British car delightful quirks and eccentricities. That sense reinforced with meeting him and seeing the Morgans on a side trip to San Francisco in 1986. My Grant Larson invitation to the Steck's BBQ, a simmering pot of intellectual fervor, in 1991 (or was it 1992?) further whetted my appetite.

As the depths of the early 2020 sadness sank in two calls. Skip Snyder, returning Morgan owner (30 years without) suggested a call to John Burks. Nifty story, to be nicely embellished for color: Drophead Coupe. Owner was a Hollywood producer with a much younger wife. The car in well-used condition saw a large deposit placed with Bill Fink who shipped it to Malvern for restoration. Producer passes on and younger wife has no interest. Bill has the Morgan shipped back to California, body and chassis completed, drivetrain present, top and interior MIA.

A bank check was drawn, John and Barbara Burks corralled the usual suspects including Paul Marchant, Mike from Vallejo. Tom Chavez and crew, with Sam

fit. Thirty hours on the Ash and still going.

A call went out to Brian Linke, renowned for his masterful effort in the restoration of the historic merry-go-round in San Francisco as well as treasured ancient mariner vessels. Brian was my go to person with questions about wood filler and protecting new repairs in the toughest environment there is, the ocean salt.

Brian sent me to see Steve Smith of Smith and Company of Richmond, CA. Here was a man with a Masters Degree in Chemistry and 45 years in developing products while honing his skills in curmudgeonry. His two-part root beer thin Clear Penetrating Epoxy even earning high marks from those in the restoration profession.

Unlike a Lotus Europa where the body, rear uprights and dashboard are the only parts not sourced from the BIG parts bin, a Morgan is a Morgan, interior and trim pieces, gauges and the like appear to be almost unobtainable without gold exchange privileges, ah well that is the phase to come!



cleaning up in El Sobrante



Freshly cut Ash piece and cardboard model



New Ash sill and cardboard and foam mock ups of other parts, test fitting



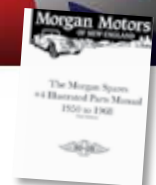
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High Water and Memories of Morgans

By Martin Meiger

In my previous messages to the ever-patient members of the Morgan Sports Car Club of Northern California ("the club"), I have spoken of creeks and their control over our activities. Well... the creek has risen and we are left stranded. This virus epidemic is proving a challenge to everyone. For some it has meant loss of their way of life and even loss of lives. For most of us it has caused the loss of many things that made our lives fulfilling and fun. We may work on our cars or tend and wax them, but the most important thing the Morgan family offers is now not available. I firmly believe that this too will pass. Things may not be the same as they were, but when they happen, they will be all the sweeter. With this in mind, please join me for a stroll down memory lane to visit some decades of my time with little British cars.

The first one in my life was an MGTD, I bet this is true for a lot of us. In the time of hot rods, when I was in high school, my closest friend bought a TD. Even though we were playing with faster and more comfortable cars, it drew me like a magnet. When we were out driving, the experience was like no other. Skipping forward, I got married, moved to San Francisco and went to work trying to make as much per hour as I could. This was The City in the 1960's. This led to a series of jobs fixing cars and I wound up at a place in Colma called Sports Car Race Lab. The owner was a very eccentric blacksmith who fixed sports cars and built formula V cars. (He also made and sold iron chastity belts at the Marin Renaissance Pleasure Faire.) My job was to lay up fiberglass bodies and maintain the molds for the V cars. People who are very creative and artistic frequently don't care much about business. He did not, and I wound up taking an MGTD in payment.

This is where the first Morgan comes in. He really wanted me to take a Morgan flat rad in many baskets. He could get more for the MG since it ran. I already knew how the MG worked so I took that. Life went on and I moved to San Jose to go to school and do sports car events. More MG's, a '62 Jag MKII, and assorted other cars, motorcycles and trucks came in and out of my life. Some years later, Paul Lukes and Mary Gottschalk bought a Victorian house down the street from me and we got acquainted. Mary had a Morgan four-seater drophead. They kindly started to take me to Morgan club and non-club events. The line between

the two as well as my brain was a bit blurry in those days.

The first event I remember was a club Christmas party in a pseudo-Tudor inn and motel in the upper peninsula. Marion Smith was club president and Goodman Loy was her escort that night. One of the runs I remember riding shotgun on back then started in San Jose with Jerry Gurley. It was raining and the hood was up. My job was inside windscreen wiper. By the time we had lunch in Santa Cruz, the weather cleared and I drove for a bit with Bob Frisbey. He was working on his very nice flat rad. Then I drove for a bit with Steve Roake. It had started to rain again and he told me about driving his first Morgan in the Swiss Alps and having to wipe snow off the windscreen as he drove. The run ended in Half Moon Bay and Steve was going on to San Francisco. Fortunately, Phil Eisenberg had a closed car and he was coming back to Santa Clara just a few miles from my house. Somehow things always seemed to work out.

This is where the photos start. This one is a major leap into the future. You might think it also has little to do with Morgans. Or, you may well know that many of our beloved members either are Scots or relate strongly to things Scottish. Gordon Craig, Sam Logan, and Kathy Tollworthy come to mind as some of the Scots, very active club members, and just plain good people. Kathy arranged many invitations to Scottish events for Morgan people. Gordon was a good friend and his contributions stand on their own. Sam and Marie Logan and Bob Frisbey planned and put on the



National Parks Spring Mog in 2018. In the category of Scot-o-philes and active members of the club, were two very lovely people, Elliot Silver and his life companion Juliana. **The kilt Paul Lukes is wearing belonged to Elliot and is the Clan Elliot plaid.** Who remembers Santa Elliot and Xanadu?

Who remembers Elliot, Ted and Marj Scooros (nee MacKay), Bart Weaver, the Tollworthys, Gordon and Maggie Craig, Paul Marchant, Jim Taylor and EllenJo Baron, the Koupals, the Hamiltons and many other club members at either the Dunsmuir House Games or the Pleasanton Games? **Here is a photo at the Dunsmuir Games of Paul and Mary in their +4 followed by**

me driving Tollworthy's +8 and Vigo Ruddersholm in his Vigo Morgan. The Scottish connection, the Burns Suppers, Games, and the Presentation of the Haggis alone provide as many stories as people might care to write. **The next**



photo is one of the many grand BBQs at Willburn's ranch during a MogWest. The scene is the Presentation of the Haggis with Derrick Willburn and myself as guards, John Willburn as host, with Paul Marchant and Gordon Craig reading the Burns poem "To the Haggis." I bet a lot of you remember these things whether or not you care for haggis. Here's to absent friends.

a '59 four passenger +4. The year was 1995 and I had asked Dennis Glavis, who was in the Bay area in those days and a good friend to the Morgan community, to find me a complete, running, but not necessarily beautiful late '50's +4.

He did just that. I met him in Aptos to look at the car. It was living in an oak grove under a parachute. With a bit of encouragement, it started and ran. Paul Lukes

drove me from San Jose to Aptos to retrieve it and followed me home. He was rewarded with a rooster tail of rear-end fluid when the axle seal failed on Highway 17. He persisted in his friendship and helpfulness and we replaced the seals, did a brake job, and drove to one of Jerry Gurley's Boxing Day runs. **Cue the next photo. This was a typical turnout for such events. Too many people**



By now you might be asking "What about your Morgans?" What good is a tale if you get right to the point? If Moggies were concerned about getting right to the point, they would not own and drive Morgans (or be Moggies, for that matter). My first Morgan was

to name them all, but it was a jolly grand gathering on a fine mild day. Before I move on from this car, I will share that it is exactly what I was looking for and I have spent hundreds of happy hours with the help of many fine Morgan friends playing with it. This car has become the basis for the creation of a "special" in the British



High Water, cont'd



sense of the word. Dick Tuttle said, "Morgans are not particularly good cars but they are good toys." Surely many of you can relate to this. **This photo is more or less how it looks currently.** If all works out, this car will get finished and I will open the 20+ years of photos of its reconstruction for future articles.

Moving along in the 1990's, Lexa and I spent a month in Britain and did the pilgrimage to Malvern and the factory that many of you have done. Enthusiasts were well treated in those days, and were allowed the run of the place. They were also free to ask questions and I got a photocopy of the build book listing for our car. The place and people were everything one could want. In the Boxing Day photo, I am wearing a jacket purchased at the factory. An exceptional end to the



'90's occurred in 1999 at the Pebble Beach Concours. Morgan was a featured marque and Peter Morgan came for the event. **This photo [below] was taken at the Morgan dinner.**

Peter Morgan was a very kind, approachable and witty person.

I was told (not by Peter) a story about his interaction with some representatives, vice presidents, etc. of other car companies at Pebble. They were not shy to bring out the importance of their positions. Peter topped them all. "Hello, I'm Peter Morgan. I own the Morgan Motor Car Company."

Morgan drivers encompass many walks of life and viewpoints. While Lexa and I are now not much into long drives for long periods of time, other club members take drives of long duration as a matter of course. Earlier in my life, I drove the TD's to the Sierras to back pack. I once drove a Datsun 2 liter roadster to Illinois in three days. That was the first and last time I drove through Nevada, Wyoming and Montana in August with the clock at a pretty steady 120/hr. Seemed like a good idea at the time and it was legal.

Our club has been invited to see world-class private collections. First Mike Anthony and then Don Henry arranged for the club to see Steve

Hamilton's collection of cars and airplanes. (Seems like a sort of medium distance trip, but ask Paul Marchant what it was like to drive his new trike home over Highway 80 in a snowstorm). **In this photo you are seeing club members' cars parked outside one of the entries to Steve Hamilton's garage at his home near Carson City, Nevada.**

This photo does not show the entire garage or even part of his house. Then there were the hangars and planes and other stuff at the airport. I don't think we saw all of it. Steve Hamilton is a very generous and pleasant person who really loves his toys and is deeply involved in their history, restoration, maintenance, and driving. He endeared himself to the Moggies not only by sharing his cars, but with a very nice lunch and offers of plane rides. In conjunction with one of the visits to this collection, Don Henry organized a fun Western BBQ and dress-up dinner. The English call this a fancy dress event. Sound like fun? Maybe a new event could be planned.

I have a very understanding wife who has accepted my car addiction as part of her life. We care for two other Morgans. **One of these is a 1957 drophead photographed with Lexa at Bob Frisbey's Fremont Peak Spring Mog.** We got this car from Bill Young, and it is another car that has been tended to and loved by some of the better-known club members. Barbara and Lyn Willburn did the fitting of top and interior. Lyn tells me they called it "Greenie." We call it "Lou" because of its license plate. Bill got the





car from Dennis who also owned it for a time. **Our third and most driven Morgan is a 2003 +8. This photo of Lexa and the car was taken in Santa Barbara** on the way home after its purchase from Morgans West in Santa Monica.

You just never know who or where you will see things Morgan. **This nice little café is in Canyon City, Oregon. It belongs to Papa Morgan's sons.**



Take some side trips on your own or as extensions of club events. You never know what you will see. "Is that a kit car, mister?"

The next photo was taken at a Chinese New Year's luncheon. Maggie Craig, then club secretary, seems to have known the importance of paper work. Also in the photo are good sports **Melanie and Richard Smith**. They treasure a very nice +4 which has been a centerfold in the Gazette. Many more events have happened and we have enjoyed the company of some of the best people I can imagine. So get out your photos and memories and share your stories. When the creek drops and things are safe, these wonderful time machines that we tend and love will be there to carry us with our friends to many more adventures and good times. Until then, Lexa and I will be sitting on the back lawn maintaining social distance.



**Thanks for listening and "Cheerio" for now.
Uncle Marty**



Classifieds

FOR SALE: Set of six chrome spline drive wire wheels & tires which came with my car when I purchased it a year and a half ago. Four of them have less than 2,500 miles of light road use, and the two spares never have been on the road.

The wheels are 16" x 4", manufactured by Dayton Wire, and the tires are Firestone Deluxe Champion 4.75-16's.

They really, truly are mint, but I need garage space for some projects. So, the first party who wants to bring **\$500 cash for the entire lot**, will have them.

No haggling, no other form of payment, the full set of six only.

davidberelson@gmail.com)

David Berelson



FOR SALE: Rare final opportunity to buy rare 21k miles 138 bhp Morgan for close to wholesale \$ - Prefer to sell to fellow enthusiast before I accept dealer wholesale bid or send to auction • Dealer assessed at \$35-\$45k (similar model sold recently in mid/high \$40s) but I will **accept first/best offer on \$30,000.**

We have space constraints in recent home/community, two college graduates' costs to pay off. Car details are attached but in summary:

1989 Morgan Plus 4 with 21k miles (understood to be from new), rare factory 138 hp Rover engine and 5 speed; clean title; many \$ spent on recent re-freshening following storage / limited use and passed state safety inspection, May 2020.

Contact David at djfowler713@gmail.com or cell 713-412-0661 before end of June.

Details of Morgan Plus 4 (+4) – clear Texas title:

- 1989 Plus Four, sought-after 4-seater model, RHD – delivered April 1989 per factory's hand-written production ledger
- 21k miles shown (understood to be original)
- Rare model with (factory stock) 138 bhp Rover 16 valve 4 cylinder and 5 speed transmission per +8s. (Delivers 30% more power than earlier TR-engine +4s and only 10% less hp than early +8s). 0-60 in 7.7 secs per period road test.
- Lighter weight factory option aluminum body panels and wings
- Factory galvanized steel chassis plus undercoating.
- Royal Ivory (cream) exterior with navy blue interior and weather gear
- All the visible wood looks in great condition (including from underneath, and when removed rear seat and fittings, under the floor mats, etc.)
- Most factory/dealer options: reclining leather seats, walnut dash, Motolita steering wheel, door handles, wing

mirrors, luggage rack, 15" wire wheels

- Full weather gear in navy – side curtains, soft top, and (two) tonneau: full length (missing 1-2 metal snaps) and short one for over top bows / rear compartment.
- Car came on original Avon tires – retained unused spare for shows; around 2k on four replacement tires mounted/balanced using new inner tubes in May 2020.
- Over \$2k+ of servicing / refurbishment within last few hundred miles (coming out of storage) including replacement ECU from UK, new battery, rear brakes and cylinders. Previously rebuilt: brake master and clutch slave and master cylinders; serviced engine, transmission and differential; plugs, oil & filter change.
- In readiness for sale freshened / detailed under hood and bulkhead areas, hand- buffed out exterior paint work, flushed coolant, and fitted new factory spec fuel pump (from UK dealer). Passed Texas state (safety) inspection (May 2020).
- Car sold "as is" and "where is" on Clear Texas title (no liens)

1952 "DELOW" Morgan

by simanaitissays

TWO OF MY favorite sports cars are embodied in this one example. Indeed, there were a pair of "Dellow" Morgans manufactured. Theirs is a tale of British resourcefulness confronted with postwar challenges.

The Dellow. Back on August 23, 2012, ten days after establishing SimanaitisSays, I celebrated "The Dellow Sports Car." As I noted back then, the Dellow is so English it makes one's teeth ache.

Designed for the peculiarly British motorsport of trials (off-road competition through the countryside), the Dellow was also noteworthy for its fabrication. Steel was a rationed commodity in postwar Britain. However, what with wartime aircraft no longer produced, there was a glut of aluminum. (This was not just in Britain; the U.S. had lots of aluminum cups, utensils and other kitchenware in the 1950s.)

The Dellow had a chassis fabricated from WWII-surplus rocket-launching tubes. And its bodywork—of aluminum — was provided by RadPanels of Kidderminster, just west of Birmingham in central England.

The Morgan Plus 4. In 1936, the Morgan 4/4 got its name from a foursome of wheels and of cylinders, respectively. Previously, the firm had built only trikes. The "Plus" of the Morgan Plus 4, introduced in 1950, indicated an enhancement of power, not wheels.

Traditional assembly of a Morgan was performed at its Malvern Link works, about 45 miles southwest of Birmingham. The car had bodywork of steel panels nailed to a superstructure of ash wood perched atop a steel frame.

The ash gave rise to the misunderstanding that "Morgan frames were made of wood." On the other hand, the Morgan's simple ladder frame of steel was willowy enough to prompt such a rumor.

Along Comes Graeme Anton. In early 1952, University of Cambridge-bound Graeme Anton wanted to order a Morgan Plus 4. Alas, Peter Morgan told Anton that the firm's steel allotment had been assigned to cars already ordered.

Anton could have a rolling chassis, sans bodywork.

As noted in the Gooding & Company catalog for its 2012 Scottsdale auction, "For the coachwork, Mr. Anton approached Lionel Evans of Radpanels in Kidderminster, England.... the two men struck a deal that would allow the car to be completed in time for Mr. Anton's departure for school."



This and following images from Gooding & Company Friday, January 20, 2012, 11:00 a.m., Scottsdale, Arizona auction catalog.

A Plus of Plus 4: a 2088-cc Standard Vanguard inline-four producing 68 hp. (A previous 4/4's 1267-cc Standard Special made do with 39.8 hp.) Image from Hyman Ltd.



The Gooding catalog continues, "Construction techniques at Radpanels were markedly different from that of the Morgan factory, with the coachwork of this car built over a steel tube frame rather than the ash wood used in Morgan-bodied cars. Also, as Mr. Anton had been wounded while serving in the British Army, the doors were hinged at the rear to allow him easier access to the cockpit. The car was registered LAB 274 and delivered to its proud owner on September 30, 1952."

LAB 274 History. Anton joined and competed in events of the Cambridge University Auto Club. He and LAB 274's second owner, British Morgan Club member Quentin English, acquired a fine collection of entry plaques in various trials and sprints.

"By the mid-2000s," Gooding notes, "the car had covered a mere 47,000 miles and was in the ownership of John Baroth who, with a friend, began to piece together the history of LAB 274. During the research, Mr. Baroth made contact with Mr. Anton documenting his memories of the car when new."

The catalog continues, "Mr. Anton sent many period competition photos and other items to Mr. Baroth, including the original green paint and leather samples that he had kept for nearly 60 years."

For Gooding & Company's 2012 Scottsdale auction, the car was listed at an estimated \$70,000-\$90,000 without reserve. The Dellow Morgan fetched \$79,750.

I'd say well bought, carrying the spirit of my two favorite sports cars. ds

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