

Downeast Autumn MOG



The Autocross King

NEW CLUB MEMBERS

Richard M. & Caryl Actis-Grande Westport, CT '02 Plus 8

Morgan Malone Swansea, MA & Allison DeKleine '61 Plus 4 DHC

Bruce & Gail Trabb Annapolis, MD '03 Plus 8

Welcome to the club and we hope to see you at an event soon.



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FROM THE PRESIDENT

I have belonged to car clubs most of my adult life. At some point I no longer owned any old cars, having sold the last one to pay for my son's college. A few years after that a good friend said to me "You need a car again, you're just not you. The most fun club is the Morgan club. The people in that club are really a hoot."

After giving me a turn at the wheel of his Plus 4 I began investigating available Morgans in earnest. As luck would have it, the very first one I went to see had my name on it, sans the pink luggage rack, and I bought it. Let's face it - we drive the Joseph Campbell archetype of Sports Cars. The "snappiest" of "snappy chariot"(s) as Downton Abbey's Mary would say. Classically, the coolest looking and most very most fun car to drive. That's our little secret and some may say addiction, or rather "drug of choice". And my friend was right; I do enjoy hanging with the MOG crowd. We are a fun and interesting group.

Yesterday the following email was forwarded to me by the Ecklers:

Hello,

My name is Dana Casko and I'm a member of British Cars of New Hampshire.

We have over 400 hundred members and something on the order of 300 plus British Cars, from MGs to Allards. We're an extremely active and social club, with monthly meetings, frequent weekend drives, and an annual Car Show for two local charities. Our event each year is called the Show of Dreams. This year, we donated the proceeds to the High Hopes Foundation (\$5,000.00) and The New Hampshire Food Bank, (\$5000.00).

Our planning for each yearly event begins nearly as soon as the last show tents are packed away in our trailer. Since I'm on the committee, my assignment was to reach out to you to tell you that the event for 2016 will be held on July 23rd. Our featured marque will be Morgan and we'd appreciate a little bit of help from you if you'd be so kind.

We'd like to extend an invitation to as many Morgan owners throughout New England as possible. Could you share the information on this event with as many of your customers as appropriate?

I hope to hear from you and perhaps even make an appointment to drive out to meet with you. Hopefully, I'll have some of the show posters to bring so that you can display the event in your showroom. Please feel free to call me on my cell phone if you have any suggestions you'd like to share.

Sincerely, Dana Casko My first reaction was of total envy. "Extremely active and social club". Granted, a good part of how active we are has to do with proximity to each other, and our little club covers a lot of ground throughout the Northeast area. How active are we? When we are together-very! How active do we want to be? This is a question all of you must look deeply into your hearts and answer. LOL- I have no judgment about this either way.

"Who knew when I retired I would be so busy" said a MOGee to me recently. I would be the last to imply that all of our lives are not filled to the brim- working at jobs or not. It was hard to find a couple of suckers to take on the executive positions of our club but now that we are here we want you all to come play with us... and each other. It is well known, at this point, that we need someone or ones to volunteer to run the 2016 Autumn-MOG or there might NOT be one. You can all speak up at onceit's OK. We also need an area captain for NYC and someone to spearhead the advertising initiative for the Morganeer. We are presently working on a way to let people volunteer on the Club website but feel free to email or call me anytime with your ideas and ambitions.

Team Wnek did a great job in Maine! "You should'a been there!" After such a great fall event, it is more important than ever that we make time and take the effort to do things as a club. Many hands make light work, and with such talented people as we have, lets take the time to enjoy each other and support our mutual passion.

There's another option. October 21st was "Back To The Future " day. If you are not acquainted with the movie, in part 2, Michael J Fox travels into the future and arrives in his hometown October 21, 2015. He finds hover skateboards, clothing that auto-fit with a touch of a button and the Cubs win the World Series. Even though none of those things have come to fruition today, it made me think that maybe we should be saving up for a MOGee retirement community where we can just sit on rocking chairs and look at our cars on the lawn.

And about the meaning of the presidency: my feelings about "presidents", particularly US, has always been it's a Catch-22. Anyone who wants to be president must be crazy, given what you have to do to get there and what you have to endure in the job. That said, people who seek and attain the presidency are crazy. So, we know that we have no crazy people in the 3/4 club. President of our club is a position no one seems to seek.

Maura and I, in a very female cooperative way, have chosen to preside over this job cooperatively. David Jacobsen told me that the job entails, according to the by-laws, overseeing the business of the club. This we pledge to do along with organizing some more music and dancing activities. You are all MOST welcome to join us in these.

Ultimately though, the question still stands - who do we want to be? This is up to us all, the membership. Give the board a sign and commit to making it happen...

Now I have to get back to finishing the Directory. Want to have that in print before Thanksgiving.

Cheers, Ruth

FROM THE EDITOR

It is a little hard to believe that Autumn MOG has come and gone, and summer and the major driving season along with it. Certainly bittersweet for me, since I am finally getting back to a normal sleep schedule after dealing with all the last minute details leading up to Downeast Autumn MOG. Not to mention herding the cats all weekend long! Thanks to all those who traveled all the way up to the 'farthest north' Autumn MOG in our illustrious club's history. Now you can say – 'been there, done that!'

And, oh yes, our cover pays tribute to Autumn MOG's King of the Autocross – Barrie Abrams. If you look at the autocross photos in the centerfold you see looks of fear, anxiety, determination and even confusion. But look in Barry's eyes and you see supreme confidence. He seems to hardly be breaking a sweat. A man and his machine in their natural element. How do you do it Barrie?

So, yes this is no doubt the 'Autumn MOG' issue. But I must also subtitle it the 'photographers issue', since I received SO many wonderful photos of the event from so many of you. It really was a chore to pick which ones to use, thus I 'compromised' by expanding the color 'centerfold' to 4 full pages from the usual 2. Contributors included Brian Jouris (British Invasion), Fred and Connie Schuchard, Jack Flynn, David Root, Maura Hall, Pat Hennessey and Bill Gartland. (If I have left anyone out, forgive me and let me know.)

We begin the coverage of events for the last months of the season with Sam Selby's observations, as both a Mainer and a first time Autumn MOG participant, of our club's premier annual event. Sam's wonderful descriptions of the venues and flavor of the event gave it a true sense of prestige and warmth. The many smiles really tell the story, though, as you can see from the photographs and centerfold.

But several weeks before Autumn MOG, 3/4 Morgan Group members at another big New England sports car event, the British Invasion, stole the show in their own special way. Linda Baker, who hosts the event for the Morgan contingent tells us of how a certain couple we all know and love added to their unbroken string of victories in the ever popular 'Tailgate Competition'. And could they actually be retiring after this year? We've all heard that one before, haven't we?

And Marc Wunderman contributed an interesting British Invasion story about what might happen should one linger too long after dark at the block party. It is amazing what one errant wire can do when loose and left to its own devises inside the head-lamp enclosure of a trike – or any Morgan,



for that matter. Lucas strikes again!

Further south in ye olde town of Madison, Connecticut, **Spider** reports on another all marque sports car show which takes over the lovely, quintessential village green of that classic New England town for one summer day per year. Once again, due to Spider's persistence, the club had a good turnout of Morgans for this show, officially titled British Wheels On the Green.

One of the many surprises of Autumn MOG was the appearance of two couples from the Morgan Over America tour at the Saturday concours and Awards Banquet. They had gone WAY out of their way to drive up from Portland after having arrived on the ferry from Nova Scotia. Stan Jodeikin, from Australia, traveling with the tour, presented the club with a lovely badge commemorating the 50th Anniversary of the Morgan Club of Australia. And imagine my surprise, when a very interesting article on his trip appeared in the November issue of the the journal of the Aussie club. I immediately asked permission to reprint it, of course. It is truly amazing how many miles were covered by this intrepid group, as they departed the Samoset early Sunday morning to catch up with the tour in North Conway, NH.

At the annual meeting the last day of Autumn MOG it was decided to keep the club annual membership dues at \$50 per year. So you can look forward to receiving your Morganeer as in the past. One of my goals for 2016 is to revive and once again have more 'Member Profiles' gracing these pages, but in order to do so I will need your help. If there is a member that you know and would like to profile in The Morganeer please let me know and provide some backround.

Well, its time to get the oil changed in the drophead, tuck it under its winter blanket, put the old top hat away until the holidays, and start raking those stupid leaves that have fallen all over my yard. How rude! It makes me wonder, is there still a road under all those leaves?

Does the road really go on forever?

Frank

TO THE EDITORS

Frank

New issue posted. Takes me a long time to post, because I can't stop reading it! Frank, you are a wonder!

Bill (Clark, webmaster)

Thanks for the nice write-up in the Morganeer. The grandkids loved it.

Erwin (Dressel)



SPY SHIP?

Was it just a coincidence that this alleged 'cruise ship' loaded with supposed 'tourists' from the UK showed up in Rockland Harbor, within easy electronic and visual eavesdropping distance from the Samoset Resort, on the Saturday of Downeast Autumn MOG? Just a LITTLE too suspicious if you ask me. ed

Photo by Bill Gartland



DOWNEAST AUTUMN MOG 2-4 October 2015 The Fall Finale in Maine

Sam Selby

he summer of 2015 in Maine was perfect for Morgans. Rainfall was sparse all season and by late September a drought was developing. In fact, it was such a dry period that Morgans could be left outdoors for days at a time without getting drenched. In fact, it was so arid that in late September a group of British enthusiasts were heard to complain about the relentlessly sunny, excessively balmy days they'd seen since bringing their cars across the pond for a fall foliage tour of Maine and New England! of drizzle Friday night, but overall the weekend' weather was just fine. Gorgeous Morgans showed up in droves. Sprinkled across the hotel parking lot beneath dazzling foliage and dramatic coastal hills those cars were a beautiful sight.

Those perfect conditions could surely have been expected to extend to the beginning of October when the first Autumn MOG in Maine was to be held along the coast in Rockland. Nearly a hundred members were bringing almost fifty Morgans for the three day celebration of everything Morgan. A gorgeous venue, the Samoset Resort, offered luxurious accomodations, amazing ocean views, group spaces, dining options, secure parking, and easy access to a spectacular stretch of coastline.

What a shock for this year's organizers, Frank and Meredith Wnek, when they saw the forecast just five days before the event. Unseasonably nasty weather was predicted. The weatherman called for drenching rain, fierce wind and the coldest temperatures since April. Even more ominous was the report that a major hurricane, Joaquin, was forming in the Atlantic, and several forecast models had it approaching New England late in the weekend.

But, like so many worries in life, everything amazingly turned out fine in the end. Two days later the forecast for the weekend had dramatically changed. The wind blew, but Joaquin, after pounding the Bahamas, curved father out to sea. There was a brief period





The Samoset Resort, built in the 1970s from massive timbers salvaged from an industrial warehouse, was the perfect backdrop for wooden car buffs. On Thursday night the lobby's richly varnished beams and floors glowed like a Morgan interior as Marsha Carter dispensed her warm greetings, information folders, welcome packets, and stuffed goody bags. The wine tasting - first optional event of the weekend - was a hit. The nearby Cellar Door Winery featured wines handcrafted from grapes sourced from premier vineyards across the country and from local blueberries.

Some Morganeers chose to go into Rockland for dinner at one of many fine restaurants. Others enjoyed La Bella, a restaurant at the hotel. From 8 to 11 PM, the Flynns hosted a mob in the hospitality suite they'd establish on the fourth floor.

Choice wines, craft beers and snacks selected and stocked by Lorna and Jack were available in that cozy space. All weekend that informal atmosphere encouraged people to connect and reflect on the fun times. Many visitors had their first bite of the delightfully tasty Macoun apples sought out by the Flynns at a nearby farm.

While many more attendees were arriving at the Samoset Friday morning, others were clenched in mortal combat at the Owls Head Transportation Museum, participating in the Autocross. Frank volunteers at this impressive museum located at the nearby Knox County airport, and felt that the facility was the perfect spot for the outdoor events and a fitting backdrop for a celebration of iconic automobiles. The museum has an impressive car collection, a fleet of vintage aircraft, most of which still fly regularly, and many other vehicles on display as well as boats and stationary engines.

With the help of members of the Midcoast Maine Sports Car Club, a challenging autocross was set up on the museum's back ramp. While good-natured complaints were voiced by some who claimed the short, curvaceous circuit favored the 4/4s over the Plus 8's, the results of three heats spread over four hours were pretty conclusive. Everyone seemed to have a good time. The usual suspects emerged with blistering performances in all classes. The perennial autocross whiz, Barrie Abrams, took top honors in the Plus 8 category (and fastest time of the day), and Maura Hall aced the 4/4 class! (Full event results reported elsewhere this issue – ed)

During the lunch break a fascinating presentation was made by Flt Lt Brad King, an expert on WWI aviation. Standing in front of a replica of the Red Baron's Fokker triplane and the museum's famous Checkerboard SPAD, Brad delivered a colorful description

photos:

Opposite page, TOP: Concours at Owls Head Transportation Museum

Opposite page, BOTTOM: Frank & Bob presenting the Perry Award

this page, TOP: "I believe Eddie Rickenbacker just departed in the checkerboard SPAD"



of the challenges and thrills of early air combat.

But things were just getting started for the action packed weekend. Next up was cocktails and lobster dinner Friday night at The Landings waterfromt restaurant in Rockland. The heartiest and true music lovers in the group remained outdoors where a steel drum band played under a tent. The warm, rhythmic Caribbean music encouraged dancing, and despite a raw wind, a conga line soon formed and snaked its way up and down the boardwalk. The feast indoors was spectacular: steamed lobster with roasted potatoes, corn and coleslaw, and an amazing blueberry bread pudding.

On Saturday morning a parade of Morgans made the ten minute trip back to Owl's Head under sunny skies for the Concours and the Rallies. As a piper serenaded the cars through the entry gate, Larry Sheehan and Fred Schuchard organized the cars by type around a tent on an apron adjacent to the museum hangers. The officials for the judged events were, for the most part, unaffiliated with the club so impartial results were guaranteed. Larry and Linda Ekler had a Morgan Spares booth that seemed very busy all day. Scoring the many ballots, each with a dozen or so entries was the competent team of Karin and Doug Constant, who on Friday had steadfastly kept score

despite the cold and wind of the Autocross. Eleven cars were entered in the Judged Classes of Early and Late Classics, and the Peoples Choice categories featured examples of most Morgans including modern and vintage three wheelers.

Some welcome sunshine warmed up the Saturday afternoon and encouraged participation in the rally events. Drivers and passengers were given a choice between a competitive rally with clues or a scenic trip along the coast put together by local Mainers Ann and Brent Folweiller and Gordon Baxter. Participants in either event were treated to long vistas of Penobscot Bay as they enjoyed the best weather of the weekend.

Meanwhile, all weekend a silent auction had been underway in the Schooner Room at the resort. There were lots of interesting Morgan gear, as well as clothing, art, wine, food and even furniture that had been donated. During a well attended cocktail party complete with sumptuous hors d'oeuvres the final bids were accepted for most items.

The Awards Banquet followed in a large ballroom. MC and organizer Frank Wnek looked out at a sea of happy faces grouped in tables of eight as he introduced the guest speaker, the executive director of the Owls Head Transportation Museum, Russ Rocknack. Russ described the growth and future goals of the Museum, and his desire to help kids become more aware of the mechanisms that power human endeavors.

And in another surprise of a weekend full of surprises, Stan Jodeiken, of the Morgan Club of Australia, added an international element to the festivities by taking the podium to present a very handsome Australian Morgan Club 50th Anniversary badge to Frank. Stan and his wife had taken an ambitious side trip from their Morgans Over America group tour just to come to the Concours and join us for the banquet.

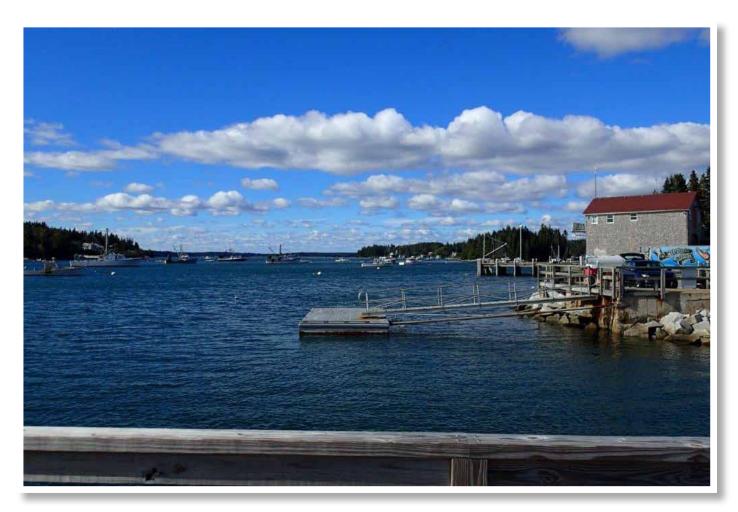
Another highlight of the evening was a live auction conducted by Brad King. Witty and highly persuasive, Brad managed to boost bidding on many of the items. He was helped by models and presenters Mara Abrams and Susan Rho, who cleverly paraded apparel and other items around the ballroom. An extensive awards ceremony followed. Frank had arranged for very special, substantial trophies that were a big hit with the many recipients. Before anyone realized it - as if in a dream - it was all over. Except for those who decamped to the hospitality suite for more partying.

On Sunday morning after breakfast, a good number of members attended the 3/4 Group Annual Meeting before packing up and reluctantly heading south.

Thanks for the support of everyone who attended DOWNEAST MOG! Frank and Meredith must have lost months of sleep planning and organizing every phase of this complicated event. That hundreds of moving parts all flowed seamlessly together is testimony to their hard work and amazing organizational skills. We are all so fortunate to have them in our club.

photos:

this page: Barrie "I believe you just got beat – BY A GIRL!" Frank "Not just ANY girl Barrie." Opposite page, TOP: Rally scene – Port Clyde Opposite page, BOTTOM: Marc in a trance on the autocross (Yes, the car IS moving!)





THE MORGAN THAT WOULD BE BEST IN SHOW



Little could anyone have imagined that this rusting, forlorn and neglected '52 Plus 4 Drophead Coupe, discovered by the Willburns in a backyard in California, would one day be the Best In Show Morgan at the Autumn MOG Concours. As I recall the story, Bill and Gerry had to rake through the underbrush to find some of the errant parts that had been carelessly strewn near the car or perhaps had just rusted or fallen off.

My top hat is off to Bill Alexander and the Willburn family, whose team efforts resulted in the restoration of this lovely blue classic of classic Morgans – the Flat Rad Drophead Coupe. Congratulations to the Best In Show team (pictured on page 10). ed

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Lenny Mandel
Vice President – Investments
Financial Consultant

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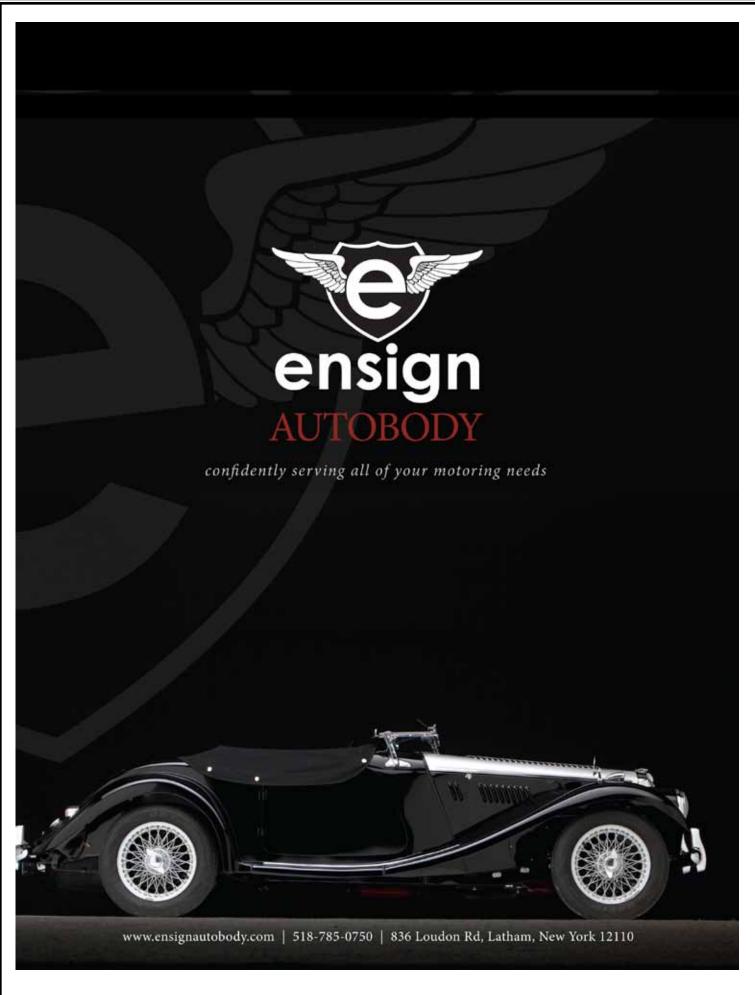


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DOWNEAST AUTUMN MOG AWARDS



AUTOCROSS

Fastest Time of Day Barrie Abrams 54.95 sec

4/4 Class

First place Maura Hall 1 min 00.09 sec Second Place Frank Wnek 1 min 03.87 sec Third Place Bill Gartland 1 min 11.53 sec

Plus 4 Class

First Place Eric Singer 1 min 06.94 sec Second Place Ruth Bonomo 1 min 09.96 sec Third Place Mike Poropat 1 min 20.72 sec

Plus 8 Class

First Place Barrie Abrams 54.95 sec
Second Place Orrin Longbothum 1 min 01.09 sec
Third Place Rodney Trabb 1 min 04.97 sec

Women's Class

First Place Maura Hall 1 min 00.09 sec Second Place Ruth Bonomo 1 min 09.96 sec Third Place Par Hennessey

Special Award

3 Wheeler Marc Wunderman 1 min 28.18 sec

RALLYE

First place Maura Hall & Debbie Perry
Second Place Barrie & Maura Abrams
Third Place Bruce & Rodney Trabb

CONCOURS

JUDGED CLASSES

BEST IN SHOW Bill Alexander '52 Plus 4 DHC

Early Classics

First Place Bill Alexander '52 Plus 4 DHC Second Place Jim Vollmuth '52 Plus 4 Third Place Burt Hunter '66 Plus 4 SS

Late Classics

First Place Bruce Trabb '03 Plus 8 Second Place Brad King '77 4/4

PEOPLES CHOICE CONCOURS

4/4 Class

First Place Bill Gartland Second Place Maura Hall Third Place Sam Selby

Plus 4 Class

First Place (tie) Tom Austin, Larry Sheehan

Third Place Mike Poropat

Plus 4 4 Seater/DHC Class

First Place Mike & Linda Baker

Second Place Gordon Baxter

Early Plus 8 Class

First Place Bob Cohn

Second Place Fred Schuchard

Third Place Jim Nolan

Late Plus 8 Class

First Place Doug Constant

Second Place Bill Alexander

(presented by Ron Garner)

OTHER AWARDS

Harry Carter

Esprit du Vent Award Fred Schuchard

Perry Award John & Gladys MeNaughton

Morganeer Pen Is Mightier

Than the Wrench Award Brad King

Barbara Ross Award Ruth Bonomo

Rookie Of The Year Award Orrin Longbothum

Who Came the Farthest

in A Morgan Award Jamie & Betsy Morris

PRESIDENT JACOBSEN STEPS DOWN

After taking the helm of the 3/4 Morgan Group as President two years ago, David Jacobsen officially stepped down and was honored at the Autumn MOG Awards Banquet. "Talk softly and carry a big Styrofoam noodle thingy" being his trademark expression, David was presented a big Styrofoam noodle thingy as one of his parting gifts. Our thanks go out to him for stepping up to volunteer as president after the office had gone vacant for several months, and for guiding the operations of the club and displaying unfailing leadership for the last several years. Well done, Mr. President.





TWENTY FIFTH ANNUAL BRITISH INVASION

Frank Wnek & Linda Baker

ossibly the most gorgeous New England fall weekend this season and a 25th Anniversary celebration brought British sports car buffs in droves and presaged what has become THE premier British car show of northern New England - the British Invasion in Stowe, Vermont. Traditionally held the 3rd weekend of September, the weather for the show Friday and Saturday could not have been better – clear blue skies and mild (for Vermont) temperatures. Throw in beautiful Green Mountain views, fall foliage galore, twisty mountain roads, the quintessential New England town of Stowe and sprinkle liberally with British sports cars of ALL marques out the ears, a live Beatles tribute band, block party with dancing in the streets and you have ONE BIG PARTY!

Linda and Mike Baker have become the perennial hosts for the Morgan contingent at the British Invasion. They not only arrange and preside over a Friday night dinner out in downtown Stowe followed by the frolicking in the streets, but also host a Saturday evening dinner at their place in nearby Waterville, VT (locale of the infamous Drophead in the ditch incident). Barry and Terri Lyman of Stowe and parts unknown in Florida for the 'off-season' were surprise quests at the Friday

night dinner.

A good representation of Morgans graced the show field on Saturday, amongst over 600 of their British cousins. The Morgans always get their fair share of attention amongst the adoring crowds of sports car enthusiasts. In the peoples' choice balloting, Richard Strait won the Plus 4/4-4 Class, Brent and Anne Folweiller won the Plus 8 Class and Marc Wunderman the Trike Class. Also representing the Morgan

marque were Orrin Longbothum (with his Corvette powered Plus 8 Plus), Jim and Deb Perman and Bill and Beth Jouris.

But the event had a significance for our 3/4 Morgan Group that transcended that of a mere 'car show'. After announcing in previous years that they would be 'retiring' from the trademark British Invasion Tailgage Competition, our club dress-up artists extraordinaire, Bill and Beth Jouris, decided to do a grand finale. And they did it in their own inimitable and over the top style, dragging their King and Queen of England costumes, aka King Henry the 8th and Queen Anne Boleyn, out of the closet for one more encore performance. And when Bill and Beth dress up, they just don't dress up, but also assume the personas of their alter egos. This was most evident in the anxious expression on the face of the lovely Anne, wondering no doubt if she might somehow lose the favor of her royal spouse and end up losing her head.

Of course, it was NO surprise that the king and queen of dress up once again took the top prize for BOTH Most British and Best Tailgate. Congratulations, and all hail the king and queen. If they have in fact retired from the competition, they will leave behind an amazing legacy of taking top prize in this quintessential part of the British Invasion every year since it started. We, their lowly subjects, can only bow in true reverence.

photos:

this page: Friday block party in Stowe

Opposite page, clockwise from top left:

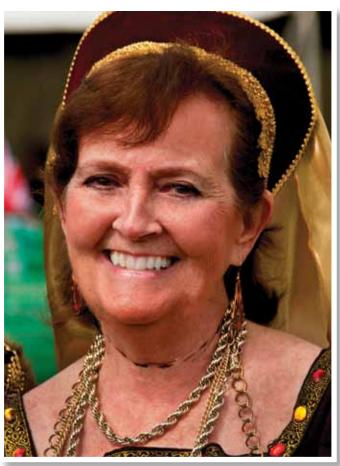
Bill and Beth at the concours

The lovely Anne Boleyn

TR in a ditch – Egads! Has it become a British Invasion plague?

The King and Queen of the British Invasion









NEW **2015 MORGAN 3 WHEELER** Black/Black!

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body/Black wings, two tone
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metallic, brown leather

2014 MORGAN

3 WHEELER Sport Green, tan leather, 1.5k miles

NEW **2012 MORGAN 3 WHEELER**Sport Red, Full Warranty
2014 suspension upgrade

2010 MORGAN AERO

SUPERSPORTS Zurallic Blue Metallic //Recent Price Adjustment

2005 MORGAN V6

ROADSTER Maserati Bordeaux Metallico // ARRIVING SOON

2005 MORGAN ROADSTER Land Rover Panama Green Metallic

2003 MORGAN PLUS 8 35TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION,

Dark Red Cherry Metallic

1995 MORGAN PLUS 8 ALLOY Bugatti French Blue

1967 MORGAN PLUS 4 FOUR SEATER SUPERSPORT, POZZI Blue

1964 MORGAN PLUS 4
FOUR SEATER, IVORY

1959 MORGAN PLUS 4
DROPHEAD COUPE BRG/Black

1958 MORGAN PLUS 4 Four SEATER Ivory/Green leather

1955 MORGAN PLUS 4
FOUR PASSENGER DROPHEAD
COUPE 2 Tone Blue

1951 MORGAN PLUS 4 DHC Dark Blue



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The Autocross























Concours and Rally













Concours and Rally















Friday Night and Awards Banquet

















ONE MORE THANK YOU

I knew when I got up to begin the program at the Awards Banquet at Autumn MOG that I would forget to mention someone as I introduced my Autumn MOG team, even tthough I had written them all down (I thought). And sure enough, I forgot to mention Doug and

Karin Constant, our club Regalia team, who not only were responsible for the lovely black cooler bags embroidered with Morgan logo wings which were the event goody bags, but also dutifully manned the timing table for the autocross (photo) on Friday, and then also

volunteered to do the tabulation of the judging sheets for the concours on Saturday. So, my apologies to Doug and Karin for that omission. And here once again (I think) is a COMPLETE listing of the excellent TEAM that put on Downeast Autumn MOG 2015.

DOWNEAST AUTUMN MOG TEAM

Autocross: Sam Selby, John Harris, members of Maine Mid Coast Sports Car Club

Rallye: Gordon Baxter, Brent & Ann Folweiller Concours: Larry Sheehan, Fred Schuchard Hospitality Suite: Jack & Lorna Flynn Auction: Jane Mattson, Mary Leong Hunter

Auctioneer and Lecturer: Brad King

Admin/Registration: Marsha Carter, Maura Hall, Meredith Wnek Friday Lobster Dinner: Gordon Baxter, The Landings restaurant,

Steel'n Thunder steel drum band

Regalia, autocross/concours recorders: Doug & Karin Constant All Around Helpers: Maura Hall, Ruth Bonomo, Dean Meyer Owls Head Transportation Museum, The Samoset Resort





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A MOST MORGAN MOMENT

Marc Wunderman

British Invasion, Stowe, VT, September 2015

ach year during the weekend of British Invasion, the huge British car meet at Stowe, Vermont, the village of Stowe hosts a block party on Friday night. The event includes a live band outside the town hall, street food, and, of course, cars. The main street is closed to regular traffic, but British cars are invited to park perpendicular to the curb, and this has become something of a "show before the show." Led by locals Linda and Mike Baker the Morgan contingent and friends usually books a table at one of the restaurants in the village, thus allowing us to take in the festivities yet eat sitting down at a table and preferably indoors.

I have participated with the 1934 Super Sports since the inaugural block party a few years ago. And if there is any downside it is that by the time the affair is over it will be dark. And one thing I generally don't do with the old three-wheeler is drive after dark. A friend once drew a caricature of my car in which he showed the headlamps containing flickering candles, and his

drawing may have overstated their effectiveness.

But at Stowe we make an exception for the block party. The hotel I've used is barely a mile from the center of town on a road I know well, and while there are no streetlights once out of the village it is a short distance. What could possibly go wrong? Since I enjoy explaining the car to people I do a lot of talking at these events. As the block party was winding down and one by one the Morgans pulled out and left the village I was still answering questions and when it was going on 10:00 PM I decided it was time to leave.

The car has run well all summer and had behaved flawlessly since arriving in Vermont. Without the slightest bit of trepidation I turned on the fuel tap, tickled (flooded) the carburetor, set the spark, mixture and throttle controls and turned on the ignition. I held down the compression release and pushed the starter button and the old J.A.P. rumbled to life on the first try as it usually does. What - you thought it wouldn't start?

I turned on the sidelights including the wing lights – which a three-wheeler is not supposed to have but mine does. Then turned on the headlights and . . . the engine promptly died and the lights went dark. Tried the starter, nothing; sidelights, nothing; horn, nothing. The car appeared electrically dead. I could hear something in the background, possibly the ghost of Joseph Lucas sniggering in whatever dark place he has gone to, or maybe he was repeating the advice attributed to him that "gentlemen don't travel after dark."

By this time most of the British cars had left, and as I was trying to find a solution a bystander unhelpfully continued to pepper me with questions, which was not helping me to think. I opened the small toolbox that lives behind the seat and got out the flashlight I have carried for years for just such an occasion . . . but that was dead too since I'd probably last changed the batteries



sometime in the last century. Or maybe it was just another manifestation of the Lucas Effect.

The next useful thing I could find was a piece of wire with an alligator clip soldered at each end (and if you don't carry one of those in your Morgan you should). I used the clips to short the battery and got a big spark, so the problem was not a dead battery. The three wheeler has two fuses, one seems to power the horn and the other powers ab-

solutely everything else. And luckily the fuse holder is visible under the dash and just barely visible by the streetlights, though a working flashlight would have been nice. I used the clips to jump the first fuse and, nothing. I then clipped on to the terminals for the second fuse and, eureka! We now had parking lights, we had ignition, and I was able to start the engine!

So again I turned on the headlights and . . . the engine died again this time

accompanied by an alarming electrical smell. My diagnostic conclusion was that there was a short in the headlight wiring and I could only see two options. One was to walk along a dark country road with no sidewalk a mile or so back to the hotel, attempt to hitch up the trailer in the dark, drive to town, attempt to load the car in the dark, tie it down and drive the mile back to the hotel. Figuring optimistically I thought maybe I could have it all done by about 4:00 AM. Or, I could simply drive back to the hotel without headlights. The taillights, brake and turn lights and wing lights were working, which would be better than nothing.

Several town police officers were still directing traffic and I approached one to ask if there was any way a police car could follow or lead me back to the hotel. He was nice about it but said there was no one available. But he also didn't

exactly tell me not to drive the car, so off I went. It happens that back when I first got the car I changed the tail lights, turn and brake lights and wing lights to LED's. My reason for this was that any way to reduce the electrical load on a Morgan three-wheeler is a good thing since the electrical output is anemic at best.

The road to my hotel had a white line painted down the right and left sides in addition to the yellow line in the middle.



I've since learned that this is called a fog line, and I found that in pitch darkness the LED wing lights were just bright enough to light up the white line, and that's how I drove back to the hotel without being able to actually see the road, but otherwise without incident. Whew!

The next day several people told me they would have been happy to come back and escort me home but you know, you have to be thinking clearly to pick up the cell phone and call someone and ask for help. My wife Lynn also offered some advice that went straight to the point. She said "next time you're driving the three-wheeler don't be the last one to leave."

I drove around for the rest of the weekend with a jumper wire in place of a fuse, and everything worked perfectly as long as I didn't try to turn on the headlights. Back home it took less than an hour to identify the cause of the problem. Inside the driver's side headlamp a wire from the low-beam positive terminal had broken from vibration, and instead of waving around harmlessly it came to rest against the inside of the grounded headlamp shell creating a short circuit. If I'd had the diagnostic part of my brain working properly along with a functioning flashlight I could have solved the problem with a piece of

electrical tape over

the guilty wire and driven home with one headlight and the yellow driving lamp, which are about as many lights as usually work all at one time on that car anyway. But no, I figured that real Morganeers aren't afraid of the dark, possibly because we experience so much of it.

Otherwise it was a grand and uneventful weekend with mostly good weather and surprisingly warm afternoons. The turnout was terrific with something like

650 British cars participating so I suppose all is well that ends well, though the incident does leave me with some thoughts for the future.

Notes to self:

- Carry spare fuses.
- Check tool kit flashlight batteries at least once per decade and replace if necessary.
- If stranded in a dark, cold place don't be afraid the pick up the cell phone and call a friend. That's one of the things true friends are for.
- If driving the '34 Super Sports, don't be the last one to leave.
- Don't ever say "what could possibly go wrong." Something always can.

TALES OF VIRTUAL CARS, THEOCRACIES AND BROKEN DREAMS

Spider J.C. Bulyk, Editor-at-Large



ne of the advantages of Connecticut's pre-revolutionary history as a Congregational theocracy, is that every town (almost) has a Green. In some cases the Green belongs to the town, but in my town, Madison, the Green is still the property of the First Congregational Church of Madison.

Some 350 years ago, when Madison, then still called The Society of East Guilford, church revenues came from tithe paid by farmers to graze their flocks and herds on the Green. The last recorded grazing was a very long time ago, but – if you are very, very polite – you can still pay a tithe and reserve the Green for your special event.

Only two miles from my home, I love the Madison Green. We've been there to see everything from the Wallingford Symphony doing the "1812 Overture" with real cannons and church bells to Ritchie Havens doing "High Flying Bird", all the while guzzling wine and laughing with friends. Friday afternoon is a regular farmer's market, and there's different local shows almost every week during the warm weather. Aesthetically, it's breath-takingly New England at its best.

Last Saturday the Madison Green hosted British Wheels on the Green, a regular event for all British cars by the Jaguar Club of Southern New England (JCSNE), with entrant voted trophies in multiple classes. They all come: Jags of all ages, shapes, and sizes, Triumph, MG, Lotus, Healey, Austin, Humber, Aston Martin, Hillman, and of course the item of our particular interest, Morgan.

This event usually has some 70 plus cars, but this year's show was lightly attended in spite of the stunningly beautiful early Autumn weather. There were 45 or so cars, most of them Jags. Other classes were surprisingly empty. We've recently had a few different charity car shows and I suspect many locals were "car-showed-out."

Morgans were no exception on the weekend before Autumn MOG in Maine. My guess is that anyone who was anyone was hurriedly reattaching anything that may have fallen off over the past few months, in preparation for the run Down East. However, some Moggie stalwarts did show.

"The Usual Suspects", Ted with Area Captain Andrea Lucas and Andy Traggis brought their Plus-8s, and Barbara Fuller brought her Plus-4 Four Seater. The

Lucas Dark Green Plus-8 took the vox-populi Trophy.

Then there were cameos by various sans-Morgan folk. Those of you who can read will remember Ellen & Erwin Dressel's arduous rebuild saga in the latest Morganeer - they showed up to see what an assembled car looked like. Pam and Rod Griffith also came Morganless, Rod having pulled an Achilles tendon on his clutch foot – but they did bring Murphy the big beautiful Black Lab puppy. My non-member neighbor, Mike Nahar showed up for a chat with us; Mike's father, Henk is building what is probably the only Plus-4 on Curação. Group member and advertiser Cardone & Daughter had a vendor booth, and new member Carl Kaufman's car was still at Cardone's being serviced - so he counts as an "almost". Lastly, I was there (and also Morganless.)

It's not quite the "last" as I have more than a few buddies in JCSNE whose cars I keep threatening to buy. I thought that member Wes Fredericks might have shown with his newly acquired XK120 – there were a few other XK120s but no Wes. Friend and fellow Madisonian Chris Greaves showed up in his 1913 Thomas Flyer – not British but cool. I actually helped with some (minimal amount) of the build of that car.

The final word was a phone call the next day from member Steven Colsen. Coming down to Madison from Jewitt City in his modified Plus-4 Four Seater, he suffered a blowout and timing forced him to scramble home.

So in addition to the three Moggies that showed, there were some five virtual Morgans. If we can actually put all these cars and people back into running condition, we could have a sizable class next year. JCSNE already has it on the calendar and I plan to be there with The Hope. This year showed the clear divide – there are two kinds of Morganeers, those who can show up with running Morgans and those who can show up with broken dreams. I've been in the second category this year, but next year.....will be different! See you there!







MORGANS OVER AMERICA

Stan Jodeikin



The author and his wife Jen, in the midst of their Morgans Over America tour, went well out of their way to drive up to Maine from Portland just to join us for our Autrumn MOG concours and Awards Banquet, putting in many extra miles on their already ambitious driving schedule. This article reprinted from the Morgan Ear, Journal of the Morgan Club of Australia with kind permission of the editor and author: ed

n Saturday 5 September 2015, the years of planning and anticipation dawned for the start of our great Morgans Over America adventure. The next 45 days would see us join 20 other Morganeers from all over the world, explore this huge country. They had all either shipped their Morgans from their country of origin, or driven across the USA to the start at Savannah, in Georgia. The contingent consists of 2 Morgans from Canada; 2 from France; 5 from United Kingdom; 5 from New Zealand; 6 from USA and ourselves from Australia.

After a pleasant, smooth, efficient and no incidents 15 hour direct Sydney flight in a new Qantas 380 Airbus, we landed at Dallas, Texas. The overnighter at the nearby hotel airport saw us refreshed as we set off via Atlanta to Norfolk, Virginia where we were to collect our trusty "Forgan" as our Mustang steed was dubbed.

The Mustang engine and gearbox is currently used in the Roadster, hence

the "Forgan" name. Also, the USA has a "Morgan" horse. Coupled to the convertible top, we certainly feel like we are experiencing the Morgan lifestyle. No top is considered, hot or cold, unless an absolute downpour is occurring. And then we simply drive faster to allow the rain to fly over our heads!

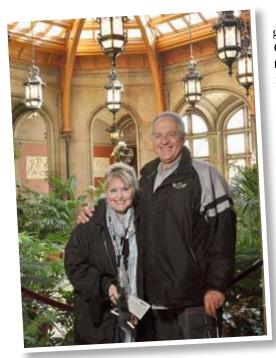
Next stop was Wilmington at 400 km away. (editors note: It may seem that Stan is going the wrong direction, but actually, having picked up his car in Norfolk he is having to backtrack down to Savannah to join the rest of the group to begin the tour. OR, it could be that, being from down under, he had confused south with north.) The roads are excellent, and well sign posted, although I am still trying to get used to the left-hand steer and driving on the right hand side of the road! I have also retained the set-up of km and metres on the GPS as I find that easier to relate to. Wilmington is a lovely port city in coastal southeastern North Carolina. We stayed in the historic district and walked along the scenic river boardwalk, home to the retired WWII USS battleship North Carolina. It has a population of about 100,000 people.

Next day we headed off to Savannah, Georgia, approximately a 560 km drive.

Savannah was colonised in 1733 by English General James Ogelthorpe. He was instrumental in surveying the town and divided it up into small areas of open squares, surrounded by houses. Each set of squares and houses created a small block or ward. The historic district is quaint and rich with architectural buildings of the time. Many have been restored and a walk amongst the parks and spaces was most pleasant and interesting.

A 3.5 hour bus tour of the area with historic commentary was most informative and explained the context of the American Revolution, slavery Civil War and politics of the time. A welcome banquet was held for all MOA participants to get to know each other, before setting off the next day to Charleston in South Carolina, some 200 km away.

While traveling to our next destination, we stop and tour historic sites, in this case visiting the Beaufort History Museum, Middleton Place Plantation and Gardens. It is home to America's oldest landscaped gardens. The Historic



Hotel we stayed in Charleston, where the Civil war started, was very quaint and interesting with hundreds of original paintings adorning the walls in the theme of colonial times.

The next day touring Charleston was taken up by a bus tour of the town, walk in the local market and a superb seafood lunch at famous Hyman's seafood. That evening we were hosted by local Morganeer Gordon King for a "low country dinner" at his island home. Gordon has a very serious shed of about 35 exotic cars, including his Morgan Roadster. He treated us to the start-up of his Ford GT40 and a couple of his other racing bikes and Porches. What a treat for us all as we ogled at the array of vehicles in his shed.

Before long, we were on the road again, headed to Spartanburg via historic Columbia. In Columbia we visited the historic Robert Mills House and formal English gardens. Robert Mills was responsible for designing many historic churches and buildings, including the Washington monument.

photos:

TOP:

Stan and Jen at Biltmore Mansion

воттом:

Biltmore Mansion and gardens

In Spartanburg we were invited and gathered at the home of Lee and Tricia Gaskins. Their home is very unique in that it was originally a factory, which now serves as Lee's car shed. The home is actually in the factory shed and the cars are part of the lounge! Lee has a number of Morgan's and he is in the process of rebuilding a supersport. They hosted us to a wonderful southern rib and chicken BBQ including traditional coleslaw and Peach Cobbler for dessert. Members of the local British Sports Car Club were also present and I met one enthusiast who owns a 1955 Plus 4 and 28 MGs.

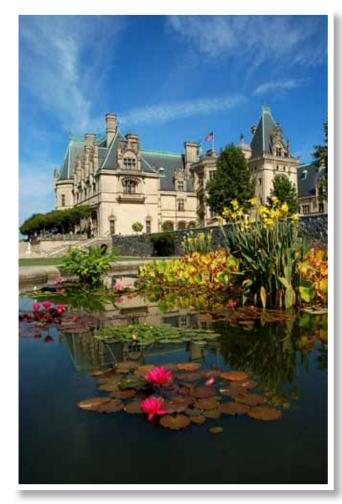
The next day we left Spartanburg for Asheville, North Carolina via the Blue Ridge Parkway. Outstanding scenery and recreational opportunities make the Blue Ridge

Parkway one of the most popular sections of the National Park System. Named "America's Favourite Drive," of the 469-mile scenic road, we did about 60 miles of it, to the highest point on the

Parkway at 6,047 feet above sea level. In the uppermost reaches of South Carolina. the clear waters of Lake Jocassee splash against the base of the Blue Ridge Escarpment, a "Blue Wall" of hills that represent the sharp transition between the Carolina Mountains and Piedmont. Around Lake Jocassee a series of steep-sided gorges carrying surging mountain rivers and streams down to the Piedmont has cut the generally uniform sloping face of the escarpment. These gorges together are known as the Jocassee Gorges, with waterfalls, rugged river gorges, sheer rock walls and one of the greatest concentrations of rare and unique species

in the eastern United States are found. An elevation that rises 2,000 feet in only four miles, combined with rainfall in excess of 80 inches per year, creates a temperate rain forest and supports a collection of waterfalls. Great Morgan driving roads!

The main focus of Asheville was the visit to the Biltmore Estate. The centrepiece is the George W. Vanderbilt Biltmore House, a four-story French Renaissance manor designed by Richard Morris Hunt and completed in 1895. Exterior walls are Indiana limestone brought by rail to the site. Its steeply pitched roof has a copper roofline with Vanderbilt's initials repeatedly inscribed along the crest. Said to be the largest private house in the United States, the interior floor area of the 250-room house covers four acres. It was designed as a country retreat for Vanderbilt, his family and friends, and to showcase his vast collection of art and antiques gathered in world travels--a collection that remains intact today. At a time when bathrooms were virtu-



ally unheard of, Biltmore House had 43. There are 65 fireplaces and three kitchens, along with 34 bedrooms, a grand Banquet Hall and a Library containing 10,000 volumes. Frederick Law Olmsted designed the three-mile approach road and the estate's gardens including the Walled Garden, an Azalea Garden with one of the country's most complete collections of native and hybrid azaleas, a formal Italian Garden and a glass Conservatory. We spent the whole day touring and visiting the house and gardens, a truly magnificent estate.

Tuesday 15 September of our tour was a big push of 441 km from Asheville, North Carolina to Lewisburg, West Virginia. Our destination was an appointment to tour the bunkers at the magnificent Greenbrier Resort and Hotel. During the Cold War the United States government maintained a top-secret underground bunker built under The Greenbrier Hotel. The facility was designed to house the members of the House of Representatives and the Senate in case of nuclear attack. Compromised by an investigative reporter in 1993, the bunker is now open to the pub-

lic. With the code name "Project Greek Island", it remains a sobering reminder of how America lived with and prepared for the possibility of a Soviet nuclear attack during the Cold War years. Touring the facilities that could house thousands of people with food and water supplies for an extended period, was an eye-opener.

Leaving Lewisburg to Cumberland, Maryland, some 390 km away, was our next day destination. We stopped at Slatyfork and visited a quaint old fashioned Sharps Country Store on the historic farm in West Virginia. The store is still run by 5th generation descendent of pioneer settler William Sharp, who first opened the store in 1884. We also visited the Blackwater Falls, which plunge into a gorge below that is 525 feet deep. Spectacular scenery greeted our every eye space.

The Watkins Glen Grand Prix track in New York State was our next destination, as well as a meet-up with the Western New York Morgan Club Members. Nicknamed "The Glen", it is an automobile racetrack located in Watkins Glen, New York, at the southern tip of Seneca Lake. Since 1948 the site has been home to road racing of nearly every class, including Formula One, the World Sports car Championship, Trans- Am, Can-Am, NASCAR Sprint Cup Series, the International Motor Sports Association and the Verizon Indy Car Series. It has also been the home of the United States Grand Prix, which it hosted for twenty consecutive years (1961-1980). Initially, public roads in the village were used for the racecourse. In 1956 a permanent circuit for the race was built. In 1968 the race was extended to six hours, becoming the 6 Hours of Watkins Glen.

The Western NY Morganeers led us through a lap of the original racetrack, and it felt as if we were back in Bathurst between the houses! They then hosted us to a memorable dinner and lovely evening of Morgan fellowship. It is amazing to see how the Morganeers that we have met up with, or been entertained by, have traveled great distances and put so much effort into their arrangements to meet up with us.



photo: Morgans at Briers Hotel

ANOTHER DOWNEAST AUTUMN MOG BONUS SURPRISE



This lovely Aero 8, driven by Californians Phil and Elaine Fisher and part of the Morgans Over America tour, along with the 'Forgan' Mustang driven by Aussies Stan and Jen Jodeikin, showed up at our Downeast Autumn MOG Concours at the Owls Head Transportation Museum. Both had taken a side trip from their tour and gone well out of their way to join us. The least we could do was give the Aero 8 a premier parking place in the 'Presentation Class'. Just one more surprise in a weekend of surprises. Thanks Stan, Jen, Phil and Elaine for joining us.





SPIDER'S TECH TIPS

Hi Spider!

I've finally found the email you were kind enough to send with all the ideas of the possible cause of my DHC problems! Before I found this email, I had put a filter in the line upstream of the pump. No help. I temporarily rerouted the fuel line to behind the engine - just to see if the heat at the attachment of the line to the thermostat could be the problem. No help. I had also checked inside the distributor cap and did not see any carbon tracings. These I had done a while ago.... and have been thinking of what to do next and finally your email. Great ideas that I will follow up on and let you know. I'll get the points and condenser and maybe even a new cap and try that out. I also am planning on checking on the fuel mixture. I would think that too rich could also give some problems(?)

I'll talk to you as soon as I try out the next stage of tracking down the engine gremlins. Many thanks for the photos - nice to see your engine! Great looking.

Best, Rich

Rich,

Thanks for the conversation at MOG-45; heavy as it was at certain points, I enjoyed it a lot. I've thought a lot about your DHC and have several possible insights. First is to get that filter out of there and down by the firewall where line enters the engine bay and the filter would be upstream from the pump. However, if this doesn't solve the problem, I might recommend shifting focus to the other side of the engine - ignition. There are two parts which historically can render intermittent performance due to heat sensitivity: the condenser and the coil. The coil looked new but that doesn't mean anything. With the condenser you can never tell.

Swap out the coil and see if it makes a difference - easily done, inexpensive part if it's bad, (borrow one for the test if you don't have one). When you get the cap off the distributor, have a look at the inside for carbon tracings - heat could cause internal humidity to start carbon arcing. Since the points and condenser come in the same packet, you might as well do both. Even if the points look new, the condenser could be bad right out of the shrinkwrap - it's happened before. Last in this list is the wiring - five cables in the high voltage circuit and two in the low voltage circuit. An easy test for leakage is to heat it up and watch it run in the dark (no lights whatsoever) and see if you see sparks jumping all over the engine bay, suggesting leaky wiring.

Let me know how you fare...I'm always interested in discovering just how wrong my intuition can be.....

Run cool, Spider

GARNER'S TOUR OF ITALY

In case you haven't heard, Ron and Kathy Garner are now in the midst of an incredible 'Tour of Italy' in Ron's recently restored Plus 4 Drophead Coupe, now affectionately named 'Bene'. Soon after Autumn MOG, Ron and Kathy flew to the UK, retrieved their DHC which they had shipped over in care of Melvyn Rutter, and set off on their European odyssey, driving through the heart of Europe enroute to Italy. What troupers!

You can follow their exploits and see some amazing photos on Kathy's blog:

http://beneroadtrip.tumblr.com/



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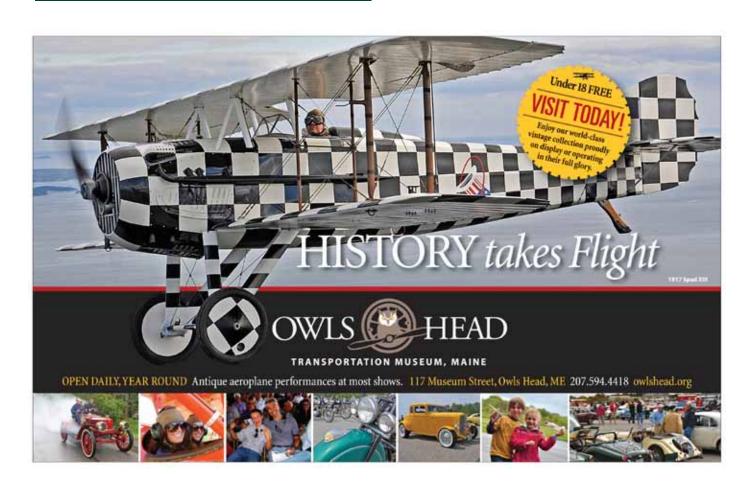
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