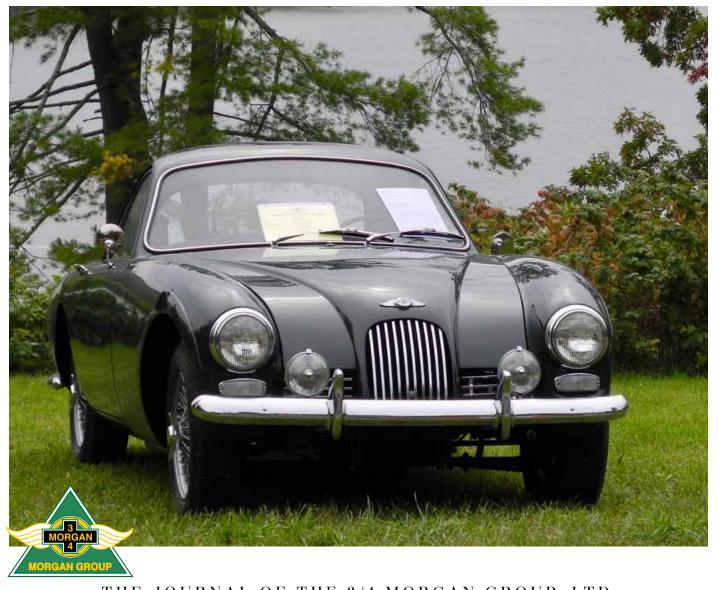


Best in Show



THE JOURNAL OF THE 3/4 MORGAN GROUP, LTD. =

TO THE PRESIDENT

As the author of eight books, I think I'm somewhat qualified to say: Maura, you are a hell of a good writer!

You catch attention, then develop the story, then deliver the punchline. You play with semantics gracefully and joyfully. You're efficient in your words, and yet still artistic. Good stuff!!!

Susan is out of town with her mother in Phoenix, so I'm a bachelor this weekend. After detailing her car today, I'm relaxing with a whisky and catching up on Morganeers. I loved both the pieces on "drive" and tribes.

Beyond Morganeer, do you do any other writing?

> Respectfully, Dean (Meyer)



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CONTENTS

Vineyard Tour	p. 5
Best of TImes	p. 7
British Invasion	p. 11
In Memoriam Art Colby	p. 16
Autumn MOG 2017	p. 21
Autumn MOG Awards	p. 26
Two Outta Three	p. 31

FROM THE PRESIDENT

Morgans make us smile... a smile for every mile!

It was great to see everyone who made it to Autumn MOG, what a wonderful time we had! As you can tell from my title, the smiles in all the photos reflect the great mood shared by all. The look on our faces says it all, Morgans make us feel great. Not just improve our outlook, although an afternoon drive can raise anyone's mood, it can truly improve us as people. Driving a Morgan makes us better people. Just think about it.

Our Morgans create interaction. We interact with our cars in a much more direct and personal way. Driving a Morgan takes us back to a time where driving was a pleasure, not mere transportation. We are more aware of where we are going and the path we choose to get there. The journey becomes much more important. We are more aware of our car, we have much more of a dialogue with our Morgan than our everyday tintop.

And it's not just the owners... a Morgan puts a grin on everyone's face. It's a catalyst. Other drivers let you pass, people strolling down the sidewalk wave, motorcycles beep, and you can strike up the strangest conversations at any stop light. "What year is that?" "Love the curves!" "That looks like FUN!" You make new friends everywhere; other car enthusiasts come out of the woodwork to greet you. Everyone loves you in a Morgan.

Our Morgans take us away from the computer screen and the constant contact of our cell phones. It gets us outside, into the fresh air and forces us to take time to think, relax and appreciate our environment. Hard to talk business while the wind blows and the road unfolds beneath you. It gives us time to shift our perspective and often give us a fresh start.

Driving a Morgan fosters self-reliance. Who ever thought so much about windshield wipers before their first rain in a Morgan? The attention we pay to the odd rattle or squeak, the aware-



ness that all of the moving parts in our cars have in fact moved a great deal and require love and attention. There must be a willingness, an acceptance of the fact that at some point, your thermostat is going to give way, your radiator will somehow overheat, your lights may give out. These surprise roadside challenges give the prepared enthusiast a chance to test our skills on the fly!

Your Morgan makes you mindful. My Morgan needs me. It needs love, respect, understanding, and sometimes a few choice words. I know its behaviors, preferences, quirky ways, and odd noises. It has a personality. Our Morgans need our attention, all the time. It roots us in the present. Being mindful of a tick, a smell or a tone to the engines, and stopping to investigate can save you and your car a potentially costly failure. You don't just turn a key and go in your Morgan, and you can't get away with just the routine oil change and lube job.

Taking these aspects out of the driver's seat lets us optimize life across the board. Minimizing stress, interacting with others, getting away from our electronics, enjoying the journey, not just the destination, being mindful, these enrich our human experience. So, every mile you drive, smile. Your Morgan can be a path to enlightenment. So enjoy the open road!

FROM THE EDITOR

utumn MOG always has its share of surprises, and certainly this year nothing could have been a bigger surprise than seeing a very rare Plus 4 Plus both driven from Morgan Motors of New England to Cooperstown and then taking Best in Show at the Concours. The lovely rare Morgan belongs to long time club member David Webb. And it was a dramatic indeed return to the fold he made after a long hiatus. Welcome back! The Plus 4 Plus provided not only an excellent cover photo for this issue, but a wonderful introduction to the 'Autumn MOG Issue.'

But a lot was going on in the latter half of our driving season leading up to Autumn MOG as well. Our Long Island contingent drew in several club members from the 'mainland' for an early fall drive culminating with, what else, lunch at a lovely LI vineyard, as reported on by New Jersey/Atlantic Area Captain Jim Nolan. Jim and Dawn also shared the hosting duties with Eric and Joanne Singer. You can never go wrong ending a Morgan drive at a vineyard.

According to CT scribe Steve Schefbauer the Gathering of the Marques at Lime Rock Park provided a venue for several of our members to take home some serious swag. What started out as a lovely weekend soon deteriorated into off and on summer showers, but still did not deter Mike Virr from racing his vintage Riley (he loves to drive 'in the wet' anyway). Plus he and the Riley came away with the Special Judges Award (including a slightly soggy ribbon). And relative newcomer Jonathan Kinghorn collected the Best British Car award for his lovely Plus 4. I guess all those raindrops made the car seem shinier. Well done boys.

British Invasion stalwards, the Jouris family (Bill, Beth and son Brian), led the Morgan contingent to this years BI, as reported by Bill. Three of us from Maine made the trek including newcomer Gordon Baxter. To my



surprise, my Plus 4 Drophed Coupe took First Place in the Peoples' Choice 4 wheel Morgan class.

Arizonan Tom Surrency contributed an interesting article about a chance encounter with a look-alike version of one of his first sports cars, a Jaguar XK 120, that he shelled out his almost life savings (minus his last semester tuition and a modest amount to live on) for as a college student. His story of the car and the veteran from whom he bought (more like, stole) it was a trip down memory lane and will almost bring a tear to your eye.

Finally, we have the reporting and excellent photography of Autumn MOG, with contributions from Tom Austin, Plus 4 Plus owner David Webb, Anne Follweiler, Bob Cohn and Larraine McNulty. Kudos to event cochairs Alison DeKleine and Morgan Malone for keeping the tradition of one fine Autumn MOG after another alive and well. Should it be YOUR turn to host next year? Have a location in mind? President Maura would love to hear from you.

Well I guess it's almost time to give the old Morgan some fresh oil and tuck her under her warm blanket for the winter to come. For a while it will be just dreaming about

The road goes on forever, Frank

TO THE EDITOR

Frank.

I found myself nodding as I enjoyed your Southwest Harbor (Harbour more properly!) piece, not because of my strings skills (I have none), but rather because Spider's unique vocal and acoustic combination is one that has been known to draw me into discernible song. For many this may not be much of a revelation, but I am one who was once told, by my high school chorus teacher, that my mouthing the lyrics might, for the good of the group, be the best course.

Spider's talents have drawn me into song on such occasions as SchussMogs, DC MOGs, and yes, even Autumn MOGs. I cannot say that about any other musicians, save the tintop's sound system, but only when I am motoring solo.

Thank you for a delightful piece with but an indirect Morgan connection.

C & HM, Plug/Jim (Nichol)

Frank,

Just read my Profile by you and Andrea (do I detect a hint of Spider's verbiage in there?), and I was flattered. You guys and girls made me look pretty good. Thanks for the free public relations piece.

All the best, Steve and Ann Marie

Frank,

We were at Watkins Glen this weekend flying around the old track giving a kit Ford GT 40 a run for its money and statement by Ernest Hemmingway came to mind. Now I see it on a poster sent in by Mike Virr. (See last issue p. 4 ed)

John (McNulty)

Frank,

In your column, From The Editor, in the September/October issue of The Morganeer, you state "Well the Stripers are calling

continued on page 4

ONE IF BY LAND, TWO IF BY SEA

"The British are coming, the British are coming" was I'm certain on the lips of Bob Cohn as he surreptitiously crossed Lake Champlain on a ferry after taking a short diversion to upper state New York enroute to the British Invasion in Stowe, Vermont.

Good thinking Bob. The chances of being apprehended (and your 'horse' being confiscated) would have been MUCH greater had you driven around. I hear the western shore of the lake is full of loyalists, spies, brigands and other nefarious characters.



TO THE EDITOR Continued

me and the Drophead beacons to be driven." Am I to assume you mean the "fish" not those people that take their clothes off for money?

In either case you are my hero and please let me know how those Stripers got your telephone number (say it isn't so Frank).

Good viewing to you, Steve

Well, Steve, it isn't so. I can't remember the last time I got a call from a 'stripper', but what I was referring to was Striped bass, otherwise known as Stripers. But now that you mention it, I don't think I have ever caught a Striper with clothes on!. Ed

Spider,

Reading your article on tyres today reminded me that when I get the '58 back on the road in a few weeks I need new Verdesteins . I have run 165 x 15's since moving back to the U.S. Tubeless on the standard Morgan 15" wheels. Think the ones on now must be at least 10 years old.

Weller still makes wheels for the Morgan (I think) that are a dead knockoff and much stronger. I had a set of 5 with new Dunlop racing tires and somehow they did not get loaded into the container when we moved back. They would take 165 or 175 x 15", tubeless. Very very strong. Cheers!

Tom (Surrency)

Southern Non-Frankend

Soumern New England Holiday Party

Yes, we've run out of events per se for the driving season. But put this one down on your calendar:

A holiday party with a "twist" to be held at the Harbor Woods club house in Stratford, CT, on Saturday, December 9th this year. Hosted by Andrea and Ted Lucas. A band will be provided along with food and drinks. Look for a club invitation to be sent in December. Out of area/ international guests encouraged.

New England North Holiday Party will be hosted by Larry and Sue Sheehan in Falmouth, MA Saturday January 13th. Details to follow via email.

HARRIMAN SATE PARK TOUR AND TORNE VALLEY VINEYARDS LUNCHEON



1im Nolan

tarting off the day, our host and hostess Eric and Joanne Singer led a wonderful ride through Harriman State Park. Some leaves were just beginning to turn. We couldn't have asked for better weather. Sunny, bright and cool; just perfect to

drive our Morgans through the park. The lakes, mountains, streams and curving roads brought joy as we breathed it all in.

We arrived at the Torne Valley Vineyards around 1:00 pm and were greeted warmly and enthusiastically by the proprietors. They guided us into our previously selected parking places to prominently display our Morgans in front at the main building entrance. We were escorted to our reserved outdoor tables under a large tent, where music was provided by a local band.

The luncheon selections were quite varied, the food quite good, and the

company was the best.

With Eric and Joanne hosting, we all felt quite at home among friends. Louise and Bob Nunnink brought their friends Trish and Andy Wallace to the event. (He as a collection of 80+ cars that would provide a wonderful destination for a future club area event.) Wonderful people. Also



Photos:

Top: Lined up for the Le Mans start

Middle: A scenic photo op. L to R - Trish & Andy Wallace, Bob Nunnink, Art Greeberg, Joanne & Eric Singer, Leslie & Hugh Heller, Bob Cohn (on stilts), Cindy & Gary Eberhard, Louise Nunnink, Dawn Heflin & Jim Nolan. joining the gang were Hugh and Leslie Heller, Jim Nolan and Dawn Heflin, Art Greenburg, Gary & Cindy Eberhard, Bob Cohn and Oscar Alam & Anne Russell, new members from Greenwich, Ct. that just bought their Morgan from Larry at Morgan Motors of New England!

Lunch was great, and the vineyards provided a wonderful, scenic, picnic-like atmosphere to the afternoon. The dance floor remained vacant, notwithstanding Joanne's enthusiastic efforts. We all enjoyed ourselves and look forward to a repeat next year.

Photos:

Right: Ah yes – lunch!

Bottom: Adding some class to the place





'IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES, IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES'

It Was a Dickens of a Day Steve Schefbauer



Lime Rock Park, Gathering of the Marques, Sunday, September 3, 2017

hose expecting a piece on the French Revolution should leave now. This is about 3 great days of great weather and 1 of torrential rain. It was Lime Rock Park's 60th Anniversary and Skip Barber and the crew put on a great show.

There was Honored Collector Bruce Mever who shared some of his eclectic collection including the first Shelby Cobra ever made (even if you save all your box tops kids, you still can't afford this car). There was Honored Guest, Richard Attwood who spent the '60s and 70's successfully racing in both Formula 1 and Sports Cars and still races a BRM in historic races in Europe.

Friday, Saturday and Monday were beautiful days for racing, observing, walking around the pits and talking to the drivers. All in all 3 great days for automotive enthusiasts like myself.

Then there was Sunday!!! I didn't bring EMMA due to a lack of weather

equipment and the fact that she's a virgin (at least when it comes to rain) and I'm so glad I didn't. Consistent light rain

Photos:

Above: Start of a lovely weekend at Lime Rock Park

Below: Then came the rains!





with periods of torrential downpours all day. Those who came prepared wore tall rubber boots and carried oversized golf umbrellas. I, on the other hand, wore loafers, a hat and a collapsing



umbrella---what was I thinking. Ann Marie made me remove my clothes in the basement (don't let your mind wander) before she would let me in the house.

The real heroes of the day were the three club members who braved the conditions and were wet but happy. Let me explain: Our correspondent to the racing scene, Mike Virr, displayed his rare 1934 Riley Ulster at the Concours Event and walked away with a win and a Judges Special Award trophy. Eric Bremenkamp, our newest club member brought his '68 Plus 4, 4 seater recognizable as the ex- Barbara Fuller Vixen.

One of our newer members, Jonathan Kinghorn brought his '60 Plus 4, all the way from Massachusetts, and walked away with a trophy for Best British Car presented by Richard Attwood himself. Jonathan collected even more water on the ride home and spent the next day drying out the old soggy Moggy.



I gotta give these guys credit, they are real troopers and a BIG CONGRAT-ULATIONS on their wins. Weather aside, tireless Ryan McIntosh, Sunday in the Park Coordinator, did a great job and is probably ready for a week off---somewhere where the sun is shining of course.

Photos, Opposite page:

Top: Mike Virr campaigning his Riley - rain, what rain?

Middle right: Mike's Slightly wet swag

Bottom left: Jonathan's dried out trophy

This page:

Above: Lime Rock plaques on Jonathan's Morgan **Below:** Jonathan's Plus 4 drying out



ADDENDUM

Several days after the Gathering of the Marques, I received this email from Jonathan Kinghorn, winner of Best British Car.

"My car was evidently present at the first 6 Fall Vintage Festivals (1983-8) because there are cloisonné enamel dash badges from them fixed to the tool tray under the bonnet. Each year the badge featured a car from a particular marque, and for the second year (1984) the vehicle depicted was a Morgan three wheeler (Super

Sports?). It is because of these badges that I was curious about the event and determined to go."

Jonathan asked if I had any knowledge of the plaques and I didn't, but I knew where to go - Ryan McIntosh, my buddy at Lime Rock Park. Ryan said these plaques were presented to people who raced, not people who showed their cars. Aha!

I asked Jonathan if the car had been raced but he had no clue, as it appeared to be stock street. He only knew that the past owner was Ira Grandberg, a former club member. I suggested he contact the Indiana Jones of Morgan history, our own Spider, who as we write, is guiding Jonathan in his quest.

So, was the car raced and then rebuilt for street, was the car never raced but a former owner raced another car and only displayed the plaques on his Morgan? I ain't tellin'.

I have a strong suspicion that Jonathan will soon be writing his own article about the Holy Grail of all Morgan owners----A Complete History of their Morgans. To be continued.



3/4 MORGAN GROUP ARCHIVAL MATERIAL WANTED

Got a ton of old copies of The Morganeer or The Rough Rider in cardboard box in the garage? Got some old rolled up posters from Morgan meets that are never going anywhere? How about memorabilia from club events, Autumn MOGs or MCCDC MOGs? Morgan meet or club badges, buttons, plaques, windshield cards, cheap pens, other doo-hickeys? Do you have files from your old days as a club officer? Club directories/rosters from back when you still had hair? Bulging garage and can't figure out where to store it all? Being badgered about when you're finally going throw all that junk out? PLEASE DON'T!

If you're about to trash anything like what I've described, get it to me instead. This stuff is all part of our history and at least one copy of it all belongs with the club: the current club and the club of the future, people you haven't even yet met. Jim Nichol and I are building an organized chronological file of all our stuff since the beginning. We already have a pretty comprehensive collection going back into the late 50s and early 60s up through today. But there are holes in our chronology that maybe, just maybe, you can fill. Former club members have already contributed their stash. Jim's and my intent is that this "master stash" will get passed on as the Club's legacy. Write me a letter; give me a call; drop me a line. Whatever you do, don't just trash "all that old Morgan club junk".

Spider





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BRITISH INVASION XXVII

Bill Jouris

"The hills are alive with the sound of Brit cars, a song they have sung for twenty-seven years"

h, Stowe, VT, we look forward to it every year as a time to get away from our house and just relax. I don't know what I did so terribly wrong as a child that I was sentenced to more than fifty years of home

ownership but it must have been bad because the punishment never ends! We have made it a family tradition to come up on Thursday and stay until noon or so on Sunday. For the first ten years, I drove Morgan the while following my wife in the van. This meant we were incommunicado four hours or so

(maybe not a bad thing?). In that ten years, I managed to make it all the way to the motel in Stowe once without a problem. It was usually something minor, easily fixed, and usually happened in the last ten miles between getting off of I-89 and Stowe center.

Finally, I had had enough. I bought a car dolly which we have used ever since to drag the Morgan to Stowe. I would love to use a light, landscaping trailer that I could rent for the weekend such that all four wheels of the Morgan were off the ground but



Photos:

Top: Traditional home of the British Invasion

Right: Morgans line up on the parade field



I have never been able to find someone who will rent one to me and I certainly don't want to buy one for use one weekend a year.

Having digressed enough, we arrived in Stowe after a totally uneventful, three hour and twenty-minute drive (194 miles). The "we" is my wife, Beth, my son, Brian and me. Happily, my son is old enough and wise enough to do all the driving. We have been staying at the Stowe Inn for the last few years, two other motels farther out on the Mountain Road having closed down. Its accommodations are adequate if not luxurious and its main advantage is it is only a short walk to the center of Stowe. You could even walk to the event field. After

unloading the Morgan and parking the trailer, we relaxed until dinner time. We have good friends who stay at the same hotel and waited to go to dinner with them. She has a 1960 Austin Healey and he just sold an Elva he owned. We walked to dinner at Harrison's, a good restaurant in a basement location on Main Street in Stowe. We retired back to the hotel where I quickly went to sleep.

Friday morning we went to breakfast in the hotel with our friends. Afterwards we drove to Burlington to have lunch with a young man we knew from our stint in Saudi Arabia. He and Brian were on the swim team there together. He has spent a large chunk of his life since then in Antarctica! On our way back to the hotel we stopped at the event field to pick up our registration materials. Oddly, mine were not there as I had registered so early (February) that the registration had been lost. The organizer, Mike Gaetano, knows me well, however, and registered me for nothing. Returning to our hotel we rested awhile before walking down to dinner at the Malt Shop. We traditionally have eaten there on Thursday nights, the day we arrive but this year Linda Baker had arranged for all the Morganeers to gather there for dinner on Friday evening, before the start of the street party that Stowe hosts every year. There were about thirteen of us gathered. The Malt Shop has great hamburgers and shakes.

For the street party, Stowe closes Main Street from 6 pm until about 10 pm. Only British cars are allowed to park there. These are parked diagonally to maximize the number of cars in the space available. We have parked there in years past but elected not to do so this year. After dinner we all went our separate ways to watch the street party. Stowe hires a band to do a Beatles tribute for about three hours. The locals come to see the cars and dance, as do the guests, of course. After nine thirty the music stops and the British cars drive their various ways.

Saturday is the big day for the show on the field. We were supposed to arrive by 10 am but rarely ever make it on time. No big deal. This year for some reason two of the Classes normally assigned to Morgans were cancelled such that nearly everyone was in the same Class. The end result was that we ran out of room for the Morgans in their assigned Class location. Some had to park behind us, which was actually in a different Class and manufacturer. I think the problem was that many of the Morgans didn't register until they got to Stowe which meant that Mike Gaetano didn't know how many Morgans would be at-

Photos, this page:

Brian & Bill Jouris (in British Attire award winning outfit)

Opposite page:

Partiers on Baker's front porch/deck

tending and hence, how many Classes and spaces he needed to reserve for them. We ended up parked between our friends the Drews with their 1960 Austin Healey and a new comer (to us) Gordon Baxter from Maine.

My car always seems to attract a lot of attention (if not votes) probable because of the beautiful renderings of the American flag and the British flag on the underside of our bonnet that my artist son painted, the British roundels on the doors and the fact that the car looks driven as opposed to being primped for show. Last year we did win a third place despite the fact that we hadn't got around to washing it! I damn near had a heart attack when they called my name.

We spent most of the day sitting behind the Morgan watching people, one of my wife's favorite sports. It was unfortunately quite hot this time which is unusual for Stowe at this time of the year.

The voting, apparently was so complicated this year that they didn't have the vote count in time for the awards ceremony which normally takes place at the end of the day.

One bright spot during the day was being visited by a couple of ladies who were undercover judges for prizes for different categories of "dress". I was selected as the most British for reasons which had me scratching my head. I was dressed in a pair of white cargo shorts, a white shirt, white shoes with black knee socks and a British Army pith helmet with a Morgan insignia. I think it is the handlebar moustache which gets 'em every time. Last year I won for Best Men's Hat while wearing a black bowler. I was awarded a ribbon at the end of the day by the "Queen".

Saturday evening we took Gordon Baxter (who was staying at the same hotel) with us and drove down to Linda and Mike Baker's house. Every year now for some years they have put on a Morganeer get together at their house. It has become a tradition. Everyone chips in for the plentiful good food, wine and beer generously provided by the Bakers. It is an evening of constant chatter among old friends.

Sunday, after breakfast the Drews and the Jourises drove to the field for the last hurrah. We watched the presentation of the awards to the winners in the various Classes. A big winner was our own Frank Wnek, who took First in the one 4 wheeler Morgan class with his Drophead Coupe. Second Place went to the Alexanders Plus 8. And Jim Permann can only chuckle and scratch his head as he watches Marc Wunderman take First in the 3 Wheeler Class once again. There were about 70 Classes with first and second place winners in nearly every Class!



My son, Brian, was off during the whole morning taking pictures as he had done all day on Saturday. He is quite a good photographer and put a a lot of time, energy and thought into his pictures. Beth and I finally decided to leave and go back to the hotel as my back was killing me and so was the heat. I left the keys to the Morgan with Brian. We went back and connected the trailer to the van in preparation for the arrival of the Morgan which was not long in coming. We had already loaded all of our belongings into the van and checked out that morning before going to the field.

Brian headed us back on the road and about four hours later we were home. Another successful British Invasion was history. It is hard to believe as I write this that a week has already passed since that annual trip to Stowe.



photo: Frank and his Peoples' Choice First Place award



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MINUTES of 3/4 MORGAN GROUP LTD. ANNUAL MEETING

October 8, 2017

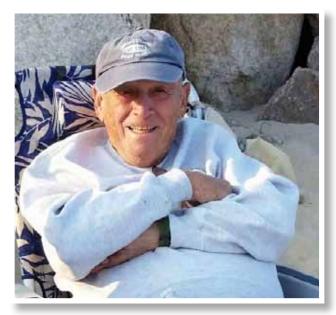
Pat Hennessy (for the Secretary)

- 1. The general meeting of the 3/4 Morgan Group was held at the Clark Sports Center, Cooperstown, NY, on October 8, 2017. In attendance were Maura Hall, president; Ted and Andrea Lucas, CT area captains; Jeri and Robert Cohen; Morgan Malone, Autumn MOG co-chair; Ruth Bonomo; Jane Mattson and Steve Shapiro; Dick Williams; Fred and Lita Cohen and Pat Hennessy.
- 2. President Maura Hall opened the meeting and gave a brief financial synopsis. Old business included notice of a slight raise for the Morganeer graphic designer, a request from webmaster Bill Clark for suggestions for web items and improvements, and a similar request for Morganeer suggestions from Frank Wnek. Andrea Lucas noted the need for updated photos of current awards and awardees. Tom Austin had taken those photos at this Autumn MOG, so they should soon be available.
- 3. Under new business, Jane Mattson suggested that new regalia be considered—an umbrella with the Morgan logo was suggested, given the weekend's weather forecast—and the suggestion was made that a regalia link be provided on the website. Current treasurer David Root is asking for someone to take over his position. Those duties were discussed, and Andrea Lucas suggested that responsibilities of all club positions be posted so that members could decide where to best contribute their talents.
- 4. Discussion turned to next year's Autumn MOG, particularly who would chair the event and where it would be located. The possibility of hiring a professional event planner, to make the job of the chair easier, was explored. Suggested locations included Saratoga Springs and Jiminy Peak in Hancock, MA, both seen as accessible to the greatest number of people. No final decision was made. Suggestions can be sent to Maura Hall.
- 5. Steve Shapiro moved that the meeting be concluded. It was seconded by Pat Hennessy. All were in accord.

IN MEMORIAM -Art Colby

Sept 1, 1931 – Sept 15, 1917

Spider J.C. Bulyk



hen Art Colby joined up with the band of contrarians, pirates and scofflaws known as The 3/4 Morgan Group, "Welcome to the club" letters were written by hand on letterhead with logo and whisked away to the new member by the US Postal Service. A few years ago, Art handed me a packet of his Morganabilia collection. In the packet, he was eager to point out was the original of his "Welcome to the Club" letter, written by then Treasurer/Registrar, Stephanie Bulyk. She wrote "Enjoyed meeting you at (The 1st) Autumn MOG..." and dated it November 3, 1979.

We lost Art last month after an almost decade-long battle with lung cancer. Supported by (Saint) Geri, Art proved to be one tough coot. He was often the last man standing in trial drug programs after all the other participants bailed out, unable to stand the side effects. At breakfast one morning in The Paperback Café, speaking through a wry smile, Art told me that "...the rumors of my impending death have been exaggerated multiple times." Gentle

and sweet a soul that he was, there could yet be no doubt that the man indeed had grit.

Art may have known from the beginning who he was to become. He started out with a BS in Education & Guidance from Lydon State College and followed with an MS in Educational Psych from University of Hartford. In the era when folks stayed with one employer for long stretches, Art was Manager of HR-

Personnel-EEOC-Labor-Relations for UTC's Pratt & Whitney. Later it was HR Director for City of East Hartford and Work Force Diversity Manager for Shawmut Bank. Most tellingly, Art was National Director of the Literacy Volunteers of America.

Many club members will remember Art's late-night, front porch, beer-fuelled story telling. As and Ethan, two of Art's favorite Downeast characters, would never have a more compelling actor. Never cutting or cruel, but always leaving the audience in stitches, Art's acute sense of dry humor and perfect Downeast elocution made you wish the stories would go on forever. In the same way he mastered peoples attitudes and mannerisms, Art mastered people's feelings and wrote poetry about it.

Art loved and appreciated people – all kinds, all socio-economic levels, everyone counted – and it showed through his every move. National Rehabilitation Association named him a Switzer Scholar and the US Dept. of Labor gave him the Eve Award for Handicap Outreach as well as the Individual Achievement Award for supporting American workers. If I had an extra trophy hanging around, I would have given to Art for perfection in the art of friendship: he had it nailed!

Geri and Art kept two Morgans. Art's '67 4/4 Series V GT was in AZ while Geri's '69 4/4 1600 lived in RI. Documents show Art buying the GT in 1977, just before Autumn MOG and joining the Group. Art told me he willed his GT to a close friend. When he kept outliving the doctor's best estimates, Art finally called his friend and said (something like), "I don't like your having to hang around waiting for me to die. Why not come down here and pick up your car now while we can still shake on it." Geri's car is also gone, but she's asked that we stay in touch about future events (as she says in her very gentle way), "I might just show up at one."

I'm sure I speak for many of us when I say I will indeed miss Art: when we lost him, we lost a goody. This was one dude who definitely *Ran Cool*.



Winter Beach

I was called out to my deck this March day The ocean called me out A different call Not recognized Not the frantic crash of angry surf Of rollers thundering onto the shore As if the waves were breaking far out Away from their normal place up beneath the dunes Come see they called Come see the winter shore I went and gazed at a beach I'd not seen before The winter beach A different hue A gray that's darker than in July A different sand Much too coarse for unclad feet A different slope of shallow pitch That leaves the sea too far out To be a bathing beach A beach that has never embraced a tanning soul That has never felt the bite of shovel and pail Or heard joyful cries From children Who playing tag with the sea Run to meet each roller Than retreat before it's spray Soon all this will change Perhaps at this month's full moon But most likely at the next When earth and moon draw near To conspire to change the beach again To draw those summer sands from where they sleep Perhaps out in a bore Or piled against a breakwater *Up near the shore* To return to us what we long to see Our beach Our summer beach

Art Colby



PLUS 8 FOR SALE

Shelly & Lenny Mandel's Cadillac Cranberry 2000 Plus 8 is for sale.

The car has been garaged, and meticulously serviced and all major work was done at Morgan Spares.

The original owner added about \$11K in extras and Lenny also added: an RPI V8 Morgan +8 Polished Stainless Steel Exhaust System—2 ¼ bored Manifolds, 100 Cell Sport Cat & Link Pipe (stock Morgan Cats are 400 cells), 18" Sports Silencer and Sports Tail Pipes, Carbon Fiber Injection Trumpets, ECU Performance ReChip, Aluminum Radiator, Moto-Lita Steering Wheel, Leather door pouches, and much much more.

They are buying a 4 seater so that their grandsons can enjoy the Morgan along with them.

Contact Lenny @ 201 618 0716.



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AUTUMN MOG 2017 Cooperstown New York



















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2015 3 WHEELER Black, Electric Blue leather // Huge Price Reduction

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2005 Morgan 3.0 ROADSTER BRG Metallic/tan, 1,800 miles

2000 Morgan Plus 8 Cranberry Metallic/Magnolia Ivory with dark red piping

1970 Morgan Plus 8, Yellow, Black Leather, newly rebuilt 3.5 liter, V8 16 valve engine

1967 Morgan Plus 4, DHC, Ivory/ Green Wings, Ivory leather

1967 Morgan Plus 4, four pass SuperSport perfect clone, ground up restoration

1963 Morgan Plus 4 SuperSport, BRG/Black leather



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1959 Morgan Plus 4 DHC, BRG/Black Wings, black int. very nice

1953 Morgan Plus 4 FLATRAD WITH CYCLE FENDERS // SON OF SKIMPY, AKA, SKIMPY II, BRG/black fenders

1935 Morgan F2 VIN #F246 OTHER MARQUES:

Allard J2X, MK III

2008 Tesla Roadster, almost new, every option, Red

1985 Renault R5 Turbo White Metallic/Tan

1972 Lotus Elan Sprint Lagoon Blue over Cirrus White

1965 MGB Iris Blue

1959 Austin-Healey Bugeye Sprite, Red/Tan, body off restoration, perfect

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



AUTUMN MOG 2017

Return to Cooperstown

Tom Austin with help from David Webb, Anne Follweiler and Bob Cohn

e journeyed on an autumn weekend to Cooperstown, a town founded by Judge William Cooper, father of the author James Fenimore Cooper (who won great fame for his book *The Last*

of the Mohicans.) Others of the famous class who lived in Cooperstown include Samuel Morse (as in Morse Code) and Abner Doubleday (civil war officer and purported inventor of Baseball.)

In an essay on the origins of Baseball (The Creation Myth of Cooperstown), Steven Jay Gould (another famed author) observes that Doubleday was prominent in his day as a military hero for the North in the Civil War – but, quoting a contemporary – "Doubleday probably didn't know the difference between a baseball and a kumquat." Gould said "The silliest and most tendentious of baseball writing tries to wrest profundity from the spectacle of grown men hitting a ball with a stick by suggesting linkages between the sport and deep issues of morality, parenthood, history, lost innocence, gentleness, and so on, ad infinitum." We won't commit that error in this article. Instead here are some

Photos: Above:

The Concours at Hyde Hall

Right:

"Autocross? It's easy. Just drive between all those cones without hitting any of them."



honest recollections from a few of the many who convened in and enjoyed Autumn MOG in Cooperstown, along with a comment or two from your humble writer and his wife.

From David Webb

What an enjoyable meet Autumn MOG 2017 was! Many thanks to all who made it possible. The Saturday began for me at 5.30 AM when I got our Plus 4 four-seater out of the barn at our home in Ancramdale and headed to Morgan Motors New England. There was a full moon and the air was full of that wonderful Fall scent of leaves. It was magical.

Once at MMNE, I exchanged the fourseater for our Plus 4 Plus which Larry Eckler stores for us there. The 100-mile drive to Cooperstown through a number of charming villages dating to the 18th century could not have been more enjoyable. Once at Autumn MOG, I was greeted by old friend Jim Nichol. It had been a very long time since I attended a club event (where did the time go?) and

our fellow club members made me (and the Plus 4 Plus) most welcome.

I had asked Larry and Linda Eckler please to find a Plus 4 Plus for us a number of years ago and had visited several before Jim found just what we wanted in 2010. Ours is number 25 of the 26 built, had been owned by one family from new, and had only 18k miles on the clock. Furthermore, her original color was a shade of green much favored by my wife. Larry and team restored her beautifully and she was back on the road in 2012.

A bit of Plus 4 Plus history (with thanks to John Sheally, Jake Alderson and Chris Chapman.) Peter Morgan was the "father" of the Plus 4 Plus, wanting







a more modern offering in the Morgan range. The first one was completed in 1963 for Peter and driven by him through France and Spain where he competed successfully in a number of rallyes. Upon his return from the continent, Peter entered the car in both trials and rallyes in the UK, once again with considerable success. He reported that the aerodynamic bodywork of the Plus 4 Plus was beneficial for both acceleration and top speed (Peter's car can be seen today at the Factory where she forms part of its permanent collection). Peter's intention had been to make 50 cars but only 26 had been sold (with a further two body shells made) by early 1967 when a disastrous fire engulfed the supplier of the bodies, EB Plastics, destroying the Plus 4 Plus molds. Since then, the two spare body shells have been used in restorations. There would be no more.

(Ah, sigh. Given the Jaguar Works are building a few more E-Types, is there a mad entrepreneur who would commit the time and money to built molds and create a few more of the Plus 4 Plus type? Tom)

From Anne Follweiler

The weather forecast for the Autumn MOG weekend in Cooperstown was dismal - looked like rain was going to be the prominent feature. On Thursday we drove our pickup truck with the Morgan on a trailer - it was supposed to be raining hard in the morning followed by possible clearing. However, it turned out to be a gorgeous day for the drive from early morning to evening. There was some rain Thursday night - the roads were wet in the morning. Friday was supposed to be rainy all day, but it never did rain. Saturday for the Concours and Rally the sky was overcast with periodic mists in the air. The rain never materialized.

Surely Sunday the Autocross would be cancelled because of the forecasted heavy rain. It was raining hard when we left to drive home, an 11-hour slog back to Maine, but we watched the weather clear as we drove. We wondered if it cleared in time for the Autocross. Got a note from Alison DeKleine that the morning turned out to be beautiful and the Autocross went off without a problem from the weather. So, if in the future, you are wondering whether or not to go to an Autumn MOG but are concerned about the weather, don't sweat it!! When Autumn MOG was in Maine, there was a hurricane targeted on Rockland, but it diverted and went out to sea. Never underestimate the power of positive Morganeering. Amazing.

(Indeed! We were Morganless ourselves but resolute in coming despite the trailer and timing issues we ran into. Moggie is alive and well in East Falmouth and she'll be traveling out of town again in the spring. Tom)

Photos:

Above:

The banquet cuisine? Fabulous my dear." President Maura

Opposite page,

Top: Banquet auction. "... and this is no ordinary spark plug. It actually came from the very FIRST Morgan 3 wheeler!" Sure Scott!

Bottom: Morgan lineup at Friday dinner venue

From Andrea Lucas

Autumn MOG was great, as always. A huge surprise was Ted and I receiving the "Harry Carter Award" for 2017, the most prestigious of all!! We also bid on and won a "Harley Davidson" gift basket worth over \$300 which I got for \$50 at the live auction. This will be for my niece Kim and her husband, Dave (birthday 11/3) so great timing. I was the only bidder since the only "Harley" people I know in the club were not there.

From Bob Cohn

It was a most incredible surprise for Jeri and I to receive the 2017 Gayle Perry award!

The welcoming package was fantastic. Instead of a pile of things that are hard to fit in a Morgan, we were given 2 beautiful tall Morgan glasses that were perfect for our end-of-weekend gin and tonics. All awards were plates which can be used instead of wall plaques. Some of us have small homes with no extra wall space.

Alison's directional signs at every corner were so good that if anyone got lost no one has ever heard from them or ever will. I belatedly discovered that Alison had included color-coded map directions for each event of the weekend. And the food quality for both Friday and Saturday dinners couldn't be better.

The Friday distillery tour was led by a great guide who led us thru the entire process ending with samples of gins, vodkas, whiskeys, and bourbons.

The Saturday concours at Hyde Hall provided many of us with our first-ever look at David Webb's gorgeous Morgan Plus 4 Plus. Despite the on/off showers, we had a beautiful array of cars to look Jim Nichol at. was on hand to start us off on rally sporting great vistas wherever one looked.

Sunday was great despite every gloomy, rainy, forecast. We all drove to the Clark Sports Complex in the rain, but needed sunglasses by the time autocross got started. There were less than a dozen of us, but Scott provided a great

course. As usual, Barrie was the fastest time of the day, but newcomer Jeff Nichol was best in his class using Dad's car. Was Jim there in spirit?? The biggest surprise was driving another 200 miles missing all the area showers on the way to NJ.



(Elaine and I have to add that the dinners on Friday and Saturday night were absolutely spectacular. And we enjoyed the companionship even more than the food.)

Photo: Alison and her original art work







CONFESSIONS OF A LADY AUTOCROSSER

Pat Hennessey

UTOCROSS!!! I look forward to it months in advance! Mind you, I'm not PRACTICING in advance. I race Maura's car, and it lives in Saratoga Springs. When I get into it, the first thing I ask is "Where is first gear?"

The adrenalin starts pumping the minute I see the course. Scott Willoughby is diabolical. There will always be twists and turns and loops you have to handle differently the second time around. Barry Abrams is always going to be a heart-stopping treat to watch—and hard-stopping just in time to leave

the final cone still standing. Mara, too, ran the course, never missing a bend or a loop. Flaggers stood at the ready, hoping they could energetically wave when someone passed a cone on the wrong side.

I found first gear, and second. I don't need to know where the brakes are. I take the first run carefully, never missing a cone. Speed doesn't matter; staying on course, feeling it through, that's what's important. I watch everyone else take a run, then it's my turn again.

Something magical happens. Somewhere around the first hard turn, the car and I become one. There's an out-of-

body feeling, sort of like floating—but in a car. I swing around a loop as tight and fast as I can and see the next set of cones rushing toward me and I laugh like a maniac. In those seconds, as I rush the final cone, I feel like I'm Barry Abrams. I'm on top of the world.

I came home with an award, second place, Ladies Class. That's nice, but it's not the point. To be there, to do it, to throw my heart into the challenge—that's the point.

AUTUMN MOG 2017 AWARDS



CONCOURS

CONCOONS		
BEST IN SHOW	'67 Plus Four Plus	David Webb
Judged Class		
EARLY First Place	(C= Dluc / Dluc	David Malak
Second Place	'67 Plus 4 Plus '89 4/4	David Webb Warren Mann
<u>LATE</u>		
First Place Second Place	ʻ03 Plus 8 ʻ02 Trike	Hugh Heller Bill Conner
People's Choice Concours		
VINTAGE CLASS		
First Place Second Place	'53 Flat Rad '52 Flat Rad	Maura Hall Jim Vollmuth
<u>4/4 CLASS</u>		
First Place Second Place	'67 '64	Carl Clouser Peter Perry Sr.
Plus 4 (2 SEATERS) CLASS		
First Place Second Place	'66 '63	Ruth Bonomo Kenneth Mull
Plus 4 (4 SEATERS) & DHC CLASS		
First Place Second Place	'64 '65 DHC	Dean Meyer John Haines
EARLY PLUS 8 CLASS		
First Place Second Place	'69 '70	Brent Follweiler Jim Nolan
LATE PLUS 8 CLASS		5 · ·
First Place Second Place	'03 '95	Barrie Abrams Scott Willoughby
LATE MODELS CLASS	1.	
First Place	'05 Roadster	Mac McCampbell

RALLY

First Place Plus 8 Scott Willoughby/Kate Hartley Second Place Plus 4 Peter Perry/John Bigler

Third Place 4/4 4 seater Morgan Malone/Natasha Malone

AUTOCROSS

FASTEST TIME OF DAY	Barrie Abrams	36:09
3 WHEELER CLASS First. Place Second Place	Larry Eckler Kurt Conner	39:09 45.719
<u>4 SEATER CLASS</u> First. Place Second Place	Jeff Nichol Morgan Malone	38:79 39:03
LATE PLUS 8 First Place Second Place	Barrie Abrams J Scott Willoughby	36:09 38:49
EARLY PLUS 8 First Place	Bob Cohn	39:35
SPECIAL PLUS 8 First Place	Orrin Longbothum	38:45
WOMEN'S CLASS AND 4/4 First Place Second Place	Maura Hall Pat Hennessey	43:58 48:56

OTHER AWARDS

Harry Carter Esprit du Vent Award

Perry Award

Bob & Jeri Cohn

Barbara Ross Award

Pat Hennessey

Who Came the Farthest in a Morgan

Mike & Linda Baker



photos:

Opposite page:

Best in Show

This page, left:

Andrea Lucas receives Harry Carter Award



A WORLD WAR II VETERAN'S JAGUAR

Tom Surrency

ast Saturday morning after parking our car and walking up the lot toward the race track at Laguna Seca I was astounded to see this powder blue XK-120 parked nearby. This car appeared to be in totally unrestored condition judging by the paint and interior. This was the first time since 1958 that I had ever seen another Jag roadster painted in this color. What a shock to take me back 59 years! I have seen restored coupe's this color, but never a roadster.

In August 1958, I had just finished my summer job in Punta Gorda as part of the crew painting the interior of Charlotte High School. I was one week from returning to Gainesville for my junior year at University of Florida.

On Friday night, with my last paycheck in the bank, I got a call from my good friend and high school classmate Jack Chester. He said I should drive up to Bradenton to his foreign car dealership to take a look at this Jag he was taking in as a trade in on a new Jag sedan. It turned out to be a 1954 XK-120 exactly the same color as this one, but

with beige upholstery. It was being traded in by a doctor from Ohio who had broken his back parachuting in with the 82nd Airborne on D Day. Years later the XK turned out to be too rough on his back.

He wanted \$1200.00 on the trade in. I think he could see the despair in a 20 year old seeing his dream car disappear. He asked me what I could afford and I figured \$700.00 maximum, leaving \$75.00 x 2 for the years tuition and a little less than \$150.00 for the dorm room and the extra for meals, etc. So, I told him \$700.00, he shook my hand and said the Jag was mine. I wrote him a check, he signed over the title and I spent the night at Jack's before driving home the next morning. The good old days when you could trust that the check was good.

On the Monday morning after, I took it over to my friend's father who was a great painter on days when he was not boozed up. For \$25.00 he painted it fire engine red from paint he had left over from another job. I bought a tin of black leather dye and stained the beige leather black.

I drove that car thru the rest of my university time, in the Army and up

photos:

Déjà vu blue Jaguar

Opposite page:

Interior tatty or original patina?

until the time I sold it to get the extra \$\$\$ I needed to go to Thunderbird to get my Master's in International Business. I raced it frequently on weekends, especially in the summer. Fantastic car, never let me down. What a lot of memories came flooding back when I saw this one in Monterey. Light and fast and good for 140 mph—quite something in those days.

I wanted to meet the owner, but it was gone when we left. It appears that he drove it down from Colorado. In very good condition they go for around \$130,000 now and I suspect that a real original like this would get a similar price.

Sadly, before Jack Chester passed away two years ago, he told me that the guy who bought mine removed the wonderful Jag twin cam six and put in a small block Chevy V-8 and totaled it into a tree.







THE MORGANEER PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE WRENCH AWARD 2017

I was not able to attend this year's Autumn MOG, where I usually present the nominees and winner of The Morganeer Pen is Mightier Than the Wrench award for excellence in Morgan auto journalism. So, here they are:

NOMINEES

Nov/Dec 2016 Issue

1) Autumn MOG 2016 Pat Hennessey

2) Member Profile Jay Galpin Steve Schefbauer

Jan/Feb 2017 Issue

3) A European Tour -To Malvern and Beyond **Mike Virr**

4) New England South Holiday Party Andrea Lucas

Mar/Apr 2017 Issue

5) Chantilly Arts et Elegance 2016 Douglas Hallawell

6) The Road to Canton **Tom Surrency**

7) Fergus Motors Jonathan Kinghorn

May/June 2017 Issue

8) From the President Maura Hall

9) MadMOG Annual Concloave of Conspiracy Theorists Spider Bulyk

10) Peter Morgan's Ferraris Douglas Hallawell

Jul/Aug Issue

11) Mid Atlantic Dustoff Minus One Fred Cohen

> 12) Further Fergus Jonathan Kinghorn

13) Farthest North Dustoff
Sam Selby

Sept/Oct Issue

14) The Tribe That Morgan Built Maura Hall

15) Battle of Brooklyn Mystery Redux **Spider Bulyk**

AND THE WINNER IS:

For 'Fergus Motors and 'Further Fergus'

Jonathan Kinghorn

TWO OUTTA THREE AIN'T BAD

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

ritish Wheels on the Green, Madison, Connecticut: When I say "green", you need to know that the green in question doesn't really belong to the Town of Madison. Actually it belongs to the Congregational Church. This is significant because we've never had a rainy day for this event. Go figure! The Jag Club of Southern New England hosts this (wonderful) event and I'm guessing there must be an extra line-item on the Church's invoice for a good weather guarantee. Regardless, we indeed had good weather. Regardless, all of us who attended are indeed grateful!



The setting for this event is perfect. The aesthetics are charmingly old New England; the walking distance food and coffee options are outstanding; the crowd-vibe is friendly, neighborly, and respectful; the cars are beautiful; there's sun or shade depending on what you like; and the whole mood of the event is supportive and – dare I say it – peaceful.

I confess that, for years, I had been hoping for a perfect trifecta. First that (Area Captain) Andrea and Ted Lucas' Plus 8 (finally) wins First Place; for reasons unexplainable, they've always missed it in the past. Daughter Jackie was there and it sure sounds like Ted's nudging her into the driver's seat: always nice to see multiple generations in the club and she's a lucky gal! Next I've wanted enough Morgans entered to allow for a second trophy; in the past, lots of Morgan people showed up but sans Morgans and, surprisingly, the Jag guys don't give trophies for "best shined"

shoes". This year we had 'em and Rod Griffith's Green and Black Flat Rad took second, a nice win for a charming car. Unfortunately, the trifecta was not to be as our car didn't make it (yet again). Still in all, two outta three ain't bad.

You could say that the trifecta went to the dogs – this is a dog-friendly



photos:

Above:

Coolin' it on the Green. Seated: Ted Lucas, Barb Fuller & Steve Colson. Standing Spider and Rod Griffith

Left:

Ted's Plus 8 takes the First Place Blue Ribbon



event – as Stephanie brought Kali (Kahlua) our chocolate Labby and Rod brought Murphy his giant black Labby, although I suspect that Rod brought Murphy as backup incase the Flat Rad didn't start (lotsa torque, that dog).

I like seeing many of the familiar faces at this event. Previous event winners Steven Colsen's '64 Eggplant Four-Seater custom rally and Nancy and Ken Mull's '63 Red Plus 4 were on the line. Andy Traggis's '74 Black Plus 8 joined the line with Susan and Walter Barton's ex-Hal Carstens '78 Red Plus 8 (cool wheels and all the way from Ancramdale, NY....say, wherezatt?). Ivan manned the Cardone & Daughter Vendor Booth (member and advertiser). Barbara Fuller joined Stephanie and me in the (getting smaller) 'sans Morgan' category. My Bonneville (motorcycle) was once again pulled into yeoman's service.

It's wonderful to view the cars in this setting and the easy vibe promotes conversation at each car, both with those you know and those you don't. People seem less hurried and you can collect interesting stories about how a certain car got there, what's new, old, or exceptional about it, and feel the excitement of the owner. It's contagious. Even without a Morgan, two outta three ain't bad.

photos:
Above:
The Morgan lineup
Right:
Rod and faithful companion Murphy
Below:
And yes, there were Jaguars also





TECH TIPS (Not FROM but TO Spider)

HOW MUCH BRAKE PEDAL PRESSURE DOES IT TAKE?

Susan and I recently took a beautiful country drive with Janie Mattson and Steve Shapiro following behind. Steve noticed that I slowed down without the brake lights coming on. Scary!

On my '64 Plus 4 with silicon brake fluid, light brake pressure (gently slowing down) was not enough to trigger the brake lights. It took firm pedal pressure to light them up. However it doesn't take much to slow an 1840 pound car!

The problem was that the brake light switch, which senses hydraulic pressure, required too much pressure. It's an easy part to find, a standard 1/8" NPT thread. So I tried a Harley-Davidson part, hoping that the lower pressures on a bike would match those on my Morgan. (I tried the ACCEL 181101.) It's one of many with a trigger pressure range of 60-120psi. (Linda and Larry offer a similar part, but with the original screw

terminals.) It was better, but still not sensitive enough.

For me, the solution turned out to be a Ron Francis SW-32 low-pressure brake switch. I found it on Summit Racing. I can't vouch for durability (so I bought a spare), but the brake lights come on reliably with gentle braking.

So, as you're rolling down your driveway, touch your brakes just enough to feel some slowing and see if your brake lights come on. If not, you know what to do!

Some cautions when you replace the switch: Brake fluid will strip your paint, so be careful about drips. Let some fluid drip into the switch to avoid an air pocket inside it. You really should bleed the brakes afterwards unless you're very careful to ensure no air bubble gets into the system. And obviously top up the fluid when you're done.

Dean Meyer

STEEL TO WIRE WHEEL CONVERSION

(And Other 240z and 'Barn' Stories)

Spider,

Just read your article on tires in the last Morganeer. I did one several years ago for the Morganotes, but it was 15", not 16".

When I bought my Plus 4 four seater in the early 80's it had disk wheels. I grew up with wires, so they had to go. See parts list from MMC on what has to be replaced when doing so. I sure you know this, I did not. We had converted many TRs and Austin Healeys to wires by just switching the hubs. I sold my disk set up to Chet Faleski for \$500. The check bounced three times!

You also probably know that the alloy, finned rear brakes hubs from a Datsun 240Z bolt right on a Plus 4. I bought a 240Z parts car in 1973. Still have the rear hubs. Maybe some day I will try it.

I still have the original 240Z. We bought my son home from the hospital at birth in the cargo area. The nurse went nuts. A child seat was attached behind the front seats and he rode there till 1985 when his head hit the ceiling. The car was in perfect condition when it was placed upstairs in my very well ventilated barn. It still sits there along with the restored 1959 Volvo 544 I bought for my son in 1988. It keeps company with Larraine's 1936 Austin 7 and a TR3 that has been in the family since 1965.

John (McNulty)



OPINION EDITORIAL

Does Every Road Go Somewhere?

Frank Wnek

t was mid morning on Friday, a warm and sunny September day. Just perfect for a Morgan road trip to the British Invasion in Stowe, Vermont. I was driving along in my Drophead on a two lane winding country road with no other cars in sight in either direction. Just me, my Morgan and the road. I sort of knew where I was in macro terms – heading in the general northwest direction towards Bethel, Maine and then into New Hampshire. But I was on a road I had never traveled before.

The thought occurred to me – as they often do on a long road trip with no radio to distract my mind in the Morgan – 'where exactly was I going TO?' I wasn't really sure. And then carrying that thought even further (philosophically) – 'Does EVERY road go SOMEWHERE?' Ever tried reading the names of those small country towns on a road map that are just a small dot along the route and written in white letters? IMPOSSIBLE! I decided I would just find out where I was going TO when I got there – hopefully I was going SOMEWHERE.

Then I thought 'well, there are some roads that definitely DON'T go somewhere (unless you happen to live on the end of one of them as I do) – dead end roads. Okay, you're right. Dead end roads don't really count since they are not generally shown on a road map. Then there are those special roads you just can't stand to NOT know where they go, so you turn down them with mixed senses of curiosity, mischief and adventure – PRIVATE roads. I would not live where I do now if my family and I hadn't driven down an interesting looking Private Road back in 1978 and found the lot for sale that would become our future home in Harpswell, Maine. And if you drive down that private road, just past the 'Members and Guests Only' yacht club you will encounter the mysterious road sign ' No Outlet – Turn Here'! Now is that not an invitation to curiously explore further or what? And for us Morgan

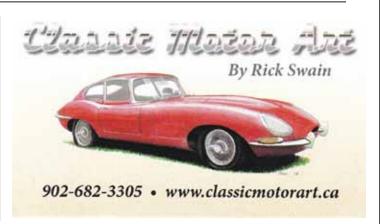
drivers the ultimate challenge and tough decision is whether or not to continue when the Private Road you are 'exploring' suddenly turns into a dirt road.

But where were we? Oh yes, on the road to 'somewhere' in western Maine. By now I was really beginning to wonder where I was going and when I would get there. All of a sudden the farms and wooded sections I had been driving along transitioned to homes alongside the road and a reduced speed limit sign appeared. And then I was 'somewhere'! And of all places - it was Paris! No, no – I wasn't along the left bank of the Seine or along the Champs-Elyées. There was no Notre Dame cathedral or Eiffel Tower in sight. Actually I was in South Paris, MAINE! It was a bit comforting to at least finally be 'somewhere'.

A little later I brought my road map along as I stopped for lunch and made some further interesting discoveries. Amazingly, you could also be in China, Norway, Mexico, Bath, Newcastle, Belfast, Sydney, Limerick, Naples or York and still be in Maine. You would think that these sovereign countries and municipalities in Europe would have copyrighted their names. But then again, how would they even have known or imagined that some upstart colonial immigrants from their home country would be cheeky enough to actually steal their name. I guess early Mainers were just not that imaginative. They even kept the original native Indian names for some of their lakes and ponds, just to add to the confusion no doubt. Lake Mooselookmeguntik???

I passed through quite a few more country towns on my way to Stowe, Vermont that day. That's the fun of traveling off the beaten track, as many Morganeers tend to do. What's the fun of driving along an interstate that doesn't go anywhere other than in a direction leading to another interstate, when you can drive along a country road and all of a sudden end up in - Paris?





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The Morganeer is the official Journal of The 3/4 Morgan Group, Ltd., a not-for-profit corporation under the laws of New York State. The Group is dedicated to furthering the enjoyment, appreciation, and use of cars produced by The Morgan Motor Company, Malvern Link, England. The Morganeer is published bimonthly and is free in print to all Group members. It is also distributed electronically to members and available at www.morgan34.org.

SUBMISSIONS

- Submit copy & photos to the Editor either electronically or by mail.
- Mailed submissions must be typed.
- Electronic copy format -WORD,.txt, or .rft.
- Electronic photo format .jpg.
- Mailed photos will be returned if requested.
- Caption photos to identify cars, people, locations, dates, events, etc.

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