

The Morganeer

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Issue 6

Mad Hatter's Tea Party At Autumn MOG



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

NEW CLUB MEMBERS

Barbara Fuller	Old Saybrook, CT '69 Plus 4
Orrin Longbothum	Fayston, VT
Pat & Susan MacAuley	Manasas, VA '61 Plus 4 4 str
Rick Mammel	Novi, MI '34 3 wheeler
Gary & Tereza Prime	Hull, MA '66 4/4
Leonard & Betsy Schuster	New Milford, CT

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

LOST/ MISPLACED

For those of you who were Autumn MOG attendees, Jim Nichol has reported that he misplaced his 3/4 Group windbreaker (black, with club triangle logo, size XXL) and a Pebble Beach 1999 clipboard sometime, somewhere during the weekend, likely in the hospitality suite. If you have any information on their whereabouts or may have picked them up inadvertently, please notify Jim, as they are items of some sentimental attachment for him.

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FROM THE PRESIDENT

Dear Fellow Morganeers:

As we approach November and the beginning of the off-season for our beloved Morgans, we can look back with pleasure on a summer full of activity and delights. Not the least of those memories is of Autumn MOG, again presented by Lenny Mandel in the beautiful Berkshires at Jiminy Peak. What a great weekend that was; even the weather gods cooperated despite gloomy forecasts to the contrary. Some seriously fast times, and some slower but fun ones, were achieved at the autocross, held again at the New Lebanon race track. A great dinner at The Mill on the Floss followed, with excellent service for a large crowd of diners. The Rally Masters, Jim and Peter Nicholls, took us up and down the mountain on great Morgan roads, - it was a shame that some potential vistas were shrouded in mist. Maybe that's why the call it Mt Greylock.

The concours on Saturday, held on the lovely grounds of the Clark Museum in Williamstown, was made even more fun by the appearance of many Morganeers wearing ridiculous hats. Inspired by Janie Mattson and Joanne Singer, I think everyone was surprised by the number of participants in the new event. Joanne surpassed us all in her Morgan special headgear, complete with working lights; if you were not there, you must look out for her photo elsewhere in this edition. The cars, of course, were the main attraction, but the addition of a new element added spice to the occasion. If you have an idea for something different to add to the mix, do not be shy in coming forward.

The array of Morgans on the concours field was awesome. We were graced with both old and new three-wheelers - a sight to see and compare. Technology has come a long way since those first automobile/motorcycles made their appearance, but I think that the Morgan spirit and tradition is kept alive in the latest productions. I believe it is that spirit, that aura of nostalgia even in most twenty-first century models, which makes our marque so special and unique.

Recently there has been a lot of talk about how the concours is organized and judged. Tyler Phillips and Steve Vavak drew up some guidelines a few years ago which were followed for a time but recent organizers have had differing views - all valid in their own way. As a result, the Board has established a small committee of concours veterans of many stripes to review this variety of opinions and report back. As I write,



they appear to be coming to some sort of consensus but with strong minority opinions. We shall see what transpires in the near future, but it may well be that in the end we leave it to each concours master to decide what he is comfortable with. Watch this space for further updates!

Now as you contemplate the oncoming cold months with limited Morgan possibilities, let us also look forward with pleasant anticipation to what 2015 will bring. I am sure we will have the usual favorite meets such as the Dust-Offs and the outings, and we shall certainly have another Autumn MOG. This event next year will be a little different in several ways. First, it will be held in Maine - one of the far outposts of our district if I may say so - rather than in a more centralized location as has been the custom of recent years. But that is part of its charm. Maybe it will be new territory for some of you more southern members, but as so many of you support the ever popular Lobster MOG, it could be a return to a favorite area. And speaking of Lobster MOG, this coming Autumn MOG will actually include several aspects of the traditional Maine event, including a lobster supper. If you have never been to Lobster MOG, then this could be your year to sample the delights of cuisine and countryside as well as cars.

The event will be based at the Samoset Resort, a prestigious and luxurious setting in Rockland, Maine the first weekend in October, when the fall colors should be coming in but before it turns too cold; a perfect blend. Frank Wnek is our noble MOG Master, assisted by Bennett Shulman and the Lobster MOG crew. More details will appear in the next issue of the Morganeer, but consider this a "save the date" advisory.

Now some of you may think that your president is a little too authoritarian, telling you to attend this event or not to miss that outing, but maybe you should know a little more about him and his Morgan, Maggie. Although she looks like a perfect, genteel English lady, under her bonnet she has a warning for all who might dare to cross El Supreme Duce. Just take a look at the photo on page 4!

Happy motoring!

David

FROM THE EDITOR

No apologies for the shamelessly egotistical photo on the cover of this issue, which I agreed to with some reservation on the suggestion of several (well, okay – one) of our members. If it gets me fired as Morganeer editor, so be it. Please – throw me in that briar patch! But it was all part of the fun and zaniness of this year's Autumn MOG.

Once again, thanks to our members, this issue is chock full of content and interesting stories – from the Autumn MOG post mortems to the season wrap-up racing report to a wonderful reprint story from Hemmings on our club's (well, really it actually 'officially' belongs to **Ron Garner**) unique, one of a kind Morgan three wheeler beer wagon, to several owners stories about their dear Moggie.

Lenny Mandel starts things off with his big 'Thank You' article to all those who helped him put together last month's excellent Autumn MOG at Jiminy Peak in Hancock, MA. The autocross, the Friday night gourmet dinner, the Saturday morning Concours at the Clark Museum, the rally through the Autumn foliage color of the Berkshires and the Saturday evening Awards Banquet – all made it a memorable and fun club event. With some reluctance, Lenny was forced to send the partiers off to their rooms and close the hospitality suite in the wee hours of the AM both Friday and Saturday. And a good time was had by all.

There are really two themes to this issue – one being Autumn MOG, of course, and the second being a celebration of the horsepower challenged of our marque, the lowly Morgan 4/4. Starting off is **John Hunt's** story of his ownership of the Series II 4/4 which he purchased from Ron Garner – the same car of legend in Ron's 2014 Morganeer Pen is Mightier Than The Wrench Award winning article from the Jul/Aug 2014 Morganeer, 'Kathi's First Morgan.' I had intended to put John's article in the Sep/Oct issue, but with all the content I already had for it I just couldn't fit it in. When I read through and edited John's fine writing I came to understand his disappointment in the delay. And reading John's piece will give you new



insight not only into the history of the 4/4, but also a new appreciation of the utility of a good set of 'horns'.

Almost a companion piece to John's is the Part Two completion of **Brad King's** storied tale of the rebuild of his 4/4, brought over from the UK when he came to the colonies for an extensive visit as Executive Director of the Battleship Cove Museum in Fall River, MA. As you may recall, Brad left us hanging (okay – I also had something to do with it) when his article of the last issue ended with him looking upon the stripped disassembled carcass of his Morgan and wondering 'What Have I Done?' In this issue he relates in his unique British humor the completion of his rebuild. And yes, now having joined the ranks of those who have totally rebuilt their Morgans, he is strutting around with his chest puffed out a bit. Well deserved old boy.

There are two articles this issue for you racing fans – The SCCA season wrap-up from our veteran Morgan racer **Mike Virr**, covering all the major events of his season. And our 'UK Correspondent' **Jay Galpin** also sent along Part 3 of his continuing racing saga of his 'Mighty Plus 8'. Actually, the title is somewhat misleading, but I will let you discover that for yourself as you read his heart-wrenching tale. Just a hint for all you Plus 8 guys/gals out there – yes, there are some internal parts to the Rover V-8 engine that will come exploding through the aluminum block if they should somehow shake free of their connection.

I was pleasantly surprised recently when someone sent me an article from the Hemmings Motor News website/blog featuring Ron Garner's now world famous Morgan beer wagon (having also been featured in Melvyn Rutter's 'Morgan World International' magazine's latest issue). And I was even more pleased when Hemmings agreed to let me reprint it. It seems that they were SO taken by Ron's van-bodied 3 wheeler at the August Hemmings event that they asked him back for their 'invitation only' Concours d'Elegance once again at the Saratoga Auto Museum in October. For the occasion, Ron totally repainted the van body with his new 'Mad About Mor-

TO THE EDITOR

The Morganeer looks better every month. Many thanks.

Best,
Lawrence Thompson

I really liked Michael Kidder's article on rebuilding his 4/4. Having raced and rebuilt 4/4's since 1960 I really related to his story. With my first 4/4 a Series II I found the Ford 1,172, flat head too feeble so I replaced the engine with an MG TC "XPAG" engine with which it performed adequately. That all changed in '62 when Peter Morgan sold me an alloy set of wings for £42 and I installed the new Ford Cortina 1,500 non-Cross-flow with twin Webers and other stuff. That car carried all before it winning some 19 awards in 22 meetings. I sold the car eventually in order to put money down on a house and get married.

After moving to Connecticut in 1985 I acquired a wrecked 1959 4/4 Series III and spent two years rebuilding it with a view to racing it in VSCCA events. That engine that started out as the Ford Anglia 997 cc unit was gradually enlarged to the 1,340 cc unit and is now bored out to the max at 1,475 cc. This is necessitated by the club requirements to keep the original block type together with a downdraft Weber. So I use a synchronous Weber unit off a 3 liter Ford Capri. This car is still winning a few races as it did at the Jag Lime Rock meet back in May although I was thoroughly out-classed at the Historic Festival with two Ginetta G4's and an Elva in the class. Since these cars are nearly ten years younger but light years in concept apart that the Mog even stays on the same lap is surprising. These are still great performing cars.

Michael mentioned moving his car to Keene at one stage in its wandering life. I found a +4 DHC near there in Dublin a few years ago, literally in a barn. It had been used for a film in Africa and then by the directors wife for several years until something went wrong. I got a local garage who do some restoration projects to get it going and they sold it as a project car. I am still kicking myself that I didn't buy it but I was in the midst of restoring the Riley Ulster at the time.

Now Michael feels he must sell his Mog, which he obviously cares for, I wish him well and hope it finds a good home.

Mike Virr

I bring to your attention the recent bi-annual issue of "The Morgan World International" (Issue 34) containing three interesting articles written by our members, Bill Alexander, Ron Garner and you! In addition, another one of members, Art Greenberg, is the Contributing Editor for many years. How fortunate and honored we are to have our members recognized globally for their Morgan expertise, enthusiasm and commitment.

Bennett Shuldman

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FROM THE EDITOR CONTINUED

gans' livery, including gold leaf! Amazing! The article and photos really speak for themselves. Not one to rest on his laurels, Ron is now busy at work on Spider's rebuild. Does he ever rest?

This issue's final feature article is another cautionary tale from September's British Invasion and told by **Bill Jouris**. It involves not only some Morgan mechanical glitches, but also the tow vehicle they drove to and from the event. Suffice to say that it is probably NOT a good idea to discount warning lights on more modern vehicles, particularly when they are bright red and say BRAKES. Thanks Bill for sharing this one with us.

Also herein you will find the Minutes of

the 3/4 Morgan Group Annual Meeting, conducted Sunday morning at Autumn MOG. Treasurer David Root's Financial Report was not quite ready and will be reported in the Jan/Feb issue and include all the Autumn MOG accounting, but I will preview it by telling you that for second straight year Autumn MOG ended up in the black, with the proceeds of the auction included in the income, but NOT the \$1000 that was in the annual budget for Autumn MOG. Well done, Lenny and crew.

So, the end of the year is closing in on us, the S word is in the forecast here in Maine for the end of this week, and it's time to bed down our Morgans for the coming Winter – except for those of us (who will remain unnamed) who feel the need to take their

Morgan out for a few brisk Winter drives. And no, that would NOT be me.

One last thought – believe it or not, it's NOT too early to make your room reservation for Autumn MOG 2015 in (drum roll please) Rockland, Maine. Yes, it is official (and I have signed my life away). We will have next years' Autumn MOG at the Samoset Resort in Rockland, Maine and also the Owl's Head Transportation Museum. (See page 24). So not only will I be dreaming of warm Summer rides in my Drophead all Winter, but also lots of smiling faces at next years' Downeast Autumn MOG. Please - don't let me down.

The road goes on forever,

The Mad Hatter

**Our President's
'don't mess with
me!' engine
valve cover**



EDITOR'S NOTE

For several reasons – lack of space and some items not yet reported – I have not included the Autumn MOG Awards in this issue. I should have them all compiled and publish them in the next (Jan/Feb) Morganeer issue. The Treasurer's End Of Year Report should also be included in the next issue – plus a lot of more interesting stuff, of course.

A VERY UNIQUE START BUTTON

Right in the center of the beautiful wood dash of Brad King's just restored 4/4 is a rather unique, I would venture to say 'one of a kind' starter switch, which was once a part of the cockpit of an actual WW II British Spitfire fighter. How Brad may have 'acquired' it remains shrouded in mystery, but I hear the archivists at the Imperial War Museum in London have launched an investigation centered on its whereabouts. In the meantime, it looks ABSOLUTELY TOO COOL on the dash of Brad's Morgan. And what happens when you flip open the cover and press the switch? See page 6 for the answer.





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IN MEMORIAM – Frank Mariano

With apologies to Joy and all members of our club, Jack and I sort of dropped the ball on this one. We had heard just before Lobster MOG back in August that Frank was in the hospital, and soon after, sadly, of his passing. We assumed the word had gotten out, and I was as surprised as many of you at Autumn MOG to hear of how many of you had NOT gotten the word. So here is a belated tribute to Frank, who was an enthusiastic club member, winner of Best in Show with his pale yellow Plus 4 in 2003, Concours Chair the following year, and just all around good guy. The Ecklers really say it all in this wonderful tribute. ed

Sept 19, 2014

Hi Frank & Jack

We were stunned to learn yesterday that Frank Mariano had passed away 2 months ago after a complication from surgery. I was chatting with my girls at Jiminy Peak on Saturday and I said to them “Do you know who’s not here? Frank Mariano” which I thought was quite odd as he’s attended Autumn MOG quite regularly since he’s been a member of the club. He loved showing his Plus 4 and he was always meticulous about it, constantly fussing with it, always trying to make it better, even though it was close to perfect. Frank was in charge of the concourse judging when the meet was at Lime Rock. You may also remember seeing Joy’s smiling face behind the regalia table at AutumnMog a few years ago.

I am attaching a link to his obituary:

<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/hartfordcourant/obituary.aspx?pid=171824870>

Frank loved to come by and take us out to lunch quite often. He loved to just check in, see the cars in the shop, and just generally chat about Morgans. I always had to remind him to keep his hands in his pockets as he just always wanted to “touch” the cars and we had to tell him, “Frank, paint is for your eyes, not for your hands”. He was last here in June and we very much enjoyed our visit. He had just ordered a new C7 Corvette and was looking forward to its arrival in a few months.

In getting to know Frank over the years, I know he adored his wife Joy. He always referred to her as “his beautiful redhead”. He always made sure he called her when he was here on visitation just to check in with her. Our hearts go out to Joy.

Larry & Linda Eckler



They don't call it a 'Spitfire' for nothing!

AUTUMN MOG 2014 – A View From The Chair

Lenny Mandel

In the movie “Shakespeare in Love”, which is a brilliantly crafted piece, there is a dialogue between Henslowe (played by Geoffrey Rush) and Fennyman (played by Tom Wilkinson).

I think that it applies in many situations, and it’s used a few times in the film:

Henslowe:” Mr. Fennyman, allow me to explain about the theatre business. The natural condition is one of insurmountable obstacles on the road to imminent disaster.”

Fennyman: “So what do we do?”

Henslowe: “Nothing. Strangely enough, it all turns out well.”

Fennyman: “How?”

Henslowe: “I don’t know. It’s a mystery.”

I laugh whenever I think of it, as I have produced a couple of plays in New York and am currently putting a bunch of money together for a feature film.

I cannot tell you how overwhelmed I was during the weekend of Autumn MOG 36, and it was because of YOU: ALL OF YOU! I have publicly thanked many, but I’ll try it one more time on paper, and my sincerest apologies to anyone who I left out; I promise you that it was inadvertent.

I begin with Frank Wnek, who helped me keep it all together when he thought I was going over the edge. We e-mailed each other at least once a day, and he kept me laughing by pointing out how crazy I was to be so worried. It all goes back to the quotes at the beginning of this article.

Thursday came and I started setting up the Hospitality Suite. When Marsha and Jim Carter came she took over as she is Felix Unger and I am the ultimate Oscar Madison. I’m kidding, but we



photo: Lenny and Bob Perry present the Perry Award

were one helluva team (not disregarding Jim, who pitched in with all he had as well). By Thursday night there were about 25 – 30 of us at Jiminy Peak.

Friday morning Scott and his crew, (Kate, the Williams duo, and Ruth) put together an autocross that rivaled the SCCA’s course, with everybody driving hard and laughing just as hard. Fun runs had 2 in a car, and a comment from one of the more cautious drivers, now in the right seat as Maura Hall ripped around the course: “Wow, so this is what it’s supposed to feel like?” That one had us on the floor. A huge THANK YOU to Linda and Larry Eckler for sponsoring this event once again.

Friday night dinner at The Mill on the Floss was beyond what I could have hoped for. A few of us had eaten there last year and I couldn’t wait to get back. “We’ll have about 40 people,” I told their manager. That day six or seven people asked to be added to the list of diners and our number rose to 75 people. Of course I was nervous about the food, and the staff and I kept thinking of the old joke about a waiter who goes over

to a table of older Jewish ladies and asks: “Is anything all right?” The food was fabulous, the service as well: what a way to start Autumn Mog, whew.

We shut the Hospitality suite down at 11:30, and the next morning it was off to the Clark Museum for our Concours. Marsha was already there as were Frank and Fred Shuchard, as we started setting up the field. Jim Carter led the caravan of cars from Jiminy while Ruth Bonomo and Pat Hennesey put them in position in a large U all around the field. The noodles they used for spacing the cars were ingenious. Dawn walked around selling more 50-50s, and another great thanks to Elizabeth and Dick Williams for getting us the use of the field at The Clark.

Of course kudos and thanks to our judges: Hugh Heller, Maura Hall, Susan Rho, Dean Meyer and Mary Schuldman (hmmmm, did she actually judge Bennett’s car?). Joanne Singer and Jane Mattson came up with a hat contest which would add some fun to the concours, which I named The Mad Hattery. Who would’ve thunk that any more

than 4 people would participate. Oh Boy. Again, it was lots of laughs.

The Nichol brothers and Peter Perry put together an amazing rallye once again: this time through gorgeous countryside and up Mt Greylock. Back at the hospitality suite, the wine and beer were flowing, scores were tallied and trophies put aside for the winners of the events.

A nice welcome cocktail hour with hors d'oeuvres preceded the banquet, awards presentation and auction, and it was all done in Crane Lodge, a stand-alone building at the base of the mountain. I did a couple of my warm up stories, a few people got up and spoke, the awards and trophies passed out and then back to the Hospitality suite which I shut down at 1:30 a.m.

A wonderful contingent from the DC club were there (about 16 people) even

though many of them are members of both clubs, and we were privileged to have the men who ran Autumn MOG 1 (Spider) and Autumn MOG 2 (Wes Fredericks), who came back after a 30 year hiatus).

Major thanks go out to Margaret Jacobsen for ordering the beautiful plates that we gave out as trophies this year; Brian Jouris who, once again, took my design and made it gorgeous (I can't draw a stick figure), Karin and Doug Constant for getting the T Shirts made, Maura Hall for her incredible work as registrar (it took SOOOO much off Marsha Carter's plate), and Marsha Carter (no, I'm not discounting Jim's tremendous effort again) who worked incessantly once again making up the most incredible welcome packet. The Harvest Moon logo was on everything she did (including the ticket for the entrée ordered at The Mill on the Floss), just

part of her personal touch. Once again, without Marsha (the Angel Marsha, as Frank describes her) the event wouldn't have run as beautifully and smoothly as it did: I O U BIG TIME Angel!

To end with a bit of the opening:

Henslowe: "....it all turns out well."

Fennymann: "How?"

Henslowe: "I don't know. It's a mystery."

Autumn MOG 36, Harvest Moon Mog, was AMAZING, and its being so was NO MYSTERY. I said it before and I'll say it again and again; IT WAS ALL BECAUSE OF YOU!!!!!! Thank you all from the bottom of my heart, I can't even begin to express my gratitude for making this one of the best Autumn MOGs ever.

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AUTUMN MOG - *A Long Distance Traveler's Perspective*

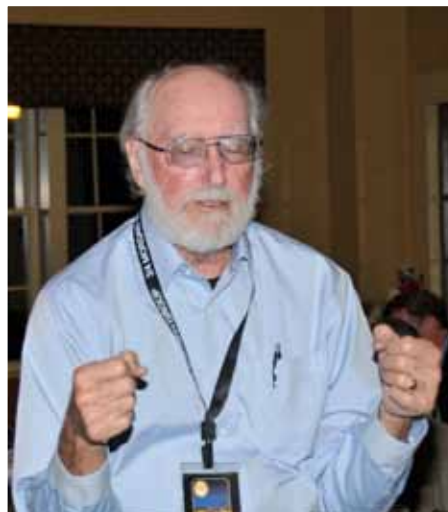
Lee DeBrish President MCCDC

There is a fascination with contemplating the articulation and assembly of symbols, known in our current parlance as words. Putting these symbols in a particular sequence, we convey a logical string conveying a thought or create a picture in the minds of others of what these words mean. The theory is that as we assemble certain words, we create a picture and an understanding of what it is we wish others to understand and/or enjoy from ours or others efforts to satisfy our need to understand and agree or disagree with the words conveying the subject in question.

Case in point: mention "Autumn MOG" or "Jiminy Peak" in some circles and you will be presented with a blank stare. "Autumn MOG" has no meaning. "Jiminy Peak" on the other hand, conveys a mental picture of a cricket out of a Disney movie. So how do we convey the thoughts and feelings of a gathering of a particular group of people who share a common interest in a particular kind of car and gather at various times and places rendering homage to the little car known as the Morgan? A select group of people consult, seek out and visit various places that will accommodate the requirements to practice certain rituals necessary to satisfy the needs of these ardent followers. Those requirements being a comfortable place to lay ones weary head and lots of good food for the "souls" of these followers to ensure they are strong enough to carry on the rituals of autocross, concours, rally, eating and drinking. The seekers looked

long and hard, culminating in a location in Hancock, Mass. at a place called "Jiminy Peak". A grand and spacious abode, comforting and comfortable, included a gated and secure place to harbor the sacred Morgan.

For some, the pilgrimage of a 10 plus hour drive on Thursday, from a place called Virginia, a welcome sight of the resort met with quiet applause and relief and gives a whole new meaning to the term "hard ass ". But the late evening repast of fish and chips with beer was a welcome relaxation to the wearying drive and a great way to start the weekend fun with a British flair. Unfortunately, we arrived after the close of registration and the hospitality suite. The next day, we joined the diehard drivers with a need for speed, assumed the position and drove out to the Lebanon Speedway to perform the first ritual of autocross. The signature ending of each run was to exit at speed, apply the



brakes firmly and execute the "four tire flat spot two step", resulting in clouds of smoke and smell of burned rubber, all to the glee of the spectators.

At the end of this intense endeavor, we met back at the resort to meet and greet new arrivals and prepare to drive en masse to a little 4 star restaurant in the woods called "Mill on the Floss". A repast of delicately prepared, tender and juicy meat, vegetables and mashed potatoes was consumed. WELL MET! WELL MET! Kudos to the chef(s) and wait staff of this fine establishment. And, kudos to the seeker, aka, Lenny "the" Mandel. After a return to the resorts 'hospitality suite', we indulged in more merriment and tales of intrigue, lasting into the wee hours of the night...a happy time for all.

Saturday found us among a great number of the cherished Morgans driving up the road to the Concours, on the grounds of The Clark Museum - a great museum, full of art and imagination. This venue, having soft grass on which to park the mighty Morgans, allowed the followers to polish, primp, poke and clean all paint, chrome and wood. This ritual was somewhat unique, as many participants wore strange looking things on their heads. It was hard to tell if these were signs of

photos:

Top: 'There I was, asleep at the Stop light.'

Bottom: A typical Autumn MOG scene



a mating ritual, or an attempted escape from Alice in Wonderland. Of particular note was the 'Mad Hatter' sporting 3 sets of 'eyes'. Similar sightings of objects with wheels, headlights and taillights flashing on and off, perhaps to attract or perhaps to ward off unwanted incursions into the preparation space occupied by the wearer of such symbolism. Ah, symbols and words - what images they invoke.

The Morgans are placed in such a manner that when complete, the display resembles a slight replication of Stonehenge in color. Detailed inspection of the Morgans were performed by a special small select group known as judges who meet in secret to prevent any outside influence. Part of this ritual requires that each owner stand by as judges request the owner to flash their lights, start their engines and make little honking noises. All other items - paint, chrome, wood and interior are inspected. At the conclusion of this inspection, the judges move on muttering among themselves, leaving the owner to wonder and wander off. When all have been inspected to the satisfaction of the judges, they repair to their secret place to evaluate and select a winner in each of the pre-stipulated categories and render

judgment at the evening meal. Winning last year made us ineligible for a prize, but the wonderment of such shenanigans means we still must participate.

The next ritual, known as the rally, is one of testing the skills of the driver/navigator to listen to each other while following a set of instructions and answering certain questions, thereby testing the ultimate process of symbols and articulation, resulting in successful execution of thought processes. Well, maybe not so much. Suffice it to say that the countryside, views and weather causing the leaves of the trees to change from their normal soothing green to various brilliant shades of red, orange and yellow with a hint of crispness in the air to let us know that seasonal change is coming. Coupled with the colors are the sounds of a finely tuned engine, upshifting and downshifting to accommodate the road conditions, wind in the face and the inner smile of satisfaction knowing we are happy on a drive in our Morgan.

The final ritual: We joined our fellow enthusiasts gathered for the royal banquet, replete with an abundance of food and drink, speeches of adulation for a job well

done, unswerving support, good cheer, open and silent auctions and awards of large and small icons, rewarding those who prevailed in the eyes of the judges. We were lucky enough to bring home an award and a couple of auction items, but looking back - all were winners.

The next day, Sunday, we joined the followers of the little Morgan, strange in the eyes of some, beauty in the eyes of others, gathered for a final farewell, among hugs and handshakes, with promises to get together again and enjoy the good times, preferably before the next Autumn MOG. Fond memories guide us home as one listens to the wind blow and the sounds of the acorns dancing their soft autumn dance on the bonnet of a remaining Morgan, waiting quietly in the gathering darkness for its owner at a place called Jiminy Peak and a venue called Autumn MOG. . . . waiting, waiting waiting...

Many thanks to Marsha Carter, Lenny Mandel and all of the many people who helped make this Autumn MOG a success. We had a wonderful time with some really great friends.

One final thought....have you articulated today?

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WHAT HAVE I DONE? PART 2 – *The Fellowship of Wing(s)*

Brad “Coveralls” King

Where was I? Oh yes, sobbing quietly to myself at the sight of Molly’s bare bones in the garage. I have done so out of sight of the Mem’sahib, as the English way is to present a stiff upper lip at all times and to exude confidence in the face of overwhelming odds. Think of Flynn and Niven in their hilltop fort in *The Charge of the Light Brigade* or the British Infantry squares in *Waterloo* and you’ll get the idea.

Jay, my wonderful neighbor, has a 16 foot enclosed trailer and he is a long-distance lorry driver -and a mechanic. He offers to take me to Maine to pick up Molly who is finally ready in her new paint. So far so good.

For the past months I have been scraping, cleaning, painting any bits of car I can see and have had the bulkhead repaired and painted good old Ford Vermillion. I am anxious that the formula given to the local painter matches the formula from the one in Maine.

I have labeled and stored parts in four cardboard boxes in the garage and not thrown one thing away. Being a museum guy I have done an inventory check and everything is bagged or labeled. My inner geek sets me off to re-box the bits into some sort of “conveyor belt” system of replacement. Hopefully it is all there. Finding it when needed will be the trick.

I have bought stainless screws and bolts plus any auxiliary part I can think of, ready for the Great Day. And it has come. Jay and I start off early at 0-dark thirty and his confidence behind the wheel and talkative nature is at odds with the time of day and my lack of consciousness. Nevertheless we arrive in Maine at Brad Carter’s, meet

Frank Wnek, Morganeer extraordinaire, load up, break bread for lunch and before I know it we are on our way back, Molly secured safe, snug and screwed to the floor (ah! the beauty of an ash frame!) in the back. We arrive home safely after a long day. Molly sniffs her old stall and trots right in.

Jay has lent me some massive jacks and the chassis is at a comfortable working height. The chassis is painted and new varnished, marine-ply floor boards are in, but I have left the front

ones unbolted as there will be a lot of jiggery-pokery to be done when I put the bulkhead back in. This is essential as my scrabbling about days are well and truly over. I cannot take short cuts anymore - not since that incident when the Fire Brigade well, that’s another story.



photos:
TOP: Molly in the trapeze – Brad installing the wiring loom

BOTTOM: The wings attached - Easy, peasy (whatever that means)





What about the body tub though? I have extravagant plans in my head for a trellis system made out of sawhorse components to get the body fitted out and ready to be installed. I explain to Jay who looks at me in pity. “Just hang it from the rafters.” he says. Doh! Or is that DUH!? So simple, so effective. So there she is, the daring young Molly on the flying trapeze suspended over the chassis. Harbor Freight car dollies mean I can scoot the chassis out of the way single-handed, and this done I can start to work.

With the tub suspended at shoulder height, putting in the new rear part of the wiring loom (called a harness here) is a breeze, although every time the Mem’sahib comes in with a mug of tea there is a snigger at my LED headlamp arrangement. Oh! how we suffer for our craft.

Dave at Ace Hardware (yes, truly the ‘helpful hardware man’) has sorted out the bolts I need up to now, as has Linda Eckler and Steve at the Temple of the Almighty Morgan in Copake. In fact Linda has been great, not sighing once or pretending to be a Chinese take-away when I ring and start every conversation with vague, ignorant enquiries like “Hi Linda, it’s Brad. You know that black rubber thingy on the door.....”

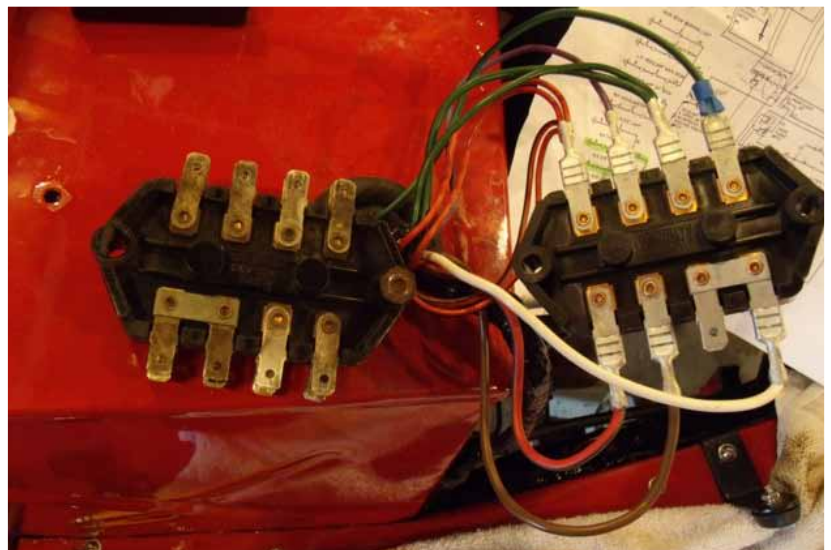
In the meantime I have loosely placed the bulkhead back in position to find only two of the holes line up. Go figure. The bolts are too short to pull down the bulkhead and I’m off again to Ace Hardware. Dave obliges.

Larry Sheehan foolishly said he could “give me some time” to put the body back on. He duly arrives, but with a sad air about him as no air tools are in evidence - but he is the first to advise against them on reassembly. We bring down the body on the straps and slide it in. Mating the tub to chassis, as they say. Easy-peasy. And then the God of Morgan intervenes. Right side line up? Perfect. Left side? All over the place. “How could this BE?” I

exclaim. “It’s a Morgan” Larry nonchalantly replies. Small children and ladies are banned at this point.

None of the holes line up without the strain of pushing the body rail forward to a seemingly impossible degree. Borrowing a trick from Frank’s book I slip a bolt in quickly with a persuader. It’s too short and I head off to Ace (again). Dave obliges. I can’t get the UK “damp course” material used between the body and chassis, so I use that plastic roofing membrane and it is a perfect replacement. ‘B*%~#- a-thane’ I believe Frank calls it (due to its tendency to fold over and stick to itself – or you).

The bulkhead has been a PITA and I have taken Frank’s advice and walked away on many occasions. Now the body is in, some order has come to the job and I have had to re-drill some holes. I have no idea what has gone wrong here. The bulkhead is buttoned up (I have previously installed the wiring loom on the bench). Frank, ‘Dr Destructo’, labeled the old harness as we took the car apart and I have transferred the labels over to the new harness. The tension on the body bolts and bulkhead seems so great that I am waiting for a huge explosion of bolts as the car pings apart like a stripper’s corset in a speakeasy. Amazingly, Molly seems to adjust to her new ‘tack’.



Larry has been fed and watered and is on his way with thanks as always. I now start attaching the floor boards a final time. Given the variations in the chassis some bolts are too short of course. "I'm just going to Ace dear". Dave obliges.

Now it's time for the wings and there is only one course of action. Time to call the Wingmen. Larry, Frank and Bill 'Inspector Gadget' Gartland duly arrive. The teams are picked and they roll up their sleeves. Frank is at the back end left side. Me at the front. Larry and Bill tackle the right and it suddenly goes quiet. I seem to be tool gopher. Larry's advice on using long-nose lock pliers is genius and allows bolt and nut tightening one handed. His reasoning is that as the pliers turn "They've got to hit something." They do and it works.

The back wings are fine, the front decidedly iffy. Metal has relaxed over a few months and needs to be teased and cajoled into place, but somehow over a long day the Wingmen have it done. Who would ever have thought of using a bottle jack to tension the tail end of the running board into place? Each has met with individual crises during the experience - which has been almost spiritual at times. None have taken up the offer of counseling, but I feel they went away better connected with their inner selves.

The wingmen break for home and the following day the garage is quiet. Too quiet. The enormity of what still needs to be done is overwhelming. Despite herself, Lin is not helpful. As the tea arrives over the next days and weekends, her eyes see little progress. I try to explain and refuse to be crushed. Jay wanders over occasionally with friends to witness me fumble with parts and offer words of wisdom. Helpful. I am in Ace so often Dave offers me a job. I am flattered - and tempted. I find myself offering advice on various nuts and bolts to complete



strangers. Party invitations dwindle.

There are unexpected hurdles along the way. I did not take a note as to what wires, pipes and hoses came through the bulkhead where. Friend Carl came over to help with the electrics and is baffled by British circuitry, wiring diagram symbols and all those colored wires. Being an electrical engineer he realizes what is going on and curses the nut case who thought this system up. I give him the customer care address at Lucas so he can vent later. BUT with Frank's labeling system (a loose term) in place, and a new harness beautifully installed things suddenly - and surprisingly- work. Carl has mastered the art of "negative earth".

By and by doors are on, bonnet fitted and a target of the Hemmings car show in Saratoga in August on the calendar. I can't let anyone down on this. Lin (the Mem'sahib) discovers the wonder of the electric stapler, only attaches my shirt sleeve to the interior once, and we tackle the interior parts which are installed a number of times as I work out by trial and error the proper sequence. We step back and see the car in one piece and (mostly) empty parts boxes are testament to the job nearly (is it EVER completely?) finished.

Bravely I fire her up, pressing the

Supermarine Spitfire starter button I have had for ten years waiting for this moment. A cough, a flash, an errant puff of smoke - and she's off! I will not bore you with the running repairs at the Eckler's on the way to Saratoga, the panic of driving with a failing master cylinder, the swapping of and delay of fixing faulty spares, Ron Garner bleeding my brakes in a hotel parking lot, or Larry saying "I have brake fluid!" Of course he does.

Safe to say Saratoga yields an unexpected gift - the First Favorite Morgan prize. The tense soft-brake ride home is balanced by the warm glow of success. But the real winners are the 3/4 Club and that essential tool everyone should have in their tool kit - good friends who rally to the cause to help out a chum without hesitation. Priceless.

Carry on fearless Wingmen - and many thanks.

photos:
OPPOSITE PAGE

TOP: Larry does incantations over cowl

BOTTOM: Murphy's Law strikes again. Which junction box is correct? (Hint - note slight scorching.) Negative earth indeed!

THIS PAGE

ABOVE: The wingmen after their successful mission



VINTAGE MORGANS RACING SEASON REPORT

Mike Virr

The season started innocently enough at the VSCCA autocross at Lime Rock with Chip Brown's Plus 4 and my 4/4 attending. It was cold in April but not as cold as last year. The fastest car was a Honda 2000. As some people have put the Honda engine in a 4/4, you can understand why?

The Spring Sprints in early May kicked off the season with Chip's Plus 4, Chris Towner's Flat Rad and my 4/4. Shaun Henderson turned up in a Volvo saloon, as his Morgan was parked. All cars going pretty well but Chip was having some engine gremlins.

The Jaguar/VSCCA was next at the end of the month of May and I found myself in a big tussle with Ben Bragg's V8 Special. In the end I won one race and he won the last race.

Then came Thompson Speedway. As I was co-chair of the event with Paul Bova of the VRG for this inaugural meeting at the famous track from the '50's and '60's that had just been redesigned and rebuilt with new tower, reception building, 30 garages and offices, I decided to bring just the Riley to bolster the prewar class. As it happened, word got around and we had 235 entires including 28 in pre-war. As I was rather busy I only did

one practice and race in the Riley. Bill Lightfoot turned up in his Plus 4 that not only competed but actually won at Thompson back in the day, clinching the regional championship. Chris Towner raced his Flat Rad so Morgan honor was well represented. By all accounts it was a very successful meeting and next year I intend to bring the Morgan for sure.

The Big Fall Historic races over Labor Day weekend at Lime Rock were next. I entered my 4/4 and Chris his Flat Rad. Whereas our class was advertised pre-1960 in fact we had to contend with a Ginetta 4 and an Elva, which are late '60's and light years ahead of a Morgan in technology. So we had to contend with running mid pack. One driver was a regular NASCAR name driving someone else's Abarth in an incredibly hairy show off going around corners sideways which ended with his engine grenading right in front of Paul Bova's Turner covering both Paul and his car in oil, and causing him to slide off the track? This meeting is getting out of hand in some respects.

Finally we got to the Fall Finale in October. My Morgan was running well and grided on the front row with Herb Weston's Aston Martin DB4

lightweight. I had no chance against the Aston but was passed by Joe Fuller's Plus 4 which had formally been Dow Smith's car, now suitably tubbed by JR Mitchell, who had prepared Shaun's car previously. A similar situation occurred in the second race but I got passed by a



photos:

TOP: Mike leads the pack

MIDDLE RIGHT: Chris Towner

BOTTOM RIGHT: Chip Brown makes a precision valve adjustment

Lotus Elite. Finally in the last race of the day I gained second as the Aston had disappeared. Joe only bought Dow's car last year and had it at Mount Equinox but had some teething troubles. No more, he has taken to the retuned Morgan like a duck to water, liking it a lot more than his previous Lotus 6.

As mentioned Chip Brown's Plus 4 was having problems at the beginning of the year, which turned out to be a cracked cylinder head. As he had a spare engine and gearbox at Larry Eckler's emporium he decided to change the engine. I helped him do the swap. A Plus 4 is a real heavy lump compared to a little 4/4, but I only discovered that after I had volunteered! Anyway it was all done in time for the Labor Day meet, but the engine gave

up with no oil pressure after only a few laps. This was weird as we had tested the oil pump before running the engine by powering it with an electric drill. It turned out that the drive disengaged to the pump, and as there was a pressure switch on the oil pressure it cut the engine. No damage done and all sorted for the Fall Finale where the car behaved flawlessly but is still being run in.

So much for another fine season for the Morgan boys in the pits. I guess we'll never grow up.

photo: Mike's pit crew (Judy)



MINUTES OF 3/4 MORGAN GROUP ANNUAL MEETING

Jiminy Peak, Hancock, Mass - September 21, 2014

Reported by Ruth Bonomo Club Secretary

1. Minutes of October 2013 Annual Meeting - President Dave Jacobsen asked if everyone had read the 2013 annual meeting minutes. Frank Wnek made a motion to accept the minutes, it was seconded and unanimously approved.
2. Election of officers - Motion to accept Jane Mattson as VP and Ruth Bonomo as Secretary was made and seconded and approved by the membership. It was noted the offices Area Captain for NY Metro and Advertising Director are still vacant.
3. Treasurers Report - Treasurer was not in attendance. Frank Wnek said the treasurer's report would be printed in the January/ February Morganeer 2015, as there were some questions on the report submitted to the Board of Directors by the Treasurer.. It was stated the club is in "good shape" financially.
4. Moraneer Editor's Report - Frank Wnek gave the Editor's report stating 90% of dues go to the Morganeer. New printer, gone to 1st class mailing, getting issues to the layout artist on time- issues are going out on time. Slight increase in cost per issue; cost approx \$1200 per issue. Still coming in under budget - keeping the \$8000 budget. Frank's report was accepted although he didn't care if we accepted it or not - hahaha
5. Old Business - A Registrar's Report was not submitted for the AM this year. It will be reported in the Jan/Feb Morganeer. Last year's minutes reported 229 active members, this year we have 230. It was noted that couples aren't counted as separate members and the Area Captains remain the same.
6. New Business - President David Jacobsen reported the idea to make a new Registry of Members, and told the membership it had approved to increase dues by \$10 a year to \$50 to pay for it in part. Bennett Shuldman noted you can print a directory off the club website. A motion was put forth to increase dues, it was 2nded and approved by the membership.

Jane Mattson suggested a "member's corner" in the Morganeer to inform members of deaths etc. and additionally to include advertising member's car sales ads. This was discussed extensively. It was also suggested we charge for advertising on the club website.

President made a rule if you talk more than 90 seconds at a meeting you have to buy everyone a round of drinks.

Autumn MOG 2015 - Frank Wnek briefed is initial ideas for Autumn MOG 2015.

- Most likely held at the Samoset Resort in Rockland, Maine
- Owl's Head Transportation Museum for Autocross
- Lobster MOG dinner on Friday night\
- A 2.5 to 3 day event with the date being the First weekend in October 2015.

The Autumn MOG auction was brought up- what it used to be like and how it is now: seems it has stopped being promoted- Frank's "committee will be working on it"

Meeting was adjourned...approx 10:30AM



Would YOU party with this person?



MORGANS, MONA LISAS AND MAD HATTERS AT AUTUMN MOG



"Hey baby! Wanna ride in my Morgan?
Just won Best in Show, ya know!"



There's NO age limit to silliness



Absolutely no age limit to silliness (Not sure Lin agrees)



“AND THE AWARD GOES TO...”



Reny Willoughb
Autocross Fastest Woman



Lenny
Harry Carter Award



Best In Show Bennett
“It’s MINE! ALL MINE!”



Spider's new
Autumn MOG shuffle



Joanne
First Place Mad Hattery



Ron Garner
Pen is Mightier Than the Wrench Award



THE LITTLE MORGAN THAT WANTS TO BE LOVED, NOT JUST FOR ITS LOOKS BUT FOR ITS LITTLE ENGINE

John West Hunt

Editor's Note: John West Hunt, formerly of Red Bank, Colts Neck, and Atlantic Highlands, NJ, 1981-2006, now lives near Ambler, PA. He recently found part of The Morganeer postmarked in early May 1983, confirming he joined the 3/4 club at least that long ago. It was a lot easier for him to get in and out Morgans then, he notes. John retired from the Navy in 1986 after 21 years in aviation and then supported the Army in New Jersey/Maryland as a civilian contractor for 26 years before being declared government surplus and told to turn in his Army-issued laptop. He's a classic car enthusiast and has a fondness for British cars, especially his 1959 Morgan 4/4 Series II. His article is not intended to be read in a serious manner....

This is a modified version of an article that originally appeared in the July 2014 issue of The Terminal Post, the monthly newsletter of the Positive Earth Drivers Club (PEDC). It has been revised to reflect the knowledgeable Morgan readership in our Morgan 3/4 Club. This story may be read as a "Now you know the rest of the story," or as a direct follow-on to Ron Garner's recent fun article, Kathi's First Morgan, published almost concurrently to the PEDC article. A short aside: It could be noted that for at least a few days when it was forming in the early 1990s, PEDC was unofficially named "The No Name Sports Car Club," aka "The South Jersey Monmouth/Ocean County Jersey Devil Knockoffs Positive Ground Dynamo Chapter of Club Britannia," the latter being a really fine name but, even in acronym form, would have required an awe-inspiring hubcap-size club badge for readability.

I acquired my 1959 Morgan 4/4 Series II, one of 126 built that year, almost 27 years ago in September 1987 (more on ownership history later), which predates my marriage to Jo-Ann (who owned a racing green MG Midget sometime before meeting me, thereby giving her instant street creds with me on our first date). As 3/4 club members likely know, the 4/4 Series II is about as basic a model as Morgan has produced, and a person either loves it for that "attribute" or shows disinter-

est, disdain, or derision toward it (I just fell into a d-word rut) because of that "shortcoming."

Just for completeness, I'll include a little history of this model and some commentary, since it is not as common as many other Morgans. The two-seat Morgan 4/4 first appeared in 1936 and has been produced continually since, except during World War II and during a lapse from 1951 into 1955. It then returned to production as a low-priced tourer, and was noted in reviews as being "slow and steady" rather than "fast and furious."

The Series II model is powered by a 1,172-cc, 100E Ford sidevalve (flathead) engine, somewhat larger than an industrial sewing machine motor (petrol

powered, not pedal powered), and has a three-speed wide-ratio gearbox and 16" tires (mine has 17" tires, I believe). Saying powered may be stretching some people's expectations related to the word, but the engine does encourage forward motion (and rearward when appropriate) and my Morgan will perk along happily all day at a reasonable highway speed.

Its push-pull gearshift (gear lever) hangs loosely, indifferently, or maybe even insouciantly under the dash and resembles a horizontally oriented umbrella handle (more on that later, but see interior photo in Ron Garner's article, with walnut dashboard and matching Moto-Lita four-spoke, wood-rimmed wheel). Some texts describe the gearshift as a "crude remote linkage," although I prefer to call it an example of British refined simplicity. The shifting pattern is 2-R top and 3-1 bottom, which I believe is reverse of the more common R-2 top and 1-3 bottom.

The 100E was also used in Ford Anglias and Prefects and other small British saloons built primarily in the UK between 1932 and 1962. There is even an



esoteric club, the Ford Sidevalve Owners' Club, with 1200 worldwide members, for owners of this array of cars. Lamentably, annual membership dues have risen to £38.00 and it doesn't have senior citizen rates, so I am no longer a member. Regional groups exist as near as Canada and as far ranging as Australia and, of course, Sri Lanka.

Various texts state that the 100E develops 36-hp and can deliver the car to 60 mph in just under 27 seconds (it's an important distinction that it is just under, not just over, 27 seconds) with an estimated top speed of about 75 mph. I would need an accurate speedometer to confirm that (more on that later). To its credit, it does have a very strong, responsive first gear. To its further credit, it was rated at an economical 35.1 mpg in production-era testing.

My Morgan weighs only about 1390 pounds dry (plus tools and petrol), per my Morgan Motor Company Ltd. Instruction Book, which is 390 pounds more than the average 1000 pound (approximately 450 kg) Morgan horse (the official state animal of Vermont and the official state horse of Massachusetts). It (the auto) has a 96-inch wheelbase and is 144 inches long, thus weighing less than 10 pounds per linear inch, contrasted to, say, a 2014 Porsche Panamera that weighs 26 plus pounds per linear inch, at around 200 inches in length. In the Panamera's defense, it probably could reach its top speed of 189 mph and get back to zero (and maybe back to 189 again) before I reach 60.

I once read a For Sale ad for a Morgan similar to mine that described it as "...a cute, very light, wonderful driving and totally gutless little touring sports car." I accept that, and that may also be why I think it's a particularly fun car to drive around state routes, country roads, or in town—it's just not the optimal car to compete in merging situations at high-speed, heavy-traffic turnpike entrances.

The Illustrated Morgan Buyer's Guide, Ken Hill, 1989, describes the 4/4 Series II, in comparison with other Morgan models, as a rather pedantic example of the marque. He may have stretched the traditional meaning of pedantic, but it does

not mean you can walk faster than my Morgan, as his comment sometimes has been misinterpreted. Ron Garner commented that it has a top speed approaching that of a 10-speed bike. That is too broad a generalization, as that depends on who is the cyclist. It is true that many people have installed later Ford Cortina GT or other larger engines, and different transmissions (example: four-speed from a sidevalve Morris Minor), but I'm happy enough keeping the car as it was born



(or as restored by Ron)—maybe I have contrarian tendencies or just root for the underdog. The November 1957 issue of Sports Cars Illustrated (that became Car and Driver in 1961), while noting that "the Series II is no ball of fire," did note that "torque in the low-speed range of the Ford 100E engine is very high and the muscular little power plant pulls effortlessly at low revs." The article also called the Morgan svelte (slender and elegant). Most Morgans look svelte in down-angle overhead photos. Mine is no exception.

The engine sound at low speed and the whine when you let up on the gas and decelerate are pleasurable to my ears (or at least my good one) and will never be mistaken for a modern auto. The sound won't be described as having the throaty tone or raspy roar of a muscle car and, indeed, may more closely represent a sinus/nasal condition or automotive laryngitis, though in a refined British way. It also has a pleasant enough lower register burbling sound when idling.

Again, please refer to Ron Garner's piece in the previous issue of The Mor-

ganer for the lead-in to my ownership story. In 1978, when I lived in Maine, via a Hemmings ad, I ill-advisedly bought a derelict 1965 Morgan 4/4 (with a Ford Cortina engine) from the Basil Shadlun, Howell, NJ somewhat-legendary chicken-coop collection of dust-covered cars (many being rare classics needing restoration). This Morgan needed total renovation and was delivered to my house in Bath, ME, where one winter its front half became encased in ice when a pipe burst in the unheated basement-level garage

and the water froze into a large block around the unsuspecting auto. This Morgan was transported to Red Bank, NJ in 1981 (after being thawed out) and, some unmemorable time later, was hauled to Brockton, MA by Ron Garner. He periodically worked on it for many, many months (months becoming years) until he decided to leave the restoration business, doing so, unfortunately, before completing work on my Morgan.

In September 1987 Ron and I agreed that I would take the Morgan he had restored for Kathi, add an agreed upon amount of money beyond what I had paid to date, and we'd call it a fair trade. I flew to Boston where Ron picked me up at the airport, and then I, the wide-eyed optimist, successfully drove the Morgan to NJ from Brockton later the same day in a 255-mile, four-state trip that remains the longest I've taken in the Morgan.

A few weeks later I drove my reliable, overachieving 1982 Datsun 210 hatchback (with which I once used a strong rope to tow a Jaguar Mark 2 for a very short distance) to Brookline where we loaded it up with an extra Morgan engine, transmission, and miscellaneous spare parts for the return trek to New Jersey.

There was broad availability of speed equipment and power augmenting parts for the 100E when it came out. Included

photos:
OPPOSITE PAGE: 1959 Morgan 4/4, Striking a Pose with Aeroscreens
THIS PAGE: Svelte... a narrow body version of the 4/4



photo: John and Jo-Ann Hunt with Optional Horns

among the spare parts from Ron was an Aquaplane aluminum head with twin SU carbs, which I sold to Chris Towner, trike owner and vintage racer, in 1990. Sometimes I second-guess myself for selling the equipment, but I didn't know enough about it to ensure proper installation, even if attempted by my creative 80-year-old mechanic in New Jersey. Ron, who probably has restored more Morgans than I have fingers and toes, recently told me, "If I had your car, I would never change that engine. As underpowered as it is, it has to be one of the last around. ...I don't know of any narrow body (two tread strips on the wings) Series II cars that still have the original engine." I suspect there are others (and we could check with 3/4 member owners as a start of a study), but they may well be in the minority of Series II 4/4's alliteratively roaming rural roads.

In the accompanying photo, Jo-Ann and I are in our Morgan with two non-factory optional horn upgrades: a 1907 Conn two-bell euphonium and an 1882 J. Higham silver cornet from Manchester England (for anyone who wishes to stick with British-origin accessories). They are from my antique brass instruments accumulation, which is not classy enough to be called a collection, but whose instruments all are eminently playable and are periodically played (owning a rare Morgan not my only eccentricity). These instruments were considered for service to temporarily address a horn wiring problem. Truth in disclosure: using them in this role re-

mains just a concept and has not been put into practice—nor has the horn been fixed.... If these instruments were put into play, so to speak, it should be done only when the Morgan is not moving. This will avoid potential damage to a player's front teeth (a valid consideration, given the Morgan's suspension) and meet basic safety standards – at least, for a Morgan driver.

The euphonium and cornet could be useful for expressing displeasure, indignation, or general annoyance when a driver of a car in front of you isn't paying attention and doesn't react in a timely enough manner to a light change to green. They would be much more effective in this role than a kazoo or harmonica. At the extreme, you could express your outrage by getting out of the Morgan, walking up to the driver-side window of the car in front of you and blowing the horn loudly and directly at the offending party. Note, however, that doing this may increase your odds of losing front teeth, should the person take offense, but it may otherwise make you feel better.

A musically inclined passenger also could play one instrument independently of, or in a duet with, the Morgan driver. It does add a new dimension to the phrase "getting your car tuned." Using brass instruments in this manner is probably not a ticketable offense (although as a member of a British-style brass band, I believe playing a saxophone probably would/should be). The small bell on the eupho-

nium would be more appropriate for use in town (complying with noise ordinances) and the larger bell would work well for country use, such as to get cattle's attention or amuse them after pulling over to exchange pastoral observations and anecdotal stories of life in the country, or just to ruminate in the manner of their respective species.

However, the best use for either horn may be for the passenger to mimic the back-up beep of a garbage truck when you are leaving a convenience store, given the low profile of the Morgan. Knowing how to play only one note will be adequate to perform this task and provide a safety edge. Our neighbor, possibly not seriously, suggested that for maximum visual effect, I tie Jo-Ann with cornet to the bonnet (since I already have a soft, wool-lined strap on it and she has a very small waist). One of us discounted that idea before the spoken sentence ended. I also had the fleeting visual of Jo-Ann serving as the equivalent of a ship's figurehead on the bonnet and was going to broach that possibility with her. Then I remembered Wikipedia's comment: "The menacing appearance of toothy and bug-eyed figureheads on Viking ships also had the protective function of warding off evil spirits." Since Jo-Ann is neither toothy nor bug-eyed, I feared she might take offense if she sometime read that sentence in the Wikipedia figurehead entry and thought I was implying a similarity.

Sometime in the 1990s, I was driving the Morgan through Tinton Falls, NJ and the carburetor got clogged, bringing the car to a halt, thereby achieving a quiescent state of repose for the Morgan, not the occupants. A policeman stopped by the car and told Jo-Ann it had to be moved a little further onto the shoulder and asked whether it was in neutral. "I have no idea," she replied, and received a look from the policeman indicating he thought she might be short a few turns of the wrench/spanner or otherwise automotively challenged. He then looked at the lightly inscribed gearshift hanging with some vague purpose under the dash, realized he also had no clue about what to do with it, and opted to push the car by hand, hoping it was in neutral (fortunately it was).

I've declared this the year I get my Morgan on the road more regularly. Last year I finally had a nice full tonneau made for

it after having Penny Bates, Olde World Restorations, do some work on it and get the brakes in safe working order. Its first outing this year was in the May Amble Auto Show where, in peer voting, it was included in the Top 50 (unranked) of the 180 or so cars participating and prompted almost continuous discussion and exchange of stories for me with the passing public. Police investigated a two-car fender bender that occurred about 15 feet beyond the Morgan at the first intersection open to traffic. Fortunately, it was not proven that the beauty of the Morgan had been the cause of either driver's distraction.

For years I had registered it for daily use and it always passed a nominal/minimal inspection by friendly, sympathetic mechanics, but I drove it infrequently. Now I have it registered as an antique vehicle and should either be driving it or selling it. My Morgan has its quirks, such as most of its gauges look pretty good but are less than reliable or give no indication of life. The speedometer needle is somewhat addled and has a wide range of travel at any given speed, but its center point within that travel likely represents

a reasonably good guess as to speed.

I recently found a 1983 Morgans of Philadelphia MOPS Mania newsletter that specifically discusses that problem: The Wandering Needle. It's reassuring to know that my inability to throw away items could turn out to be a good thing when I think about something 31 years later, as I may be able to address or at least further diagnose the underlying behind-the-gauge problem. Note also that a yardstick is a valuable tool to stick in the tank for occasional fuel readings. There are always simple, workarounds if you're just willing to go with the flow, set your expectations low, and really love your car.

I'm down to one antique auto (if you don't count my daily-driver 1986 Chevy Nova, essentially a no-account Toyota Corolla, with about 81K miles, which amazingly to me also is eligible for antique plates). Over the years many pleasant cars have come and gone (mostly European marques, including one of my favorites, an anachronistic 1953 Citroen Traction Avant 11B Normale with the rakish good looks of 1920's movie gangster-

mobile). Most have been fun to own and drive, including, the aforementioned Jaguar Mark 2, an MGB-GT, and an MGA. When I lived in a converted brick church in Colts Neck, NJ, I had a 45 ft x 28 ft garage built and more than filled it with the odd auto that had seduced me into buying it. Now I have one Amish-built 10 ft x 20 ft shed in the backyard to house the Morgan, lawn mower, and snow blower, and I have no garage. Yes, it's a sad situation, but I'm probably old enough that I should be considering downsizing all possessions. It is just as well I don't own a barn to tempt me into buying more autos, since I always see a few in each Hemmings issue that I admire and that speed up my heartbeat more for their visual artistry than for their performance.

My thanks to Ron Garner for: 1) beautifully restoring MY Morgan so many years ago, AND 2) making it famous in the pages of the Morganeer (and thus attaining worldwide recognition). So how do you feel about restoring an '86 Chevy Nova Ron?



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NOT YOUR AVERAGE BEER TRUCK: 1930 MORGAN SUPER AERO VAN

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Kurt Ernst, Editor, Hemmings Daily

Ron Garner has a taste for the unusual, as demonstrated by his four-plus decades of Morgan ownership. While his current collection includes both three- and four-wheelers, none stands out in a crowd quite like his restored 1930 Morgan Super Aero trike with a custom-built van body, affectionately dubbed the Porta-Pub for its built-in beverage-dispensing apparatus. Ron brought his one-of-a-kind Morgan to the 2014 Hemmings Motor News Concours d'Elegance (where he took second place in the Prewar European class), and his rig proved to be among the most popular cars on the show field.

Photos by author unless otherwise indicated

TOP: 1930 Morgan Super Aero with custom van body.

BOTTOM: Ron, starting the Matchless V-Twin to the delight of the crowd





In the early 1970s, while still a graduate student in Los Angeles, Ron acquired his first Morgan. Fortunately, the car was not a pillar of reliability, which introduced Ron to a cast of characters in the Southern California Morgan community, including Gerry Willburn. It also showed him the diversity of Morgan vehicles, but one in particular stuck with him: A British auto parts delivery van built upon a 1930 Morgan Super Aero, powered by a 42-hp, 1,000 cc Matchless V-Twin, shifted through a two-speed transmission.

The van body was the creation of Alexander Fraser, who started an auto parts business in Purton, Wiltshire, England, during the 1960s. To handle the Morgan's increased weight, Fraser replaced the original AJS engine with a 42-horsepower Matchless MX4 V-Twin, added stouter front wheels and hubs from a later-production three-speed Morgan and fitted hydraulic brakes to the front wheels.

Equipped with many parts from his own catalog, the Morgan served as a rolling billboard for Fraser's vintage parts business. Not content, or perhaps financially unable, to sell from a high

street shop, Fraser fitted a trailer hitch to the Morgan and took his wares on the road throughout England, bravely towing a four-wheel gypsy caravan behind his distinctive trike.

Fraser and the Morgan parted ways in 1970, and by 1972 the van had hopped the Atlantic and crossed the continent, winding up in Southern California. Fast-forward to 2006, when Ron and his wife Kathi, now living in Hull, Massachusetts, ran into old friend Gerry Willburn at a Morgan gathering in Maine. Somewhere along the line, Willburn, still in Southern California, had become the third American owner of the Super Aero van, which lay disassembled in the midst of a long-forgotten restoration project. Despite this obvious obstacle, Kathi knew how much her husband still wanted the Morgan, and wasted no time brokering a deal with Gerry to buy the boxes of parts that made up the van.

After shipping the crated Morgan from California to Massachusetts, a serious res-

toration effort began in 2007. Lost over the years was the Morgan's radiator, which necessitated the laborious task of building one from scratch, complete with a newly fabricated radiator surround. The bonnet had to be recreated as well, as did the trike's ash wood body frame, long since damaged by insects and wood rot. The effort would take four years to complete, and the initial end result was a conventional "beetle back" 1930 Morgan three-wheeler.

The van body, which remained in remarkably good shape over the decades, was repainted and fitted to the Morgan circa 2012. With no need to peddle auto parts, and with a daughter and son-in-law who brew beer, the choice of what to do with the van seemed obvious: Mount a few five-gallon kegs, cool them with dry ice, install taps below the suitably appropriate portrait of Queen Victoria and turn the van into a "Porta Pub" for friends, relatives and concours-go-



photos:

ABOVE 42 horsepower to move 850 pounds sounds reasonable enough

MIDDLE RIGHT: The Morgan during its years with Alexander Fraser. Photo courtesy MadAboutMorgans

BOTTOM RIGHT: The new Mad About Morgans livery

ers to enjoy. (Editor's note: On the day of the 2014 Hemmings Concours d'Elegance, the taps were dispensing apple cider and iced tea. At least that's what Ron told us.)

Ron admits to driving the Morgan on a regular basis, though he hasn't tested its claimed top speed of 85 MPH and won't tow a trailer, despite the existing hitch. As Ron said to us, "Even without the trailer, it barely stops," and Ron's not one to press his luck. It took him more than three decades to land this particular Morgan in his garage, and another four years to get it restored; rebuilding it again isn't on Ron's bucket list.

For more on the 1930 Morgan Super Aero van, visit Ron's website, MadAboutMorgans.com.

photo **RIGHT:** Queen Victoria, looking less than amused



AUTUMN MOG 2015



AM Sunrise

So, if you awakened early enough, this could be the sunrise view from your 'Ocean View' room at the Samoset Resort at Autumn MOG 2015. And no it's NOT too early to reserve your Ocean View Room. Call 800-341-1650 and tell them you are part of the Morgan Sports Car group the weekend of Oct 1-4 2015. Look for more details of next year's BIG club event in the next Morganeer.



BRITISH INVASION 2014 – *An Automotively Disastrous Weekend*

Bill Jouris

It was time for our annual pilgrimage to the British Invasion in Stowe, VT. We drag the Morgan up on a car dolly. Why not drive it? Well, this was the twenty fourth anniversary of the British Invasion. For the first ten years I drove the Morgan and my wife drove the van full of clothes, parts, tools, food, etc. The Morgan only made it once to the hotel without a problem. Most of the time the problem had occurred in the last ten miles between I-89 and Stowe. Once I had to be towed from Killington to Stowe because of an electrical problem. Once I had to be towed from the middle of I-89 in New Hampshire home because of a wheel problem. On all of those trips it was me driving alone in the Morgan and my wife alone or with one of the kids in the van. We didn't talk to each other for four hours. The car dolly made sense.

A week or so before we left, I was driving the Morgan home from work. I had just made the last turn to go up the hill to my house when the engine suddenly started running like a threshing machine. I managed to limp it home and into the garage. My son and I spent an evening going over the engine. We cleaned the plugs and re-gapped them. We checked the distributor and the wires. We checked the carburetor. The screw in pin on the Zenith carburetor that stops the accelerator pump had gone missing and gasoline spurted out of the hole left behind. Why I didn't have an engine fire is anyone's guess. I manufactured a pin and installed it. After all our efforts cylinders one and three were still not firing. It started up fine on two cylinders! I have electronic ignition so there were no points or condenser to check and adjust. I was stumped.

I took it to the local garage where we have the family cars serviced. After checking it over they came to the conclusion that the electronic ignition had failed. I have never heard of this happening before but could not deny the facts. I phoned Morgan Motors in New

York and had Steve send out a new ignition overnight. The next day I dropped it off at the garage and when I returned from work picked up the car. It was running on all cylinders now but when I drove it home it didn't seem to have any power. The mechanic said that two of the magnets on the old magnetic ring were missing!

Fast forward to travel day. After loading everything into the Ford van, hooking up the car dolly and loading the Morgan, we headed up to Stowe. About three hours into the trip we stopped at a gas station for coffee. Just before leaving, my son noticed an oily liquid under the van. I had checked the oil, water, washer fluid, air pressure in the tires and everything I could think of before we left so I assumed it was not our puddle. He did the driving up and back and hadn't noticed anything untoward during the trip up. This was Thursday.

On Friday evening they had the street party in Stowe. I drove the Morgan down and parked it on display with all the other sports cars that came down. I noticed the Morgan had no power. My son drove it back to the hotel and also

commented that the car had no power.

Saturday morning I drove the Morgan to the show field. It had so little power I was afraid I wasn't going to make it but, at least, it was on the field. A friend of mine who was there with his Elva allowed as how a good friend of his was a magical mechanic and loved Morgans. He tracked him down and sent him over. This guy really knew his sports cars. He examined the plug in cylinder one and determined from the color that it was running in the right range. He was certain it was not the carburetor. He checked the distributor over. By looking over the contacts in the cap he determined that the engine was running retarded. He noticed that the spring that holds the adjustment knob on the distributor was missing and also that the spring that holds the vacuum advance in place wasn't working. He recommended that I either replace the distributor or have mine serviced. Then he left. We never started the car.

photo ABOVE:

The errant distributor with broken wires

At the end of the day I tried to start the car to leave the field. It cranked over fine but wouldn't start. My son checked under the hood and the carburetor was getting gas. We looked at the distributor and noticed the positive lead from the electronic ignition had pulled loose from the coil. I knew the wires were long enough that this shouldn't have happened. When I popped the distributor cap I found that the mechanic had inadvertently pulled the electronic ignition wires into the distributor. The rotor had snapped the positive wire off the module at the face so it couldn't be spliced! The ground wire was partially stripped. I was dead!

I ran to the edge of the show field where the vendors were set up with the broken module in hand to see if any of them had one they could sell to me. The first two had nothing. The third vendor had an assortment of electronic ignitions, none, of course, specifically for a Morgan. We started opening packages and checking the modules. Finally we came to one for a Triumph, TR-6. The module appeared to be identical although it had a different number. A TR-6 has a six cylinder engine so the magnet ring that goes on the distributor shaft has six magnets instead of four. No problem, there was nothing wrong with my magnet ring, in fact, it was, of course, brand new. He gave me the unit to try on speculation. If it worked come back and pay him \$20 (it was used). If it didn't, bring it back and I would be out of luck. I ran back and installed the module with great trepidation. I turned the key and the car started right up! I went back and gladly gave the man my \$20. The next thing that happened was a miracle. I started driving off the field and immediately noticed that the car had its power back! Don't ask me how this happened I have no idea but it has kept up ever since.

This, however, wasn't the end of the car problems. As we drove out of Stowe after checking out of our room and loading the Morgan on the car dolly, we stopped for coffee Coolatas at a Dunkin' Donuts. While my son and

wife went in for them, I noticed that the brake light was on. I didn't think too much about it as sometimes the warning lights will light for a while then go out when there is nothing wrong. This time it stayed on all the way home. After getting home and unloading the Morgan, the car dolly and all the stuff in the van I drove the van for the first time to park it in the side drive. The brakes went all the way to the floor before catching! Clearly there was something wrong with the brakes. I checked in the garage for some DOT 3 brake fluid but couldn't find any. Lots of DOT 5 for the Morgan but no DOT 3. I looked around under the hood for the brake fluid reservoir but couldn't find it. I finally had to get out the manual and look for a picture. It is carefully hidden under the overhang from the windshield. It was empty.

The next morning I was going to take this van to work and refill the reservoir. My wife put a stop to that! I got in the old white Chrysler van that I usually take to work. It wouldn't start - the battery was dead! We tried jumping it with the wife's PT Cruiser. No go. I could have taken the Morgan to work as it was running fine now but it was in garage with the white Chrysler van dead in front of the garage door! Finally I convinced my wife that I would stop at the garage in town and get the reservoir on the Ford van filled with brake fluid on the way to work. This I did but they told me that it wouldn't do any good as I apparently had a broken hydraulic line to the brakes. Nonetheless they put in a bottle of fluid. I explained about the dead battery on the white van. They loaned me a jump

start battery that they said was better than a jump from another car. When I drove the Ford van home, sure enough the brakes still didn't work. Back home I used the jump start battery and, indeed, it started the white van right up. I drove off to work and stopped at the garage again to drop off the jump start battery. They installed a new battery



and I was off to work. Later that day I drove the Ford van to them and they fixed the broken brake line.

Thus ended a disastrous automotive weekend. The moral of the story is to NEVER ignore the signs of a brake problem. We were driving a heavy vehicle with three people on board, a load of stuff, PLUS hauling the Morgan on a car dolly. If the van had failed to stop I might not still be here telling you this story. Luckily, a lesson learned the hard way.

photo ABOVE:
Ignition trigger broken wires

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RACING THE MIGHTY MORGAN PLUS 8 (Part 3)

Jay Galpin, your UK correspondent

My good Lords, Ladies and Gentleman, first I must apologize for not being a part of all the goings on this summer, a mix of work and having a race car running, which has curtailed much of my weekends. I duly promise to make amends next year and meet more of my fellow Mog owners. This is the third in my series on racing the mighty Morgan.

We now look at the engine side....horsepower and torque versus drivability and common sense. So how much is enough! (Note - this is a statement, not a question).

If you are a serious gear head and a road hooligan - then there is only one choice. In the epic 'Mogvette', Bill Fink from the West Coast has shoehorned a LS1 Corvette motor into a Plus 8, added some serious modifications to the car and produced the wildest ride imaginable. DO NOT even think about pulling the trigger fully unless pointed straight, on dry pavement and with a full tank..... this car is simply off the chart full of potential. It screams louder than a monkey with its.....anyway, you know what I mean. But in reality, in MHO, it's just TOO much of a good thing. And life and Mogs are about balance.

Just to prove my point, I am getting the chance to build a new motor for my own Plus 8 - and thus put my words where my wallet is! It just so happens, after racing a F2 Lotus at Lime Rock this fall and then driving the Plus 8 home with my 5 year old in the jump seat, my original 1978 Rovercraft full race motor, with 28,000 perfect racing miles on it (think about it - I have thrashed this car on full chat the equivalent of 8 full 24 hours of Le Mans without even a bent valve, or bearing change) snapped a rod and blew not one but two holes,

one on each side of the block.....BIG HOLES too as my 5 year old was happy to announce when we lifted the bonnet. "Dad those are 'EPIC' holes in your engine". My wife even had the joy of towing me home and also the added pleasure of watching her son and idiot husband smiling at the good fortune that now we had the perfect excuse to build the new and improved race motor! (Wait 'till she sees the invoice.....then she will know I'm not only an idiot but will suspect I love the car more than her!)

So, this is not only a thought on what makes a good motor, but now you can follow the bouncing ball of me actually building one.

The Plan:

Budget.....this depends on my desire to stay married. (HMMMM!)

Horsepowerlots.

Torque.....ditto

Researchread and read and then read more.

Work plan.....at home or farm out?

Timeline.....needs to be ready for spring running.

So first, what is left of my original

3.5 Rover unit - not much. Block, crank, rods, camshaft and pushrods are all gone. Heads have some bent valves, but are okay. My set of 8 downdraft IDRL Dellorto carbs and intake manifold are good.....so it looks like a full short block and an upper rebuild will do the trick. Boys and girls.....let me be clear on an old subject. 'Horsepower sells engines. Torque wins races.' And without a set up chassis and suspension, it's all for naught!

I want about 285 bhp, and moderate torque. Any more than 300hp and I simply cannot get the power to the pavement, and every corner exit is a life altering experience! I want a rev happy engine, not a stump puller from 1500RPM. I like mixing it up through the gears, and when I want to go fast, I need throttle control.

Now, I have 2 cars I am rebuilding currently, my '67 Formula 2 Brabham, and my wife's '69 Lotus Elan. So my shop is full and time is short.....so this is going to be a 'I need lots of help' to be running by spring. Larry and Linda

photo ABOVE: Jay and the F2 Lotus

of Morgan Motors of New England can lift out and re- install the motor. They are good, and have the car in their shop now. Now to choose a worthy engine and builder.

There are dozens of good engine builders out there for the Rover unit. But the old 3.5 block is harder to find and has let me down. So time for an upgrade to a cross bolted and strengthened block. Basically the Rover 3.5/ Buick 215 are the same, but the racing version sees a need for better internals, and these are not production parts. I have chosen one of England's better known builder of Rover engines, John Eales, to supply and build one for me.

I am looking at a 4.2 liter, with a sub 300hp camshaft, race pistons, cams and rods. With a new upgraded cast crank – fast, fast road, not full race. I also want a distributor ignition system, not the new crank trigger. Why.....cause it's as it was, and I already have a good electronic opus system. JE makes his own crank, rods, cam shafts and pistons, and his race engines have won at every level in European and MogSport championships with great successes and no

failures.

So after much research - JE gets the nod, and the process starts. I will be sending my intake , carbs, heads, and all ancillary parts to England for the full build. Discussions on final specs will start when all the bits are in place.

Watch this space for my great decision marriage or motor!

PS. I am planning on a great auction of my original broken parts! Make exciting paperweights for all the family(cleaning and degreasing extra, of course).

*To be continued.
Stay tuned racing fans.*



photo ABOVE: Can I have the keys Dad?

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A LETTER TO THE 3/4 MORGAN GROUP MEMBERSHIP

I have a couple of issues with our club regarding Autumn Mog; the first involves our concours. Although we have a committee working on this issue (and I am one of the five committee members), I'd like to air my feelings here anyway.

We had 42 cars on that gorgeous field at The Clark Museum on Saturday and only 12 were going to be judged (of those 12 there were 8 Plus 8s, and a DHC that entered just to give us another car in the judged section). If memory serves, 10 were judged at Autumn Mog 35 and 6 were judged at Autumn Mog 34.

A patron of The Clark who wandered over to see the cars - and who wouldn't want to get a closer look at these beautiful cars - asked: "Why are there only a few cars in the middle, surrounded by all of the other cars? Didn't they qualify to compete for the best car here?" I answered: "No, they are all eligible to compete, but some owners care about how their cars stack up, and some don't. A couple of these cars have won best in show and decided to give others in the club a chance; that's what this club is all about, camaraderie!"

Do you want to know which Morgan I think is the most beautiful? ALL OF 'EM! Do you want to know which Morgan I think should win B.I.S? ALL OF 'EM! These cars are ROCK STARS, and I would bet that there isn't one person in this club who hasn't been driving down a highway, have a car pass them, see brake lights, watch the car slow down, see the passenger window roll down (that dates me), see a cell phone come out of the window, and watch as they take a bunch of pictures or just smile and give you a thumbs up.

I'm not going to sit here and tell you to get on your knees and clean up your cars (even though doing that will increase the life of your car's paint and body many times over) for the concours at Autumn Mog. Some of us do that and some of us don't, never did, and don't care if they ever do: that's fine too.

I would love for all of you to put your car on the field for our concours and let it be judged. Maybe the committee will have two sets of judging sheets and maybe we'll even rename the judged and people's choice divisions, but if only to get an idea of how your car stacks up against others in its class is helpful and, if for nothing else, you get bragging rights.

It's just a thought, but other than Oh My God, look how clean this car is there's a lot we can learn by looking at the judges sheets and maybe, just maybe even making a couple of changes to our cars.

I'm not saying that we adopt this, but I rode motorcycles for almost 40 years and there was always a trophy for the "rattiest" looking bike, and there were some atrocious ones that everybody loved as well.

My other issue involves club members who decided they'd rather go to The British Invasion up at Stowe, Vermont than being at Autumn MOG with their own club. The weekend of September 19-20-21 was the only weekend I could possibly do this year so when I learned that Autumn Mog weekend this year coincided with the British Invasion, I never thought it could be a conflict. Why should it be, this is our club's biggest event of the year. Why would any member of this club choose NOT to be with us and to be one of a faceless, nameless crowd? Why would our members decide to "support" a different event than the one their own club was hosting?

Larry Sheehan has said: "People will be where they want to be" (or something to that effect). Well, I guess that's true, BUT . . . Many of our club members go to other car shows in their areas during the season. But Autumn MOG is OUR event.

Autumn Mog 37 will be held the first weekend of October in Rockland Maine. Not only is it a 7 hour trip for us, but I have rearranged my Rabbinic duties that weekend (and it's not a normal weekend) to make it my business to be there. The 3/4 Morgan Group is my club and Frank Wnek, the chair of next year's Autumn MOG, not only works his ass off for this club, he was there to help me in any way he could for the 2 Autumn MOGs that I chaired. It will only be an upheaval in my life (G-D Forbid) or in my Synagogue that will prevent me from supporting Frank next year. I think y'all should do the same.

Be well, enjoy health, wealth and peace, and as we say in the motorcycle game: keep the rubber side down.

Lenny Mandel

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