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Vol 43 Issue 6

The Morganeer



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



MIKE VIRR

Hangs Up His helmet

NEW CLUB MEMBERS

Bob Britton & Linda Hakala Hancock, NH
'71 Plus 8

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

FROM THE PRESIDENT



Happy Autumn to you all!

Going back to previous columns, as I am sure all my fans do, you would recall that I did a piece on personification, and more than once I have talked about talking with and to our cars -- you may also recall that my car had the upper hand last time I checked.

But did you know that October 2nd was National Name Your Car Day? As I mentioned, we like to treat our cars like people. We talk to them, we baby them, we argue with them. We all know the names of several famous movie cars. I bet you can think of at least five off the top of your head. (Herbie the Love Bug, General Lee, KITT, Christine, Lightning McQueen.) Naming your car can show your commitment to and relationship with your wheels. If you recall (of course you do as a loyal fan) I mentioned in a previous article - see below -- that medieval knights would often name their weapons. This made sense if your life might depend on said weapon. We often name things which are important to our survival and central to our enjoyment. So, we go out for a ride in our car, which is important to our mental sanity and survival. Taking a drive and talking to my car is sometimes all that keeps me sane, it's my defense against the daily grind. And it's easier to talk to your car when it has a name on those long rides. Our cars are awesome. Of all the Morgans in the world, you have this one, yours, and it is unique. It is your soul

mate. By virtue of its age and marque, not a lot of people have something like we have. And that makes it--and us --special.

Way back in an Autumn MOG survey, we asked "Does your car have a name, a nickname, or that secret name you call it when it behaves poorly?" And you did! Offerings included:

- Damn British car!
- "Our Once And Future Morgan" (from E.B.White's *Le Mort d'Artur*)
- (unprintable in polite company) As in 'I'm going to sell this %^&* thing!' No, not really.
- Schatzie- (I guess the car works better with an accent?)
- "Lil' Baby", as in "come on baby, it's ok to start."

And we know that many of us have already named our cars. I have met "Lipstick" and "Sleeping Beauty" as well as "the Great White Hope". My mom even had a 1957 Volvo named "the Ugly." It's so common that the Hagerty Forums Question of the Week Sept 2019 solicited feedback on whether naming a car was a popular move. They were swamped with replies.

But to go back both to my medieval knights with their sword analogy, and to another article I did on the various names of cars, apparently our car may not just be a refuge from the work, but may also be our weapon. I mean really: the Buick LeSabre, Oldsmobile Cutlass, Sunbeam Rapier, Lamborghini Espada (named after the Spanish Espada Ropera sword) Sunbeam Stiletto, Reliant Sabre and Scimitar, and of course the Excalibur. (I am sure if history has shown me anything, at this point Jim Nichol will have many pointed comebacks for me... and then raise another question about farm implements.)

In closing, I should mention that Charlemagne had a sword named "Joyeuse," which is a terrific name for a Morgan by the way, and much better than naming your car after the sword owned by Viking King Magnus Barelegs: "Leg Biter"!

Happy hunting,
Maura

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FROM THE MAD HATTER

“Goodbye Yellow Brick Road”

Yes, Elton John fans and fellow Morganeers, the time has finally come. This will be my last issue as Editor of our club's newsletter, *The Morganeer*. But not to worry. My successor, Jonathan Kinghorn is both an accomplished writer and active Morgan owner, and I am completely confident that *The Morganeer* will continue to provide quality content for its readers under his editorship. And, of course, you will continue to see periodic examples of my twisted humor in future issues.

As part of my swan song, I deliberated long and hard about what one particular article from my 10 years as editor I would reprint in this issue. Finally, I chose a photo essay from my second issue in my first year as editor: 'A Morgan For Show and Tell.' At the time, my oldest grandchild, Tucker, was in preschool and asked me to bring my Morgan 4/4 to his school for show and tell. Obviously, it went over rather well. The smiles and looks of wonder on the faces of his classmates says it all. And in their faces we also see the future of our club and perhaps the Morgan marque itself. Tucker and his preschool classmates are now high school freshmen.

This issue reports a true milestone in our club, the retirement from VSCCA racing of our very own ace Morgan racer **Mike Virr**, featured on our cover and in two articles. As I started going through my issues as editor I was amazed to discover (and vaguely remember) that I had done an interview with Mike in my very first issue—January/February 2011. So I

thought it only fitting in light of his recent announcement to do a follow-on interview with Mike in honor of his retirement. Not only did Mike reveal the highlights of his over 40 years of sports car racing, he also provided some interesting photos. This is one competitive guy!

But that wasn't the end of it. We also got Mike to take us on a virtual tour of his favorite VSCCA racing venue, Lime Rock Park. As Marc Wunderman recently pointed out from his day at the race course, driving fast involves MUCH more than just stomping on the throttle. As Mike takes us through every twist, turn, straightaway, and hill on the Lime Rock circuit you can get a better understanding of just what is involved in competitively racing our vintage sports cars. The next best thing to being there, as they say.

Still, we are not done with Lime Rock this issue. It so happens that the park was the venue of the only club events this season, the Track Tapas day as reported by **Marc Wunderman** in the September/October issue, and the Meeting of the Marques Labor Day weekend event as reported by **Steve Scheffbauer** in this issue. There was a good turnout for the club at this event, which was conducted with masks, social distancing, temperature checks on arrival, etc., due to COVID-19 restrictions. Considering those restrictions, the Morgan marque was well represented at this event.

Rummaging through my old musty pile of old Morganeers I also made another interesting discovery—another automotive/sports car fiction story written by our Club



Historian, **Jim Nichol**, back in 1994 titled *The Final Reckoning*. And here I thought my *The Rendezvous* story was breaking new ground — silly me. Even more intriguing was that both stories explore the theme of the future non-availability of fossil fuel for automobiles. I hesitate to say—but could it be 'great minds think alike'? What do you say Jim? At any rate, I must say Jim's story captivated me, contains an all star cast of classic sports cars, and even has an unexpected surprise ending (like all good stories).

Our Centerfold this issue has some great photos taken by **Warren Mamm** at the Morgan factory when he was in England for his 'Cars and Castles Tour' as recorded in the last issue. At the time (2017) the factory was in transition—still building traditional Plus 4s on the Z frame chassis, while also producing Aero 8s with the new aluminum chassis and new suspension which they have now incorporated in the Plus 4 and Plus 6 cars. But, as you would expect, the cars are still individually hand built and continue to feature a 'tub' of ash wood under the body panels. After all, a Morgan is, was and always will be, well—a Morgan.

In closing, I hope all of you are well and weathering the COVID-19 pandemic. It has been an honor to represent you as Editor of *The Morganeer* these past ten years. I apologize once again for the misspelled names that escaped my editing from time to time, for anyone who may have been offended by my attempts at humor and/or my male chauvinist tendencies.

And don't worry. I can pretty much assure you that, indeed, the road will still go on forever.

The Mad Hatter



In
Graham
Hill's
Lotus
Eleven

TO THE EDITOR

Howdy Jonathan!

I confess to being one of those odd mates who prefer the aesthetics—especially with the hood erected—of the Morgan Four-Seater. Still, I definitely enjoyed and learned from your nicely done piece on the evolution of Morgan Two-Seater bodywork in the May/June issue of *The Morganeer*. Our Plus 4 Four Seater, dispatched 12/12/1956, is one of the narrow body cars (2 tread strips per side) and long waterfall grille. Perhaps I might add a couple of bits to your work?

In addition to the UK headlamp height regulations of 1/1/1954, the U.S. changed regulations here on this side of the Pond. Any cars sold here after in/after 1954 were required to have rear turn-signal lamps. Morgans and most British cars of the era had only two red tail lights, each with two filaments (the now obsequious 1157 bulb): dim for running light and bright for brake light. In an effort to duck redesign costs, Lucas came to the rescue with the 141-400 eight-terminal relay, which you can find on any Morgans having only two lights in the rear, right and left. The Lucas relay allowed the brake light element to do double duty as both brake and turn signal. This relay was, however, a temporary ‘work-around’. Subsequent Morgans (examples in figures 7 and 8 in your article) had separate signal lights added to the rear body panel, eliminating the need for the relay.

A final note concerns the body width extension in 1958. While you are correct in that it was moved by 2 inches leaving room for only 1 tread strip instead of 2, I would note that the increase was actually *2 inches per side*, for a total cab width increase of a very welcome 4 inches. As owners of the narrower bodied Moggie, Stephanie and I are fortunate to both be small people. It's *SNUG*!

Thanks for an elegant piece of research, most readable.

Run cool, Spider

Oh, I wish!

I made a mistake. When I read Marc Wunderman's rousing article on Track Day at Lime Rock Park, I realized that I should never have given my 4/4 to my daughter Maura (now Madame President). How I wish I could have been among those lucky participants! Everyone knows how much I love autocross, but to be shown how to do it with skill, with precision, would have meant so much more. Winning is great, but if you really love driving, gaining knowledge in handling your temperamental baby would give so much greater joy. And I really, really do love driving, especially autocross. Hats off to you, Marc, not only for the skill you learned, but for making me enjoy (envy aside) your account of the amazing day.

Pat Hennessy

Frank,

Re: Morganeer sketch (*Member Profile—ed*). I loved it! Elaine found a number of inaccuracies. But I believe they're irrelevant. Many thanks, sahib!

Tom (Austin)

Inaccuracies? Really? More like made stuff up. I warned you about that. The Good Humor man is true, though. Right? Glad you liked it. ed

Hi Frank,

Although Morgans have successfully run for over 50 years without carburetor air filters, it always bothered me that my Morgan could ingest a bug, or some other foreign object.

I ran across a source of screens that fit perfectly (meaning you can close the bonnet). See the attached photo.

I think that other members of the club might be interested in them. They are available from Ralf Grant: ralfg1318@gmail.com

Cheers, Gregg (Pollack)



Dear Frank,

It's hard to believe we've worked on *The Morganeer* together for over 7 years. I have enjoyed getting to know you and the entire 3/4 Morgan Group through the humorous stories and antics you've shared. I've learned a lot about the Morgan automobile and have a new-found appreciation for its unique history.

You are such a pleasure to work with. I hope Jonathan knows he has some big shoes to fill! As you often say, "the road goes on forever," which makes me feel especially grateful that I got to share a good stretch of it with you. I wish you all the best on the open road ahead!

Nicole Kachmar
Graphic Designer, *The Morganeer*



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

1977 Morgan PLUS 8 Rolls Royce Shell Grey/Red leather

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

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

1963 Morgan PLUS 4 Two seater roadster, BRG, Black leather // RESTORATION BY CHARLES ACKERMAN

1963 Morgan 4/4 BRG body Black wings, Black leather // JUST ARRIVED

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

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

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

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

1961 Morgan PLUS 4 Four seater, Regency Red with SuperSport bonnet scoop, Black leather, roll bar, wire wheels // WELL MAINTAINED

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

OTHER MARQUES:

1974 Triumph SPITFIRE Robin's egg blue

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Gathering of the Marques 2020

Lime Rock Park, Connecticut Steve Schefbauer



“The hills are alive with the sound of Morgans”

On those days when the COVID shelter in place, keep a safe distance, wear a mask rules, are starting to get me down—but the sun is out and it's a great day, I like to get in the Plus 4 and head out towards Rt. 7 North from Fairfield County, Connecticut. It's a twisty scenic road where you can experience your inner Stirling Moss or ... (fill in the blank of your favorite driver). It's where you pass through quant historic old towns, horse and cattle farms, two covered bridges, Cornwall and Bulls Head, several state parks including Kent Falls and if you time it wrong, wind up being stopped until the cows cross from one side of Rt. 7, the pasture, to the other side, the barn. You can't stop those cows; they know when the barn beckons, and you really get dirty looks from them because you're messing with their inner clocks.

As you progress up Rt. 7, the Berkshires get more pronounced and by the time you arrive in the northwest corner of Connecticut and turn left on Rt. 112, they have become the foothills and you have reached your destination—Lime Rock Park. And, by the way, feel tension free. The therapy worked ... again.

It is this feeling that I tried to convey to the members of The Morgan 3/4 Group as I attempted to have a good



enough room for all the Morgans and chauffeuring us around Lime Rock to save old peoples feet. The weather was superb, but the group could have used a little shade since, while the temperature was in the 70s, the sun was relentless in that bowl, surrounded by the Berkshires, called Lime Rock.

PHOTOS:

Opposite page:

Top: The 3/4 Morgan Group gathers

Middle 250F Maserati

Bottom: 1950 Alfa Romeo 158

This page:

Top :Alfa and Maserati Racers

Middle: Dr. Larry affecting repairs

Bottom: Ken & Nancy Mull having lunch in the shade

member turnout for the Vintage Fall Festival/Gathering of the Marques on Sunday, September 6. Things were a little different this year thanks to that nasty old man, COVID-19. The Concours d' Elegance would still be invitation only and still be on the Sam Posey Straight. The Gathering of the Marques would still see car clubs and their members around the edges of the track BUT NO SPECTATORS would be allowed. Could this work?

Well, it did. The club had a darn good turnout with 11 Morgans of mixed breed and heritage and 19 club members who all went through the gauntlet upon entering the track, consisting of non-invasive forehead temperature check, COVID release signing and mask wearing, and distancing which, because we are all creatures of habit, felt normal for a day's outing.

We had: Ellen and Erwin Dressell, Ken and Nancy Mull, Jim Nichol and son John, Paul Fredricks and friend Matt, Jamie Goodson, John Haynes, Linda and Larry Eckler, Pat Hennessy and friend Ginger Bartlett, new members Tom and Sara Corwin who ferried over from Long Island and spent a few days soaking up the scenery in Connecticut, and David Darby from nearby Litchfield. Of course, yours truly and Ann Marie Daniel were also present.

3/4 Morgan Club friend and Lime Rock V.P. Walter Irvine, showing his hospitality, was at the entrance to the track greeting the Morgan drivers and doing what he does best to make sure we had



The Concours d'Elegance on the Sam Posey Straight was noticeably smaller by design but still with enough eclectic mix of vehicles to make it interesting. Honoring First Responders, there was a special class for vintage fire trucks and ambulances along with a mix of racing cars that participated in the weekend's events. Two of my favorites were a 1950s Maserati 250F formula 1 car, the kind that Stirling Moss drove so well in his racing career, and a 1950 Alfa 158 Alfetta, both cars in pristine shape.

Talk about our club spirit, David Darby had a mechanical problem with his Morgan and Dr. (honorary title) Larry Eckler diagnosed and prescribed a new coil. Larry called one of his staff to pick up the part and deliver it to the track where he fixed David's car. You see, doctors still make house calls—good man, Larry!

Amazingly, this was the only real club event in “the summer that never was” for the 3/4 Morgan Group, but I think everyone felt safe and sometimes, less is good and smaller is better. Around the track there was a general feeling of camaraderie, as if we were all members of the same club, spectators or not—and that was more than a bit comforting in these anxious times.

PHOTOS:

Top: Paul Fredricks and friend
Bottom: Jim Nichol and son John



FOR SALE: *Racing Helmets*

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Yes, fellow Morganeers, with Mike Virr's retirement, YOU could now own one of his famous racing helmets! Here is Mike's offer:

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A Second INTERVIEW

Mike Virr *Ace Morgan Racer*

Going back through my files of the last ten years of The Morganeer since I began as editor, I discovered that there was an interview with Mike in my very first issue back in 2011. So I guess we come full circle here, since I thought an interview with Mike was appropriate in honor of his announced retirement from VSCCA racing in his famous Morgan 4/4. Here Mike reminisces about his long history of motor sport racing and his more memorable moments. Great stuff!

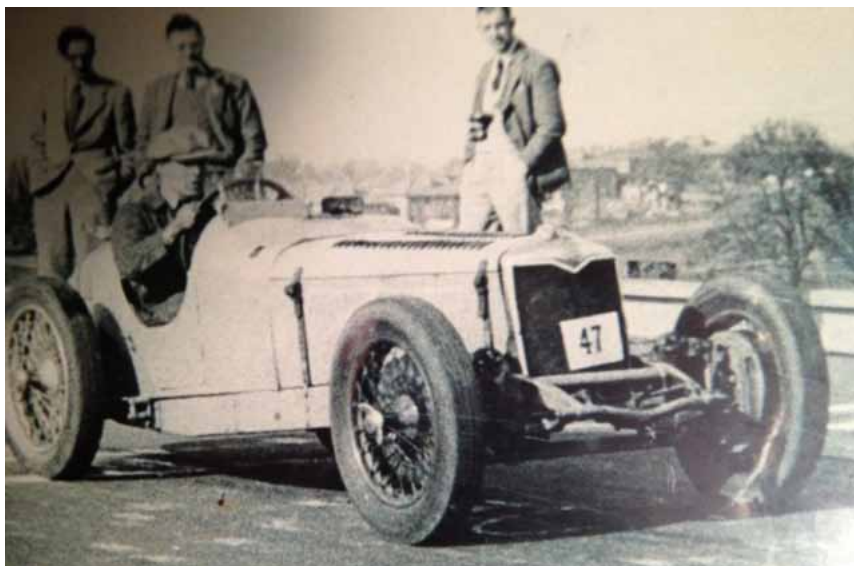
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MORGANEER: Well Mike, rumor has it that you will be hanging up your crusty vintage leather racing helmet after this season, as far as VSCCA racing is concerned anyway. Tell us about it.

Well the writing was on the wall when I missed two yellow flags at last year's meetings (2019) in the Fall Festival Labor Day races and the Fall Finale. I was warned about that and it was obvious I had to do something about my eyesight. In January of this year I had two new cataracts but after a few months my eyesight was still not that great. However, that notwithstanding, although I felt I was 100% fit doing a 10-mile bike ride every day, all of a sudden over the Labor Day weekend I was whisked into hospital for removal of a blockage in my intestine. After nine days in hospital I'm not feeling so fit anymore and have to work my way back to fitness. In the meantime, my family has been keen to have me give up competitive driving and I have reluctantly decided to agree to that. I've had 30 years of VSCCA racing including Lime Rock and it's time.

As I recall, your racing days started fairly early—far back in your youth and in the UK before you moved to the USA. Correct? What was the first car you raced? What is your favorite car to race and why?

Yes, my Dad used to race Bugatti's and other cars including the White Riley so I was exposed to that while being brought up in the UK. I built my first car up, an Austin 7 special, but never raced it. Eventually in my early 20s I helped my friend, Mark Rigg, rebuild his Riley MPH, the prototype and a historic car in VSCC races in the UK, at Silverstone, Oulton Park, etc. About this time his father bought





one of the few (17) Jaguar XK SS's and Mark and I used it at a Hagley & District Light Car Club sprint. This was a seriously fast car, actually a converted D Type, and we got it up to 145-155 mph on the straight at Wellsbourne airfield, near Stratford.

This got us to wanting something faster than the Riley and Mark bought the Lotus 12, the Formula 2 car which was the first single seater Lotus. This was a really quick car which had a Coventry Climax 1,498 cc race engine of 140 bhp but the car only weighed 650 lbs. This was Chapman's first attempt at a pure race car and although it accelerated very quickly, it understeered like a pig due to the anti-Ackerman steering and it had a 5-speed gearbox built into the back axle commonly now known as the "Queer Box". Sometimes you got a gear, sometimes you didn't.

But we were young guys and I loved it. On the weekend I got engaged in 1963 I aquaplaned right off the track at Pembrey in South Wales in the pouring rain, ploughing right through a marshal's post scattering straw bails in all directions. Fortunately, the marshals had seen me coming and scattered to safety. After finishing first, back on the track, latter relegated to second, my new finance was not amused when she walked up to find Mark and I laughing about the plight of the marshals. It's possible that's when

she decided that if we got married I would have to give up motor racing.

Anyway, that was a few years away and Mark and I raced an F1 Lotus 18 and then a Lotus 24, the last space frame Lotus and incidentally the type Stirling Moss had

his terrible accident in at Goodwood. We put a Maserati Birdcage engine in the back as the big F1 teams had collared all the new 3-liter V8's. The Maser engine was lightened a bit, but not much, giving it very much better torque.

All the time we were racing his Dad's Jaguar which after a crash at Silverstone was converted back to a full D Type with the help of Maurice Owen who joined us as our mechanic. Yes, the very same Maurice Owen who joined the Morgan Motor Company after we packed up and was part of the team at Morgan that put the Rover V8 engine in the Morgan making the first Plus 8.

Maurice was a terrific help in fitting the Maser engine in the Lotus and became very good at fitting big engines into little cars.

After all these years what is your favorite racing track?

I think I have to say Lime Rock. Initially, in the UK, it was the club circuit at Silverstone which I originally drove in my MG-engined Morgan in 1962. Somebody,

a Brit who now lives in MA and collects and races MG's, found a program a couple of years ago of the MG Car Club meeting in which we both figured. By that time, I was one my second Morgan 4/4 Series II but I had tired of the gutless flat head Ford engine, and I threw it out and installed an MG XPAG 1,250 cc unit obtained from a scrap yard. That made the car a good bit more competitive with stage IV on the engine plus a nice 4-speed MG gearbox. Anyway, they put me down on scratch in the all comers race so they must have thought I was pretty quick.

I used to love hill climbing that car at Prescott and Shelsley Walsh. After a year I swapped the MG engine for the new Ford 1,500 (116E) which Maurice had stripped before putting in the car, with a high lift cam and two double choke Webers, making it pretty potent. Peter Morgan sold me a set of alloy wings left over from the original set of Super Sport wings. I rebuilt the car as light as possible including using an Austin Healey Sprite rear axle which was half the weight of the original. This car was the first 1,500 cc sports car of any make to climb Shelsley at under 40 seconds. Peter took some great pictures of the event (see page 12).

Of what victory lap performance are you most proud?

I think that when I hired a big 18-wheeler and we stuck four four-wheel Morgan's and three three-wheel Morgan's in the back and had them driven out to Road America for the Peter Morgan Me-

Photos, Opposite page, top to bottom:

My Dad driving the 'White Riley' at Crofton Hackett 1946;

Mark's Jaguar XK SS at Wellsbourne;

Lotus 12 Formula 2;

Lotus 24 F1 with Maserati Birdcage engine

This page:

Top: Mark's Jaguar D Type at Oulton Park

Bottom: Mark Rigg, foot on wheel left, Mike opposite with oily tie and Maurice Owen in cow gown at Silverstone testing the F1 Lotus 18





morial Meeting in September 2004 has to be the biggest. I was running Peter Morgan's own Shorrock supercharger in my 4/4 at the time on my bored and stroked Ford 105E engine—now 1,475 cc.

The Morgan loves that circuit and I found the 4/4 was competitive with many of the Plus 4's. To cut a long story short, my Morgan won the 4/4 category and it was great being up in the winner's circle with Big Blue and the other winning Morgans.

I have to ask, what was your most harrowing moment? And did it involve parts spontaneously flying off your vintage Morgan 4/4?

Well I have been lucky and I haven't had many incidents over the years. One that annoyed me was when we were doing an early morning warm-up at Lime Rock and as it started drizzling even before the tires were warmed up this MGA shot past me into Big Bend and I just thought "idiot" as it was already damp and with oil slicks from the day before was getting slicker. As I came around the bend he was spinning like a top. Unfortunately, as I was driving half on the grass on the outside of him to get past, he came backwards across the tract and smacked my rear wheel and fender (fortunately steel). Eventually we made it around to the pits where the meeting organizer was interviewing us about the incident. This guy says "Mike hit me" in itself might have been true but no mention of spinning a complete 360 first and then coming backwards into me to chew up my rear wing. I just said "ask the cor-

ner worker", which of course they did, and got the true story. This guy was a TV personality. Truth has nothing to do with it with some of those guys.

Did you ever feel, as you were bearing down on one of those pesky Porsches and getting ready to pass, that you were pushing your little Morgan a bit TOO hard?

I'm always "pushing the Morgan a little too hard", it's all about car control. When doing the practice or warm-up session at Lime Rock, after I've got the tires warm, I often push her into Big Bend extra hard to see just where the breakaway point is. This is particularly important if it's been raining, damp, or you just think there's been a lot of oil deposited the day before. Always make sure there's no one around you when you try this.

It's often helpful to know other types of car's characteristics when diving with them. You know a 4/4 is nimbler than a Plus 4, which cannot brake as hard. An Aston Martin or other big heavier cars will slide further out between apexes in Big Bend so you can often nip past on the inside.

Porsches are usually rubbish under braking but once they get the power on, look out! It's said they get 200 bhp out of a vintage 365 Porsche now.

Of all the fellow Morgan racers you competed against, who was your greatest nemesis?

Well you know when Shaun Henderson first came into Morgan racing in his 4-seater Plus 4 he was learning. I introduced him to the VSCCA. He asked me to help him learn the circuit so I would show him the line by driving around in front of him in practice. I used to do this for my good friend Chip Brown years before. In fact, there is a good story here. Chip and I were circulating together and I was gradually quickening the pace. So I came barreling into Big Bend and all of a sudden as I'm looking in the rear view mirror at how Chip was doing the back end of my car breaks away and as I'm concentrating on him and not me the whole car goes right round until it faces the way it came from. Chip hits the brakes and stops just inches from my radiator grill.

Well— that's NOT the way to do it.

Shaun was good enough to let me drive several races in his car but we had to put several cushions behind my back so I could reach the pedals. Shaun's Plus 4 was more powerful than my 4/4 as you would expect, but heavier, and you had to be careful not to brake hard right into a bend as the back end would get light and she would try to swap ends. I won one race without going over 5,500 revs when Shaun said I could use 6-7,000? Well I wasn't going to be responsible for spreading his engine over most of Cornwall County?

You are obviously a VERY competitive guy. What will you do now to whet your competitive appetite? Ocean sailboat racing? Golf? Paddle tennis? Shuffleboard?

Actually, my Dad had a little sailboat (25') on Inchiner Creek near Goodwood which we used to use for recreational sailing. Mark, Judy, and I used to use it occasionally and even raced it for one or two Cowes Week Regattas. Anyway, when Judy and I got married and Mark gave up a big team in '65 I had to do something so I turned to sailing. I bought a dinghy at the boat show and joined Midland Sailing Club. We had great fun joining a group of young members going to open meetings all over the UK in the summer. After a while I wanted something bigger so I bought the hull of an Uffa Fox design Flying Fifteen keelboat and put it together. We towed it over to Cowes Week Regatta behind my father's Contessa and that year, 1975, I beat His Royal Highness Prince Philip into third place for the week. After a couple of years I built another one but with wood decks and she was a fantastic boat, "FluidFire".

Then in '77 I wanted to get into cruiser racing offshore and built an Uffa Fox "Foxhound" again buying a hull and designing my own steel/lead keel and 7/8th rig. This boat had many successes over two years, although it lost its mast off the Le Havre light vessel on its first cross channel race to Deauville. Unfortunately, the mast was not made to my signed off drawings and the manufacturer had to make me another one, gratis.

Then while visiting America I crewed on a business friend's C&C 51 on Lake Michigan. To cut a long story short, we won the race and C&C did me a deal on a

new C&C 34 which were made in Niagara on the Lake in Canada. I imported the boat "Firebird" into Southampton and raced it out of Cowes where I had by now bought a house just off the High Street. We were second overall in Class 3 Cowes week in '79 and won the Coronation Bowl in '81. The boat was also 3rd in the 3/4 ton National Championships in 1980. Following Cowes Week '81 I moved to Muskegon, MI, while leaving "Firebird" and the Cowes house in the UK.

While over here in the U.S. I met a business friend who had a Peterson 42 two tonner for racing on Lake Michigan. He hadn't had much luck with it up to that time, but said if we could put a crew together "let's race it as your boats in England." So I called a good friend who had done two years on a Maxi. We sailed the boat down to Holland and won the Memorial Day Regatta. At the end of that season we won the western Michigan Lake championship. We ended up racing that boat "Sleeping Bear" for four years on the Great Lakes.

After I had left Michigan and moved to Connecticut Midge sold Sleeping Bear and bought a big offshore boat—a Whitby 57, also made in Canada. We sailed it down the East Coast to the Bahamas. Midge and friends sailed the boat to Spain and the Canary Islands where I joined them for the Columbus race from there to San Salvador in the Bahamas (3,200 miles). There were 156 boats in the race and six of us drove that boat hard all the way across the Atlantic keeping spinners at night and even deliberately going into the edge of big weather systems to give us wind to help us "across the pond". We ended up fifth boat to finish,

the first was the 300' schooner "Ajax", and we won Division 1 on corrected time. Great race.

Midge now has an Oyster 82 which I helped take delivery of out of Southampton, UK in 2008 and Judy and I have cruised on her every year since in Grenada in February.

So, I won't miss vintage racing all that much? I intend to refurbish the Morgan for road use as has my good friend Chip Brown. We have been to many vintage meetings together and we plan to do a number of road trips together.

Well, thanks for these fascinating tales Mike. You just might be good competition for that guy in the Dos Equis commercials dubbed 'the most interesting man in the world.' So, I guess no paddle tennis or shuffleboard for you. Good luck with your future endeavors and we look forward to seeing the 'new' street legal version of your famous Morgan 4/4. Will you take the red duct tape off the headlamps now?

Photos:

Opposite page: Mike in his 4/4 breaking 40 second record at Shelsley Walsh hill climb in 1963.

Photo by Peter Morgan

Top: "FluidFire" at Cowes Week 1976

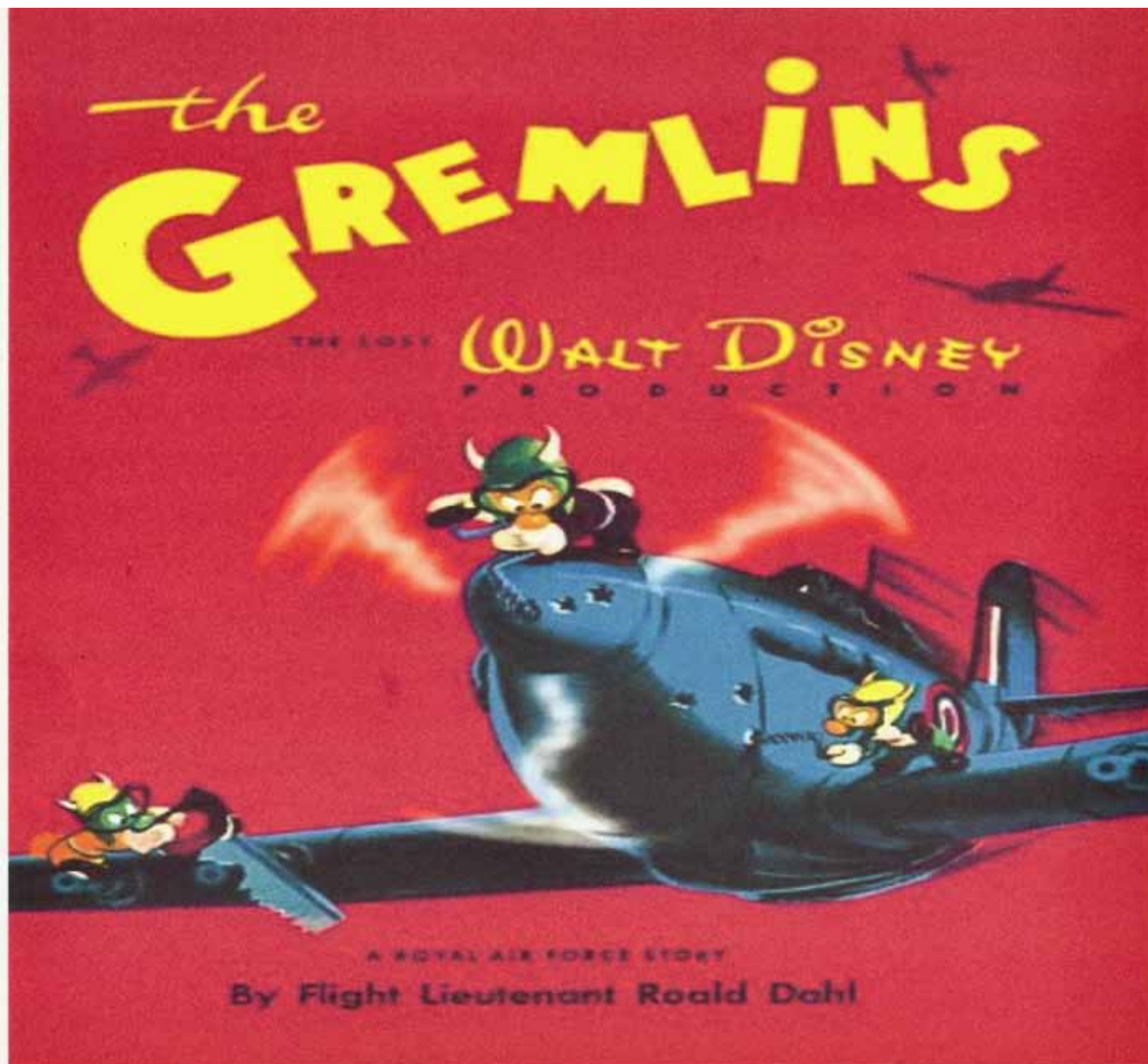
Middle: C&C "Firebird" racing in Cowes Week Regatta 1980

Bottom: Mike at Lime Rock—leading the pack, as usual



GREMLINS

You see! I KNEW my Drophead had Gremlins! ed



During World War II British RAF pilots determined that unexplained mechanical failures in their planes were caused by Gremlins, a mischievous mechanically-oriented creature with a special interest in aircraft. Gremlin children were known as Widgets. (Gremlin-from the Olde English word *gremian*, "to vex"). RAF Flight Lieutenant Roald Dahl wrote a book about Gremlins and Walt Disney published it in 1943. After the war the sharp decrease in the number of warplanes meant that many Gremlins found themselves homeless and out of work. One enterprising young Gremlin, named Lucas (later known for automotive electronics), found that the developing postwar British sports and touring car industry was busy creating units which were ideal places for Gremlins to ply their trade, so thousands of Gremlins retrained and relocated to Jaguar, Rover, Healey, Vauxhall, Morris, Triumph, Sunbeam, Morgan and MG factories all over England. Gremlins continue to inhabit vintage British cars to this very day.

A Morgan Man For All Seasons



Fellow Morganeers, this is Frank Wnek's final issue as Editor; he is throwing in his pen and wrench after 10 years, beginning with the Jan/Feb 2011 issue through the Nov/Dec 2020 issue. Arguably The Morganeer- IS- Frank Wnek and vice versa. I have learned so much, as Editor-at-Large, under Frank's tutelage and I have grown to love the guy.

I was going to write a tribute based on my knowing Frank for a short while but Jack Flynn, longtime friend and summer neighbor from Harpswell, has stepped up and done a much better job than I could have hoped to do. I have a feeling The Morganeer will be hearing from the Mad Hatter pretty frequently now that he has the freedom to write at his leisure. Frank—It's been my pleasure.

Steve Schefbauer, Editor-at-Large

As all 3/4 Morgan Group members know, Frank has been our longest-tenured editor of *The Morganeer*: ten years! He started off strong and kept making the magazine better. Today, many (maybe all) members would say that *The Morganeer* is the best that it's ever been.

Frank himself started strong. He was a young musician (accordion, piano, guitar) and a midshipman at the US Naval Academy. After graduation from Annapolis, Frank was a naval aviator, stationed in Brunswick, Maine, in the mid-1970s. He also had tours at the Naval Postgraduate School in California, in Hawaii, and in Washington, D.C., as well as operational tours. After retiring from the Navy, Frank became a captain for American Airlines, often flying the Boston to UK route, which allowed him to meet up with Morganeers "over there."

Frank's enthusiasm for all things Morgan inspired him to restore four Mor-

gans, including the drophead coupe that is his daily good weather driver. From 2002 to 2014 he co-hosted (and towards the end solo-hosted) LobsterMog, a uniquely Maine event, which drew fans from all over the US, Canada and the UK. (LobsterMog was created by Bill Alexander in 2000, but the crowd soon outgrew Bill's garage, so the event migrated to larger quarters near Frank's home.) Frank had special fun organizing LobsterMog's "concours non d'elegance" and awarding prizes to winners in categories such as "Katie's Choice," where the winner was selected by a very young Katie Eckler. Concours winners received Matchbox Racers, carefully selected by Frank and awarded with a big grin.

He also put on our club's only (so far) Autumn MOG in Maine, which was enjoyed by members from as far as western Pennsylvania and southernmost New Jersey. Today, in addition to his work for the 3/4 Morgan Group, Frank is president of the Mid Maine Sports Car Club and writes for its website.

Is there anything at which this man does not excel? Try these: Frank loves salt water fly fishing, going out nearly every day during Maine's short summer to hunt for striped bass, which he catches (sometimes) and releases (always). Once, he took his dog Corey fishing. The boat flipped over . . . and Corey ended up under the boat. Frank's fishing companion, Bill, gave her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and she expelled a bunch of seawater and started breathing again. The dog rejoined the living and lived happily for years thereafter. But Corey never did go fishing again.

He is a community-minded man. He authored and published a book titled "The Stained Glass Windows of Saint John The Baptist Church" in Brunswick, Maine. He served for years on the Board of Oasis Clinics, a provider of free medical services, and wrote their fund appeals and newsletters.

Frank is a volunteer airplane mechanic at the Owls Head Transportation Museum (site of a memorable Autumn MOG autocross). He insists that he volunteers there because they allow him to fly around in the museum's ancient Waco biplane.

He built a music studio into his house where he and a few Annapolis pals can play and record music. Ask him for a CD sometime. They're pretty good!

If this list goes on, it will sound like a eulogy, and Frank is way too young for eulogy. Let's just say that Frank Wnek is sui generis, a man in full, one of a kind. And he is a wonderful friend. Our club is lucky to have him.

Jack Flynn, Registrar
3/4 Morgan Group Ltd.

Look for Warren Mann's Morgan factory tour photos
in the Jan/Feb 2021 issue

A TRIBUTE

Frank Wnek

Morganeer Editor 2011-2020



Frank with car at Salem



Top Gun Frank



Corey the Rescued Dog



Drophead at Owls Head



Gotcha!



Frequent Flyer Frank



Frank on the Way to Autocross



THE STAINED GLASS WINDOWS OF
SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST CHURCH



BRUNSWICK, MAINE
by Francis M. Wink photography by Walter E. Higgins, Jr.

Cover of Frank's book



A Morgan For Show and Tell

from Frank Wnek
Photos by Cate Wnek

ONE DAY LAST FALL I GOT A CALL FROM my 4 year old grandson Tucker asking 'Dzia Dziu, can you bring your Morgan to my pre-school tomorrow?' how could I refuse – I said 'Of course!' I let Tucker's Mom fill in the details. It seems it was 'bring something with wheels for show and tell' at his preschool that week. AND, that day a member of the local community had showed up in a real



Sabina - definite future Morgan owner!

DUMP TRUCK! It was a big hit, as you can imagine. All the kids got to sit in the cab and pull the air horn. Well, Tucker's little gears started turning and he thought, 'I can top that!'

So, the next day as the appointed hour neared, I took the windscreen off the 4/4, installed the Brooklands, bundled up in leather jacket and scarf, donned my goggles and touring cap, threw my racing helmet in the passenger seat, and roared off to make my dramatic entrance.

I drove up and parked in front of Tucker's assembled, wide eyed and waiting class and the show and tell began. There were some questions on why there was a wheel mounted on the back, why it had a belt and those shiny spinner things on the wheels, but mostly this gang wanted to be hands on. The guys all wanted to try on the helmet, the gals thought the sweep of the front wings was a perfect place to stretch out and pose, and, of course, everyone wanted a turn behind the wheel. Some didn't exactly want to relinquish their turn in the drivers seat, resulting in some minor jockeying for position, but overall the class of 3-5 year olds was very polite and appreciative. and judging from the photos, I would venture to say there may be a few future Morgan owners, male and female, in the group.



Sawyer



Julien



Alvah



Ms Myrna's pre-school class



Terrence and Drew



Phoebe

Editor's Note: Since he has announced his retirement from VSCCA racing, we asked Mike to take us through a virtual lap around his 'home track', Lime Rock, and reveal a few of the secrets to his success and techniques—which he graciously agreed to, true gentleman that he is. Fellow racers, take notes for next season!

A Lap Around Lime Rock Park In a Morgan

Mike Virr



Mike in his natural element

The Lime Rock race track looks fairly straight forward with a straight from a standing start into the first right-hand corner “Big Bend” which actually has two apexes, one at the beginning and one at the end onto a short straight before the “Left Handers” immediately before another right into “No Name Straight” which isn’t actually straight before the right-hand entry into “The Uphill”. Then it’s a short straight before “West Bend” that leads under the entry bridge that plunges into “The Downhill” a fast downhill bend back onto the finish straight. Only 1.5 miles round. “A piece of cake”, you might say? Well you could never be more wrong. When you start going fast it becomes extremely tricky and needs a lot of practice to put in consistently fast laps.

Let’s sort out our approach corner by corner.

Assuming you start at the start/finish line your first obstacle is Big Bend. Assuming you get away in the pack in a running start you should put your foot down as soon as the green flag comes down at the starting box, making sure you’re not going to bump into the guys immediately in front of you. Hopefully you can hang onto 3rd gear as long as possible as you come by the markers at 4, 3, 2 and then 100 yards from the corner. Try and position yourself slightly left of the right side of the road, too left and someone will try and skip inside you. I usually wait until the 100-yard marker to brake but then you’re going to be on the limit of braking adhesion, so hit the brakes hard at 200 yards for starters. Keep the car aimed with your right hand tire right at the apex of the corner, as soon as you’re on the apex give it some gas to ac-

celerate through the middle of the bend as you drift outwards making steering corrections to balance the drift and hitting the second apex. As you turn the apex hit the gas hard again towards the right-hand side of the straight as you approach the “Left Hander”. As you arrive just before this bend beginners will dab the brakes but old hands will simply drift the car a bit to scrub off speed. Be careful not to hit the gas too hard as you go through the apex as this bend gets very greasy. In fact, if it’s wet avoid the inner part of the bend altogether. Then your almost immediately into the Right Hander onto “No Name Straight”. As you sweep through the gentle left-hand part of the straight you should wind the car up to max revs in 3rd and slip her into 4th as you approach the bottom of “The Uphill”. Now a lot of people brake as you approach the apex to the right but that’s absolutely unnecessary in a Morgan and as you slide through the apex you should keep the car straight and keep as much power on as possible, lifting your foot a bit to prevent wheel spin as the car goes light at the top of the hill. Then back down into 3rd if necessary and foot down towards West Bend. Here keep to the left and a dab of the brakes maybe necessary as you near the apex of the bend, I usually don’t, but scrub off speed as you drift through the apex. Then back into top as you go under the bridge into the “Downhill” then keep your foot down as you charge down the hill. As Sam Posey once said “It takes real commitment to keep your foot down in a muscled car in The Downhill”. Don’t go too near in on the right-hand apex as there is a bump there that can upset a Morgan, but a foot or so off the curb is OK. Keeping your foot down as you drift to the left side of the track you aim for the finish line and to make another lap. Always take a good look at the start/finish box for flags or the hangman’s noose which indicates you’re into the last lap. Incidentally you should note where all the marshal’s posts are as they may hang a signaling flag out at any time and you might be called in and penalized if you

Photos

Top: Mike topping the hill and passing a pesky Bug
Bottom: Lime Rock track overview



took no notice of a yellow flag, meaning no overtaking. In the heat of the moment it’s easy to miss flags. Don’t do it.

So that’s a lap at Lime Rock as I see it but much faster cars, such as a real sports racer, would be different but I have now had 30 years driving LRP in a Morgan and luckily other makes too such as Bugatti’s, MGA’s, and of course, my Riley in the prewar class.

I have been privileged to race with many Morgan owners over the years including Dow Smith, Larry Eckler, Shaun Henderson, Chris Towner, and—last but not least—my great friend and partner, “Chip” Brown.

I hope you enjoy it as much as I did.

Mike Virr, 1959 Competition 4/4

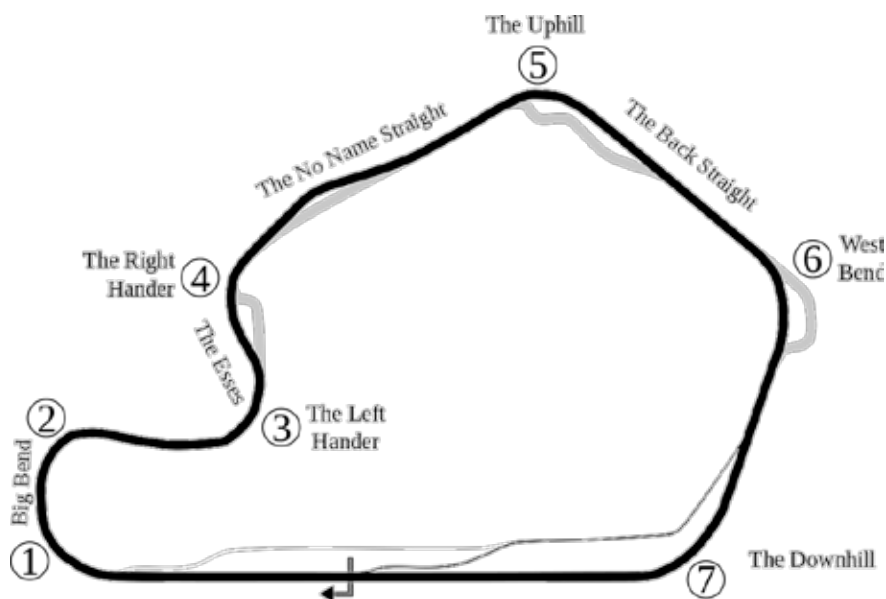
COMMENTS FROM A FEW OF MIKE’S COMPETITORS:

Mike retiring from VSCCA racing? I completely understand, since I had also done that a few years ago.

Mike was such a fixture on the track I know that he will be sorely missed. A real gentleman and a fine racer, quick and predictable. Whether me passing him or him passing me, there were no surprises ever. Plus, Judy and I were top additions to all of our weekend lunches and dinner.

I do know, though, what it’s like to make this decision and I hope Mike has decided what he’s going to do to fill in all of the up-coming spare time with much racer-fiddling activities gone.

Wishing him the best . . .
Jeff Jacobsen



Having the opportunity to participate with Mike at VSCCA track events was truly a privilege. His long history with the Morgan marque including his long personal friendship with Peter Morgan made Mike's presence and stories extremely interesting and memorable.

On the track, following behind Mike, I realized his level of skill getting around Lime Rock at speed when his car has 40% less engine displacement than mine. Mike's ability to stay on the line was excellent. So then getting past was always a challenge, a true testament to his driving skill.

Larry Eckler

What was it like racing against Mike Virr? First and foremost, Mike has proven to be a formidable competitor on the race track and a good friend. He's one of the first people that I met after joining the Vintage Sports Car Club of America in the mid-1990s. Mike is a highly competent mechanic and is my "go to" authority on any technical questions about Morgan motor cars. As you must know, he built his 4/4 Competition from boxes of bits, knows his car's track capabilities thoroughly and seems to be at home on practically any racing venue from Mosport in Ontario to Thompson in Connecticut.



Mike is very generous with his time and advice. I bought my 1957 Plus 4 in 1995, and cold-called Mike shortly thereafter on the recommendation of a local antique sports car salesman. Mike invited me to bring my new acquisition up to his Fairfield home for a quick look. He immediately noticed that the front wheels were splayed wildly out of alignment, took a closer look and asked me, incredulously, "Are you planning on driving this car back to Norwalk?"

Needless to say, I took the car home very carefully and eventually sorted it out. I met the whole coterie of Fairfield County Morgan owners as well as Bob Couch and the Ecklers.

The one constant from then until now has been Mike and his generosity.

I've enjoyed racing with him and on very rare occasions have bested him on the track. Usually, I'd be in the middle of the pack and Mike would be leading a group of speedier cars whizzing past me on the straights and disappearing at the curvy bits. Lots of good memories.

Chip Brown

PS. I retired from racing early this year. Still active in the VSCCA and still turning wrenches in my garage.

We all had a good time being Morgan Mates. Trade a spot here, trade a spot there, Lime Rock, Elkhart Lake, Watkins Glen. We all teamed up and raced in a friendly way. As it is supposed to be. He has not left the planet.

Chris Towner

Photos

Top: Mike in the lead as usual with Chris Towner and Larry trying to catch up

Middle: Mike passing a Jag sedan

Bottom: Mike leads the way again. Chris Towner trying to keep up.

Editor's Note: Searching once again through the archives of past copies of The Morganeer, I came upon this story written by Club Historian Jim Nichol way back in 1994. It is interesting to note that I was not the first to delve into the subject of automotive fiction in The Morganeer, nor was my theme of the impending end to availability of fossil fuels. (See 'The Rendezvous' in May/June issue p.29.)

A Final Reckoning

James Nichol

The garage at number 277, like all those around it, stood quietly empty. The air, too, was quiet except for the sounds of the birds in the trees and the occasional mechanical clunk of a bicycle shifting gears on its way up the gentle hill.

The homes were typical rural American homes, a smattering of late nineteenth century Victorians, 1920s farmhouses, and 50s ranches. Two hundred seventy-seven stood anonymous save for the large decaying barn at the rear of the treed lot.

It could have been yesterday or today but for one thing; it was 1994 and the world's civilized nations had been without petroleum for almost three years. Supplies had dried up almost instantaneously in the major oil fields of the world, leading scientists and experts to a variety of theories ranging from the sublime to the ridiculous. No one in the world was helping the millions who had depended on petroleum for their daily needs however.

As had been predicted, sales of wood stoves, coal furnaces, bicycles, sailboats, and the like had skyrocketed. The construction trades were at a standstill



1912 Mercer Raceabout



1925 Bugatti Type 35



Morgan Super Sport 3 Wheeler

since wood had become more valuable as a fuel than as a structural material.

Thus it was on this warm Saturday in May that the garage at 277 found itself the home for seven lightweight bicycles, a conglomeration of 2, 3, 5, and 10 speeds of various vintages and origins. Tom Barlow, the resident of 277, greeted each of the new arrivals, and after the seventh, the group took the short walk to the ramshackle barn in back. Upon entering the large interior it could be seen that it was anything but run down inside. A panoramic view took in a well insulated, weather and sound-proofed garage area filled with an assortment of rare and desirable motorcars.

1934 Fraser Nash



In the northwest corner sat a 1931 Morgan Super Sport three wheeler which was straddled by a French racing blue Bugatti Type 35B grand prix car and a Meadows-engined Fraser Nash of unknown vintage. A small walkway separated them from a 289 Shelby Cobra, a Porsche 907, an immaculate Ford GT40, a Mercedes 300 SLR resplendent in a German silver paint scheme, and an electric yellow Mercer Race-about. As the eight strode in, though obviously familiar with the barn and its contents, they seemed almost reverent while they took the steps to the large, well-equipped work area.

Jake, a man of medium build in his mid-forties, was first to speak, seemingly to Tom Barlow but obviously at all eight, himself included. "I think it's time we arrived at a decision", he began, "we're down to our last seventy five gallons and last month showed us that every month we save it, the staler it gets". As the others nodded in agreement, Bob Walton added in a slow soft voice, "Guess this is where we decide on how long the last race should be".

At that point, Carl Schmitt, an impeccably dressed man in his fifties upbraided them almost shouting, "We were almost caught last time, and I for one see no reasons to be shot for a last run in something that has become totally useless."

As the others began arguing against him, Tom stopped them, reminding

them that they had agreed almost two years before that when the time came, each of them could take his own option as to what course of action he should take.

Obviously trying to loosen things up,

Jack Walker wondered out loud about locating a new cache of gasoline when John McGrath reminded him that even if they could find more, it would be in the same condition as their own. "It's useless trying to forestall the inevitable", John ended.

Meanwhile Eric Wilson had quietly walked over to his Mercer and climbed aboard. Peering out around the mono-cle windscreen he announced, "I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm for one last run and consequences be damned!"

On hearing this, the rest quietly slipped into their machines, Carl Schmitt last of all entering his white and blue GT40. Vince Ainslee quickly clambered back out of his Fraser Nash, walked over to the Morgan and shook Tom's hand apologizing, "It had to be this way in the end, Barlow. Thanks for everything."

For an instant it seemed that they

Porsche 907



Mercedes 300 SLR



would all be eternally seated in their cars when McGrath uttered his agreement with Ainslee and asked Tom if they could unlock the gas pump for their final ten gallon ration. They all quickly produced their keys, Schmitt last of all, and carefully replenished their priceless machines with the slightly questionable fuel. Schmitt quietly walked to the sliding barn door and the rest slipped back into their steeds.

As each started his engine, Schmitt slid the door to the side and stood back as the seven idled out to Mountain-view Road. None of the seven noticed Schmitt's absence as they accelerated up the hill jockeying for the best lines through the curves. Even with the disparities in age, power, and roadholding, the slower cars were holding their own for the first mile.

As the distance increased, the gap widened gradually until, as Eric Wilson drifted around a lefthand sweeper in his Mercer, he hit a patch of gravel, slid off the road into a stone wall, careened over it and after flipping three times, came to rest in a cornfield. The three cyclists who witnessed the crash rode by, and if Eric could have, he would have heard the last rider comment, "yep, with any luck they'll all be gone soon."

At nearly the same instant, Walton and Walker in the Mercedes 300 SLR and the Porsche were fighting for the first shot into a 90 degree left when Walton overcooked it, hit Walker's left rear quarter, and both cars slammed into a pair of oaks which had been seed-



Ford GT40

lings before Karl Benz had even been born. As the two emerged from their once pristine racers, the grins on their faces spread as they met and shook hands. Walker looked back at the now scarred oaks, "I'll miss these days," he said slowly. Walton merely nodded as they began their long trek back.

About a mile up the road they saw Ainslee bent over his Fraser Nash, a broken and twisted chain in his hand. As they stood there, Ainslee let the emergency brake off and the three watched as the Frazer Nash picked up speed and finally disappeared from sight.

As they reached the crest of the hill they found McGrath sitting dejectedly next to the Bugatti. He glanced up and muttered simply, "out of gas." He silently pointed to the deep embankment on the far side of the road and wordlessly

the four pushed the helpless Bugatti to her final undeserved resting place.

Tom Barlow in his Morgan two wheeled it around a difficult right and came upon Jake and his disabled Cobra. As he slid to a stop, Jake crawled out from under the Shelby with chunks of transmission casing in his oily hands. "It was a ball while it lasted." Jake started. "Could I have a light? I can't bear to see her go through the ravages of the weather and people." With that he strode to Tom, took the matches and quietly lit the leaking transmission oil. As they drove back towards Tom's, the smoke hung like a shroud over the hilly landscape.

It was only when they reached the closed door of the barn that they realized that they had never seen Schmitt leave in his GT40. As Tom switched off the ignition of the Mog, they both could hear a muffled purr coming from the barn. Jake jumped from the car and raced to the barn. Sliding open the door he was stopped by a wall of exhaust gases. Carl Schmitt had made his peace with his car and his god.

As the day ended on Mountain View Road, it seemed as though nothing was different. But to six of the eight things would never again be the same. To Wilson and Schmitt, things would never change.

The End



Ford Shelby Cobra

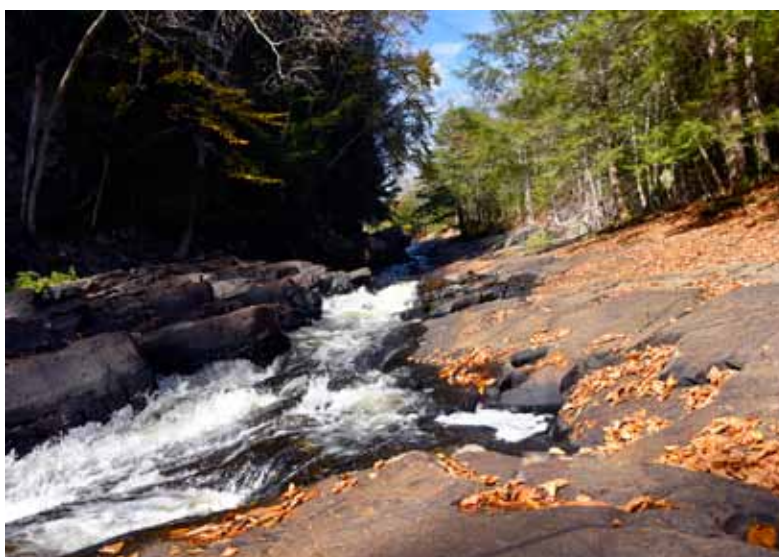


A Leaf Peeper Drive in the Adirondacks

John McNulty

I had a great six-hour drive in the Adirondack Mountains on Tuesday. It was cold and cloudy at first, but got better. Visited two water falls on old Rt. 30, and I mean old. Bought back memories of being a kid. There was not much left of the road, that was five miles long. The pavement was badly broken and the Plus 8 bottomed out twice. What was really neat was the old white concrete posts with cable thru them that was the guard rail in those days. Forgot all about them. Drove Rt. 10, which is a fantastic road up and down— 25 mph turns, very twisty, pavement very smooth, no traffic or towns.

A new Caddy sports coupe came up behind me quite fast. I think he was rather surprised how quick the Plus 8 is. They took a lot of pictures. That lasted around ten miles.



PHOTOS:

Top: Plus 8 by the roadside— a road worth exploring

Middle: Christine Falls Bottom: Austin Falls

IN MEMORIAM

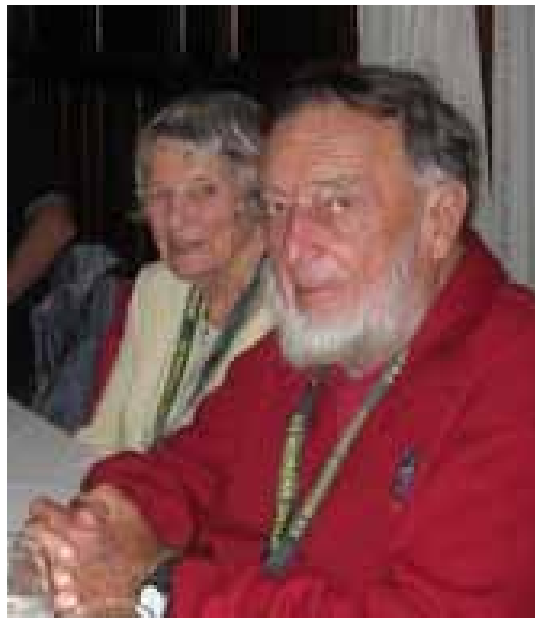
Gladys McNaughton

We have just heard, through Derek Willburn out in California, that late this past August, our club lost another member, Gladys McNaughton. Gladys and John joined the club in 1993.

Although they lived in California, the McNaughtons kept a Plus 8 with Larry and Linda to attend our club events and they were present at many Autumn MOGs and also Lobster MOGs in Maine. Usually they arrived after being 'on the road' for a few weeks just visiting East Coast friends and discovering new roads. Being on the road seemed totally natural to them. And Gladys was always the faithful smiling passenger, co-pilot, and navigator on all their Morgan adventures.

In club President Maura Hall's words:

Gladys was always to me the face that I looked for in a crowd, the smile that made me think all was going to be fine, and the personification of a quiet strength that said 'Sure, let's do that!' when John told her he was thinking of taking an around the world drive in their Morgan 4/4. Around the world—I cannot even imagine!! I am sure she smiled the whole way.



A link to her obituary can be found here:

<https://www.legacy.com/obituaries/name/gladys-mc-naughton-obituary?pid=196770825>

Our condolences go out to John and the family. We will miss you Gladys. The entire Morgan community has lost a family member.

FOR SALE

5 Speed Conversion Kit for Plus 4 \$3600



Entire kit with all parts as supplied by Morgan Spares.

Rebuilt T9, drive shaft, clutch master, throw-out bearing, pedal set etc.

Installed in my '64 four-seater in April and used less than 500 miles.

Runs perfectly and works as advertised. Highway driving at 65-70 mph is a treat.

The "back story": Kit was purchased and installed because I was planning to take the car on an extended European tour this year. Cancer and Covid cancelled all travel plans. For local driving I prefer to convert back to the original Moss transmission.

Best part: the kit is still installed so the prospective buyer can drive and verify that it is as described. NO SURPRISES.

Contact:

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All original turbo equipment is included as well as wire wheel set and adapters.

This car goes as well as it shows. Offers circa \$48,000. Recent photo can be seen on 2020 MSCC calendar for October.

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2005 Roadster for Sale

This Roadster is done in two Aston Martin colors with maroon leather interior. The car has 50k on the clock, all but 3k of that done by the Buckleys. The first owner had the car less than a year before selling it to them. The cloth top has quarter windows and zippered rear window; leather rimmed Moto-Lita steering wheel, 5k on Michelin Pilot Sport tires, stainless door stops, leather bound factory build book. This Roadster has no mechanical anomalies or problems(e.g., the revs do not drop when AC is turned on) as experienced by some Roadster owners. Call Judy (919-606-2054) or Pat (919-606 1944) for additional info or pics. Asking \$80,000.



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ADMINISTRATION

President

Maura Hall

etudesmusic@gmail.com

518-587-7581 (c)

25 Webster Street

Saratoga Springs, NY 12866

Vice-President

Morgan Malone

mhmalone2000@yahoo.com

401-369-5639

319 Stephen French Rd

Swansea, MA 02777

Treasurer

Jamie Goodson

duratrak2000@aol.com

617-688-5778

37 Carolina Trail

Marshfield, MA 02050

Secretary

Marc Wunderman

mw@mwunderman.com

914-649-7985 (c)

11 Topstone Road

Redding, CT 06896

Registrar

Jack Flynn

jvflynn@jvflynn.com

207-721-3232 (c)

388 High Head Road

Harpswell, ME 04079

Intl. Inter-Club Liaison

David Crandall

mogdriver@gmail.com

978-223-5081 (c)

23 NE Morgan Street

Portland, OR 97211

Historian

Jim "Plug" Nichol

jhalfdime@me.com

845-518-5453 (c)

25 Crumwold Place

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EDITORIAL

Editor

Frank Wnek

Wnek_fm@comcast.net

207-837-1178 (c)

56 Headland Road

Harpswell, ME 04079

Associate Editor

Jonathan Kinghorn

jkinghorn@verizon.net

Editor-at-Large

Steve Scheffbauer

sscheffbauer@aol.com

203-459-4959

14 Falls Brook Circle

Monroe, CT 06468

Webmaster:

www.morgan34.org

Bill Clark

billclark424@gmail.com

978-256-3778 (c/h)

20 Rack Road

Chelmsford, MA 01824

Graphic Design/Layout

Nicole Kachmar

nlkachmar@gmail.com



TECHNICAL

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mhmalone2000@yahoo.com

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New England North Captain

Larry Sheehan

larry_sheehan@post.harvard.edu

617-429-9220 (c)

32 Clowes Drive

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