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Vol 44 Issue 6

The Morganeer



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

*ENGLAND'S GREEN and
PLEASANT CAR*



NEW CLUB MEMBERS

John & Kelly Burrows Kansas City, MO
BRG 1957 Plus 4 two seater

Kenneth E Igoe Londonderry, NH
yellow/black 1967 Plus 4 four seater

Bruce J Mankowitz Ambler, PA
black 1967 Plus 4 two seater

David Winstead Essex, CT
red 1962 Plus 4 two seater

Juliana and Rick Potts Ballston Spa, NY
red/black 1954 Plus 4 four seater

Michael Guthman Westport, CT
green 1965 Plus 4 two seater

Bart H Rekucki Ridgewood, NJ
black/yellow 1963 Plus 4 four seater

Fred W Clough Boston, MA

WELCOME TO THE CLUB!

COVER PHOTO

Kelly and BJ Overmann's 1967 Plus 4 in the
Malvern Hills, England

Third of three cover photo contest winners!

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FROM THE PRESIDENT

Maura Hall

Well, it's competition season again, and both piano and taekwondo students are gearing up for their first competitive outing. Basketball season has started, football rolls on and weekends here not spent training or practicing are spent, as in many homes, watching elite athletes offer up exciting performances.

Elite ... hmm. That word brings a lot to mind. What does it mean to be elite? I asked a few friends while I was tossing around ideas for this article. Quite a range of answers, that's for sure

As you gear up for a competition for yourself or with students, you have to think about strengths and weaknesses and what makes them special. In the end, it's what you choose to do and who you choose to do it with that can really make you elite. It's what you put in that affects what you get out, and it's your support staff that helps you all the way through. Elite is a cooperative effort. Elite is not a score, nor is it a ranking. It is earned through the hearts and minds of those you impact.

Elite is not a status; it is a mindset.

Winning best in show does put you in an elite group, you have done the work, put in the time. But the best part is sharing it with all your friends. If you consider elite being a small and specialized group, we Morganeers are elite. And it's not just the car you own, or the efforts you put in. Not to belabor the point, elite is a group effort. It's the guys who fix your flat tire when you are up to your ears in other stuff, it's the people who invite their friends to come to concours, it's the specialized help you have when your car has a vacuum leak and your fellow elite Morganeers understand your problem. We are elite because we are so specialized—because we are so special. We take pride in being Morgan owners. And we give it our all.



For those of you who went on the rally this Autumn MOG, at several points you drove past my son's taekwondo school where I train along with the kids mentioned at the start. The school is named P.R.I.D.E Taekwondo, standing for personal responsibility in delivering excellence. Doesn't that also describe what we do as Morgan owners? I mean, we own an excellent car. We take pride in our cars, we take pride in our excellent friendships that have built up around these cars. We personally contribute specialized support to our club, our cars, and certainly to our fellow Morganeers.

I would be remiss if I did not mention that being elite can have a negative aspect, being snobbish, but while I would like to think we have no negative aspects, think about your reaction the last time you were asked if it was a kit car, or worse, an MG!!

The best definition of elite came from my husband, Cream of the crop. Best of the best. Yes, we are!

Maura



Photo: Maura and Alison DeKleine with the winners of the Damsel in Distress Award at Autumn MOG

FROM THE EDITOR

Jonathan Kinghorn



The standing joke about London busses is that you wait ages for one to come along only to have several turn up at once. I can attest from personal experience that this does in fact happen with alarming regularity. This year's classic car events seem to have been rather like that. Many shows and activities early in the season were cancelled as the COVID-19 pandemic raged or were postponed to later in the year in the hope that the threats posed by the pandemic would abate. As a result, the event calendar for the latter part of the season has been unusually crowded and we have been rather spoiled for choice. And because so many of us have been starved of Mog-friendly activities and fellow Morganeer companionship for so long these events have been enthusiastically supported and enjoyed, despite the often less than ideal weather threatened or, more often than not, experienced.

As a result, after a lengthy dearth, this issue is packed with event reports! In particular, we have our very own Autumn MOG in Saratoga Springs to celebrate. In addition to a general account of the fun and festivities from the **Mad Hatter**, illustrated with lots of photos, **Alison DeKleine**, hostess of this year's Autumn MOG Hospitality Suite, shares the secrets of her sangria and we have a thank you note from **Karen Malik**. There are lots of photos of the con-course event from lots of photographers in the centerfold, and **Frank Wnek** has

penned a piece pertaining to his drive home. MOG was clearly a great success, and a great time was had by all. If you are as determined to go next year as I am you may wish to know that it will likely take place in Newport, Rhode Island—mark your calendars now!

Regarding other events, Editor-at-Large **Steve Schefbauer** reports on this year's rather dank but otherwise predictably enjoyable Lime Rock Park Historic Festival. Tech guru **Spider Bullyk** celebrates the passing of the group's New England South Area Captain's baton from **Andrea Lucas** to **Fred Cohen** at an ever so slightly drizzly British By The Sea (what the English call Scots mist). And to mark Fred's new role we have reproduced the Member Profile of **Fred & Lita Cohen** from an earlier issue. That article was written by **Frank Wnek**, who has also contributed a piece about the Mid Maine Sports Car Club Show to this issue. His pen is certainly mightier than any wrench I have ever used!

Your humble Editor shares some Reliability Run Fun documenting a three-day tour that raised money for a worthy cause and miraculously encountered just one brief rainstorm. I enjoy going to shows, of course, to see wonderful cars and chat with wonderful people, but the cars there are static. Morgans are made to be driven, and I really enjoy the reliability run's kinetic mix of showing and socializing. There are wonderful cars and wonderful people but with the added bonus of wonderful driving and scenery. The smiles, waves, and looks of astonishment that the convoys of gorgeous old cars generate along the way are great, but the best feeling comes from knowing that you are raising money for a children's charity. I can't wait to do another run.

And as well as all the usual suspects, this issue also introduces a new occasional feature—*In Case You Missed It*—to showcase snippets of news that do not warrant inclusion elsewhere in the magazine.

As you receive this issue, the Morganeering activity for the year is winding down, opportunities for epic rides are rapidly diminishing, and like me you

are probably beginning to plan for your car's looming winter storage. I hope that you manage to squeeze every last drop of Morgan fun out of the last few weeks of 2021 and, since it is my last opportunity to do so—and despite it seeming far too early since we've only just done with Halloween—I heartily wish you all Happy Holidays and a much happier New Year!

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TO THE EDITORS

Jonathan,

In my last Tech Advisor exchange with Stephen Weston printed in *The Morganeer* as «An Axle to Grind», I referenced a 5-speed gearbox swap, available from Morgan Motors of New England. I repeatedly and incorrectly referred to this preferred solution as sourced from Toyota. The 5-speed gearbox is in fact more correctly a FORD T-9. My notes on this subject are dated, going back to earlier days of this conversion by (the late) Robert Couch in which he had been using a Toyota. I was quite out of date and have written Stephen Weston my apology and correction.

I hope my readers and Stephen himself will forgive my oversight. To quote Willie Nelson, “Gee, ain’t it funny how time slips away”.

Spider

IN CASE YOU MISSED IT ...

3/4 Morgan Group Badges are Still Available

Looking to add some club bling to your badge bar? 3/4 Morgan Group badges, which used to be advertised in *The Morganeer* and sold by our Regalia Chair, are still available and can be obtained from Larry Sheehan (Cell 617-529-9220). The purchase price is \$45, with an additional \$8.50 for postage.

Holden Vintage and Classic Acquired by SNG Barratt Group

Holden Vintage and Classic, the British supplier of car parts, spares & accessories, has been acquired by SNG Barratt Group. Barratt is the world's largest independent manufacturer and supplier of classic Jaguar parts and accessories and the exclusive distributor for Lucas Classic car parts. Former owner, Jeremy Holden is stepping back to pursue other ventures outside of the automotive industry. Meanwhile, Charlotte Holden has been appointed General Manager, maintaining a family presence in this long-established business.

The Morgan 3 Wheeler Is to Return with Three-Cylinder Ford Power

According to Motortrend, the Morgan Motor Company has teased the reintroduction of the trike with a naturally aspirated Ford I-3 engine. Motortrend thinks that it is likely to be one of the larger-displacement "Dragon" engines located in roughly the same place but faired in a bit more. There are subtle differences in the bodywork and a revised front suspension layout.

Nisongers Flooded Out

Nisonger Instruments, "the exclusive Smiths U.S. Warranty and service center since 1949", were hit hard by the flooding caused by the remnants of Hurricane Ida. Their shop was inundated with six feet of water during the early morning hours of September 2 and a substantial portion of their irreplaceable repair parts inventory along with numerous pieces of test equipment were damaged or destroyed. As a result, they have had to shut down their repair and restoration service and going forward will focus on the sale of classic Smiths & Smiths OEM replacement gauges for the AC/Shelby Cobras and GT40s.

Company Turns Classic Cars into Custom Luxury Motorboats

The studio founded by designer Pierpaolo Lazzarini, Lazzarini Design, known for its outlandish superyacht concepts, has established an unusual startup. It is called Floating Motors and will create custom motorboats and to resto-floats—classic cars converted into boats. They create catamaran, conventional or foil hulls for the cars. Any classic model can be converted, apparently (even a Morgan?) and several power options will be available. Pre orders are being taken should you be interested, but these vessels will not be cheap!

Peter Morgan Inducted into the British Sports Car Hall of Fame

The British Sports Car Hall of Fame at Moss Motors' facility in Petersburg, Virginia, is inducting 10 significant contributors to the history and legacy of the British sports car this year, one of whom is Peter Morgan. The write-up for Morgan notes, "Peter Morgan, ran the company upon the founder's death, expanding the sales of Morgan while maintaining the traditions of his family's company. He was Director of Morgan until his death in 2003".

Other inductees this year include Joseph Lucas (the Prince of Darkness himself), John Cooper (the Mini-Cooper guy), John Hayes (the maintenance manual man), and three Formula One drivers, Jackie Stewart, Graham Hill, and Jim Clark. The British Sports Car Hall of Fame was established as an independent entity in 2016 to preserve and perpetuate the legacy and impact of these legendary vehicles and to honor the men and women responsible for their success. A date for this year's induction ceremony will be announced as the COVID-19 situation allows.

The Great White Hope in Miscellany



Our very own Spider Bulyk had a letter and photo published in the Dear Charles letter column of the October 2021 issue of *Miscellany*, the magazine of the Morgan Sports Car Club:

Souvenir of Summer

C'mon I'm tired o'seeing all these 2-seaters with tops down. Show a little class, will ya! Put my miniature phaeton, hood up, in the magazine! That's West Warf in Madison, Connecticut in the reconstructed colonies. In the background is Tuxis Island where the Canadian whisky Runners used to drop contraband during the Prohibition Era after outrunning the American Coast Guard.

It's 3585, dispatched 12/12/1956 ... mostly how it might have left the works, but changed colors. This photo is from one of its first outings after 7 years of building a brand new 65 year old car ... then along came COVID ... all dressed up and nowhere to go.

Stay positive, test negative, and of course run cool!

Bob Mitchell, Another Sad Loss

We are sad to announce the death of Bob Mitchell on October 6th, 2021, after a short but complicated illness. Bob was 74 years old.

Bob was a longtime Morgan enthusiast and trustee of his much loved and recently restored Drop Head Coupe. Bob had also been an ardent and energetic 3/4 Morgan Group member serving, among other activities, a four-year term as Editor of The Morganeer. In support of the Morgan marque, he was often seen sharing his smiling enthusiasm with any and all, joking with parents whilst lifting their giggling children into his DHC's driver's seat. For all of his leadership and obvious love of the cars, he with his wife Cindy became the 4th Recipients of The Harry J. Carter Esprit du Vent award at Autumn MOG in 1983.

Professionally, Bob was the Principal of Mitchell Architectural Group in Southbury. He was known to love his work, enjoyed breakfasts at the Sandy Hook Diner, gardening, and above all his family. Robert is survived by his wife, Cindy of Sandy Hook, his son and daughter-in-law, Jeremy and KellyAnne Mitchell of Woodbridge; and his daughter and son-in-law, Samantha Mitchell and Michael Palmeri, of Chicago. A celebration of life is planned for spring 2022. Honan Funeral Home, 58 Main Street, Newtown is serving the family.

Heartfelt condolences to all who held him close.
Run cool, Bob!

Spider J.C. Bulyk

Back to the Future

The British government, determined to flex its post-Brexit muscles, seems to be planning to ditch that nasty foreign (but ever so logical and convenient) metric system and to reinstate at least some of the old imperial measures abandoned more than 50 years ago. The initial goal seems to be allowing shops and market stalls to sell fruits and vegetables labeled in pounds and ounces alone, rather than in the metric grams and kilograms. How far this will go in practice is far from clear, but hopefully it does not signal the reintroduction of shillings and pence, ells, rods, poles, perches and all the other ancient, quaint, and almost-impossible-to-multiply-in-your-head units of measurement. Hang on to those Whitworth/BSF Wrenches!

Winston Sharples Jr. Passed

Win Sharples died in late September. He worked with his father, a successful music composer in film and in cartoons, and eventually became a musical director himself. He was prominent in film music circles in the late 1970s, became Director of Documentation and Preservation at the American Film Institute, and for a while taught film at Lehman College in New York City. He came to Morgans later in life, founded Cantab Motors as the East Coast Morgan dealership, and was elected president of the Morgan Car Club, Washington, DC. He retired to Rochester on Cape Cod.

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gazzolachris@gmail.com



By the Sea with Andrea & Ted Lucas



The Group group photo

*I will rise and go now,
and go to 'Brits by the Sea'*

*A small snotty car will I hustle there
of sticks and wattles made*

*Nine Morgans will we have there,
and a Rover for the honey & mead*

*And shall we all in joy convene there
in the combustion loud glade.*

(apologies to Billy-Boy Yeats)

You'll find more about Morgans at this year's
British By The Sea on page 9.

Andrea and her Land Rover



IN MEMORIAM

Bob Perry



Bob G. Perry, 86, of Ridgefield, Connecticut, husband of Gayle McClain Perry, died peacefully on June 29 surrounded by his family. He was predeceased by his wife of 56 years and his brother, J. Bruce Perry of Houston, Texas.

Bob was born in Amarillo, Texas on September 27, 1934, and soon moved to Plainview, Texas with his parents, Briley and Jewell Perry. Bob and Gayle met in the Plainview High School marching band and dated long distance while they were in college. Graduating from the University of Texas in 1956 with a Bachelor of Science in Chemical Engineering, he skipped his graduation ceremony and hurried to Plainview where he and Gayle were married. After a short honeymoon in Colorado, they drove to Victoria, Texas to join Union Carbide. In a twist of fate, Bob got a second chance to wear a cap and gown at the University of Texas in 1996 when he was named a Distinguished Graduate and delivered the commencement address for the College of Engineering.

Bob had an impressive 37-year career with Union Carbide in Victoria, Texas; Charleston, West Virginia; Luling, Louisiana; Toronto, Canada; commuting to New York City; and finally, Danbury, Connecticut. During his career, he was recognized as a leader, manager, and mentor to many people.

Bob and Gayle moved to Ridgefield, Connecticut in 1976. Gayle liked to say “she” chose their last home. Retiring from Union Carbide as Vice President of Manufacturing and Engineering in 1993, Bob joined the staff of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers as Managing Director. He was proud of his contributions to the Center for Chemical Process Safety. In 2008 he was named a Fellow at both AIChE and CCPS.

Bob demonstrated his strong faith and commitment to community service throughout his life. Bob was lifelong member

of the Methodist church. Over the years, he was a Sunday school teacher, Lay Leader, Trustee, and served on numerous boards and committees including as a charter member of both the Spirit Builder Council and the Spirit Builder Advisory Committee at Jesse Lee. As a Christian, the church was an important part of his life and the life of his family.

Bob was active in many Ridgefield community activities including the Ridgefield Symphony Orchestra Board, the Ridgefield Men's Club and Back Room Boys, Founder's Hall History Class, the Ridgefield Community Emergency Response Team, and the Regency Engineering Committee. Bob and Gayle were regulars at the CHIRP concerts in Ballard Park and were frequently seen dining with the Older Than Dirt Gang at Dimitri's.

Bob also had a passion for cars, particularly for Morgans. For many years, Bob and Gayle were active members of the 3/4 Morgan Group. Bob loved his cars but found that the friends and associations that come with the cars were often more important than the vehicles.

In everything he undertook, Bob brought an old-fashioned integrity, and the qualities of a true gentleman. He will be sorely missed by his church and community, but most of all by his family.

Bob is survived by his children, Debbie Perry of Danbury, David Perry and his partner, Jorge Cortez, of Berkeley, California, Bruce Perry and his wife Elizabeth Knapp Perry of Ridgefield, and countless kind and thoughtful friends.

Ed: For more on Gayle & Bob Perry see their Member Profile in the May/June 2012 issue.



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Changing of the Guard at British By the Sea

Spider Bulyk

Photos courtesy of
Jonathan Kinghorn, Ken Mull, and Spider

Lunch at the bar, half a whisky in hand, I naively inquired, “Hey Ted, no Plus-8 today?” Area Captain Andrea piped up in defense, “Oh, it’s all in pieces in the basement, he’s prepping for ‘Brits by the Sea!’”

Really? Brits by the Sea, an annual 300+ car event of the Connecticut MG club was 2 weeks away ... he’s ALREADY cleaning? Well, that put fire and fear in heart. The 7 years of building, painting, and tuning without any real driving created the illusion that it was still clean ... right? Straight from lunch and into the shop, I indeed saw dirt, realizing at once that the Moggie had never been washed nor waxed ... not once.

OK, so this wasn’t a dark and stormy night. Instead, it was to be a week of 90-degree temp and 90% humidity. Searching frantically for a reason to procrastinate, the phone rings. It’s an excited Andrea. “I just negotiated a deal with the CT-MG club about British By The Sea. Morgans are going to have their own line as usual; we can bring our picnic lunch in the Range Rover parked at the line; Morgans are going to Parade onto the field, led by the Field Marshal; and (wait for it ...) your Morgan—Yes, I mean YOU, Spider—is going to lead the parade! As an aside, Hemmings is going to do an article on it so make sure your car is extra-spiffy! Isn’t that GREAT?” In the whispers of my mind I’m thinking, Gee, dunno how to thank you; you shouldn’t’ve ... that’s nice ... DAMN it’s 90-degrees out there. Sins of past laziness have come home to roost. Time to get my cleaning kit out and git crackin’! (actually, it was IN-DEED nice of her ... VERY nice ... so just hush up and start rubbin’, Spider!)

There’s a reason they include both “mad dogs” and “Englishmen” in those who go out in the midday sun, as most mad dogs can’t afford a Morgan. Swing open the barn doors, Moss out of gear, brake loose’d, leaning on the fenders I pushed wee beastie out into the heat haze beyond. Soaking wet long before I opened the water tap, I then started my ritual. How could it have picked up so much dirt? It’s so tiny, so how could so many have committed suicide-by-auto ... and the birds ... how could they?? Just hush up and keep rubbin’, Spider.

Two full days of washing. Whistling the ‘Bridge on the Riv-

Impressive participation



Attention grabbers



The Bulyk’s freshly restored Plus 4



Sara & Tom Corwin’s +8



The mansion, the field,
and the Dressler's Plus 4

Gardens at the Harkness Memorial State Park mansion



er Kwai' march. Needing gills to breathe! I finally push it back into the cool darkness of the air conditioned shop, doors swinging shut behind me. Dripping in exhaustion and disgust, I stared blankly at it in the glow of the fluorescent light: at least the Moggie was clean. Truthfully, I'd forgotten the simple pleasure of making it shine.

There were a lot of reasons to smile at this event. Our Moggie's first event in years was just one of them. This event was a big deal for Southern New England Area Captain Andrea Lucas. Andrea took over the SNEA in 2015 and has run an ever-more energetic season's calendar each successive year. Events and gatherings ran the gamut, Grand Noggins like MADMOG on the Sound, or cold weather Noggins in the Griswold in Pettipaug. Spring, Summer, and Fall we shared events other marques, British by the Sea with the MGs, British Wheels on The Green with the Jags, Meet & Drives with Litchfield Lotus. We had Sunday morning cruise-ins at Zumbach's Caffeine & Carburetors, open-marque car shows by the New England Auto Museum, and big combination events like Lime Rock Fall Festival races and concours as well as British Invasion and our own Autumn MOG. In between were on-the-fly two-sy and three-sy liquid lunches over Morgans in the parking lot, and open shop tours and presentations at large digs like Automotive Restorations Inc. and smaller digs like Abingdon Spares or Cardone & Daughter. Always cared for by Andrea,

we ate in fancy places like Madison Beach Hotel and easy places like the food trucks outside Two Roads Brewery.

Best of all was Andrea's concept of turning British By The Sea into an annual Morgan tailgate, catered from the Lucas' Range Rover (British Vehicle Heritage required for field admission). I never knew until 2 weeks ago that all those tailgates were generously hosted out of the Lucas' private Morgan fund. Best of all, Andrea had a style all her own that encouraged everyone to seek out new venues for Morganeer escapades and put them together with her blessing and assistance. This caused everyone to feel like they "owned" these fun events, owned them personally. The frequent-fliers would change following the venues across the SNE Area but the faces were always seemed familiar. The stories and photos were fun-filled as well, capturing memories for decades to come. Thank you Andrea, we owe ya! Andrea promises she's not going away, (she better not!) but the SNEA dynamism she created needed a new driver. More on this anon.

Some months ago, at a local coffee & cars cruise in, my Plus-4 is bundled in with a couple hundred Porsches, Vettes, 'Stangs,



A line of Morgans



A great time was
had by all

The Rhyme of the Ancient Morganeer

*There was a bearded Morganeer, he stopeth one blonde of three
“Why goodness me,” she coyly drawled, “How comes y’all stopeth me?”
“There was a MOG!”, spake he, “neath stoney towers by the briney sea!
MG, Jag, and Lotus all came, just to see what Morgans be!”*

*“No such thing! Unhand me, greybeard loon!
That meet’s not of Augustus’ month, and cometh sometime in June”
Don’t you try to charm me with those rascally clever tunes,
‘Tis known that Morgans will never run but in a month’s full moons.”*

*The Morganeer’s eyes grew fiercely bright, his grip on her remained.
“It was indeed” he roared aloud, as memories brought forth his fain,
“eight Morgans roared in, glorious’n’bonny the sight,
by the briney sea to show all the vast of Malvern’s might!”*

*“But how could THAT be?”, through pouting lips she breathed,
“All those sultry days and sweaty nights, work without a beer,
Wax-on, wax-off is one tough fight for you, Ancient Morganeer!”*

(apologies to Sammy Coleridge)

and sundry muscle cars. Suddenly I spy a white ‘61 Plus 4 and recognize the familiar faces of Lita & Fred Cohen. “You New Jersey-ites drove that whole long way for a 2-hour coffee cruise-in?”, says Spider-the-unthinking-idiot. “Not at all”, the ever-smiling Lita, “we’ve moved to Orange, Connecticut, chasing grand-kids!” Cohens & Bulyks of course knew each other from the very earliest days of The 3/4 Morgan Group, and the wild Manhattan “MadMen” Noggins of the ‘70s, but hadn’t been together in years. In the midst of laughter and smiles at this surprise meeting, Fred’s first words were (something like), “OK, Spider, when’s the next local Morgan event? Is there a Nog-

gin soon? How about a local car show? Who do we contact? We need a Morgan get-together and want to know ...”

Fred went on like that for a bit and I soaked up every second of it. In ancient ZEN literature, a proverb speaks to this event: “When you are ready, a teacher will arrive.” This was our mutual moment ... right then, when the Southern New England Area (SNEA) needed it, a most enthusiastic Fred Cohen arrived. After some excited conversations among the Andrea’s usual event production team, Fred graciously accepted our invitation to become the new Southern New England Area Captain. Recognizing that

local New England Area knowledge is new to Lita and Fred, all the “Usual Suspects” committed to stand with him, introducing him to the Area’s offerings.

For those of you who don’t know Fred directly, he’s a lifelong motor-head in the light sportscar school of Morgan, Lotus, and ALPHA, veins running high octane, fueling his enthusiasm. Fred’s not only the driver but also the riding mechanic from the “spanner-in-hand, how-hard-can-it-be? School of Morgan Maintenance.” In short: the Real Deal. For more about our new SNEA Captain Fred, see Frank Wnek’s Profile of Fred and Lita Cohen on pg. XX, reprinted from The Morganeer, March/April 2012. You’ll get the picture.

OK ... so, where was I? ... ah yes, I remember now ... back to Harkness Memorial Park and British By The Sea: in spite of early morning drizzle, we resolute Morganeers met at the Waterford Dunkin’, and caravanned over to the Park. The 3 four-seaters were prepped against the morning rain: Erwin and Ellen Dressel’s ‘66 Carlisle blue +4 and Stephanie and yr. obt. svt.’s ‘57 french-vanilla +4 had hoods erected, whereas Morgan Malone & Alison DeKleine’s ‘80 blue 4/4 employed a more traditional weather protection system. Occupants of the remaining cars, although all of which were appropriately liveried in British Racing Green, arrived top down and (thus keeping tradition) damp-ish: Jonathan Kinghorn’s ‘60 +4, Andrea and Ted Lucas’s ‘72 +8 and Sara & Tom Corwin’s 2003 +8.

Entering the park, our intrepid caravan picked up Marc Wunderman’s ‘34 black Trike and Rod Griffith’s ‘53 Green &



Quite a spread



Tailgating in style



The special cake for Andrea



This trike was not from the Group

Black Flat Rad +4. following which was indeed a down-thru-the-center-aisle-parade, planned by Andrea to be stylishly tardy (providing a grand view for the gathered multitudes).

Regrettably, Lita and Fred Cohen's '61 white Plus-4 was running fine when put away last night but awakened with a case of the do-not-start hissy fit. Nancy & Ken's has a case of hot-flashes so remained a disassembled stay-behind, Ken instead bringing his MG TD. I know the feeling well, having missed bringing mine to a lot of these events. Cars aside, it was great having them with us on the Morgan line at Harkness.

We had the usual delightful Lucas tailgate (man, do we ever live big at this event, or what!) which included Mystic Market sandwiches, custom pre-ordered to individual tastes, and a collection of homemade salads, cookies, brownies and goodies from all. In addition to the ice tea, Alison could be seen mingling and offering to spike beverages for anyone so inclined. The pièce de résistance was of course our group's humble tribute to Andrea Lucas, our Area Captain Courageous, who's led us and watched over us, ensuring that her charges always had

Fred Cohen thanking Andrea



fun-n-games. The Special 3/4 Morgan Group Cake—don't miss the photo!—came from Petonino's Pastry (leave the money, take the cannoli), a dangerous place to visit unless accompanied by an armed and licensed dietician.

Although British By The Sea lived up to its usual flare with some 250 cars, attendance was down due to COVID, some early morning weather threats, and the postponed event date. Usually run on the first Sunday in June, COVID forced it to August's end where it competed for attention against the CT Triumph and the Jaguar meets, both within couple of weeks. Nevertheless, Jaguars, Rolls, Healeys, Land Rov-

ers, Triumphs, and MGs of all kinds stretched as far as your eyes could see. Small batch production marques—into which our Morgans fit—were well turned out, with the lines of Lotus and TVR showing not only numbers but a tableau of different models. Something for everyone here; whenever you turned, there was a lot to see, from rat-rods to racers to museum pieces.

The Morgan line had a lot of attention, so the day was filled with petrol-laced, old friendships, and family conversations. Did I mention sunshine? It actually did happen. Around mid-afternoon, the clouds parted and a golden glow descended. It was the kind of day that stuck a finger in the eye of COVID's gloom. Stay positive! Test negative!

Emailed Memories:

British By The Sea was my first Morgan event, nearly 30 years ago. Great venue. I miss it.

Jack Flynn

I think it was one of the first events I went to with the three-wheeler. It rained so hard that day that none of the food vendors showed up. I offered to trade my trophy for a slice of pizza but got no takers. By the time I left the field was so slippery and muddy that I needed about four people to push the car off the field, the rear wheel would just spin on the wet grass. I wish I could say it was the only time I've seen that movie. There was a year at Stowe where the water on the field was so deep that some wag put up a "No Wake" sign. Memories!

Marc Wuderman

You traded your trophy for a piece of pizza!!! Sounds like something Jay Leno would do. And I thought I knew you Marc!

Frank Wnek

I tried to, but there were no takers. I was REALLY hungry!

Marc Wuderman

The Return of Autumn MOG

A COVID Survivor

The Mad Hatter

I remember how difficult it was two years ago to reluctantly pull the plug on Autumn MOG 2020. As you may recall from a previous *The Morganeer*, one of the things that the Professor told Marty in *Back to The Future* was, “Whatever you do Marty; DON’T go to the year 2020!” Good advice in retrospect, or even futurespect (I know it’s not a word, but it sounds cool!) as it turned out. Still, it was difficult to not have our big Morgan event of the year in 2020, which made it that much more important to continue the tradition in the semi-post-COVID year of 2021.

Autumn MOG 2021 at the Gideon Putnam Resort in Saratoga Springs, NY certainly lived up to its billing and was worth the two-year wait. Over 60 Morganeers (yes, most of whom were also over 60 years of age) made the trek to upstate New York on a lovely first weekend of October and also first official weekend of, well ... Autumn.

I arrived at the resort Thursday mid-afternoon after a fairly grueling 7 1/2 hours on the road to see a surprising number of Morgans parked along the semi-circular drive in front of the main entrance. I didn’t even get through the entrance door before being greeted by several of the early arrivals. Ah ... to be with my people, with my tribe once again. Already it felt like old times. All I needed then, after checking in, was a beer to wash down the road dust, and my old pal Lenny led me to the bar and paid the tab. Yes, these were my people.

After schlepping my stuff up to my room, I proceeded to the already buzzing Hospitality Suite, conveniently located just beyond the elevators, even closer to the stairs and with an outside door to the side of the



Dinner at the Olde Bryan Inn (Alison DeKleine)



Oktoberfest at Saratoga Springs



MOG Poster

entrance portico. Event co-chairs Tom Austin and Deb Spurgas were already there getting set up, and party girl and Hospitality Suite hostess Alison DeKleine arrived a short time later with her four-seater 4/4 filled to the gills with beer, wine, and all sorts of munchies.

You have to like this girl! At my request there was soon some iced down Bass Ale available.

I was invited by Lenny and other good friends Barrie and Mara Abrams to Thursday evening dinner at an Italian restaurant downtown that had been recommended by the resort concierge. They even gave us a ride to and from in their minibus—which was good because otherwise we’d either still be looking for the place or may never had made it back after our dinner and drinks. Twenty years from now (going back to the futurespect theme) they’ll be saying at Autumn MOG 2041 “Remember the year Frank, Lenny, and the Abrams went missing? I wonder what ever happened to them?”

Autocross

Friday was autocross day at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center Box Office parking lot. After a quick breakfast I headed over to the venue supposedly to help set up. But although I arrived at my appointed hour (9 a.m.) I found the course already set up by the Lime Rock autocross rep we had contracted and he and Tom Austin, the event co-chair, taking off for THEIR breakfast. I proceeded to unpack and try to figure out the timing gear, as one after another Morgan began arriving with their drivers eager to hit the course. The turnout was impressive.

With the help of our Lime Rock liaison man, Steve Schefbauer, Tom had organized an innovation in our traditional autocross. Bob Green, president and executive director the driver training and safety program *Survive The Drive* and an experienced autocross organizer active at the Lime Rock SCCA racing venue, had been contracted to both set up the course and offer some instruction to drivers before the timed heats. This included a walkthrough the course with commentary and he also rode along for a few practice laps with the drivers and offered further driving pointers. In a 'like mom, like daughter' moment, Miss Maura not only managed to 'kill' a cone on the first lap of her practice laps but also dragged the hapless cone several more laps before stopping to allow its lifeless remains to be extricated from under her Morgan (see photo), earning her her very own 'Conehead Award.'

This new instructional autocross approach earned very positive reviews by the participants, and on completion of the practice laps a lively and competitive afternoon of spirited autocross competition followed. The results are reported elsewhere in this issue.



Autocross Rookies of the Year Bob and Linda (Alison DeKleine)



Maura's Cone Kill (Paul Fredericks)

Friday Socializing

Back at the Gideon Putnam, from mid-afternoon onward event participants began arriving in numbers, their Morgans filling up our designated parking area, and their occupants gravitating directly to the Hospitality Suite to check in, sign their COVID vaccination pledge, and begin socializing. More old friends arrived and were greeted, along with some new members, who quickly became new friends—another endearing characteristic of Morgan people.

Soon it was time to depart for the short drive to the nearby Roosevelt Hotel for our optional Friday night dinner. The venue was great, the buffet dinner excellent and over 50 Autumn MOG attendees filled the charming dining room, one of six or seven in this impressively large restaurant. A hostess was necessary to navigate the multi-level pathway to our assigned dining room, and once again to find our way back to the entrance/exit (for those of us without GPS anyway). Many of the diners decamped back to the Hospitality Suite after the dinner, where the socializing was continuing at an escalating pace. And despite almost frostbiting my hand rummaging through the ice in the beer cooler I could NOT find another Bass Ale! Who drank MY beer?

A Competitive Concourse

Saturday morning dawned bright and not very cool—perfect for the day's events to come. I was up and out early, found the car wash station, and did a quick wash and dry on the Drophead before heading back for another nice breakfast. Conveniently, the Gideon Putnam allowed us to have the



Taking instruction at the autocross (Alison DeKleine)



Best in Show winner, Irwin Dressel (Alison DeKleine)



Setting off on the rally (Tom Austin)



The rally about to begin (David Darby)



Jeri Cohn working hard on the auction (Alison DeKleine)



The Saturday evening banquet (Alison DeKleine)

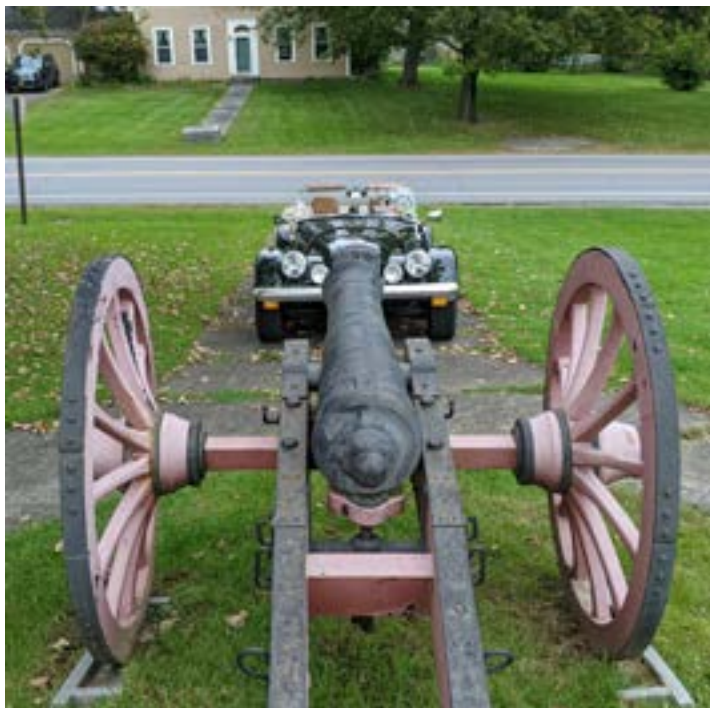


Recipients of the Damsel in Distress Award in their tiaras (Alison DeKleine)

Concours right on the front lawn adjacent to the resort entry. Morgan Malone and I quickly set up the signs for the different classes and soon two areas of the lawn began to get filled with Morgans in five classes—Plus 4 two seater, Plus 4 four seater/DHC, 4/4, Plus 8 and Flat Rad. After setting up my car I turned around to make a surprising discovery. What's this? Another 'mini-me' Mad Hatter. Well, maybe it was ME that was the mini-me. Paul Fredricks, a bit taller (and younger) than me, explained that his top hat was one he had worn in his band since college days. Okay, that's cool, I thought.

Soon everyone was busy looking over the cars and filling in their Peoples' Choice ballots. There were over 30 very well turned out Morgans from which to choose. So difficult to pick your ONE favorite in each class. Over the next few hours people seemed to materialize from everywhere, some on bicycles, to look over the cars and ask the typical questions. "Yes, these are originals, NOT kit cars!"

Once the ballots were collected and tabulated, the First in Class winners were then scrutinized by a team of discriminating judges. (A drop of oil on the bottom of the oil pan? One point penalty! Really Maura? It's a



Don't shoot! (Jamie Goodson)



Lenny Mandel enjoying the concourse (Tom Austin)



Time to go home (Angel Fredericks)

MORGAN!). The well deserving Best in Show and First and Second in class winners would be announced that evening at the banquet. The judges sworn to secrecy.

Another Diabolical Rally

After a short interval to allow those who desired to grab some sustenance for the grueling next event, a line of cars started forming along the semi-circular drive in front of the resort to depart in two minute intervals for another of Jim Nichol's diabolical rallies. An impressive number of Morgans and their driver/navigator teams were lined up to rally, putting a devious smile on Jim's face. I had teamed up with Lenny for the rally with Lenny driving.

The course was interesting and included some historical sites (the Saratoga battlefield of Revolutionary War fame. "What did British General Burgoyne surrender to Colonial General Gates after the battle? Yes, his sword, of course). And even though Jim had been asked by several people NOT to include any 'farm implement' questions, he, of course, did not listen. "How many spokes are on the drive wheels of a Farmall tractor." Jim? REALLY?

Even though I was just the navigator/recorder, I think that out of our team Lenny got most of the answers, including the hardest ones, even though he was also driving. But I must say we had a GOOD time, laughing almost continuously when not reading or answering clues. And to our great surprise we did well enough to get an award!

The Awards Banquet

Returning from the rally there was just a short bit of down time before cocktail hour followed by the Awards Banquet. The Gideon Putnam had outdone themselves setting up lovely tables with fancy tablecloths, napkins, silverware, and wine glasses for the banquet in a lovely room at the back of the entrance foyer, with windows all around looking out on the forest of pines. Lenny once again was both Master of Ceremonies AND auctioneer, interspersing his remarks between the salad, entrée, and dessert courses. There was lively bidding for several LIVE auction items, the best of which was for a one week rental of a vacation home on Block Island donated by its owner. Meanwhile, final bidders looked through the silent auction items which had been initially set up in the Hospitality Suite before being moved to the dining area.

Finally, it was time for the awards when class winners for the Autocross and Concoers were announced and presented with their awards, followed by the First, Second, and Third Place Rally winners, *The Morganeer* 'Pen is Mightier than the Wrench' award, and finally the prestigious Best in Show Concoers winner as the grand finale. And all this happened and was wrapped up by 9:30 p.m., which I believe is an Autumn MOG new world record!

Then, for the many of unwilling to call it a night quite yet, the partying moved back to the Hospitality Suite, where I heard from a reliable source, things did not wrap up until the beer locker was empty—sometime after 1 a.m.! I have to say, I was already sound asleep by then anticipating a LONG drive home the next day (recorded elsewhere this issue).

Fond Farewells

Sunday morning, I once again visited the breakfast buffet at the resort and said good bye to old friends before packing up, checking out, loading up the Drophead, and heading for home. I decided for once to forego the annual meeting since I wanted to get home before dark. So, any substantiated or unsubstantiated rumors concerning the Annual Meeting reported in this issue cannot be verified by me!

Kudos go to the Autumn MOG 2021 team that once again put on a robust and fun event, which has become such a fine, fun, and long standing tradition in our club.

Event Co-chairs Tom Austin & Deb Spurgas	Concours Morgan Malone
Registration/Awards Maura Hall	Rally Jim Nichol
Hospitality Suite Allison & Morgan Malone	Auction Bob & Geri Cohnz
Autocross Tom Austin & Bob Green	

Well done fellow Morganeers.
And a good time was had by all!

ANNUAL MEETING 2022 Budget Projection

James Goodson, Treasurer
3/4 Morgan Group Ltd.

Revenues

Membership	\$10,489
Morganeer Advertising	\$1,000
Regalia, net	\$140
Total	\$11,629

Expenses

Morganeer	\$6,388
Insurances	\$2,241
Website	\$1,900
Bank Service Charges	0
Autumn MOG	\$1,000
Misc, postage etc.	\$100
Total	\$11,629

Blue With Envy

I was fortunate to attend my first Autumn MOG last weekend in Saratoga Springs, NY. My husband, Chander, and I were invited by our daughter, Skye Malik, Brian Hall's partner and navigator. Brian owns a 1953 Flat Rad—most recognizable for its color, which on the spectrum seems to fall somewhere between a romantic sky and a dynamic electric blue.

It was thrilling to ride to the Gideon Putnam in the Morgan with Brian. I noticed people waving, giving a thumbs up, smiling as they passed us on the road. Brian was unfazed by the attention, but I relished in it, shining like a star. Yes, they were looking at the car, but somehow I felt special: more interesting, more worldly, a member of an exclusive club. I wanted to keep riding. Maybe taking it across the border to my home state of Massachusetts. Maybe touring New England. Maybe riding for the simple joy of it!

But alas, we turned into Saratoga Spa State Park, and as we approached the Gideon Putnam, I noticed the front lawn was adorned with a magical collection of Morgans. Each one was perfect in its own way. For a first timer like myself, it seemed illogical if not impossible to say that one was better, prettier, loved more than another one.

Chander and I walked by the cars with awe and admiration. All the owners were generous with their time and eager to answer questions. Within a matter of moments, Chander was smug in his new-found knowledge of the time period of the Flat Rads. My only wish was that we could have moved this entire pageantry smack-dab to the middle of Broadway in downtown Saratoga Springs so hundreds of passers-by could marvel in the wonder of it all. (Okay—not a very practical idea, but it's a wish.)

In the afternoon Chander and I readied ourselves for the rally and drove into the line-up. I felt slightly out of place in a modern 2022 Tucson; not unlike trying to sneak into a formal event with jeans and loafers. The rally turned out to be lots of fun but as the navigator, my screams of "Stop! I think we missed a clue!" was a sudden surprise to Chander and probably not appreciated by all the drivers behind us. I'm guessing people cut you more slack if you are in a Morgan. (Rightfully so.) I hope someday to be lucky enough to rally in a Morgan and enjoy the full and true experience.

Our day ended with the lovely dinner; I enjoyed Lenny's jokes, heartfelt tributes and the awards ceremony, especially the sparkling tiaras. I bid on a few too many auction items, everything from a mallet to a Morgan coverall. I was delighted to win the pewter replica of a Morgan that can be painted to match your car. Of course, I gifted it to Brian and Skye. I hope the artist has that special color—the one that falls somewhere between romantic sky and dynamic electric blue.

Thanks to all the members of the 3/4 Morgan Group for making us feel so welcomed. Looking forward to seeing you all again.

Karen Malik

Photos from This Year's **AUTUMN MOG CONCOURSE**



Two mad hatters, Frank Wnek and Paul Fredricks.
(Tom Austin)



There's always something to talk about. (Tom Austin)



Let's take a closer look. (Tom Austin)



Ready for inspection. (Tom Austin)



Can it fly? Is it a kit car? (Tom Austin)



Getting attention. (Tom Austin)



The concourse field. (Tom Austin)



A spotless engine bay. (Tom Austin)



Flatrads and Frank in front of the hotel. (Tom Austin)



Judging in progress. (Gregg Pollack)



(Paul Fredricks)

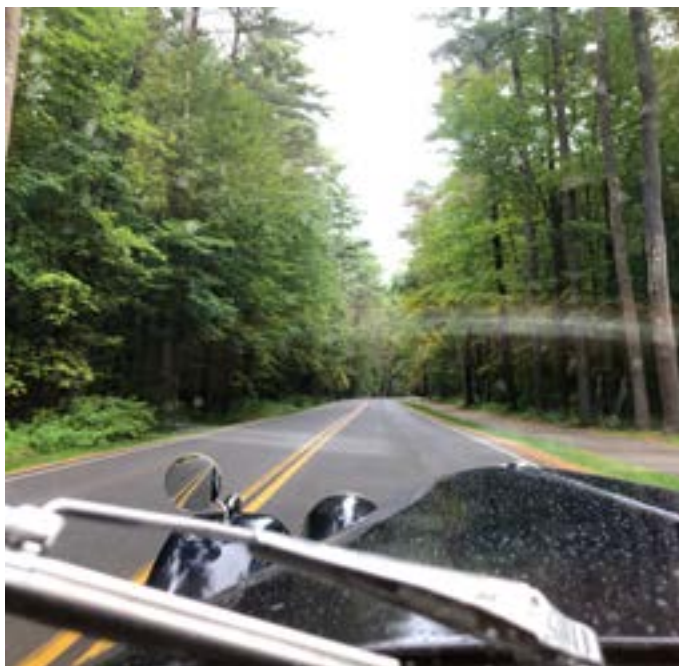


A great lineup. (Tom Austin)

The Road From Autumn MOG *Revival, Reflections, and a Little Rain*

Frank Wnek

I had hit the road from Saratoga Springs Gideon Putnam Resort a bit early, wanting to get home before dark, knowing it was a LONG drive ahead. Just before pulling out, a very light rain started falling. I ignored it and left the hood down. Along the Avenue of The Pines it stopped—or were the tall pines just providing a canopy? The sky to the north looked dark and ominous, but I was heading east so I pressed on.



Along Avenue of the Pines

It had been great to see old Morgan friends and attend another Autumn MOG. The autocross, the concours, the rally and the awards banquet had all gone well, and the Gideon Putnam, an old but lovely resort, had been excellent hosts. Yes, it was a little like an old time revival after cancelling the event in 2020 in the midst of COVID.

I had decided to take a northern route home, which would take a bit more time, but a more relaxing drive along country two lane roads while heading in the general direction of east and then north. I left the city of Saratoga Springs heading towards Bennington, Vermont—some 40 miles away.

Once the Drophead's engine warmed up it was purring along at about 2500 RPM and about 50 mph—its 'happy zone'. The rain held off (for now) and I found myself driving along curvy hilly two lane roads passing through lovely working farms and occasional copses of hardwood trees in the vales. In some fields the corn stalks were still standing, in others it had been already cut down and no doubt deposited in the silos for winter feed for the animals. My idyllic trance is suddenly shattered when a pickup truck appears out of nowhere and passes me on a curve and also a double yellow, stomping the throttle as he goes by to give me a throaty Hemi-fueled roar. Kids these days!

I could not help but notice the fall

colors starting to show on the trees. The maples were in full scarlet and bright orange and the birches and poplars in bright yellow. Only the stubborn oaks still clung to their summer green, as if they refused to believe summer was over until confronted with the first hard frost of fall. I could relate to that.

I passed along a field of cows, several staring blankly at me as I drove by. Then, interestingly, an array of solar panels in the middle of the field. Good to see some farmers are on the forefront of renewable energy. I wondered if those solar panels were what powered the milking machines. Is that what they mean by 'organic' milk?

This idyllic setting made me think of its resemblance to the English countryside around the area of Malvern. Had I been magically transported to another time and place? Even several of the towns I passed through had English names—Greenwich and Cambridge, New York? But wait. The architecture was not exactly right, even though several of the more stately homes in the center of town featured two story porticos over the main entry door supported by tall columns.

Finally, the hills and curves straightened out and a 'Welcome to Vermont' sign caught my eye.

Could I have travelled so far already. Several minutes later I was entering Bennington, and as I came around a turn on a slight downhill I was admiring a lovely

tall white Congregational church when a car pulled right in front of me crossing from the oncoming lane. I got on the brakes and decided NOT to tap the horn. Instead I glanced at my watch—11:05 a.m. Obviously late for the Sunday service. Thou art forgiven my son.

In Bennington I made a rest stop and picked up some water. The person ahead of me in line, I notice, has a 12 pack of Miller Light slung under his arm. He asks the clerk for 3 packs of cigarettes, 6 Lotto tickets and \$50 at the pump. Judging by his appearance and ball cap I take him for a pickup truck guy. Then I remembered. The Patriots play tonight at Foxboro against Tom Brady and the Buccaneers. Definitely more than a two beer game.

Heading out of Bennington on Route 9 across southern Vermont my luck finally ran out and I noticed drops of light rain on my windscreen. Again, I decided to ignore it and pressed on. Keep moving—that's the key. On Route 9 crossing the Southern end of the Green Mountains there is a LONG 8 mile or so up hill grade. Climbing slowly higher in altitude the looming overcast clouds look lower in the sky. The light rain continues—I continue to TRY to ignore it.

Just before the top of climb I notice a wind generator farm along the top of a ridge. It doesn't seem an eyesore or out of place for me. One would expect the Northern Kingdom to be on the fore-

front of alternative energy. I reach the height of land and scenic turnoff, which I had passed many times either going to or coming from either Autumn MOGs past or the British Invasion, but had never before stopped. Today I decided to pull off the road for a few moments and at least take a quick photo. But the light rain persisted and was now falling on the interior, so I hopped back in the Drophead and started down the long down hill run to White River Junction. Although the sky seemed to lighten the rain persisted. Crossing the Connecticut River into New Hampshire I stopped for fuel and a quick lunch and reluctantly erected the hood.

The light rain persisted for the next 45 minutes or so. The first thing I discovered, driving with hood up, was that the new rear view mirror I had just installed, mounted on the top of the wind-screen interior wood trim, has a fairly limited view behind the car. I had not even considered this when I installed it, of course. Another reason I don't like driving the Drophead with hood up.

Oh well.

At the next quick rest stop, just outside of Manchester, I put the hood back down, as the rain had finally given up. (The power of positive thinking?) I was now on RT 101, which was 4 lane and the traffic moving faster. I did a couple of merges where I ended up in the left lane, much to the disdain of the mostly faster moving traffic. With much improved field of view behind me I cautiously made my way over to the slow poke right lane. And all of a sudden the drive had become overly long and tedious. But, I was still 2 plus hours from home.

I just can't seem to get any good thinking done when I am on an Interstate, as opposed to a nice two lane where I am moving slower and can afford to let my mind wander a bit. Luckily I had already pretty much composed at least the better part of this travelogue in my mind by then. Before I knew it I was heading north on the New Hampshire Turnpike, followed by the Maine Turnpike after crossing the Kittery bridge. AH yes—'Maine, The Way Life Should Be'. The sign that tells me I'm almost home. I noted a multi-mile backup of traffic filling all three lanes heading south and was glad I was heading the other direction. "So long tourists!" I said to myself.

The last hour and a half of the drive was pretty uneventful. Or maybe my mind was just numb by then. There were definitely no more inspiring observations. As I got off the highway in Brunswick the familiar surroundings were soothing and reassuring. Next came Harpswell—hometown!

I pulled in the garage JUST as the waning last vestiges of daylight were fading.

I had made it. Next year? PLEASE, not so far! OR you may not see me there.



Autumn MOG Concours



On the lawn of the Gideon Putnam resort



From the height of land. Vermont Route 9

AUTUMN Sangrias

A NEW MOG TRADITION

Alison DeKleine

Sangria is one of my favorite cocktails because it's easy, customizable, and perfect for sharing. It's a holiday party staple and a great way to use the extra wines that seem to accumulate over the holidays. Haven't we all received a bottle of wine that's just terrible, and you can't in good conscience re-gift? Sangria is the perfect way to magically enhance whatever your wine is lacking with enough fruity hooch to help forgive any residual shortcomings. Yes, smiles abound when the sangria flows.

This year's Autumn MOG hospitality suite featured two tasty sangrias that handily intoxicated us beneath a deceptively delicious guise. Using only minimal ingredients to keep things simple, it's always fun to glug-glug them together into a pitcher without care to measure. Letting the flavors mask and enhance one another into delirium. I love watching friends come back for second and third helpings of my simple yet effective brew.

These easy recipes will give you some guidelines, but don't be afraid to have fun and get creative. It's easy to customize these recipes using whatever wine you've got lying around. The most basic sangria includes only four ingredients: Wine, liquor, juice, and soda. Fresh fruit and mulling spices are nice additions, but less important. Try using different liquors, flavored sodas, or exotic fruit juices until you find your own favorites.

For those of us on Instagram, let's start a collection. Post photos and/or recipes of your favorite sangrias on Instagram using the hashtag #MOGsangria. It can be photos of a sangria you've made, ordered out, or just seen online. All sangrias are welcome. I look forward to seeing your sangrias and wish I could try them all.

Cheers everyone!



GRAPEFRUIT SANGRIA

1 BOTTLE OF WHITE WINE
1/2-1 CUP DEEP EDDY GRAPEFRUIT VODKA
1/2-1 CUP LEMONADE
1 CAN OF CLUB SODA (SUBSTITUTE SPRITE FOR A SWEETER SANGRIA).
COMBINE INGREDIENTS IN A PITCHER WITH FRESH CITRUS FRUIT SLICES TO GARNISH.
SERVE CHILLED.



MULLED CIDER SANGRIA

1 BOTTLE OF RED WINE
1/2-1 CUP). SEEDS APPLE CIDER WHISKEY
1/2-1 CUP APPLE CIDER
1 CAN OF GINGERALE (SUBSTITUTE GINGER BEER FOR A SPICIER SANGRIA).
1/2-1 TSP FINELY GROUND MULLING SPICES
COMBINE INGREDIENTS IN A PITCHER WITH FRESH APPLE SLICES. SERVE CHILLED.

A Soggy Day In Lime Rock Town

Steve Schefbauer

A SOGGY DAY IN LIME ROCK TOWN,
had me low, had me down.
I viewed the morning with alarm,
the Gathering of the Marques had lost its charm.

—*apologies to George & Ira Gershwin*

I try to make it, unless traveling on vacation, every year. There's a whole ritual that takes place as it gets close to Labor Day weekend. Out comes the advanced weather forecast, call up my friend John to see if he's available for that Friday, plan the day's events and lunch. As far as I'm concerned, Friday is the best day to get the full effect with the least amount of race fans crowding into your photos. It's a laid back day for me with no actual races but plenty of action in practice

and qualifying and the ability to stroll through Paddock A and B casually chatting with the drivers and crew. I don't usually bring the Morgan up that day. That's Friday.

Sunday is The Gathering of the Marques—the day when the advanced weather report tells me if I should bring my Morgan and hang out, with the other stalwart 3/4 Morgan Group members, in the reserved spot for our club (Graciously provided by V.P. and friend of the 3/4 Morgan Group, Walter Irvine) or bring

the old reliable safe and dry Audi.

So, here's the story ... Friday was beautiful, sunny but cool, light wind and we had our usual spot next to the Lime Rock Chalet on the hill overlooking the Sam Posey Straight and a great view of Big Bend and the Left Handers. We plunk down our chairs, blanket, and cooler with lunch and, of course, some beer and take off for a walk through the Paddocks, yes you can do that at Lime Rock and know your gear will be untouched until you get back. Had a chat with ex 3/4 member Chris Towner who was racing his 1938 F4 Trike, got some neat photos of the cars and bumped into club member John Bigler, up from South Carolina, who had just collected his 1948 Series 1 4/4 Flat Rad from Linda and Larry's Morgan of New England storage and was displaying the car in Paddock B.

We watched nine different groups of racecars ranging from some beautiful, pre 1939 competition cars to big bore production, and everything in between.



Ann Marie setting up shop



Chris Towner's F. type Trike on Friday



A brace of pre-war Alfas on Friday



John Bigler's 1948 Series 1, Friday



Starting the 1934 ERA in Paddock A, Friday



Chip and Mike stopped by to chat



A lot of weather equipment was needed



Dean & Susan's '64 Plus 4 4 Seat

Hard choice, but I fell in love with a 1934 ERA R2A in both racing mode on the track and in hand crank start mode in Paddock A. All in all, a pretty spectacular day.

Then there was Sunday. Ah! Once again, the advanced weather said no go for the Morgan, predicting drizzle and wet for most of the day, so Ann Marie and I brought the Audi mentally noting that we have never had to dry the Morgan after a wet excursion—EVER!

Eleven Morganeers had said they would be there, Sunday morning for The Gathering of The Marques but six actually braved the weather and showed up, the rest, including yours truly, thought discretion was the better part of valor and I don't blame them a bit. When we arrived at a little before 9 a.m., the only Morgan present was that of Dean Meyer and Susan Rho, looking good with little

beads of rainwater adorning the surface. Shortly thereafter, Terry Murphy, David Darby, Erwin and Ellen Dressel, Alison DeKleine and Morgan Malone, and finally Marc Wunderman showed up without hoods but certainly tonneau covers and all with umbrellas. Jim Nichol, sans Morgan, came by to chat, as did Mike Virr, who was showing his 1934 Riley Ulster in the Concourse and his good friend, ex 3/4 Club member Chip Brown who is now Treasurer at the VSCCA. After some schmoozing, some of us caught the courtesy electric carts to go off to the Concourse on the front straight, the carts being the saviors of the day allowing us to not have to walk the 1.5 mile track in the rain. It was a great show for the Gathering of the Marques with far more cars and clubs around the track then in past years, but the really interesting stuff was at the straight for the Concourse with

about 200 "Invitation Only" fascinating and historic automotive iron of all nationalities. A bundle of pre-war Grand Prix cars, Porsche (this years honored marque) 356s, 911s, and competition cars, European Postwar and a mix of other assorted goodies lined the straight with even some early electric and steam powered Alternative Energies 1903-1910.

The coveted "Best in Show" award went to Anthony Wang for his impressive 1967 Ferrari 275 GTS/4 NART—BUT WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Returning to the Morgan camp, with the judges having been by, we found David Darby had won the "Best in Class" award for his 67 Plus 4, carrying on a tradition of Jonathan Kinghorn and Marc Wunderman winning awards at The Gathering of The Marques. WOW way to go David!!

After a slightly rushed lunch, the group thought it was best to get a jump on drying out the Morgans at home sooo—departure was eminent. Wet but happy, we bid farewell to another Historic Festival.

Next day I received some emails from the troops among whom were:

Morgan and Alison: *Thanks Steve! It was good to see you guys again. We haven't had much opportunity for club events. Really appreciate you organizing these things.*

Morgan

David Darby: *When I got home it was a big dry out operation. 2 dehumidifiers, compressed air out of a 120v device I have to get into cracks and everything pulled out of the car—seats, cargo wood deck, carpets, and a propane heater blowing hot air underneath.*

Now I've done the unthinkable (Morgan in rain) and am over the terror of it but will not repeat again!

Dave

Erwin Dressel: *Thanks Steve. It was a good day to check out those Morgan wipers.*

Erwin

And so it goes. Better (not wetter) luck at next years Gathering of The Marques, I'm looking forward to it already.



Morgan and Alison arriving from Mass.



David and his Best in Class medal



Best in Show-'67 Ferrari 275GTS_4 NART-Tony Wang

MEMBER PROFILE

Fred and Lita Cohen

Frank Wnek

First published in The Morganeer, March/April 2012 Vol.35 No.2

Everyone who meets Fred Cohen for the first time comes away with the same impression—that is one REALLY nice guy. Friendly, unassuming, a great conversationalist and listener, the only time I have seen him any way close to excited is on the autocross track, where his competitive racer instincts appear. Fred was a charter member of the NYC Morgan Owners Group that preceded our current club. He and wife Lita are now fixtures at the Atlantic/New Jersey club events, as well as at Autumn Mog and even at Lobster Mog in Maine. Always smiling, always positive, he almost seems like the brother you've known your whole life. He is another of the amazing down to earth people our club seems to attract.

According to Fred, 'I was always a car guy from as far back as I can remember.' While visiting New York in the 50's, he went to see the legendary Cunninghams beat Ferrari and Jaguar at Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn while his father and brothers went to Ebbets field to see the Dodgers play. Soon after he managed to steal away from school and see the

D-type Jag driven by Hawthorn and Walters win a controversial Sebring race from the Hill/Shelby Ferrari. The next year he was able to drag his brothers back to Florida and Sebring again. This time the winner was Ferrari with Fangio and Castellotti. Throughout those years Fred went to all of the East coast races at Watkins Glen, Bridgehampton, Marlboro, Andrews AFB, Cumberland, Vineland, Lime Rock and other tracks—many now long gone. In later years he went to some running a rare Lotus Ten with one of his brothers. A car guy indeed!

During his stint in the Army in Europe Fred got to see Le Mans and all of the Grand Prix races. He was even able to help in the pits in some of the Formula Two events which preceded Formula One. And he drove to all these races in his first sports car—a well-loved Triumph TR3. This was followed by a wonderful Alfa Romeo Giulietta Veloce Spider, which he brought back from Europe. While living in Greenwich Village he would chain the Alfa to his motorcycle for security. Only in New York City!

It was during his 'village' years that he met his wife Lita, and they lived for ten



**Fred and Lita
circa 1989.
Don't they look
like movie stars?**

years together in Manhattan with their cars and two daughters. Fred adds, 'contrary to what most people think, the City was an okay place for a car guy.' There he enjoyed walking to Chinetti Motors on 11th Ave to watch the mechanics prep the Ferrari's for their next race. He got invited to Le Chanticleir, one of the favorite NYC Morgan Owners Group hangouts, when Ford took over the restaurant to celebrate their first victory at Le Mans with all of the top drivers, officials and the press as their guests. More importantly, Fred visited Fergus Motors on Broadway a number of times to get his first close look at Morgans, going home and telling Lita that one day they REALLY should get one of these cars! Marc Wunderman of-



Fred and Lita in their Plus 4

fers this telling observation: 'At one Connecticut event Fred's daughter rode with me in the trike and I commented that she seemed very calm in view of the rickety thing we were driving in. She said that she learned to be a calm passenger starting at a young age by riding along with her dad in his various vehicles.'

Fred began what would become his career in the magazine publishing business working at *LOOK* magazine, while Lita was an executive assistant to the CEO of American Airlines, then headquartered in NYC. When *LOOK* closed, Fred moved downstairs to *Esquire* and *GQ* magazines. His last move was to Conde Nast (*Vanity Fair*, *Vogue*, *Glamour*, *House and Garden*, *Self*, *Gourmet*, *Architectural Digest*, *New Yorker*, etc.) where he eventually became Director of Operations. Exciting stuff from which he recently quite happily retired.

His first Morgan (which he still owns) was a much neglected 1961 Plus 4 race car that needed a complete rebuild. He found the car after joining the 3/4 Group and attending his first meeting—a tech session at the home of Lee Gaskins in New Jersey. Harry Carter was then Club President. Again, Fred explains, 'What charmed me most about the Morgan was that it is a car that can be taken completely apart. It can be virtually anything you want it to be within the bounds of good taste. I liked the English idea that your Morgan was yours to change.' This was re-enforced by a visit to the factory in the 1980s, when Fred observed seemingly every Morgan in the shipping area reflecting the new owners choice in accessories, many of which were sourced outside of the normal Morgan parts bin. Certainly, any later change in the interest of speed, safety or reliability was okay if it was in keeping with the character of the car.

Friend Bob Cohn explains: 'Fred was editor of *The Morganeer* in 1990 and 1991 and given the Harry Carter award in 1993. He was the New Jersey area captain for many years and was one of the primary reasons that I became active in the club. There was a very long period that I was an inactive member. He organized very interesting tech sessions at convenient nearby locations that certainly got me hooked. His biggest contribution for me was his assurance that this club wasn't for "men only" and getting me to bring

Jeri into the fold. I am sure that his easy-going social manner helped in attracting many other members as well.'

Fred sums up his Morgan club experience thus: 'The many years in the 3/4 Group have been filled with interesting people and events. Long distance trips to Luray and Autumn Mog were always a challenge. Being editor of *The Morganeer* was fun but it was before the digital age and we seemingly never had enough time to prepare the photos and copy. There were also embarrassing moments such as the time when Autumn Mog was at the White Hart Inn. Lita and I handled the dinner arrangements. The White Hart had assured us they could feed our dinner group of ninety six, but it tuned out—not all at the same time! It is amaz-

ing how a good bar and an extra bottle of wine on each table can cover such mishaps. There were always a dozen or more Morgan owners who lived or worked in New York City. We would meet once a month for lunch at a restaurant selected by one of the group. On several occasions Peer Just arranged for us to dine at the UN Delegates Lounge overlooking the East River. We always knew Morgan owners were special people!'

After retiring and getting ready to move Fred had to part with two of his three sports cars. He sold one Morgan and then had to choose between his remaining Morgan and an extraordinary Lotus Seven which he had owned for almost thirty years. The Lotus is now in Copenhagen! Good choice Fred.



Fred's Morgan and Lotus 7



A typical meeting-of-the-minds at Donahues Madison Beach Grille, August 18, 2021. Left to right: Ted Lucas, Andrea Lucas, Fred Cohen, Spider Bulyk, Steve Scheffbauer, Ann Marie Daniel, Stephanie Bulyk.



Mid Maine Sports Car Club car show in downtown Camden

Mid Maine Sports Car Club Show FEATURES MORGANS

Frank Wnek

While some of our SOUTHERN New England club members braved the rain at the Lime Rock Park Meeting of the Marques, several members of the 'farthest north' state of our club showed the marque at the annual Mid Maine Sports Car Club's big event of the year, the Camden Sports Car Show on Sunday of Labor Day weekend. Showing their Morgans amongst the field of over 40 cars, including Aston Martins, Jaguars, Triumphs, Porsches, Alfa Romeos, MGs, a Humber, a Rolls Royce, and a Daimler were John Harris in his '59 Plus 4, Sam Selby in his 4/4 four seater and me with the Plus 4 Drophead. A fourth Morgan, a Plus 4 two seater just purchased by its new owner filled out the field.

The Mid Maine club has had a fairly active event season, managing to schedule two events per month during the summer driving season. The club covers a fairly large swath of Mid Coast Maine, with members from Cape Elizabeth and Falmouth in the south to Blue Hill and Bar Harbor in the north. Two northern and southern dustoffs started the season in May, a rally and luncheon followed by a tour of a Belfast shipyard were held in June, a visit to Bob Bahre's fabulous car collection in Paris Hill, Maine, and car show at a local railway museum filled out July, the club's annual picnic and an invite to participate in a car show at the Boothbay Harbor Yacht Club came in August, and the Camden show followed by the always popular Owls Head Transportation Museum's Foreign Auto Festival will fill out September. For mid-October a leaf peeper scenic drive ending at local brewery was planned.

The Mid Maine Sports Car Club was the inspiration of a Rockport, Maine, furniture and clockmaker and British sports car enthusiast Jim Lea, who placed an ad in the local paper in June 2002 requesting any and all local British sports car owners show up in Rockport Harbor on a given Saturday. The response was overwhelming. Over 30 cars appeared. The club was organized, started having a variety of events—car shows, autocrosses, gymkhanas, overnight tours, and visits to local museums. And all the while its membership grew.

Once the club realized it needed a Charter and a Board of Directors, the decision was made to expand the membership criteria to owners of all European sports cars, and a variety of Porsches,

Mercedes, Alfa Romeos, Fiats, Ferraris—yes, we have a handful of Ferrari owners as members—joined the club.



Grills of distinction—Riley, MG, Jaguar



Color coordinated badges



The marque of distinction

Current membership is over 120 members throughout the mid Maine region from Cape Elizabeth to Bar Harbor along the coast and inland from Cumberland to Augusta to Bangor and parts in-between.

I became the fourth club president a few years ago and another Harpswell,

Maine club member (also a 3/4 Morgan Group member) George Silvestri is also on the BOD and club webmaster. You can visit our recently updated website at www.mmscc.com.

It is amazing to me how many vintage sports cars you see on the roads these days, lovingly cared for, maintained and

driven by their owners—even here in Maine where the driving season is so short. We can only hope that they all find a new generation of caring owners in the years ahead.

1963 4/4 2-Seater For Sale

The last Series IV to leave the factory. Engine upgraded to 1500cc. Other upgrades include Pertronix electronic ignition; custom exhaust header with Ansa tip and Cherry Bomb muffler; aluminum radiator; thermostatically controlled puller fan; Delco one wire alternator; new brakes, brake lines, and dual master cylinder; Panasport wheels and Vredestein tires. Koni rear shocks and SuperSports bucket seats with competition belts. Instruments recently reconditioned by Nisonger Instruments. Interior needs carpet; Olde English White exterior has typical paint chipping, scratches. An article featuring this car may be found at: <https://www.motortrend.com/vehicle-genres/1961-63-morgan-44-series-iv-collectible-classic/>.

This is a very solid driving, reliable Morgan reasonably priced at \$32,500.

1963Morgan44sale@gmail.com

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1963 Morgan PLUS 4 SUPERSPORT, British Racing Green, Black leather // **HUGE PRICE REDUCTION-OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME!!**

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Reliability Run Fun

Jonathan Kinghorn

Imagine three days in your Morgan, driving scenic routes on good roads, visiting cool places, and enjoying great food in the company of two dozen other classic British cars and their genial occupants. I can't think of a better way to spend a long weekend—especially when you're also raising money for a children's charity. I am talking about the American British Reliability Run, a family of events that's growing in popularity.

Reliability runs started in the UK about 120 years ago and have changed a lot over the years. Today's best-known—Club Triumph's Round Britain Reliability Run—is restricted to members' Triumph or Standard cars and describes itself simply as “the best classic motoring event in the UK.” This run has taken place on alternate years since 1966 and has raised more than £600,000 for charity since 1990. It is not for the faint hearted. It starts near my home town just north of London, drives 1,000 miles to John O'Groats at the northernmost tip of mainland Scotland—and 1,000 miles back again—within 48 hours—stopping only for fuel and bathrooms! Nevertheless, it is hugely popular, and always oversubscribed.

One Good Thing Leads to Another

This slightly mad mix of fun and philanthropy is contagious and spread to the U.S. in 2002 when Blake Discher founded the more modest and infinitely more civilized America's British Reliability Run. Enthusiasts in other locations jumped on the bandwagon and sister events have since been organized in the Washington DC area, Pennsylvania, Colorado, Connecticut, and New Hampshire.

These Morgan-friendly runs take place in September or October and follow the same basic format—up to 600 miles on public roads at posted speeds (allegedly) over the course of three days, rain or shine, with a couple of overnights in nice hotels. They are most emphati-



Flight 1 on the road

cally not races or rallies, but simply challenging and fun tours to reveal just how reliable these supposedly unreliable British cars really are.

Between 25 and 40 cars can be accommodated at each event and while vehicles are supposed to be at least 25 years old some younger ones do creep in. In addition to a registration fee, entrants pay for their own food, accommodation, and fuel. Most importantly, each team raises funds for the chosen children's charity.

The New Hampshire Event

In 2017 I joined the second edition of the New England British Reliability Run (NEBRR), a biennial event organized by Bob and Kim Dougherty of British Cars of New Hampshire. This toured 400 miles of coastal New Hampshire and Maine raising money for the Boston Children's Hospital. It was so much fun

that I couldn't wait for the third run—a reprise of the inaugural tour of the mountains and valleys of New Hampshire and northwestern Maine. Originally scheduled for 2019, it was postponed to 2020 when the Doughertys were invited to a clashing event in Ireland and postponed again to 2021 because of the pandemic.

Since hotels and eateries on the routes have limited space the NEBRR is restricted to 25 cars, and for the 2021 run MGs and Triumphs from the 60s and 70s again predominated. A couple of the registered teams and several cars were, unfortunately, unable to participate. The Frogeye Sprite, two E Types, and the 1958 Bentley Flying Spur that I had hoped to see were last minute no shows and more modern machines were substituted; these included a Jaguar XJ6, a pair of F Type Jaguars, and a big Bentley sedan. But there was plenty of vintage metal



TLC during a bathroom halt



An awesome view

present including a wonderful 1956 Jaguar XK140, a 1958 Jaguar XK150, Bob Dougherty's (supercharged) 1952 MG TD "Lord Winston", and my 1959-built Plus 4 "Woody". Many teams consisted of a driver and navigator (mostly husband and wife or father and son), but four were solo efforts. Many teams had participated in previous runs and knew to sign up as soon as registration opens because the limited number of places fills uber quickly—there is invariably a waitlist.

We had plenty of technical support; fellow drivers included five car's worth of (mostly family member) mechanics from McKay's Garage in Waterboro, ME, and the owner of Brit Bits in Portsmouth, NH. If that were not enough, the shop manager at Historic Motor Sports in Candia, NH, (a sponsor) followed the last cars in

a truck full of tools and likely-needed parts. He towed a trailer containing Kim Dougherty's brand new Mini; if a fallen vehicle couldn't be fixed at the roadside it would be trailered while the displaced driver carried on in the "car of shame"—compelled to wear a ridiculous lobster hat to compound their humiliation! Should a second car need it, Haggerty Insurance pledged 60 free miles of towing (without silly headwear). Participants didn't end up needing any of this assistance for we experienced only two minor tire issues and a lose starter.

Bob Dougherty went to great lengths to find routes for the run that avoided bad roads and major construction, but we did not escape entirely. A couple of short sections were poor and one or two were so bumpy that we had to slow down

significantly; at one point my Morgan was distinctly unhappy but most roads were excellent, many of them freshly paved.

The run was conducted caravan style with "flights" of five or six cars departing at intervals. Any tricky parts of the day's route were discussed at the post-breakfast driver's meeting, and our goody bags contained a route book listing every turn with crystal clear diagrams, notes, and mileages. Going solo, I was too busy driving to consult the book but all I needed to do was follow the car in front! I did get left behind briefly at busy intersections a couple of times, but never once got lost.

Where We Went and What We Did

Drivers assembled in the late afternoon on Thursday, September 17 at the Glen House Hotel in Gorham, NH. There we found a bunch of rather lovely early Porsches in the parking lot part way through their own club tour. On Friday we drove to the Evans Notch through the Speckled Mountains along the New Hampshire/Maine border. The Norway Brewing Company in Norway, ME, opened specially to accommodate us for an al fresco lunch and after that we halted at an overlook to enjoy a stupendous view before continuing to the Rangeley Inn in Rangeley, ME. We were on our own for dinner, but the town offered several excellent options. Day total, 160 miles.

Saturday was a pleasant touring day, crossing the unique 1860s wire suspension bridge in New Portland and enjoying the mountain vistas of the Carrabassett Valley. We also visited the Stanley Museum in Kingfield, where volunteers laid on cider and home-made baked goods to welcome us. They were busy firing up a



Crossing the Wire Bridge



The 1910 Stanley Steamer

1910 Stanley steamer as we arrived, and once steam was raised enterprisingly gave rides in return for donations! Lunch was taken at the Bag & Kettle brew pub on Sugarloaf Mountain and afterwards we abandoned the planned drive and split up. Some teams headed directly or indirectly back to Rangeley while others, me included, drove 30 miles further north to the Canadian border following part of Benedict Arnold's route to Quebec. During this leg of the tour there was a brief rainstorm, but the only time I really got wet was when we stopped so the MGB I was traveling with could put its top up. Back at the Rangeley Inn, where the tavern was closed for lack of staff, teams gathered in the gazebo by the lake where one of the drivers was kept busy mixing pre-dinner cocktails! Day total, 163 miles.

On Sunday morning we drove 123 miles straight back to the Glen House for a catered lunch and farewell speeches and presentations. After the meal several participants used the glorious weather as an excuse to drive up the adjacent Mount Washington Auto Road before heading home—antique cars were being admitted free, which was a pleasant surprise. The notoriously steep and windy 8-mile route was busy as lots of people were taking advantage of the perfect conditions; nobody was disappointed as visibility from the summit, which is usually lost in the clouds, was truly awesome in all directions. My Plus 4 got rather warm on the way up but wanted to go faster than the 10-15 mph vehicles ahead of me—large SUVs and trucks that kept slowing to squeeze past each other on the narrow road. I was concerned that coming down would be more challenging than going up, but engine braking in second gear made it relatively manageable.

In total, in addition to 370 miles getting to and from Gorham I drove 436 miles on the run itself over the course of two and a half days, and even during that short time noticed the nascent fall colors already advancing. Although it was heaps of fun, the real purpose of the run of course was fundraising, which does not come naturally to me; I've run a dozen marathons without raising a single penny! But the cause—and let's be honest here, the NEBRR—appealed to me. I surprised myself in 2017 by easily raising \$1,035 by tapping my LinkedIn contacts and then persuaded the company I work for to contribute a further \$5,000. In 2021 the fundraising was a lot more challenging, but the run still managed to raise a record total of more than \$30,000 for the cause.

If you want to enter the next NEBRR, which will probably be a repeat of the Maine coast route, pounce when registration opens on nebritshireliability.org—likely in mid-July, 2023. Or try one of the other runs; either way, you'll have a ball. Good luck!



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Climbing Mount Washington



"Woody" made it to the summit



1948 Morgan F4 Three Wheeler for Sale

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The Morganeer

CROSSHEAD

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