

RECAP

About the middle of the afternoon on Friday, we started pacing the parking lot, fending off irate Ramada Inn guests who wanted to know why the best parking places were roped off. Just as we had decided no one was coming, in pulled Bill Pritchard, trailing his yellow 4-place; and Milton and Robin Huettel and their family. From then on we were underway. Up from Florida came Jim and Cheryl Solvedt hauling a beautifully restored yellow +4 4-place, and driving along with them from Delray Beach was Mildred Scherer in her rare +4+, which surely drew the most "what's that" from the crowd. Joe Chandler's dark blue +8 arrived just about the same time the group from the Washington Club called to announce they were at the airport--with Ed Zielinski, editor of "The Rough Rider;" Mort Kuff, president; Madelyn Miller, Angela Gore and Kevin Murphy, their pilot.

We broke out the cheeses and sausage a la Hickory Farms and the wines, vintage Gallo, and were just getting acquainted when Gary Zabrycki called to say his electrical system had broken down in Georgetown, about 40 miles south. Ed Z. got on the phone, and between his advice and a most accommodating service station mechanic in Georgetown, Gary and Jan pulled in before too long. Paul and Mae Ventress and Phil Christian flew in from Alabama in Paul's plane. They had to leave Saturday afternoon to get back to Huntsville where they were hosting the Alabama Dental Meeting of which Phil was head of the Welcoming Committee. Hope they made it in time. Murtis Budd's white 4-place was a welcomed addition to the parking lot; however, we didn't see much of Murtis. Can't say I blame them; the weather was perfect and there was lots to do and see in Myrtle Beach. Finally, about midnight, John Councill roared into place in his blue +4 roadster.

Saturday morning everyone was out early in the parking lot to see what was going on. Bill and Kathy Armstrong had arrived in a rounded Morgan, which turned out to be a lovely 1968 Cobra. Charlie Jones and Larry Nelson came in for the day, and we had one mishap. Cameron Lindley called to say he had been on his way, his Morgan had pooped out (actually there was a more scientific explanation) and he had barely managed to limp back to Greenville. This was the third time his car had broken down trying to get to a Morgan meet - hope #4 will be the lucky one. Around 10:00 the group adjourned to the terrace overlooking the ocean for Bloody Marys and to get better acquainted; then disbursed to the beach to soak up the sun, to the parking lot to talk shop or to town to see the sights. We met again in early afternoon for an informal meeting to discuss future plans. Saturday night some of us barbequed out on the terrace, while others tried out the restaurants with varying degrees of success, although Carol Moore insisted that the "Bamboo Gardens" wasn't really that bad. Later most of the crowd reassembled to look at pictures (Ed had brought some beauties), to translate into "English" some Morgan manual terms which had Mildred baffled, but mostly, to DISSECT morgans.

Sunday morning, up early again to see people off. A bunch of us late starters had breakfast together (thanks, Solvedts), and gradually we headed for home (with the possible exception of the Badgers, whose children had about talked them into spending the day.) It was a delightful group of people, and we left Myrtle Beach very much looking forward to the time we would meet again. Hope we'll see a bunch of you at THE MIMSLYN for MOG 6!