

SOUTHERN FOURS AND EIGHTS

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN MORGAN GROUP MOGSOUTH VOL.2/02

MOGSouth's Wet and Wild Weekend

MOGSouth's Spring Meet, ably organized by Mark Campbell, was held the weekend of April 12-14 in and around Northwest Georgia. Headquarters was The Lodge at Amicalola Falls in Dawsonville, Georgia, a resort and conference center owned and managed by the State of Georgia.

Since I was out of town all week, Dale and I were unable to leave for the meet until early evening that Friday and as the weather was not conducive for Morgan driving at least for us (foggy and rainy, so it was perfect British Morgan weather) we took Dale's Explorer. SuperDave and Marilyn Bondon followed us in Marilyn's new Volvo convertible.

We stopped for dinner at a local Sonny's BBQ in Buford before motoring up 985 to Gainesville to the highway to Dawsonville and Amicalola Falls.

We arrived at The Lodge shortly after 9:00PM in a heavy fog and could hardly see the building and direction signs. Once we checked in, we went to the room set aside for MOGSouth hospitality where the rest of our attending members were enjoying each other's company. In addition to Dale and myself and SuperDave and Marilyn, others attending the meet were; Gene

and Betsy McOomber, Lance and Connie Lipscomb, Pete and Shari Olson, Eric, Ann and Scott Cummins, Charlie and Maidie Williams, Bill and Sarah Powell, our newest member Eleanor Nabney, having recently moved to Atlanta from the UK via New Jersey. Arriving even later were Lynn and Julie Craig and Stu and Judy Mosbey.

There were four Morgans driven by our stalwart members. Eric Cummins drove his Plus Four and effected a remarkable "parking lot" repair on Saturday morning as two of the studs holding the rocker arm assembly had sheared off. Eric went back to Atlanta for spares and additional tools and had the car ready to go before the 10:00AM departure on Saturday morning. A good man to have around! Stu and Judy Mosbey drove all the way from Griffin, GA with the hood down on Friday night and all weekend. Hearty indeed! Lynn and Julie Craig drove their Four Place from Clemson but unfortunately due to a family emergency, had to return home on Saturday morning. And Eleanor Nabney drove her '99 4/4 (RHD). Thanks to those of you who exhibited true Morgan spirit by driving your cars.

Saturday morning was still wet and foggy but after a great breakfast buffet we motored off for Blue Ridge,

GA to ride the Blue Ridge Scenic Railway to McCaysville, GA. The train ride is 26 miles long and parallels the scenic Toccoa River for most of the route. In McCaysville we enjoyed the several antique shops and lunch at various restaurants. After the one and one half-hour layover, we re-boarded the train for the return to Blue Ridge. On the return trip we enjoyed the Whistle Stop Blue Grass Band and their rousing entertainment. They voted our car as having the "best singers". They were even able to roust Charlie Williams from his nap.

Upon the return to Blue Ridge most of us went our separate ways to the various antique and art shops to look for hidden treasures. Dale got a new driftwood table for the deck and I found an original 1950's Schwinn cruiser bicycle, white wall tires, tank horn, streamers from the handlebar grips, mirror and speedo. If we had been in the Morgan we would never have been able to get all the stuff home!

We were due at The Smith House Restaurant in Dahlonaga for dinner at 6:15 PM so we all made our separate ways there, arriving in a driving rain. Maidie and Charlie had traveled from Suches to Dahlonaga and on the way a wild turkey flew into the side of their car. The car was OK but the turkey was not, so Charlie had Maidie put the turkey in the trunk and brought it to The Smith House, hoping to find someone who might want a road killed bird. Charlie went to the kitchen and we believe it was the owner of The Smith House who took the turkey. You needed to see Maidie's impression of the dead bird!

After dinner we all returned to The Lodge and on their return trip, Lance and Connie had to avoid a deer jumping in front of their Miata. Luckily and thank goodness, there was no accident and they were not hurt, only a little shaken. The Miata lost the right

interesting with a deer fur paint job on 1/2 of the car. We did our share to deplete the wildlife population in Northwest Georgia this weekend.

Back at The Lodge we again retired to the hospitality room for more conversation. We especially enjoyed seeing Connie's body double from the church group in the room next door.

Sunday morning was still foggy and damp so after another great breakfast buffet, most of us headed for home. Even though the weather was not perfect, we still enjoyed a great weekend. Sorry if you missed it.

Thanks again to Mark Campbell for all his planning efforts for the Spring Meet. Unfortunately, Mark and Scarlet missed the meet as Mark had a last minute business obligation.

The Road To Amelia

By Ray Morgan

It is not the first time a Morgan Three Wheeler has graced the lawn of the Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance yet perhaps it was the first time for something so seemingly simple as Morgan # 491 to find its way there. At invitation only, about 250 of the world's most honored marques gather each year for what is a spectacle of grandeur, sound, and smell that tease the senses of every automotive enthusiast. Finding a car worthy while daring to take on an around-the-clock restoration makes the story of the 'Road to Amelia' a tale of one's passionate interest in the Morgan Three Wheeler contribution to automotive history.

Ray Morgan, the USA owner of #491 spent the better part of the winter months working feverishly to restore his recently purchased 1933 left hand drive Super Sports Aero. His story begins.

I had all the parts or at least I thought I did until I started researching old photos and magazines of MTW cars.

correct and basically it was except for the box of spares that came in the passenger seat at the time of delivery including grungy old switches, relays, trim items, and a couple of old rubber blow-up seat cushions. I thought most of it should go to the bin but it turns out that all were original bits long since removed. It was now a matter of finding out what went where, what it did, and would it work.

In December last year, the Morgan factory in Malvern, England verified the car's authenticity as the first of only two factory built left hand steering cars, and equipped with scarlet paint, black wings and upholstery, and cream wheels. The previous owner had attempted to refinish the car in only one color and to make it somewhat contemporary; 12 volt, electric start, ignition key, brake lights, padded vinyl seats and such. It all worked and looked from a distance pretty good but it just wasn't right. It wasn't as the car was built and that became the objective for me, making this car totally original just like it was when it left the factory on July 18th, 1933.

The organizers of Amelia got wind of how rare this Morgan was so I got an invitation to show. Time was critical giving me only three months start to finish. With photos of what it should be in hand, I made my list and started the project.

The body was simple to remove. My painter liked the idea of having only the metal panels to work around and not the whole car. I painstakingly disassembled what was left documenting all with my digital camera. Repairs were made to the ash frame that was relatively solid except for what appeared to have been broken years ago by a collision. And here in was my first mistake. Wooden frames need a jig to keep all aligned during repair and re-assembly. My makeshift table although flat and

when it came time to refit the body panels, nothing fit and screws had to be loosened and refitted.

Mechanically, the engine was fine, driveline intact, transmission shifting. I did think to check the gearbox fluid level, only to discover that there was none. It was filled with axle grease indicating how the previous owner solved his garage floor problem. I flushed the box thoroughly and along with the gunk came upholstery tacks, washers and various metal chips. I did think far enough ahead to get the right oil to refill the box so as to be compatible with the bronze bearings.

The front end of the car was a mess; out of alignment, loose bearings, and original but frozen shocks. Interestingly, the valve shim from a 356 Porsche works nicely to take up the play in the bearing caps. And, rebuilt shocks certainly softened the ride. The car had only 12,000 miles so the sliders were okay.

My biggest challenge was replacing the radiator. I must admit it comes apart nicely but is a real bitch to get back together without a leak. It takes all of the 2_ pounds of solder suggested to close it up.

From the passenger seat box of spares I found the original Lucas relays rusty and contacts corroded closed. I cleaned them up and amazingly they worked. I was able to source woven insulated wire and from a copy of the wiring harness, made up a proper loom. I soon learned that the British Standard color-coding did not apply to Morgan at this era.

Box after box arrived from England with curious bits I had requested. Whitworth dumbbell nuts, Lucas King of the Road lamps, original Champion 7 plugs, and even the dog gear for the hand crank. And, from India, came coconut matting for the floorboards. With all in hand it was time

for me to begin to put it all back together.

For the most part I had little or no problems. Lucas commonly called the 'Prince of Darkness' in the US came thorough as all the old parts worked, even the ammeter and dash switches. It cranked easily after a bit of coaxing and ran quietly or so my neighbors said.

With just ten days left before Amelia, I had polished every nut at least ten times and put more 'pedals on the rose' than could ever be intended. The car was indeed spotless and as perfect as I could make it. My thought was that dear HFS himself would be proud. So it is time to pack up the trailer and relax for a few days. Maybe I would even go back to my real job. So what could go wrong? Nothing, I thought.

Two days before leaving for Amelia, I suffered the misfortune of theft, not the MTW, just all my stores in the trailer. Never before had this happened as I live in a great neighborhood and did not expect such. After re-equipping the trailer, it was now time to go. So in goes the Morgan, secure everything, close the doors and off.

Amelia is a six hour drive from Atlanta, no big deal by American standards. Leave in the morning, there in the afternoon and it is freeway almost all the way. Half way into the trip road construction resulted in a rather bumpy ride. All is secure in the trailer so just take it easy and no problem. Arriving at Amelia late in the day, I parked the trailer in the impound area only to discover that the rear latches had vibrated off allowing the rear boot to jump up and down over the bumpy road. Now my perfect paint was a mess along the upper lip of the rear skirt. All night I worked to refinish the paint by hand. At daylight, my work proved acceptable, and to the judges none were the wiser.

At 5 AM Sunday morning, real

else could go wrong. I roll the car gently out of its travel cocoon, pack the final cleaning supplies for field preparation, and attempt to start the engine. Over and over I crank it and nothing. Sweat is pouring down my forehead from pulling the hand crank and it won't fire. Damn. What is wrong now? I check everything, all is in order. One more try before calling for help and sure enough it fires and runs pleasantly as if nothing ever was wrong.

Amelia is a resort, first class with all the trimmings. Even the roads are manicured with flowers in full bloom and attendants everywhere. I turn into the approach lane to the show field and realize that I can't straddle a manhole cover with three wheels. I have to go over it. Lightly approaching the sure bump, wham, the car shakes as if a truck had smacked it and I notice that the left front wing goes limp. Now what? I cautiously drive to my assigned spot on the field and climb out only to discover that the wing top mount bar has broken at the weld. No repairing this. Thinking I am dead, I proceed with detailing the car. About 8:45 am the car is ready even with the broken wing carefully situated on its mounting bar. If no one touches it, I am okay.

Judging starts promptly at 9. Period attire was in order and I had changed into my knickers and by now my family, also in period attire, was in full attendance. Suddenly, I was overwhelmed with press coverage. Photographers everywhere, interviews about the car and then the judges show up fighting their way through the crowd that now circled my car. I think the judges were just as surprised as me by what was happening. I am parked in an area near the Bugattis, Rolls, and rare Delahayes and Talbots and yet my Morgan is getting all the attention. Even the guy next to me in a rare Type 6 Alfa commented he had never seen anything

No, I didn't win at my first invitation to Amelia but Amelia did. My Morgan now affectionately called Amelia was a true star. She was one of the most photographed cars there and will be long remembered for her grace and elegance. She brought back old memories for many who recalled their days racing a similar version around the airfields that dotted England during the war. And for those who had never seen a real three wheeler, it was a moment of curiosity. The novelty of being one of only two left hand drive cars built seemed trivial in a country of left hand drive cars unless of course you are flying low to the ground when real cars had three wheels.

Amelia and I are best friends and the needed touch ups are in process. British Car Days are but a few weeks away and I am sure she will enjoy the sunlight of another outing.

Thanks to all MTW friends who helped me to get Amelia sorted and restored. A very special thanks to Brian Clutterbuck who became my pen pal by always answering my daily emails and softening my somewhat anxious demands for spares. And a tremendous thanks to Atlanta Trike owners Fred Sisson and Pete Olson. What great guys!

We Americans are spoiled by UPS, FedEX, and online shopping, which unfortunately we take for granted. I hope to bring Amelia to Malvern for the 100th anniversary celebration. I suppose I still have a few years to get her ready.

I was especially honored at Amelia because the former owner of my car drove from Michigan to attend with me. At 82 he was a great inspiration to me to properly restore the car. His keen recollection of the car kept me from chasing bits that really didn't matter and focused on the way it was when he first bought it 57 years ago. Together with the resources of the MTW Club in

Blossey, I am proud to say that my Morgan is perhaps one of the most original and best restored cars of the era.

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Alcazar Car Show

For several years MOGSouth member Bob Steele has been inviting MOGSouth members to a car show he helps organize in Lineville, Alabama, situated at the foot of scenic Mt. Cheaha, less than two hours west of Atlanta via I-20. The show is scheduled for the first Sunday, November 3rd.

Last year there were over 650 cars of all types on hand.

Bob sent me several articles extolling how good this show is and how much fun the participants had and indeed it looks like one not to miss. More information to come later in the year

MOG 32

MCCDC's 32nd Annual Gathering, MOG32 is July 3-July 7 2002. A registration form and information is a part of this newsletter.

Fall Meet 2002

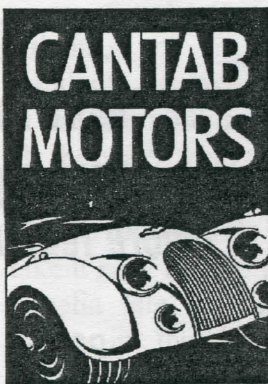
Fred Hollinger is organizing the Fall Meet for 2002 to be held in and around the Antebellum historic town of Madison, Georgia approximately 50 miles east of Atlanta on I-20. The dates are to be determined but will most likely be late September or early to mid-October. Stay tuned.

Christmas Party 2002

Maidie and Charlie Williams have offered to host this year's Christmas party at their home in Atlanta. The date is Saturday, December 7, 2002. Final details later in the year.

Credits

Thank you to Mark Erhard and his company ImageLink for the colour pages in this issue. Thank you to Ray Morgan for his article on his Trike and the Amelia Island Concours. And thanks to Ray and SuperDave Bondon for their photos. Articles and photos are welcome and solicited.



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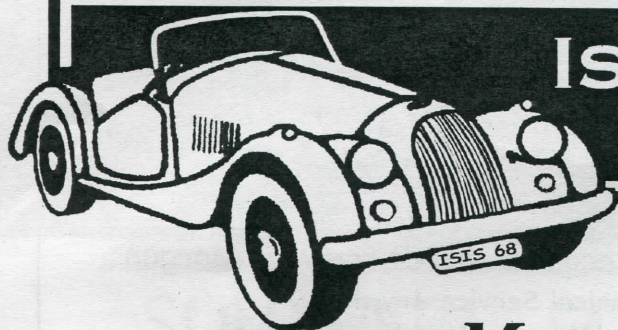
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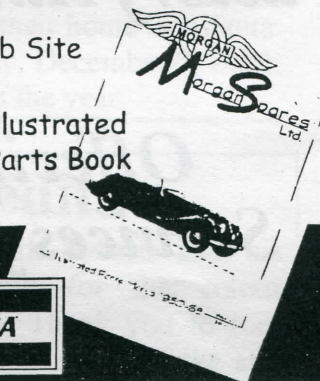
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NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN MORGAN GROUP MOGSOUTH VOL. 2/02
296 Lakeshore Drive
Berkeley Lake, GA 30096-3030



Fred and Gay Hollinger
3253 Indian Valley Trail
Atlanta, GA 30341

mog32

UPDATE

It's time to start thinking about preparations for attending **MOG 32**. To reserve your room at the **Ingleside Resort, Staunton VA** call 540-248-1201. A block of rooms will be held until June 3; we have negotiated a very favorable rate of \$63 per night, with a two night booking. Other nearby accommodations are available, some at higher rates, some at budget rates.

Ed Herman, our **MOG 32** Chair, has adjusted the schedule this year; the Gymkhana will be held on the grounds of the Ingleside headquarters so it will be more accessible and relaxing without competing with the autocross. Second, that same night, Ed is arranging a cruise through the historic areas of Staunton with a stop at a curb-service drive-in, noted as a cruise-in hang out. Car and Bev Shriver have done some reconnaissance of the area and have found many interesting antique, pottery, art gallery and general stores in nearby Waynesboro, a 15 minutes drive.

Also, in addition to the Rockbridge winery we visited last year, Carl's nose smelled the aroma of barley, hops, and yeast which led him to a relatively new Coors Brewery between Staunton and Waynesboro. For those who remember, there was a time when Coors beer was not allowed to be distributed in the East because it would lose its flavor without refrigeration. I had lived next to a pilot who would take orders and fly to Colorado for the 'mystical' brew.

An additional side trip for your pleasure is a jaunt to Wintergreen resort, the mountain access road is a great hillclimb test. The facilities and views rank the resort among the top in the country. Also Natural Bridge SP is 30 minutes south of the Ingleside on the Blue Ridge Parkway. Further is Lexington, with its old homes, Washington and Lee University, VMI, and the burial place of Robert E Lee and almost all of Stonewall Jackson. For golfers an additional half hour road time, through the Goshen Pass, will put you on the links of the Homestead, Sam Snead's home greens.

If you have had enough driving, chill out in the pool, spa and sports areas of the Ingleside, there is tennis, golf, basketball, volleyball, bowling, and arcade games. A meet an' greet staff will be on hand to put you in the right spirit and answer your questions. If you have any thoughts or suggestions give Ed Herman a call: 410-821-1166; e-mail: edherman@concentric.net

Be a part of history
-- the MOG 32 rally
will retrace some
of the 1918 vacation
caravan route use
by Henry Ford and
his buddies.

There were plenty of adventures, as when Firestone commandeered a horse and wagon to fetch gasoline for a car that had run dry. The last obstacle turned out to be the turnpike between Staunton, Virginia, and Winchester along U.S. 11, where the travelers recorded no fewer than nineteen tolls. Today, there's no need to torture yourself with such an adventure, because you can simply drive the Blue Ridge Parkway, which extends from Cherokee, North Carolina, to Front Royal, Virginia, in 469 toll-free miles. At its northernmost point, the parkway enters Shenandoah National Park, and the road looks down on the rolling horse country to the west. It is a view of America just as Ford and his friends imagined it should be, a well-tended landscape kept by a class of gentlemen farmers, the kind of country that Thomas Jefferson had always imagined for the citizens of his brand-new nation.

The travelers finally said their farewells on September 1, 1918, near Hagerstown, Maryland, not far from the

Downtown Staunton

After Route 11 chips, Shenville, Southern Kitchen, Blue Stone, Wright's and Shorty's, what you need is a vigorous walk in the fresh air. The Historic Staunton (rhymes with "Scranton") walking tour is just the thing, rambling up and down steep hillsides through five districts listed in the National Register of Historic Places, all within a compact space of about one square mile. Most of the architecture dates from the late-19th and early-20th centuries, when apparently there was a whole lotta revival going on in Staunton: Jacobean, Greek, Renaissance, Gothic, Venetian and Romanesque revivals are all on display among the 60 structures on the walking-tour map, not to mention the prolific oeuvre of one T.J. Collins, architect. The best view in town is from the 1905 cast-iron footbridge over the train tracks at the restored railroad station.

If you're in need of restoration yourself, nearby on Byer's Street is **Blue Mountain Coffees**, with serious coffee for the caffeine head down in the Valley with a java jones. Blue Mountain is the kind of comfortable, low-key place where Mary Baldwin College students and local bluegrass players hang out reading improving literature, where you can pull up a chair and savor your Sumatra.

Strolling Staunton's historic district, you can take your pick of unimpeachably well-manicured gift shops, restaurants family and fancy, several cozy little inns and Woodrow Wilson's birthplace with his presidential Pierce-Arrow on 24-hour street-side display. When you're ready for a bracing bit of irreverence, stop into **Zelma's** on Beverly Street. "No Imagination, No Service," says the sign on the door. Named after owner Kimberly Pawlik's mother, Zelma's is mostly about vintage—kitsch, jewelry, LPs, odds and ends, and particularly clothes. Although anyone old enough to remember when there were still four Beatles may be alarmed to learn from Pawlik that the definition of "vintage" has now advanced all the way to the 1980s.

So what are you waiting for? Fire up the roadster. Get that triple latte to go. Right now, somewhere in the Valley, there's a pie waiting for your name on it going into the oven.

ROUTE 11 POTATO CHIP FACTORY — On Route 11 in Middletown. 800/294-7783. Web site: www.r11.com

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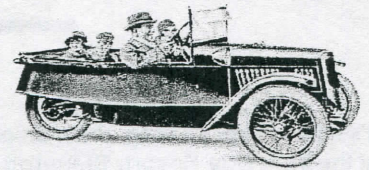
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REGISTRATION

Staunton, Virginia

mog 32



Wednesday July 3th Registration • Welcome Noggin • Bar B-Q • Party
Thursday July 4th Concourse • Gymkahana • Cruise Staunton • Party
Friday July 5th Clinic • Road Rally • Motor Tour • Cook Out
Saturday July 6th Auto cross • Parade • Awards Dinner • Party
Sunday July 7th Wine Tour • Travel Day

Participation in any competition or social event requires registration
 To Qualify for a Concourse Trophy, Entries must be driven onto the field.

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For Information Call:

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All registrations must be post

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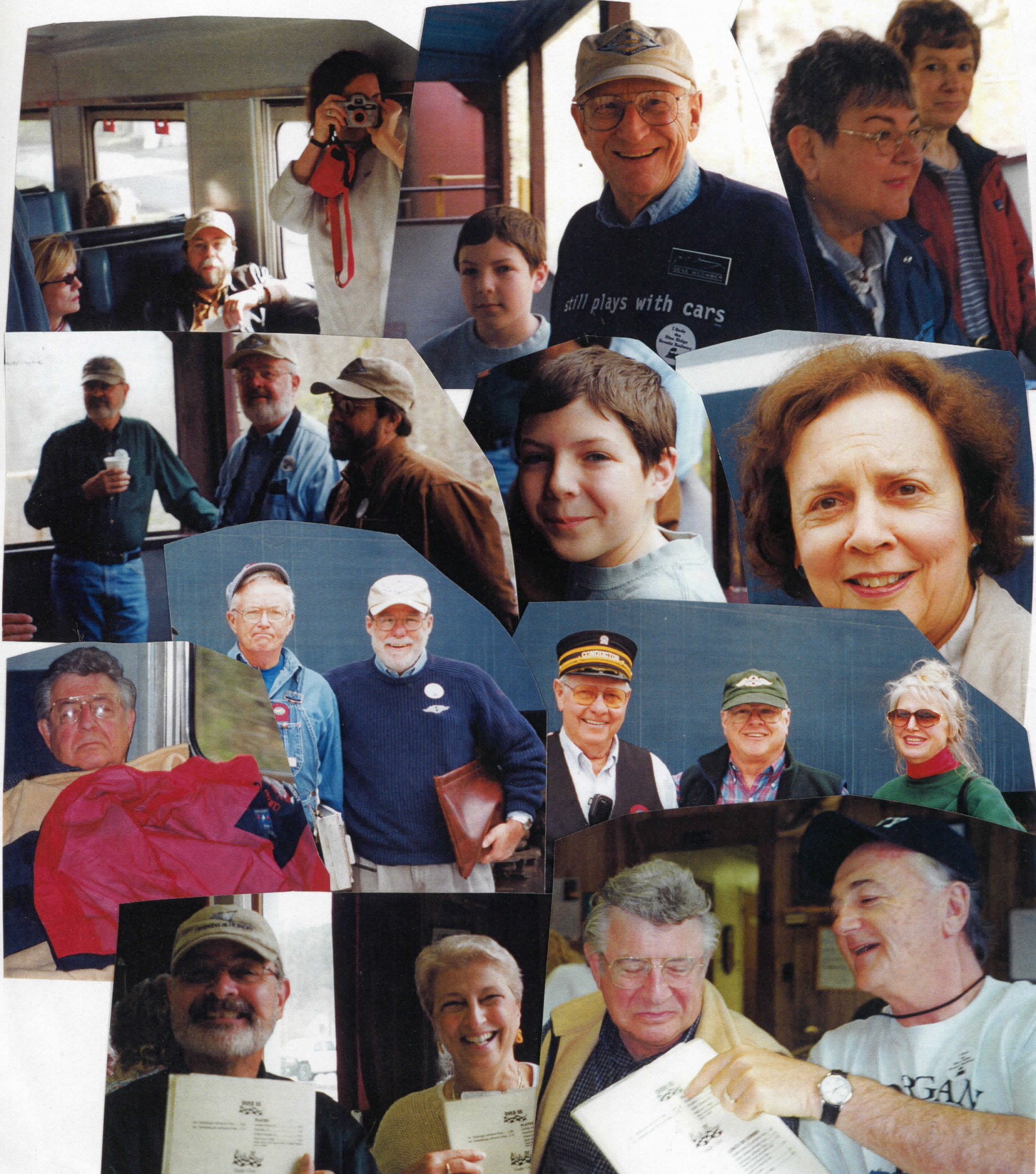
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MOGSouth's Wet and Wild Spring Meet



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Ray Morgan and family with "Amelia" at Amelia Island

