

SOUTHERN FOURS AND EIGHTS

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN MORGAN OWNERS GROUP MOGSOUTH VOL. 11/15

MOGSOUTH Fall Meet

Rome, Georgia

Oct 30 - Nov 1, 2015

The MOGSouth Fall Meet, held October 30th thru November 1st, in historic, downtown Rome, Georgia, was well attended and showcased a beautiful covey of Morgans. The hallmark of the event was attention to detail by our wonderful hosts, Judy and Gary Heck. Lodging was at the Hawthorn Suites Hotel, a beautifully renovated 1800's vintage manufacturing warehouse located on the banks of the Oostanaula River.

The hospitality room overlooked the river and featured an outdoor deck with solar lighted table tops. The Heck's preparation went beyond inspecting the hotel, they spent a night there to ensure its suitability.

Arrival at the hotel featured a greeting party and parking assistance; reserved parking for our cars at the front entrance was maintained thru the weekend. In recognition of the prospect for Halloween mischief, the Rome police provided a well-appreciated recognizable presence in our parking area. Registration was rewarded with a Goodie Bag that Judy obviously took great effort to assemble. After the traditional arrival Noggin and a short walk along the river to the dock, we took a relaxing dinner cruise and reconvened in the Hospitality Room.

Saturday got off to an early start (precisely on schedule!) with a convoy along delightful winding back roads through farm country to Chattanooga. The Goodie Bag included amazingly complete directions for every leg of travel throughout the weekend; getting lost wasn't possible. After a rest stop at the Chickamauga Battlefield Park Welcome Center, we arrived at the Coker Tire Museum.

Coker Tire is the world's largest producer of vintage car tire, rims, and wood spoke wheels. Harold Coker founded Coker Tire in 1958, after a fruitless search for tires for his vintage cars. His son Corkey took over the business in 1974 and expanded it to its present size and scope. In addition to being a vintage tire guru, Corkey is a true car guy and has amassed quite a collection of vintage cars.

Steve Anderson, a former automotive writer for magazines such as Hot Rod, met us at the museum. Steve was to be our tour guide for this event. Steve recruited Lance and Connie's grandson Trey to help with the tour.

The museum houses an incredible collection of vintage cars and motorcycles from brass era cars and old Indy racers to hot rods and fire trucks. We also had the opportunity to see the shop that produces metal rims for the wood spoke wheels produced by Coker. This shop contains an enormous lathe, which had most of the guys drooling!

The next stop was a visit to the Southern British Car Club's annual car show at the Chattanooga Choo-Choo Hotel. We saw some interesting cars and they appreciated the covey of Morgans. After free time in Chattanooga, we returned to Rome. The traditional evening meal was held in the Hospitality Room and followed by entertainment featuring the

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Lipscomb's precocious grandson Trey.

Sunday morning many of us accepted the Heck's invitation to see their classic car collection. This turned out to be truly worthwhile endeavor. Their 16-car collection is beyond classic; every car is a competitive show car. Three had just returned from the Good Guys show in Charlotte the previous weekend. Gary promised he'd gift his one-of-a-kind Riley to either Lee Gaskins or Jim Clark - whichever finished medical school first. An added attraction was a guided tour by Judy of their awesome house.

The event made the front page of the Rome newspaper. Kudos to the Hecks for a wonderful weekend which was a perfect blend of driving and socializing.

Jim Clark

GROWING UP WITH MORGANS

Recently the MOGSouth club had the Fall Meet in Rome, GA and I was lucky to be part of such a wonderful experience. I have had a great chance to grow up with Morgan's. My grandfather (Lance Lipscomb) and I have always worked in the garage together, so I have learned a lot in the garage about cars. He provided me with a chance to help him with replacing brakes and getting my hands dirty!

Going on weekend rides and spending time together has always been special to me. But I noticed I was the only kid at the meet. So I believe that the younger generation of Morgan owners and future Morgan owners should become more aware of the wonderful Morgan experience by spending time with their Grandfathers in the garage to learn how these cars operate and how to repair them. God knows there is always something that needs to be repaired!

A way I think we could make it easy to get youth more in to the idea of the Morgan club is that we have more kids attend meets so we can form a bond as we get older so we have something in common and a network to connect to when we get old enough to drive. At some point, we will have to drive our Grandfathers to the meets! Another way to get the youth involved is bring your grandchildren, let them see the beauty of the cars and the club.

I was so surprised at how much fun I had at the Mog South meet. Everyone treated me as a equal with real conversation about the Morgan and other topics of conversation. I felt comfortable and I learned a lot. I can't wait until the next meet. I hope I can meet your grandkids there!

Sincerely,

Trey Kazienko



Now ↑
←
&
THEN ↓



Photos - Courtesy of Lance Lipscomb

The Fun at the MOGSOUTH Fall Meet

Rome, Georgia - 30 October to - November 1st, 2015



More photos (courtesy of Lance Lipscomb) on the MOGSouth Web Site. Go to www.mogsouth.com and click on Photos and follow the links. Ed.

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MORE

The Fun at the MOGSOUTH Fall Meet Rome, Georgia - 30 October to - November 1st, 2015



More photos (courtesy of Lance Lipscomb) on the MOGSouth Web Site. Go to www.mogsouth.com and click on Photos and follow the links. Ed.



Today . . . the unexceptional vehicle is likely to rust or rot or in some other way be lost.

Crushed and added to the local land fill for future anthropologists to find and ponder over. Or, more likely, with today's 'green' mindset, disassembled to unlock the 'plastic treasures' inside and recycled into Florida flip flops or video games.

I can't say I really care about most of the rolling, amorphous iPods on I see on the road. Their loss, is really no matter, to me at least, but as they say . . . A Morgan never goes away. It is always retained, rebuilt, cherished and passed on. My Morgans all have history and I do what I can to preserve this history as part of the vehicle's soul.

Silly . . . some say. I have a friend who laughs about Morgans being recreated from a pink slip and a turn indicator. Perhaps silly . . . but it's what we do. Sometimes, I wonder why? Then, I get back to my wine and forget the thought.

When it's time, for whatever reason, they'll pass on to others, and we'll fret . . . much like we do over our children when the move out. Are they safe, are they dry, are they well looked after and are they cherished as they once were, when they were here? If it is a Morgan, the answer is probably . . .yes! I don't think it's just me, I'm sure other Marque collectors feel the same way!

So, when a Morgan is added to the garage, for me anyway, it's a very special event and one that comes with certain responsibilities, responsibilities that I don't take lightly.

Why, all this drivel, you ask? Well, in all my years of enjoyment with Morgans, I haven't really delved into the world of TR powered Plus 4s. Series 1 4/4s, more modern 4/4s, Plus 8s (Moss Box and 5 Speed) and even three wheelers, but no Plus 4s. The reason is simple. There was just one, and only one, I wanted to play with. Truth be said, they are everywhere and really no two are alike, but always there was this one car that held my attention.



The lovely Ritamarie and I enjoy a jaunt around the island. Wonderful !

It's a common problem. You all have experienced it, as well. When you have your mind set on something, it is hard to change. I had expressed my interest in this car many years ago and even have early emails dating back to 2004 that talk about the car. Then, the time just wasn't right, so I waited.

Now, in the fall of the 2015, Perry and Ritamarie Nuhn were kind enough to allow me the opportunity to play with the '51 Flat Rad. And, I couldn't be prouder and happier. I know they are comfortable that the car will be well looked after. Now, I just have to figure out what is what??

Mark



MOGSOUTH



MOGSOUTH MESSAGES AND STUFF

UPDATES

Well, we're down to the wire in 2015. Only the MOGSouth Christmas Party is left on the 2015 calendar. The Club has had a busy year, with lots of good meets and gatherings. Even the folks down south in Florida have had some fun.

Now we need to get spun up for the new year and see what we can get ourselves involved in. Be sure to read the Newsletter and check the MOGSouth Web Site frequently for updates.

We hope to see everyone in Waynesville at the Christmas Party. Call Gene Spainhour for any last minute coordination.

MONTHLY CLUB GATHERINGS !!

ORLANDO FL GATORMOG / MOGSOUTH BREAKFAST!

1st Sunday of each month, as part of the greater Orlando British Car Club. Tire kicking at 0800 with Breakfast at 0830 (All British Car Owners or Fans) - 897 West Town Parkway, Altamonte Springs, FL 32714

MOGSOUTH CHRISTMAS PARTY - DECEMBER 5, 2015 **FINAL UPDATE**

It's just a few days away. We encourage you to enjoy Friday evening (Dec. 4) in downtown Waynesville. Reserve your room at the Waynesville Inn, 176 Country Club Drive, Waynesville, NC., 828-456-3551, www.thewaynesvilleinn.com. A block of rooms was reserved until November 4, but that milestone has passed, so if you still need a room, you are on your own. We'll help if we can, just let us know.

Saturday Morning (Dec. 5), 10am-2pm, Curator Dale Walksler (of *What's In the Barn* on Velocity Channel) and Morgan owner and motorcycle enthusiast Bob White will welcome MOGSouth members to a special private opening of the fabulous **WHEELS THRU TIME MUSEUM**, a short drive from the Waynesville Inn.

Saturday afternoon, the Hospitality Suite will be open before and after dinner including beer, wine, mixed and soft drinks and snacks. A full buffet dinner will begin at 7:00.

Saturday Evening is the MOGSouth Annual Christmas Party at The Waynesville Inn. Saturday dinner (Christmas Party) must be reserved and prepaid to Gene Spainhour. If you still haven't paid Gene and need to, call him to work out the details. His phone number is below.

Gene Spainhour & Pat Harris are organizing the Christmas gathering. We look forward to seeing you in Waynesville! Any questions please contact Gene at gene.spainhour@gmail.com or 800-242-5584 (office) or 828-244-3762 (cell.)

Cheers, Pat and Gene

MOGSOUTH SPRING MEET - APRIL 14, 2016 **UPDATED**

The location and the date have been set for next year's (2016) MOGSouth Spring Meet. Ken and Pat Kreuzer of Summerville, South Carolina had volunteered to be our hosts for the weekend. The event details, hotels, activities and such are still being worked out and rest assured we'll publish what we know, when we have the pertinent information.

The weekend opportunities sound wonderful and this is going to be an event you'll want to attend. Make sure you have it penciled in on your activities calendar. A big thanks to Ken and Pat for hosting!

AND OTHER THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW !!



CHANTILLY ARTS ET ÉLÉGANCE: THE POSH EVENT IN FRANCE

By Douglas Hallawell

[Douglas - Thanks for the Article. Your exploits are always of interest to our membership. Ed.]



What a Sight!!

Mix together a generous splash of Pebble Beach along with a healthy dose of Goodwood Revival & Villa d'Este, top it all off with bubbly & what kind of cocktail do you end up with?

Well, the answer resides in the title of this post, the second edition of which was held on the beautiful grounds of Chantilly's prestigious chateau on September 6th. Located only forty kilometers north of Paris, the large domain is undeniably a choice setting for this category of venue. And Peter Auto is the organizing body behind this event, as is the case for several other major ones like the Tour Auto held in spring. Parisians have long maintained the habit of fleeing 'la capitale' in July and August, which probably dictates the choice of date. With attendance at 13,500 visitors—a third more than last year—and no less than 850 classic cars on display, one can only wonder what 2016's edition holds in store.

In similar fashion to Le Mans Classic, twenty-nine very exclusive cars—including a 2009 Swiss-registered Aeromax—were put up for auction on the Saturday. For Sunday, forty classic car clubs were solicited representing thirty European & US car marques, past and present. With the French club's meagre quota for 2015 being seventeen Morgans, it's little wonder then that nineteen actually made it past the main gates. For this, Jehan-Charles Pentenfenyo can be held partially responsible on account of trailering his 1934 Matchless-engined trike behind his 4/4! The organizers had indeed made it clear to all thirty clubs that they privilege a variety of models and years in their choice of cars—a criteria not easy to assume or fulfill. Given that some of the Morgan attendees had already taken part last year, it is likely that next year this tendency will increase, such was the success of this year's edition.

In most events like Chantilly's, you either have a concours d'etat or a concours d'elegance, the latter for judging both car and occupants. Chantilly hosted both! The program was so rich that only the official website can do it justice. The "résumé" video even starts off with the nineteen Mogs on arrival:

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Coordinator J-Louis Moreau—the Morgan Club de France’s regional club secretary and his companion Stephane—concocted a superb picnic for the thirty-eight club-members, with each crew bringing designated items. My navigator and I brought along some of the champagne and several chocolate eclairs, the latter disappearing in a flash as soon as word got out that my local Parisian baker (*Alliance*) had been awarded this year’s prize for the best chocolate eclair in the city.

The nine British marques were grouped together close to where the French Mercedes-Benz 190 club had aligned sixty



The Champigny’s Plus 8 back to back with a pack of Lynx Eventers

190 SL cars to celebrate the model’s 60th anniversary. In sharp contrast, Lotus and Lancia were two marques that had a lovely variety of models on display. A cause for concern though is the future of Lancia—part of the Fiat group. How can one forget Lancia’s success story in rallies, with magical names like Fulvia, Flavia, and Stratos—the latter housing a Ferrari engine as was the case for the world’s fastest front-wheel drive series production four-door car in the late eighties: the Lancia Thema 8.32. Incidentally, Lancia Thesis rear LED lights continue to grace the latest Aero 8 model.

Peter Auto apparently ironed out the few creases encountered in 2014’s initial edition. All in all, a very successful and enjoyable event, blessed by mostly sunny weather, which is why I highly recommend it to any visiting moggers. Next year’s edition is already scheduled on September 4th.



I SET THE L.A. TO N.Y. RECORD IN A MORGAN 3 WHEELER

And it was absolutely terrible.

By Zach Bowman , www.thedrive.com

[This article and the next are really together. They are sort of a 'Point' - 'Counter Point' thing. Well written and amusing. Ed.]

The shapes have arrived. Dark and ragged at the edges of my eyesight, they're fast and vicious, wolves or horses or hawks or humans flicking at the headlights and rippling through the Oklahoma treetops. I knew they'd be here. Fatigue plays cruel with your eyes and mind; when one goes, the other follows, dragging reality down, too. I try not to react when the shadows splash across the road and vanish, but they kick my heart in. I can feel it hammering under the five layers of synthetics and cotton piled up against the cold and the rain and the forgotten hours of the dark morning. I tell myself they're just hallucinations, as if going mad is less terrifying than what I see. I stand on the throttle and pray the fuel runs out before I do.

We left Los Angeles 20 hours ago, and it'll be another 21 before we pull into New York City. Alex Roy, that legend of idiot outlaw lore, sits in fitful sleep in the passenger seat of his Morgan 3 Wheeler. We've both made careers of the dangerous and unnecessary, but this is the deadliest stunt either of us have pulled: We're gunning for the L.A. to NYC record in a machine that isn't notably different from its 1920 counterpart, a contraption known only for reliably falling to pieces and the murder of fools.

The parts list fits on a cocktail napkin: three wheels, two cylinders, a Mazda transmission and a pile of tube steel. There are no airbags, no roll protection to speak of. The crumple zone starts at the ball of your foot and ends at your kneecap. You can reach out at any point and scald your knuckles on the exhaust or grind them off on the pavement below. You'll find no heater or windshield wipers. We left in early November.

Roy's been planning this for months. Route. Timing. Weather. There are maps, spreadsheets, detailed route notes and a list of every mechanic capable of putting a wrench to the Morgan along the way. This isn't a random act for him. It's the very definition of premeditated, with one glaring exception: A last-minute co-driver. Me.

I'd never so much as *seen* a 3 Wheeler in the flesh before yesterday, but Roy figures he needs a wrench if he has any hope of getting across the continent. It feels like an impersonation of those mad bastards from the breaking days of Indianapolis, one man to drive the machine and another just to keep it moving. Nobody can tell me if anyone's ever driven a 3 Wheeler across country. Rumor has it the last guy to try got the pleasure of watching his machine burn to the ground on the side of some hateful Midwestern highway.

If Roy's name sounds familiar, it should. The guy's an icon, almost single-handedly responsible for resurrecting interest in the transcontinental driving record. He holds Cannonball lore holy, and stamped his name on it in 2006 by setting a time of 31 hours and four minutes in a BMW M5. He's energetic and affable, eyes sharp behind gold-rimmed, pink-lensed aviators. But the Morgan isn't a comfortable, closed-cockpit German bruiser, and Roy has never had the pleasure of suffering long distance at the mercy of the wind and the cold. We're both in for some learning.



My concerns are mechanical. Roy trusts George Meyer at the Spot 44 Garage in Santa Monica, and convinced the guy to let me poke around the car and help prep. I spent Monday changing oil and practicing tire changes with the Morgan's center-lock hubs, measuring fuel capacity and talking fuel pump durability (supplied from a nineties Land Rover, lord knows why...), memorizing the fuse panel and situating GPS trackers. Anything but eating and sleeping.

Our chase van carries two spare front wheels and tires. That's in addition to the one strapped onto the back of the 3 Wheeler, plus oil, fuel, an extra fuel pump and Roy's expansive wardrobe. The man arrived like a Victorian lady boarding a steamer for the new world, a detachment of porters whisking along swollen chests filled with finery.



"I brought three scarves, in case you want one."

I ask how many tools he brought. He shrugs.

We left California on less than three hours of sleep, nothing but a few slices of pizza in our guts. Roy took the first leg, and it's a miserable march to Ludlow. The desert's cold—colder than either of us had wagered. Roy, a master of theater, wants to complete the journey in period-correct attire, which means a big, fur-lined coat, open-faced helmet and motoring goggles.

"I can feel wind going up my c#%k," he says, over the radio.

The wages of a condom catheter is a draft, it seems. I'm less dedicated, and wager we'll spend enough time out of the Morgan at each stop to take advantage of civilization's greatest accomplishment: running water. It's 48 degrees outside, and at 80 mph, the windchill falls well below freezing. Even in my four-season motorcycle getup, I'm shaking. Roy must be miserable. We stop for fuel and layer up. I take the wheel and fill our visors with the Mojave stars.



It's my first time driving the Morgan, but there's no time for a handshake and slow familiarity. The road is vacant, so I park the speedometer at 90. The big

S&S X-Wedge V-Twin pulls hard, with all its milky torque down low. Meyer warned me to keep the oil temperature below 240, but the engine is happy gulping down the cool ambient air. It feels strong. Confident. For the first time, the scratching inside my skull gets a little quieter, the nail on bone sound of the simple question: ***Will we make it?***

It's a self-propelled sidecar, or a wheelbarrow run amok. We have a great view of everyone's upper ball joints. The thing creaks and moans. If your sailboat made these noises, you'd radio the coast guard and get to praying. Imperfections in the road, expansion joints or potholes, painted lines, they all send the car jumping and skittering. It's a fight to keep it in my lane. The manual steering is direct, but Morgan dialed in so much toe for straight-line stability that the car darts with too much input. It's work, especially at the deep end of the speedometer. The windscreens are a curse, sitting at the perfect angle to split your vision. My brain can't keep up, and I'm forced to lean into the wind to look past the plexiglass. I ask Roy if I can remove them with a hammer. He's quiet. I take that as a no.

The plan falls apart immediately. Roy based his carefully calculated fuel stops off of the accepted knowledge that that the Morgan carries seven gallons of fuel. Except, that's not true. Yes, the onboard gauge shows empty at seven gallons,

but in truth, the car uses two 5.5-gallon aluminum fuel cells married by a crossover. That means fewer stops, and fewer stops means a better time. So I push on. We make Arizona in just over four hours, and dawn's not far behind. The fuel gauge has read bingo for 100 miles by the time we stop.

If it was cold in California, it's colder now. Roy darts inside the gas station and re-emerges with two fleece-lined stadium blankets. It seems like a good idea until we're back on the interstate. There's so much air coming in the foot wells that the blankets swell and take to whipping us about the head. It's like sitting in a kayak and wrestling a 40-foot tarp in a hurricane. My patience wanes. I settle on stuffing the thing under my knees, slouch as low as I can get, and try for sleep.

The passenger seat has all the comfort of a child's coffin with none of the shoulder room. I don't find myself sleeping so much as I do waking up. There's not enough space for two grown men in this f%^king car, and every time Roy downshifts, he elbows me in the left bicep. I'd be angry, but there's nothing to be done about it. I close my eyes and try to ignore the vibrations from the motor shaking my nose hairs loose.

I wake up in Flagstaff. Not from the noise or the jounce of the suspension, but from the cold. I pop my head up above the cowl and get a face full of sleet and rain. There's snow on the shoulder now, trucks slinging gray slush from their fenders. Roy looks like resigned death, his scarf now sopping with wintry mix. I engage the blanket in combat one more time and suffer for my hubris. Our truce covers approximately 30 percent of both legs. The sight of ice on the fabric plays hell on morale.

This is unequivocally the worst thing I've ever done. My helmet presses on my skull, trying to fuse flesh with the balaclava's spandex and fleece. The radio earpiece is a gutter nail pressing into my ear canal. I take to eying the trip meter, gauging how long I have to sleep in miles instead of minutes.



Into the New Mexico valley, the sun returns. For once, so does the temperature. I haven't been hydrating or eating, consumed with the press eastward, and warm air isn't helping me feel anything but wretched. There's something else, too, and it takes a minute to single it out of the kaleidoscope of misery swirling around us. Gear oil. That stink of rotten dinosaur flesh, boiled, pressed, and reconstituted. It's everywhere. I'd vomit, except there's no way in hell I could get my helmet and layers off in time to keep from drowning. I swallow the knot and tell the support van to ready the jack before we hit Albuquerque. They can smell us from three car lengths back.

Roy refuels the car while I put it in the air and clamor underneath. It's dangerous, trusting a shitty box store jack with my life; maybe the Morgan will fall on my face and get this over with. *He died as he lived, like a f##*king idiot.* It stays upright, rewarding me instead with a steady drip of gear oil between the eyes. The bevel box, the contraption responsible for converting the transmission's output to the belt drive, is determined to lose its internals over the western landscape. We call Meyer. He says drive it. It'll be fine. It's easy to be optimistic from Santa Monica.

The Southwest is as close to good as we'll come. The sky is an impossible blue, so deep it makes you hold your breath in spite of yourself. It's splashed against the coarse reds, browns, and yellows of the desert, the colors of rust and blood and marrow. The colors of the end of things. I catch the scenes between sleep, halfway to comfortable in the warm light.

The sun sets in Texas, and I hate it for leaving. Darkness drags out the miles, your universe shrinking to three dotted lines ahead of you. Roy used an HID kit to upgrade the 3 Wheeler's headlights, and they're phenomenal. They might be the only great thing on the car, but there's only so much to be done when the lenses are a two feet off the ground. Oklahoma, Missouri. They fall to the night. We swap places every 200 miles, a hellish cycle. The only way to stay awake is to drive, shocked out of sleep with adrenaline and a desperate desire to keep from killing the guy in the passenger seat.

Half way is a curse. The St. Louis Arch means a doubling. Another 20 hours. Another 1,500 miles. Another lifetime of cold and dark. I compartmentalize it, store it away in my brain and focus on the car. **Check the oil. Add a little. Tighten the center locks. Check air pressures. Check wheel bearings.** That last one throws a warning. The passenger side tire is wearing quicker than its twin, and a good shake of the wheel shows slop. We agree to keep pushing and keep an eye on it. We'll know if it gets worse. So will our next of kin.

It's the darkest hours of the early morning, when you feel like you'll die before dawn. I stay conscious by begging sunlight out of the horizon. That first timid glow beyond the trees... I could cry. It's followed by the red and blue lights of an Illinois sheriff. The speedometer's off by a good 15-20 mph, depending on RPM, so I've settled on traffic plus some speed. The Morgan feels good there, a comfortable cruising velocity just outside of legal bounds. The officer hands me a citation for 85 in a 65.

By some miracle Roy pulls the short straw and gets stuck shucking us across the majority of Ohio. The speed limit drops. Traffic is dense, unforgiving. So is law enforcement. It's a clear reminder of just how many more people there are out east. Drivers get territorial about the left lane; Roy works the high-beams like an M4 trigger, blasting loping flatlanders until they yield way.

Pennsylvania is hill country, and seeing elevation feels like a good breath. I'm Appalachian born, and smelling the deep earth of oak and maple leaf litter swells my heart. Something about being so close to home gives you footing. The road tangles up, curving and rolling ever east. I'm finally having some fun with the Morgan, and everyone's spirits are up. We're all chatting and laughing over the radio when we round a corner and spot one of Pennsylvania's finest. I go for the brake, but accidentally catch the throttle with my wide insulated Danners. The V-Twin barks at the state trooper. He responds by lighting up the roof. Perfect.

Trooper Patrick is a little more sympathetic than his Illinois counterpart. He's got a Soft-tail, and wants to know about the Morgan. Did we build it. How much power. Is it fun. He lets me off with a non-point citation, though losing the time hurts more than the cash. We were doing well, averaging close to 70 mph before the stop. It drops to 68, effectively sinking Roy's goal for the hike. I feel like shit, and I'm glad to hand over the wheel for the last leg into New York.

Jesus, I'm so tired. When I blink, the dreams are so vivid I can't tell imagining from reality. I'm f@&king or fighting with exes I haven't seen in years, their skin warm and soft on my finger tips, their muscle and bone more real than anything. Or chatting with professors and teachers I'd forgotten. Laughing with friends. Hugging my father, the smell of pine and concrete and sweat on his collar. I snap awake when Roy plunges the throttle, drops a gear, or goes for a lane change.

My mind's desperate to chew on anything but where I am. The blur of the lines on the road, the noise of a semi tire a foot from my face. It's disorienting. I have to work to know what's real. Maybe this is what dying is like. It's not so bad.

When the city finally shows herself, the skyline glowing and gorgeous, I can't stop laughing. We're so close. It's unbelievable. Roy's slicing through traffic, and I play spotter. Everyone's stacked in the two left lanes. I motion that the



right's clear, and Roy goes for it. Except it's not a lane. It's the shoulder, packed with loose gravel and metal. A long-dead cone sits flattened ahead of us. We're committed. Roy goes for the pass. If the cone has a weighted foot, it'll come through the floorboard and break our legs. He just barely clips it, sends it flying into traffic, and jumps back in an actual lane.

"Please, please don't let me make any more mistakes." He says over the radio.

At least we're awake.

We shuffle through the Holland Tunnel and work our way to the Red Ball Garage, ragged but ecstatic. Pedestrians clap and shout and take photos, not because we just drove nonstop from L.A., but because the Morgan's so weird and beautiful and loud as hell. I'm worn through; somehow, the 3 Wheeler's hardly worse for its journey. There are a few more rattles, sure, one tire's nearly down to the cords and the driver's side exhaust is broken midway. But the thing feels like it could turn around and head right back.

The record's ours: 41 hours, 49 minutes. It's the fastest time for a 3 Wheeler, an open-top vehicle, and a wood-framed vehicle. I know it's a soft one. Our stops were sloppy and long. Two citations drug our average speed down and added a good 40 minutes to our trip. With a little tweaking, the Morgan could be made for longer distance. A more efficient Indian motor, maybe. Water cooled for a warmer weather pass. A larger fuel cell.



Still, Roy's energized by our arrival, working the small crowd assembled at the infamous Red Ball Garage, smiling at cameras, and giving witty interviews. Why did we do this? What did we gain? I suspect that, like me, Roy's a man deeply concerned with boundaries. He's darkly curious, and wants to know where that ragged line lies, where your body and mind cry, **"Stop."** There are so very few ways to find the answer to that question, and I hope like hell he never comes upon it. We're both lucky to be alive, happier to be breathing than to hold the record in our hands. Could we pull a few hours from the time? I think so, but I'll never know. ***The next time I climb into a wooden box will be the day they put me in the goddamned ground.***

[Don't miss the second article in this series on the next page. Again, sort of a 'Point' - 'Counter Point' narrative. Ed.]



GREAT MORGAN VIDEOS ACCESSIBLE VIA THE MOGSOUTH WEB PAGE

All 'YouTube' videos are available. Just go to the Video Viewer on the MOGSouth Photos Web Page. <http://www.mogsouth.com/Videos.htm> (or you can go to www.YouTube.com directly) and click on the YouTube Logo, then put the following text strings (the words in red) into the YouTube Search Box. Be advised. Videos on YouTube may or may not be retained, so videos listed in old issues of this newsletter may have been removed for some reason.)

The Muppet Show. Gonzo - Workin' at the Car Wash Blues (ep 507) (Now don't be fooled by the title . . .)

JAP vs MX4 idle compare. (It's interesting, but I am not sure I am smart enough to understand why??)

BLUE INDUSTRY winter 2015 MYDISTRICT (Ok, so this one is a bit odd. Advertising for clothes, I would guess but I just wonder why he had a giant pickaxe in the trunk, oops? what trunk??)

Meet Porter. The World's First Driving Dog. (I really don't think I will teach my Dalmatian to drive the Morgan. Maybe the tin tops however.)

DRIVERS REPUBLIC Review - Morgan Aeromax (An older video that does a good job of trying to answer the age old question 'why a Morgan?')

Car S.O.S - Morgan F4 (This is a National Geographic supplied video clip of the British car resurrection TV show 'Car S.O.S.' Neat way to repay those who contribute to the community.)



YOU'RE ALL COWARDS: WHY THE MORGAN 3 WHEELER CANNONBALL RECORD MATTERS

There is no better test of man, mettle and machine than a non-stop transcontinental drive.

By Alex Roy, www.thedrive.com

"It's not that far," I lied.

Or maybe I actually believed it at the time; 2,811 miles doesn't seem that far if you've driven from New York to Los Angeles in 31 hours, as I have. But that was nine years ago, in a BMW M5, arguably the best and most appropriate car for the task. This time was going to be different.

I was lying to my co-driver, *The Drive's* Zach Bowman, an experienced young motorcycle rider, automotive journalist and father of a one-year old. We were about to cross the country non-stop in an open-topped, wood-framed 2013 Morgan 3

Wheeler. Whatever the physical and mental toll. However many zip ties, fuel pumps, catheters, yards of duct tape and period correct layers it took. Bowman agreed to go without us ever having met.

Winter be damned.

Want to know courage? Courage was the look on Bowman's face when he groaned, contorting himself behind the wheel of the Morgan for the first time, just nine hours before we departed L.A. This was the most foolhardy automotive endeavor since Erwin "Cannonball" Baker first set out on the first transcontinental record run in 1915, and I knew it.

Everyone warned me. My mother. My brother. My girlfriend. My attorney. The first two co-drivers I asked. The site editor at Weather.com. The Morgan dealer. The other Morgan dealer. My second and fourth ex-fiancees, who left me over such follies, in 2003 and 2007, respectively. I warned me. I was terrified, which was why lying to Bowman was so easy. I couldn't do it alone, as was my original plan, until I'd convinced a wiser man to follow my lead, after which anything was possible. I had a fairly good guess as to how bad it would be. I'd once driven the Morgan from Santa Monica to San Francisco. And back. In the same day. About 1/5th the distance from L.A. to NYC. I likened it to driving a gondola. With a few extra layers and a rubber tube running down my leg, what could go wrong? I'd done the Baja.

"You're an idiot," my best friend said. *"This is going to be like Stalingrad. On wheels."*

You Are All Cowards

Yes, *you*. *You* people, with four wheels, heat, adjustable vents, windshields, front and rear defrosters, electric windows, roll-up windows, fresh door seals, roofs, removable hardtops, convertible hardtops and insulated soft tops. *You*, with your airbags, crumple zones, seat-belt tensioners, sound deadening, adjustable suspension, run-flat tires, cruise control, interior lights and heated seats that recline. *All* of you, with your Waze, GPS, OnStar, smartphones, bluetooth, wireless headsets, iphone integration and radar detectors.

You are as spoiled as I was when David Maher and I broke the Cannonball Record in 2006.

You are also far, far smarter than Bowman and I. There remains absolutely no reason anyone should attempt to drive across this fine land across quickly as possible in *any* vehicle. But, once one has done the mental yoga to invent a reason, and found the time and money, and rewritten one's will, and lied to one's employer for time off, *and* convinced a significant other that you'll make it up by taking



Continued Next Page

them to that dreaded vegan restaurant they love...it makes sense to do so in the fastest, safest, most comfortable vehicle available.

But that it was where I now differ with conventional wisdom. This was going to happen in a Morgan 3 Wheeler, and nothing could stop me from trying. Finishing was another question.

Why? Why? Why?

Because the age of Human Driving is coming to an end. Because I want something money can't buy. Because I want to be able to walk into a bar full of Ferrari owners, all bad cologne and mesh golf polo and freshly-detailed 360 Modenas, and see them cower as I toss my frayed catheter down and watch it thaw. Because we live in an age of sloth and cowardice, where experience is bought and gifted rather than built and fought for. An age where people spend \$100,000 on the Gumball 3000 and *think* they know what the original "Cannonball Run" was actually like. An age where people spend \$100,000 to do Burning Man in an air conditioned tent, drop second rate acid and have a "spiritual" experience. An age where you pay someone to carry your luggage up Mount Everest.

This Morgan drive? It's an icepick in the face of commoditized gravitas.

I've seen the future. I drove it [last month](#), while setting the Electric & Autonomous Cannonball records in a Tesla Model S. The future is filled with conveniences borne of new technologies. Automatic Braking. Distance Sensing Cruise Control. Automatic Steering. Lane Assist. Fleet Learning. These wonders will make our lives "easier," our roads safer. They'll "free" us to work during our commutes, or sleep, or do anything but actually take the wheel and risk death learning the limits of grip on wet roads at 100-plus-mph. Which, of course, no one should be doing.

Or should we? *Someone* needs to know how to really *drive*, right? If only to teach the Artificial Intelligences that, within our lifetimes, will be chauffeuring us at least 96.1 percent of the time. Yes, 96.1 percent. That's how much of the driving was performed by the Tesla during our team's aforementioned cross-country drive. And that percentage will increase as the [Autonomotive Singularity](#) approaches, inexorably, until the last person takes the wheel on a public road. It is inevitable, like it or not. Until then, and certainly after, someone *also* needs to know how to drive when technology fails. Because that, too, is inevitable.

Training Wheels Forever

We who love cars face a Wall-E future. Training wheels forever. This is the equivalent of biomedical advances that brought us antibiotics: A common good thing for the whole of society... until the organisms from which we seek protection grow immune to our solutions. Who is in favor of death by infection? Only a madman, and so it must be with automotive safety features. What's technology but the march to reduce inefficiency, to protect us from our mistakes? Road deaths *should* be reduced by any and all means, but not at the expense of our self-sufficiency.

Where technology giveth, technology also taketh away.

A 10- or 20- or even 50-year-old car is as safe as a brand-new Tesla, if the driver is truly aware of the car and the conditions in which he or she is driving. If an accident is defined as an "unforeseen event," you know that the 90 percent of auto crashes involving a single car aren't accidents at all. They are failures of education. The auto insurance industry exists because we are unwilling to assign blame to those responsible. As a result, our culture fosters a pervasive and emasculating cycle of endless upgrades, a conveyor belt of disposable hardware, brimming with improvements, without which we feel inadequate to leave the house, isolating us from the physical world and annihilating our relationship to and understanding of—both figuratively and literally—how rubber meets the road.

The End of Driving As We Know It

Make no mistake, there is a War On Driving. Speed traps, abnormally low speed limits, gratuitous court fees, registration



fee hikes, rising insurance rates, criminally high tolls, license plate cameras, speed cameras, the loss of street parking in urban areas, taxes on parking garages, parking tickets. It's all an assault on a group of people most of whom, especially in the United States, *haveto* drive: Our entire economy and infrastructure is based on the car, and yet we're increasingly punished for getting to work. Given the costs, it's a miracle car enthusiast culture survives here at all. As our surveillance state grows, and the components of Autonomous Driving technologies become ubiquitous, car enthusiasts wishing to take physical and legal responsibility for driving will be funneled into a world of limited roads and draconian costs.

We're told it's for safety, for progress. Yet, there's nothing being done to improve average citizens' skills through the cheapest of all methods: Education. We are now in an intermediate phase of this war, with high-powered, post-analog, pre- and semi-Autonomous cars in the hands of drivers whose modest skills are rapidly atrophying. Factor in a dollar-per-horsepower ratio unthinkable 20 years ago, and it's no wonder calls for *more* regulation and *more* safety come raining down with every spectacular accident caused by a spoiled, untrained teenager in an AMG.

What is the future of car enthusiasts who care about the art and craft of driving?

In the War on Driving, I am pro-choice. But it is choice itself I fear will evaporate with time.

The End of Cannonballing?

The ultimate Cannonball Records of the late analog/pre-Autonomous era have already been set. Whereas my 2006 record run with David Maher re-opened the door after a quarter-century devoid of successful tries, Ed Bolain and Dave Black almost certainly closed it with their run in 2013. If the Bolain/Black time of 28 hour, 50 minutes can be broken with current technology, it will be by mere minutes.

So you might argue there's nothing left to prove by resurrecting Cannonball folly. I disagree. The original intent of the solo runs a century ago was to demonstrate the speed, endurance and reliability of the second and third iterations of the internal combustion engines that followed the Ford Model T. This was followed by Brock Yates' multi-car Cannonball Runs of the Seventies, which, in his own words, were primarily a protest against encroaching government. The secret U.S. Express races of the Eighties evolved into a technological battle of will; they too evaporated under the threat Yates warned of.

Once I accepted the Bolain/Black time, that the ICE Cannonball Record is theoretically unbreakable, I thought all such attempts were futile. Then I got into a Tesla S with Carl Reese and Deena Mastracci, and I saw that the spirit of Cannonball would live on as metaphor. There is no greater spur for *any* automotive technology—or family of technologies—than that fabled cross-country run. The 57:48 record we set is the Autonomous Cannonball equivalent to the early record Erwin Baker himself set in that old Stutz. It will fall just as the Stutz record fell, because it is in human nature to design, build and improve. Progress.

Progress begets competition, and competition breeds improvement, but not necessarily of ourselves. Even if the Age of Autonomy leads to the hacking of vehicular AI, the disabling of tracking devices and the annihilation of the Bolain/Black record, those responsible won't be Cannonballers. They will merely have hacked the Cannonball. They will have advanced the science of transportation, but not the art of driving.

Why The Morgan 3-Wheeler Cannonball Record Matters

Call it dumb. Foolish. Irresponsible. Dangerous. Idiotic. I say take it up with Sir Edmund Hillary, and ban skydiving while you're at it.

When in the course of human events an era comes to its end, what is lost—and *what is worth saving*—cannot be fully grasped without going back its beginning. There is no better example of the beginning and the end of driving, in its rawest form, than the rebirthed Morgan 3 Wheeler. It's the last tool you still can still buy from the shed of pure analog.

Yes, a three-wheeled, wooden-framed, open-topped, no-tech, single car attempt to set a new Cannonball Run record.



The Morgan 3 Wheeler isn't a car? I dare you to walk into any biker bar and tell 'em your Morgan is a motorcycle. It might be registered as such (and therefore exempt from traditional automotive safety regulations), but other than its S&S twin, it is in every way a car. A car very close to its original pre-WWI father, just with more power, and the braking and handling characteristics best described as *entertaining*. It has all the downsides of a motorcycle and none of the upsides of a car.

Soichiro Honda once said that, in the future, there would ***“be just half a dozen car companies...and Morgan.”***

Hyperbole? You haven't driven one. Anybody who considers themselves a car enthusiast should while it's still legal, because it shouldn't be, and I don't think it will be for long. I almost hope it *is* declared illegal, because I currently own two and the value will skyrocket, much like anything unmolested with a manual.

The drive itself? A vainglorious final statement of what two qualified, committed analog purists can accomplish in a car even the most loyal owner will tell you shouldn't make it, even under the best conditions. It was exactly as I feared. A bitterly, freezing, ear-splitting 2,823 miles crossed in 41 hours and 49 minutes, averaging 80mph through frigid wind whilst narrowly dodging winter's first storms. It was Stalingrad On Wheels. It was terrible. It was perfect.

Even now I'm not entirely sure what record(s) we broke. I've heard rumors an old Morgan once crossed the country in nine days. I heard a Harley did it in 52 hours. As for the Cannonball records we set, here goes, tongue firmly in cheek:

1. ***The Morgan Record***
2. ***The Three-Wheeler Record***
3. ***The Open-Topped Vehicle Record***
4. ***The Open-Wheel Record***
5. ***The Wooden-Framed Record***
6. ***The V-Twin Record***

All these records will be broken, though not necessarily by one vehicle. So, as the analog era comes to end, consider this a foolhardy uniting of multiple belts a la WWF.

Mostly, I've decided we're all lucky to live in a society where such things, however silly and seemingly unnecessary, remain possible. In a world full of tragedy, we remain blessed with certain privileges and freedoms, big and small. To wear pink pants. Or have a Mohawk. Or listen to Iron Maiden, or Abba. To buy a Ford over a Chevy. To drive or not to drive, as long as no one gets hurt. Let us take nothing for granted. Don't ask me why, but I'd do it again. Yes, I look forward to a safer future on our roads. ***But you'll have to pry the Morgan's removable steering wheel from my frozen, dead fingers.***



FACTORY



MORGAN MOTOR COMPANY NEWS

NEWS

For the most part the Factory is quiet. It must be in preparation for the year end holidays.

I know that the AR Cosworth Plus 4s are still be worked, albeit delayed a bit by supply chain and other design issues.

Early versions of the new Aero 8 are still moving about the factory but I don't think any deliveries have been made as yet. I really don't think that there is anything significantly different with this new variant to justify an import waiver, from the US, so that the car can be imported. So we will have to wait, again . . .

LONDON MORGAN IS NAMED COMPANY'S DEALER OF THE YEAR AGAIN



LUXURY car dealership London Morgan has been named Morgan Motor Company's Dealer of the Year for the second year running.

The prestigious award marks London Morgan's dedication to excellent customer satisfaction, innovation and vehicle sales performance, and was presented by Jill Price (nee Morgan), board director of the Morgan Motor Company.

Since opening in May 2013, London Morgan has embarked on a mission to introduce the iconic British Morgan marque to an international London market. The award highlights

London Morgan's outstanding growth trajectory and dedication to cutting-edge innovation.

Dealer principal Anthony Barrell said: 'London Morgan is truly honoured to be named Morgan Motor Company's dealer of the year for the second consecutive year. 'Since launching two-and-a-half years ago, we have had a phenomenal response from customers across London, the UK and internationally. 'London Morgan's success is driven by its ability to constantly innovate in all aspects of the service it provides to its customers, from delivering beautiful hand-built vehicles to the continued high-quality care we provide.' Located in Astwood Mews, a traditional working mews in the heart of South Kensington. <http://cardealermagazine.co.uk/>

AR PLUS 4 'COSWORTH' UPDATES

Reading the TalkMorgan blog, a few of those that have ordered the new car are being notified of some delays in delivery. The comments seem to point to a supply chain issue focused on the exhaust system of the new car.

There is a belief that the original exhaust design which AR had spec'd for the new car has issues.

It has been said that it was not as efficient when tested on the dynamometer (or as the Brits call it 'rolling road'). Subsequently, AR is redesigning the exhaust to better balance 'power/noise/emissions.' Once they are happy with the design, the manufacture of the needed exhaust should be relatively quick.

[A few more photos of the Cosworth Plus 4 on the following page. Ed]

Continued Next Page

MORE AR PLUS 4 'COSWORTH' PICTURES

[Photos from DaveW on TalkMorgan. Taken recently, 28 Nov 2015. Ed]



Spare tire is optional as I understand it. I believe, only a metal spare tire cover is the standard offering.



This is the first of the AR Plus 4s I have seen in a color other than the silver. I think I do like the Black.



Enough special pieces. Can't tell if this is just one car's worth or multiple cars??



The interior of the car looks standard enough. All except the flat top gear box cover with missing hand brake.



This is the best picture showing the new hand brake. Just maybe it will work?



STILL MORE FACTORY NEWS !!

GALVANIZED CHASSIS' ARE GONE!

The last of the galvanized chassis have left the Chassis Shop! It has been reported that the Morgan Motor Company has dropped the galvanization process for coating the chassis and opted to adopt the autophoretic process.

The autophoretic process produces a black chassis with a thin protective coating sort of like Powder Coating, but different. The thickness of the coating used by the MMC is something I have yet to discover, but the process is cheaper, 'greener', and offers other benefits.

The benefit in metal durability and chassis life, over that of the previously used galvanization process, is yet to be seen and the arguments will probably not end for some time. There are those that argue that the only went to

The Autophoretic process is a method of applying a layer of anti-corrosive 'paint' to metal using a chemical reaction. The process has been in commercial use since 1975.

The process is used by many automotive manufactures, which in itself, would imply some sort of approval. The only precaution I found in my research is that the bare metal must be clean, free of oil and grease, to ensure a void free coating. Ok, this shouldn't be too difficult for the MMC to achieve.

GATORMOG AT THE LAKE MIRROR CLASSIC IN LAKELAND FL

Official photos from the Lake Mirror Classic in Lakeland FL have hit the web. This is the event that GatorMOG participated in during their latest Noggin. The pictures show all the other cars at the event. Lots and lots of cars. Classics, exotics, hot rods . . . even boats!! Something for everyone.



Go to http://superb-images.com/?page_id=473 to see all the pictures.

Did You Know?

Lawrence Tune History

Chris Lawrence won a National Championship for Production Sports Cars in 1959. There were 22 races countrywide and with his Morgan +4, Lawrence won 19 of them. In Oct of that year, Lawrence, together with three others left Rotax Ltd. in Willesdon, North London, and set up Lawrence Tune in Acton, London W3.

Specifically, they were able to reproduce the Triumph TR3 Engine in the Morgan for people who wanted to follow in Lawrence's footsteps and go racing in Morgan, or Triumphs, Swallow Doretti's etc., etc.

In addition Christopher Lawrence was interested in Single Seat Racing Cars.

A new formula for single seat cars had been devised in Italy by Count Johnny Lurani, called Formula Junior. As this formula was rapidly becoming popular Lawrence persuaded his colleagues, Lesley Fagg, Len Bridge, and John Harvey, to help him build two Formula Junior cars which they called Deep Sanderson 101. They were ready for the Formula Junior Race at Goodwood on Easter Monday 1960.

From these small beginnings, Lawrence Tune developed into the 1960s adding Ford tuning parts and the Deep Sanderson 301 Coupé. This was not a single seat racing car, but a two seat road car sold as a Kit.

Per Autosport Magazine. *"All the while the Morgan +4 had turned into the prototype for a production Morgan +4 Supersports offered by the Morgan factory. They made 101 of these cars. Lawrence Tune converted over 400 TR engines to the +4 Supersports spec. Lawrence Tune took the power from 92 BHP to 120 BHP, and the Morgan Motor Company sold them in the +4 Supersports Cars."*

Another period publication, Motor Magazine covered Lawrence Tune as well. *"TOK, the Lawrence Tune lead car and several other tuned Morgans became very well known across Europe. Winning at Spa, Clermont Ferand, Monza, Nurburgring, and in 1963 TOK held every lap record in England for 1600 - 2600cc, except Croft."*

As well as all this Morgan activity, Lawrence Tune ran one 1000cc Deep Sanderson at Le Mans in 1963, and two 301s with 1300cc engines at Le Mans in 1964.

Looking to expand the Lawrence Tune work on a Vauxhall VX490 was started in 1962, a project that was taken over by Bill Blydenstein. This car finished 2nd in the European Touring Car Championship after 6 six hour races, beaten only by a factory Lancia".



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The 1980s - 1990s Plus 8 gear box has been problematic of late and my garage door has been a bit like a revolving door at the department store on Black Friday.

The mounting bushes, those that hold the remote shifter to the transmission housing, are normally the problem. They deteriorate over time but are easily replaced. This is an easy job but takes a bit of time as you have to take the interior out of the car and then remove the gear box cover.

There are other issues that arise but also easily fixed.

The 'bias' spring adjustment is one of these jobs.

LT77 PLUS 8 TRANSMISSION 'BIAS' SPRING ADJUSTMENT

This is a very robust transmission but like anything mechanical, things can and do go awry. No need to worry though, they are usually an easy fix. One of the known issues with this transmission is with the remote shifting mechanism. This remote shifter is provided with a wire spring that is used to adjust the shifter's side to side alignment. This spring is known as the 'bias' spring. (Note – Just the end of the wire spring can be seen in the picture.)

When the 'bias' spring is out of adjustment, one side of the 'H' shift pattern becomes difficult to engage (e.g. either the left side of the 'H' pattern, with 1st and 2nd gear, or the right side of the 'H' pattern with 3rd and 4th gear.)

Such was the case of a 1990 Morgan Plus 8 with around 40K miles. The shifter would not easily go into 3rd or 4th gear (e.g. the right side of the 'H' shift pattern.) After a few other corrective actions failed, I chose to try to adjust the 'bias' spring.

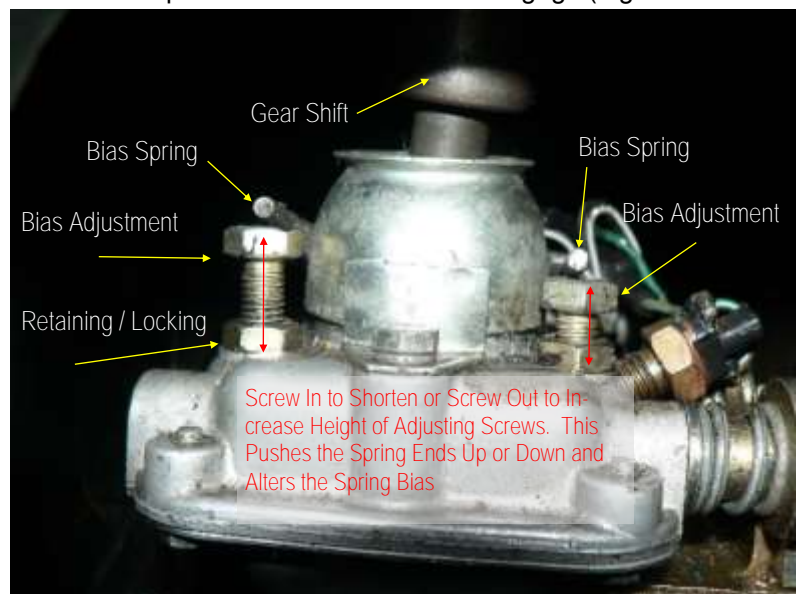
The 'bias' spring adjustment is an iterative affair. I adjusted it some and took it on a road test, adjusted some more and tested again. **5 iterations later, it worked.** I could now easily engage 3rd and 4th gears. What the bias spring does is set the gears shift's predilection for the right side (1st and 2nd) or left side (3rd and 4th) gears. (It also provides that strong resistance you push against it going to the left for reverse gear or to the right to engage 5th gear.)

It is adjusted by raising and lowering bolts that govern the spring's relative position. Raise the adjustment screw / bolt on the right side (backing the bolt out or loosening it some) higher that the adjustment screw / bolt on the left and the gear shift handle tilts a bit to the left (with a predilection for 1st and 2nd). Raise the left side bolt (above the bolt on the right side) and the gear shift handle tilts a bit to the right (with a predilection for 3rd and 4th). (As is shown in the picture.)

The shift mechanism on this car was set with way too much 'bias' towards 1st and 2nd (e.g. the left side bolt was screwed in way too far or too low) hence the inability to get into 3rd and/or 4th easily. I raised the left side a good ¼" and lowered the right side about the same, to get the shifter to 'bias' to the right side gears (3rd and 4th). It is now pretty well balanced. 3rd and 4th gear are easily obtained and not the struggle they were before.

Each of the adjusting bolts has a locking or retaining nut that precludes the adjusting nuts from moving. On this car, both of these locking nuts were loose. They must have vibrated and screwed themselves in/down over time.

[This is not a typical DIY job, as it requires lots of tools, several sets of hands and is made significantly easier with an automotive lift. But, if you have what you need, go for it! For those without the requisite skills or tools, this write up can provide you with a sense of the symptoms and the cure should you experience a similar problem. Ed]





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MORGAN CAR BADGE COLLECTORS

Hermen Pol's website www.morgancarbadges.com has added a number of web pages for car Badge collectors. Also other types of Morgan regalia are offered. Want something special? Send Hermen an email at plus4plus@live.nl

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1955 MORGAN PLUS 4 FOUR PASSENGER DROPHEAD COUPE 2 Tone Blue

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1909



2014 US (and a few International) EVENTS

2015

The MOGSouth Christmas Party is still on the Calendar for 2015. Then we will be full speed into the new year, 2016.

I have the 2016 MOGSouth Events Calendar started but there may be a number of interesting things to add, as well as confirmation of dates and locations. I have some of those I couldn't confirm as TBD.

Let me know what events I have missed and if you had confirmed dates or locations that I have shown as TBD, send me an email.



The 2015 MOGSouth Events Calendar

- **Special Opening 'Wheels Through Time Museum'**, Dec 5, Maggie Valley, NC (See Details in this Issue)
- **MOGSouth Christmas Party**, Dec 5 - Waynesville, NC - Gene Spainhour / Pat Harris Hosts (See Details in this Issue)

The 2016 MOGSouth Events Calendar

- **All British Classic Car Show**, Feb 28, Royal Palm Place, Boca Raton FL
- **Boca Raton Concours d'Elegance**, Feb 21, Boca Raton, FL
- **GatorMOG Noggin**, Date/Location **TBD**
- **86th Geneva Motor Show**, Mar 3 - 13, Geneva Switzerland
- **MOGSouth Noggin**, Mar 11 (Friday), Restaurant **TBD** Fernandina Beach, FL (POC Mark Braunstein)
- **Amelia Island Concours Cars and Coffee**, Mar 12 (Saturday), Amelia Island, FL (See Signup Form in this Issue)
- **Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance**, Mar 13 (Sunday), Amelia Island, FL (There will be a Morgan on the show field!)
- **Orlando All British Car Show***, Apr 2, Mead Gardens, Winter Park, FL
- **Carolina British Classics Show**, Apr 2, Combined w/Tartan Days South Festival, Columbia, SC
- **MOGSouth Spring Meet**, Apr 15 - 17, Summerville, SC Hosted by Pat and Ken Kreuzer
- **The Mitty at Road Atlanta***, Apr 21 - 24, Road Atlanta, Braselton GA
- **Pinehurst Concours d'Elegance**, Apr 30, Pinehurst NC
- **Charlie Miller 'Serpent' Pub Crawl***, May 16 - 20, Highlands to Asheville, NC (Limited Participation)
- **Atlanta British Motorcar Day***, **TBD**, Roswell, GA - Tentative
- **24 Heures du Mans**, Jun 18 - 19, Circuit de la Sarthe, Le Mans, France
- **MCCDC MOG 46***, Jun 24 - 26, Gettysburg, PA
- **PUT-IN-BAY Road Race Reunion and Races***, Aug 29 - 31, Put In Bay, OH
- **Atlanta British Car Fayre***, **TBD**, Norcross GA
- **Goodwood Revival**, Sep 9 - 11, Goodwood Circuit, Chichester, W. Sussex, England
- **Bob McKenna 'MARVA (Virginia - Maryland) Pub Crawl***, Sep **TBD**, Mid Atlantic Region (Limited Participation)
- **MOGSouth Fall Meet**, Date **TBD**,
- **GatorMOG Noggin**, Date/Location **TBD**
- **The Petit Le Mans**, Oct **TBD**, Road Atlanta, Braselton GA
- **Euro Auto Festival***, Oct 15, Preserve at Verdae Golf Course, Greenville SC
- **United States F1 Grand Prix**, Oct 25, Circuit of the Americas, Austin, TX
- **Hilton Head Island Motoring Festival & Concours d'Elegance***, Nov 6, **TBD** Hilton Head Island, SC
- **Winter Park Concours d'Elegance***, Nov 15, Winter Park, FL
- **MOGSouth Christmas Party**, Dec 5 - Location **TBD**



Events shown in Red Text are MOGSouth sanctioned events, Blue Text are outside the US and those shown with an * will have MOGSouth participation.

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MOVING ON! MOGSouth is a club run by volunteers. Members are the heart and soul of this club and their diversity of thought is invaluable to all of us and very much necessary for our continued vitality. I have edited this newsletter and maintained the MOGSouth Web Site for over 12 years and that is way too long. It is now time for me to step down and let someone fresh guide this newsletter into something that better fits our future. Management of the advertisements for the MOGSouth Newsletter, maintenance of the MOGSouth web site (www.mogsouth.com), and management of the MOGSouth email account (mogsouth@yahoo.com) also need to be addressed. These don't necessarily need to be done by one person. I will stop at the end of 2015, so someone needs to come forward, quickly. Familiarization with the tasks will be provided. Don't worry, it's not that hard!! We also need a volunteer to take over as the MOGSouth Regalia manager, e.g. someone to design, store, sell and mail MOGSouth regalia. Send us an email.

It's Time!! Help is Needed. MOGSouth needs a few new volunteers. There are some club administration positions that need to be filled. If interested (no experience needed) please raise your hand. Interested? Contact Randy!

We use an Email contact list for communication, so in order to receive communications from MOGSouth about upcoming events, newsletter availability, etc., you must provide us with your email address. To read the electronic newsletter you need Acrobat Reader. Download it free from <http://www.adobe.com>. If you have problems reading the newsletter call Mark at (407) 322-5060. Or send us an email to mogsouth@yahoo.com.

Many thanks to those that have contributed articles and photos to this issue. Articles and photos are always welcome. Please send any comments, suggestions or material to mogsouth@yahoo.com.

SOUTHERN FOURS AND EIGHTS

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN MORGAN OWNERS GROUP MOGSOUTH VOL. 11/15

Not a Member of MOGSouth? **It's Easy to Join!!!**

Dues for the calendar year are \$25. They are due and payable January 1st.

To join us, please mail your check payable to MOGSouth to:

MOGSouth c/o Randy Johnson, 296 Lakeshore Drive, Berkeley Lake, GA 30096

