

MAR/APR 2022

Vol 45 Issue 2

The Morganeer



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



Super Three... *W H E E E E !*

NEW CLUB MEMBERS

Nancy Reardon, Middleboro, MA

WELCOME TO THE CLUB!

COVER PHOTO

The new Morgan Super 3 three wheeler
Morgan Motor Company

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FROM THE PRESIDENT

Maura Hall

Ah! February—a little too early for me to jump into the spring cleaning mentality, and all the chatter has been words of love for Valentine's day. Clever little cards and gifts, flowers—if you were lucky ... For those wondering, the baby car did NOT get me flowers or chocolates, and I did stop short of writing a Morgan Valentine poem.

However, I admit I did visit, we had a little small talk, a chat about how pretty, shiny, perky the baby looked, and how we were going to have some wonderful times together in the close future (I know I am not the only one who talks to their Morgan.) It was a good talk.

I think it is important to let your car know that you love unconditionally, regardless of how it might behave—or misbehave. A Morganeer loves their cars no matter how many times they decide not to start, or the wipers don't work, or anything of that nature. We would never curse under our breath at our little angels! Wouldn't want to hurt anyone's feelings. We have a romance with our cars. Despite the days when I didn't get all the dust buffed off, or the days when starting was optional, we forgave each other. Eventually! So—unconditional love it is then. A case of 'love me, love my Morgan'.

We communicate so well. Consider, we know every creak, clunk, purr, whirr, and whine that our cars make. Mostly definitely they talk to us, and of course it would be rude not to reply when spoken to!



We care for our cars as we do for our nearest and dearest. No door slamming, only the best buffing towels, and all the accessories. Your car is likely a screen saver and of course we have car pictures on our phones, happy to show them off at a moment's notice. To anyone who asks, and even if they didn't ask, they should have. Love me, love my Morgan.

The original expression was of course, love me love my dog, although recently I have heard that idiom with a myriad of options to love. A medieval French monk, St Bernard of Clairvaux immortalized the phrase during a sermon. (No, not St Bernard of the dog fame, that was St Bernard of Menthon). St Bernard lived and worked in the 1100s, so the idiom "love me, love my dog" came into use sometime before that.

And people do love the Morgans. People I have never met before stop me in parking lots and fall in love with my car. Hmm ... given how popular my car is, maybe a better phrase would be "Love my Morgan, love me?"

Maura

Speeding Ticket



FROM THE EDITOR

Jonathan Kinghorn

It's not quite spring as I write, but the snowdrops have already bloomed, the days are getting longer, and as far as Winter is concerned, I think we are over the hump—just. There are encouraging signs on the COVID front that this year will be so much better than the last two. And as another new normal looms, it is time to make plans for the upcoming season. To help you, this issue contains the beginnings of a calendar of events. We'll add further events in future issues as details are published.

Speaking of events and calendar-ing, the big news in this issue is the announcement of dates and venue for Autumn MOG 2022. We've already teased Newport, Rhode Island as the destination for this year's MOG, but now we can tell you where and when. I always enjoy Newport—its dining options, yachts, and cottages. We go every year to enjoy the cliff walk and a spin on Ocean Drive, and yet we always find something new to see or do. I haven't managed to get to MOG yet, but I'm determined to go this year and hope to see you there too. Commit now!

Changing the subject completely, Plus Four chassis #4840 is currently up for sale, should you have \$250,000 burning a hole in your pocket. This is reportedly the vehicle built by Morgan Motors for Chris Lawrence to race so successfully at Le Mans in 1962. Lawrence transferred his "lucky" registration TOK 258 to the new car from the 1956 Plus Four he had been barred from driving at Le Mans the previous



year and had just sold. In this issue we have raided the archives to reprint an article from ten years ago by Frank Wnek telling the tale of Chris Lawrence's experience at Le Mans in 1961 and the original TOK 258 (which Lawrence bought back and reunited with its famous "lucky" registration number).

With so few events to report on content for winter issues of *The Morganeer* is always challenging. This time around we have for you a lengthy interview that Editor at Large Steve Scheffbauer conducted with our very own Secretary, Marc Wundermann and an article from the land down under by John Merton about The Adventures of a Series 1. In Memoriam features notices about Steven Colsen, Andy Traggis, and Barbara Willburn by Spider Bulyk and Bill Alexander. And we round out the issue with some PR from Morgan Motors and two technical articles from David Crandall and Paul Fredericks discussing respectively bonnet halves and winter servicing.

Hit the road as soon as you can, but watch out for those potholes!

Looking for a Drive? Organize One!

Organizing a club drive is not rocket science and can be fun. Start with something simple and informal and get more ambitious as your confidence and experience grow. Please coordinate with your area captain to prevent clashes with other events that might be in the works.

The most important things are to give members adequate notice so they can plan to attend, to make and convey clear plans, and to have alternatives up your sleeve in case some things don't go as planned on the day. Interesting destinations, an attractive route that's good to drive and not too long, and bathroom breaks make for a classic ride.

A late morning drive followed by lunch, or meeting for lunch and then driving are good plans, leaving participants time to arrive at the start point and get home afterwards. You can plan your route using maps but do drive it to ensure that it is suitable, and drive it again close to the date of the event to check for potholes, construction, or other issues so no surprises impact the ride.

It's a good idea to check out the lunch venue beforehand too and make a reservation for the event—book for a generous (but reasonable) number of diners and let the restaurant know on the day the actual size of the party; it is always easier to seat a smaller party in a busy venue than to accommodate a larger one.

You can't do anything about the weather, but you'll need to have a plan to cope with poor conditions. Will you have a rain date or drive regardless? How will you alert participants to any change of plan? You can invite members to your event (and ask them to RSVP) through a 3/4 Group email. Contact our registrar and membership director, Jack Flynn, to set up an email to the entire membership or to just to your area. He can be emailed at jvflynn@jvflynn.com.

For further advice, British Cars of New Hampshire has an excellent drive planning handbook on its website; it can be downloaded at <https://www.bcnh.org/wp-content/uploads/2021/06/Drive-Guide.pdf>.



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IN CASE YOU MISSED IT ...

3% OF THE BEST

Autocar's online feature "The best British cars ever made" (<https://www.autocar.co.uk/slideshow/best-british-cars-ever-made-o>) ranks 100 vehicles—of which no less than three are Morgans. The 1968 Morgan Plus 8 comes in at #83, the 1936 Morgan 4/4 at #68, and the 2012 Morgan Three-Wheeler at #56. Unsurprisingly, the first three places are taken respectively by the 1959 Austin Mini, the 1961 Jaguar E-Type, and the 1970 Range Rover. The Morgans were ranked above the 1963 Lotus Cortina (89), the 1955 MGA (90), the 1970 Triumph Stag (92), the 1967 Triumph TR5 PI (96), and the 1964 Sunbeam Tiger (97).

"SO COME ON— HOW DIFFERENT DO THEY ACTUALLY FEEL?"

On January 24, 2022, the Top Gear website published "Progress Report: Morgan 4/4 vs Morgan Plus Four", an article from the magazine *Top Gear* by Stephen Dobie comparing a 1966 Morgan 4/4 with a brand new Plus 4, very favorably as it happens. The article can be found at <https://www.topgear.com/car-news/retro/progress-report-morgan-44-vs-morgan-plus-four>.

BID FOR YEAR ROUND SALES OF E15 FUEL REJECTED BY THE SUPREME COURT

Heave a sigh of relief. On January 7, 2022, the U.S. Supreme Court officially denied, without comment, a petition seeking a review of a lower court ruling from July, 2021, that found the Environmental Protection Agency didn't have the authority to allow year round use of E15, under the Clean Air Act (CAA). The legal battle was instigated in 2019 when year round sale of E15 was approved by the EPA under the Trump administration and oil refiners promptly challenged the rulemaking in the D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals. Prior to 2019, summertime sales of E15 had been banned as a precaution against smog.

DRONE TOUR OF MORGAN MOTORS

This is all over the internet, and very cool. Morgan Motors have posted a drone tour of the factory on YouTube (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xWLxtiiPmQc>). If you haven't watched it yet, do so now!

NOT SO GREEN AFTER ALL?

Environmental Outcomes of the U.S. Renewable Fuel Standard—a recent study in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* (<https://www.pnas.org/content/119/9/e2101084119>) found that outcomes of this keystone climate and environmental regulation remain unclear. It concludes that "Even without considering likely international land use effects, we find that the production of corn-based ethanol in the United States has failed to meet the policy's own greenhouse gas emissions targets and negatively affected water quality, the area of land used for conservation, and other ecosystem processes. Our findings suggest that profound advances in technology and policy are still needed to achieve the intended environmental benefits of biofuel production and use."

ONE OF THE BIGGEST FLOPS IN AUTOMOTIVE HISTORY?

The Autocar's online feature "The biggest flops in automotive history" (<https://www.autocar.co.uk/slideshow/biggest-flops-automotive-history-1>) includes the 1963 Morgan Plus Four Plus among its 56 slides. It states on Slide 6 that "this bold attempt to break away from Morgan's very tradition looks and construction simply jarred too much with its customer base." Now "one of the most highly prized cars for Morgan aficionados," it is described as having "dependable Triumph TR4 mechanicals [that] make it easy to look after and good to drive." Other models in the deck include the expected 1948 Tucker, 1981 DMC DeLorean, 1992 Jaguar XJ220, 1987 Sterling, and 1958 Ford Edsel. Among the less well-known vehicles featured are the 1960 Citroën Bijou, the 1974 Bricklin SV-1, the 1984 Merkur XR4Ti, the 1996 SsangYong Korando.



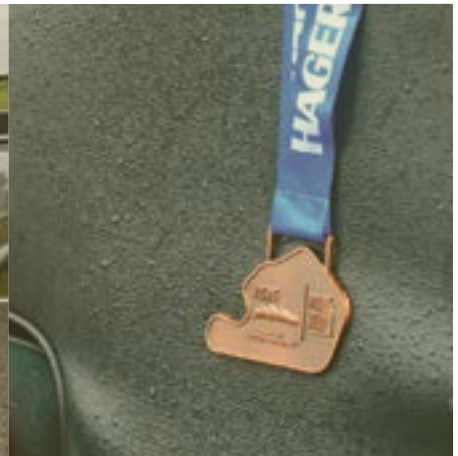
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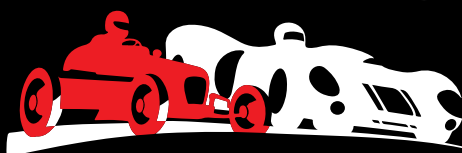
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THE MARQUES

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Save the date for Autumn MOG 2022

September 9-10

It's going to happen again folks, Autumn MOG is coming to the most populous municipality on Aquidneck Island in Narragansett Bay—Newport, Rhode Island—the weekend of September 9-10. Save that date and mark your calendar! Newport, of course, is known for its gilded age “cottages”, its tennis and golf, its rich sailing history, and so much more.

Details of the weekend's activities will be shared later, but we can announce now that we will be based at the Wayfinder Hotel at 151 Admiral Kalbfus Road, Newport, RI 02840. The hotel describes itself as, “your home away from home, with a palette of coastal colors our spacious rooms and suites offer custom furnishings, vintage finds, and local touches.” Check out the website at <https://www.thewayfinderhotel.com/rooms-in-newport-ri>.

You can book your room now using the website. Disregard the three night minimum requirement that will appear on the bottom of the calendar. Scroll down to the “add promo” field and enter “Group Attendee”, and enter our group code—THETH220909-182315—in the field below. When the block information appears click “select and go to next step”; you will then be prompted to click “update dates of stay” and can choose your room type.



*We will once again enjoy our gorgeous cars in great company and in a great location.
It'll be another fabulous and fun Autumn event.
See you there!*



The Breakers, Newport, RI. (UpstateNYer)



Battery Park, Newport Rhode Island (Kenneth C. Zirkel)

FOR SALE

1959 Morgan Plus 4 located in Killingly, CT, mileage 44,973, 95 hp engine, VIN #4252. Additional photos available upon request. Asking \$29,000

For more information, contact Chris at gazzolachris@gmail.com



1948 Morgan F4 Three Wheeler for Sale

Right hand drive 1948 Morgan F4 imported to USA from Nottingham, England, in 1968. Shown at the Connecticut Concours d'Elegance in 2009. Chassis #1146, Vin #MOR78595634, 1958 Ford 100E engine, 22,000 original miles. Current Location: Long Branch, New Jersey.

Email or text Marcia or Tom Blackwell for further information, tjblackwell68@gmail.com, marciaserioblackwell@gmail.com, 732-539-9181

Morgan and His Morgan

Charles Morgan, who still owns 40% of the Morgan Motor Company, was recently here on vacation. "He sure loves Southern California," says Dennis Glavis of Morgan West, "was on the very first flight out of the UK allowed for UK citizens to the U.S. and will be staying with us from Sunday until he leaves on Wednesday." Dennis said, "He was in the Pacific Ocean swimming at 8 a.m. this morning!" He is a huge bicyclist and has a really healthy lifestyle. Ya gotta love those tough Brits! "Charles bought the Drophead from me a couple of years ago to keep here in Southern California for when he visits."

Charles is a happy man especially since he can participate in "Brit Week", while visiting, and the rally that started at the Petersen Museum in Los Angeles, winding through the streets of Beverly Hills and ending at the Beverly Hills City Hall where the cars were on display.

Great planning on your part Charles. Cheers!



Morgan and his Morgan



Charles outside Morgan West



Atop the Peterson Museum in LA



Charles with a customer



Brit Week

EVENT CALENDAR 2022

The 3/4 Morgan Group Ltd.

As far as 2022 events are concerned it is early days yet and few dates and details have been published. This calendar is therefore just the first appearance of a work in progress, and we'll post updates from time to time to keep you informed. These events have already been confirmed, so mark your calendars now! With the COVID pandemic still wreaking havoc, however, we can still expect reduced numbers, social distancing, and maybe mask requirements. Some events may be cancelled or postponed so best to check with organizers ahead.

DATE	EVENT	HOSTS
June 3-5	GREENWICH CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE , Greenwich, CT	Steve Schefbauer sschefbauer@aol.com https://www.greenwichconcours.com/
June 5	BRITISH BY THE SEA , Harkness Memorial State Park, Waterford, CT	Fred Cohen fsc541@verizon.net http://www.ctmgclub.com
June 10-11	BRITISH MOTORCARS IN BRISTOL , Bristol, RI	https://www.britishmotorcarsinbristol.com/
June 19	PORTSMOUTH ABBEY FATHER'S DAY SHOW , Portsmouth, RI	
June 18	KLINGBERG VINTAGE MOTORCAR SERIES EVENT , New Britain, CT 9 a.m. – 2 p.m.	https://klingbergmotorcarseries.org/
July 10	ANNUAL BAY STATE ANTIQUE AUTO CLUB CAR SHOW , Endicott Estate, Dedham, MA, 7 a.m. – 2 p.m.	https://www.bsaac.com/
July 16	ANNUAL FOUNDER'S DAY & CLASSIC CAR EXHIBIT , Paris, ME	http://www.hamlin.lib.me.us/founders_day.html
July 15-17	MISSELWOOD CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE , Beverly, MA	https://www.misselwood.com/concours-delegance
July 23	SHOW OF DREAMS , Hudson, NH 10 a.m. – 3 p.m.	https://www.bcnh.org/
August 12-14	VERMONT ANTIQUE AND CLASSIC CAR SHOW , Waterbury, VT	https://vtauto.org/vermont-car-shows/antique-classic-car-meet/
September 2-5	HISTORIC FESTIVAL 39, GATHERING OF THE MARQUES , Lime Rock Park, Lakeville, CT	Steve Schefbauer sschefbauer@aol.com https://limerock.com/labor-day-historics
September 9-11	AUTUMN MOG , Newport, RI	Details to follow.
September 9-11	THE BRITISH INVASION , Stowe VT	https://www.britishinvasion.com/
September 18	BRITISH CAR DAY , Oakville, ON	http://www.torontotriumph.com/BCD/

Nota Bene: In non-COVID times 3/4 Morgan Group Ltd. members regularly get together in smaller, regional events on a less formal basis: Noggins, lunches, BBQs, tours, work sessions, and casual parties. Contact your local Area Captain to host one yourself or just to stay in the loop.

From the Morgan Twilight Zone (cue eerie music)

The Mad Hatter (before going mad) All photos, Tom Austin

"You are about to enter another dimension, a dimension not only of sight and sound but of mind. A journey into a wondrous land of imagination. Next stop, the phenomenon called Autumn MOG."

He noticed the changes and non-changes over a series of years and his participation in the car club's big annual event. At first he thought he was imagining it. He wrote it off as just wishful thinking. But from year to year he began to observe more closely, taking note of the strange happenings. Now he was SURE he was right. The cars—the owner's beloved Morgans of various years, colors shapes and sizes—seemed to be aging. Looking a bit more road worn, paint slightly faded perhaps, a few nicks and scratches on the wings, the tires looking more worn, the interiors more used. But their owners, AND their partners, seemed to be looking ever the same. The men in their tee shirts and fleeces, various amounts of facial and cranial hair. The women neatly coiffed, smartly dressed, fit and trim in appearance. AND looking like they HAD looked for as long as he could remember being associated with the group (which was at least 10 years). They seemed 'ageless', or, more specifically, to be NOT aging!

He was pretty sure now it was NOT just his imagination (or wishful thinking). The empirical evidence seemed right in front of his face and overwhelming. But what to do about it? Should he ask any of his Morgan buddies if they had made the same observations? Would they just laugh him off ... or even listen. Would they think he had had a few too many beers? (REALLY? Over-imbibing at Autumn MOG?) Well, he just couldn't keep it to himself any longer.

The concours seemed the perfect opportunity. The cars all lined up by class, ranging from 1930's vintage three wheelers to '50s and '60s 4/4s and Plus 4s, to 21st Century Plus 8s, Roadsters and Aero 8s. Their proud owners were milling about with their People's Choice ballots selecting their favorites among the different classes. He, starting, looking around at the people and the Morgans. Yes, he knew he was right. Looking at the scene, he might as well have been in the same place ten years before. The only minor changes in the

people perhaps the change in fashions (of the ladies mostly). But the facial features definitely looked the same. He was sure of it.

The cars, on the other hand, a different story. The ones that had once been spiffy, shiny Best of Show cars now looked more like 40 or 50 year old sports cars, lovingly restored and maintained by their owners. But nonetheless looking OLDER. There were a few exceptions of course. The most recently restored cars had their new bright and shiny paint and wax. The new leather interior still had that lovely new leather aroma. And there were also a few trailer queens. The cars that were only unloaded off their transport trailers for the short drive onto the concours field and then back on the trailer afterwards. But even they did not look like the queens they had been years ago. Sun, wind and perhaps a little rain do take their toll on something as fragile as an aging sports car. But by and large, the fleet of members precious Morgans were definitely, over the years ... yes, aging.

He began his people observations with several couples that he had first met





when joining the club, who he knew now had been members for MANY years before his membership. He was CERTAIN they looked NO different than when he had first met them. Yes, there were some who no longer came to the event, had sold their cars, or had other things to do that weekend. And there were some members who had joined after him and he had therefore known for a fewer number of years. And there were a few new members at their first event that just looked, well ... young. But he could not say that ANY of them looked like they had aged at all in the time he had known them. Was he imagining it?

He decided to test his theory on his best pal Augie, who had been in the club many years before him. Augie was working on his first beer of the day and looking over one of the nicely turned out Morgans on the field, the slightly nervous car owner hovering nearby.

"Augie," he said, "can you come over here for a moment?"

"Sure" Augie replied, a quizzical look on his face.

Taking Augie aside out of listening distance to other club members, he continued, "Look around at all these people. You have known some of them for longer than I have. Does it seem to you like they are not showing any signs of aging?"

Augie's facial reaction to his question made him immediately wish he had never asked the question. Augie let out a belch and said, "What are you talking about? You been smoking whacky weed or something?"

He made no reply, wondering why he had been stupid enough to ask the question. He smiled a weak smile and walked away.

After the concours concluded, after the rallyers had returned and the cocktail hour of the banquet was in full swing, he looked his fellow club members over again. In particular, the women were all dressed to the nines and looking young as ever. In his mind it was proof positive of his observations. But he kept his conclusions to himself. He decided there must be some paranormal phenomena or something that was responsible for

this Morgan related fountain of youth. He decided it was worth some further research and observations.

The next morning, as he was loading up his Morgan for the drive home, all of a sudden, out of nowhere he thought he heard this strange voice coming from somewhere under the bonnet. Could it be? He listened more intently and sure enough a muffled deep male voice said:

"Be warned—the spell for Autumn MOG, where all of the cars get older, but their owners never age, will be broken IF you skip EVEN ONE year."

He awoke with a start, his head snapping up from his chin, beads of sweat on his forehead and upper lip, his hands tightly gripping the wheel of his Morgan which he had come to check on in its winter storage place for a quick visit.

"WOW, what a weird dream!" he thought.

.... or was it?



THREE WHEELERS



1934 Morgan MX4 SUPER

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1930 Morgan AERO VAN MX4 Vee

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2003 Morgan Plus 8 Royal Ivory, Mulberry Leather //

18K MILES!

2003 Morgan Plus 8 Jaguar Silver Grey Metallic, Mulberry Red Leather //

18K MILES!

WWW.MORGANWEST.NET



2003 Morgan Plus 8

Black exterior, Tan Leather //

20K MILES!

2001 Morgan Plus 8

Jaguar Grey Metallic/Mulberry Red Leather //

12.5K MILES

1984 Morgan Plus 8 Isis

TURBO CONVERSION Special Corsa Red/Cinnamon leather //

PROPANE-POWERED

1963 Morgan Plus 4 SUPERSPORT

Dark Blue, Black leather, Black 72 spoke wire wheels //

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4 FOUR SEATER, Dark Red body/Black wings, Black interior //

DRIVES

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OTHER MARQUES

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Member Profile:

An Interview with Marc Wunderman—Finally

Steve Schefbauer, Editor at Large

For you long timers in the 3/4 Morgan Group, Marc needs no introduction. For us shorter time members, let's review the facts. It might be that Marc isn't just the guy you see, at all the events, that wins the trophy for his beautiful and historic 1934 Super Sports. Oh No, so much more.

Marc has been a member for about 22 years and has certainly NOT let the proverbial grass grow under his feet—consider this:

Metro Area Captain, 2002-2004

President, 2004-2008 and had the club running like a well oiled machine (Like any good Morgan Mechanic should) His President's Ramble column in *The Morganeer*, every issue, was full of folksy charm, insight, and wit and after reading you felt like "yeh, I know this guy and he's a friend and knows whereof he speaks"

Secretary, 2015 to present

Well deserved, 2018 Winner of the Harry Carter, Esprit du Vent award.

Some hefty accomplishments from a reserved, soft spoken man but confident leader, who speaks softly and carries a big shtick (with apologies to T. Roosevelt)

I asked questions, Marc had answers so good, I'm going to let him tell the story. So, here goes.

Marc, let's start from the beginning, where were you born and raised?

I was born in New York City in 1949. My family lived first in Forrest Hills, Queens, and before I started kindergarten we moved to Great Neck on Long Island where we remained until I graduated from high school.

Where did you pursue your education and what was your major?

After high school I completed college in two hops. I attended the University of

Vermont eventually majoring in psychology, but in my junior year I realized that rats in mazes and Skinner boxes did not interest me, and statistics utterly baffled me (I couldn't add two and two and reliably get four until personal electronic calculators came along).

I found human behavior extremely interesting, but that was not what we were studying. The draft lottery that year left me with such a high number that I could never be drafted, so I decided to take some time off from school and figure things out. I packed my car and headed west to California, eventually living in Berkeley and working in the country's second Tower Records store (remember those?) in San Francisco near Fisherman's Wharf.

After two or so years, which among other things included a summer road trip to Alaska, I moved back to New York, enrolled at Columbia and majored in English, something I was actually good at, and graduated with a BA in English.



Marc and Lynn's wedding

When and where did you meet your charming wife Lynn and how did you know it would be a life long partnership?

During the summer of my last year at



Marc's truck Arrives in Alaska



Marc, his truck, Alaska and so much hair



Marc and the Jolly Vertue

Columbia I worked as an intern at the advertising agency that had been founded by my father, my uncle and two of their friends in 1958 and which had been sold to Young & Rubicam before I came along. The work clicked for me and I worked in the advertising industry from then on in various positions but always in account management. I eventually spent three years working in London but, no, I did not return with a Morgan. I did, however, return the proud owner of an antique wooden sailboat, and if you want to understand what a small boat is capable of, look up "Laurent Giles Vertue." The boat did turn out to be a step along my path to Morgans, but it was a long and winding road.

Upon returning to New York from London I took a job with Ogilvy & Mather Direct, the direct marketing arm of O&M Advertising. I was hired to work on a piece of the American Express business and my first day on the job I was introduced to a young account executive named Lynn Legum, later to become Lynn Wunderman, who was to be one of my co-workers on the account. Our clients were some of the toughest and most demanding people I have ever worked with. And though we didn't start dating until later we developed a real working partnership and a habit of watching each other's backs. That relationship morphed into a romantic one, and after about two years as a couple I asked Lynn to marry me in November of 1983. She

said yes, and we were married in June of 1984. This coming June we will celebrate our 38th wedding anniversary.

In the early 1990's I was back at Young & Rubicam working on the U.S. Army account. I was also moonlighting for some former clients doing copy fixes (something I was not allowed to touch in my day job), position papers, and this and that. I decided to take a chance and hang out a shingle as an independent consultant and copywriter. The timing proved to be perfect since there was a lot of pressure on advertisers to bring costs down, and the big and medium-sized agencies had not yet figured how to do that. I eventually partnered up with an old friend who had the creative credentials that I lacked—business was great and we were also having fun. Best of all, when a project was done, having little overhead we got to keep the money!

Well, that incorporated my next question about your profession so let's move on to your passion for automobiles. When did it start and what was your first car?

I wasn't in love with automobiles so much as I have always been crazy for old machinery of any kind. If you could open up my head, instead of blood vessels and gray matter it's more likely you would see gears, springs, pulleys and the occasional loose screw. When I was nine we visited my grandparents in Anaheim, California. We spent a day at Disneyland and on the village Main Street there was a fellow giving rides in a nineteen-oh-something Locomobile. And it was the real thing, not a replica. I can still remember the chugging sound of the engine and the strange smell of the exhaust. I thought, wait, you can do this? I was smitten. When I was twelve I brought home an Edison Standard Phonograph that plays cylinder records on the mousetrap of my bicycle. As the years went by the objects got bigger and stranger and sometimes had wheels, but basically if it had gears and exposed moving parts I was in.

There followed a 1946 Indian Chief motorcycle which I built out of used parts in an artist friend's loft while at Columbia. And later a 1956 Ford F100 panel truck, a 1941 Chevrolet panel truck, a 1955 Chevrolet Bel Air, a 1936 Plymouth business coupe, a 1965 Morgan Plus Four, and a 1934 Morgan Super Sports. That's not even a complete list, but you get the picture. Far from being unique for me, the Morgans are part of a lifelong pattern.

The first car I had a part ownership of was a 1960 Vauxhall sedan. Freshmen at the University of Vermont were not allowed to have cars, and the dorms did not serve dinner on Sunday nights. You could walk into town and buy a pizza or a sub, but it was nearly two miles each way and in winter it could be five below zero with a few feet of snow on the ground and you could come back with a frozen pizza. The solution was obvious—a car was not a luxury, it was a necessity. Two friends and I pooled \$15.00, and that is not a typo, and bought a decrepit 1960 Vauxhall from an upper classman. It had been owned by a fraternity and was painted in yellow and black zebra stripes. To make it less conspicuous, one night by the light of the moon we went to a remote parking lot with a bucket of paint and painted it black. The Vauxhall didn't last long. Two of my buddies tried to drive it to Syracuse in the belief that they would find more attractive girls there. They didn't make it, abandoned the car and hitch-hiked home.

It was still winter, and I still needed a car. The first car I fully owned was a 1955 Chevrolet that I bought for \$75.00 from a student who left school. That was a real car. I had to fix some things, but it was comfortable, started in the winter, had



Marc's Indian

heat, and I eventually even got the radio to work. It got me through the winter but eventually some enthusiastic driving blew up the engine and I sold it, not running, for \$50.00 to a fellow who wanted to build a hot rod.

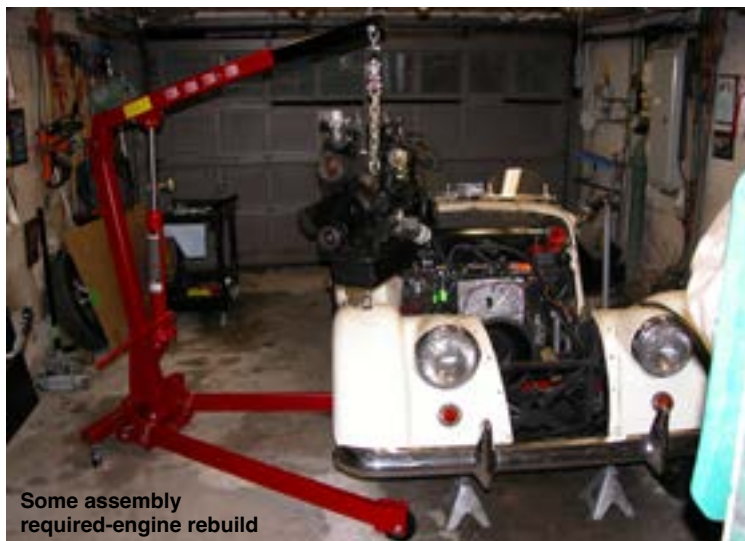
Before the beginning of my sophomore year my father said that he would buy me one car in my lifetime, what did I want? What I wanted was the new for 1969 Triumph TR6. Never mind that my father had a succession of 3.8 Jaguars that exhibited the typical-for-the-time English car ailments. Overheating in the summer, not starting when wet, stalling at toll booths and so on. One day with my mother driving the Jag the brakes stopped working, and she mostly refused to drive it after that, claiming that the car was out to get her.

The TR6 was supposed to be delivered in time for the start of my sophomore year at UVM. But it arrived during a New York longshoreman strike and sat on a dock for months. By this time my parents had moved back to Manhattan and so had a spare car, my mother's 1967 Mustang convertible with a 289 V8 and manual four-speed, and I got the use of that until the TR was released from the New York docks. Not too shabby for a consolation prize!

My woes with the Triumph began almost immediately. A few days after finally getting my hands on it I drove it from New York up to school. Somewhere along the New York State Thruway the outside door handles fell off. In those days there was a Triumph dealer in Burlington so I brought the car in along with my paperwork and asked them to replace the door handles. The man said, "we're very sorry but your warrantee requires that you provide us with the defective parts before we can replace anything." You can imagine my reaction. There followed a failed alternator, a failed water pump, and an exploding overdrive. My last memory of that car was the day I left California to return to New York. I sold it to two young fellows and last saw them pushing it down the street to get it started. I drove my more reliable vehicle back to New York, which was my 1956 Ford F100 panel truck with a camper interior, which after all had already taken me to Alaska and back.

That's about as complete an answer as I have ever seen, a virtual cornucopia of your automotive experiences, just great. What about your Morgan experiences Marc?

When I was in high school and learning to drive, my very French grandfather asked me what I would want when I could have a car of my own. Without thinking I answered, "a Morgan." He uttered the Gallic equivalent of harruummph! "Deux carburateurs!" He was a Peugeot man to the day he died, but I have no idea where that answer of mine came from because I barely knew what a Morgan was. Where



I went to high school you were probably in one of three automotive camps:

- 1) You didn't care about cars (this group included no one I knew).
- 2) You thought muscle cars were cool.
- 3) You thought muscle cars were kind of meh.

Cool cars were James Bond's Aston Martin, or something else British. My dad had his Jags. My best friend's mother had a TR4 which we were sometimes allowed to use. An older friend had a gorgeous BRG Austin-Healy 3000 which I rode in often and drove once. But the only thing I knew about Morgans was that they had something to do with wood, and I had never seen one. living in England I would see them occasionally on the road, but never up close that I can recall.

Fast forward now to around 1998. With my 50th birthday approaching Lynn asked me what I wanted for a special birthday gift. She said, "go ahead and think big." After some thought I told her that I wanted to hire someone to do a professional restoration on my Indian which by that time existed only in boxes and on shelves. She thought that was a fine idea, but the months drifted by and I did not push the project forward. I was spending so much time working that time off meant something like taking an hour or two on Sunday afternoon to go shopping for office supplies at Staples. As a freelancer I was hiring and managing other freelancers, and I eventually realized that I really did not want another project to manage. I asked Lynn if I could change my gift to an old British sports car that I could use as is. I thought it would make for a more interesting way to drive back and forth to the yacht club in Norwalk where I moored my boat. Lynn asked what kind of car I wanted, and I told her maybe an MG TC or a Morgan, though I still knew next to nothing about Morgans. We looked at some pictures together and she strongly favored a Morgan.

Enter Tom Smith, (former 3/4 Club member E.A.L.) fellow wooden boat owner and owner of a 1960 Plus Four 4 seater. Wooden boat owners in a boatyard all get to know one another because you need to know who you can borrow a caulking iron from on a Sunday afternoon. We talked it over and Tom explained

that having a Morgan was having it both ways. You could have a car with 1930's technology, but it could keep up with traffic on the Merritt Parkway. He invited me to come up and take his for a ride. I took him up on his offer on a frigid afternoon in December. Hood down, side curtains packed away somewhere, and maybe a little output from the heater, but not much. He let me take the wheel and the moment I sighted down the long, straight bonnet that was all I needed to know. It would be a Morgan or nothing.

I began searching and reading ads and eventually contacted Linda Eckler. She asked me how hands on I was likely to be. Given my history with cars I said that I could be as hands-on as I needed to be, but I really wanted a driver, not a fixer-upper. Linda didn't have a car for me at that time, so I made a habit of pouring over ads in Hemmings and elsewhere. I tried to make an offer on a good looking 4/4 in Nevada, but it was already gone. Then I saw an interesting Plus 4 for sale

at Northshore Sports Cars in Chicago. I spoke with Norb Bries, the proprietor, but I reluctantly came to the conclusion that after I added in round trip airfare to check out the car and the cost of shipping it to New York it would add up to more than I wanted to spend. Three days after I told Norb I would have to pass I got a phone call from another consultant with whom I was sharing a project. She said, "the client would like to know if we can be in Chicago for focus groups next week." I didn't even try to be cute by saying let me check my schedule, I think I just said what day? I flew out a few hours early and ended up buying the white 1965 Plus Four, which I've now owned for over twenty years.

What would you be driving if there were no such things as Morgans?

If there were no such thing as a Morgan, I would probably have something else old and British. Perhaps an MG TC



2018 Lime Rock Best British Car Award



Looks pretty clean for a snow car



Marc's Plus 4
at Tapas Day
Lime Rock

or better still an MG J2. Both certainly have 1930's technology, but neither one could keep up with traffic on the Merritt Parkway. Or perhaps a four-cylinder Indian with a sidecar. Or maybe by now I would have gotten the Indian I already own running again.

Marc any other interests and passions?

I started sailing at age fourteen and by fifteen I was crewing for races every weekend on a friend's boat. I love being on the water, but the 30 years that I owned an ultra high-maintenance boat seems to have burned a lot of that out of me, and at some point I realized that I was enjoying driving back and forth to the boat more than I was enjoying using it. I was an avid skier from an early age—my choice of UVM was no coincidence—but the crowds, expense, and cold of downhill skiing have caught up with me. Lynn and I still go cross country skiing when we visit New Hampshire but my balance is not what it used to be. We have a trip planned for March and we'll see how it goes. I always try to find at least an hour every day to spend reading. I have nearly worn out my second Kindle, and right now it has over two hundred books that I've read in the past three years or so.

Final question Marc, having been a 3/4 Club member for about 22 years, what changes have you seen in the club and how should we go about keeping the club alive and of interest to new members?

There are two big changes I can think of. The first is the graying of the membership and the shrinking of the club. The challenge is that if younger people are not buying Morgans, then how can we bring younger people into the club? We can't. My feeling is that we need to keep reaching out to owners who are not members. When I was president I made an offer to MOPS (Morgans of Philadelphia) to bring them in as a region of the

3/4 Group with free membership for a couple of years and one or two seats on the board in the belief that for organizations like ours there really is strength in numbers. They declined that offer, and as far as I know that group no longer exists. I don't know if there are any good parallels to that strategy available today, but it's worth thinking about.

The second change, and the one that could doom our group, is the increasing difficulty we have in finding volunteers, though I don't think that problem is unique to us. I think we currently have a strong group of officers, but I cringe when I think of the years where Maura had to do so much by herself. And look at Autumn MOG—it's mostly the same group of people stepping up to get it done every year. If even three or four people reading this would volunteer for something related to Autumn MOG, it could make a real difference.

And my parting thought: If there is one thing I miss about being president of the club it would be how many members I got to know when I made more of an effort to cruise around to events outside of my natural habitat. I think the job was worth it for that alone.

Wow Marc, thank you very much for your openness in sharing your thoughts and giving us all a visit into the world of Marc Wunderman. I learned a lot and I hope our members did as well.

You're a real asset to the 3/4 Morgan Group Ltd.



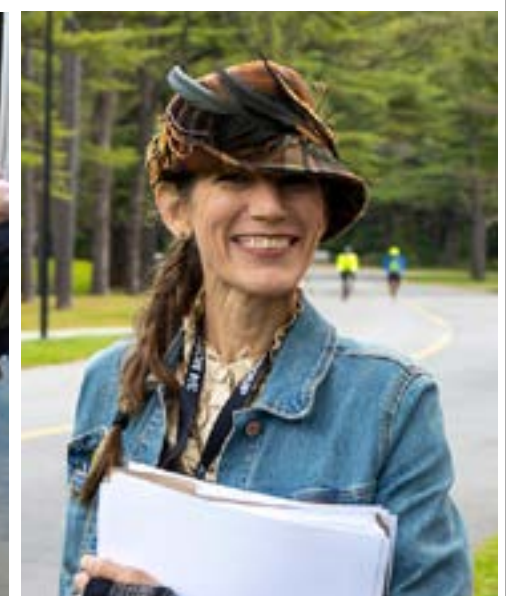
Marc on Lime Rock Autocross 2020

MOG Memories

Our Autumn MOG is always a fun-filled fiesta of fabulous cars, people, and activities. The auction, the rally, the hospitality, the awards, the participants, and of course the concours make for a great weekend. Our club is at its best when members club together, so here are a few images from last year's MOG to awake fond memories and get you excited for the upcoming MOG 2022. Newport here we come!

Photos courtesy of David Darby, Juliana Potts, Angel Fredericks, Frank Wnek, and Tom Austin.





TOK Versus TRS

The Le Mans Match-up That Never Happened

Frank Wnek

Editor's note: This article was originally published in the March/April 2012 issue of The Morganeer, but the story bears retelling.

This Summer there will be a special celebration at the 'Le Mans Classic', an event held every other year just after the big 24 Heures du Mans race. It will mark the 50th anniversary of the Morgan Plus 4 Super Sports' class win at Le Mans in 1962 with, as drivers, the legendary and recently deceased Chris Lawrence and his team mate Richard Shepherd-Barron. Some of our globetrotting club members will be there, of course—David Crandall, Ron Garner, Burt Hunter (with his Plus 4 Super Sports, I believe) and perhaps others. Most of us are aware of the story, now legend in Morgan lore, of the amazing Morgan class victory at Le Mans. But there is an interesting lesser known story within a story about how the Chris Lawrence Morgan almost never got to participate in the Le Mans race at all. And it involves another of the iconic but bygone British marques—Standard-Triumph.

First of all, for those of us who drive our cars recreationally—occasionally perhaps at fairly high speeds on the highway or competitively (at low speed) in our club autocrosses; try to imagine racing your cherished Morgan flat out, as fast as it would go, on a racetrack with some fifty other cars (the likes of Ferrari, Maserati, Aston Martin, Jaguar, Porsche, Lotus, etc) trying to do the same, one entire day and on through the night, rain or shine (and often there is rain) for TWENTY FOUR HOURS! If you just think about this for a few moments, you can begin to appreciate just what an accomplishment it was. And if you have done some extensive repairs or restoration work on your car and are familiar



Chris Lawrence's famous TOK 258



View of TOK 258 after it passed you



Chris Lawrence tries out Douglas' Super Sports at the Centenary



Mike's TRS cars

with its, shall we say, fragile nature, the feat seems even more monumental.

So back in time now to Chris Lawrence in his little specialty shop in the UK, LawrenceTune, where in late 1960 he hatched the idea of competing in the 1961 edition of the Le Mans race. By the end of 1960 he had arranged with Peter Morgan for the factory to start production (in Feb 1961) of the Super Sports model and the factory was to supply the Triumph TR3 engines to Chris for the full LawrenceTune treatment. Furthermore, on December 30, 1960, *Autosport* published a detailed report by John Bolster on the car that had become the prototype for the high-bodied Super Sports, Chris' 1956 Plus 4 (registered TOK 258) with which he had been racing very successfully since acquiring it in 1958. In 1961 this car changed hands and Chris bought another high-bodied Plus 4, this time supplied by the factory with an aluminum body and fitted once again with a TR3 LawrenceTune engine matched to Weber 45 carburetors, tubular exhaust headers and an oil cooler. Chris' goal was to tweak as much horsepower as possible from the Triumph unit and develop a light-weight racing car that

could favorably compete in what many regard as THE premier auto endurance race in the world. Talk about setting your sights high!

At the Morgan works, Peter and the boys were of course aware of Chris' project, although not yet directly or officially involved. And there were others who had gotten word of the fledgling Le Mans contender and were NOT very pleased. It seems that the boys over at Standard-Triumph were also developing a car to race at Le Mans in 1961. Their strategy was a bit more grandiose. After entering Le Mans with several modified TR3s in 1959,

they were developing a 'ground up' racing car, dubbed the TRS, which interestingly would have a fully re-engineered engine. And they were not very keen on the idea of having to compete once again with a Triumph powered Morgan, which in the past had proved their nemesis in SO many venues on racing circuits in the UK and on the continent. For the mother of all sports car races, Le Mans, they preferred NOT to have to once again contend with a Morgan upstart.

Standard-Triumph had entered the Le Mans race in 1954 and 1955 with their then production TR2 model. But the cars, although finishing the race, were not competitive. Their entries in the 1959 Le Mans were modified TR3s (which they designated the TR3S), with a slightly longer wheelbase AND the dual overhead cam engine they had developed specifically as a racing engine. The engine had two very prominent half-round covers at the forward ends of the twin cams, and was quickly dubbed 'Sabrina'. But even with a fiberglass body, the car was heavy and tended to overheat. By the end of the endurance race, all 3 cars had abandoned. For the 1960 Le Mans edition Triumph unveiled a new fiberglass-bodied car built around the improved Sabrina engine (now developing 155bhp) and specifically designed for racing—which they called the TRS. Three of the four



Douglas, Mike and the TRS at the '08 Le Mans Classic



The TRS 'Sabrina' engine

cars brought to the race finished—in second, third, and fourth place in their class with an average speed of 89.56 mph. Unfortunately, due to performance issues (distorted valve seats), none of the cars qualified on distance covered. The team returned to the factory, tore the engines down and vowed to return the following year.

Back at LawrenceTune, Chris' new Morgan was tested and, he believed, ready to take on Le Mans in the Summer of 1961. He presented the car, fitted with a slightly rough aluminum hardtop, and his plan to Peter Morgan, who looked it over and pronounced it 'a bit tatty', but all the while impressed with the idea and its potential. In the meantime, Chris had formally applied with Automobile Club de l'Ouest (ACO), the authorities running the 24 Heures du Mans, to have the car accepted as an entry. And Triumph had also done so with their team of 3 TRS racing cars with factory support. But hedging their bet, Triumph had also dispatched an 'agent provocateur' to petition the ACO authority with the argument that Chris' Morgan entry was really a modified but still antiquated, coach-built sports car, upgraded to front disc brakes, which fell woefully short of the 'race car' construction and specifications which should be required of an entry into this prestigious world class event. Their argument won the au-

thorities over, and Chris was informed that his TOK 258 would NOT be allowed to compete in the 1961 Le Mans race.

Having disqualified Chris Lawrence's Morgan entry, in the 1961 edition of Le Mans, three TRS cars of the Standard-Triumph team all finished the race—in ninth, eleventh, and fifteenth position with the fastest car averaging 98.91 mph. Standard-Triumph was also awarded the manufacturer's team prize. But sadly, later that year Standard-Triumph's financial difficulties finally caught up with the company which was acquired by British Leyland. One of the first cost-saving decisions made by the new management was to 'retire' the racing team, despite the fact that the team, already working towards improvements for the 1962 Le Mans, had just fitted twin Webers on the Sabrina engine, now developing an impressive 200bhp.

Obviously, being 'disqualified' for the 1961 Le Mans race raised the hackles not only of Chris and his team but Peter and the Morgan works as well. Chris hatched the idea of modifying the high-bodied Morgan Plus 4, putting the 2 liter LawrenceTune TR3 engine in a sleeker aluminum low-bodied car with less drag and adding an expansion tank for the radiator (mounted atop the firewall). The registration number TOK 258 was transferred to this car which was to become the prototype for the low-bodied Super

Sports versions built as from December 1963. The aluminum hardtop was also changed to a more rounded aerodynamic shape and painted white. Morgan decided they would give Chris and his car factory sponsorship, paint the car BRG, and do what they could to get his car accepted for entry in Le Mans the following year. Meanwhile, the works were already producing the high-bodied +4 Super Sports cars. To overcome the false impression of the car given to the ACO authorities by their Triumph rivals, Peter shrewdly dispatched his French ally, Jacques Savoye, owner of the French Morgan dealership in Paris, to plead their case. Jacques had competed several years in the Le Mans race in his Singer and knew some of the players. Whether or not there were any cases of champagne involved is not known, but Jacques' persuasive argument that the Morgan was truly a competitive entry carried the day, and the Chris Lawrence Morgan was accepted for the 1962 edition of the 24 Heures du Mans.

And the rest, as they say, is history. The Morgan, entry number 29, not only finished the grueling race, but took first place in the 1601-2000cc GT class, covering 2261 miles at an average speed of 94 mph. Yes, the average speed was under the 98 mph the TRS had run the previous year. However, not only average speed but distance covered qualified the Morgan for finishing placement. Some would contend that an even greater feat was the Morgan finishing in 13th place overall, considering the competition from the entire field. Peter Morgan dubbed it 'one of the greatest moments in the company's history.' (or 24 hours, rather than moments, to be precise.)

But our story does not end here, dear readers. There is an interesting addendum, provided by our Parisian friend (and Plus 4 Super Sports owner) Douglas Hallawell. It seems that Douglas was walking through the corral of past Le Mans participant sports cars at the Le Mans Classic 2008 edition when what should he come upon but—a beautifully restored Triumph TRS, one of the three cars that had run in the 1961 race. In addition to the restoration, the car's Sabrina engine also sported Weber carburetors instead of the original SUs. Douglas was, of course, very interested in the car, and as he was looking it over closely began chatting with the owner, who actually

owns two of the original TRS cars—a German, Mike Otto. At the end of their conversation Douglas nonchalantly mentioned that HE owned, not TOK 258, but one of the later factory limited production Morgan Plus 4 Super Sports. And what do you think was Mike's response? You guessed it—'Gee, if it's the yellow car parked with all the Morgans, would you consider selling it?' Douglas' answer (as would be the response of ANY of our members fortunate enough to own one of these iconic, race pedigreed Morgans) was, of course—'SORRY, it's NOT for sale!'

And so, going back once again to our story in 1961/62, what would have been an amazing duel between Triumph and Morgan at the prestigious 24 Heures du Mans never occurred. BUT WAIT! That doesn't mean that it can NEVER occur. Perhaps Douglas could challenge his German TRS-owning acquaintance to a few laps of the Le Mans course this summer as part of the Le Mans Classic. What better way to memorialize Chris Lawrence's victory 50 years on!

Former editor's note: This story seems to have taken on a life of its own. After sending the draft to Douglas, not only did he provide some additional excellent technical information and corrections, but he also informed me that he has already contacted Mike Otto with a view to having him drive one of his TRS cars together with Douglas' Super Sports during a parade lap or two of the circuit (with none other than our International Liaison Officer David Crandall riding along). Although he has been admonished NOT to make a race out of it, anything could happen in the heat of the moment, especially on the long straightaway back stretches of the storied Le Mans track.

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- Photos (TOK 258 and Chris Lawrence) and additional facts—Hermen Pol

See his Facebook page <https://www.facebook.com/groups/morganhistoryinfo/>

1963 4/4 2-Seater For Sale

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

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

1963Morgan44sale@gmail.com

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Adventures of a Series I

John Merton

It started in 1965 because of a Honda S600. What a disaster! The engine of the thing came out 19 times in 21,000 miles. That's a story I don't want to remember. My contributions to Honda's parts coffers underpin that company's current prosperity. They also kept me broke.

Anyway, I needed transport and it had to be cheap. And open.

Bill S., another local, had a penchant for decrepit sports cars. He bought chassis #1838 (reg. BOS 709) from Ken Ward in Sydney. The drive back to Canberra showed up warts and Bill set to work. He replaced a lot of the rotten wood (with pine!), made a dash of virgin Formica (not even glued to ply or Masonite) replaced the wiring (but didn't harness it) and refitted a correct Moss gearbox in lieu of the Vauxhall unit in it.

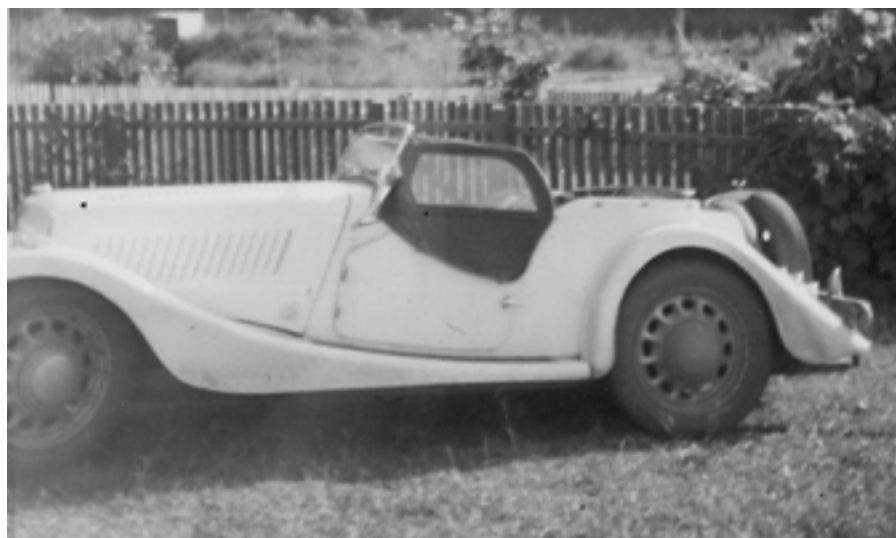
It passed ACT registration—somehow. The chassis was cracked in several places and the front sliding pillars had advanced wear. The front wheels toed out by 55 degrees. Worse, the thread on the front right hand stub axle was stripped, the castellated nut hammered on and held in place with a large nail.

Shortly afterwards, Bill found an equally decrepit but potentially faster TR3 and offered me the Morgan.

It was parked behind the Manuka shops and looked pretty mean. The red broomstick paint job effectively disguised the rust streaks from the leaky radiator, but not most of the Plastibond holding it together. The wheels were variously buckled, and the front suspension cross tubes bent back about 20 degrees. The home-made steering wheel had been purloined from Kel Merz's clubman. The seats were odd slabs of loose foam, wrapped about with leather cloth. The hood consisted of vestigial bits of assorted material held together mainly with Bostick. The abbreviated exhaust ended just behind the driver's door.

Bill started her up and she clanked and clattered Rileys with two-foot exhaust flames, and glorious, carefree untouchable girls came flooding back (they liked my eccentric cars but not me). I was about gone.

"The ride's a bit rough?" I ventured. "Like a dray with square wheels" said Bill.



Keith Wall's Morgan when it was white

"I'll buy it" I said hurriedly before he changed his mind.

She came with the spare Vauxhall gearbox and a letter from Keith Wall, a much earlier owner. away. Memories of an earlier youth, with un-silenced pre-war Morris S's, dreams of Brooklands,

Driving was a revelation. The scuttle flexed one way, the steering another, the dash another, and the windscreen, doors, chassis, and seats different ways again. The only thing that didn't flex was the suspension. I lost seven pounds the first week. A friend's SWB Land Rover was bliss in comparison.

There were other excitements, too. The dash flex led to an intermittent stream of sparks from shorting in the un-harnessed wiring. At 4300 RPM in top, down Mugga Way is probably the most dangerous thing I've done in my life, outside of marriage. I was the butt of the usual Morgan jokes. Telling whether the penny you drove over was heads or tails, or the cigarette butt lip stuck or not, or plain or filter-tipped were common ones. (Years later a motoring journalist claimed recent authorship of the latter.)

The starter didn't work properly, and I ripped the pants of my best suit leap-

ing the door to clutch start it. Come to think of it, the clutch never freed up anyway. Just as well as the crankshaft had no spigot bush and the jackshaft to the gearbox spent most of its time trying to thrash itself loose.

The brakes needed constant adjusting which I seldom did. Often, I had to leap out to affect a stop after slowing down on the gears. Oil pressure staggered to 15 psi at peak revs. But she was untroubled in towing the Honda home from its many breakdowns. She was the passion of my life.

Girls asked me for rides but still stayed out of grope. The neighbours wanted her removed as an eyesore.

I only had one real disaster. Intermittent misfiring developed a permanency on a trip to Sydney. A Saturday afternoon session failed to effect a cure, although confirming two cylinders were out. I left for home 4.30 p.m. Sunday. Every rise was a crawl, with downhill stretches taken at terminal velocity to get up the other side.

Sometime after 9:00 p.m., disaster struck on the old twisting downhill stretch near Marulan. An extra-large bump, a huge sheet of flame from under

the dash, and I was left in total blackness and silence at around 70 mph. Somehow, I stopped without hitting anything.

Three good Samaritans turned up in an MGA with a leaking radiator. One headed down a gully looking for water. The others set out with me to rewire the Mog using a box of matches for light. We connected headlamps, generator, and engine. Fifty yards on another sheet of name. Something was wrong. We started again, this time successfully.

The lights of Canberra loomed at 2:00 a.m. and by 2:30 I was seven miles from home. Then I ran out of petrol.

The head came off next day. The gasket had blown between one and two cylinders. Miraculously, a pack of six new ones, ordered on a whim, turned up from the factory several days later. At the same time, I cut a new dash out of alpine ash and rewired the car completely. It was finished at 9:30 p.m. on Easter Thursday. A quick test run around the block, and we headed for Sydney.

The generator fell off near Menangle but was fitted quickly using my spare nuts and bolts supply.

Crossing the plain at Berrima that night is the coldest I have ever been. About this time, too, I remember a freezing evening at Ross and Peter Reynell's as they prepared for a night trip to Sydney in a well worked over Plus 4. After some hours of shamefaced silence, one plucked up courage: "I don't care if it is a Morgan; I'm putting the hood up to-night."

Finally, the Honda dropped two valves at 7500 rpm and had to go. It was traded in on a new car and the Morgan retired for a rebuild—1967.

The Rebuild

We started by stripping the car right down, including the engine (this was a mistake). Chassis and front mudguards were sent to Canberra's then best panel beater for repair, and on return reassembly started. Most of the wood and some of the panelling was replaced. The front cross members were straightened, and the right-hand stub axle replaced. Repainting, in green, began. The car was moved several times as I moved dogs.

Then I met my wife!

The car stood out in the open, un-



Keith and Monica Wall in their 1949 Series 1 pre bumpers



The Morgan with its bumper fitted

touched, 'till 1980. Numerous requests to buy were refused politely ("I had it before my wife, you know"). Now that the family was growing up, I was spurred on to start again, this time under cover. We decided to start on the bodywork. The front guards by now had been "lost" (a clean-up by my sister-in-law at her Mum's place) and were replaced by a mangled pair from a crashed drop-head. These, the bonnet, scuttle, rear guards, and deck

were passed to a friend who had agreed to do the panel beating. (It took 9 years.

We started over again. I made new doors up from scratch, not a hard job but fiddly. Most of the wood had to be replaced, plus the earlier replaced side panels. All panels were rust proofed and painted inside before being screwed to the frame with stainless steel screws all round. It was a rebuild, re-make job, not a restoration. Rebuilt radiator, rebuilt

engine, (new valves, sleeved bores, block and head trued, reground crank, mains and big-ends closed and honed, new pistons, bearings, and full balance), rebuilt starter and generator, new front brake cables, hub bearings and seals, new left hand stub axle to match the right, new kingpins and bushes, new "soft" brake linings, damper blades cut out of saws, new clutch and carbon thrust, complete rewiring (again), made up new track rod, brake rods and rear brake cable, restored instruments, new "Brooklands" steering wheel (bought when they were still cheap), upholstery made up from scratch, and so on.

Two replacement spare wheels (yes, they had been "lost" too) came courtesy of Graham Dell. A proper clean-up of the chassis showed the dangers of trusting the professionals (and paying profes-

sional; prices). We welded up 60 cracks and had to re-do most of the supposed earlier work. Triangular gussets were set into the chassis at the rear corners of the engine bay, and the rear spring mounting bolt holes on the chassis rails reinforced with heavy washers (both mods are now done at the factory on the latest chassis!). The engine came out three times to get the clutch working properly. I could go on but I'm no novelist.

O-road impressions now differ a bit to those of years ago. (I believe these things should be driven.)

Some things have changed She's very comfortable to ride in now, not at all the boneshaker of yore. Perhaps the tighter body is making the suspension do more work (Like being super fit in a way. All the flab between you and the road, so much built into modern motoring, is re-

moved) I was offered a Honda (a CRX) as a straight swop ...

Some things haven't—4800 rpm seen a few times in top is just as exciting and probably only slightly less dangerous than 4300 rpm all those years ago. (STOP PRESS: 5000 twice!!) The balance is still well-nigh perfect, and she's still dead easy to slide under control.

She's also helped me make a lot of new friends, including Keith Wall who has filled in a lot of earlier history. And yes, she still impresses females. And I still don't!

Ed: This article first appeared in the December 2021 issue of The Morgan Ear, the magazine of the Morgan Owners' Club of Australia. FYI, ACT is the Australian Capital Territory and Mugga Way is a street in Canberra.

For Sale:

Five steel wire wheels for +8, once chromed, now in need of touch up. Includes three-eared spinners for all five. Pretty heavy to ship, so a meet somewhere for a transfer is better. \$100 OBO. Or free and you pay shipping if needed.

Pair of new SU H6 carburetors. Purchased for +8 and never used. Includes gasket set, mounting flanges, and foam air cleaners. 1 3/4 bores. New \$500, make an offer.

Bill Alexander
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The Morganeer

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Once again, a great contribution from Paul Fredricks, Morgan Detective.
Steve Schefbauer, E.A.L.

The Best Part of Winter

I feel so sad for those Morgan owners that live in the south. They have to suffer with pleasant weather, for the most part, year-round. Imagine taking the Mog out for a January drive, top down, on a sunny 70 day. They never get that break we get up here in the north to take their car off the road for a few months so they can do a little maintenance.

Now a little maintenance is one thing, but the phrases that come to mind are “can of worms” or “you might as well as”.

I pushed the driving season as far as I could this year, but eventually salt hit the road and it was time to put the Mog away for the winter. What better time to give the whole car a good once over?

It all started with the kingpins. I have read that 40,000 miles is a good life for king pins. Now the car has been handling fine, though I suppose I have gotten used to the way it drives. With the odo at 49,000 I suspected they might be due. Putting the car up on jack stands and giving the front wheels a wiggle it was quickly obvious that the kingpins and bushings were well past their time. And so I began to strip down the front suspension of the car. The GoMog website was a great asset as I had never done any of this before. Like most things, you get better the more times you do it. It took me two hours to get the first one off—20 minutes for the second. The stub axles are now in the hands of Morgan Motors

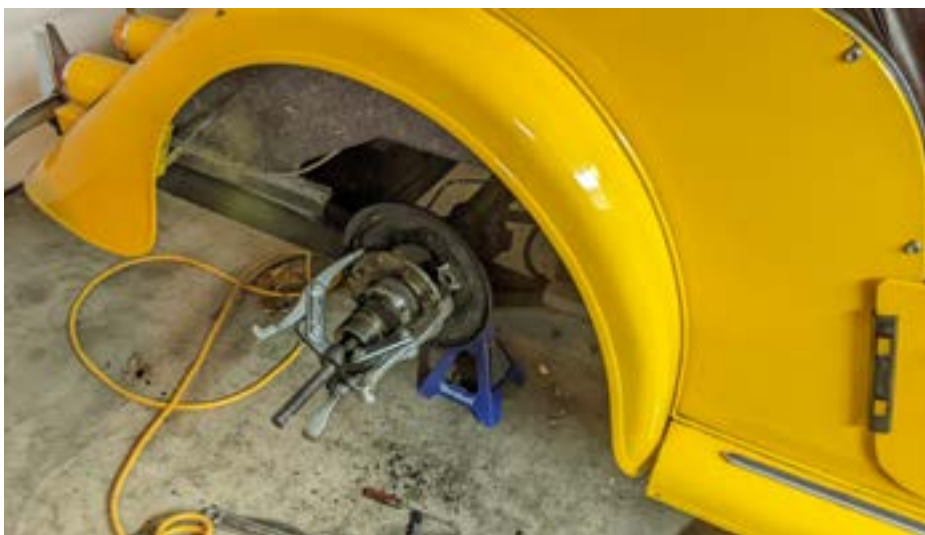
who will have them magnafluxed and fit with new bushings, then send everything back to me to reinstall.

In the meantime I thought I'd go through the braking system. Removing the rear hubs I found the brake shoes were clogged with grease, obviously from bad grease seals at the axle. Getting the hubs off was a major event, made easier by the free tool rental at AutoZone for a large three arm puller. Once I got it all apart, reassembly was fairly simple. I replaced the brake cylinders and had the shoes relined, just to start off fresh.

The front brake pads were a mess too. The inner pads were full of grease and oil (we call that groil, as opposed



Groil build up



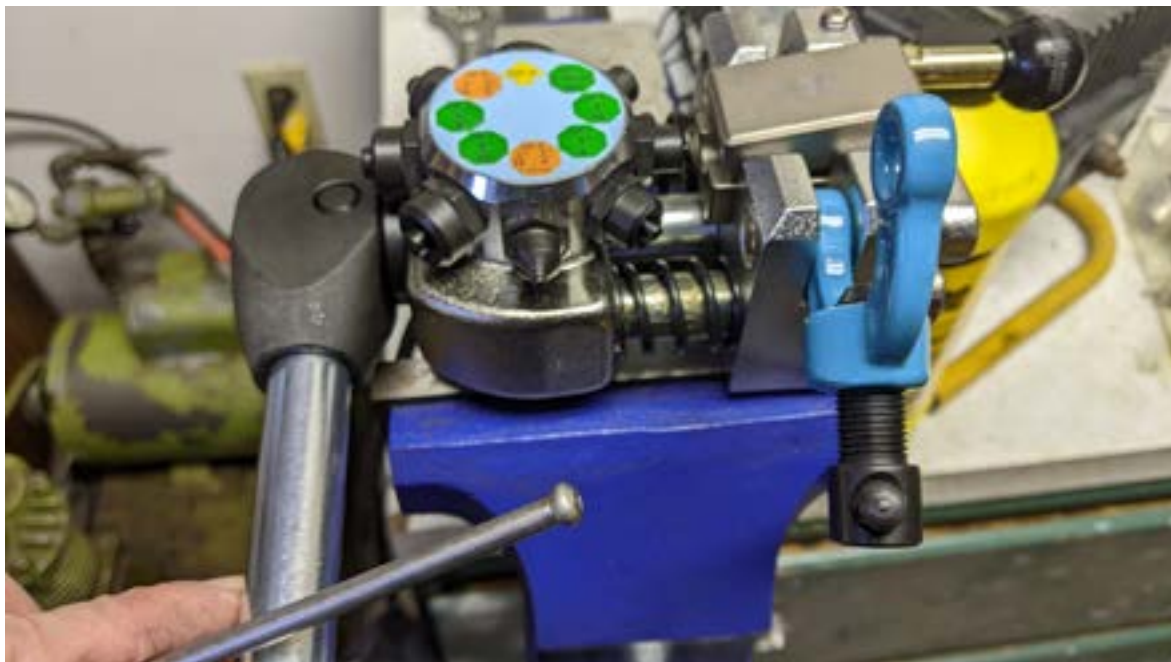
The three arm hub puller in action



Messy brake calipers



Master cylinder separately in need of a rebuild



Brake line flaring tool. My new favorite!

to grease and dirt which is girt). I must have a heavy brake foot because I can't believe this car ever stopped! The groil buildup was possibly due to liberal use of the oiler.

I've read as much as I can find on the oiler set up. The factory stopped installing it in 2002. There are three schools of thought out there, and they seem to be evenly split. One is to replace the oiler tapping with a grease fitting. The passageways in the kingpins are really too small for grease and even then, the grease just seems to collect at the top. Another group says to just grease the lower fitting every 1,500 miles and that will keep things lubricated. The last is from a guy in Wales whose opinion I trust completely. He says to keep the original oiler, but use it very sparingly, and keep up on the greasing. I have no idea which way I will go. I may keep the oiler in place for originality sake, but make it so they don't do anything to avoid possible over oiling.

I pulled the calipers apart and there was red and clear brake fluid, and moisture. Someone online told me the factory used to use red fluid, but that should have only been for drum brakes. Along with the rainbow of oils I also got a thin, moist mud type substance which may be why three of the pistons were seized. Can of worms! Caliper rebuild and new pads were needed.

I checked the thickness of the rotors, but they measured nearly the same as



Brake pressure differential switch

new and appeared to be in great condition. I hadn't felt any vibrations under braking, but I thought it would be a good idea to have them turned. You could see during the process that they were slightly warped. A check of the thickness after turning showed that there is still plenty of meat on the rotor

I was thinking about flushing the brake lines, but with all that yuck in there I decided it's probably best to replace them with stainless steel. They are all original, and it would be best if they didn't fail halfway to someplace next year. I am also replacing the flexible lines which were also original. At 48 years old I think it's time. Might as well as!

I found an odd contraption connected to the brake system. There were five brake lines and electrical wires connect-

ed to it. I did a lot of googling and checking with experts and found precious little info. It turns out is a brake pressure differential switch. If there is a leak in the front or rear brakes, a little red light on the dash turns on to warn you. I needed to pull it apart and rebuild it. But where to find a rebuild kit? I finally found one ... in The Netherlands!

Last year I had a leak on the radiator. I was able to fix it with epoxy, and it held up well for the 2021 car season. But by mid-autumn I started noticing some antifreeze on the garage floor. I pulled the radiator and pressure tested it. I found a few slow leaks, and decided it was time to replace it.

Check out the next issue and see how I made out putting all the pieces back together.

In Memoriam

Steven Colsen, DPM



Steven with Stephanie and the 1st Autumn MOG photobook



Steven's Rally Car at BBTS 2017

Stonington region for a half century. Steven is survived by his wife, Joanne, his son Sean Colsen, his daughter Tracy Colsen Schaperow, and five grandchildren.

Steven had many interests, which endeared him to everyone he met. Often a guest on local talk-shows speaking of foot health, his topic would veer into any direction—cars, politics, sports, etc. In early life he was an avid golfer, often playing 36 hole days, and as fitting a Podiatrist, walking the course only (no carts). Steven was always witty, entertaining, occasionally inappropriate, but always warm and sincere.

Stephanie and I first met Steven at the first Annual Autumn MOG in 1979. At Autumn MOG XXXII in 2010, Steven arrived with his photo book to show us the photos of both his and our cars from 33 years prior. Steven's Plus 4 Four Seater was unmistakable: setup like pro-rally car with knobby tires, front-and-rear spotlamps, and a customized hard tonneau with a bullet-shaped headrest,

painted in what Steven liked to refer as "Buick's best purple". Odd by traditional Morgan standards, it was beautifully done and an attention getter in any crowd. Steven's love of cars ran the gamut, and some of his tastes paralleled my own—Jag Mk.IX, Austin Healey 3000 Mk.III, TR3A, to name a few. His favorite was his 1948 Caddy, often driven to show at Hershey. All these treasures and a hands-on workshop were housed in the big barn on Steven's farmland home in what he often referred to as "the sleepy corner of Connecticut". Go to any CT multi-marque car show or club meet and someone will guaranteed walk up and ask, "Hey, did any of you Morgan guys know Steven Colsen?"

When Steven's health declined, he sold off his collection, and dropped his membership. He was a character in the true Morgan iconoclast tradition and will continue to be missed by all who knew him.

Run cool, Steven
Spider J.C. Bulyk

We are sad to announce the death of long-time member, Steven Colsen, back on April 20, 2020, following a brief struggle with pancreatic cancer. Steven founded his Podiatry practice in Stonington, CT which he often referred to as "home" though he never actually resided there. He would probably describe his most important contribution as the honor of providing medical care to the people of Westerly-



Steven with Andrea Lucas at BBTS 2017



Steven and Buick's Best Purple at British on the Madison Green

In Memoriam

Anthony Andy Traggis

January 6, 1941–December 15, 2021

So it is that I regret to report that we've lost Andy Traggis after a lengthy illness. Long term Group member and dyed-in-the-wood Morganeer Andy Traggis was a dear sweet man, a gentleman with a warm heart and a keen mind, with more than a bit of a mischievous sense of humor. Andy was a Connecticutian born in New London, a first generation Greek named Adonis (Ἀδωνις), which name slid into English as Anthony, Tony, and Andy (your choice). Andy's regulars sadly watched him go into a long slow decline, but at decline's end, were sadder still.

He was an anchorman of our club's on-the-fly, Shoreline, liquid lunch group, *Los Tres Antiguos Caballeros*: Andy Traggis, Ted Lucas, and Spider Bulyk. On any slow, sunny (had to be sunny, as Andy's (early) Plus-8 had no top) weekday morning, on a moment's notice, you could find the three Moggies parked in front of some local joint whilst Athos, Porthos,

and Aramis sat inside for a couple of pops, a burger, or as Andy would have it, the seafood special. It would be difficult to truly capture the medicinal nature of those lunches, the smiles and laughter, the whining complaints of various Morgan malfunctions, and the warmth of camaraderie. We remember how much Andy enjoyed the mixing laughter together with petrol fumes. He showed up at many local meets and was one of the three Rallymasters for "Don't Pay The Ferryman" during Autumn MOG XII in Moodus, Connecticut.

Andy was a waterman, fishing from his boat on Long Island Sound and chasing bonito down around the Conch Republic. A life-member of Groton's Shennecossett Yacht Club and the Coastal Conservation Association, he was a man in love with nature. With many interests, Andy was a fire-breathing New York Yankees fan and loved good wines, as he and his brother, Sandy, made their own robust

red under the Traggis Brothers label. A mechanical engineer, Andy's career took him around the world building power plants for Combustion Engineering, ABB, and Alstom Power.

Having been widowed the first time around could not stop a romantic like Andy. He got



Nancy's favorite photo of Andy, from their elopement announcement

a second chance with Nancy. As Nancy tells it, their respective globe-trotting careers gave them numerous rendezvous at romantic locations worldwide, enabling them to hold hands and collect memories for almost two-decades. Then, to the *shock* of everyone they knew, Nancy and Andy finally *eloped*! After Andy died, Nancy sent me what she described as "my favorite photo of Andy, taken from our *elopement announcement*!"

In addition to Nancy, Andy leaves behind several siblings, as well as nieces and nephews. Andy's favorite social circles were his fellow Morganeers and his close ties to a bunch of fellow power-plant retirees. He was loved and will be missed. Arrangements were handled by Fulton Theroux Funeral Home in Old Lyme, but Covid has prevented any memorial service to this time. Donations can be made to The Nature Conservancy at nature.org. You can continue to reach out to Nancy at Andy's old email address: catfish13@msn.com.

Run cool, Andy.
Spider J.C. Bulyk



R-L) Ted Lucas, Andy Traggis, Spider Bulyk, joined in revelry by Steve Schefbauer.



Bill Caruso, Andy Traggis, Spider Bulyk at Autumn MOG XII
"What you've always suspected Rallymasters to be doing."



Andy and his Plus-8

In Memoriam

Barbara Willburn

The 3/4 Morgan Group has lost a long time member and friend. We asked another long-time member Bill Alexander to respond to the passing of Barbara Willburn. E.A.L.

Barbara Willburn, Remembered.

In the late 50's, when there were far fewer Morgans on the road than now, I met Gerry Willburn, another Morgan owner walking to class at a nearby junior college. We chatted about our respective Morgans, his a new black Drophead, mine a '51 flat grill. As we met a few more times on campus, he invited me to his home for an evening of conversation and beer and I met his wife Barbara, and son John. Their son Derek came later. As time went by, I went with them to Mexico, the races at Goleta Airport, rallies, hill climbs and evening socials assembling the Southern California Morgan + Four Club newsletters. Through all of this Barbara was the effortless assembler of meals and drinks, welcoming everyone.

They had met as toddlers playing on the sidewalk in front of their homes in Los Angeles, because their dads worked together. Barbara always carried a photo of the two of them as toddlers engaged busily in some game. As the years went by, they moved beyond Morgans to add Ferraris and Bugattis and she began a lifetime career of upholstering Morgans. There was no Morgan too old or crummy but she could turn the interior into a space of perfectly assembled beauty. She took in cars for work and re-



Barbara and Gerry Willburn with their unique Plus 4 saloon

ceived seats in the mail to rebuild. Notable were cars destined for Pebble Beach Concours events at which her efforts were distinguished. But she also took an interest in how you cared for your car, explaining patiently how you should elevate your front, in order to properly lubricate the front suspension.

The family owned several Dropheads and she kept hers, a Series I 4/4, parked in the driveway and covered with a tarp. No one was allowed to examine it, as it was to be her retirement project. However, its restoration was always put off to do more for her customers. She was always in your corner and such fun to be around.

Bill Alexander

FOR SALE

*1959 Morgan Plus 4,
2 seater Jaguar Green,
tan leather upholstered seats,
8727 miles since professional restoration,
restored for vintage racing,
TR4A Mild cam,
cut down flywheel, headers etc.
Never raced!
Over \$70K spent on restoration,
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Word From the Works

The All-New Three-Wheeled Morgan Will Be Unveiled on 24 February 2022

Following the end of production for the Morgan 3 Wheeler, the Morgan Motor Company is delighted to confirm that an all-new three-wheeled model is undergoing testing ahead of its launch on the 24 February 22.

Morgan have published images of a heavily disguised engineering prototype, a montage of early design sketches and one of the images from the pre-launch film and photo shoots.

Most details, including the name, will remain undisclosed until the global unveil on 24 February. But Morgan has confirmed the use of a Ford three-cylinder engine for the upcoming model, continuing the long-standing use of Ford powerplants in the company's line-up.

The illustrations shared by Morgan show that the design of the new model is bold and eccentric, taking inspiration from mid-century jet planes, motorcycles, historic Morgan models and modern industrial product design — images of which adorn the walls of Morgan's design and engineering offices.

Complementing this personality will be an extensive list of specification items and accessories available from the outset, making it Morgan's most configurable vehicle ever. The model can be tailored to assume multiple identities, and cater for every adventure.

Intrigued?

You can be one of the first to own the all-new model.

*Our dealer network are taking deposits now
for the first customer build slots.*

Morgan Works London Brings Craftsmanship to The Capital January 25

The Morgan Motor Company has opened its newest dealership in London, spearheading the company's retail transformation. The destination showroom, Morgan Works London—situated in the capital's exclusive district of Kensington—is equipped to sell both new and used Morgan cars, as well as offering an aftersales capability backed up with factory resource.

Following extensive redevelopment, the style of which mirrors the recently opened Morgan Experience Centre at the company's Malvern home, the dealership features use of Morgan's core materials: wood, leather, and aluminum, in its design. The space includes a 'spec' pod, gallery room with feature lighting inspired by traditional coachbuilding techniques and can display up to five vehicles. It welcomes new and existing Morgan customers, while also serving as a brand touchpoint for Morgan enthusiasts.

The second company-owned retail venue, it follows Morgan Works Malvern, based at the company's factory in Worcestershire, UK, and will ultimately be joined by a third showroom in Bicester, Oxfordshire. The launch of the flagship London showroom integrates with Morgan's wider distribution strategy, which has seen the global dealer network expand from 56 to 74 retail outlets over the last year alone.

David Waghorn, Head of Business, Morgan Works London, said: "Our new dealership here in London aims to deliver the highest level of customer service, setting the standard for the Morgan dealer network across the world. An extensive refit of the site here in Astwood Mews sets Morgan Works London up to welcome customers or just curious visitors in the capital."

Marcus Blake, Chief Sales Officer, Morgan Motor Company, said: "Throughout the last year Morgan has strategically elevated and grown its dealer network to enhance its customer experience, increase its global reach, and introduce the latest Morgan products to entirely new audiences. Morgan Works London forms a key piece in the puzzle, representing us in the capital city of our home market and serving a unique customer demographic."

Morgan Works London is at 5 Astwood Mews, London SW7 4DE, and welcomes visitors, with no appointment necessary. Follow Morgan Works London on Instagram, @morganworkslondon.

Le Mans Victory Inspires Plus Four LM62

January 17

In 1962, a Morgan was entered into one of the world's toughest races, the 24 Hours of Le Mans. The Plus 4 SuperSport, driven by Christopher Lawrence and Richard Shepherd-Baron, was not the most powerful or highly-developed car on the grid, but after more than 2,255 miles of racing—at an average speed of more than 93mph—it took the checkered flag at the top of its 2.0-litre class.



It's an achievement that has gone down in Morgan history as one of the company's greatest. Known by its registration (this was a road-legal car after all) TOK 258, the car has gone on to inspire something special ...

Introducing the Morgan Plus Four LM62. That name won't need any explaining, but some of the car's features might, because this isn't any Plus Four. Available in Morgan Jet Green or Morgan Tertre Rouge, and fitted with a Heritage White hardtop, the color palette pays tribute to the Le Mans-winning car. Unique details include a bespoke graphics—which comprises roundels with TOK 258's number '29'—an LM62 rear badge, silver-painted wire wheels, Le Mans-style fuel filler cap, domed rear panel and active sports exhaust with black tailpipes, along with options including two-eared wheel spinners and a Moto-Lita steering wheel.

Inside, details such as LM62 laser-engraved door pulls, perforated leather seats with embroidered headrests, satin lacquer rubber mats, and a Tawny wood center-tunnel top and dashboard come together to pay homage to the 1962 Le Mans car. Each vehicle features a numbered plaque, because naturally—only 62 cars will be built.

Morgan Chairman and CEO, Steve Morris, said: "The 1962 Le Mans class-winning Morgan Plus 4 holds a special place in the hearts of Morgan enthusiasts, employees and owners around the world. It marked one of Morgan's greatest motorsport achievements, covering more than 2,200 miles at an average running speed of almost 94mph, and triumphing—like David vs Goliath—over our bigger and better-funded rivals of the time.

"With the Morgan Plus Four LM62, we pay homage to this famous vehicle and incredible moment in time, 60 years on. Limited to just 62 individually numbered examples, the bespoke touches and enhanced level of standard specification make these cars an enticing proposition for customers wanting a piece of Morgan history."

The Plus Four LM62 made its public debut on 16 January the Bicester Heritage Sunday Scramble in Oxfordshire, UK. Available from Morgan Dealers globally, in left- or right-hand drive, and with the choice of manual or automatic transmission, the Plus Four LM62 is on sale now. In the UK, it's priced from £78,995. For pricing in other regions please consult your local Dealer.



Dealing With Moving Bonnet Halves Cheats and a True Fix

David Crandall



I don't know about you, but I've been plagued by shifting bonnet halves on all my Morgans. Yes, I use those neat little rubber corner thingies. Even get the "correct" curvy ones for the front from Penny Bates at Olde World Restorations. Doesn't really solve the problem. And, it ends up chipping the paint on the cowl. Or the scuttle. Or both. Bummer.

Given this history, I was delighted to see a discussion of this problem, along with some solutions on MOG-group, the discussion group that has filled the void left by the demise of eMog. And yes, I urge you to sign up. It's an unmoderated Google group currently comprised of 300+/- Morganeers from around the globe. Very cool bunch of folks with lots and lots of experience with Morgans of every year, model and variation (<http://groups.google.com/group/mog-group/about>). With cooler weather coming on and driving days vanishing fast, it's time to make that winter "to do" list. Tackling this niggling problem is going to be on mine.

Cheat #1: My trick was to take one rubber, cut into small pieces and push into the brass holder, ten years later my bonnet is still solid.

From Keith Parker, location unknown

Cheat #2: This is simple aluminum angle cut/ground to fit the space between the cowl and the bonnet hinge. My cowl badge bolts are long enough to carry this spacer, so I "obrounded" the bolt holes to allow adjustment.

From Garth Morgan, Portland Oregon

Cheat #3: Shims made of old brass bonnet ends. They are loose and slide into the chrome hinge just like the end pieces. They take up the gap so the bonnet does not move fore and aft. They can be used at either end or both as needed. File to shape, hammer to fit, paint to match.

From Derek Willburn of the esteemed Willburn dynasty, California

Note: I still can't envision how these fit and work, and a picture doesn't help. I'm counting on Bill Button to give me a glimpse someday.

And now, the proper way: Over the past 25+ years most of the restored Morgan that I have seen, have not had the nose cowl fitted properly. The problem is the cowl is fitted too far forward (low) allowing the bonnet sides to move forward. The best way to correct this is to adjust the nose cowl. It's a devil to get it adjusted with the bonnet in place because of the weight of the bonnet halves. Here's how I have done it:

Support the front of car on jack stands (2)

Remove the 2 front wheels (makes it easier to get at the cowl nuts & washers.

Remove the chrome grill.

Mark the bonnet length on the chrome strip (equal length at both ends).

Remove the bonnet halves.

Remove the chrome center strip.

Reinstall the chrome strip on to the brass ends & cowl.

Now loosen the cowl and push it from the bottom corners UP, just to the point that there is 1/16" play on the chrome center strip and the brass ends, tighten the nose cowl.

Re-assemble the bonnet halves and check for fit

Adjust as needed.

From Dave Gard, Alberta Canada

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The Morganeer

CROSSHEAD

The Morganeer is the official Journal of The 3/4 Morgan Group, Ltd., a not-for-profit corporation under the laws of New York State. The Group is dedicated to furthering the enjoyment, appreciation, and use of cars produced by The Morgan Motor Company, Malvern Link, England. The Morganeer is published bi-monthly and is free in print to all Group members. It is also distributed electronically to members and available at www.morgan34.org.

SUBMISSIONS

- Submit copy & photos to the Editor either electronically or by mail.
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- Electronic photo format - .jpg.
- Mailed photos will be returned if requested.
- Caption photos to identify cars, people, locations, dates, events, etc.

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New England South Captain

Fred Cohen
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Mid- Atlantic Captains

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