

Merry Christmas to all Morganeers. May Santa be good to you!

Thanks, Sylvia & Russ, for agreeing to once again host the **MSCCC Toronto area Christmas party**. **This year the event is on December 9, at the Balfour's in Cambridge.** Please see the directions elsewhere in this Blurb. With regrets I have accepted Sylvia's resignation as our Blurb editor & publisher. She's done a great job taking the publication to a new level but finds the demands of her business too much and can't devote the time needed to the newsletter. Thanks, Sylvia, for a job well done – you'll be hard to replace! I wonder who will win the prize by identifying the most members in that 1979 Blurb cover photo?? Answer (and identities) will be in the next issue!

This is as good a time as any to announce all **Executive positions are open for nominations**. At this time we only have 3 serving execs – **Vern Dale-Johnson** as President, **Jenny Beer** as Treasurer, and **Ed Burman** as Interclub Events coordinator. **Audrey Beer** retains the non-elected position as Club Liaison. Ron Theroux and Greg Kaufman have appointed positions as "scribes" representing the "West" and "East". The following positions are open for nominations:

- President (currently Vern Dale-Johnson)
- Regalia (open)
- Blurb Editor / Publisher (open)
- Treasurer (currently Jenny Beer)
- Interclub Events coordinator (currently Ed Burman)
- Western Scribe (currently Ron Theroux)
- Eastern Scribe (currently Greg Kaufman)
- Roaming Scribe (no comment)....

In addition to these, Past President Fred Kuzyk is our Webmaster...

Please phone, fax, email, mail a note indicating your interest in any of these positions to Vern D-J before the upcoming December 9 Toronto area Christmas party (aka our AGM). Lack of nominations for these positions does not necessarily guarantee the incumbents will continue to serve!

I've received one nomination for the **Doug Price Award**. Again, you have until December 9 to get these nominations in to Vern D-J for discussion at the AGM.

Welcome to the following New Members (all joined during our Morgans Over America, New Orleans to Nova Scotia Tour): **Jim & Hannelore Fisher** of Victoria Beach (Digby) Nova Scotia – Jim helped organize the BATANS reception for us at the Royal Western Nova Scotia Yacht Club, Jim & Hannelore have a '64 +4, #5745. Also welcome **David & Patricia Holloway** from Cameron (near Pickering) Ontario who joined the Oct 14 BBQ at the request of Ken & Pat Miles (some "relation" there someplace!). David & Pat have a 57 +4. From the US please welcome **Phil & Elaine Fisher** (a big part of the organization of MOA III) who live outside San Francisco in Walnut Creek. They have two Morgans – a 70 4/4 that made the MOA trip and a +8. From Liverpool England welcome **Jeremy & Gill Harrison**. Jeremy is well known for his love of "lilac" – the concours colour of his early 80's +8 and his 30's 3-wheeler family. On MOA Jeremy actually admitted the Isuzu was better than his Land Rover Discovery (diesel) as a tow vehicle! Also from Epsom Downs England welcome **Henry & Barbara Tutton** and their '69 4/4. Henry did major damage to his camshaft en route from Edmunston to Grand Falls but... with the help of Stuart Clare we were put in touch with local Nova Scotia Lotus Cortina racer Jerry Elliot who proffered not only his garage but also tools & parts for the rebuild and he and Myrna offered the hospitality of their home to Henry. Within 48 hours Henry was back on the road with more power than ever (perhaps a few trick bits found their way into that engine as well!) More on the MOA tour later in this Blurb

I've heard rumours that there were some 20 Morgans at **British Car Day** at Bronte Park in Oakville on September 16th. No report from those who attended but... we do have the advantage of the Toronto Triumph website listing all winners, and an article on the event from *Old Autos* (featuring a photo of Brian & Brenda Morgan's Mog). In the Morgan class **Martin Beer** took 1st place in his 1935 F type 3 wheeler, **Brian & Lesley Prendergast** 2nd with their 70 +8, and **Luch & Lilliana Ghislanzoni** 3rd in their 1952 +4 flat rad 4 seater. Congratulations! All three are beautiful cars; I expect the competition was fierce (good year to be traveling!).

As noted, **Ken & Pat Miles** came through Toronto after MOA III so on Oct. 14 a BBQ & beer get together was held at the DJ's. Brian & Brenda Morgan, Nyal Wilson with his friend Bev, Malcolm & Brenda Taylor (complete with photos of the Sea to Shining Sea "Coast to Coast" adventure) attended along with Ken & Pat Holloway - thus the new membership and an opportunity to give some advice to David on "Morgans".

Lots of kind words regarding the "special edition" of the Blurb including a note from Peter Morgan who commented, **"I think the artist Valentin Tanase is most impressive and my immediate thoughts were I wonder what he thinks about the latest Aero 8?"** Then again, those who didn't like the issue probably will vote by withholding their 2001 dues (Jacques Gallien warned me this might happen). Look for more Tanase in the issues to come....

Dues, Dues, Dues.... and speaking of dues, it is that time again. Enclosed is your first reminder that 2001 dues are due and payable to the Treasurer, Jenny Beer. For those in Canada **dues are \$25 / year and for those outside Canada US\$25 / year**. Check your mailing label if there is "00" after your name then, oh-oh you owe for 2001. If it already says "01", then you're already paid up. With the costs of publishing the Blurb the majority of this gets eaten up in production and postage just to keep you informed of goings on in Morganland.

However, there are a few dollars still in the bank for use by members who want to stage events (events, please, not socials!). If you'd like access to some of these funds to cover posters, trophies, etc... send me a note outlining the project and the need. We do like to see events that contribute funds or "in kind" to charities. Something to keep in mind, especially those in the nether reaches of our sprawling club (and country).

From the Oct 20 issue of the National Post came a note on the construction of a **new motorsport complex near Merritt B.C.** This is about 200 K from Vancouver (and about 100K from Kamloops where I grew up). Will include a 1.2 K tri-oval and a 3.5 K road course. Development will include hotel, convention, golf, amusement park, brewery, winery, camping / RV facilities as well as entertainment stages and theatres. Track should be ready for the first events next August. Quite a change from the old Westwood track in Coquitlam where many of us cut our teeth on closed-track motorsports, or, for Kamloops residents the round-e-round track on Scheidam Flats (who else remembers that venue?). Merritt will be dry (weather, that is) and should be a great venue to draw from Vancouver, inland BC, as well as Calgary and southern Alberta and points south of the 49th. Vintage racing anyone?



Central Canada Morgan Events:

Dec 9	MSCCC Christmas Party at the Balfour's , Sylvia & Russ 519-621-1772 ycw@golden.net
Jan 7	Pub Brunch, Queens Head Inn, Brant St, Burlington 12 noon (416-530-4599 or vern_dj@msn.com)
Feb 4	Pub Brunch, Queens Head Inn, Brant St, Burlington 12 noon (416-530-4599 or vern_dj@msn.com)
Mar 4	Pub Brunch, Queens Head Inn, Brant St, Burlington 12 noon (416-530-4599 or vern_dj@msn.com)
Apr 1	Pub Brunch, Queens Head Inn, Brant St, Burlington 12 noon (416-530-4599 or vern_dj@msn.com)
Apr 22	Ancaster British Sportscar Flea Market & Car Show , Ron Kielbiski 905-453-5333 (days) or Don Ainsworth 905-765-1317
May 6	Pub Brunch, Queens Head Inn, Brant St, Burlington 12 noon (416-530-4599 or vern_dj@msn.com)

West Coast Events for MSCCC and MOG NW:

Dec 9	1st MOGNW (Northern Pod) Gala Christmas party , Seymour G&C Club, Mike Geluch 604-929-9194 (home), 929-5491 (office), 929-4143 (fax) or migel@telus.net and Leo Lee 604-929-8814 (home), 929-8358 (office), 929-2382 (fax) or leomlee@canada.com are organizing
Dec 26	The Boxing Day Run , Mike Powley at 604-261-0901 or Ron Theroux 604-576-2957

Jan 26 or 27 **The Robbie Burns Run 2001**, Mike Powley at 604-261-0901
Feb 17 or 18 **The Hearts & Tarts Run**, Steve & Liz Blake 604-943-6416

Eastern Canada Events for MSCCC and GoMoG:

(TBA, check GoMog website <http://www.gomog.com> for latest info)

Other Events of interest:

July 12-16 **MOG 2001, MSCC "Golden Anniversary"**, Cheltenham Racecourse, Gloucestershire UK. Contact David Gibbon 01793 813484 or via the website www.mog2001@cheltenham.fsnet.co.uk

Morgan Memorabilia:

Still lots of MSCCC pins and crests available. Pins are the highest quality 4 color epoxy, 1 inch across, priced at C\$12 each. Crests are the MSCCC "badge" on a variety of background colors – black, red, green, blue – at C\$10 each. We can also embroider your clothing with the MSCCC crest – send items to Vern DJ. Cost is C\$10 / crest. Many of our members have had the MSCCC crest added to shirts with a second club already in place, allows you to advertise your support for two groups at once!

For Sale:

Thomas Hooker is selling his "restored" and very quick **1967 Series V Competition 4/4**. This car is bright yellow with black Connelly leather covered adjustable seats. It runs a Lotus twin-cam, 45 DCOE's tuned SS exhaust, rally cams with a useful RPM range of 3500 to 7000+. Right hand drive, Gemmer box, enlarged radiator and thermostatic oil cooler, Cobra wire wheels, Yokohama 195 X 15's in widened fenders. Limited slip. Spax shocks at all 4 corners. 5 speed transmission, alternator, breakerless ignition, spark box, etc...etc... Priced at US\$35000. Contact Tom at 717-266-1025 evenings or 717-232-8771 days. Car is in York Haven Pennsylvania.

A note received from the UK. We have a **Morgan Matchless 998 cc MX2, 1934** ex works experimental engine (3 speed). It has a high chassis with both twin or single rear wheel. It is fully authentic. Used originally for trials and speed events. This Morgan is one of a few and may be the only one surviving example. It has been in our family for at least 40 years. Used for rallies and shows all over Europe (nicknamed the Wandering Blob). Reg # WP6271. It has been valued between £20,000 and £25,000. We are looking for offers around £18,000. Car is in Nottingham, England. Contact info is beverly.rogers@ntlworld.com

Notes from the West: special from Marv Coulthard (coulthard@saltspring.com)

The following are Marv Coulthard's abridged notes on the **Keith Cox Memorial Morgans over America III Sept 7 - Oct 8 run from New Orleans to Nova Scotia and then on to Hershey Pennsylvania**. Marv, from Saltspring Island BC, ferried and drove to San Francisco then shipped his car to New Orleans, drove it through the entire run to Hershey Pennsylvania, shipped it back to San Francisco and then drove and ferried back to Saltspring Island. We join Marv as he arrives in San Francisco. (The italicized notes added are Vern Dale-Johnson's from his notes of the trip.)

FALL MAIN EVENT
MORGANS OVER AMERICA III

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 2000



PHOTO BY VERN DALE-JOHNSON

The Keith Cox Memorial **Morgans over America III, New Orleans to Nova Scotia** and then on to Hershey Pennsylvania, September 7 through October 8, 2000. Photo taken at Bennington, Vermont on October 4. See the enclosed journal by Marv Coulthard, Saltspring Island B.C. with notes from Vern Dale-Johnson.

August 31, 2000: a good morning to drive the last few miles into **San Francisco**. I was waved at several times, once by a nice looking redhead in one of those new BMW Miata look-alikes. I arrived safe and sound at the warehouse in the south of the city. I met Steve Roake and waited around to meet several of the others who were also shipping their Mogs to New Orleans. I am glad I took the extra day and arrived when I did as there is no parking at the hotel and it is not in the best of districts. The next couple of days will be used to explore an old friend -- San Francisco.

Sept. 1-2, San Francisco: These two days were well spent exploring. I happened to trip over Trappes Sutter Street Bar and Grill. Good food, really good food at a really good price and a very likeable character behind the bar by the name of Mike. I managed to hit this place every night for dinner. I also found a nice place a couple of blocks away for coffee and my internet connection. The rest of the time was spent exploring the wharf, with many hours in the maritime museum, which included a square-rigged 3 mast sailing ship. On my final night, I was awakened by the room swaying and shaking violently at 1:30 am. My first San Francisco Earthquake experience. I found out in the morning it was 5 on the Richter scale, way up in the Napa Valley near Sonoma. The clerk at the front desk didn't even feel it, but it was enough to rattle the pictures on the walls. I can now proudly say I survived a San Francisco Earthquake

Sept. 3, San Francisco to New Orleans: Up early and off to the airport. The flight to New Orleans was almost empty with lots of attention from the attendants. Nice and warm here in New Orleans -- 6pm and it is still 93F. I headed for the bar at the hotel. After a beer I asked the bartender about a place for a steak. Smith and Wolensky down the street was recommended. I headed out into the evening heat. Place looks fancy, so what the heck. One look at the menu, yes it is fancy. Steak any cut, \$28.95. I order a beer and a sirloin rare, "would you like anything with that?" "Fries please." Later when the bill arrives the steak alone was \$28.95, the fries were \$6.95 and the beer was about 4 bucks plus tax..... the total was \$43.50. So with the tip 50 BUCKS USD The most expensive steak sandwich in my life. It was good, really good, and big, really big, so big I couldn't finish it. The service was excellent and the place was really fancy, even the bathrooms rivaled the Vancouver Yacht club with green marble booths.

Sept. 4 – 9, New Orleans: First day in New Orleans. And it's a hot one! The Mississippi river is interesting but the French quarter has the places of interest. I cruised Bourbon Street. Crossing one of the corners something felt weird. The bar on the corner had loud music coming out the doors with a lot of men hanging out inside, some whistling at the dancers. I poked my nose in and saw one of the topless dancers not dancing on the Bar but kneeling on the Bar lip-locked with one of the men standing at that Bar. As the dancer stood up I saw that HE was only wearing a white thong. From here I realized this was the other end of Bourbon St. All the tourists and people on the street were male couples. I felt a little out of place so to speak so headed back the other way. I stopped at one of the oldest absinthe bars for an absinthe frappe, very nice, then topped it off with a Coors light. It was now only 2 in the middle of a hot afternoon, I wound my way back to Decatur St., found the House of Blues and picked up my ticket for Dr. John.

Next day was a lazy day of hanging around the room. I found it way too hot to spend a lot of time outside. I explored stores along Canal Street and scouted out the MOA Holiday Inn French Quarter to see where it was and what facilities it had. I was ready to leave and discovered another member of the group arriving from the airport. I asked the desk if I could check in early, "why sure".

The next day was interesting. I awoke to a warm morning again but the forecast called for thundershowers and cooling. I checked out of the hotel and cabbied it to the Holiday Inn. They accepted my excuse that my car was arriving a day early. As I arrived I found my old friends Bill & Geri Buttons from Seattle were already there. Another tour member, Emile Houle from San Francisco had also arrived. My afternoon "tour" covered a lot of the history of New Orleans and we got to see how the levee's work and why they use such a different burial system in this city. We actually got to walk around one of the cemeteries. The city is built on a swamp, actually several feet below sea level. Therefore the old houses with little or no pylons under the foundations are sagging and tilting. On the way back I was dropped off early from the tour bus and went on to one of the famous places here, "Mother's" for a late lunch "Po-boy". Back at the hotel many of the others in the group had now arrived including Ken & Pat Miles from Surrey B.C. It was good to see them. A brief MOA meeting from 5 - 6 pm to meet all that had arrived, then dinner in the local restaurant before I was off on another tour – "the haunted history" tour. A delightful evening of walking around the back streets and back alleys of the French quarter, listening to the guide telling ghost stories he had collected over the years. Although he says many people sense some "sensitivities" in some of these places none on our tour seemed to feel anything. Except

once when he asked us all to come close, look through these bars, into what was a lockup area. GRRRRRRROWWWL. He made most of us jump and really got a couple of the ladies in the front row. He then described this was a holding area for the slaves as they waited for the auction block. People that have recently been in there can feel the coldness and oppression. Many other stories were told too of a murder then suicide in what is now an Irish pub, and a local hotel that was the hospital during the civil war. I returned to the hotel, downed a couple of Dixie beers and headed for a long sleep. At 11:30 on the way to bed I checked the 7th floor parking but our cars from San Francisco had not arrived yet.

On Sept. 7 I awake early and on the way down for breakfast I check the 7th floor for shipments...YES the cars are here. I look over Morgan and he has fared the shipping well. Not a mark, nothing out of place. I take Morgan for a spin down Bourbon Street for a photo op. That evening dinner was with some of the other MOA members at the Acme Seafood Bar followed by a walk down Bourbon Street to Preservation Hall. Some nice sounds of traditional Dixie jazz -- piano, drums, banjo, trumpet, clarinet, trombone, and sousaphone. A delightful sound.

Awakened at 5:30 to flashes of bright light from outside. Hmmmmmm ... KABOOOM. The next one was even closer. I hop out to the window to watch. The storm dissipated quickly and I was not up again until 8:30 for a stroll in the morning humidity to the café Du Monde for some beignets and coffee. Then to the museum of history at Jackson square, seeing as how the rain had set in again. Another tour that afternoon on the Natchez steamboat. Built in 1972 this is a fully modern furnace oil powered steam engine. 2 large oil fired boilers and 2 large 30 inch bore by 7 foot stroke pistons to drive the stern paddle wheel. We tour about 5 miles down the river to where the battle of New Orleans was fought in 1815. The tour passed several oil refineries lots of dock space, several freighters, and the Domino sugar refinery. Our tour guide told us twice that New Orleans is the largest port in the world. I guess he has not seen Singapore.

After dinner I'm off to the House of Blues -- the one and only Dr John. The House of Blues is down a back alley off Decatur St. a few blocks from the hotel. The door is lit in black light. The room itself was originally a dance floor with a narrow area for small tables along the railing around the dance floor. This is now taken up mostly by bars on three sides. The balcony used to hold 2 rows of tables in 2 tiers. This is all given way to standing room only so they can pack the crowds in. And it was packed. The sound was good...it was loud but not enough to shatter the eardrums like some concerts. The light show was really something, in my books too much actually, and I found it very distracting. I checked around and noticed there were only 2 men with long hair in the house, Dr. John and yours truly. One lady near me caught my attention with her good looks. A really pretty blonde wearing shorts and runners and a snug t-shirt, BUT when she opened her mouth, the loudest high-pitched whiney voice you could imagine. It almost hurt. The Dr. did sing "Right Place Wrong Time." It sure made me remember me recording him singing it back in 76. I would have loved to hang around till the last but, was back to the hotel for an early morning start.

VDJ notes: Rod arrived from Vancouver on the evening of Sept 4th and we're up early on the 5th for the run down to New Orleans. Morgan is trailered as we plan to run the interstates. Only real pleasure stop is in Bowling Green Kentucky on the 6th to visit the Corvette museum -- great adventure. We roll into New Orleans mid afternoon on the 7th and meet up with most of the MOA group. Introduction of Rod to Cajun food -- he quickly tires of deep fried and decides "gator" tastes the same as "crawfish" but the beer is great!

Sept. 9 New Orleans to Baton Rouge (Port Allen), 146 miles: First day of actually driving. Top down we headed out for the bridge south across the Mississippi River for our first stop the swamp tour in Jean Lafitte Park, deep in the bayous of the Mississippi delta. Several of us proceeded to get lost. In my case the rain was too much and I had to stop and put the top up. I also filled up with gas. 36,508 miles and 8.1 gal. By the time I had the top put up all the others were ahead, so this left me to my own to try and find the way. After several wrong turns and one dead end road, and then getting some directions from a corner service station I finally arriving at the tour location way to late to find that most had already left on the tour. However, I wasn't alone and waited with 2 others for the next tour.

It was worth the wait. The outbreak of "love bugs" made the wait annoying to us but... we were warned they are harmful to the paint on cars. This problem was soon to be solved... The swamp tour was quite interesting. Hosted by a Cajun, they have a totally different accent, and I find them easier to understand than the southern drawl. We saw lots of Spanish moss covered Cypress trees, a grave site of vaults right by the river, then into the bayous. Alligators, egret, blue heron, pelican, white tail deer, palmetto, persimmon, eucalyptus, and several other trees I could not identify, some with white or red or even purple flowers like the allamanda flower. I am glad our guide knew his way, he had most of us lost around the second bend.

After the tour I headed north again retracing my steps and stopping along the way to check the instructions and the maps. The route we took was through some of the oldest plantations of the south. I wound my way along the levee of the Mississippi river, and traveled through field after field of sugar cane. Hmmm, I wonder if we can grow sugar at home. I had to make several stops to get the wipers sorted out. They only like to work some of the time and often like to get tangled up. There were several outbursts of lightning, lots of thunder and torrents of rain. Morgan only showed a couple of minor drips and leaks and did quite well. I rolled into Baton Rouge at 6:00 pm along with most of the others just in time for a party held in our honor by a friend of Steve Roake. The party was held at this fellow's garage where he spends most of his time restoring Rolls Royce's.

VDJ notes: Half an hour into this run and Rod is lost already – Isuzu nowhere in sight! He's got Lisa with him, seems they went the wrong way on the interstate. Ginette has asked to ride with me, we take the easy route – follow the bus that says "follow me to the Jean Lafitte swamp tour". Bloody love-bugs everywhere, and into every cranny of the car. Thankfully, after the swamp tour, we see the rain bearing down on us, make a quick dash under a porch to put up the hood, then 2 minutes up the road, as we are visiting Oakwood we get drenched but the car is cleaned of bugs! Wet through the decision is no more stops on the run to Baton Rouge and the hotel to get into something dry.

Sept. 10, Baton Rouge to Vicksburg Mississippi, 161 miles: It was not a good night for sleep, either too hot or too many noises or too many dreams or something to keep me awake most of the night. I was up at 6:30 and down the hall to breakfast, packed and ready for the drivers meeting at 8:00. Elaine mentioned to be on the lookout for some Mississippi Morgan's joining us from the Jackson area today. Nice warm morning but with a few clouds in the sky so decided to keep the top up. We took a small side tour through the streets of St Francisville Louisiana to look at some of the old architecture. About 15 miles before Natchez I pulled over to see what was up with so many of the group stopped by the wayside. Ben and Judy Fryrear were pretty shaken up but they were not hurt. A buzzard had tried to tackle a red +8 and lost the battle on the front windshield. There was not much left of the windshield so the chase vehicle was called and we would somehow deal with it tomorrow in Vicksburg. I carried on as there was not much I could do and was much more careful watching for attractive (to the buzzards) road kill. Lots of road kill, several dogs, a couple of raccoons, possums, and an armadillo. I have also spotted a small owl this morning on the roadside watching for prey in the ditch.

Several miles up the road we stopped in Natchez to see a heritage home called Longwood. It was built just before the civil war broke out, at the then cost of \$80 thousand. It is octagonal shape and was to have 32 rooms on 4 floors all under a dome. The construction got as far as the basement for the family to move in to 8 big rooms, when the war broke out, all the owners investments were depleted for the war, and he came down with a virus and died. The family lived on in the house until the 1930s when the house was sold and donated to the state for preservation. There are many tales like this in the south. From here I headed further north passing many cotton fields, another first for me to see. As I drove I spotted another Morgan coming towards me, both arms waving in the air. I stopped and met Joe from Jackson Mississippi. We toured the Windsor ruins, another huge plantation home gone to ruin. I explained the plight of the broken windshield and he got on the phone right away to seek help. I drove on to Vicksburg and he headed to seek help from some friends. I am sure in the morning something will come of it. As soon as I pulled into the hotel in Vicksburg another 90's green Morgan pulled in behind me. I met Bill Beavers an ex-member of MOGNW now moved to Mississippi. A couple of beers to quench the thirst of a hot humid day and then off as a group to a nice dinner at Harrah's Casino.



This is what they
do to crossdresser's
in New Orleans?!
fortunately for Jeremy
Harrison he only wore
this shirt on the last
evening of the run, in
Hershey!

Photo by Vern Dale-Johnson

Rocky Gap Lodge,
Flintstone Maryland,
Sept 16. Ben & Judy
Fryrear (Texas),
Carl Shriver (MCCDC),
Vern DJ and MSCCC/
MCCDC member Alan Marsh.

Photo by Vern Dale-Johnson



Jeremy & Gill Harrison
put the squeeze on
Marj Scooros as we
await "the Cat" in
Yarmouth, Nova Scotia

Photo by Vern Dale-Johnson

The Keith Cox Memorial
Morgans over America III,
New Orleans to Nova Scotia
Sept. 7 – Oct. 8, 2000



VDJ notes: This day has truly been "for the birds". We overheat (blown fuse in the fan circuit) then get a call from Ben & Judy – a buzzard has destroyed their windscreen. Rod answers his phone and we are soon all gathered to get the +8 on the trailer. That evening Ken Miles has Henry help re-and-re his starter while George & Kathy Tollworthy have wrestled with a flat tire. Not an auspicious start to this run! Most of the Mogs get a proper wash to rid them of the remains of the "bugs".

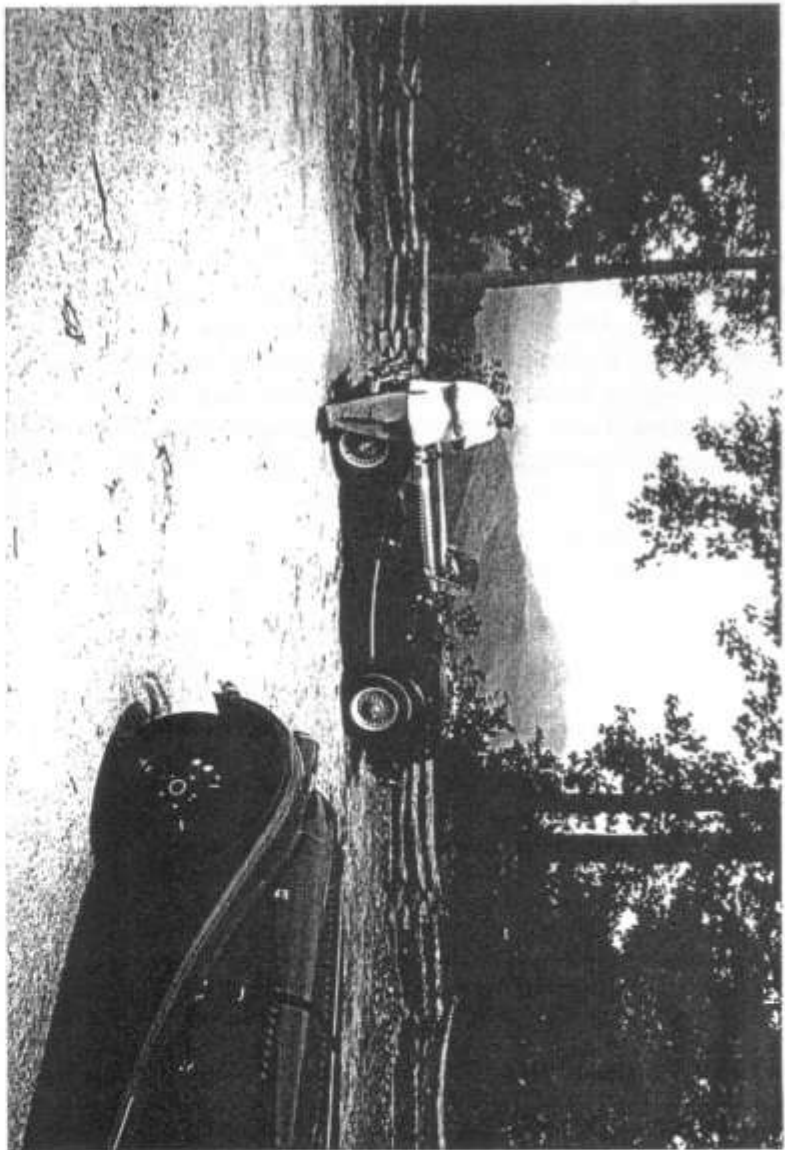
Sept 11, Vicksburg to Tupelo, Mississippi, 209 miles: Wow what a wonderful day and a wonderful day for a drive through the heart of Mississippi. The top is down we're onto the Natchez Trace. This is now a national heritage road; it was the original road from Natchez on the Mississippi River to Nashville Tenn. It is now a delight to travel the speed limit is 55mph, no transport trucks, and no cross roads. I had a wonderful day of basking in the warm sun with the temp in the high 80's and Morgan loved the drive too. Lots of stops to take in the heritage the first being the Cyprus swamps, an awesome sight like scenes from a Disney movie or more like Channelwood from Myst. I also spotted a fox and a wild turkey on the wayside. (live not roadkill). I passed many more cotton fields and several peanut plantations. By early afternoon we arrived in Tupelo Mississippi in plenty of time to check in and make the pilgrimage to Elvis. Yes he was born in a 2 room shack in Tupelo Mississippi, and it is still here. A museum has been added full of his early history and artifacts, plus a chapel dedicated to him. I noted that in the chapel there is a kneeler at the front, which looks out a plain glass window pointing directly at the old house, whereas the rest of the windows are all modern art stained glass. This town of 35,000 is pretty proud of him, and so they should be.

VDJ notes: Ben's car is trailered over to the glass man, with Keith Ahlers +8 along to both assist and as a pattern. Keith has given Rod a blast in his +8 and now we can't wipe the grin off his face! Ease the old glass out of the frame in one piece to preserve for a pattern, straighten the frame over the knee, a new piece of glass is cut and with the help of some goo remounts with only minor cracks. This does take a couple of hours out of our morning so we're late away. Lisa is riding with me up the Natchez trace – Indian mounds, a walk in the woods with the mozzies and horseflies, scare some buzzards from the roadside, several turkeys about, chickens, and a fox (but not together). FedEx truck tries to collect us as he corrects from a turn up an expressway off ramp. Late into Tupelo so no Elvis visit...

Sept 12, Tupelo to Chattanooga, Tennessee, 257 miles: Started off to some minor troubles -- the steering is creaking. With further inspection and help from others I discover it is coming from a steering damper that has seized where it is fastened to the chassis. A little oil and loosening the bolts seem to make some difference. Inspection of the steering column oil level makes me suspect this had not been checked, or topped up. On the run I found a car parts place and picked up some 140W oil. The steering box took quite a bit. I also picked up some JB weld and metal glued the water overflow pipe back into place. It had come loose and when the radiator overflowed it sprayed all over the ignition and out the louvers onto the windshield. I also found one of those straw seat covers to let the air through -- works well. North again along the Natchez trace into Tennessee. Then onto some secondary roads and into Chattanooga. It was a definite change of scenery as we entered a more mountainous area and the change from Cyprus to Gary Oak and eastern pine with some tamarack and eastern maple.

As we passed along the back roads we came across a sign saying Jack Daniels - Lynchburg, Guided tours. We made a left and took a 10 mile detour. It was a free tour and I learned a lot, BUT there were no samples, this is a dry county. Some things in the south just don't make sense and some things don't change. As we left there were several wild turkeys in the yard out front, probably hanging out to find out some of the trade secrets. We arrived in Chattanooga to find we are booked into the Holiday Inn Chattanooga Choo Choo Hotel. Wow what an awesome place. It is the original train station converted. The lobby is the original main hall of the station. There are still lots of all different kinds of railroad passenger cars on the tracks, and later on closer inspection these have been turned into hotel rooms, 2 per car. Yes - track 29 is still here and one of the old funnel stacked locomotives is on it. There are 3 hotel complexes built around this with pools, hot tubs and water slides. Lots of shops and game room, a model railroad museum and all facilities. Rumor has it that one of us got a ticket for speeding on the Natchez trace this morning despite the warnings at the meetings.

The Keith Cox Memorial
Morgans over America III,
New Orleans to Nova Scotia
Sept. 7 – Oct. 8, 2000



High in the Appalachians – Ginette Sonnesyn poses with Vern DJ's +4, Bob Murray's 70 +8 in the foreground.

Cindy Eller with the "pig pickins" prepared in Asheville, N.C.

On the rocks at Peggy's Cover, N.S. – Pam Baker, Eileen & Norm Ridley, Steve Roake, and MSCC / MOGNW members Ken & Pat Miles.

Photos by Vern Dale-Johnson



VDJ notes: With Ginette for the day. A long drive then visits to some of the sites around Chatanooga. Rock City, Inclined Railway, and Ruby Falls. On the way to Rock City a Honda tries to collect us – 4 wheels locked as he slides across in front of me as I move left and (thankfully) sticks like a magnet to the guardrail. Another split second.... Bob Murray is right behind – he can't believe he missed me. We keep going along with Rod with the Isuzu and trailer. A two martini evening!

Sept 13, Chattanooga to Cherokee, North Carolina, 243 miles: A wonderful day for a run through the Smokey mountains. From Chattanooga north to Cleveland Tennessee then over the back roads to the Ocoee River Byway. The Ocoee River was the site for the 1996 Olympics (Atlanta Georgia) whitewater kayaking competitions. It also has one of the oldest hydroelectric operations in the country still in operation. It was a wonderful drive through some familiar territory, as I have been through here before in '97 to attend a seminar in Copperhill Tenn. Then on to the Nantahala gorge where again whitewater river rafting abounds. The Cherokee Inn on the Cherokee Indian reservation is the destination today. Most of the others arrived early too and spent the rest of the afternoon getting the bugs off the cars. I had done this several days ago so Morgan only has a little dust on it. I didn't see any of us heading to Harrah's Casino, the main industry in this town. Dinner at 7:30 tonight in the hotel in a special banquet room with all 40 of us plus guests. We are on a dry reservation so we had to BYOB. A new member to the group is Lita Sheam, she arrived from England to navigate for Liz Ellis.

Sept 14, Cherokee to Ashville, North Carolina, 199 miles: It started out to be another beautiful day. A few clouds in the sky, top down and off up the road across the Smokey Mountains again into Gatlinburg Tenn. Four of us took off together, the three Canadian Morgans followed by Bob Murray. Bob Murray won the turn signal award this morning for doing 15 miles with it on. (To those of you who do not know the Morgan well this is a common problem for some reason, which all Morgan drivers fall to several times during their career. Morgan hummed along just fine until we got 1/2 the way down the other side of the pass when it started to splutter. I pulled into a gas station in Gatlinburg but he could not look at it for at least another day. I pulled plug no. 2 as this is the usual one that fouls. It was loaded with carbon and wet. A wire brush cleaned it, but with it back in this still had not fixed the problem. The car is backfiring, spluttering, missing and no power at all. Lots of black smoke so it is running very rich. I could almost watch the gas gage go down. On my way out of Gatlinburg I passed a NAPA. Stocking up on a cheap sparkplug wrench I pulled 2 of the plugs. Both the same, very black. He looked them up but did not have any in stock. I carried on up the road taking the route described in our directions. If Morgan was running fine this would have been a blast. The back road we ended up on was so full tight corners that we had to slow to 10 MPH and the road ended up into gravel as we crossed the state line into North Carolina again. At the summit of Mt Sterling I returned to the I40 and battled our way into Ashville. We checked into the Hotel where we were all greeted by Charlie King from Charleston SC, of MOGSW. He is staying at the hotel and joined us for the evening. It is certainly nice to meet so many enthusiastic Morgan owners along the way. I spent some time trying to figure out the plugs again. I pulled all 4 plugs and all were almost totally carboned up. I checked the points they seemed to be in place, we tried a timing light, but were unable to get a reading (I guess because we were in full sun, or the TDC mark was hiding). I cranked the mixture nuts to the top and checked the dampers, raising the dampers now slows the engine instead of speeding it. By this time it was time to get ready for the party. We were all invited to a "pig pickins" at a local Morgan owners property. We had a wonderful evening on a 22 acre property complete with their own lake. Steve and Phil even tried some fishing off the dock and Phil actually caught a fish. Now a pig pickins is a whole pig split in two and roasted on a BIG BBQ grate for about 12 hrs. Then you peel back the crispins and pick out the meat. Ohhh so wonderful plus a keg of beer from the local micro brewery. All of us agreed, it was a treat. Another birthday celebration, and cake, Ginette, today. On the way to the party Morgan still had no change in performance. So the next thing to try was the air cleaners, they came off but were spotless. Then Henry took the dampers apart, a little dirty but not too bad, springs ok, needles seated ok. Next the float bowls, the needles here looked fine and were operating fine too. Henry helped me with these and we set the floats just a little lower in the bowls so to try and starve the engine a bit. We checked the synchronizing of the carbs by watching the dampers rise, the front seemed a little faster than the rear but not enough to make it this rough. I checked the points again they seemed to be secure and the inside of the cap looked

spotless. Morgan seemed to idle a little better but the return trip to the hotel it was much the same as before, no change. Our host recommended a local British car shop so a call in the morning is in order.

VDJ notes: Through the Smokies to Gatlinburg. Unexpected sidetrip to "Dollywood" – did Valentin Tanase foresee this? Back on the right route to chase Steve Roake (who was chasing Rod with Isuzu and trailer) around a thousand curves to the Blue Ridge Parkway – great run! Rod can't believe the Isuzu's handling! Pig pickins at Bull Creek Ranch hosted by Cindy & John Eller (NCMSCC member Bart Weaver's sister). Great evening, great day.

Sept 15, Asheville to Lewisburg, West Virginia, 257 miles: Up early and showered, I had a thought overnight and went out first thing to try it. Remove each plug wire and see if any cylinders are not working. To no avail, it is something else. I phoned the shop recommended and they could take me so I spluttered off but just as I was a block away the sputtering stopped -- the engine was running much better. As I pulled in one of the mechanics came out to greet me, he recognized the sound of a Morgan. I told him the history and he pondered for a moment. What kind of fuel pump. Solex electric. That's it, let me check the pressure. He called me back to his bay in the shop a few minutes later and showed me his gauge. It was pinned at 7 PSI. A way too much for a SU carb, they will only handle 1.5 to 2 PSI. Along with other parts he ordered in a fuel-line regulator. A new damper spring was exchanged in the left front, and a lube oil and filter. When the other parts arrived he installed the regulator and did a tune up. He and I took Morgan for a spin around the block, Morgan was running just fine. I paid the bill and took off for the Blue Ridge Parkway in hopes of an easy afternoon drive to try and catch up. Shortly after getting on the parkway I ran into a construction zone. There were several bad potholes and I may have hit one fairly bad. As I came out of the construction zone I noticed much more wheel bounce, and shimmy. I kept on going as there were no turnarounds as we climbed into the mountains.

The shimmy has become progressively worse to the point where over 50 MPH it's unbearable -- the car breaks into a breakdance down the road. About 150 miles later I left the Parkway and took to the back roads north where there was another detour. I encountered some really nice and very pretty rural back roads and countryside. Lots of crops of corn and way up on the side of one hill a big field of a familiar large, long, wide, bright green leaves -- tobacco. I drove on till past dusk in Wytheville and found a small hotel. Falling about 75 miles short of Lewisburg Va., our planned destination. The lady at the hotel recommended the log cabin restaurant across the street for dinner. I phoned the hotel in Lewisburg and left a message for Elaine then headed for dinner. Another first, they had Peanut soup on the menu. It is very good. After a pork roast steak and a couple of beer I'm full. Tomorrow is another day to iron out the problems.

VDJ notes: Ran with Ken & Pat Miles all day. Brief stop at the Martha Washington Inn in Abingdon for lunch. Arrive in Lewisburg early enough to do some laundry. Cassel Adamson, for the Virginia group joins us for dinner. Marv Coultard is AWOL, still not here at 9 pm and no message

Sept 16, Lewisburg to Flintstone Maryland, 236 miles: I was up at the crack of dawn and across the street to the gasmart for some coffee. I also asked about a tire store. There is one three blocks down the road. I was at the door at 8 am to meet them opening up. The fellow spotted the problem as I drove in -- as suspected it was the right rear, the tire had a big bulge in it. We swapped it out for the spare. WHEW that was an easy fix, however I must remember to carry a knockoff hammer from now on. He explained that the tread had separated from the belt. Likely a good jolt or too much heat will do it. Hmmm not bad for 40 year old tires, Semperet, they only get a bump in them not like the latest technology from Firestone. I headed for I-81 North. For the next 250 miles Morgan hummed along splendidly. There were several sights on the road, but the scariest one was when a one ton roofing contractor truck passed me like I was standing still. I was doing a good 75 and he went flying past at what must have been over 90MPH. His tar kettle trailer was missing the left tire, it was screaming down the road on only the rim, with a trail of sparks behind. He was long gone but for at least 6 miles there was a twin scratch mark in the blacktop until the 2 lines had a third in between them. He had changed lanes several times to pass others then exited 81 onto route 66. I wonder when he finally

discovered it. For me, it was a smooth ride all the way up 81 to Winchester Va then I took the side roads to Cumberland and on to Flintstone.

When passing through Burlington West VA I spotted an old garage with several of the old hand lever gas pumps. I pulled around and did the photo-op thing parked in front of the pumps. Somewhere also on route I spotted a small shopping complex called "Polish Pines" and in the logo the pine tree was upside down. Just as I pulled out of Cumberland I looked in the mirror to a welcome sight. Emile was right behind me in his white and cream +4. We found the hotel easily and checked in. Everyone else thought they had lost me for good, I was deluged with "WHAT HAPPENED?" Apparently Elaine did not get my message at the hotel last night. I took a quick shower and went down to the parking lot to visit with our guests. The Washington DC club was well represented. Alan & Chris Stanton, Baltimore MD, Doug Markham, Richmond VA, Richard Pohl, Richmond VA, Ed & Bev Geiger, Reston VA, George and Diane Cobman, Gardenville VA, Carl & Beverly Schriver, Downsville MD, Al Marsh, Washington DC, Richard & Geri Cooperman, Silver Springs MD, Ed Zieliski also from Silver Springs. Ed Geiger will be joining us on the run from here to Quebec. There were 26 Morgans lined up in the parking lot, and get this, I still heard someone ask if they are a "kit car". Bart and Karey Grant were seen taking George Cobman's +8 for a spin, this was Bart's old Morgan, he assured me it still runs as well as ever. We all dined together in the hotel and had a wonderful dinner. It is so wonderful to see so many guests. We talked Morgan adventures all night.

Sept 17, Flintstone to Mansfield, Pennsylvania, 216 miles: I awoke to shafts of light through the window and looked out to see blue sky and the mist rising off the lake. What a beautiful morning, but cold – 7C, 10 degrees cooler than normal. It was a cool drive all morning, but the afternoon warmed up nicely as we moved into the northern Appalachians to Wellsboro and then into Mansfield PA. Morgan just hummed along nicely. We definitely noticed the change in the road surface condition when we crossed the state line into Pennsylvania. In this state they do much like California, build the road build in blocks that shift over time, causing Morgan to bounce down the road. I think elsewhere I will do a personal rating for all the roads during this tour. The country side was a wonderful sight, fields of corn almost ready to pick, fields of peanuts and potatoes. We took a side tour to the "Grand Canyon of Pennsylvania". A nice lookout and views at about 1000 ft over the river below. Again when we came through Wellsboro The Western NY MOG were there to greet us, and joined up at our hotel in Mansfield. Bob & Georgina Abels, Dick Powers and Bob Tescione, all from the Rochester area. I am still amazed at how many people know of us and come out to spend some time with us.

VDJ notes: Fog and cold til noon but not as bad as the day before – we had sleet on the high mountain drives. Front air cleaner has decomposed, no other issues...

Sept 18, Mansfield to Saratoga Springs, New York, 239 miles: Another delightful sunny morning. Several members took a side tour to Watkins Glen NY, where one of the world famous racetracks is. I called our friends Mike and Donna from Victoria, now moved to Ft Erie, Ontario but they were notable to join us in this leg of the tour through New York. We were off up the road early to some back roads and then across the state line into New York. It was rather a boring day with mostly freeway driving. New York comes well down on the list for road quality. Several sections of the freeway were done in blocks, which bounce the Morgan. Around Binghamton they loose points for directions too. There are several highways and 2 major freeways that converge. What a wonderful place to do major construction! So I was off down I-17 heading for New York City when I must have blinked. It took the next exit to correct the error so not much time was lost. Near Albany we took to the back roads again and wound along to Saratoga Springs. The Hotel we stayed at was fantastic. One of those old spreading 6 story countryside hotels in the middle of a national park. We parked our cars all along the curb of the long sweeping driveway. Fred Fagelman from Queensbury NY met us at the Hotel driving his Red +8. He spent the evening with us at the patio Bar.

VDJ notes: Early start with the Miles. Unfortunately Pam's propane-powered +4 wouldn't go so Rod loaded them on the trailer and along with Ginette he had 3 women to support him on the day's run! Not a happy camper when he rolled into the Gideon Putnam Hotel, a lovely 1935 era hotel. Miraculously Pam's woes seem to have cured themselves with the shortening of the high-tension lead so she's off the trailer.

Sept 19, Saratoga Springs to Plattsburgh, New York, 217 miles: The clouds are high but there is no blue. I dress up warm and scrunch the hat on and we're off to the Adirondack mountains. First stop in Bolton landing on Lake George. By this time the blue sky is starting to show up and as the day goes on we get the best temps yet. Fred Fagelman drove with us this morning in his red +8. We stopped at the Sagamore hotel. This place, Steve told us at the drivers meeting, was a required stop. The building is a delight for architecture. There also have a Morgan, an old 100 ft cruise boat at their own dock on Lake George. "The Morgan" she is called. The famous village of Lake Placid is quite the tourist town with many little touristy shops. It was a wonderful drive as in the upper elevations the trees were beginning to show some colour. I stopped at a rest area just past Lake Placid for a quick snooze curled up in the Morgan. Then on to Plattsburg.

VDJ notes: We visit the Adirondack museum – great display of rowing and sailboats, including sailing canoes. Up Whiteface mountain – great test of the suspension and cooling system. Pam craps out again, this time in downtown Plattsburgh. We decide to trailer her into Montreal where there is a mechanic (than you Lorne Goldman and Ron Friedman) who can work on propane systems.

Sept 20, Plattsburgh to Montreal, Quebec, 105 miles: What a fantastic day. We started as usual with the drivers meeting at 8am. At this morning meeting we were joined by our old friends Ron & Yvonne Theroux from Surrey BC. They will be with us for the Maritime portion of the run. It is sure good to see them. I opted out of the first part of today's run, which backtracked to take in a tour of the Ausable chasm. Some others tell me it was a wonderful sight and well worth the extra miles and time. I took the morning ferry to Vermont from Plattsburg and found 3 +8s on board. I kept up with them all the way into Montreal even though Keith and Sue were in the lead. It was a wonderfully warm day to cross lake Champlain and drive up the Grande Isle to the Quebec border.

Montreal traffic is not the easiest to contend with in a Morgan but we made it fine. Wow has this city grown some and changed in places since I was here last in 76, then again in 94 on my way to Kujurapik. There are lots of new buildings taller than those then. St Catherine's St. has not changed much; it is still the hub of the city, still the street in Canada to "girl watch". I must have cruised the whole street from Crescent to St Laurent. Crescent has now changed though from the strip joints to yuppie coffee bars and bistros. Keith Ahlers looks into one of the local car racing magazine shops for the latest edition of motor sports magazine. As he glanced through it he found an article on his recent racing with his blue Morgan +8 (no 29). The clerk asked him to autograph a copy.

We gathered en masse in the bar at 6:30 and after a drink headed out for Dunns, Deli for Montreal Smoked meat. The waiter was awesome, really had it all together. The food was excellent and almost all of us had the smoked meat and either the strawberry cheesecake or the chocolate cake. Montreal is still THE PLACE in Canada for good food and service. Everyone had an excellent time. We were joined with good company with Ron and Stephanie Friedman of Montreal, in their Green 4/4. Ron made arrangements for a mechanic to fix propane problems on one of our Morgans. It was such a nice evening, one of the best yet on this trip with so many good new friends.

VDJ notes: What a shit of a day! Pam's on the trailer and we're high-tailing it for Montreal. Roll in about 11 am to be met by Ron Friedman who takes us to his mechanic. Ivan finds a fuse problem but the propane issues linger. Lorne & Audrey Goldman have invited Rod & I to lunch at the Ritz Carlton – highlight of the day! Lorne leaves his +8 parked outside in the loading zone – the Concierge knows where he is. But we are interrupted by a call from Pam – Ivan can't fix the propane system so... load Pam's Mog back on the trailer for a "short" (read 45 minute cross-town) trip to the propane converter. Seems like they know what they're doing so we decide to head for the hotel. Another frantic call from Pam, they can't finish the car today. Decide to send Rod & Lisa to the hotel with the Isuzu & trailer while I head off with the OLBIDII to fetch Pam. Damn these streets are rough! Part way across the engine quits but fortunately we coast to a safe side-street stop and find the broken L.T. lead for a quick fix (rough roads have caused the radiator stays to flex so much they broke the lead!). Further on I witness the results of a couple of motorcycle street racers – one has impinged his bike under the front of a Toyota and he's looking not too good on the tarmac 50 meters down the road.



The
Keith Cox Memorial
Morgans
over America III
New Orleans
to
Nova Scotia
Sept. 7 – Oct. 8, 2000

Jeremy Harrison (with video, of course) admiring Jim Nichol's 3-wheeler at the Vanderbilt Estate.

Ben Fryrear (Texas) and new MSCCC member Henry Tutton (England).

Photos by Vern Dale-Johnson



Henrik Rens met us in Digby, N.S. for 2 days of fun.

Ken Miles re & reing Pat's starter in Vicksburg, Miss.

Photos by Vern Dale-Johnson



Later, with Pam on board, loaded with luggage, dodging the accident traffic, and the rain starting motorists are indicating we have a problem... unfortunately we think they're just admiring the car...

Sept 21, Montreal to Quebec City, 156 miles: I awoke first at 5:30 in the morning to what sounded like a Morgan out in the street 8 floors below. I looked out the window and sure enough Vern was unloading his Green from the trailer. Hmmm this is weird. It was raining too. I was up again at 7 and down for coffee and then across the street to get on the Net again for a short time to update files. I checked out at 9 and on the road by 9:30. Montreal has failed badly with their city's road conditions. I am sure every manhole I ran over had sunk into the road by a foot. There were ruts, potholes, and metal cover plates in the road everywhere. As we slowly progressed out Sherbrooke St. we ran into the shoddiest construction crew I have ever seen -- about 3 machines from some private outfit, no road hazard signs, no flagman, just these three machines pattering around cutting up the old blacktop. It was the cause of a major 2 hr traffic jam that could have been taken care of with one flagman, or someone directing traffic. Finally past this the road gradually improved but long out of Montreal before it was drivable at more than 50kph. I stayed on the secondary highway all the way out to Trois-Rivieres. The wind was very strong from the west, enough to blow us around on the road between the potholes. Several miles out the road improved and was quite good in places actually. It was still cloudy with low billowy gray ones flying along at the same speed as us. We passed through lots of the small villages along the St Laurence. Many of them with the houses right on the road and the front porch right on the curb. The remainder of the run today was from Trois Rivieres to Quebec City via the freeway. The hotel is right in the hub of the old city. Parking is in a building down from the hotel where we had to put our cars up on an elevator. The rest of the afternoon was spent seeing this old city. I was last here 24 years ago. The city has not changed much since then. It still has so much charm.

VDJ notes: Up before 5 am, can't sleep and Rod is on a 7 am flight back to Vancouver. Roll OLBDII off the trailer (our overnight parking spot!) and with Rod head for Dorval. On the expressway... funny noises... no oil pressure. Shut her down and roll to a stop off the expressway under an overpass. Rod flags down a city bus and gets a lift to a gas station where a cab picks him up. Half an hour after I've pushed OLBDII onto the sidewalk, secured it, and determined the problem is an oil cooler line that has blown off it's fitting. Probably happened the evening before but we didn't notice. Finally been able to flag down a cab for a ride back to the hotel to pick up the Isuzu & trailer, Pam & Lisa and head out to collect OLBDII (record time to load, in rush hour traffic) and up to Ivan's. The shop we find to reattach the line makes no guarantees but the news seems to be the bearings are OK as there is no noise and good oil pressure. Without a driver for the chase car OLBDII's rides to Quebec City while Pam & Lisa stay problem free.

Sept 22, Quebec City: Friday, and a day off from the run. It was a glorious day to tour old Quebec City. Many of the group took guided bus tours or walking tours of the city, either with guides or on CD. I went to the fort Museum to get an overview of the early history then off to the Citadel for a guided tour. The history here in this city predates all others on the continent. It was 1608 that Champlain founded this city, long before the Mayflower. The city has been embroiled in wars and battles for a long time until they defeated Benedict Arnold and General Montgomery who tried to take it for the USA in 1775. This city is the closest to a French city that you will find on this continent. The old part is still a walled city, which includes the Citadel, a fortress that is still a Dept of National Defense military base. The Citadel is also the home of the General Governor Madame, Adrienne Clarkson. I found a leather shop in the old part of Quebec that carries leather pilot's hats and the last one they had in black fit. This will be perfect for driving Morgan in colder weather. Phillip Mason and Jeremy & Gill Harrison joined us. Jeremy and Gill are taking over the chase vehicle. Phillip is in a rental. We celebrated Eileen's birthday tonight at our drivers meeting and then off to different restaurants.

VDJ notes: Up early to clean off the plugs and run up the motor on the starter a couple of times to ensure we have oil well circulated. Seems OK. The day is spent touring old Quebec with Ken & Pat Miles. Find a great shirt for Rod and get all in the group to sign same. After dinner, wonder if the hose to the oil cooler is really fixed (as the shop had really crimped down hard on the old fitting). It was leaking so... with Henry's help pulled off the oil cooler block and remounted the filter -- no leaks! We hope but will know tomorrow.

Sept 23, Quebec City to Fredricton New Brunswick, 364 miles: I woke early after a good sleep to a cloudy chilly morning. I had Morgan down the elevator from the garage and we were on the road by 7am. I was certainly glad I had found the new leather pilot's hat. It may look funny but damn does it work. I had the heater turned up and my 3 layers on. I was still chattering, so had to stop for a coffee to warm up and get out the windbreaker as a 4th layer. We had a lot of miles to cover today, the longest run on the trip. We crossed the border into New Brunswick and the road conditions got better. By the time we were got to Edmonston Morgan was missing and spluttering while under load at 60mph. I spotted a Canadian Tire and pulled in. They had the plugs in stock so I swapped the old ones out finding them looking better than before except for a big deposit on the one in cylinder 2. Strange. Another 50 miles down the road it started to do the same again. I pulled into a gas station in Florenceville. Checked the plugs again and 2 was a little wet. I added some gas treatment and this seemed to settle the car down. With the change in Time zone, we pulled into Fredricton NB at 6:30.

There was some tough news. First of all Vern had popped an oil line and lost it all possibly doing some damage. He trailered his Mog for the short haul home to Toronto. However Henry had worse luck. A screw had come loose in the distributor and gone down the shaft taking out the cogs on the camshaft. Everyone scattered to find the solution. Vern came up with some contacts and through a few more calls by Henry eventually a shop near Halifax was located that had the parts and would help when we get the car there. We made contact with Vern and he expects to be back here with the 4X4 and trailer to haul Henry out of Fredricton. Henry and Barb heaved a big sigh of relief. Time for some Chinese and beer. What an incredibly long nerve wracking day.

VDJ notes: Quebec City to Toronto (a side trip!). Five miles into the day and no oil pressure (20 lbs) so... stop and load onto the trailer, consult with Jeremy & Gill Harrison who are now driving the chase vehicle, and decide to head for Toronto. En route we're discussing options and decide "why not the Caterham?" Call Neil Young to see if it's running and yes, we're on. Amanda not thrilled at the thought of entertaining us for the evening but on arrival a turkey is roasting on the spit. Get a chance to cut the lawn. Amanda not thrilled with the facial hair I've grown!

Sept 24, Fredricton to Truro Nova Scotia, 226 miles: A really cloudy morning. It rained overnight and everything is wet. I picked up my laundry from the laundry room last night and it was not dry so I had put it around the room. It still was not dry. I folded all my wet clothes and put them back in my new Levis bag. The back of Morgan was wet too. I cleaned it all out with the chamois. The forecast was for rain this morning and showers this afternoon but I left the top down, as there hadn't been a drop since 7 am. Just before Moncton I stopped for a break and just as I was about to take to the roads again the sky opened up. The top went up and I buttoned down the hatches. From Moncton to Truro it just poured. We arrived out from under the clouds in Truro and get into the hotel only for the storm to come over again. It seemed it was tracking us all the way. Morgan still did a lot of spluttering at cruising speed today. I had checked the plug wire screws in the distributor cap and tightened cylinder 2 slightly. Still no change. Along the way I stopped between buckets and change out plug no.2. Still no change. Traveling at around 60mph and 3000 rpm, cruising is fine. I come to an incline and feed it a little more gas, all still seems to be fine until we get 1/2 way up the hill and it starts to splutter, missing on one cylinder, and losing power. Once I let it down to about 2000 rpm and 40mph in top gear it kicks in again. At the hotel in Truro they sent me up the street to a coin laundry. I was totally soaked. All my laundry from the night before had not dried yet, and everything I had on was soaked. I had one shirt and one pair of pants left in the suitcase, everything else went in the dryer. I drove across town to see the tidal bore but the high tides are at around 11 so too late tonight, maybe tomorrow morning. Dinner at the hotel and I was off to bed.

VDJ notes: Toronto to Fredricton, 959 miles. Out early, loaded up the Caterham at Neil's then off to Montreal, down through Magog into Vermont, across from St. Johnsbury to Bangor Maine and then up to Fredricton. Having a second driver is the trick. We agree that if we ever run LeMan's it will be in an Isuzu – the car performs flawlessly, averaged almost 65 miles an hour. Arrived at 11:30 local time to a very relieved Henry.

Sept 25, Truro to Baddeck, 160 miles: A beautiful sunny morning, lets hope it is a good one. Most of the group hung around until the high tide came up the river. The tidal bore at the head of the Bay of Fundy is quite

the sight to see. The river has its normal flow but the banks of the riverbed are much higher than you would expect and the riverbed is filled with fine red silt. The river water is also filled with this fine red silt. From the ocean comes one wave of water about a foot high pushing up river with the level and volume of water behind it just as high. It is traveling at about 8 miles per hour. Morgan now had the right rear tire almost flat. I changed to the lumpy spare and headed back into Truro to Canadian tire. They were backlogged so when he finally got to it he could not find a leak. He replaced the tube however and all seemed to be fine. Not one of these tire men had ever changed off a wire wheel. They learned which way to turn the knockoffs. At almost one in the afternoon I was on the road. About 50 miles along Morgan started to splutter again. I pulled over and pulled out the plugs. This time cylinder 3 is wet. I put in a new plug and try again. 5 miles later the same thing and progressively getting worse. Just before Antigonish I pulled into a gas station to gas up. I put in another can of gas treatment. Going inside to pay one of the two guys in their late 60s who operate the place asks me, "wheres ya frum der, lil buddy". I told him and he chuckled and said "whatsa madda, ya gots no razors in Vancoover?" I turned around and did my Charlie Daniels routine and removed my hat to let my ponytail fall out. He left splitting his sides guffawing into the back of the garage. As I progressed further up the road the spluttering got worse and worse. Phil & Elaine pulled in behind and follow me down the side of the road with their 4 way flashers on when I have to slow right to a stop and let the car settle down. It seems to be fine when idling and for slow speeds but once up to 3000 rpm it starts to splutter and miss, and now won't stop complaining until I let it idle some more. Vern and crew pass us just before Baddeck, with a Cataham Lotus Super 7 on the trailer. He honked as he passed. It was good to see him back with us.

My cell phone rang, "How's it going dad?" "Well to be quite frank Lori, not so good, I am almost in Baddeck but the car is running rough again, not a good time to chat right now." Well at least my phone works here and the kids are thinking of me. I finally arrive in Baddeck and check in. Almost time for supper. A quick cleanup and I'm off with the rest of the group to a lobster feast. What an enjoyable evening, steamed muscles by the bucket to start with. Then thick clam chowder soup, followed by a plate of potato salad and cold slaw and a whole big red lobster. Desert of blueberry pie and ice cream. A meal well worth traveling all the way for, good friends and good food, and good beer, made a good finish to the day. Back at the hotel I talked to Vern and he has a coil in the trailer.

VDJ notes: Up early to load Henry's 4/4 onto the trailer. So cold the Caterham doesn't want to start – finally give it a tug with the Isuzu & trailer. Decide right then that Jeremy gets the job of starting her first thing in the morning (experience, you know, with lots of British machinery – including a Lotus 7!). Half hour down the road and the local RCMP have lights flashing as we pull over. Jeremy does his best British excuse as the Sergeant asks if he knows the fine for does 120 in a 90 zone – "It's \$146 plus 3 points on your license". I dig out the Isuzu's registration but all he wants to contend with here is a warning and a caution that there are lots of radar units out so keep it down til we hit the divided highway. 4 hours later we are near Halifax & Jerry Elliot's place (he has a racing Cortina and a newly acquired Lotus 7, Series II). We get the engine out of Henry's car then leave him to work things through. A quick run up to Baddeck in time for a lobster dinner, everyone is impressed with the replacement we've brought for my sick Mog.

Sept 26, Cabot Trail, Cape Breton Island, 174 miles: A partial cloudy chilly morning. I attend the morning meeting but stay here to resolve the engine problems. Fortunately we are staying here for a second night as today's run is the Cabot trail around Cape Breton. After morning coffee I opened the hood. First thing to get changed out was the coil. A trip down the road with fingers crossed and no, this is not it. I put the old one back in. Next was the condenser, I checked the points again and they were just fine. Another run down the road, nope didn't think so. Pam, who was staying behind, gave me a lift downtown to the local Ford Dealer, he had a regular fuel filter. I swapped the old one out that was looking pretty black inside, and dismantled the carbs, cleaning and oiling them and wow she has power back. It was starving for gas on the hills, that's all.

I spent the rest of the afternoon, in the Alexander Graham Bell Museum. He spent most of his later life here. For 30 years of my life, as an audio engineer, I measured Decibels. This man had a lot to do with my career.

Steve arrived back with a problem this time. Somewhere up the road on the run he had a sudden loss of one cylinder. Jeremy got him down the road to the next garage where he and Vern by deduction found a popped



Chase vehicle with transpoter – Neil Young's Caterham pressed into service when Vern DJ's +4 fried a bearing – that's OLBDII's in the trees with passenger-for-a-day Lisa Holley (Sun Valley Idaho).

Jeremy & Gill had to visit "Liverpool" (Nova Scotia)... Ken Miles and Vern DJ atop Whiteface Mountain. Photos by Vern Dale-Johnson



The Keith Cox Memorial
Morgans over America III,
New Orleans to Nova Scotia
Sept. 7 – Oct. 8, 2000

pushrod. They managed to get it straightened enough to get it back in place for the short run back to the motel. I watched and learned as Jeremy set up all the valve clearances for Steve. An interesting process.

VDJ notes: Others love the Caterham. Bill Buttons has to try it out and comes back with that Morgan grin from ear-to-ear. We do the run around Cape Breton, very rough but the Caterham has superb handling. Steve Kellerman's +4 has died but after much deduction we think "valve" and locate a rod popped off #3 exhaust. We swap it for the intake rod and get him back on the road. A call to Jerry Elliot and once again they come to the rescue – replacement push rods will be waiting for us at his place.

Sept 27, Baddeck to Halifax, 224 miles: Awake at 6 am again with thoughts of sugarplums, hmmm, wrong thoughts, I should be thinking of the plan for the day. Checking outside, Morgan was soaked and it was raining heavily. I should have put the top up last night. I hit the shower. Then braving the elements I got the top up with great difficulty. The driver's meeting had been canceled due to rain, but that didn't mean the day's run was canceled. I put my jacket over the radiator in the bathroom to dry it out, I thought it was waterproof, nope. Gotta find some Scotchguard for it someplace. After another coffee with Emile and Ed to warm up, and not wanting to ask the grumpy hotel owner for another one, I'm on my way. Morgan pulled strong this morning. We cruised at 60 with only a few cars and trucks passing us. A gasup again near Antigonish and it was a smooth straight through to Halifax. The weather gradually improved and the rain soon turned to a drizzle then to only the occasional shower, even a few spots of sun here and there. I had to remove layers.

Halifax is a confusing city to drive for the first time and I had trouble finding my way, watching for road signs, traffic and reading maps is difficult. The hotel is right next to the Citadel. I found the internet connection and sent files and checked the emails. Then off to walk around for a bit. Back at the Hotel at 6pm we had hotdogs, burgers, veggie plates and wine or beer in the penthouse suite, compliments of the Hotel Manager. Then a Birthday cake for Geri. She would not tell us how many candles for the cake though. Ken told me he found the Irish Rovers pub just 2 blocks down. So after our meeting with several local British car buffs in the parking lot to where we viewed our cars, I was off with several others to check out the Unicorn. We found it, "The Unicorn, Mens and Ladies Clothing." Store. Not quite what I was expecting. We found a pub and had few more drinks and I left the rest of the group to go check into the cybercafe down the street. The hotel room is a suite overlooking the harbour. Livingroom, kitchen, bathroom, and bedroom. I could stay here for a while, a long while.

VDJ notes: Eventful morning – Pam's propane distributor arrives back at the hotel, frozen! Through deduction, Jeremy diagnoses an air lock in her cooling system. Sure enough, we clear the block, fill her up with antifreeze and she's off in convoy with us and Steve Kellerman to Jerry Elliot's where we find Henry "whole" again. We celebrate that evening with the BATANS group, including MSCCC member Stuart Clare who has helped get us connected with Jerry Elliot.

Sept 28, Halifax to Digby, 209 miles: Awoke to an early dawn over Halifax harbour. What a nice view out the window. What a short stay in such a nice hotel. Drivers meeting at 8 in the underground parking then my day began with a tour through the Citadel. Wow what a fortress they built. Most impressive. I would have not liked to be caught in the trenches of this place during a siege. Looking up at the hill you would almost think there is nothing there. The only telltale is some small chimneys and the two tall masts for the flag signaling system to the ships in the harbour. However once in, it is built in the shape of a star with all steep angles so gunfire and canon shot will glance off it not penetrate it, a 20 ft deep dry moat for the enemy to fall into and be shot at from both sides. Lots of canon, from 20 pounders up to several 64 pounders. I took in one of the guided tours and then watched a rifle firing demonstration by one of the 78th Highlanders sergeants. He was demonstrating the use of the Enfield rifle of the 1860s.

In Halifax a local TV crew caught Keith Ahlers who was asked by a local Halifax video production company to do some shooting for a production. He posed their Morgan for the camera, did several drives up and down street with the camera in a van beside him, and then he took the cameraman for a drive.

I pressed on to Peggy's Cove, a special stop. I took several pictures and looked around a bit but the small fishing village was crawling with busloads of tourists. Several of the locals did come over to admire the car and

mentioned they had seen others of our group. From there I took a different route heading south to see Lunenburg. I met up with The Kellerman's coming out of Peggy's cove so we ran together to Lunenburg. As soon as we arrive we ran into an unfamiliar Morgan, a bronze or gold coloured +8 with English plates (from the other MOA tour group). I toured the Museum, and then the Bluenose arrived in from a tour. I asked was allowed to drive Morgan onto the dock right next to the Bluenose for pictures. The other fellow with the gold Morgan had the same idea.

From Lunenburg we head up over the hills through the back roads to the other side if the peninsula and into Digby. As we neared our destination the clouds blackened and a light drizzle soon turned into rain. By Digby the rain had dropped off to showers. A quick change at the hotel and off to find the Digby Yacht Club for a special dinner. We were hosted by the BATANS (British Auto Touring Association of Nova Scotia) tonight and the Commodore of the Royal Western Nova Scotia Yacht club. We were also joined by another Morgan from the Toronto area. Henrick Rens had driven down in his all black 70 4/4 to meet with us here and travel across with us to Maine. What a great time and what a wonderful club to host a dinner for a car group. The Digby Yacht club and the BATANS group are to be commended.

VDJ notes: Caterham off the trailer for the drive to Peggy's Cove, Lunenburg (for lunch) and Liverpool (a photo op for Jeremy & Gill). Jeremy & Gill drive Hwy 8 across to near Annapolis Royal but as it turns cold and begins to rain we reload the Caterham for a dry drive into Digby. Jim Fisher of the BATANS group arranges for dinner at the RWNSYC – he and his wife Hannelore become members. Henrick Rens surprises us with his presence in Digby, with his Morgan!

Sept 29, Digby to Bar Harbour Maine, via Yarmouth and the "Cat", 65 driven miles: This morning it is cool but the skies are clear. I am in need of coffee. The motel we are in is a huge single level wide spread complex with cabins and motel room rows scattered all over the place. The complex has tennis courts, a pool and even a 20 ft by 20 ft chess board (nice idea for home). The rooms are nice and large, well appointed and well looked after. However coffee is necessary in the morning. I look around the room, no machine. I don all my clothes and jacket and take the long walk to the restaurant. It does not open until 7:30, over an hour away. I can smell coffee wafting out of the kitchen along with other breakfast smells. I head back to my room but stop at the reception desk to ask if they have coffee there. "No, sorry" she says, "If I'd had prior notice I could have made some". Drivers meeting at 8 am in the chilly parking lot, and I was on the road at 8:10. It was a great morning's run down the highway to Yarmouth. I took one small side tour through some of the smaller villages. All over Nova Scotia they have scarecrows out as lawn decorations, and a lot of the communities seem to have scarecrow contests. Some of the designs and costumes were very good, everything from political characters to Lady Godiva with only her long hair. We found the ferry terminal for "The Cat" ferry to Bar Harbour, Maine, and went back uptown to check on things. I did some last minute banking before leaving Canada, stopped at the Pharmasave and stocked up on Fisherman's Friends which I cant seem to find in the states, then a good coffee and an apple fritter from Tim Horton's.

The ferry arrived and we boarded. Wow is this an impressive ship. It is just huge, does over 40 knots and carries about 250 cars. The loading of the cars is very different though and is a long process as the parking is like a spiral parking garage inside the ship. It is jet propelled by 4 big diesels and 4 jets. Definitely more power than a Morgan. Three hours later we are in Bar Harbour. As soon as we got off the ferry there were friends waving at us from the other side of the fence -- John and Gladys McNaughton in their cream and red Morgan, Tom Langa and Chris Wnek.. 1/2 a mile down the road the Hotel is on our right. I have one of the top rooms at the top of the complex with a view to die for. In the harbour are a 4 master tall ship and a Princess Cruise ship along with many smaller boats. I toured the downtown area filled with touristy shops and picked up a few small items. I also found a fancy clock shop and learned more about tide clocks. I was back to the hotel before 6 to find several others washing cars. George's +8 has "Needs Cleaning" finger-painted in the dust so he had to wash it. He checked, lucky it didn't scratch the paint. On the bar menu was a local brew Called Bar Harbour Blueberry Ale. It is marvelous combination, one that will warrant some experimenting with at home. It was a glorious day.

VDJ notes: Beanie Baby hunt on to find Jeremy his "bears" – success, one Glory! Run through Bar Harbour with Hendrick who will be heading home in the morning.

Sept 30, Bar Harbour to Augusta, Maine, 178 miles: I awoke to the sun streaming in the window over the harbour. Wow what a view this morning. Henry's out there in the parking lot under Steve Roake's car – some small problems with the starter the last two mornings so Henry decided to see why. I loaned them my Whitworth spanners. It is good to have so many wonderful people on this tour, with so many talents. We were doing "touch wood" last night around the dinner table we are now down to Marg, Norm & Eileen, and Bob as the only ones to not have any mechanical troubles. Henry soon had the starter out, apart and back in again but there is no change. Consensus was a low battery hidden by a disconnected ammeter. The car is bump started and all was fine. The generator and regulator should be checked soon. Hendrick left to return to work in Toronto. We are joined today by Linda Cannon in her rental and Warren Martin is there as we take count in Augusta, navigating for Steve Roake. It's a chilly morning but full sun. I put on the leather pilot's hat and am off down the road. I took in the transportation museum in Owls Head, Maine, one of the recommended stops. It was well worth it for two reasons -- the cars they have are impressive: 33 Packard, 28 Mercedes, 30's Scripps-Booth, model A's, model T's, a working replica of the 1885 Benz. Lots of Woodies and lots of old airplanes too. The other reason is just to go to a place called "Owls Head" (easy to figure out for those that know me well). Another short run and I'm in Augusta, the capital of the state of Maine. Several times on route I have the same old problem of a few drops of antifreeze on the windscreen. The overflow pipe had come loose again from the bouncing in Quebec I guess.

Maine gets an "8" for the conditions of their highways -- smooth driving all the way. As soon as I pulled into the parking lot of the hotel a lady came over and asked if I minded if she had her picture with the car. She and her husband are from Bristol and she has wanted a Morgan for some time now, but her chiropractor says no way. I let her sit in it while her husband took a few pictures. I let the engine cool for a long while and then made another batch of JB weld and plastered it all around the overflow fitting, put it back together and hope this will hold. I checked the plugs and they looked good, some amber and some black, just slightly rich.

VDJ notes: On the road out of Bar Harbour make a "quick" stop when I spot a "Ty" sign. A Beanie reseller. Jeremy has a field day adding to his collection. As always, the question is "did I pay too much?" Emile has major tire wear problem on the right front – looks like too much toe in. A brand new Michelin has been reduced to scrap in less than 3 weeks.

Oct 1, Augusta to Mt. Washington, New Hampshire, 189 miles: Another great sunny morning. Lisa is back with us and with her 2000 Morgan. Eggplant colour with all the options including "cruise control". What a really splendid car. We had John and Gladys McNaughton with us this morning but they will be leaving us during the day. I had a slight relapse of directions for some reason as I tried to get on the turnpike this morning, but straightened out soon enough. A nice tour down the turnpike just to try it out I suppose then off to the back roads of Maine and into New Hampshire. As we went through small towns like Fryeburg we ended up in major traffic jams. The local Fall Fair was on and the traffic to get into the grounds was lined up for 3 miles down the highway. I took to the very back roads to get around it and ended up in Mt Washington early enough to take the Cog Railroad to the summit. This railroad we built in 1869 and climbs to the very top (over 6000ft) of Mt. Washington. It is still run by the traditional method, a coal fired steam engine. Narrow gauge track and cogs on a center rail between the tracks. The incline is anywhere from 25deg to 37.5 deg. very steep. It is a marvelous piece of old technology, well maintained, and well presented. A must see, a must do, if your in the area. On the way back down I noticed some strands of long red hair blowing from the cab of the engine. Karey had conned the crew and was riding in the locomotive. I checked in to the hotel after this adventure. Seen on the road today, one late 50's TVR and one mid 60's Ferrari. Ostrich was on the dinner menu, it was good but too much pepper so I still don't know what it tastes like.

VDJ notes: Drove Pam's car while she tried out Lisa's new +8. The car is hunting all over the road, must be a "toe out" problem. Up Mt. Washington in the Isuzu with Jeremy & Gill – tried out low range 1st & 2nd to preserve the brakes on the decent. Great old hotel at Bretton Woods – worth the visit and take the cog railway!

Oct 2, Mt. Washington to White River Junction, Vermont, 177 miles: A chilly morning and a little dew on the Morgans. We are off to a wonderful day of driving through the back roads of New Hampshire. The colours of the trees are perfect. I have been waiting to see this for a long time. The mountainsides are ablaze with reds and golds. It is spectacular. We stop at a lake by the roadside and pose Morgan for a few pictures. The day warms up and layers of clothes come off, I am soon driving in shirtsleeves. Lots of colour. On to a tourist place recommended as a must see, the Flume Gorge. A good long hike is in order to see this and it is quite the sight. A narrow creek runs the gauntlet of sheer granite cliffs 90 ft high. The path leads right up the creek bed. Further up the road I take another diversion to get some pictures of another covered bridge. Then on to our destination for the evening, in Vermont.

VDJ notes: We decide on a side trip to do some quick "outlet" shopping. Hit the Black & Decker and Levi's shops. Caterham then off the trailer for the run from Conway to White River Junction – great afternoon. Keith offers me a blast in his 99 +8 – this machine is very well sorted out!

Oct 3, White River Junction to Bennington Vermont, 185 miles: Another not so bad morning. A little high cloud and some morning fog that looks like it will burn off. I look the maps over and over and after listening to the morning meeting decide to go my own way today and duck to the south east of New Hampshire, heading for a small community called Dunbarton, where my ancestors, Burnham are from. They emigrated to Canada from here in 1815, so on a whim, I will go see what I can find. I hit the freeway at a good clip and soon pass Phillip in his rental, as he wends his way to the airport and his flight home. Within the hour we turn off down the back roads again. As I reach the area of Dunbarton the first I see is "Burnham Lane". I turn in and get photos of the sign and the first residence there is "The Burnham Farm". I carry on and stop at the gas station to refuel. I ask, and the fellow says yes there are lots of Burnhams still here. "Lincoln Webster Burnham" is the famous one. Next up the road is the town Hall, which is next to the church and school. I ask in the town hall and the clerk goes to the vault and gets out the records. Yes, my GGGGfather is in the cemetery right next to the town hall. I go around with the car to the cemetery and start a grid search. Within 20 minutes I have found at least 20 Burnhams and then yes, "Capt. Nathan Burnham". This is the gentleman I have been looking for. At the city hall the clerk also recommends I visit "Lincoln Webster Burnham", a local historian and now in his 92nd year. I drive further down the road and find the old farmhouse with no paint, just as described. Wow an old old place this one is, uneven plank floors and very rustic. I am greeted by a nurse and taken in to meet this distant cousin. He looks every bit a Burnham. I tell him of my ancestry and he related to me the early history of the Burnham's. He is definitely a cousin, what a treat to find him and to find the old cemetery, I am so glad to have made the detour.

I now carry on, in the hot sun, it has really warmed up and I am down to my shirt only, zipping along more back roads across the south of New Hampshire and into Vermont. I pulled into a rest stop along the way and a nice fellow came over to admire. He says, "I have to tell you this, Last week I saw about 20 of these cars in Fredricton New Brunswick, up in Canada." I asked him if one of them was silver and black. He got it, and chuckled. I meet up with the planned route and only on it 2 minutes when I spot Henry & Barb in the Mirror, George & Kathy behind them, then Keith & Sue. We cruise through Bennington and finally come across our hotel. Time to check in then to go to a special guided tour of the Hemming's Motor headquarters and museum. They have a garage there with about 25 cars. First time I have seen a 30's Brewster, with its heart shaped grill and matching headlights. We were well looked after by the staff there and lots of pictures of us taken so check out the Hemming's web sight and see if there are some pictures of us.

VDJ notes: Lisa issues the invitation to me to "chauffeur" her in her +8. You gotta be kidding! Of course! Drove it all day, what a fabulous car! We need one of these for LD driving – with the same comforts. Emile reports in on his "alignment" problem. Seems when his mechanic replaced a front spindle the alignment wasn't reset – total toe-in was over 1 inch when it should have been a bit over 1/8" inch. There will be a little discussion back in San Francisco regarding compensation for at least one new Michelin!

Oct 4, Bennington to Newburgh Vermont, 129 miles: Another nice weather morning, and we have some fog across the valley at the back of the hotel. Keith decides on a photo op on the lawn looking down the valley and we all oblige. There are 19 Morgans lined up in a semicircle, and we all get pictures, then one of the other

guests at the hotel offers and we all leave her our cameras and pose with our cars. This is the group photo. I have pics of the other cars too so I will try and add them later to this photo with Adobe. Drivers meeting and then on a quest for coffee. This motel is worse in one respect than the one in Digby, no coffee in the room and nothing open until 8 am. I finally get on the road at 9am, after a good coffee. I gas up at the Hemming's gas station in Bennington and am then off in search of "Morgan Spares". Several of us roll into Morgan Spares at the same time. Larry does some work on Ed Geiger's Morgan and the rest of us browse around the shop or chat with Linda, which for most of us includes getting some parts. I stock up on lift-a-dot fasteners as one went missing several miles back and Emile says I need a new left taillight lamp cuz it's been out since Nova Scotia. I also backorder a new dimmer switch. We get a couple of showers of rain while in Morgan Spares but the sun is soon back out and I am off down the road again to the next stop.

There is so much to see today on the list it is impossible to fit it all in. I opt for the tour of the Franklin D. Roosevelt home. A very interesting piece of history. And a wonderful piece of land they owned looking down the Hudson River. Late afternoon now and the clouds have been ominous all day, but held off while driving. I arrive in Newburgh, New York and we are greeted by 4 more Morgans. Jim Nichol, in a cream/beige +4, Fred Cohen in his white +4, Jim Dickson in a BRG 4/4 and Greg Calabianta in a red flatrad. Jim stayed to have dinner with us in the local restaurant. From our hotel room we have a view across the lawn to a thin tree barrier and the I-87. On the lawn is a groundhog, munching away on the grass.

VDJ notes: Just Jeremy, me, and the Caterham as Gill has gone shopping. Ran the Caterham until the Hudson Shaker Village then rain suggested we trailer it the rest of the day. Visited the fabulous Rhinebeck Aerodrome (but didn't see their 3-wheeler). Made a stop at the Vanderbilt Mansion and as we were leaving saw Jim Nichol scooting in the Mansion so we followed him in – made Jeremy's day! At the hotel, Jim arrived in his +4 along with 3 other local owners. Jim Dickson's 4/4 is a real gem – he rebuilt it himself having one of his suppliers fabricate a SS frame, scuttle, etc. Looks beautiful and runs as well. Fred Cohen has trouble getting away after the visit so we (Henry mostly) get to work and narrow it down to a sticky carb piston. This is cleaned up and they are on their way. Great to see Jim Nichol, unfortunately the trike incident at MOG 30 left him with broken ribs making starting the trike over the last couple of months next to impossible but he's now mended and back enjoying all his Morgans.

Oct 5, Newburgh to Hershey Pennsylvania, 203 miles: An almost nasty Morning. It is drizzling with rain but not overly cold. I first bring the top in to warm it up over the heater in the room, it is so stiff when cold. Coffee next and then the drivers meeting. The map today is hard to decipher. Lots of roads on the map with no numbers. The top goes up and I am off down the road and spot a Walmart in the next block. I quickly stop and get a can of Scotchguard. I spray my coat right there in the parking lot, just in case. I then take to the freeway but quickly get off onto the backroads of New Jersey along the Delaware River. I stop at a Mobil station in a little village called Montague to gas up. The directions and the map call for a turn at the next right. Several miles later I come to RT 206 again. Milford this way, hmmmm I've already been to Milford so I better go the other way. Damn there is the same Mobil station, so I pull in for better directions. "Didn't I just gas up here?" I ask the fellow showing him my map. He clears the situation giving me some directions and I am on my way down the back roads again. I finally come across a fork in the road and there are two fellows fishing in the creek. They point across the bridge, I hope it is right. Yes it is I finally come out the other end onto I-80 and on it we proceed to Pennsylvania, south on I-81 and the finish line is in sight "Hershey 80 miles". I pat Morgans dash and say, "come on baby we can do it". We get passed by Keith & Sue, with Ben & Judy right behind them. Within 2 hrs it's, "Hershey we're here". It drizzled on and off most of the day so it wasn't really necessary to put the top up for rain however it got colder and I did have to stop and put on my jacket. The hotel has a laundry room so I get to work, it's been a while.

VDJ notes: As most of the run is freeway we elect to leave the Caterham on the trailer. Do get some back roads around Stroudsburg and the Delaware Water Gap. Actually glad the Caterham is on the trailer as these roads are really rough. In one back alley we encounter a flock of wild turkeys – 8 or 9 running along the road in front of us. Also several deer to keep it interesting. By the time we hit the expressways we are ready for a straight run into Hershey, arriving early in the afternoon. Unload and take a tour of the car corral – some Brits:

100/4, 3000, TR6, MGA's, TD's & TF's, XKE's and a beautiful American Austin Bantam... near the end of the day a black +4 DHC is delivered, ex Betty Neich car with a DC badge. Came from her estate, SN 68333. They are asking US\$28,000 for it – interior looks original, some bodywork has been done but definitely more to do, runs well. We tell the vendor to think about the low 20's.

Oct 6 – 7, Hershey Pennsylvania: Up this morning to the last drivers meeting, then we are on our own. I opt for the car show not the driving tour. As I arrive at the meet I drop the magic name we are given and I am guided into the parking lot at the back of the stadium. Wow this is a big place. I head for the car corral where there is the biggest car lot of cars for sale I've ever seen. They all must be over 25 yrs old. I am sure I saw everything there. A very special car for me was a Nash. My dad had a 53 Nash Statesman. This one was not powder blue but black and had a continental kit. I also saw a 47 Crosley, and a 60 Mercedes. Lots of American iron, and several sports cars. One very nice Black Morgan drop head. Price \$28,500. I could not cover all of this so on to the vendor's stalls. I had no idea there were so many people into this. I walk for hours looking at car parts, tools, diecasts, old car fenders, nothing but Ford decals and emblems, replica dash knobs for Packard's, tires with wide whitewalls, gas-fired coach lamps, old oil bottles from gas stations, old and new automotive wall plaques, owners and shop manuals. If it has anything to do with cars it's here. Acres and acres of it. I find a headlight bulb for Morgan and a made-in-Taiwan copy of a Unisyn, (SU carburetor synchronizing device). At another stall I ask and he has a carb rebuild kit for the Beast, (our 76 Ford van). Another winter project for me to do. By 5 pm my feet are going to fall off and I find my way back to Morgan and head back to the hotel. Bart catches me in the parking lot and says Karey found the part that fell off Morgan. A bumper bracket, had dropped off just as I was heading down the road into Morgan spares in Ancram NY. She spotted it on the way out and picked it up. Good for her, very sharp eyes. Morgan is going to need a full going over for loose and missing parts from the bumpy roads. Phil is washing his car and notices his valve caps are missing, so are 3 of mine, all of Lisa's and anyone else who was parked in this side lot last night. I find out later Marg's Morgan was broken into and some personal belongings stolen. At the hotel tonight a special celebration with a special Hershey chocolate cake, birthdays for Henry and Larry.

Oct 7 is a wonderful sunny morning and I am off to the car show. The grounds are full of cars. We saw, Maxwell, Packard, Cord, Auburn, Knox, Stanley, Kelsey, A.C. Marr, Olds, Triumph, Cadillac, Dodge, DeSoto, Ford, Crosley, Hupmobile, Franklin, Kaiser, Hudson, Nash, Willys, Henry J, Austin, MG, Chev, Peerless, Buick, Reo, Morgan, Minerva, and so many more. The only car I can remember not seeing here is the Tucker. Also the British cars were not very plentiful. Still it is the biggest car show I have attended and in 4 hrs I could not see all the cars in the lot. Tired I returned to the hotel early to get the back bumper bracket put back on before it gets shipped. We all meet in the bar and then to one of the banquet rooms for our final repast together. The presentation of trophies follows dinner and speeches. Everyone is remembered, all are accepted for who they are, and we remind ourselves that this has been an adventure, a challenge, and not a holiday. We all have got along famously together for 31 days. The organizers, Steve Roake, Elaine Fisher, Kathy Tollworthy, Steve Kellerman and Keith Ahlers are to be commended, and let us not forget Keith Cox, who I am sure was with us all the way. We say our fond farewells, as we will be on our separate ways in the morning. We all hope that we will all see each other in 2005.

VDJ notes: Up early on the 6th and into the quagmire – yes it is best to wear Wellies if you are going to do the swap meet at Hershey! Most stalls are opening up by 8 am, Jeremy & I walk until 3 pm, covered maybe 1/3 of the place. A few fasteners, bulbs, used ½ in ratchet, cleaning materials, trailer bits, but little Brit stuff. On the 7th Jeremy & I decide to do the concours field. Great vehicles, especially the American Austin Bantam's, Cord's, Auburn's. Met 2 Morganistes – one from the MCCDC and the other an older +8 owner who may... start his restoration. I try to talk him into selling.... Maybe? Last stop is the car corral to see how the DHC has fared. It is gone but the vendor is there – "What did it go for?" we ask. "\$28,000" is the reply. We shake our heads in wonder. This is Hershey.

The banquet is great closure on a great trip. Lots of new friends, lots of new understanding of what makes this hobby such fun! Received a note from brother Rod to read out. His 6 points are:

- 1) Weather is awesome in Vancouver*
- 2) Enjoyed the trip. Never to be forgotten.*

- 3) Love Japanese engineering & reliability
- 4) The Isuzu was great
- 5) Thanks to all of the crew. Reinforces my belief that all Morgan trips should be group affairs.
- 6) Enjoyed the company, the back roads and the reinforcement that the trip is the joy and not just the destination.

My conclusion echoes Rod's - great country, great organization by Steve, Kathy, Elaine, Steve, and Keith. Many thanked me for bringing the Isuzu & trailer - it was a pleasure to help and for me a blessing when we needed to run OLBDII's home. Would I do it again? You betcha! We're even talking about maybe, just maybe including a run around lakes Ontario, Erie and the southern shores of Michigan in the next MOA in 2005...

Oct 8, Hershey to San Francisco: Still another sunny morning, however there is frost on the Morgans this morning. We have finished the tour just in time. Again the planning was impeccable. I get things packed, some to go in Morgan for shipping and some to carry on the flight. I spent the rest of the morning, saying goodbyes to those who were driving out and then I was soon off to the airport for the flight back. Harrisburg airport to Washington/Dulles airport and the flight was delayed, as there was too much luggage and a very full flight. Arriving in Washington for the change there was precious time and I had to run to get the next flight. This plane was a Boeing 777, first time I have ridden in one of these. Sheesh, they are like a football field inside. A long boring flight, I had seen the movie before, so snoozed on the way. In SFO it was still nice weather and I found the hotel.

VDJ notes: I'm on my way early. An hour up the road the phone rings, it's Pam. She asks if I'm still on duty - "No Pam, I'm an hour north of Hershey heading for home". She's an hour west and says "it has just stopped" then adds "this is a hoax" ... I hope it was a hoax... time to think about home. Roll in late in the afternoon but enough time to clean up the Caterham and deliver it back to Neil, in one piece! Thanks, Neil. Next time you've got to be part of the run...

Notes from the East:

from the GoMoG website www.gomog.com

On the other North American tour (for those who still question "why 2?" there is an explanation but I won't be putting it into print)....

The Gazette

September 24, 2000

Two-seater fleet on a 45-day joy ride

Roving band of Morgan owners
roll into town



GoMoG's Ron Freidman extended a generous welcome to the travelling Morganeers of Morgans Over America yesterday in Montreal. Montreal newspapers picked up the event and wrote....

Even on the tree-lined streets of ritzy upper Westmount, the fleet of Morgan roadster parked on Sunnyside Ave. yesterday was enough to make the driver of a red Ferrari stop and stare.

Westmounters Ron & Stephanie Freidman, owners of a 1984 Morgan, were serving as hosts for 26 owners of the posh British built two-seaters, which cost about \$100,000.00.

The group — all British except for one Polish couple — were in town as part of Morgans Over America, a 45 day joy ride across Canada and the U.S.

Londoner Richard Jordan, the trip's organizer and owner of a 1979 Morgan is on his third Morgans Over America trip - they've been held every five years since 1990.

This years trip started on Labor Day in Miami, Fla, where the travelers' cars were shipped from Briatin and ends Oct. 19 in Miami.

After having crisscrossed the United States for more than two weeks, ther roving Morgans will head east from Montreal to Quebeo City and the Maritimes bfore heading south.

"We've had some long days and it's been hard work, said Jordan sporting a nasty sunburn on his nose from driving with the Morgan's top down. "In Florida they did not think we'd make it with all the manual gear changes and because it's such a little car".

Several of the cars have the steering wheel on the right side—or the "correct side" as Jordan put it — but the tour, apart from a few mechanical woes, has so far been without incident.

While the cars have been met with oohs and ahs during their circuitous voyage, not everyone who has come across the Morgans has known what to make of them.

A couple of youngsters pulled up alongside us at a traffic light in Baton Rouge (Louisiana) and asked me if I wanted to drag," said Briton David Snelling; who's on the tour with his wife, Susan, in their 1995 Morgan

"So as I was sitting there I flipped the throttle a couple of times and they didn't want to race any more", he added with a laugh, "The acceleration is very very quick".

As the Morgan owners talked shop inside the Freidman's home — and also tried to figure out why it was impossible to find a decent spot of tea in the colonies - passers-by on foot and in cars, stopped to check out the impresssive-looking automobiles.

One man even. snapped a few pictures of the fleet for posterity. "You don't see this every day", the elderly man said before driving away. "They're wonderful."

Morgan Motor Company in Worcestershire, England, produces about 500 Morgans a year —it takes 23 days to put each car together by hand and the waiting time for a new model can run up five years.

Friedman said it's exactly that kind of rarity that's a large part of Morgan's appeal.

"That's fun," he said of the inquisitive looks he gets when driving his Morgan. "A lot of people are curious and ask "what kind of car is this?"

"Especially children—they find it fascinating.."

BASHEM BOSHRA

Notes from the Web:

Fred Cohen wrote on **Autumn Mog**, the ¾ group's event on Oct 13-15:

Three glorious days of sunshine and temperature in the high seventies greeted the Morganeers for Autumn Mog. New York State was alight with trees in their Autumn colors — perfect Morgan weather. Each year the 3/4 Group takes on the challenge of a Fall event. Weather in the northeast can easily be at frost level all three days. It takes the most devoted Morganeers to make the time and financial commitment for an early winter event. Autumn Mog 2000 was tee shirts instead of sweatshirts. Saturday reached a near record eighty degrees. The Mog began Friday evening with drinks, finger food and a chance to meet and greet old friends.

As the forty-five Morgans started to line up for the Concours on Saturday morning it was obvious that the cars were outstanding. A number of people noted that the level of car maintenance and restoration is such that many cars on the field that took third or fourth place might have been class winners a few years ago. The cars keep getting younger! The downside is that some owners of nice Morgans choose not to enter their cars. Again this year the predominate model was the Plus 4 followed by the Plus 8's and 4/4's. There were also four Trikes on the field. Best of Show went to the wonderful 1966 Super Sport of Mary and Burt Hunter.

The afternoon rally/tour was the work of Jim Nichol and a driving challenge through the mountains of the first order. It was also a breathtaking display of falling leaves and New England homes and farms. The winners were Scott Willoughby and Cathryn Kaufman. They were followed in second place by Mark and Amy Bergman. Larry Eckler and Jim Perman were next followed by Reny and Bill Willoughby. Steve and Fran Kramer were fifth and John Bigler and Iris Knight were sixth. Well planned event and the first six finishers were really at the top of their game.

Saturday night was reserved for the Awards Banquet and Mog Auction. An interesting change this year was a result of an award given by our Canadian friends. Cathy and Greg Kaufman and Audrey and Lorne Goldman and Edward Burman drove their Morgans down from Ontario (seven hours each way!) and had an award for the outstanding Morgan person at the event. Lorne is the webmaster of GoMoG the best Morgan website in the world. Greg is editor of Morganizer (the Ontario Morgan Newsletter) also on GoMoG. The Canadian award went to Jim Nichol - a very deserving winner. No Autumn Mog would be complete without the auction and our first class auctioneer Scott Willoughby. As usual Scott used his skill to turn auto related donations into cash for the 3/4 Group treasury.

After Sunday morning breakfast we all gathered in the sunshine for the gymkhana. For the second year in a row the winner was Paul Fredricks (this year with Angel). The runner-ups were Larry and Linda Eckler. Third place went to Larry and Nancy Krueger.

The success of Autumn Mog XII is a tribute to our President – Joe DeLuca. Joe did a fantastic job of making it all happen; and we all liked his new 4/4!

After the gymkhana awards presentation the Morgan group drove off in all directions still enjoying the warm air and sunshine. Some over the ridge in the direction of Woodstock, of 1960's music fame, just a few miles away -- crowded as always with art galleries and coffee shops and now period looking cars. A fitting end to Glorious Autumn Mog XII.

"Wintering" the Mog. First, I used to live in Minne-snow-ta--something I don't let everyone know. So, please keep this a secret. And, although I now don't have to winterize any vehicle 'cause I'm a driv'n fool all year 'round I can still recall my days in the refrigerator.

The enemy of winter is not the cold; but moisture. In the tank, in the engine, on the car, under the car, etc. etc. What rusts a car out up north is the constant freezing and thawing of water and the condensation that takes place as a result. It appears in all sorts of places and orifices of the vehicle. The "bag" method with a fan attached really, really works... check out an advert in Hemmings or just go searching online.

The battery tenders of today are far superior to those of old. But, get a good one that does one job: tending your battery. If you need a boost charge, then buy a separate unit. Ones that have proved very reliable are built for motorcycles with 12-volt systems--they work great on classic cars, also. But, as Lorne says, don't leave it on and forget about it. The tender must be also tended to.

I used to change out my oil before winter storage. Necessary or not, oil is cheap insurance. On changing oil I always fill the filter 2/3 full before I put it back on the car--old habit from the motorcycles as those first few spins of the engine could use a little lubrication before the filter fills up.

I also put my cars on blocks to take the weight off one portion of the tires (remember to check air in the tires before bringing the car back down again in the spring). Loose items like tonneaus, hoods, even seat cushions could actually be placed in the house with constant temperature/humidity control. Another reason to always get a house with an extra bedroom (the extra bedroom as storage/fix-it room for your Morgan is another story). Soft items (tops/tonneau) should be left in relaxed position, but not wadded up and stuck in a corner for mildew (a friend of moisture) to take over.

Even if you think your storage area is closed, stick rags in all orifices such as tail pipes. You'd be surprised at what critters can get into your garage and even more surprised at which ones will think your Mog is a good place to live.

Most important, I agree with Lorne on regularly visiting Mog and striking up a little conversation as you bond with each other over the winter. In Minne-snow-ta my storage garage was heated and I used to spend most every Saturday fiddling, cleaning, waxing, etc with each wheeled child. Lenn Nelsen San Antonio, Texas (Wintering a car means nice (not hot) driving weather...we summer our cars)

DO NOT drain the oil and remove the filter at the same time. Willie Lamb.

Willie's method of oil changing touches upon a characteristic of the Buick/Rover oil pumps. They can lose their prime, thus leaving the engine without a lubricating oil supply, which leads to a major engine failure in a minute or so. That being said, in the many many times I have dealt with these oil pumps I have seen one lose its prime once and that after the pump was out and in pieces for weeks. However, it is better to be safe than sorry.

No oil change method is foolproof here. Partially filling the new oil filter makes for less of a "hiccup" when you restart the car and therefore the "fact" of having oil pressure will appear quicker on your oil gauge and for that reason it is a good idea. However, it will not preserve your prime anymore than anything else. The absolutely key thing to do whatever filling method or chanting you try is to keep your eye on the oil pressure gauge when you start up. Only after the needle budes can you move to the front of the car to make your standard check that you are not leaking from the filter.

If the needle doesn't move after the car is running for a few seconds, shut the motor off. Wait a minute or two and try again. If the needle still does not budge, try again and if you still have no movement then you should consider that you may have lost your prime. The classic method in the Rover Manual of repriming is to remove the pump cover and pack the gears with Vaseline (nothing else). (UGH!) That requires a new gasket of course and is a very messy job indeed with no guarantee of success even if the Vaseline is refrigerator cold and not melting over your face.

Happily with a Morgan I found an easier method. Simply undo the oil gauge line at the bulkhead and screw it

onto to a grease gun (same fitting size!) filled with your engine oil. This allows you to pump oil into the oil pump and that will solve the problem. Re-attach the line and start it up with the same precautions.

If you want your V8 to last forever, change the oil every 2000 miles. Make sure the oil is warm when you drain it and avoid Quaker State and synthetics like the plague. All Rover V8 oil pan plugs and their gasket washers that I have seen from 69 to 98 are the same. The newer oil pans are made of aluminum in an effort to deal with the leaking problems with the gasketless pans used during the nineties. The new ones have an aluminum gasket washer for their different plugs. Both types cost little, so get good supply, as you should always use a new gasket washer with every oil change. If you are a perfectionist you can use a bit of plumber's tape on the plug threads (but don't tell anyone).

Be very very careful charging your car with the battery connected. A current surge or variance beyond a trickle can leave your EFI less than happy or, if you are using it for an extended period, kill your battery. In my mind you would be much safer disconnecting the battery and letting the computer reset itself later. As a best compromise, why don't you use a battery warmer and just start it every week and let it run for 5 minutes or so? That'll will give you a chance to regularly visit and talk with the car which is a strict prescription for the both of you.

I would never leave my top ON for the same reason Willie has indicated. They shrink with the extreme cold and I do not want to put undo strain on the stitching. Get a good cover..there are those made in the US for Morgans that can withstand a typhoon. Lorne Goldman, Mt Tremblant, Quebec.



North American Morgan tour gathering at Ron & Stephanie Freidman's home in Westmount, Montreal

Photo from GoMoG website

MORGANS AT MALVERN 2000

JOHN COLLINS

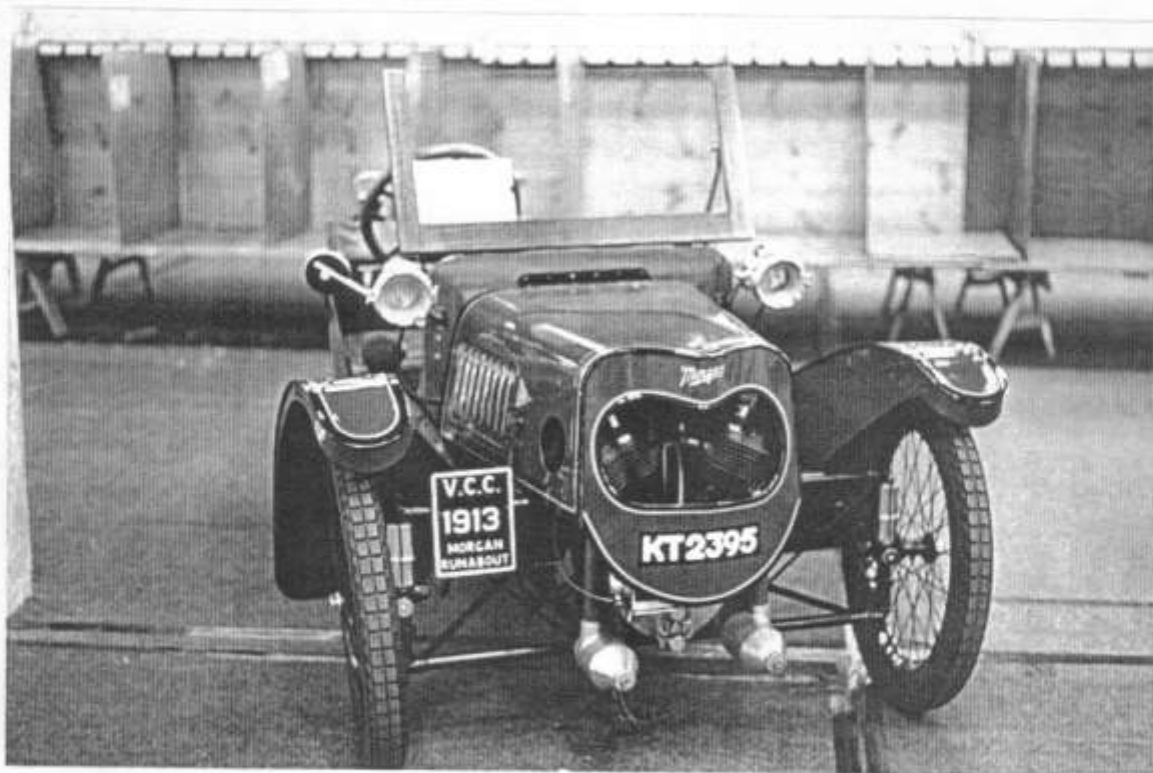
As mentioned in an earlier Blurb, the Morgan Three Wheeler Club organized a weekend event at the Three Counties Showground in Malvern for July 8 and 9. Since I happened to be in the area, I went along for the Saturday component.

The weather was, shall we say, English, and varied between light drizzle, ominous clouds, and the occasional ray of sunshine. This did not deter the true Morganiste, however. I counted between 50 and 60 three wheelers after some had already moved elsewhere, and more than 40 four wheelers. A key difference between UK and Canadian US events, in my observation, is the number of three wheelers - the numbers are just not there this side of the Atlantic. I was told there were more than 230 entries involving 450 people, 100 had signed up for the dinner/barn dance on the Saturday night, and 200 were on for the lunch and service at Stoke Lacy, where Prebendary H G Morgan, father of the HFS, the founder, and HFS are buried.

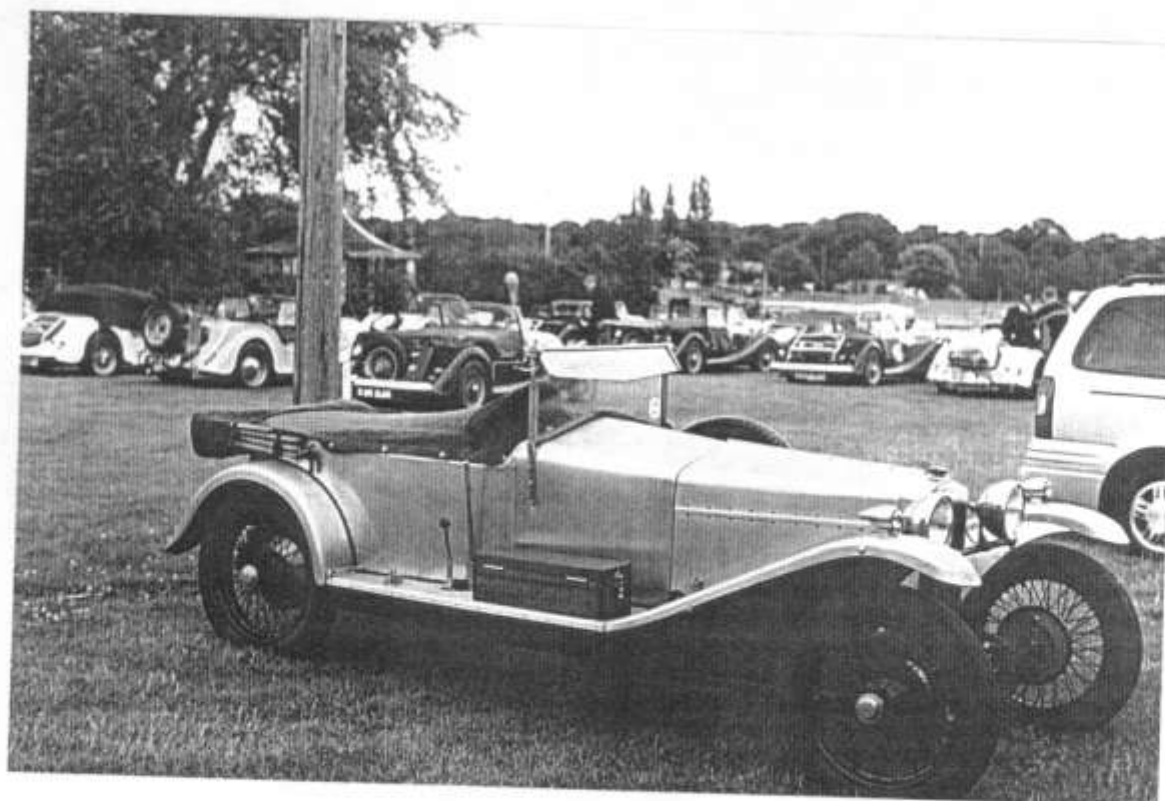
I spoke briefly to Anita and Richard Jordan, prime movers behind MOA III, with whom I had shared a dinner table at Whistler during MOA II. I also observed Jeremy Harrison changing the rear tyre (this was in England, after all, so this is the proper spelling) on his lilac three wheeler. When I asked if he had planned to take it on MOA III he said no, but he would be driving Vern's car from Montreal onwards. Vern will no doubt be relieved to learn of Jeremy's mechanical aptitude in dealing with roadside repairs. I did not get into the whys and the wherefores behind the two MOAs this year, so can offer no comment on Jeremy's going on the tour that is slightly earlier than the one Anita and Richard will be on.

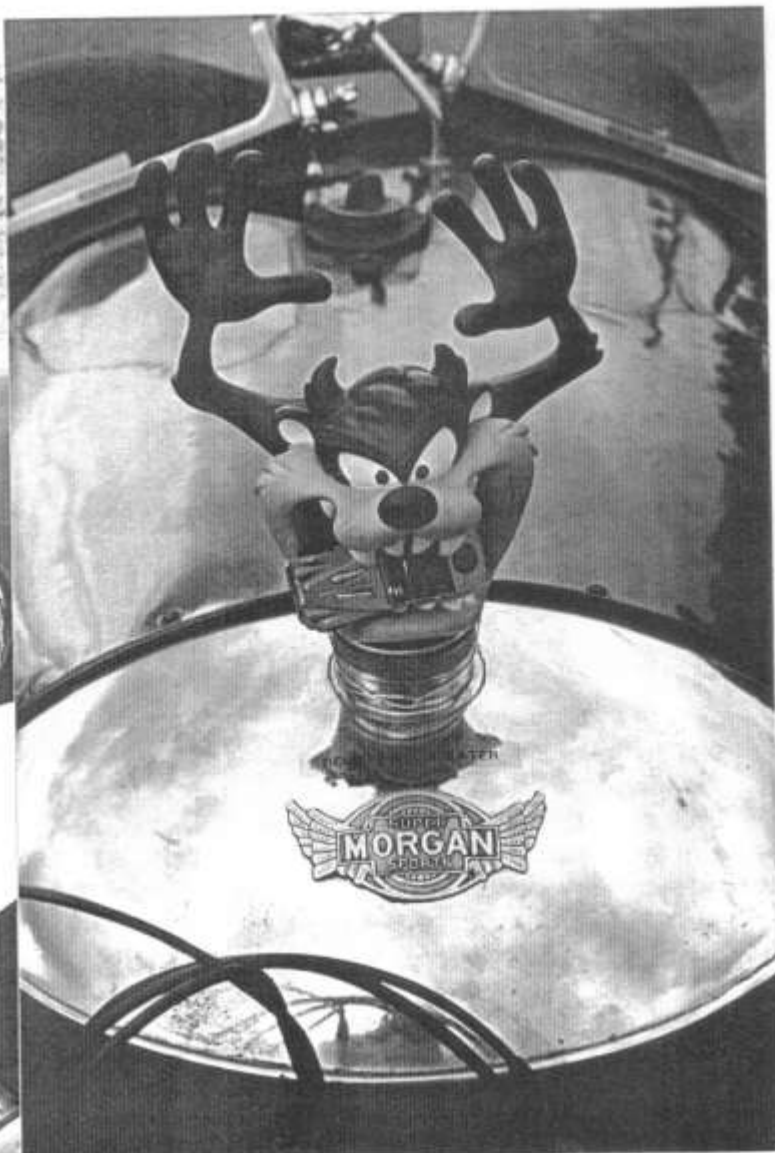
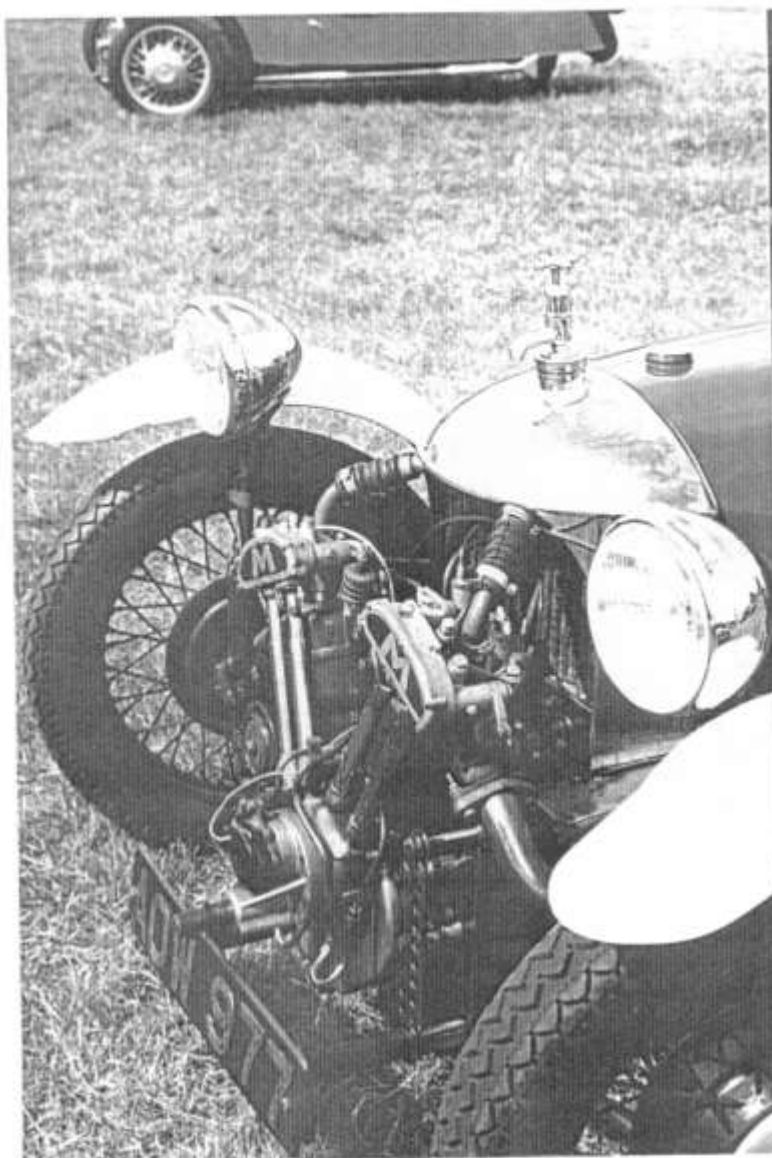
I did not wait for Sunday to visit Stoke Lacy - I made a slight detour on my return from Malvern. The memorial window to John and Bridget Leavens of California is installed in the porch, so it is at eye level, and can be viewed up close. The observant visitor will also notice that the roof over the gate through which the churchyard is entered was "Erected to the loving memory of Preb. H.G. Morgan by his son and daughters - June 1938." For those taking the trouble to visit the factory from afar, the detour to Stoke Lacy is a worthwhile optional extra.



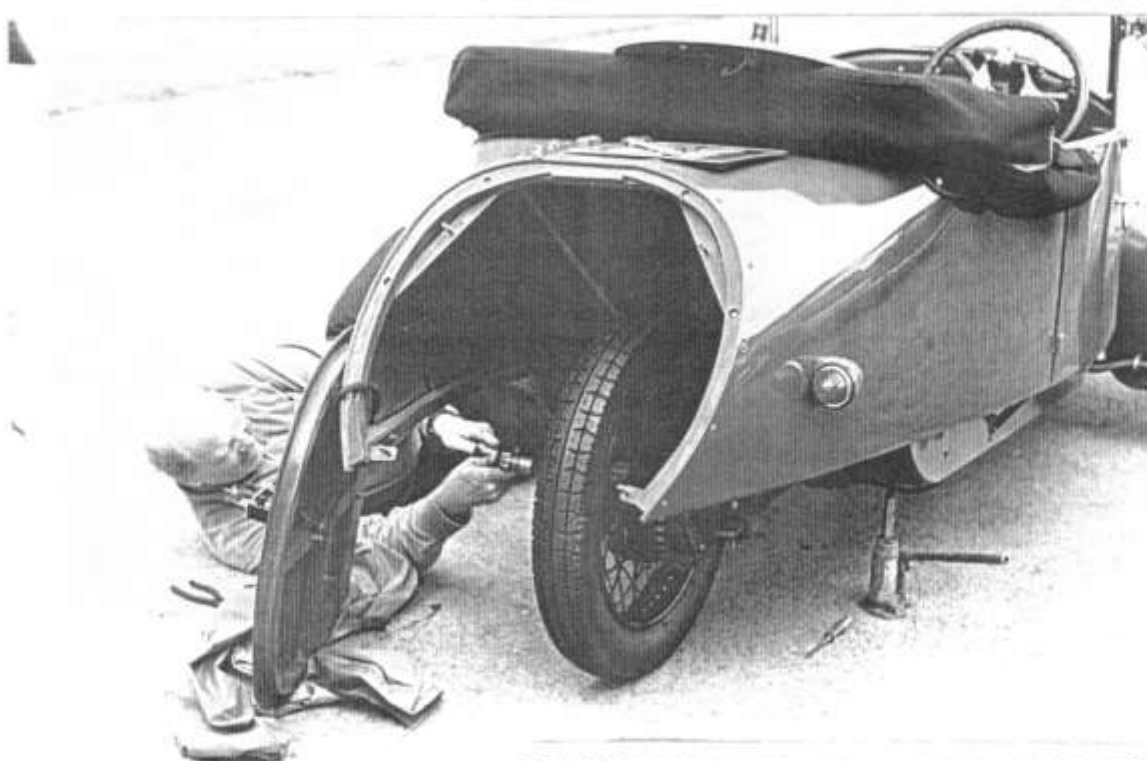


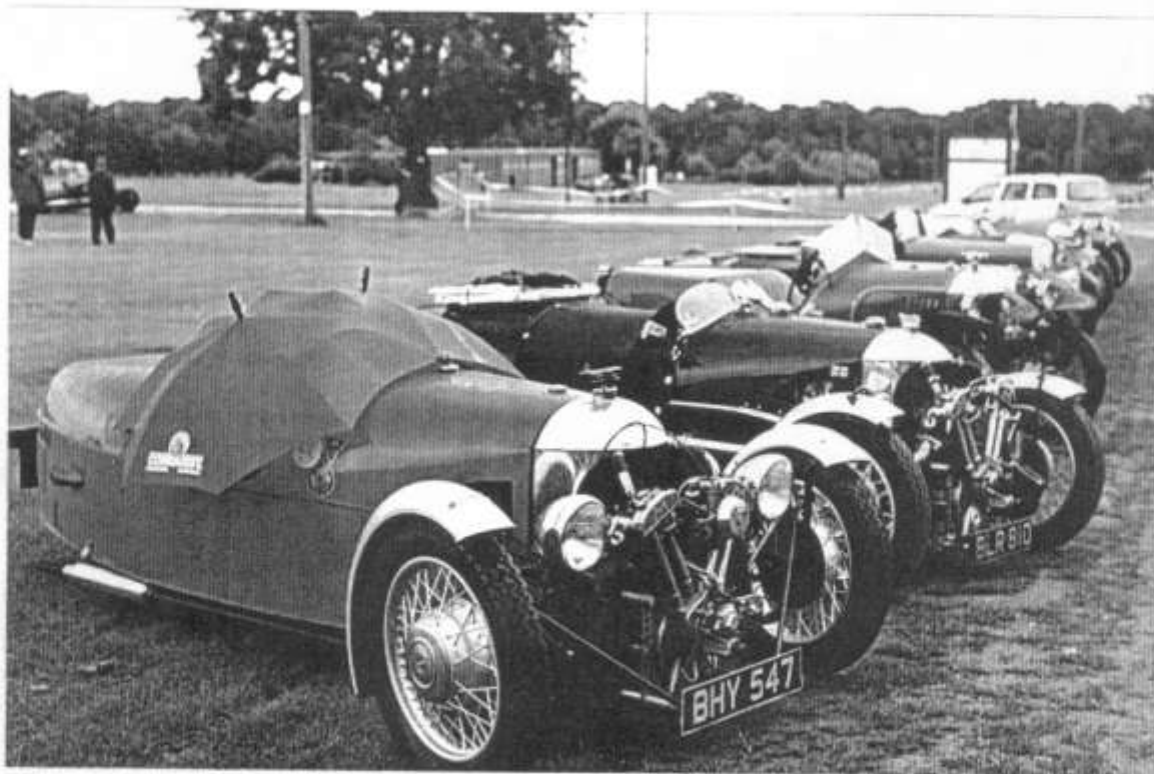
PHOTOS BY JOHN COLLINS





PHOTOS BY JOHN COLLINS





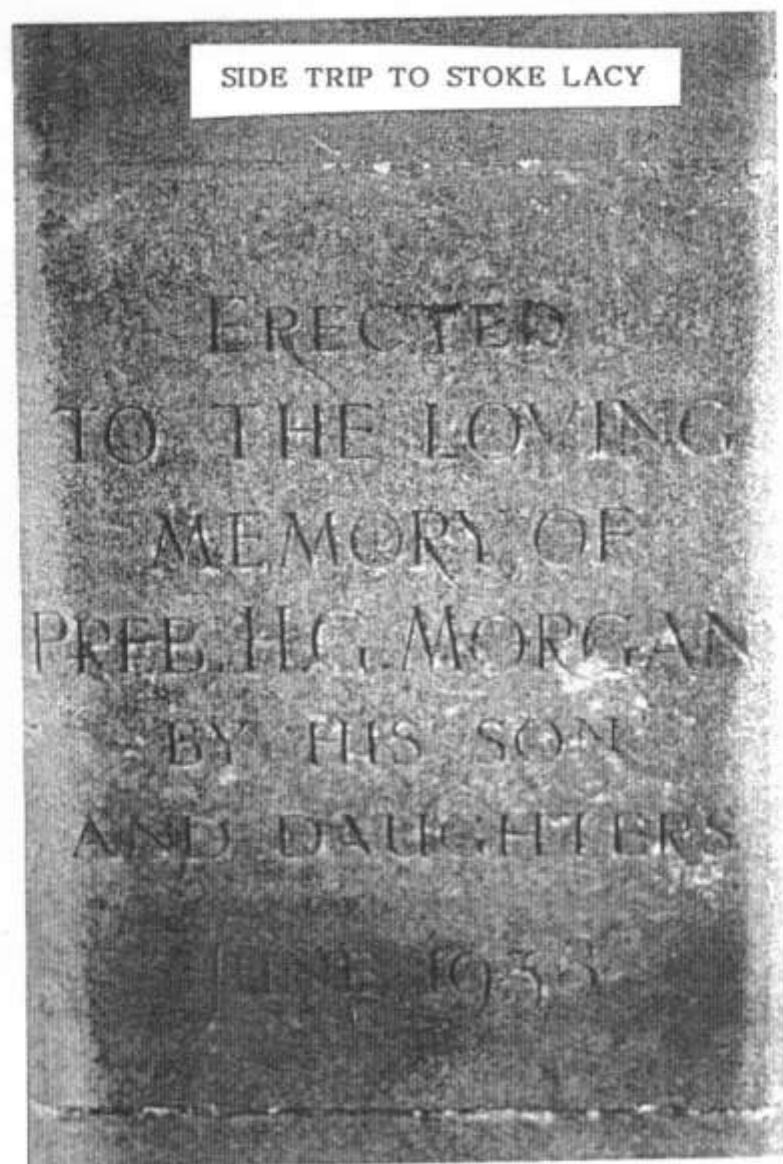
PHOTOS BY JOHN COLLINS





PHOTOS BY JOHN COLLINS







SIDE TRIP TO STOKE LACY



INFORMATION:

Vendors:

Carol Ouellette (905) 957-3429

General Information:

Ron Kiehlbicki (905) 453-5333 (8:00-5:00)

Don Ainsworth (905) 765-1317

ADMISSION:

Adults: \$4.00

Children: under 12 free

Vendors: \$20 HOST CLUB MEMBERS

\$25 NON CLUB MEMBERS



Hours: Public 10:00-4:00, Vendors 8:00-6:00, Snack Bar

ancaster british sportscar flea market & car show

SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 2001

Hosted By:

Austin Healey Club Of Southern Ontario
British Sports Car Club.



Grimsby man restores 1962 sports car

(Staff) - People who spend a lot of time on car repairs can sympathize with Grimsby's Glenn Nigh. It's taken him three years to get his sports car in shape.

But there's a twist. First of all, he did all the work himself, nearly 7,000 hours in all. And the car is a fully restored 1962 Morgan, an English sports car made by a company with a very long history.

"They're still in business," said Mr. Nigh. "They're the oldest private car manufacturing company in the world."

He said the company began building three-wheeled cars, but not on a commercial basis.

"I think it was about 1911 before they started to build cars for other people," he said.

Today, Morgans can be purchased, but no more than six new Morgans are exported to Canada in any given year, which makes them somewhat uncommon. But owners tend to keep them well maintained, so a lot of old Morgans are still on the road.

"There are several right here in Grimsby," Mr. Nigh said.

His Morgan was in serious need of TLC when he bought it at the British Car Group flea market in Toronto five years ago, but that didn't

worry him.

"I've been playing with cars since I was 14," he said, adding that he had owned a street rod while still in his teens.

"I think this car attracted my attention because it's very similar," he said. "I just fell in love with it."

"It's a fun car. It's not super-fast, but it'll move. I have so many memories in this one."

"I lost my wife a year and a half ago. After three years restoring it, she had one ride in it. That was the downside."

The car was tan and burgundy when he purchased it,

but neither he nor his wife liked the colour, so they tried off-white, then decided on white. He said most of the parts were easy to get, but he made the front grill and the Morgan badge on the front, which he was unable to

buy. That was cast in bronze and then chromed.

"It's pretty much the original car, with new parts and rebuilt parts," he said.

He's had the car in numerous shows, including the Canadian Tire Cruise Night held July 6 in Grimsby, and he also toured the car from Queenston to Tobermory and back.

His next projects are a 1970 Morgan, a 1980 Triumph TR7 and a 1977 Triumph Spitfire, which he is restoring from scratch.

"It's a hobby," he said. "I don't want it to become a business."



Glenn Nigh is proud of his classic 1962 Morgan.

LADNER - BELLINGHAM (LONDON - BRIGHTON) ALL BRITISH RUN
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 2000

The Olde English Car Club of Vancouver have organized this event for the past five years, in commemoration of the Emancipation Run of 1896 England. "Who was the Red Flag Man?" He sounds like a wicked character from an old children's story, but in fact the spectre of the Red Flag Man and the outmoded law that he represented delayed the introduction of the motor car to England by many years.

Motorists had real cause to celebrate when, in November 1896, Parliament made it legally possible to use "light locomotives" - private motor cars - on British roads". The OECC gives us the chance the first Sunday in November to flap our British Wings . . . Morgan, Jaguar, Bentley, Austin-Healy, Triumph, Aston Martin, Austin, Morris-Mini & Minor, Singer, Tigers and others without wings.

The tour left Ladner B.C. led by 2 Austin A7's for the 90 plus mile drive to Bellingham USA. This year's event drew a record turnout of 90 great examples of past British Motor Manufactures, and of those that still survive (Morgan). MSCC and Mog NW were well represented by Ken & Pat Miles' +8, Mike and Rosemarie Powley 4/4, Bob & Judy McDiarmid +4, and Steve & Celia Hutchens +4. Yes I was on the Run but had to sit out as a passenger in my son James - Tiger; our +4 is undergoing a well deserved winter rebuild.

This ALL BRITISH RUN is a great event that brings together owners of many makes for a driving event that keeps us appreciating all those fine old British cars.

Ron Theroux.

Late Love...

Bryan Reading



We have it all:
Mechanical, Electrical,
Stainless Steel,
Race and
Performance items.



Spares Direct Connection To The Morgan Motor Co.

We have it all:
Complete Body Assemblies,
Sheet Metal, Wood,
Interiors, Weather Equip,
Clothing & Accessories.

There's no better source outside Malvern to acquire spares for your Morgan!

- The Largest Stock 1936-1999
- Large Inventory Good Used Parts
- Many Parts No Longer Supplied By Morgan
- Manufacturing Of Obsolete Parts To Original OEM Specs
- The Best Technical Service Anywhere: Peace Of Mind Knowing That You Will Get The Best Assistance And The Right Part
- Complete Mechanical Rebuilding Service: Exchange and non Exchange
- The Most Comprehensive Web Site www.morgan-spares.com

The Original Illustrated
Parts Book

And As Always The Best Prices!

Morgan Motor Company Authorized

225 Simons Road, Ancram NY 12502
Toll Free (888) 345-MOGS Tech (518) 329 3877
Fax 329-3892 E-Mail morgansparses@taconic.net



CANTAB
MOTORS

940 336-2011
Fax: 940 336-2944
Valley Industrial Park
12 E. Richardson Lane
Paceville, Virginia 20132 USA
E-Mail: morgancarb@cantab-motors.com
Web Site: <http://www.cantab-motors.com>

USA PURVEYORS OF
MORGAN MOTOR CARS
Sales Service
Restoration Spares



Melvyn Rutter Overseas Limited

Established 1976

The Morgan Garage
Little Hallingbury
Nr. Bishops Stortford
Herts CM22 7RA
ENGLAND

INTERNATIONAL SALES,
SERVICE, PARTS AND
RESTORATION FOR
MORGAN CARS
1936 TO PRESENT DAY

Tel: 011 44 1279 725725
Fax: 011 44 1279 726901
Fax: 011 44 1279 600498
(direct parts dept)



FACTORY



MAIN DEALER



The 'One Stop' shop for the best sales,
service, parts & restoration

Exchange Rate

For North American customers it has never been so good. Now is the time to buy direct from England and save yourself money.

Fast Parts Service

Factory parts and our special "Rutter" parts, same day despatch, quote a credit card by telephone or fax. Send order by E-mail

7th Edition Catalogue NEW Now on CD



The Rutter catalogue on CD. Full range of parts and accessories for your Morgan. Lots of other interesting pictures and stuff.

The very first full colour Morgan parts catalogue, 56 pages packed full of goodies. Just send \$10 cash for a return air mail copy or quote us a credit card number.

IT'S REALLY GREAT!
When requesting a catalogue, state if you want the New CD or the printed version.



WORLDWIDE WEB

Find us on: <http://www.rutter.clara.net>
E-mail: melvyn@rutter.clara.net

THE WORLD'S FAVOURITE MORGAN DEALER

GET IT NOW!



A New 48 page
magazine by Melvyn
Rutter, in full colour

Lots of interesting articles,
technical tips, Moggie stories and
more from around the world.

AVAILABLE QUARTERLY
Subscription Overseas (air post)
..... £25

Website: www.the-morganworld.com
Email: mogs@the-morganworld.com

FULL IN-HOUSE INSTRUMENT
• RESTORATION SERVICE •

INTERIOR TRIM KITS MADE
HERE TO ORDER, QUICKLY

- Accessories ●
- Badges ●
- Bearings ●
- Body ●
- Books ●
- Brakes ●
- Bumpers ●
- Chassis ●
- Cables ●
- Carburetors ●
- Clutches ●
- Chrome ●
- Dashboards ●
- Electrical ●
- Engine ●
- Mirrors ●
- Radiator ●
- Rubbers ●
- Stainless ●
- Steering ●
- Sidescreens ●
- Suspension ●
- Switches ●
- Tonneau ●
- Transmission ●
- Trim ●
- Weather eqpt. ●
- Wheels ●
- Wipers ●
- Wiring ●
- Wooden parts ●

MSCCC is a non-profit organization. Not only that, we intend to stay a non-profit organization. Accordingly, each paid-up member may advertise in one "business card" space at no charge. Members may also have a "flier" enclosed with THE BLADE by paying that issue's postage.


British CarTM

To Subscribe: Call 1-800-520-8292

PO Box 1683
Los Altos, Ca 94023

www.BritishCar.Com

Our guarantee: If you're not satisfied, we'll refund the cost of unmailed issues.

J. KOKAL

J. KOKAL

*Specializing in Classic
and Antique Car*

39 CHAUNCEY AVE. (at rear), TORONTO, ONTARIO M8Z 2Z2

Special Cars For Special Occasions

Mike Browning 416-463-9754

[illegible]

Alfa *



INSTRUMENTS & MARINE SERVICES



Specializing in

Smith's Instrument Service

- Auto & Boat Instrument Repairs
- Compasses - Sales & Service
- Antique Auto & Boat Instrument Restoration

4801 Keele Street, Unit 37
Downsview, Ont. M3J 3A4
(416) 736-4267

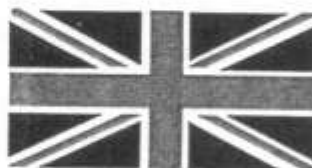
Fred (J) Capiczo
Technical Specialist

Olde World Restorations

2727 Philmont Avenue Suite 350
Huntingdon Valley, PA 19006

PENNY BATES

(215) 947-8720
FAX (215) 947-8722



the MECHANICS
Sales and Service

Tony Moon

176 Norseman St. • Etobicoke, Ontario • M8Z 2R4
Tel: (416) 233-4787 Fax: (416) 233-4877
e-mail: mechanics@netsurf.net web: www.themechanics.on.ca

Howe Motor Works

Vintage Motor Car Services
Racing or Road



Peter Howe • Derrick Howe
1254 Plains Road East, Unit 20
Burlington, Ontario L7S 1W6
(905) 681-8343

Advertisements and fliers are provided as a service to members. Morgan Sports Car Club Canada has no opinion on the products or services offered.

Membership Renewal:

Name: _____

Spouse: _____

Address: _____

Home: ____/____/____ Business: ____/____/____

Fax: ____/____/____



Morgan(s) owned:

Model: _____ Year: _____ SN: _____ Colour(s): _____

Model: _____ Year: _____ SN: _____ Colour(s): _____

Model: _____ Year: _____ SN: _____ Colour(s): _____

Model: _____ Year: _____ SN: _____ Colour(s): _____

Membership fee \$25.00* for the year: _____ Payable January 1 of each year.

(* Canadian \$'s for members in Canada, US\$'s for all other members to cover postage)

Please make cheque payable to **MORGAN SPORTS CAR CLUB OF CANADA** and mail to:

Jenny Beer, Treasurer MSCCC, 30 Parsons Ave, Caledon East, Ontario L0N 1E0

PRESIDENT & REGALIA:

Vern Dale-Johnson

1532 King St West

Toronto, Ont M6K 1J6

416-530-4599

Fax: 905-826-6643

vern_dj@msn.com

TREASURER:

Jenny Beer

30 Parsons Ave

Caledon East, Ont L0N 1E0

905-584-0619

Fax: 416-744-7696

sj.beer@sympatico.ca

INTERCLUB EVENTS:

Ed Burman

156 Robertlee Dr

P.O. Box 268

Carp, Ont K0A 1L0

613-839-3041

elburman@cyberus.ca

PAST CO-PRESIDENT'S:

Lynn & Fred Kuzyk

1305 Ester Drive

Burlington, Ont L7P 1L2

905-336-0251

fkuzyk@cgocable.net

CLUB LIASON:

Audrey Beer

RR#3, Bolton, Ontario

L7E 5R9

905-857-7320

905-857-3210 (fax)

WESTERN SCRIBE:

Ron Theroux

MOG NW (Northern Rep):

5794 Kilkee Dr

Surrey, B.C. V3S 6E9

604-576-2957

ronsmog@home.com

EDITOR "THE BLURB":

Sylvia Balfour

39 Newman Drive

Cambridge, Ontario

N1S 1A1

519-621-1772

fax: 519-623-1966

ycw@golden.net

WEBSITE:

http:

//members.xoom.com/msccc/

Morgan

First of the real sports cars

THE BLURB is published 6 times/year.
Address changes should be directed
to the Editor.

Material is not copyrighted, however
please note source if using. We do not
intentionally infringe on copyrights of
material borrowed for publication.

**Dues are payable before Jan 31 of
each year to the Treasurer.**

EASTERN SCRIBE:

Greg Kaufman

GoMoG, Ottawa MOG

P.O. Box 385

Woodlawn, Ontario K0A 3M0

613-832-3620

toad@storm.ca

ROAMING SCRIBE:

Dr F. (Art) Sharpnawessel

Teching Temple

Teching, Tibet (for now)

Phone: none

Duties: depends



MORGAN CHRISTMAS PARTY

December 9, 2000

*ADDRESS: 39 Newman Drive
Cambridge, Ontario*

COCKTAILS: 4:00 pm

DINNER: 6:00 pm

(Bring your favourite food)

*RSVP: RUSS and SYLVIA BALFOUR
(519) 621-1772 (tel.)
(519) 623 - 1966 (fax)*

