

MOGG LOG



DECEMBER 2022/JANUARY 2023

The only car club in the area devoted to a car currently built by Britons, for a manufacturer owned and managed partially by Britons.....THE British car club!

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To steal ideas from
one person is
plagiarism, to steal
from many is
research.



WE'RE PHASING OUT COAL. BAD
KIDS GET THESE SOLAR PANELS.

RUNNING ON

TO FIND LIFE IN OUR MORGAN WORLD and a Camaro cult

Where a 3 wheeler gets decorated for the Grapevine Christmas Parade and Craig's classic Camaro has a featured part in a movie.

The participation in the parade reminded me of when some of the British Car Clubs would get together to view the Christmas lights in parts of Dallas and later, Plano. So much fun motoring along the steets in open cars dressed in many layers to stave off the cold (yes it was cold usually.)

Searching in the "cloud" for photos from MOG LOGS back to 2010 I found that we never have done much in January. Almost every year we had a special beakfast meeting for "p;anning the new year" i.e. passing around a calendar and inviting members to choose a month of their own and a date for an event. It was quite successful. To bad we have not gotten up an impromptu drive this month, because the weather even at its coldest has been good enough for a spin in the Morgans.

Thinking of Craig's Camaro, I wondered just many other members had classic cars other than Morgans, and what are they? I can think of some: Isettas, Minis, a Rover, but what else. We should have a gathering of our other cars sometime just for the fun of. Anyone up for that? Email me and let me know just what other cars are out there. secretarytexmog@att.net

Hope to see some friends and members at the Red Truck next time we meet.

Check the website, www.texmog.com

Remember our next NOGGIN' and NATTER is SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11th at THE RED TRUCK CAFÉ in PLANO. (SEE FLYER) AND THE BOING DAY PARTY IS FEBRUARY 19th, CHECK THE FLYER.



MORGANS...ROAD CANDY!

MMCC CALENDAR OF EVENTS

NOTE: New entries and revisions are in italic type
Entries in bold type are official MMCC events

**Check the Calendar entries often for changes of dates, events
and other alterations or updates**

2023- Have an idea for an event you would like to put on for MMCC, pick a date, a time, a place and send me an email at secretarytexmog@att.net.

Feb. 11th *Red Truck Caf *
Sat. 10am *monthly meeting*

Feb. 19th *“BOXING DAY” Annual MMCC Party*
Sun. 1pm *Details to follow in this newsletter*

Mar. 11th *Red Truck Caf *
Sat. 10am *monthly meeting*

Apr. 8th *Red Truck Caf *
Sat. 10am *monthly meeting*

Apr. 22nd *April Road Trip Event*
Sat. ? *Terrill Antique Car Museum and*
Clifton Classic Chassis Auto Museum
(See information in flyer)

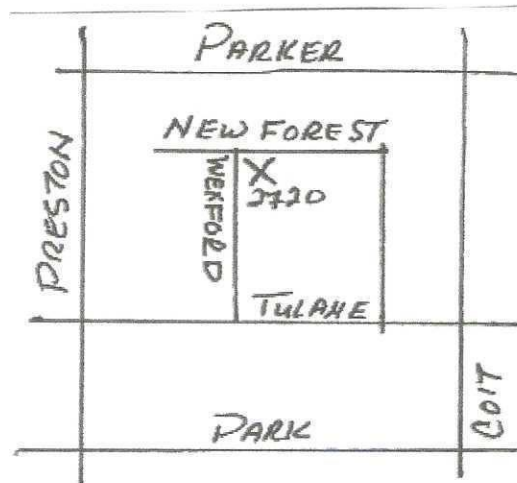
May 7th *ABC CAR SHOW – DETAILS TO FOLLOW*
Sun.

May 13th *Red Truck Caf *
Sat. 10am *monthly meeting*

On the road again !!!



BOXING DAY – SUNDAY, FEB. 19th – 1:00 PM



Its party time again, so be prepared for the abnormal warmer weather MMCC usually has for the Boxing Day Party. Yvonne and Jeff Smith are once again our hosts having *volunteered* for this event. This is a site of many previous Boxing Day parties.

There will be the usual gift exchange for those who want to participate. Bring a gift of value less than \$30.00 for each participant. If you elect not to participate, come anyway, to enjoy the machinations of those who do participate in the sometimes crafty or cruel trading of certain gifts.

Since food and drink will be provided, it would be good taste to

RSVP 214-505-0933 or email at: jsmith6844@gmail.com.

The address is 2720 Wexford in Plano.

If you are unfamiliar with the area, call the above number, tell them where you are, and Jeff or Yvonne will lead you in.



April Road Trip Event – Saturday, April 22nd: Terrill Antique Car Museum and Clifton Classic Chassis Auto Museum

We'll plan on heading down southwest of DFW for some back road driving, lunch and a couple of small auto museums.

We'll see the Terrill Antique Car Museum in De Leon, Tx, (www.automotivemuseumguide.com/terrill-antique-car-museum/) They display a remarkable collection of antique cars that have been lovingly restored, including 18 drivable vintage vehicles (1901–41), such as a 1941 Packard, a 1915 REO Speedwagon (no, not the rock band) – 3/4 ton truck, a 1927 Pierce Arrow touring car, a 1931 Studebaker, Series 54, Six Cylinder Regal Tourer, a 1929 Model A Ford Roadster, and a rare 1901 Coffin steam car, created by Howard Earle Coffin. The Coffin steam car spent 34 years in the Henry Ford Automobile Museum.



We can then head on over to Clifton, TX, and stop to each lunch at the Corner Drug Café (www.cornerdrugcafe.com) at the old Corner Pharmacy location in Clifton, which still has its soda fountain, Italian marble bar, bar stools and stained glass bar back.

The Clifton Classics Chassis Auto Museum (www.cliftonchassicchassis.org) has a 22,000 sq. ft. classic auto museum, featuring 35 cars from the 1940s through 1980s. There are Corvettes, Thunderbirds, Buicks, Pontiacs, Chryslers, as well as vintage scooters. This museum is owned by Dr. Terry, who lives in Dallas, but decided to house his collection of cars in an old Brookshires Brothers grocery store.



More details to come!



MMCC MONTHLY BREAKFAST MEETING



Towne square, 910 W Parker Rd #101
Plano, TX 75075

NEXT MEETING
SATURDAY FEB. 11TH

NEW TIME

10 AM



Red Truck Cafe

Alma Dr

THUNDERBIRD
ESTATES

Lexington Dr

Cavender's Boot City

Chuy's



W Parker Rd



Burlington



Ross Dress for Les

Target

W Parker Rd

Premier Dr

A Sunday Afternoon with David Koresh

By Craig Ligon

My apologies to you Morgan lovers up front. This article is not about a Morgan. However, as many of you either have other classic cars, have owned other classic cars, or appreciate classic cars, I figured you could at least appreciate the story. Maybe you might even say, "Wait, don't I know that guy?" Or, maybe not.

Anyway, I was working later than normal on a Friday night. I needed a mental break, so I checked my personal email. One of the emails was from the North Texas Camaro Club (NTCC) President, Bill Roy ("Bill" seems to be the name for many a good club President these days). Bill was forwarding a request from a producer in the UK asking for anyone in our club with a black or dark colored 1968 Camaro. They needed the car for some filming in an area documentary. She worked for a division of ITV Studios, one of the major British film companies. After a few quick internet searches, everything seemed legit. Since my wife thinks my dark green Camaro is grey anyways, so I sent her an email with a few pictures of my car. Does Dr. Who drive anything but the Tardis? No, I guess not. That is BBC anyway. I really wasn't sure what I would get back.

While my wife and I went out to dinner, I received a couple of notifications. The producer emailed me back and liked the car and they really wanted to talk to me. She was in London, but she copied her assistant producer, who was on location here in Texas. I called and spoke with an enthusiastic Brit, Sarah Baker, who said they loved the car, it was perfect for their documentary. However, would I mind driving down to Waco Sunday morning for the filming? They needed me to drive the car for some motion scenes, and they would have an actor that they would shoot inside the car. They would also pay me a bit for my troubles. It wasn't going to get me in the Brad Pitt salary range, but this was my first film contract. Since I didn't have anything major planned for Sunday, and the car had been on the trickle charger for about a week and a half, the Camaro should be ready to go. I agreed to meet them and asked her to send me the address.

They hadn't said what the documentary was about, so when she emailed the address, I realized that this was out by Mount Carmel. I discussed this with my wife, and I asked, "Did David Koresh have a '68 Camaro?" A quick Google search showed that David did, in fact, have a black '68 SS Camaro. I read that at that time, the Branch Davidians had an onsite custom shop where they upgraded cars to make some extra cash. After the raid, his car had been impounded by the government and later sold at auction. I told my wife, "This could be interesting!"

As all of you with a classic car know, due to their quirky behavior and apparent moods, we often anthropomorphize these cars. These old cars have their own thoughts on how they feel on any given day. My relationship with my car is no

different. This car has been in my family for about 50 years. Due to the long period of restoration work and care which she receives, she is simply known as "Baby." I was busy most of Saturday, so didn't have a chance to do a quick check on her until later in the day. I wanted to fill up with gas, check the oil, air pressure, etc., and get her ready for a road trip. I disconnected the Battery Tender and tried to start her up. Even with the electronic ignition, she normally takes three tries to start up. This time, nothing was turning over. Despite having had a green light on



the Battery Tender, the battery was dead. I reconnected the charger, and it immediately showed red again. I had just replaced the battery about four months prior, so I didn't think the battery was completely gone, but my charge definitely was. I connected my power station jump starter and the car started right up. I ran my final checks and prepped the car for the ride the next day. She had decided she was ready to go.

They wanted me down there by 10:30 in the morning, but I'm driving an old car, so I factored in some buffer and decided to leave at 7:45 Sunday morning. The battery still wasn't fully charged and needed a second jump. I was hoping the battery wasn't going to be a larger issue. Perhaps the longer ride would do her some good. I sucked down my morning caffeine, since we all know first gen Camaros don't have drink holders (and don't try to argue that the divot in the glovebox is a drink holder). I started up '60s and '70s playlist, "Carry On Wayward Son" cued up, and I was off.

One of the consistent issues I have with the car is that my derby/ hub caps seem to pop off if I hit a big bump or rough road. After losing the last one, I installed derby cable locks so that when they come off, they simply come out a few inches and lay against the tire sidewall. This gives you a heavily unbalanced feel for that tire but saves you from losing the derby cap. The front left derby cap is the worst, but three of the four seem to think this is a fun activity, so they all take turns. I've tried a few things to resolve this, but it still seems to happen. On the way down I-35, there was a portion of highway under construction (please suspend your disbelief). A stretch of roughened concrete was enough to pop off the front right derby cap. I quickly pulled over to the side of the road and reattached it. Back in NASA's Mercury program, Gus Grissom had the same issue with Mercury Liberty Bell 7 mission and his capsule hatch. His hatch and my derby caps come off on their own, so I feel for him. I believe you Gus.

I made it down to the New Mt. Caramel Center by 10:15. Three guys standing behind a black van landing a large drone told me I had most likely found the right place. As I drove up in the '68, I was quickly approached. A gentleman with English accent introduced himself as Stuart, the series Director. He then introduced me to Rupert, his Director of Photography, and Sparky, a local DFW photographer and drone operator. Sparky had a large black van with a ton of drone and photography equipment. The other two were in a rental SUV with a lot of additional equipment. They said they first wanted to film me with a higher altitude drone driving the Camaro up and down the gravel road. They would also shoot with a smaller, faster drone for tighter action shots. They gave me a two-way radio for directions, and I was now off on my first film gig.

Initially, they simply wanted me to drive up and down the road, varying the speed, as they traded off shooting with both drones. We had been filming several passes up and down when I pulled over so they could review a bit of the footage. I noticed a gentleman leave the nearby farmhouse and pedal down his long driveway on his bicycle, accompanied with his two smaller farm dogs in tow, one of which I believe was a three legged dog by the way it hopped and bobbed along. The dogs were obviously none too sure about the four men in front of their farm and decided to keep their distance; always watching, but never approaching. The man approached in a friendly enough manner. "What y'all up to?" he asked in a heavy Texas accent. His large smile only had a few noticeable missing teeth. You could not, however, miss the Glock pistol in the holster on his belt. Stuart explained that we were filming a documentary. "Y'all can use my property or house if you need it. I'll be around." I chuckled to myself. The perfect mix of Texas hospitality while still being prepared for whatever may pop up.

We finished up a couple more passes and then headed back to join with more of the crew who were arriving with the actor. It was then that I was able to first meet the Assistant Producer, Sarah Brown. When I began asking questions about the production, she quickly apologized as she realized that she had never actually given me any details on the show. This was indeed going to be a documentary on David Koresh. 2023 will mark the 30-year anniversary of the tragedy, where 76 Branch Davidians and four federal agents were killed. What I didn't realize is that 30 of those had been British citizens. This documentary would mark the anniversary, recap the events leading up to the tragedy, and highlight the British families involved. The Camaro was being used to cover David and his life leading up to the event, and a bit about his personality. Perhaps narcissistic, messianic guys make up more of the Camaro's target audience than I realized.

It was then that I was also able to meet the actor playing David Koresh. His name was London Smith. Rather ironic, given the origins of the crew. I was later to learn his first name was the result of the location of his conception while his parents were abroad, although he grew up in Texas and lives here in the metroplex. London walked over to the Camaro, peered in, and shouted, "YES!!!" He explained that he could drive a stick, but the thought of driving someone else's vintage car with a manual transmission while trying to listen to the director, had given him some trepidation. He was relieved to see my RS was an automatic.

With the entire crew together, they recapped the next few scenes they planned to shoot. We next drove out to a remote paved road where they got some close up shots of London in the Camaro, as well as footage of him driving. Slow passes, a couple of launching burnouts. The director and photography crew were very kind about talking through the desired scene and ensuring that I was comfortable with the use of my car in the setup: gravel road, the actor driving, cameras on the car, the film crew all in the car. I can say with certainty that three children fit in the back of the '68 far better than two grown men with a large professional film camera. However, their positions and contortions were certainly impressive.



Speaking of contortions, it was during some of these mid-day shoots that I got to talk with many of the crew and the actor. London Smith was quite hilarious to talk with. It turns out he had been an award-winning child actor. After he got older and had done some volunteer work in Africa, decided to become a medical doctor. I guess since being a doctor is not quite enough, he decided to get back into acting. He also has a long-running comedy podcast and is a guest on several others. The most bizarre fact is that he is also a professional contortionist. He said he just finished acting in a horror movie where they wanted his skill of creepy, apparent tendonless unique walking motion, to stalk some victims. All in all, a fascinating guy with varied interests and a lot of really funny stories.

Next up they had arranged to shoot some footage at a nearby bar. A classic, windowless dive bar on the outskirts of town. They had prearranged this with the bar owners, but the bar patrons were all just normal clientele who had no knowledge of what was going on. When we first got there, as the rest of the crew prepped the equipment, London and I needed to use the restroom. London was still in costume. We are just outside Waco, and I have no idea where the local populace falls on the entire David Koresh/Branch Davidian vs. the Federal Government argument. I joked, "David Koresh walks into a bar...", but I had no idea what the punch line is; I simply hoped we would not be *in* the punch line. I was amazed to see just how many people are bombed out of their gourds at 4 p.m. on a Sunday afternoon. As the film crew starts to bring in equipment, the first guy comes up and says, "Whaatcha awl doin' here?" The slur in his speech was obvious and extreme. Since tables and people had to be moved around to



accommodate the camera rails and to get the right shots, it was evident that some people took an interest, while others were becoming increasingly annoyed. Sarah ran around getting photo releases and trying to appease clients. One gentleman staggered over and, with some difficulty said, "Ifff theeey wanta' ta know sumthin' abou' David Koresssh, they shou' huv come to meeel!" I have no doubt that they could have garnered some tall tales about David from him, I just don't know if he could have finished the story.

We finished up at the bar, and next headed to downtown Waco. Stuart, the director, had already interviewed the local Sherrif a couple of days prior, and had set up some scenes in town.

He mentioned that the Sherriff was a bit of a character. He said they interviewed him at his office with about 50 guns mounted on the wall behind him. The Sherrif had showed them a video of his 95-year-old grandmother in her wheelchair shooting a sub-machine gun on full auto. Again, I laughed. This is Texas, and I would expect nothing less. The sheriff had mentioned that he had been a deputy when David Koresh was there, and he remembers him racing around Waco in that Camaro. Sarah was on the phone was trying to convince the Sherrif to come out that evening to recreate a similar scene, but apparently the Sherrif wasn't available. However, he was kind enough to send out two deputies to help.

As I said before, each stage of filming brought a bit of time to talk with cast and crew as they set up shots. I thought this may require a lot of boring sitting time, but quite the contrary, I was usually up moving and doing something most of the day. The day went by quite quickly. During a few minutes of down time, while the film crew were off getting night shots of London driving the Camaro in downtown Waco, I stood and talked with the two deputies to pass the time. As you would imagine, these were younger guys. One deputy said



that he had been in middle school during the standoff, and his school bus had to drive passed the Branch Davidian compound and through the FBI blockade every day to get to school. He said he still hated going out near the grounds there since it still creeped him out thinking of all the people who died there. Quite an event to impact a young mind which obviously had lasting impressions.

One last scene was just in front of the McLennan County Courthouse. The Sherrif had recounted how David once did a burnout and ran a redlight in full view of him as he sat in his squad car. Stuart and Rupert wanted to recreate that scene. They would get the shot from outside the squad car, through the driver's side window and out the front windshield. By this time, they had excused London and I was back to doing the driving. They wanted me to aggressively launch the car as soon as the light turned green. However, we didn't have the side streets shutdown and there was still some traffic as nearby Austin Street had an active night scene. Since the traffic wasn't controlled, I simply had to try and time traffic, then wait for the light to turn green and hope for a clear intersection. This was a bit of a tall order. Each pass kept finding me with a car in front of me, or cars behind me obstructing the shot. Each time I had to drive down two blocks, and drive back four blocks due to construction, and try to set up for the next shot. Finally on the fourth round I wound up with no other cars. The light turned green, I punched it, maybe a little too aggressively given that I could see cars starting to come up behind me, which resulted in a really nice burnout before catching some traction and launch off down the block. Not many times are you able to get a downtown burnout with police approval!

By this time, it was coming up on 8:30 at night. They had wanted to get some more high drone shots driving downtown but we started to get some light drizzle and the rain was just expected to get heavier. Not good conditions for flying the drones. I had agreed to stay longer to get the courthouse scene, but I was starting to get tired. I had been there all day. After a few minutes discussion and weather forecast review, it was decided we were done filming and I could start on my long drive home. Now I know why Sarah has said they could get me a hotel when I first spoke to her.

All in all, the car had done well. The long road trip had given the battery a good charge, so I had no further issues on that front. I did have the right rear derby cap pop off on the return trip. I really think those caps have a mind of their own. About mid-day filming, I noted that my far right brake light was out. I did investigate, as they sometimes simply fall out of the housing. However, I saw everything was properly connected, so I figured I simply had a burned out bulb. Later that day I noted that this far right bulb was working again, but now the far left was now out. Obviously, the gremlins had simply shifted to the other side. The passenger door latch did stick closed at one point when the door was open; leading to a jarring attempt to try to close the door. Some brief work on the mechanism and it returned to normal operation. On the way home, I noted that I had just over a quarter tank of gas on the south side of Fort Worth. Plenty of gas to see me home to Grapevine. However, just as I was coming off the flyover in Bedford from 183 to 121, the engine started to studder and cough. Luckily, the Harwood exit was right there, and the light was green, so I cruised straight through and the engine died just as I was coasting in to the gas station. Obviously my gas gauge is a bit off. But for a lady of 55 years old (she is a December '67 build), she had done very well.



I told my dad about the trip. The Camaro was his originally. He mentioned that this was not the first Ligon car to be filmed. When he was a boy, about 10 years old, his dad had restored a 1915 Dodge Roadster. This would have been in the mid '50s, since my dad was about 10. They wanted to use the car in a period bank robbery scene, where it was driven down a street as the bank robbers come down the bank steps. My grandfather had warned about the tricky double clutch transmission operations, but the studio contact said that their car wrangler had experience driving a wide variety of cars and would handle it. Both my grandad and my dad went to the set to watch the filming. The driver came around the corner, and just before he crossed in front of the steps, he would have needed to shift into second. They expected to hear the gears grinding, but instead they heard nothing; the driver shifted perfectly and drove down the street. When they spoke with the guy later, he said he had grown up with a very similar car and was used to the double clutch operation. In true ten year old form, my dad said his best memory of the day was that it was probably the best lunch he had had up to that point in his young life.

From a random forwarded email on Friday, to a full day filming Sunday, the car and I had had quite the adventure. I am told that the documentary is scheduled to be released in the UK in April of this year; in time for the 30th anniversary of the Branch Davidian tragedy. I'm not sure if it will be shown on Britbox or Acorn TV, but the producer said she would send me the link to watch. My family and I look forward to the Camaro's screen debut. I can now mark off the lines off my bucket list: both "Be in a TV program" as well as "Have lunch with David Koresh."

Morgan or  ?



Selfies with London Smith and Craig Ligon. Left Photo: "Serious face" - per the director, "London, you need to squint more." Right photo: London as he is, the happy-go-lucky doctor, actor, comedian, contortionist.



For Everything Morgan

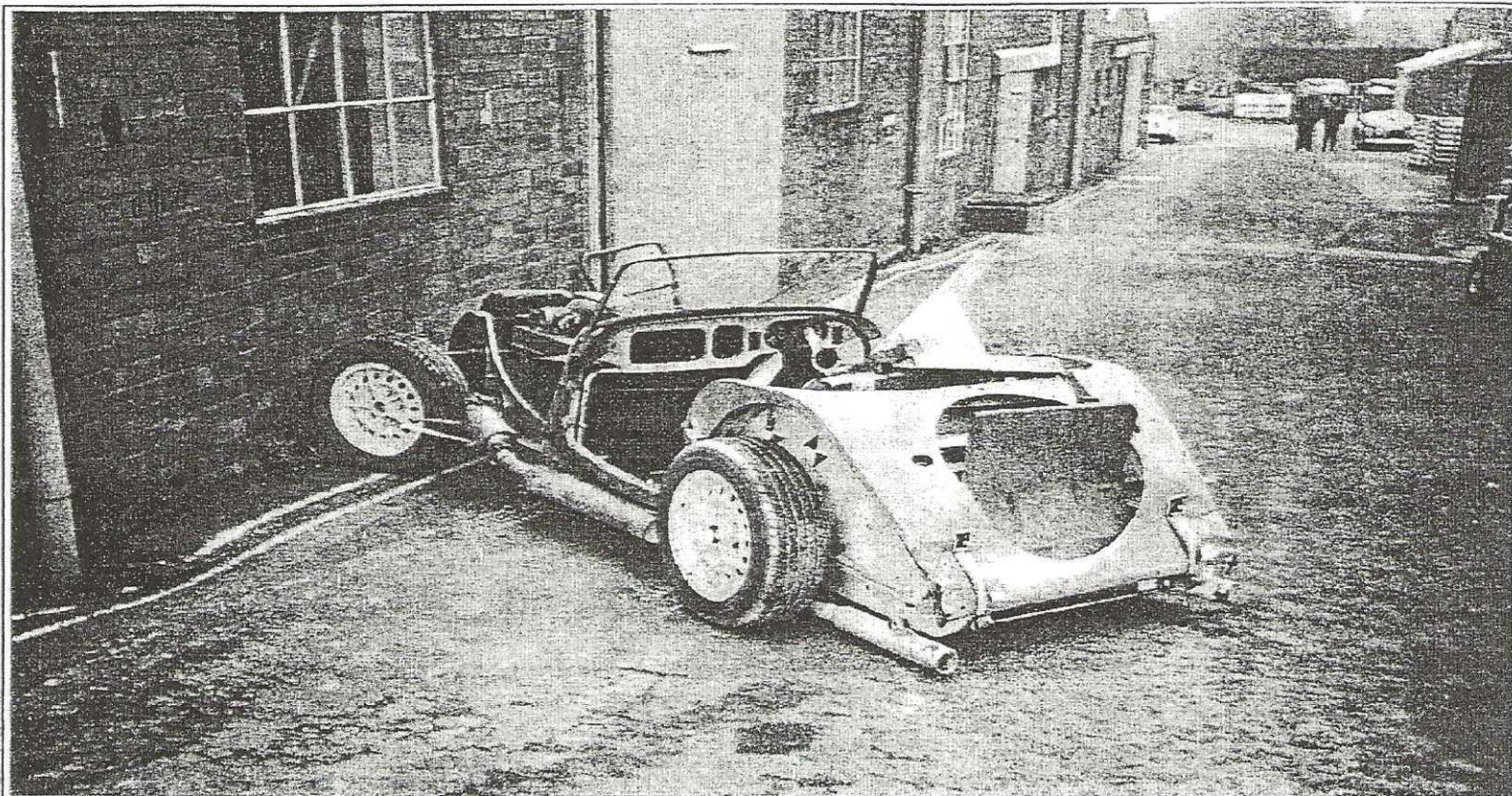
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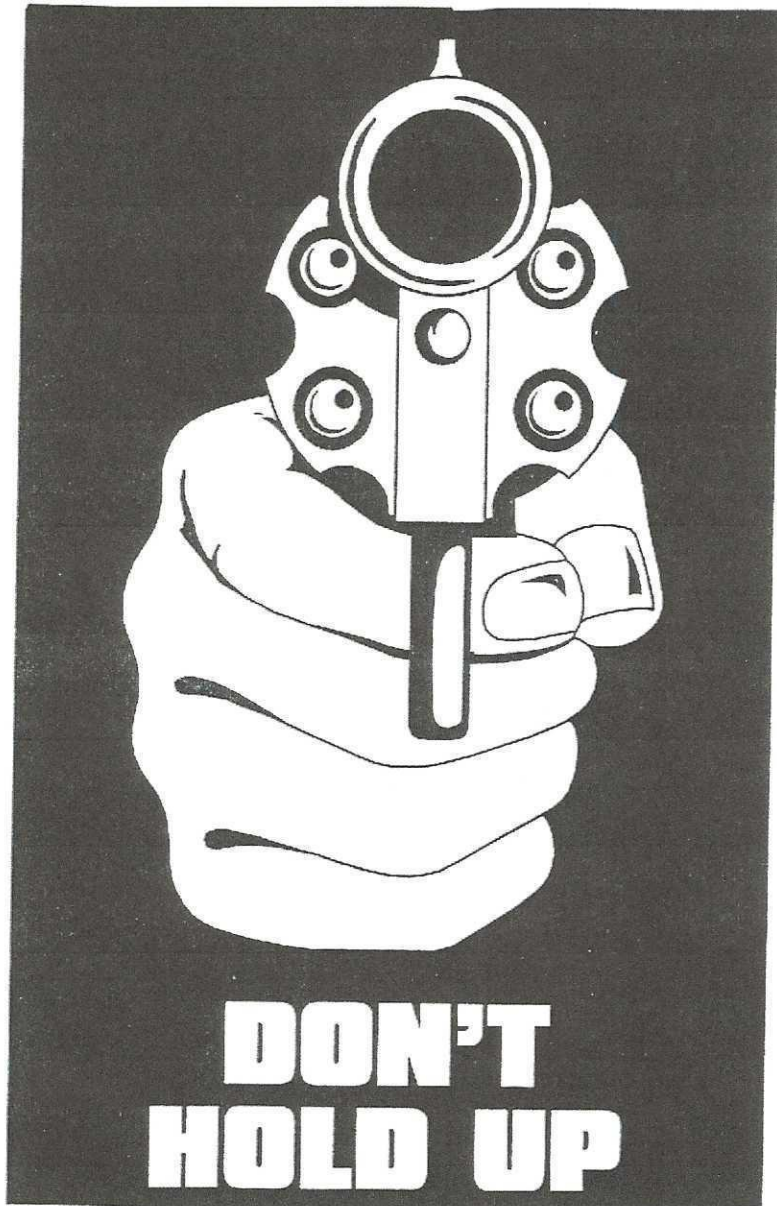


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Faithful crash dummy heads for the dust bin, most recent use rear bumper testing. Photo Alan Marsh, Spring '01



YOUR 2023 DUES PAYMENT

Membership Application Form



SEND THIS FORM AND DUES, IF PAYABLE TO:

MORGAN MOTOR CAR CLUB
P.O. BOX 50392
DALLAS, TX. 75250-0392

NOTE: Changes and additions in bold have been made to this application/registration form. PLEASE complete this additional information.

ANNUAL DUES \$20.00

DATE: _____

PLEASE COMPLETE ALL THE PERSONAL DATA SECTION AND ANY OTHER PORTIONS, WHICH HAVE NOT PREVIOUSLY BEEN FURNISHED OR WHICH MAY HAVE CHANGED.

PERSONAL DATA

NAME: _____ SPOUSE: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

OCCUPATION: _____ PHONE: H _____ W _____

CELL: _____ EMAIL: _____

CAR DATA

MODEL: (+8, +4, 4/4, +4+, 3 wheeler, etc.) _____ LHD _____

BODY STYLE: (DHC, RDSTR, 4 STR, SS, etc.) _____ RHD _____

YEAR: _____ COLOR: _____ CHASSIS NO. _____

ENGINE TYPE: (TR4, FORD, FIAT, ROVER, JAP, etc.) _____ ENGINE NO. _____

GENERAL DATA

HOW LONG HAVE YOU OWNED YOUR MORGAN? _____

OTHER MMCC MEMBERS THAT YOU KNOW, IF ANY? _____

HOW DID YOU LEARN OF MMCC? _____

LIST ANY OTHER MORGAN CAR CLUB MEMBERSHIPS _____

LIST ANY OTHER NON-MORGAN CAR CLUB MEMBERSHIPS _____

FROM WHOM DID YOU ACQUIRE YOUR MORGAN? _____

(PLEASE ADVISE IF YOU WANT ANY OF THIS INFORMATION DELETED FROM ANY DIRECTORY)

The present MMCC club newsletter, the MOG LOG, is distributed electronically in color. Printed option in black and white sent by U.S. Mail may become available sometime later.