

MOG LOG



NOVEMBER 2022

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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You do not need
a parachute to
skydive.
You only need
a parachute to
skydive twice.



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

Going to church doesnt make you a Christian
anymore than standing in a garage makes
you a car mechanic.



"That's my foot."

That's my Foot !!!

RUNNING ON

TO FIND LIFE IN OUR MORGAN WORLD.....

The cover this month is from September 2009 when we hardy few drove to Watkins Glen, New York for a very Morgan race weekend and then stored our cars in Ohio to return a week later to attend the Mid Ohio Morgan Club event in Auburn, Indiana. We really burned some rubber in those days with our travels. The picture is from a concourse attended by all in a park where the trees were showing Fall colors and gently falling on our beautiful cars. This yellow Sycamore leaf just fell in a very artistic place on the rear of our Mississippi member Joe Speetgens car. His lovely green +8 was just right for a photo . By the way, said +8 was fondly called the Morgavette as it had a Corvette powerhouse engine. Good memories, fun adventures, enjoying the open road!



It seems we still have some adventure minded members, so check out the story and pictures' from Craig Ligon' s story about his first trip to Brits in the Ozarks. I am so happy he has shared the event with us as it is one of my favorite car shows. It seems he enjoys driving the 3 wheeler an awful lot.

Hope to see some friends and members at the Red Truck on Saturday.

Check the website, www.texmog.com

Remember our next NOGGIN' and NATTER is SATURDAY, November 12TH at THE RED TRUCK CAFÉ in PLANO. (SEE FLYER)



the Prez



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**

2022 - Help to fill in the blanks, send info to: secretarytexmog@att.net

Nov.12 Red Truck Café
Sat. 10am monthly meeting

Dec. 3rd Tour of THE SHOP CLUB and lunch at the DERBY restaurant
Sat. 10:45am 9100 JOHN W. Carpenter Frwy. Dallas 75247
<https://theshopclubs.com/dallas/>
<https://derbyrestaurants.com/dallas/>
See further information in MOG LOG
Please RSVP for event to: secretarytexmog@att.net

Dec/ 10th Red Truck Café
Sat. 10am monthly meeting

Take notice that the monthly meeting time has “fallen back” to 10AM.

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.

TIDBIT from the MOGMOG LIST:

It's been suggested that car wires that are made from plant matter can give off a smell that attracts rodents, though it is more likely the warmth and scent of the insulation that attracts them. The most likely reason rodents chew car wires, however, is merely to trim their teeth. Rodent teeth are unlike human teeth. I guess there are no 'RODENTISTS!'

FYI Interesting. Mice chewed my trailer wiring last winter...expensive!!!
<https://www.autoweek.com/gear/g35877542/stop-critters-from-chewing-car-parts-guide/>



MMCC MEETING

Saturday NOV 12th 10am



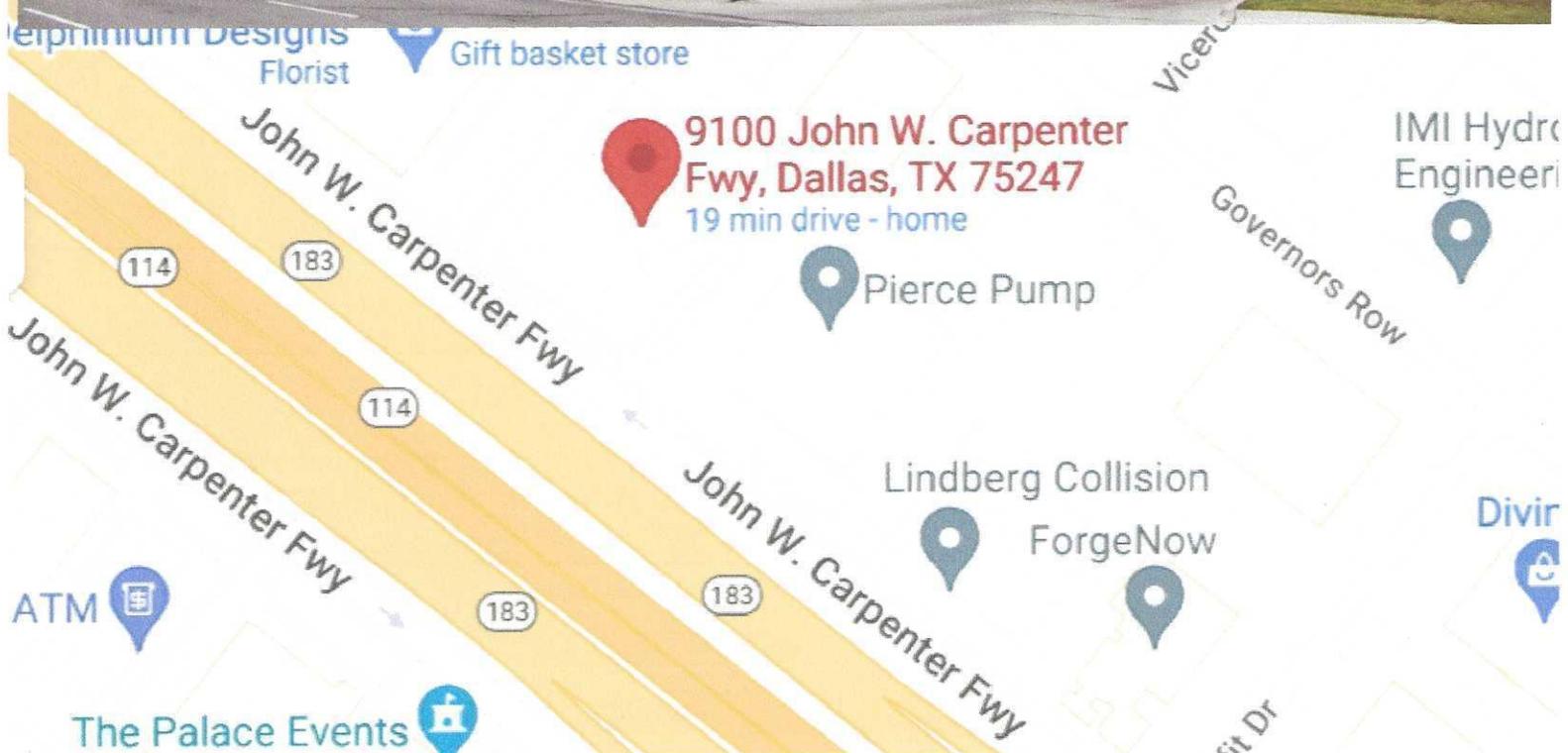
Towne square, 910 W Parker Rd #101
Plano, TX 75075



MMCC DECEMBER EVENT

Come join us for a tour of an exotic vehicle garage and lunch at the in house restaurant. The tour is 30 minutes (11am to 11:30am). the venue opens at 11am so I suggest we arrive at 10:45am to be ready. Come in your exotic car ,Morgan, if you can.

Please RSVP to: secretarytexmog@att.net



BRITS IN THE OZARKS 2022 (PLUS A FEW TEXANS)



The Brits in the Ozarks event was held September 22nd through the 24th, and is organized by the British Iron Club (www.BritishIronNWA.org). Their schedule included two tour days through the Ozarks on Thursday and Friday, with the car show on Saturday. That allowed me to drive up there Wednesday and back on Sunday. I took three days off of work and planned to put some miles on the little 3 Wheeler.

Of course, I was driving the 3 Wheeler directly, and DFW was still under a late summer heat dome, so I wanted to leave as early as the light would allow. I was out the door by 7 a.m., and the neighborhood kids waved me off as they waited at their bus stop. When driving the 3 Wheeler, since both eighteen wheelers and Texas jacked up pickup trucks look more like ten story wheeled machines of death than fellow commuters, I normally try to avoid highways and take back roads. However, when the “avoiding highways” option on Google maps simply takes me up 40 miles of Hwy 121 access roads, with the constant stopping through all the various access road intersections, I figured it was better to get out of the metroplex by the most expedient method possible. Each intersection increases my odds of being of being t-boned by one of those jacked up trucks, leaving little more than some shrapnel in his 35 inch tires. 121 Highway driving it was to be.

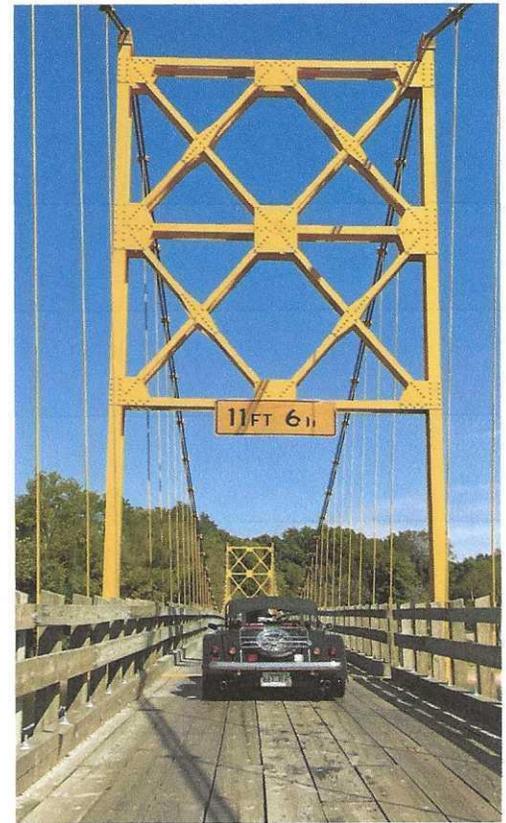
I had agreed to stop and have lunch with an old friend just outside of Paris, TX. It was fun to catch up with my friend, but my side trip meant that I was getting back on the road about 2 p.m., and the temperature had already crept well into the 90s. Driving a car with no top, no AC, grants you all the sun you can handle and then some. I brought plenty of water, but driving a car with no top and wearing a helmet with face shield to protect your face from 65mph bugs, you really can't drink until you stop. Stops in the Morgan are somewhat frequent since the 6 gallon gas tanks offer a range of about 150-200 miles. You have a chance to stop, get some gas, drink a lot of water, and stretch your legs. You also get to answer a lot of questions from people wanting to know what the hell it is. I get a lot of questions if it is a kit car, but generally people are very enthusiastic to see it. One guy in Oklahoma summed it up by saying, “We don't get to see a lot of cars like that around here. Hell, I ain't never seen nuthin' like that.”

Oklahoma seemed like the long leg of the trip. My Google maps route was flatter, straighter, and was during the hottest point of the day. At one stop, I noticed that the temperature had topped 101 degrees. When I finally entered Springdale, AR, the road opened up and we had two lanes headed east. I'd been tailing a hugely muscular guy on a Harley for a few miles, but as traffic slowed, I finally overtook him. He took a side glance at the M3W, then a double take, then a long stare before giving me an emphatic thumbs up. The next few lights he cruised next to me and every time we slowed or stopped he asked me lots of questions. His final verdict was, “I really like that! It has style!” The M3W also had one smelly driver, but luckily, he was spared that feature.

When I finally got to the hotel, I discovered that the hotel had coned off a section of their very ample parking lot for the other British cars. Normally, I would have paid them more attention, but I was simply tired and wanted to get checked in. I ferried my bags up to the room and prepped my car for her overnight stay. When I ordered the 3 Wheeler, I did opt for the snap on tonneau cover, which is great for these overnight stays for weather and the potential enthusiast wanting a cockpit selfie. An additional feature, the quick release steering wheel, always gives a bit of extra sense of security. People will have to tow it off to steal it. Plus, walking around anywhere with your steering wheel is also a great conversation starter. With the car as secure as I could make it, it was time for a shower and an early bedtime. My dinner consisted of a Gatorade and a mini pack of Nutter Butters, but that was fine with me.

The following day I went down to breakfast to meet with Dan Thornton, fellow TEXMOG member, who had brought up his immaculate '98 Plus 8 the previous day as well. The pair of us represented the entire contingent of TEXMOG and it was the first year for us both. Thursday was to be the first of two "Fun Runs". The British Iron crew had pre-planned the runs and instructed people that they could choose between three different groups, depending on how quickly you wished to drive. You could go with group 1, the "Spirited Drive" group, recommended only for newer or very well sorted vehicles, or one of the other two groups, which each would go a bit slower. Direction sheets were handed out, and drivers each lined up behind one of the three leaders, depending on your faith in your little British vehicle. Having a "new" Morgan, I thought, "What the hell!" and decided I would try out Group 1, with the "Spirited Team" and see what the little three wheeler could do. I justified this by admitting I could always drop back to one of the slower teams if I felt I was pushing my Morgan beyond its limits. Dan and I both joined the group and lined up our cars.

Our group selection deserves a pause for some background. Group 1 was led by Greg Bunch, who was driving his beautiful BRG '98 Morgan Plus 8. However, not only was this a Plus 8, but this was also one of thirteen of Bill Fink's Corvette conversions, or "Mogvettes". Bill had dropped in (or shoehorned in) a Corvette LS2 engine and upgraded the suspension and wheels with more aggressive Corvette components as well. This was probably no problem for Dan, but when pulling up in the group I questioned if I had made the right decision.



We were headed out of Springdale, through Huntsville, and were planning to drive around Arkansas' Grand Canyon. As we left the highway and got out into the country, we traded strip malls for farmhouses. The longer views of the fields and trees became more picturesque, and each scene was framed against the Ozark mountains. This was going to be a nice drive. That was about the time Greg decided to let that LS2 breathe a bit. As he pushed his pedal down, his Plus 8 shot off with a sudden surge of acceleration. My next view was of a quickly shrinking green Morgan

darting away down a small vale, up the other side, and disappearing over the far peak. As I punched the 3 Wheeler's accelerator, the torque responded, and I thought to myself, "Does he realize I have six fewer cylinders than he has?"

The subsequent drive was less about the scenery, and more about just trying to keep up. There was barely any traffic as our small group of British cars aggressively took the corners, straightaways and switchbacks. The little 3 Wheeler took it all in stride. I made heavy use of that Mazda 5 speed transmission and I have never gone through so much quick pedal work in this car, but the Morgan never balked. The only time my confidence wavered was a couple of turns where the road had a reverse cant, the wrong tilt sending my stomach for a bit of a flip and making me worry about turning the 3 Wheeler into a 2 Wheeler as I lift a wheel off the ground. I had to make do with some quick brake work, which settled both my stomach and the car, and everything was fine. Later that day at lunch, I received more than a couple of comments of amazement of the 3 Wheeler's ability to keep up and perform with the larger cars, especially given the fact I've only got about four inches on each front tire holding me in those turns.

After lunch we continued the tour. The group order changed up a bit, but this gave me some ability to see some other cars in action. This time around I was directly behind a new friend, "Moose" Stovall, who had driven his TR4 up from the Waco area. I could follow Moose's shift pattern since every time he down shifted the TR4, a cloud of burnt oil was ejected from the tailpipe. At one point that afternoon, Moose had sped off in front of me and I lost sight of him and the group in front of me in a wooded series of turns. However, whenever I started to lose confidence on whether I was still with the group, I could simply sniff the air and if I could detect the strong scent of rich exhaust and burnt oil and know I was still on the right track.

The Fun Run had been a great success. We got to put a few miles on our cars, get to see a good amount of the Ozarks. Mountains, valleys, small towns, and even a herd of elk, which I didn't realize they had reintroduced to the area (I could almost drive under one they are so large).

After getting back to the hotel, I removed my helmet and glasses. Dan asked, "What happened to you?" I quizzically responded, "Nothing, why do you ask?" "Because you look like you've been working in a coal mine." Later, looking in the mirror, I did indeed have an outline of soot around where my glasses fit. Apparently, Moose's exhaust had left more of an impact on me than just the stench I could whiff with my nose. The beauty of old cars.



Friday, we got to do it all over again with our second tour. The route for that day would be a little less mountainous, but still have some great roads. Bolstered by the previous day's run, I once again joined the "Spirited Run" first group. However, today's group 1 would be led by Mark Brewer in his new Corvette C8. He stated he was currently in between British cars.

We took off again on what would be another great run, this time up through the Hobbs State Park. They tried to ensure that we didn't drive for more than an hour and a half without a stop for the restroom and to stretch our legs. Our first stop was the Hobbs State Park Visitors Center and mini museum. I went in to use the facilities and look around a bit, and once again wound up chatting with Gregn. When I emerged, I found that Group 1 had left without me! No slow people in Group 1! All was well, Greg was leading Group 2 today.

We continued through the park, and eventually emerged onto a highway with longer straightaways down the rolling hills. Greg spied that Goup 1 was up ahead of us, so he sped up a little to catch up. I had a Jaguar behind me that was



hanging back a bit, and I wanted to ensure our group didn't get split up. I was trying to keep both Greg and the Jag in my sights. However, Greg kept speeding up and obviously was not trying to keep me in his rearview mirror. He passed over the next hill, and eventually, I completely lost track of him. I thought he would note that we had fallen back so would eventually pull over, or pause at the next turn and wait for the rest of our

group to catch up. We had printed directions, but I had no co-pilot to rattle off turns. I simply continued to drive hoping I would once again see him. I drove on. Then I drove some more. Still no sign of Greg. However, the Jag dutifully trailed behind. Since I still couldn't see Greg, I sped up. We drove for several minutes, down a rural highway that I thought was far too boring for them to select for the tour, so it was time to pull over and look at the directions.

The Jag and I pulled over at a gas station. I pulled the directions from my bag, but I had absolutely no idea where I was. It was nearing noon, so I wasn't even sure which direction I was headed. I scanned through the directions, but realizing I wasn't even sure what road I was on, I pulled out my phone to orient myself Google maps. About that time, I heard a series of quick honks. It was Greg, quickly decelerating to pull alongside me. "You must have been pushing that 3 Wheeler as fast as it could go!" he exclaimed. "I had to drive 120 miles per hour to catch up with you guys!" Apparently, he had watched me drive right past him, and after ensuring that the rest of Group 2 had made the proper turn to follow Group 1, he sped off after us. Well, it's a classic car cruise. Traditionally someone gets lost. Apparently, I checked that box off for the event.

We finished up our daily touring and made our way back to the hotel. They tried to get us back a little early as the show was the next day and many wanted to polish their cars back up. Having driven up from DFW, and spent two days touring, my car was a patchwork of deconstructed insect parts. Why is it that you really don't think of bugs as being very juicy until you must remove their sticky remains from every surface and crevice of your vehicle? After some elbow grease and detailing to remove the entomological study on the front of our cars, they looked much better for Saturday's car show.

Friday night was their night for the parking lot buffet dinner. They had catered bar-b-que, but also brought many homemade desserts, and coolers full of various drinks. This wasn't a BYOB affair; they provided lots of beer. Everyone was very friendly, and lots in common to talk about as we were scattered amongst all our cars. I let a couple of people sit in the 3 Wheeler. They were interested in possibly buying one but wanted to see if they could fit. Depending on your body shape, this can sometimes resemble pulling on a dry wet suit, rather than sliding into the comfortable bath robe that is your standard daily driver. The guys enjoyed it all the same.

Saturday, September 24th, was the actual "Brits of the Ozarks" car show. The show itself was impressive. They had 173 registrations. English cars including everything you would expect, plus a few others you might not always see. The marquees included: Jaguar, Austin, Land Rover, MG, Triumph, Mini, Morris, Ariel, Jensen, and of course, Morgan. The Rolls Royce and Bentleys must have been at some other show, as I didn't see any. As you can imagine, there were a plentiful number of MG and Triumphs, and a surprisingly high numbers of Jaguars. However, there were some uncommon sights. There was a modified MGB on a doner Bronco chassis and very large offroad tires; I guess because he

could. There was a really nice Austin Healey survivor, which was completely original inside and out. One guy brought two Ariel Atoms; perhaps in case one broke down.

We had five Morgans. One gentleman brought his Aero 8. We had three Plus 8s, ironically all built in 1998, which included Dan Thornton and Greg Bunch's cars. It was amazing how many differences you could easily spot between three cars, all built the same year by the same factory but potentially by different craftsmen. I guess this is just one of the charms of having a hand built English car. The five Morgans were rounded out by my little 3 Wheeler.



When the show ended, we all went back to the hotel. Most of us were parking our cars back in the same lot there at the hotel. The cars had garnered quite a bit of attention from other hotel guests and passersby. One lady walked up to me as I was putting the tonneau cover on the car. She walked around the 3 Wheeler, a big smile on her face, and asked, "Is that an old timey Slingshot? That is so cool!" No, not quite a Polaris Slingshot. We talked a bit about the car. She hadn't seen anything like it, and simply loved it. She had really liked looking at all the old cars. That got her talking about her grandfather's cars. One of the joys in cars is the happy memories they spark in others. We have such a huge car culture in the US; most people have great memories tied to one or more cars.

Saturday evening, they held the awards banquet. They rented out the banquet hall at the Hilton host hotel. The entire event was a benefit show benefiting the ALS Associations of Northwest Arkansas. With proceeds from the show and donations leading up to and committed at the banquet, they raised over \$41,000. Not bad. For the car awards, when they got to the Morgan class, Dan Thornton took second place, and the little 3 wheeler won first place. The 3 wheeler is crowd pleaser when it comes to open voting, but Dan's pristine and immaculately detailed Plus 8 always makes top marks. Later, noting the actual vote count, Dan was a very close second.

With all the rides, tours, shows, dinners and celebrations done, Sunday was the day to go home. Knowing that there is safety in numbers, or at least thinking it is nice to have someone else to cover in the event your fancy little British car breaks down, I decided to caravan home with several others from North Texas. We wound up having five cars in our Sunday caravan. "Moose" was driving his TR4, there was an MGB-GT, two MGBs, and of course, me. We drove south down Arkansas, through Fort Smith, before cutting back over to Oklahoma. Again, we



took mostly smaller highways and backroads. It was fun having a little parade of British cars, and often got looks as we were passed by or as we passed.

Being that we were driving British cars, the trip was not without issues. Our first real mishap occurred as we slowed to drive through Hugo, OK. I was near the rear of the pack when I saw the group pulling off to the side of the road. Apparently, Murray, in his MGB, had his car cough, studder and simply come to a stop. As we gathered around his car, most agreed it was probably his fuel pump. Tool bags were pulled out (it amazes me how many tools the experienced English car owner carries). After some short work, everything ran normally again. I wondered how many spare parts we were collectively hauling between the five cars. Later, our second mishap occurred just before we entered Bonham. Turns out, Murray's car had another problem and was making bad knocking noises. After further inspection, it appeared that Murray's MGB had broken a rod. Not a roadside fix. Murray called AAA for a tow to his hanger. He said he would rebuild the engine later.



At that point our little caravan simply decided to go their separate ways. And at this point, the story should end. However, the adventure was not quite done. The DFW weather teams had been calling for intermittent isolated showers. As I entered Frisco on 121, I could see a rain squall that had gone through and was headed south. Soon, the highway became pretty wet. Driving down 121, there are always plenty of cars speeding

down the highway. This is fine when in a normal car, but in a car with no roof, where the windshield effectively covers my chin and neck, other cars toss up an amazing amount of water. Soon the water was cascading off my arm, which hangs outside the 3 Wheeler as you drive. Shortly thereafter, the next rain squall hit. Not just a light passing shower, but one of those heavy rains where a saturated cloud on the Texas plains can dump a lot of water in a very short time. Your only hope is to actually drive faster; which does two things, first you hope to get through the squall more quickly, and second, you hope to use those short windscreens to throw more of the wind current over the top of you to help deflect some of the rain. It does work a bit. However, like they always say in a 3 Wheeler, "What happens when it rains? You get wet." Another truism validated.

All in all, our Brits in the Ozarks trip was a rousing success! I really enjoyed almost the entire trip, and even the less than desirable points on the heat and rain were memorable. Making mundane events something to at least laugh about. The folks from Arkansas and British Iron were very hospitable and could not have been nicer. I learned a few things, met new people, made new friends. I'm glad we were able to represent TEXMOG. I did wear my TEXMOG shirt. Next year, I need to take up the TEXMOG flag for increased visibility, although that would also improve with more TEXMOG drivers! See you next year!

Morgan





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TECH TIPS... from Lloyd Powell - "Repairing Lucas Light Switches"

Many of us owners/drivers of LBCs have had a problem or two with the Lucas light switch found on most any dash that malfunctions. I took mine apart to see why I only had working headlights and no markers or parking lights. The turn signals as well as the hazard lights worked perfectly, so I knew that I had proper power. After I cleaned the brass contacts on the switch as well as the slider, I still didn't have the markers working. It was dark when I brought the dismantled switch into the house. During this short trip, I lost the small spring and couldn't find it. What to do?! My son suggested that maybe a spring from a retractable ball point pen would work. Great suggestion!! The spring was the perfect diameter and after cutting of several turns for length, I put it into the switch. The switch was once again operable in all positions. I attributed my problem to a rusty spring that had lost its tensile. Simple repair without any cost!! -end-

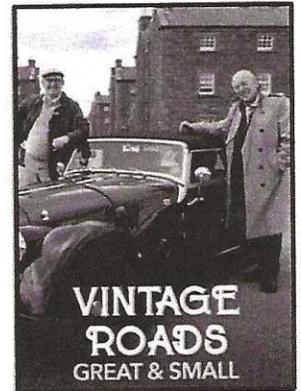


From the Editors...

Vintage English Roads Great and Small In a Morgan 4/4

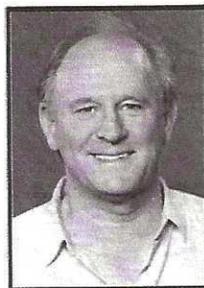
by Fred Thompson

When Ann and I are viewing TV or a film, we get genuinely excited when we spot a Morgan, either in the background or parked on the street. We definitely focus in when a Morgan is owned and driven by one of the characters. There are a few classic films that definitely come to mind. Some of these include: War of the Roses, starting Kathleen Turner and Michael Douglas, Silent Movie starring Mel Brooks and even James Bond, 007 – Moonraker starting Rodger Moore. I was curious to find out exactly how many times producers included Morgans in films and TV productions. Morgans have been either stars or “walk-ons” in everything from cartoons including Marmaduke and the Muppet movie. They have also appeared in the Munsters and Magnum Force, starting Clint Eastwood.



To my great surprise, Morgans have been featured in over 100 productions. The earliest I found was a 1933 film called Night Flight. The storyline included a daring young pilot that risks flying over the forbidding peaks of the Andes to bring Polio serum into Rio de Janeiro. Most recently Ann and I came across a wonderful series on Acorn TV called Vintage Roads Great and Small. Christopher Timothy and Peter Davison, friends for over 40 years and stars of All Creatures Great and Small, host this journey into the golden age of motoring in a beautiful Morgan 4/4. When watching the program, you experience with them the thrills of the era when Britain first fell in love with the motor car and when the open road was a gateway to adventure and exploration. No GPS here, they use old travel guides and travel the most iconic sights of the English countryside. During their travels, they meet up with other passionate “petrol heads” that keep the English motoring heritage alive. Their series of epic road trips takes them through beautiful UK scenery from London to Land's End, from Loch Ness to The Isle of Skye, and from Cardiff to Snowdonia. Along their way, they get personal with some of the world's rarest vintage vehicles, including a 1900 George Richard, an Arrol-Johnston Dog Cart, and a 1934 Lorry. They also dive in under the hood of a 1932 Armstrong-Siddeley, and frolic through the countryside in a 1948 Land Rover. This is a fun, lighthearted show with beautiful scenery and lots of historic English motoring. Ann and I have really enjoyed watching both seasons 1 and 2. Definitely worth watching.

Stars of Vintage Roads Great & Small



Peter Davison



Christopher Timothy

Summer Missed? The Recall Of CX Morgans



BY
**MARTIN
RICKERD**
(CHAIRMAN)

For some Morgan owners, the past three months – the height of the Morganeering season in the northern hemisphere – have been overshadowed by the ‘Stop drive’ recall of Plus Four and Plus Six cars due to ‘premature degradation of the rubber seal(s) in the brake master cylinder compromising brake performance and in extreme cases causing brake failure’, announced by Morgan Motor Company on 8 June. A total of 1,274 cars around the world are affected.

The news came at a terrible time for several UK-based MSCC members in particular, who were enjoying driving their cars on the Continent. Within hours of the announcement, I heard from members stranded in Germany and Croatia; I know of another who was touring in Portugal. Over the first weekend, the Club set up a dedicated email account (cxrecall@morgansportscarclub.com) to handle messages about the recall, and on 13 June I emailed the 230-odd members who we knew at that stage owned Plus Four or Plus Six cars, asking for their concerns so these could be passed to the factory. Within 12 hours there were more than 120 responses, ranging from expressions of frustration to worries about holiday plans and even threats of legal action. It was clear that, for some, this was far from the first problem with these cars.

This feedback was shared with Steve Morris, Executive Chairman, and other senior MMC figures when Jann Robinson (our Vice Chair) and I met them in Malvern on 15 June, since when I have sent them batches of further comments on a regular basis. This ensured that the company was in no doubt about the views of Club members. The most common complaint was about the poor communication from the factory, which led to speculation among our members and on forums such as Talk Morgan about where the faulty component was made, how it could be fixed and so on. This discussion was not always well informed. Sadly, many Morgan dealers – caught in the middle – were as much in the dark as the rest of us. I restricted my email updates to members (six, over seven weeks) to information I believed to be accurate.

Two questions everyone wanted answering were (a) when the required parts would be available – ‘in batches’, said MMC, as no parts were available and they needed to be manufactured; and ‘in the coming days’ at the end of June, which turned out to be somewhat optimistic – and (b) when rectification work would take place. Part of the



problem was that MMC was dependent on the supply chain in respect of how quickly parts could be batched and sent out to dealers. I was told by one dealer that he didn’t know until a box was opened whether the contents would be for a Plus Four or a Plus Six, making it almost impossible to plan a collection and workshop schedule. While the cars were in for the replacement brake master cylinder, a new swirl chamber for the cooling system was to be fitted to address another known issue.

To muddy the picture further, cars with earlier radiator fixes would be rectified at the factory rather than by dealers; MMC engaged a logistics company to transport these.

Towards the end of July I began to hear from a few members whose cars had been rectified. As I write (mid-August), the number is increasing.

MMC have told me that the company’s offer of a three-month warranty extension – criticised by some as inadequate compensation – will take effect as soon as the rectification work has been completed. This will be automatically applied and recorded against the car centrally, so no additional documentation should be required.

Since the recall, we have learned of many more Club members owning CX cars; the total now stands at more than 270 – over 20% of the cars affected around the world. The initial difficulty in identifying some owners highlights the importance of members ensuring that details recorded on the Club’s vehicle register are up to date. You can check this yourself in the ‘My Account’ section of the Members Only area on the MSCC website; if a car needs to be added, please contact Gill Bevan, our Membership Secretary.

I hope that, by the time this article reaches you, many more members will have their cars back and this unhappy episode will soon be a thing of the past. I believe that, throughout the process, everyone at the factory has done all they could to put things right as quickly as possible. This has taken longer than many hoped but less time than some feared. Throughout, the dealers have done their best to keep customers informed and to get the work done expeditiously.

Has it been worth the wait? One member told me: ‘Having driven the car again I have now remembered why I wanted one in the first place’. I hope I feel the same when my own Plus Four is fixed.

If nothing else, the saga should help to reduce confusion between the Plus 4 and the Plus Four.

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.