

The Book of Morgan Poetry

Collected by

Farnsworth Covington Boilsbottom Jr., III



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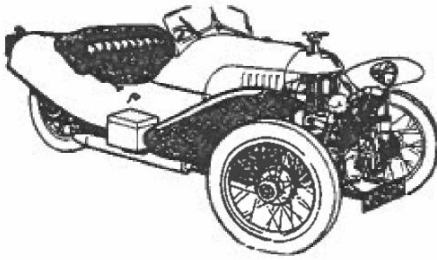
Introduction to the collection

Farnsworth Covington Boilsbottom Jr., the Third, is the self-appointed poet laureate of the Morgan Motorcar Company.

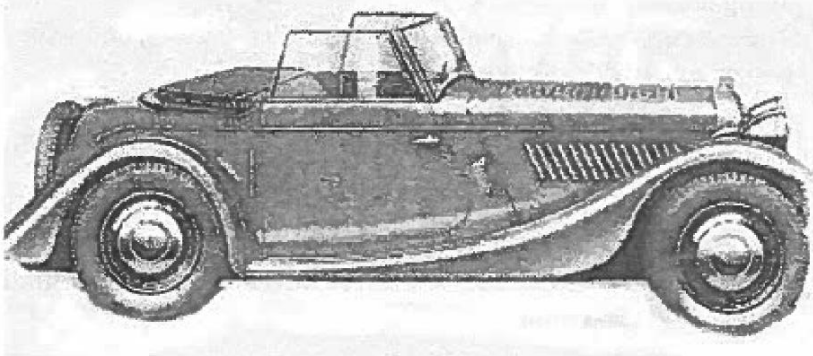
For four generations his family has held this esteemed position. It all started because great grand daddy Farnsworth had always yearned to work for the Factory in Malvern Link, but due to an unfortunate ash allergy, he was unable to accept a position. As a substitute, he took it upon himself to collect and write poems about the Morgan motorcar, poems which he voluntarily and without the slightest urging from the factory, read to the workers during their lunch break, thus educating and entertaining them. One day, H.F.S. Morgan himself happened upon one of these noontime recitations, whereupon F.C.B. cornered him and pleaded, "Mr. Morgan I have always wanted to write poetry about Morgans, in the worst possible way!" To which H.F.S replied, "It certainly seems you've done it!" The rest, as they say, is history.

To collect Morgan poetry, Boilsbottom, or "Boilsly" (as his friends called him, often traveled far from Malvern Link. The appreciative factory workers eagerly contributed to his travel expenses, even though it meant he was away from the factory for long periods of time. Thus was born "The Book of Morgan Poetry", by Farnsworth Covington Boilsbottom,

Each poem includes a short into with a brief explanation of any Morgan-inside references.



A Morgan three wheeler



A Four-wheel Morgan

A brief overview of Morgans

This overview provides context for those not infected with Morganitis

The Morgan Motorcar Company is the oldest continuously operating car company in England, started 1911. It is an amazing history for a very small car company, and speaks volumes about its caretakers and dedicated enthusiasts.

Morgans have always been hand-made in a factory located in Malvern Link England.

The first Morgan car had three wheels, a category of car known as “light cyclecar”.

These three-wheelers usually had 2-cylinder engines, and seated two people under a folding top.

By 1936, the buying public was no longer interested in cyclecars, so the Morgan entered the modern age by producing a four wheeled car.

The new Morgan was named the “4/4” because it had four wheels and a four cylinder engine,

Like its three-wheeled predecessor, it was a two-seat convertible, with sporting intentions.

Morgan DNA

Although the early Morgans were built to provide inexpensive and thrifty transportation, the car’s handling and power attracted sporting types.

Racing has always been part of Morgan history, winning their first race in 1912!

Another twist in Morgan DNA is the “coach-built body”. A strong but light wooden frame, traditionally of Ash, supports a metal body skin. The whole is then attached to the metal chassis.

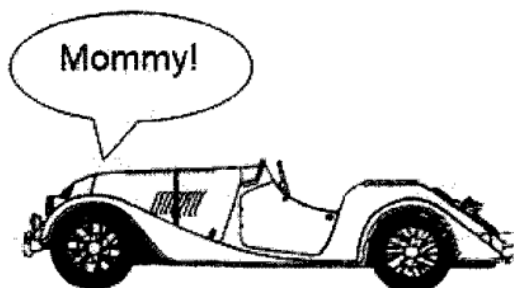
This long association of Morgan with wood is often referenced in the poems

Like all British car companies, Morgan used electrical parts from Lucas Automotive". Lucas components developed a reputation for unreliability. The likelihood of having the headlights suddenly go dark during a night drive resulted in the saying that Joseph Lucas was The Prince of Darkness.

Morgans, have always been blessed with a rather stiff suspension. To provide comfort to the driver, the seat could be optionally fitted with an inflatable bladder.

One of the great joys of Morgan ownership is gathering with other Morgan owners. Such a gathering is called a "Noggin". Stories, repair hints, and a few pints are usually exchanged during a Noggin. You have to be a bit of a nutter to own and love a "Mogy". But what can be more fun than a gathering of like-minded nutters?

An Ode to Ash



Introduction

(Refer to the Brief Overview about ash-famed coach-built bodies.)

Alfred Joyce Kilmer (1886-1918)

Alfred Joyce Kilmer is best known for his pioneering work as a naturalist in the American wilderness. However, like most young men of that era, Joycey (as he was known to his closest friends), was also fascinated by the new motor car, and particularly by the rugged individualism expressed by the three-wheeled Morgan. Unable to purchase one for himself, he supplanted his dreams by writing a series of poems to the Morgan. Listen carefully to the opening stanza and you'll soon discover that Kilmer's later, more famous poem about a tree was merely a rewrite of his earlier longings for his first true love, the Morgan

An Ode to Ash
Possibly by Alfred Joyce Kilmer

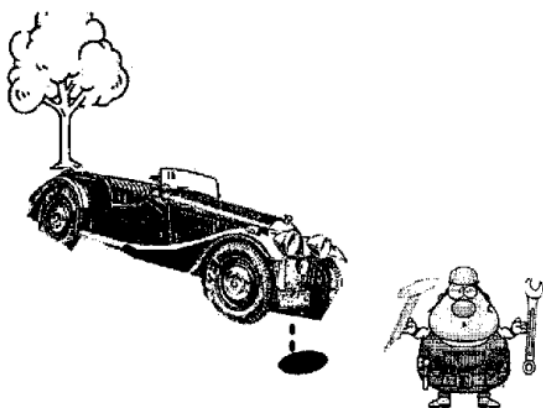
I think that I shall never see,
A Morgan not made from a tree.
Those who doubt this declaration,
Harken to my explanation.

What Morgan, blessed by handling limber,
'Twas not first begot by a cry of "Timber!"
Its willowy frame invokes compassion,
And sometimes leaves our faces ashen.

Are a Morgan's springs not made of leaves?
Does its exhaust not branch? Then cleaves
The stillness, so that all remark,
"That Morgan's sound has quite a bark!"

My case I shall no longer plead,
Yet one more observation heed.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But it takes true sap to love a Mogy.

The Shade Tree Mechanic



Introduction

- There are many different bolt standards. Among those found on Morgans are the American ASM.E., and the British Standard Whitworth (BSW)

Although both standards are measured in inches, they are not interchangeable. Many Morgans have been ruined by an unknowing repairman forcing the wrong nut on the wrong bolt or trying to thread a B.S.W bolt into a A.SM.E.-threaded hole. The result is always the same: a broken bolt.

- Heli- Coils are a product for repairing stripped threads.

American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's grandson, was the well-known British car enthusiast and Morgan aficionado, Henry Whitworth Longfellow. The grandson's talents were best on display in his book of Morgan poetry, entitled, "The Leaking Bladder and other Tales of Morgan Woe". When accused of trading on his famous ancestor's good name, Whitworth, or "Wicky", as he was called by his chums, replied, "Plagiarism is the sincerest form of flattery." which ironically, is in itself a plagiarism.

The Shade Tree Mechanic (Musings on a Wayward Bolt)

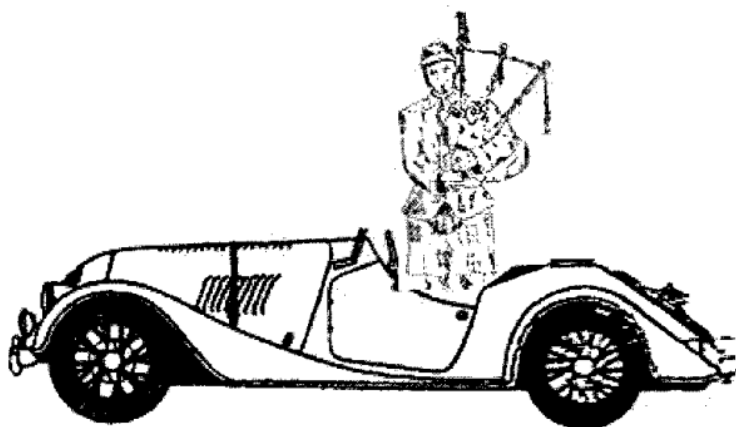
Henry Whitworth Longfellow

Under a spreading chestnut tree, the village mechanic stands.
The boy, a brutish lad is he, with large and clumsy hands,
Tattoos cross his chest and arms,
and brawny muscles span.

His hair is black and long and dull.
His face is of a fool,
It shows no light, when now he mulls, a bolt.
Which someone cruel
Has used within a Morgan's hull,
But fits not any tool.
Could age, perchance, have changed its form, or rust increased its
girth?
To what scheme does its teeth conform?
He knows not of its birth.
Oh, this bolt is not the norm, 'tis of the clan Whitworth!
"Fiendish fastener from hell!" cries he," No spanner knows your
size!"
Too tight for an A.S.M.E., To loose to metrisize.
But, by God, I'll have you free, or know the reason why!"
And so a socket now he takes, And with a might roar,
He swings his sledge upon that stake, to make bolt loose it's bore.
And like a smithy at the forge, the sparks and flames do soar!
Again, again, he smites the bolt, but still it does not stir.
The temper flares within this dolt, he'll have the final word!
And then, with one last might jolt, a sudden "Snap!" is heard.

Under a spreading chestnut tree,
The village mechanic toils. The devilish bolt, now stripped, but
free,
Has loosed it Heli-coils.
Now under the spreading chestnut tree,
There spreads a pool of oil.

Epigram to a Plus Eight On the Moor



Introduction

- When a car's electric generator fails due to bad bearings or a slipping belt, it can produce a soul-destroying screeching, howling cry.
- Morgan offered a fierce V-8 powered car, called the Plus Eight. It was a treat and a terror to drive!

Epigram to a Plus Eight On the Moor

Robert Burnsoil

To find a contemporary of Whit worth, we must travel across the pond to the UK, and then turn north into the wild territories of Scotland. There we find another Morgan poet and distant relative of the revered Scottish bard, Robert Burns. Burns, as is well known, was a rambler (that is, a rascal and not an American Motors dealer), and produced many illegitimate, and as we shall soon see, illiterate, progeny. The deservedly least well known was an eighth generation bastard who wrote by the nom de plume "Robert Burnsoil".

Burnsoil, a Plus Eight owner, adopted not only his fraternal predecessor's name, but also his style of writing in Scottish colloquialisms. This made his poetry completely unintelligible except to scholars, which, of course, increased its popularity immensely.

Original Text

A misty moor afore me waits,
Twa hour after gloamin.
And so the Moggie I hurl swythe gait,
And curse my lang orr roamin.

“There’s ghaisties here awa’ at night,
When nae munelich do flame!”
And so I pull my plaidie tight,
And whip steel steed airt hame.

But then a fremmit sound doth play,
An eldritch greet I hear.
Like pipes with chanter gang agley,
It moans, then disappears.

“Oh Ghaistie, are ye Auld Clautie?
Or jist an ill-tricket spirit?
Or, full of Spunkie, did I dream ye,
And did nae ever hear it?”

As an to answer, came a groan.
A cauld, ill screech most fell!
Whooo-eee! Whooo-eee!
Wae cries from out of hell.

Then all went dark, and all went still.
My V-aught staig gone dead.
But in that canie instant, I
Had faddom’d out the deed.

Oh, curse ye, Bartie, Clautie, Hangie!
Whig! Ye galvometric traitor!
Oh hang ye, Lucas, Laird o’ Darkness!
‘Tis my forfairn generator!

Translation

A foggy moor lies in front of me,
Two hours after dusk.
So I speedily drive my Morgan,
And curse these midnight drives.

There are ghosts about
When there is no moonlight.
So I pull my blanket tight around me
And whip this iron horse towards home.

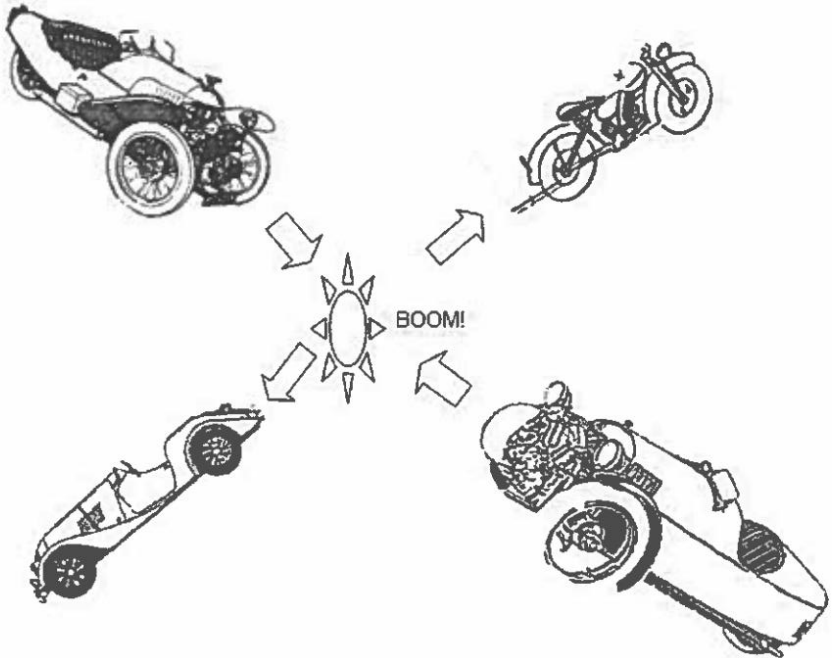
But then I hear a strange sound
An unworldly weeping.
Like a bagpipe without a chanter.
It drones, then the sound disappears.
Oh, ghost, are you the Devil?
Or are you just a mischievous spirit?
Or, since I'm full of whiskey,
Maybe I didn't hear it at all?

As if to answer, there was a groan,
Then a cold, cruel screech
. Boo! Boo!
A woeful cry from hell.

Then, suddenly, all went dark and still.
My V-8 powered horse was dead.
But in a quietly contemplative moment,
I suddenly figure out what is wrong.

Oh, curse you (names for the Devil)
You Whig! You electrical English traitor!
Hang you, Lucas Prince of Darkness!
It's my broken generator!

Conservation of Momentum



Introduction

Morgan, being a very small company, has never manufactured its own engines,. One of its suppliers for three-wheeler engines was the Matchless company.

- Matchless later entered the motorcycle business.
- The Concept of conservation:

The total number of wheels remains constant!

For example:

Two three-wheelers = 6 wheels

One motorcycle, +One four wheeler = 6 wheels.

Conservation of Morgmentum

Here we turn to a most unlikely Morgan poet, yet one who is ironically the most famous man of the 20th century: the great physicist Albert E. Einstein. (The middle initial 'E', stood for 'Einstein'. Apparently his parents were confused when filling out the birth certificate, or else were great jokers. Historians are split on that mater.)

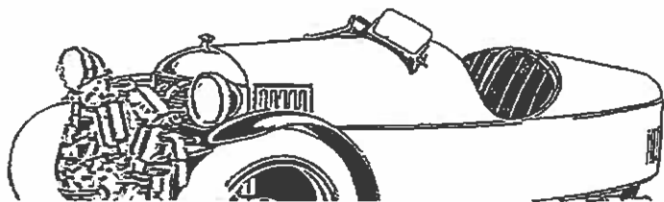
It is well known that Einstein kept a Morgan in a tool shed behind his home in Princeton, with the license plate "GENIUS". Apparently, when stuck on a particularly tough physics problem, he would retire to the shed and sit there for long hours, studying his Morgan. When asked about this, Einstein replied, "After thinking about the valve timing of a two cylinder, four valve, three-lobe Matchless camshaft, the problems of time-space relativity seemed quite simple."

Conservation of Morgmentum

Albert E. Einstein

Two Morgans with three wheels (not four!)
Collided head-on with a roar.
What emerged from the blaze,
Going opposite ways,
Were a Matchless and a speeding Four/Four.

Morgwegian Wood



A Beetleback three-wheeler

Introduction

Some three-wheeled Morgans had a curved rear body panel that hinged up to access the rear tire. The curved portion resembles a beetle, and these cars are known as “beetle backs.”

Many Morgan owners have more than one car. One might be running well and is the subject of great care. The other, however may be completely disassembled, its pieces scattered and hidden throughout a house, awaiting cleaning and restoration, hopefully to be reunited with its brethren, once again becoming an object of pride.

A ‘diff’ is the differential.

Axles have ‘splines’ to connect to the differential

The four-piece band called The Beetlebacks played locally around Malvern at the start of the rock-and-roll period known as the “British Invasion”. Instrumentation consisted of three finely-tuned wire wheels, plucked and hammered in the manner of today’s avant-garde pianists, and a single percussion section made of whatever happened to be lying around at one of their thankfully

scarce performances. This short-lived band didn't "invade" so much as slither away

Morgwegian Wood

A song by the Beetlebacks (1963 - 1963½)

I once had a car, or should I say, it once had me.

I offered it room in my home.

Isn't it good?

Morgwegian wood.

I asked it to stay for awhile and told it to park anywhere.

Its wheels ended up in the parlor, its seats became chairs.

The 'diff sits on a rug, needing a spline, biding its time.

The wings, all rusty and red, somewhat inbred, hide under the bed.

I swore I would start in the morning, restoring, then started to laugh.

It's been fifteen years and the engine still sits in the bath.

And when I awoke, I was alone, my resolve had all flown.

But I gazed at its body, and sighed,

Isn't it good?

Morgwegian wood.

Fettling



Introduction

fettle” is a uniquely British verb, meaning to hand- adjust.

- Morgans have always been hand made, so no two are exactly alike.

For repairs, used parts are scrounged and some parts are reproduced by dedicated enthusiasts.

Therefore some fettling, i.e., filing, sanding, hammering and “adjusting”), may be required for a part to fit.

Gathering with fellow owners for a repair and fettling party is part of the joy of Morgan ownership.

Fettling success is measured in Pints consumed.

- Rawhide hammers are heavy hammers with leather ends, used to install and remove the “knock off” wheels on some Morgans.

Thaddeus More was an Englishman smitten by TV Westerns. So much so, in fact, that he took an extended holiday in the western United States at a “dude ranch”, a vacation that involved working on an actual cattle ranch. Although “Tad” More enjoyed the rugged life of the cowboy, he soon began to miss his beloved Morgan, and the time spent with his chums working on their cars. This poem was reportedly penned one evening around a campfire, perhaps influenced by a starry night, the howl of a lonesome wolf, and the flickering reception of a portable black-and-white television.

Fettling

Thaddeus More, circa 1959

Fettle, fettle, fettle,
Fettle English metal,
Even in wet wet-tle,
Outside!

The parts all need fitting, Pummeling and hitting,
With hammers covered in rawhide.
We don't like to measure, Ere we bolt things together,
That's why to fettling we abide.
Roadside!

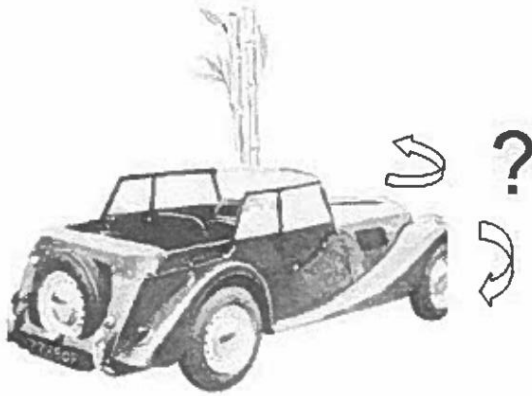
Fettle, fettle, fettle,
Fettle English metal,
It's all so sentimental,
With pride!
Holes aren't aligning? That would be too confining,
And threads that match are so contrived.
You're expected to wrestle,
This ain't no Chevrolet-le,
With parts that match from side to side, Joyride!
Drill it out, weld it up! Bend it in, bend it out!
Thread in on, thread if off,
Misapplied!
Pound it flat, cut it off! Force it in, pry it out,
Make it work, if it won't,
Denied!

Fettle, fettle, fettle,
We're all in this toget-le,
Your own blood and sweat-le is Implied!

Wood will need shaping,
Planing and scraping,
A true fit is not how it's supplied.
Fettle unimpeded,

Yet one more thing is needed,
Before the finish is applied.
Pesticide!

A Haiku in Honor of Morgan Ancestry



Introduction

- Since the beginning, Morgans have used a patented front suspension called “sliding pillar.” It is both a curse and a blessing, but it is another continuous feature of the Morgan family.
- A *haiku* is a form of Japanese poetry, consisting of three lines, the first and last with 5 syllables, and the 2nd line with 7

Ihera Nokirod was a Japanese Morgan collector.
Due to a severe ash-wood shortage in Japan, he once restored a car
using bamboo.
The poor car was so confused about East and West it could only
drive in a straight line.

A Haiku in Honor of Morgan Ancestry

An unbroken line.
Sliding pillars,
Ash and steel.
Miles of smiles

Presentation History

The collected work of

Farnsworth Covington Boilsbottom Jr., III

Was first presented at

The Twenty-third Convention of the Texas Morgan Owners

(TexMog XXIII)

Wimberley, Texas,

October 25, 2003