



Vol. 22 No. 10

October 2002



## MOGNW 2002 CALENDAR

Oct 15	Tues	Southern Center monthly social meeting at Portland Brewing Pub, 2730 NW 31st Ave	Heinz Stromquist	(503) 224-9576
Oct 19	Sat	Midlands Center Lunch and Rallye in Richmond Beach at the Cabin Tavern and Kay Jones' garage	Kay Jones	(206) 546-2232
Oct 27	Sun	Northern Pod Halloween Run	Win Muehling	(604) 299-2425
Oct 31	Thurs	Deadline for the November <i>Mogazine</i>	Craig Runions	(206) 542-7137
Nov 3	Sun	Ladner to Bellingham (aka London to Brighton) Run	Olde English CC	(604) 278-4240
Nov 16	Sat	Northern Pod Scorpion Run	Les Burkholder	(604) 533-3323
Dec 26	Thurs	Northern Pod Boxing Day Run	Mike Powley	(604) 542-0921
Jan 18, 2003	Sat	MOGNW annual officer's changeover and calendar planning meeting – 10am at the Runions' in Seattle	Ron Theroux Wayne Harris	(604) 590-1770 (503) 472-1911
Feb 8, 2003	Sat	MOGNW Annual Winter Banquet at the Resort at Ludlow Bay (details inside) <b>RESERVE NOW!</b>	Ron Theroux Kay Jones	(604) 590-1770 (206) 546-2232

**COVER PHOTO** – On the road to Lillooet, BC thanks to Pat Miles

**TREASURER'S REPORT** from Bill Button...

beginning balance, 8/1/2002	\$8,201
plus dues	37
plus regalia sales	399
less regalia purchases	- 495
less Portland All Brit Party	- 350
less Southern Pod Wine Tour	- 150
less Midlands Port Townsend Tour	- 150
less Northern Pod Whistler Run	- 41
less August Mogazine	- 155
ending balance, 9/30/2002	\$7,296

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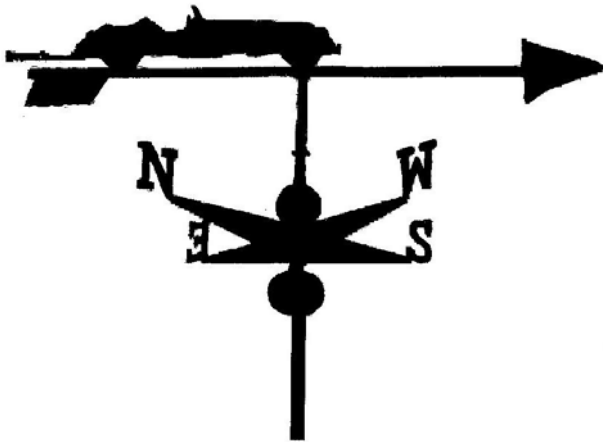
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SOUTHERNE REP	Heinz Stromquist	2618 SW Fairmount, Portland, OR 97201	(503) 224-9576

Business meetings are held quarterly as published in the above calendar. Social meetings/events are held monthly in the Northern Center (Vancouver/Victoria), the Midlands Center (Seattle/Bellevue) and the Southern Center (Portland/Vancouver) at the times and locations stated in the above calendar. Dues are as stated on the Membership/Dues Form published frequently in this newsletter. Club merchandise can be ordered using the Regalia Order Form published frequently in this newsletter. Limited non-commercial advertising is free to MOGNW club members. Commercial advertising is payable to MOGNW in advance in US\$ and is based on suitable electronic or scanner capable ad copy.

Business card size	\$ 5.00 per issue	or	3 for \$ 12.50	or	12 for \$ 50.00
Quarter page	\$10.00 per issue	or	3 for \$ 25.00	or	12 for \$100.00
Half page	\$20.00 per issue	or	3 for \$ 50.00	or	12 for \$200.00
Full page	\$40.00 per issue	or	3 for \$100.00	or	12 for \$400.00



# MOGNW



## The Nor-Wester

by Ron Theroux, President, [ronsmog@shaw.ca](mailto:ronsmog@shaw.ca)

We have all had recognition and appreciation from many admirers, displayed towards our Morgan's. Can we count the beaming young faces pressed against the windows of Mom's SUV, waving shyly hoping to be noticed as they pass by. This can only be out done by a school bus full of students of any age. How many of us have done an OK nod, and smiled back to a group of Harley riders in their club colours? Just last week three Morgans were returning from a days outing to Harrison Hot Springs when a very long white limo (blacked out windows) passed them

slowly with three arms held high above the sunroof, in a thumbs up salute. One of the ladies wanted to believe it was Richard Dean Anderson returning from a local movie shoot, but I know it was Goldie Hawn and her two bodyguards. I'm told, a Morgan was waiting for a traffic light, with her sons Kerry Blue Terrier sitting proudly in the passenger seat and before the light changed, a young driver in a 4 x 4 leaned out his window, thumbs up and in a booming voice shouted "Yo! Grandma". June Burkholder smiled and took that as a compliment!

At the last Quarterly business meeting a nominating committee was appointed by the serving officers of MOG NW. It was the mandate of the nominating committee to seek out officers for the term 2003/04 from within the present board and membership at large.

This task has been completed with the presentation Sept 28<sup>th</sup> of the names of your officers for the next term. We thank the officers that have offered to continue to serve MOG NW, and welcome the new members to the board. Wishing you all every success in your future endeavors on our behalf!

MOG NW Officers for the term 2003/04, effective Jan1/03:

President	Wayne Harris
Treasurer	Bill Button
Secretary	Pat Miles
Editor	Craig Runions
Regalia	Dick Dice
Historian	Mike Powley
Southern Representative	Heinz Stromquist
Northern Representative	Ken Miles
Midlands Representatives	Co-Officers Judd Marten and Marishka Marten

### Welcome New Members:

Ross & Karen Sanders  
17574 Schalit Way  
Lake Oswego, Oregon

### Members on the move:

Al & Helen Allinson  
849 Woodside Crescent  
Qualicum Beach, BC

## A Northerner's Report

from Ken Miles

Fall is now upon us and we can rehash our summer memories. The two US ABFM's were attended by some of our members; Mike Geluch, Bob and Judy McDiarmid, Ken and Pat Miles, Mike and Rosemarie Powley, Ron and Yvonne Theroux at Bellevue and Ken and Pat Miles and Mike and Rosemarie Powley at Portland. We all experienced a wonderful time not only at the ABFM's but also at the parties afterwards. The fraternization of the three pods at each one of these events was enjoyed by all. In addition some of us attended the Rally in the Valley held in Penticton in July. As usual it was a great event and was attended by Bob and Judy McDiarmid, Lee and Judy Harmen, Ken and Pat Miles, Graham and Val Bailey, Dave Wellington in his MG, Dave Gard sans Morgan and Ken Griffin and Heidi in their Jensen Healey.

With the beginning of September, we returned to the more provincial theme of attending our own Pod's events. The first event was the Hougen Park Picnic hosted by the Fraser Valley British Car Club. This is a fun event attended by many over the past years and this year Steve and Liz Blake, Rod and Anne Lafond, Ken and Pat Miles, Mike Powley, Stu Rulka, and Tim and Marilyn Henderson (new Seattle Pod members) made the trek to Fraser Valley and had a great time. On the Island, Woody and Carmel Thomson, Frank DeCarlo and Ken Griffin held up the reputation of MOGNW and attended the British Affair in the Park at Fort

Rudd. From all reports both Woody, Frank and Ken had a great time. Then there was the infamous Vancouver to Whistler run with the Morgans announcing their presence in Whistler to one and all but most importantly the Fire and Police departments. WELL DONE GUYS! Those in attendance were Graham and Val Bailey, Sherryl and Irvin Bryant-Harlos, Ted Carew-Gibson, Dave and Ruth Collis, Steve and Celia Hutchens, Bob and Judy McDiarmid, Ken and Pat Miles, Mike and Rosemarie Powley, Stu Rulka, Doug and Jill Seager. Larry Sharp and Caryl Birkett showed up in their Morgans to wish us Bon Voyage, Steve and Liz Blake were also there in their imitation Morgan (MG) and Hugh Dickson drove up with us. Thanks for the support guys.

Now is the time to look forward to the fall with some great events being planned. Trips to wineries, old machinery exhibits and an aviation museum along with stops at a good pub are being organized along with a couple of house parties. Lets continue to get out and support the organizers of each of our events and drive those "funny little cars". However remember even if your "funny little car" is sick or the weather is a little chilly, you are always welcome in your daily driver and maybe we can encourage you to get the car on the road. There are many members of our pods whom we have not met and shared experiences with and it would be great to meet these people.

### The MOGNW Annual Winter Banquet Saturday, February 8, 2003 Resort at Ludlow Bay

For the second year, MOGNW is holding its winter banquet in February at a location accessible to all three PODS, namely the **Resort at Ludlow Bay** (formerly the Herron Beach Inn). This get together is our annual meeting where our new club officers are installed and annual awards are presented. We had a fabulous time last year and everyone wanted to return to Port Ludlow. The rooms are fabulous and the food is outstanding. Rooms are \$129 per night. A limited number of nearby condo units are available for Northern POD folks at \$89 per night. The dinner will be a multi-course buffet for about \$35 per head. **Reservations need to be made by Dec. 8 to keep our block of rooms. Call (360) 437-2222** and tell them you are with the Morgan group. Call Kay Jones with any questions (206-546-2232).

## A Midlander's Notice

The Midlands POD monthly event will get underway at 12:00 noon on Saturday, October 19th, at the Cabin Tavern in Richmond Beach. A fixed price lunch will be served. Following the lunch a short fun gimmick rallye/tour will start at the Cabin and end up at Kay Jones' garage (and home) just a block away where further refreshments will be served and prizes awarded. **Please call Kay with any questions and confirmation for the lunch head count -- (206) 546-2232.**

Directions to the Cabin Tavern in Richmond Beach (Shoreline, North King County): From I-5 North or South, take Exit #176 westbound onto 175th Street, turn right (north) at light onto Meridian, and turn left (west) at light onto on 185th Street. Follow your nose West across Aurora (Hwy 99) and through many stoplight intersections until you reach Puget Sound. At the bottom of the hill, turn left (south) on Richmond Beach Drive and proceed to the Cabin Tavern on your left at 19322 Richmond Beach Drive NW. Angle park across the street.

## First Portland All Brit

from Bert McCabe

This last Labor Day weekend was possibly the only time I will attend the show at PIR. Not that it was unpleasant, on the whole, but I usually have more important things to do than sit under a blasting bull horn blowing unpleasant music and the mouthings of a mike-crazed announcer. And this after careening down I-5 at ungodly speeds ducking Powley in his purple thing and the horde of drivers who purpose in life is to kill anyone in a Morgan. Pleased was Pat Miles on seeing me as she flagged my heap into the parking place next to her with the selfish purpose of making her car look good.

Now the high point of the trip in the Portland area was the evening at the Dick and Ann Tilden home. This gathering is legendary, and it proved to be at a delightful and beautiful setting. Their (and the other contributor's) efforts were of a standard that is a challenge for those north of the Colombia River. The fine wine, the food, the place mats, the cloth napkins, made an evening of utmost delight.

All this was fine, but the highlight of my visit to this home was elsewhere on the premises. As the guests were indulging themselves at the tables with sumptuous desserts, I wandered into the house and found my way up a curiously narrow staircase out of the kitchen. Off the hallway on the second floor, I inspected the bathroom where I was taken aback by a wonderous sight. The toilet was adorned with the most sensuous seat I have ever seen. Its curves were seductive and inviting, and set off in such a smart fashion by the no-nonsense massive masculine hinge. Being in awe, I found power to resist the urge to place my body on this curvaceous work of art. To do so would be a desecration. Those who have seen my illustrated travel journals are aware of my studies and comparisons of styles and shapes of the world's toilets and bidets, and I must rate this unit as the most exquisite jewel in the crown.

Our host told me that the seat is vintage 1950's and was created by a doctor with a specialty title that, being non-

plussed, I will not even attempt to spell, much less pronounce. Seems he had done extensive studies of the human posterior, a most admirable profession, and had developed the perfect design. And that it is.

With this pleasant memory in mind, I departed Beaverton at eight the next morning, determined to avoid the Morgan Killers on I-5 at all costs. I should know better, but asked Button about the sinuous route 47 from Portland to Astoria. He thought it was good. There was practically no traffic as the Catholics were at Mass, the Protestants were asleep, and the Tildens were cleaning up the oil spots on their drive. 47 had the curves, and that was fine, but the road surface had more heaves and pock marks than Noriega's cheeks.

On the Washington side I headed up the coast and about noon was approaching South Bend. There was a road block on the main road with police at the entrance to town and they were shunting traffic to the right. They stopped me, opened the barricade, and waved me in. (I was somewhat nervous, as just last June, coming home from the Powley Barkerville or Bust run, I had been ticketed for 64 in a 35 zone.) Ahead, two people in day-glo vests frantically signalled me to hurry and wedged me into a moving line of traffic, between a '56 Chevy station wagon and a group of WWII vehicles. I was in a parade! I quickly donned my aviator's helmet and my Groucho Marx nose as we went down the two block main street to the cheers of the crowd of maybe 150 people. After the two blocks, the Chevy turned right, but I went straight out of town. A glance in the mirror showed the confusion on the part of the WWII Jeep driver, but wisely, he followed the station wagon. Good thing.

Anyhow, I do not know if I will go to another PIR Brit thing, but I will probably go to the parade in South Bend as I got a lot more approval there. And I would like to visit the beautiful toilet seat in Beaverton again.

## A Southerner's Report

from Heinz Stromquist

Mid August to mid September was a busy time in the South. And, as in the "real" South, there was an abundance of hospitality and hosts with class to spare.

On August 10<sup>th</sup> the faithful gathered for breakfast in Tigard before setting off on the fourth annual wine tour, sponsored and superbly choreographed by Wayne and Linda Harris. The weather had been ordered for the occasion so when we got behind the wheel and encountered our first set of curves, nothing in the world could have wiped the smiles of our faces. We wound our way through rural Washington County, to Bald Peak State Park for the view and use of the facilities and then on to Yamhill County where even the French are buying property and learning how to make wine. At Elk Cove Vineyards, we enjoyed the vistas across the vineyard, lingered beneath the open beamed ceilings and under the gaze of a giant elk head, worked our way through their large wine offerings, read the White House commendation letters on the wall and purchased yet another, better cork screw to add to the collection. Then it was back to the cars, another eleven miles of great roads and on to the WillaKenzie Winery where after the customary tasting, Wayne, Linda and assistants laid out a welcome lunch of cold cuts, fruit and a variety of finger food. Picture this: wine glass in one hand, plate in the other, beautiful terrace with views across the valley, sun shining and great company! It doesn't get any better, so the temptation is to stay as long as possible. Consequently the decision was made to skip the optional wineries planned for the late afternoon and to leisurely drive the remaining 24 miles to McMinnville for the barbecue and pot luck under Wayne and Linda's apple trees. Thanks for a great tour and a wonderful evening of food and conversation. Dare we hope for an encore?

A few days later, August 20<sup>th</sup>, saw 16 us at Portland Brewing for our August social. There was much discussion about the new US Morgan dealers, Robert Service poems (doggerel?), the Aero 8, Clair Hauge's business trip to New York, Roger Huntley completing the latest restoration of his drop head (in a word: gorgeous!!) and about the couple arrested in a NYC church while participating in the sex-in-the-riskiest-place-in-the-city contest. (Don't ask me how all this hangs together - it's hard for one person to get all the details from many conversations down a long table). Dwight Smith told us about his trip to Pebble Beach and about attending the after meet Morgan party and even brought pictures of

himself sitting in an Aero 8, which, he says, looks better in real life than in pictures. There were also pictures of Dick Tilden's 4/4 taken by Wally Schwab back in 1965 when the car still belonged to the original owner - small world. A fun and not at all boring evening.

The month rolled on to August 31<sup>st</sup> and the Portland ABFM. Staying with tradition, we began the day with breakfast at Elmer's, which was well attended by over forty people, before driving the short distance to the PIR grounds to put our cars in place. With over 600 registered cars there was plenty to see for both registrants and spectators and the organizers designated the event as a success. Although we all share an enthusiasm for British cars and field meets are always fun to attend, the highlight of the day, at least in this writer's eyes, was the after meet party hosted for the second year by Dick and Ann Tilden. While some of us were whiling away the hours at the field meet, Ann had her team in place during the afternoon preparing for the locusts to descend. Envision Morgans fanned out on an apron, with the garage to kill for as a backdrop, some very choice machinery tucked snugly inside, manicured gardens, tables with table cloths, an abundance of finger food, a buffet with Ann checking to see if you had enough to eat. For those of you who missed it, you better hope the Tildens will feel brave enough to try this again in the future. Thanks to the supporting cast and thanks to you Dick and Ann for being terrific hosts.

On September 17<sup>th</sup> we were back at Portland Brewing, this time with 14 in attendance. The management had cleverly arranged a set of tables in an outside area normally not used for seating to allow us to soak up the last hours of summer before moving inside for next month's meeting. Sandy Glover had just returned from Europe and entertained us with stories about biking (that's right, biking, not Morganeering) from Verona, Italy, across the Alps, up 11% grades, to Salzburg, Austria where she met up with my sister and family for an evening at their pub. My end of the table then digressed to a discussion of the merits of Spax shocks, while at the other end, Dick Tilden presented his spare bladder (a donor program of sorts) to Doug Davee for his ground-up rebuild. The seasonal was Märzenbier. Wow! How many Morgan clubs can boast about having both a great wine maker (Dave Lett) and a great brewer (Fred Bowman) among its membership?

# ODE TO A MORGAN PARTY

from Dick and Ann Tilden

The day was bright but hazy,  
 When the Morganites, some crazy,  
 Sallied forth upon the British Field to Meet.  
 The grass was somewhat dusty,  
 But the Morgan's still looked lusty,  
 To attendees and the judges of the fete.

The temperature was cookin',  
 And the Morgan club was lookin',  
 For a cooler, greener place that they could be.  
 Said someone, "There's a function,  
 Just beyond the Sylvan junction,  
 Where the cars can sit beneath the shady trees."

Down I-5 they went flying,  
 For a record they were trying,  
 To establish as the first to taste a brew.  
 McTarnahans flowed freely,  
 As they waited for their "mealy",  
 And they loved the taste of Fred's fine local brew.

With seats upon the stairway,  
 You could hardly find an airway,  
 For the laughing, talking, joking going on.  
 But hunger overcame them,  
 'Twas the only thing that saved 'em,  
 Or they might have stayed until the crack of dawn.

With lamb and chicken roasting,  
 The Canadians were boasting,  
 Of their plates (the prizes) won again this year.  
 We locals, quick and snappy,  
 Worked real hard to make them happy,  
 So they'd come back down and bring us all good cheer.

There were salads fresh and tasty,  
 Not a thing that tasted pasty,  
 But the veggie tray caused everyone to gape.  
 The diners were dumbfounded,  
 For upon the carrots mounded,  
 Stood a Brussels tree dead center on the plate.

With artichokes and brussel sprouts,  
 It certainly left little doubt,  
 The sculptor in our midst was Jeri B.  
 It sat there in it's splendor,  
 With the veggies all so tender,  
 That of peppers and zucchini we took three.

Guests they numbered thirty-four,  
 And there was room for many more,  
 A Morgan table groans beneath the food.  
 The Miles's brandied trifle  
 Which our sweet tooths it did stifle  
 Left us feeling in a gay and party mood.

So when the party ended,  
 All the friendships had been tended,  
 And we promised we would meet again next year.  
 With oil spots down the driveway,  
 Leading out upon the highway,  
 It was evident the Morgans had been here.

From eMog on the web.....

TO DECREASE UNDERSTEER

higher  
 lower  
 larger contact area  
 smaller contact area  
 softer  
 stiffer  
 more negative

APPLY CORRECTION TO

front tire pressure  
 rear tire pressure  
 front tire section  
 rear tire section  
 front springs  
 rear springs  
 front wheel camber

TO DECREASE OVERSTEER

lower  
 higher  
 smaller contact area  
 larger contact area  
 stiffer  
 softer  
 more positive

## **MOGNW Business meeting**

**Called to order** at 10:20am on September 28, 2002 at the home of Bill Button, 9839 - 51st Ave SW, Seattle, WA.

**Present**, Ron Theroux, Ken Miles, Dick Dice, Craig Runions, Bill Button, Heinz Stromquist, Pat Miles, Gil Stegen, Kay Jones, Marishka and Judd Marten.

**Apologies**, Bob Hauge, David Wellington

**Minutes** - approved as circulated.

**Old business.** Short discussion on a mission statement. Web site has received many hits during the previous year. Discussion about keeping it up to date and costs. Approved that we negotiate the purchase of the domain name.

**Financial report** – Circulated by Bill, with a balance of \$7635.32, and approved.

**Regional reports. Southern** – Heinz reported that both wine tour and the field meet went well. No more events on the schedule until next year but they will most likely have a small Christmas party for club members on December 7th.

**Midlands** - No report as Dave Wellington is away. A run is set for October 19<sup>th</sup> - a drive and luncheon followed by a small rally ending at Kay Jones' garage. **Northern** - Ken reported on the previous month's runs which were successful and announced the monthly events planned through next March. Further details in the Mogazine. The Alaska run next year has 9 confirmed, 22 prospects, is 27 days long and starts August 3rd approximately.

**Mogazine** - Craig informed that the Mogazine will be published later this week. Craig showed examples of other club's magazines. We should strive to keep our Mogazine current and with original content.

**Regalia** - Dick circulated info showing the difference between inventory on January 4th and September 27th. Wants to replenish the denim shirts and some of the other shirts. Sales are \$2095 for the total year so far. Report approved. Dick was given approval to buy 10 copies of "The Rare Ones".

**Annual Banquet** – Kay reported that the Resort at Ludlow Bay has 25 rooms at \$129 reserved for Saturday night, Feb. 8th. There are also 8 condo rooms reserved at \$89. Reservations have to be made 30 days in advance. Menu will be similar to last year. Allowance will be given for pre-dinner snacks.

**MOA IV** - Ken asked for and received approval that the club endorse the Morgans Over America IV so that they can get acceptance for advertising etc.

**Assets** - List circulated. All assets were accounted for by location.

**Annual Awards** - Discussed. Proposals to be forwarded to the new executive.

**Roster** - Reps were requested to ask members to send updated application info with dues so the roster can be kept up to date.

**By-law changes** - Proposed that the following change to the by-laws be made - At all annual meetings or special meeting members shall be entitled to one vote on all matters. At a business meeting each officer (and past presidents in attendance) shall have one vote. (The bracketed part being the change). Defeated.

**Nominating committee** - Presented its slate of officers and was thanked for it's work. (Ed. Note - See Ron's column this month.)

**Next meeting and installation of new officers** - Next meeting be held in January to plan 2003 schedule. Proposed January 18th at Runions residence as long as it is satisfactory to the new executive.

**Meeting adjourned** at 1.00pm.

**Submitted** by Secretary Pat Miles and **edited for publication** by Craig Runions.



# CLICKETY, CLACKETY, CLICK, CLACK, CLACK, CLACK

## (Or, The Care and Feeding of an Unrestored '58 4/4)

from Hugh Dickson

For months and months; no - years, I've been bugged by an incessant "thunk, thunk, click, clack" noise somewhere in the rear of my unrestored '58 Morgan 4/4 when driving on bumpy roads. The car has some wood rot, so I thought that had something to do with it. Sometimes I'd think "oh well; what the hell, just live with it". It sounded like a wood-on-wood noise, like a loose floorboard. On several occasions I attempted to resolve the problem. Here what I did over months, no - years; to try to eliminate this mysterious noise.

1 - noticed the fuel tank was a bit loose so had the offending loose floorboard beneath it re-bolted to the frame

2 - fabricated new battery holder and bolted small plywood strips to the floor so battery can't move laterally or vertically

3 - drilled and bolted an angle-iron 3/16ths steel bar full-width to the back of the lower cross member of the spare wheel holder (the wood had a crack in it, causing it to flex up and down, maybe caused when I inflated the spare tire without loosening the mounting bolts)

4 - Noticing that the small wood strips that are screwnailed to the floor and to the back of the panel behind the seat, were split, screws rusted and the piece showing some signs of forward-backward slippage, I removed them, made some galvanized steel brackets to bolt the panel to the floor with stainless steel bolts, fender washers and nylocks

5 - "Trap door" behind the seat warped? No, I have little latches that secure it firmly, but to eliminate another possible source of the noise, I glued strips of foam padding around the edges

6 - noticed one of the roof support bars could move about a quarter inch and bang on the top edge of the rear wheel arch causing a small "Thwack, thwack, thwack" sound.....maybe that's the source: So, glued small rubber pads to corners where these support bars rest when the roof is down (mine is never up!). Still, the noise persisted.

7 - Noticed the spare wheel holder had a very, very slight movement even when the spare wheel is firmly bolted on. So, using a "stubby" screwdriver and a right-angle screw driver, tightened the wood screws that hold the four members together at the corners. (Thought about replacing the wood screws with nuts and bolts, but then wondered how the hell to get a drill into such tight locations without having to take the whole assembly out.). Also, tightened the nuts on the bolts that hold the spare wheel holder frame to the sides

of the inner wood body panels. Still, the noise persisted!! Re-checked all floorboards; found them all secure.

8 - Finally, a couple of days ago.....decided to clean up the rear shocks and VOILA!, the left shock was so loose it could rock forward and backward about half an inch; the upper nut was finger-loose and the rocking motion had elongated the upper bolt hole in the mounting plate. The other three nuts (two on each side) weren't very tight either. And it was the same noise that bugged me for years!

But how the hell do you get a wrench onto the upper bolt heads? There's almost no clearance between the mounting plate and the vertical wood panels inside the fenders. You can't even see the two upper bolt heads on each side. Enough wood had crumbled away on the lower two that they were easy to get at. And, in my 1958 model, they used some kind of particle board instead of plywood inside the rear wheel wells. Years and years ago I replaced both sides of this crumbly stuff with 5/8ths plywood (soaked for several days in creosote) aft of the rear axle. But forward of the rear axle, where the mounting plates for the shocks are, the particle board, which, with over 200,000 miles of travel in rain, snow, salt, etc. has become "puffed up" and a bit brittle, looking like black Rice Krispee Squares! This puffed-upness has left less than a quarter-inch of clearance between the particle board and the shock mounting plates.

With a very long-handled screwdriver, I was able to pry away the particle board (with surprisingly very little crumbling) to get a wrench, first trying one size, then another, then another, onto the unseen heads of the upper bolts on each side. I was amazed to find there were no lock washers on any of these critical mounts. I took one of the nuts to two or three local hardware joints to see if I could use nylock nuts and was told they were some kind of "weird English 3/8ths fine thread" not available in nylock nuts. And, at least the nut I took to the hardware joints, was metric - 15 mm. So I installed lock washers on all four and tightened them as tight as I could. With much anticipation I took the ancient Moggie out for a run over a number of bumpy roads.

Euphoria!! Silence is Golden! No more clickety-clackety clack, clack, clack. Of course, since the upper hole on the left mounting plate has become elongated, I'll likely have to re-tighten it regularly; or find some way of wedging a piece of steel into the hole to make it more round again. So, when's the last time you tightened your rear shock mounting bolts???

## Hougen Park All British Car & Motorcycle Picnic

from Rod Lafond

This year's Hougen Park Picnic in Abbotsford hosted, as always, by the Fraser Valley British Motor Club, was held on September 8<sup>th</sup>. There were over one hundred vehicles, all originating from 'that sceptered isle', and none prouder than the half dozen Morgans strategically positioned at center field.



English cars, English ale, English weather!

New members, Tom and Mel Henderson, all the way from Lakewood Washington, with their recently acquired 4/4, reported that this was the most Morgans they had ever seen in one place. Also in attendance were Steve and Liz Blake, Ken and Pat Miles, Rod and Ann Lafond, Mike Powley and arriving fashionably late in his gleaming black Plus 8, Stu Rulka. After spending a pleasant hour or two touring the field and swapping war stories with other car nuts of the non-Morgan persuasion, we settled down to the more serious business of picnicking. There were some very savory treats including some delicious herb bread baked by Anne and thanks to some lucky timing, everything was tucked away before the rain showers (deluge) began.

## The 10<sup>th</sup> Annual Whistler Run

### Morgan Madness still prevails! – When will we ever get it right?

from Mike Powley

The Motoring Mouth has done 9 of the 10 runs on this fall event and each time I think we have had some "strange" happenings, from losing a shift lever, to having the Hotel room from hell, to losing Hugh Dickson (lost in Squamish).

This years event started out "normal" enough with a very good gathering of MogNW participants at the West Van theatre complex as has been done every year since the inception (a parking lot extravaganza and on leaving great potential for a demolition derby). Last in was Rob & Sharon Green with their great Monza red +8 but they seemed to catch up OK.

Present but not able to play was Larry Sharp, family stuff getting in the way and host of others that will be mentioned when their turn comes up. The group was fairly large even although we were missing those that had moved to the

Island, the "BOAT" people from the USA, and a few other locals who usually turn up.

First off this year we want to be sure that we DO NOT lose Hugh Dickson to the Squamish beer pits so we put him well in the middle of the group and push off. The run along lower Marine Drive and up the Sea to Sky route with many Morgans and a host of other aging British Marques was spectacular and generally with out incident. This year we had two lunch venues, the picnic bunch, ready for the outdoors and all that goes with that, and the beer for lunch bunch, the bunch I'm sticking with for sure. The picnic bunch consisted of the Miles, the Baileys, the Hutchens, the Seagers & the Blakes in the "T" bag - brave outdoor types all. The beer for lunch bunch with Hugh well in tow found again, and patronized the Shady Tree. No Ric MacDonald waiting for us like last year – in fact no Ric at all???

(continued on next page)

## more on the Whistler (continued)

Arriving there well before noon, we found that some MG hoodlums and Lotus nuts driving a TR-7 had already got the top viewing table, as this place has a great view point of the Highway where all can sit-sip and watch the rest of the of brave British wanna-be's rumble on by. Those enjoying this aspect of the day were Ron Lafond & his son (I guess Ron does not picnic unless Ann is present); it was great to have Michael & Marianne Povey, Sherryl & Irvin Bryant-Harlos, Bob & Judy McDiarmid and Dave & Ruth Collis. Of course the TR-7 has some kind of problem and one of the passengers needed a run up to Whistler and we had three cars with singles, Ted Laternus with his MG-GT tin top, Hugh Dickson and Ted Carew-Gibson with his son's Sunbeam Tiger, as Ted Laternus and Hugh were going back after lunch Ted came forth to give this guy a ride. By the time we left the place was over run with Sunbeam Tiger owners – glad to get out by then for the rest of the run.

Arriving at the usual entrance to the Whister resort (Village Gate Blvd.) we spot Stu Rulka, not really in an up “against the car sucker” stance but definitely having words with the local constabulary – now what we all wonder. If that isn't a point to ponder the next thing you know nearly all the Fire Trucks that Whistler has are leaving the hall just other side of the pedestrian walk way and heading our way – all check to see if they are rendezvousing with Stu and the RCMP. Not so, BUT little did we know that this welcoming was the result of Doug Seager's careful execution of a plan. See, this is starting to get crazy again and we haven't even parked the Morgans yet.

At the upper village as we do not arrive until mid point the Morgans are scattered all over the place but common ground is found at Monk's Grill for more beer & stuff, even some of the picnic lunch bunch joined us and it is here we find out just what Dr. Rulka was up to with the little stop by the RCMP. Seems some klutz in a Jeep Cherokee was playing “tin-tag” with Stu on the way up i.e. pulling ahead when Stu was trying to execute a simple pass and after about three of these, Stu who has absolutely no assertiveness training at all; followed the Cherokee driver all about Whistler as he did want to apologize for not getting killed by this ass. The ass finds the RCMP and gets over to the patrol car to report that this guy (Stu) following him had murder on his mind, seems the ass is bigger than Stu but while interested in murdering Stu on the road now thinks Stu want to murder him (likely true). Stu waits behind the patrol car for his turn with the constable and gathers that his story in not the same as “Cheokee boy” so they are both told NOT to play with each other again. (bad-bad-bad you two drivers).

So now it is down to the Timberline Lodge, (a Crystal Lodge it is not!) and everyone finds to their surprise we have rooms with no beds! Nice kitchen however, well this is 'cause they

are hidden stupid. Yup, one in the couch and one on the wall (Murphy bed – you know hide-a-bed). The hotel also has underground parking amenities about the size of Steve Hutchens' garage so that becomes a bit of an issue too. We are pleased, however, to hear at the cocktail gathering that Dave & Ruth Collis have had some degree of redemption on their room from last years mess and are ever so happy-happy. Ken has assured all he will book the Crystal as soon as the dates are set for the Run in September of 2003!

We all get a bit from Ted Carew-Gibson on his tour of the “works” his first time if you can imagine after being around Morgans for ½ of his life. It is here we learn from Doug Seager how to open the parking lot door in the hotel – you just pull down the red handle and you get service and at least two big fire trucks and lots of folks giving you a lot of attention as you try to explain how to open the door out of the garage to get to the lobby. Gad Doug we all knew that!

Dinner, at the Old Spaghetti, now be coming a bit of tradition, again brought those Seager folks into the spot light, seems Gill got short changed on her seafood in the seafood linguine – this was verified by looking at mine and noting that she had eaten her two shrimp and that was about that. So all about her said tell 'em – she/we did and then Gill got both apologies and seafood in the linguine to all our satisfaction, including hers. Boy the Seagers sure shook up the place this year (such a quiet couple too).

Next day for those that dare we are up and out for a 9:00AM start for the traditional “breakey” run to Pemberton – goes great, except that we got there so early the place didn't open until 10:00AM – more hanging about. Place is under new management and only has Eggs Benny's of every type for breakfast, gee that is too bad we all say (I mean wow! do they have the right crowd or not for that meal!) It is here of course we make the big decision on who will push on for the Duffy Lake Road experience. Ken Miles did much checking to ensure the Lillooett – Lytton cliff hanger road was open as all did not want to have the POWLEY-COLLIS added leg to Cache Creek and then down we knew this would appeal to the Bailey's but who expected them to do a sympathy detour with us, but more on this soon.

We say our goodbyes to Sherryl & Irvin Bryant, Doug & Gill Seager and Ted Carew-Gibson as they all must return the “orthodox” way. Our crew for the run is the Baileys, the Miles, the Hutchens, the Powleys and the Collis's - good bunch. Other than a van from Alberta, with a driver frozen to the wheel most of the time, the run was lovely with a finish at the Seaton Lake lookout and in time to see the Prince George Silver passenger train wind its way around the lake side, great photo opportunity for all.

(continued on next page)

## and still more Whistler (continued)

We five had the Lillooett – Lytton leg really clear and all to ourselves and we got to see the “damage” that caused the closure last year – wow when it goes down it goes down. We muster at the Lytton gas station for a potty stop and Celia starts a rush on revel bars that all felt just hit the spot. The Miles push off early and the Collis & Powleys crews are next, leaving the Hutchens and the Baileys mumbling about. A fairly uncluttered and reasonably cool run.

On the way down I think I’m catching glimpses of the Hutchens, and it is not until we pass Boston Bar that I now to my shock properly identify the Mog as the Baileys – what??? they were supposed to be going north-east to

Spences Bridge to Merit to connect with the Coquihalla Connector to Kelowna, We gotta pull off and see what is going on here – (never did see Steve and Celia on the road again and assume all was OK). Well it seems I did say something to Graham maybe “after Lytton just follow us down to Spences Bridge” – wrong of course on my part – but by god Graham did it (now that is leadership! is it not? – he would follow me anywhere now I believe). At this point he decides a sympathy detour is in order as he is too far down to go back up to Lytton, so the Baileys got to do all of the Coquihalla – oh dear! I’m never going to hear the end of this. We all part at Hope and are busy planning for next years run of course.

From: Craig Runions  
To: Peter Crawford  
Subject: Morgan agent in Bristol

My '62 Plus 4 RHD roadster, #5092, has a small round enameled button / badge mounted on the rear deck below the Morgan script that reads "John Dangerfield Bristol" around the perimeter and has a bulldog pictured in the middle. Perhaps you know - was (or is?) Dangerfield a Bristol Morgan agent?

From: Peter Crawford  
To: Craig Runions  
Subject: Morgan agent in Bristol

Yes indeed, John Dangerfield was the Morgan agent in Bristol until perhaps 7 years ago when he retired. I have not heard that he is other than still alive. I believe he kept Bulldogs - hence the badge!

In 1991, my wife gave me the deposit, which placed me on the waiting list, as a BIG birthday (or BIG BIRTHDAY ;- ) present. We went up to Dangerfield's and spent a delirious afternoon with me playing Toad (of Toad Hall), sitting in cars and going "parp, parp!". I wasn't offered a test drive :-( but Mr D. sent the kids (all three of them) around the corner to buy ice-creams so as to maximize my enjoyment. He seemed a nice man.

I have letters from him or his wife who acted as secretary to him, recording my progress (7 years!) up the waiting list.

Happy days.

Morgan in Bristol is now represented by Williams'; not the same experience, I'm afraid.

From: Craig Runions  
To: Peter Crawford  
Subject: Morgan agent in Bristol

Thanks for your reply and the historical perspective. I now know a wee bit more about #5092's heritage. Maybe Dangerfield originally ordered and sold the car. Further diligence on my part is necessary. I purchased #5092 in Seattle in 1983. It was first licensed in Washington State USA in 1973. Fascinating how these cars move all over the planet!



“Sad” Morgan, submitted by Bill Button



At the Thomson's, Vancouver Island, on Father's Day weekend. Photo by Pat Miles



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