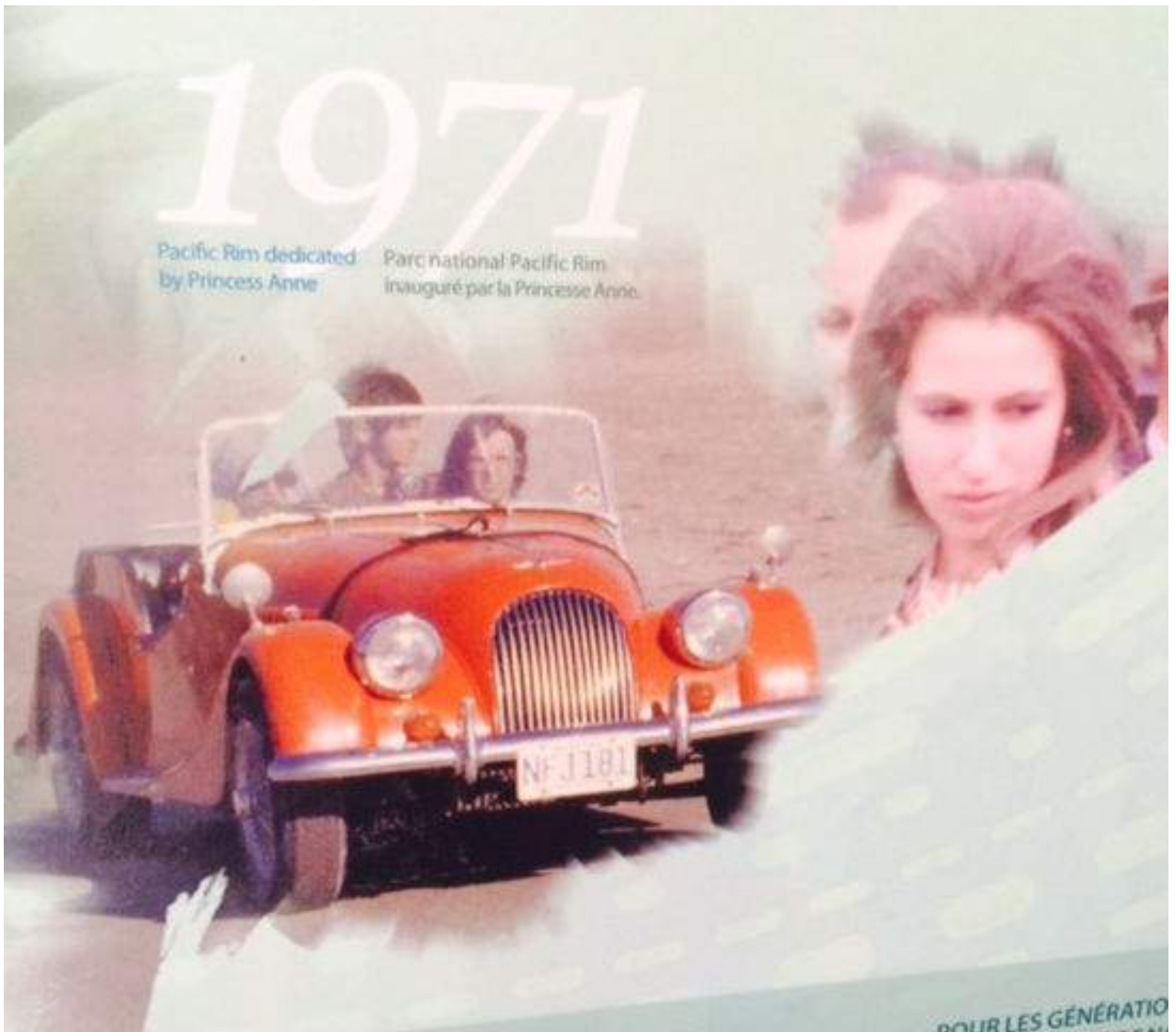


# MORGAN LINK

*Linking PACMOG to Morgan Enthusiasts in the Pacific Northwest and Beyond!*

PACIFIC MORGAN OWNERS GROUP

JULY & AUGUST 2016 / Vol. 1, No. 4



The **Pacific Rim National Park Reserve** was opened in 1971 in a ceremony attended by Princess Anne of England. The entire reserve encompasses 511 km<sup>2</sup> (197 sq mi) of land and ocean and is characterized by rugged coasts and lush temperate rainforests. An orange Morgan 4-Seater was featured on the dedication program at the event. Does anyone recognize the car?

## 2016 PACMOG EXECUTIVE

Chair	Ken Miles	kengmiles@telus.net
Vice-Chair	Bob Wadden	bob.wadden@telus.net
Treasurer	Pat Miles	pat_miles@hotmail.com
Membership Director	Steve Blake	sblake@telus.net
Director	Tom Morris	tomm8847@telus.net
Director (Interior)	Jane Cowan	janecowan@shaw.ca
Director (Island)	Ken Butler	copout98@hotmail.com

## 2016 PACMOG VOLUNTEERS

Secretary	Susan Blake	susanblake@telus.net
Webmaster	Marv Coulthard	mcoulthard@shaw.ca
Editor	Steve Hutchens	sphutchens@hotmail.com

**PACMOG Constitution:** *The purpose of the society is to encourage the restoration, preservation and enjoyment of all Morgan Motor Company vehicles. The group will foster communication, cooperation, education and recreation among all members by holding regular monthly meeting as well as drives, social events, shows and other events related to cars. By doing this we can enjoy the company of other enthusiasts and share our passion with members of the public as well as PACMOG members.*

### The Publication: Morgan Link

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### Meetings and Events

Events and social meetings are held monthly in the greater Vancouver with occasional forays beyond. A calendar of events is on our website at [pacmog.com/events.html](http://pacmog.com/events.html)

Please submit calendar items to the Webmaster (email above) and feel free to contact any member of our Executive with regard to event information.

### Dues

Full year: CDN\$20 per calendar year. See the membership form on the last page of each *Morgan Link* to join.

### Submitting Material for Publication

Address: Please send content to the Editor (email above) or see the PACMOG roster for an address.

Deadlines: Generally the 1st of even numbered months, though if the editor knows that an article is coming the date may be adjusted.

Digital Submissions: Digital submissions are preferred. Content can be sent in an email or as an attachment. Text files should be in .doc, .docx, .txt, or .rtf formats. Photos and illustrations should be in .jpg, .tif, .gif, or .bmp formats. PLEASE send photos as HIGH RESOLUTION so they will be sharp in the *Morgan Link*.

Note: Please try to avoid sending .pdf files or .doc files with embedded photos. Although the editor can decompose .pdf files and strip photos out of documents, these require additional steps for insertion in the *Morgan Link* and may result in lower quality photos.

Paper Submissions: Photos, typed or hand-written text, and illustrations can be mailed to the Editor (address in the club roster).

Reservations: The Editor reserves the right to edit material for style, content, relevance, collegiality, spelling, grammar, length, and appropriateness for the *Morgan Link*. Material that is not time sensitive may be saved for publication at a later date.

### Advertising

Limited non-commercial advertising is free to members. Commercial advertising is available. The cost is \$25 for a business card for one year. A business card will be defined as two column inches on a two column page or approximately 1/10 of a page. Larger ads are a prorated multiple. Please inquire by contacting the club president.

**Cover photo credits:** Morgan got some publicity in 1971 on the cover of the dedication program for the Pacific Rim National Park Reserve. Does anyone know the history of the Morgan in the photo? Members: Send outstanding photos for cover consideration.

## MEMBERSHIP SUMMER UPDATE

Steve Blake, Membership (sblake@telus.net)

While the weather has not been quite as sunny as last summer, it still has been splendid days to drive our cars. Your directors have met a few times and we have increased the size of the executive to seven so we could have a broader voice and benefit from the experience of other members. Along with this, we have worked to mend fences and get back to enjoying our cars. Our new executive is working in a collaborative way to come to consensus on issues and it is working. Your club is strong and we are moving forward, now with 88 memberships.

I was impressed with the work I have seen on a couple Morgans this summer. Win Muehling and I went to lunch in July and he showed me his project. He is doing a fantastic job restoring his 1970 Plus 8. He purchased what he called "a very worn car" in Calgary and has stripped it to its core. A new frame, powder coating and many hours of tinkering, fitting, and rebuilding has resulted in a car that will be better than new when complete. The body is off for painting and you can see what appears to be a brand new car underneath. I can't wait to see the finished project.

Ken Miles was working on two cars. He has been working on getting his crash repairs complete on his Plus 8 and it is almost complete. He will have it ready to show at the Luxury and Supercar Weekend. Ken was also fitting a bracket, made by Bob McDiarmid, under the hood on Pat's 4/4. That job was complete and the 4/4 made it on the last run to the Mission Historic races winning the best car in the car coral award.

I was showing my 1937 Chevrolet Pickup truck at the Fraser Valley Classic Car Show (the Minter Garden replacement) and saw several of the group out on a drive. Lyle Johanson, Les Burkholder, Bob McDiarmid, Chris Allen, and Ric McDonald stopped by for a chat. Sounds like they had a great drive. By the way, my truck was runner up to a 1929 Rolls-Royce Phantom 1 Pall Mall Tourer in the Premier Class. This class was made up of all the class winners from the previous two years. I was quite pleased for the old truck!

Susan and I got our Morgan out for a few drives and to one car show this summer. We entered the Tsawwassen Sun Festival car show and managed second place in the unrestored cars and third place in the British car category.

The Morgan has taken second place on drives this summer as we have been taking our new Lamborghini out more often. We treated ourselves to our first brand new exotic car with the purchase of the 2016 Lamborghini Huracan Spyder. On page 5 is a photo of Steve Hutchens and me after our monthly Mexican lunch at El Gitano in Bellingham. Steve and Celia and Susan and I have been enjoying meeting at this restaurant for its great Mexican food and reasonable prices.

We just returned from the UK and it was nice having a better exchange rate on the pound sterling. Thank you to Brexit! Spotted several Morgans on the road but the most interesting one was this Aero 8 coupe found in Grosvenor Square in London (photo on page 5).

## FROM THE CHAIR

Ken Miles, Chair  
September 1, 2016

The summer months have not been active ones for the Pacmog group in that our two runs during the summer have not been largely attended but both runs have allowed us to see people who we have not seen very often such as Ken Butler from Vancouver Island, Larry Emrick and Dave Collis. It is always great to see some old friends that you do not see often at an event.

On the other side of the coin your executive has been busy. As a group we picked the design for our car badge. (I hope to have the proof badge for the Okanagan Run but we are working against time.) Over 50% of the membership has presently indicated they would like to order the badge. The executive is presently getting a price on an embroidered version of this badge to be applied to articles of clothing.

Many of you realize that we now have two more members of the executive for a total of seven in that Jane Cowan and Ken Butler have joined the executive. We have had one meeting with all seven directors and it went very well. The next meeting will be held in mid September at which time we will be reviewing the new bylaws.

The Okanagan Run looks to be a success with the equivalent of 25 cars being present. One of our newest members will be attending.

I hope the club will join me in welcoming back Glenn and Susan Sorko who now live in Osoyoos and John and Susan Bodnar of Vancouver Island.

## WELCOME OUR NEW MEMBERS

Glenn and Susan Sorko, Osoyoos  
John and Susan Bodnar, N Saanich

### PACMOG Financial Report

Pat Miles, Secretary/Treasurer

As of August 31, 2016

### Receipts

Dues: \$1,760.01  
Advertising: \$100.00  
Donations: \$400.00  
**Total: \$2,260.01**

### Expenses

Name Registration: \$31.50  
Society Registration: \$100.00  
Website & Domain Name: \$66.44  
Insurance to June 30: \$50.00  
Insurance to April 2017: \$161.50  
Banner: \$117.60  
**Total: \$527.06**  
**Cash on hand: \$1,732.97**

## THE EDITOR'S RAMBLES

By Steve Hutchens

### TRAVEL

Someone said, "Retirement is tough!" I'm fortunate that it brings many choices.

In 2014 we made a loop of the four corners of the U.S.— from Washington to Maine, Florida, and California — an RV adventure spanning about four months. We enjoyed it so much that last summer we did a three month tour of northern British Columbia, Northwest Territories, the Yukon, and Alaska.

Several friends have talked about enjoying Newfoundland and earned it a place on our bucket list. As our travel plans developed, this became the year to target

the eastern most province and we left home on August 2 headed east. Our general route is similar to that of 2014 but on different roads through different areas.

We signed up for two three-week NOMADS construction and maintenance projects, one in Minnesota in August and one in western North Carolina's Great Smokey Mountains in October. The 1st was great and we look forward to the 2nd.

As this is written, Labor Day has just passed and we are about to head north from Oklahoma to Manitoba for a new RV refrigerator. The unanticipated change in itinerary may delay Newfoundland to next year, but instead we will tour Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia. By the time we get home in December, we will have been in about 35 states and six Canadian provinces. Nunavut is on our bucket list but that's a flight!



## UPCOMING PACMOG ACTIVITIES (see [pacmog.com/events.htm](http://pacmog.com/events.htm) for the latest)

<u>Date</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Time &amp; Location</u>	<u>Contact (see your roster)</u>
Sep 7-10	Tour of the Okanagen	See article in this issue	Terry & Val and Graham & Val
Oct 30	Halloween Run		Pam Mahony & Chris Allen
Nov	TBA		
Dec 3	PACMOG Christmas Party		

### Morgan Club Newsletter Exchange

Readers have seen the editor refer to the Morgan Club Newsletter Exchange the our club belongs to. Currently there are 16 members:

CLUB	NEWSLETTER	WEBSITE
3/4 Morgan Group Ltd.	Morganeer *	morgan34.org
Morgan Car Club of Washington DC	Rough Rider	morgandc.com
Morgan Motor Car Club of Texas	Mog Log *	texmog.com
Morgan Owners Club Australia	The Morgan Ear *	morganownersclub.com.au
Morgan Owners Group Northwest	NWMogazine *	mognw.com
Morgan Owners Group South	Southern Fours and Eights *	mogsouth.com
Morgan Owners of Philadelphia	The Mania	morganownersofphila.com
Morgan Plus 4 Club	Format	www.mog.org
Morgan Sports Car Club of Canada	Blurb *	www.morgansportscarclubofcanada.com
Morgan Sports Car Club of New Zealand	Borrowed Time	morganclubnz.co.nz
Morgan Sports Car Club of Northern California	Morgazette *	norcalmog.com
Ohio Morgan Owners Group	OHMoggie	www.ohmog.org
Pacific Morgan Owners Group	Morgan Link	pacmog.com
Victorian Morgan Owners Group	The VicMog Gazette	vicmog.com.au
Western New York Morgan Owners Group	Morganotes	
Windy City Morgan Owners Group	Flexible Flier	www.windycitymog.org

\* = Newsletters are available on the club's website

## UPCOMING MOGNW ACTIVITIES (see [mognw.com/calendar.html](http://mognw.com/calendar.html) for the latest)

<u>Date</u>	<u>Event</u>	<u>Time &amp; Location</u>	<u>Contact</u>
September 7-18	FATMAN 2016	Tour to California Wine country	Lee Harman - rleeharmanmd@gmail.com
October 8 & 9	Coos Bay Tour	See page ___ for details	Dave Hammond - dbh97530@gmail.com
October 15	Executive Board meeting	Time and location TBA	Michael Amos - president@mognw.com
December 10	Island Pod Christmas Party	Lloyd & Treacy Reddington	Kit Raetsen or Joanne Cowan - islandpod@mognw.com
April 15, 2017	<u>Annual Meeting at Alderbrook</u>		Michael Amos

### RECURRING EVENTS

3rd Tuesday	<b>Southern Pod Meeting</b>	Location TBA	Heinz Stromquist - southernpod@mognw.com
3rd Saturday	<b>Midlands Pod Meeting</b>	11:30 AM at the Three Lions Pub, 8115 161st Ave NE, Redmond	Michael Amos - president@mognw.com



Steve Blake's 1937 Chevy Pickup



Morgan Aero 8 Coupe in London



Steve and Steve pose with their cars after a great Mexican lunch

### Nature Report from Powell River

By Ken Kutner

Hey Steve,

Editor's note: this email to the editor is included because it is a fantastic description that awaits those exploring the area around Powell River. Thanks, Ken!

Kudos on another great issue. Sorry I missed the ride but it is hard to leave here in the summer. Last week I was mesmerized by three dozen common nighthawks hunting in the early evening. Adults and juveniles, these birds are great fliers and dive like hawks but are not true raptors, more like swifts. Their greatest talent is to go from full speed to a dead stop do a 180 turn and instantly back at full speed in the other direction and look graceful doing it. The adults were teaching the juveniles this trick. The juveniles were showing off their skills to me. Performance birds know when they are being watched and often like to show off so I was encircled by them for a good half hour and spent over an hour watching them.

Two days later a giant killer whale swam by. At least a six foot dorsal fin bent over at the top, over ten meters long and easily eight feet wide. Spouting water over twenty feet in the air. Then he dove. Beautiful deer in the yard, eating my greenery and very accustomed to humans often within fifteen feet of me. The bucks are in velvet now.

Today returning to Powell River airport I got buzzed. I am on downwind and see two eagles soaring near the base to final approach path. As I get close one flies off, they know what planes are, but the other stays on the path a few hundred feet above me. I am on base leg now. Hmmmph! This is not normal. A high wing plane I can no longer see him as he is above me. I am doing about 55 mph indicated. Next thing I know there is an immature eagle not six feet off my left wingtip in pounce mode. Talons outstretched wings in brake mode and he is looking me right in the eye with that "I got ya" look. Stupid teenagers!

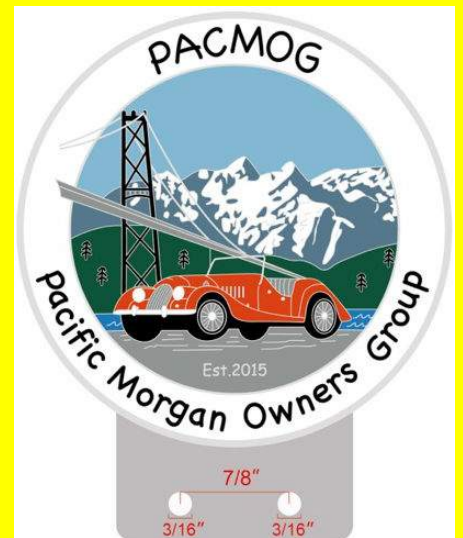
## BADGE CONTEST RESULT

We had six choices for selection for our club logo and badge. Ken Miles collected and collated the votes and reported the result to our executive meeting in July. An overwhelming majority of club members voted for the design by Steve Blake and this one was accepted for our logo and badge. We will have the design incorporated into our banner and use it for club purposes. Congratulations to Steve for his idea and time to create this design for us.

Currently, we are in the middle of taking orders for the club badge for your car or to hang in your garage or office. If you haven't ordered yours yet, let Steve know so you can be added to the list.

Steve cleaned up the design and has been working with a company in China to make it ready to use for our badge. From initial contact to negotiating pricing to perfecting the design, it has taken over 30 emails. The company is easy to work with and it is nice that they pay as much attention to detail as we do. We eventually got artwork that we approved and proceeded to manufacture our mold and first sample. We expect to see the sample next week.

The company we are using is audited by Disney, McDonald's, and Coca Cola to see that labour practices as well as quality are up to an acceptable standard. This company has more than 10,000 clients all over the world. They make all manner of items from embroidered patches and lanyards to pins and badges. We are saving money by dealing directly with China rather than using a local vendor who would then turn around and order from the same source.



We will be discussing at an executive meeting the possibility of ordering embroidered patches or other items. If there is anything you would like to see, let one of your executive members know so it can be considered. We are also looking into having a local company make an embroidery template so we can have clothing embroidered with our logo. Watch for information on that in the future.

Anyone needing clips to hold their badges to their badge bar, can order them through any of the following:

Moss Motors for \$7.49 including hardware (item 408-002) <http://www.mossmotors.com/Shop/ViewProducts.aspx?PlateIndexID=107878&SortOrder=10>

Little British Car Co. for \$6.37 including hardware (exact same as Moss because they are a re-seller – purchase from Moss and sell lower) (item 408-002) <http://www.lbcarco.com>

Victoria British Co. for \$4.45 (item 14-790) <http://www.victoriabritish.com> Anyone finding a cheaper price, let us know and we will let the membership know.



# Plus 8 Jack Knight Steering Rack & Pinion

by Bill Button

Bill Mote was driving my Plus8 Bitsa to test the suspension. He noticed excessive slop in the steering wheel. "Fix it before it kills you," advised Bill. I have ignored Bill in the past, but learned the hard way to not ignore him anymore.

I got another to turn the steering wheel while I observed the steering rack. No doubt I had a problem. After tightening all the bolts, I cut the steering slop in half. But reading GOMOG, it says "NO SLOP." So I still had a problem.

I removed the steering rods and then removed the steering plate which bolts to the rack. I then removed the rack and pinion from Bitsa so I could get it on a work bench for closer inspection. I carefully removed the Gaiter. By screwing one of the bolts into the rack I could feel the rack twist back and forth. I sur-

mised that the slot and/or the spacers were worn. I measured the slot at the ends and in the middle. There was very little wear. Also same for the spacer. But there was .042 slop built into this system.



I asked questions on the Morgan websites. I got some advice that the adjuster was at fault so I took the adjuster apart. The adjuster puts pressure on the top of the rack, insuring the pinion is fully engaged in the rack. I tried to put it back together but I couldn't—I couldn't get the spring loaded nylon follower to go back in. I needed help!

I drove to Canada to see if Bob McDiarmid could figure it out. Bob explained that the Nylatron follower had expanded, probably caused by moisture. After some careful measuring, Bob used his lathe and a file to make the follower fit again.

The problem was that the follower had seized and was no longer putting pressure on the rack and as the pinion was not fitting properly the rack would twist causing the steering slop at the wheel. So problem solved ... I hope.



# July 10 Surprise Run

By Ken Miles

At 10:00 AM, three Morgans owned by Jane Cowan and Doug, Tom and Val Morris and Ken and Pat Miles met at the Tim Horton's located at the corner of 152nd and highway. They were soon joined by Bob and Alexis Wadden and Lyle Johanson minus his Morgan due to the high amount of rain at his house. We were supposed to leave shortly after 10:00 but the conversation was stimulating resulting in a time loss meaning we left at 10:40 heading for parts unknown.



Heading east for a few miles, we turned south on 176 toward South Surrey where once again we headed east towards Abbotsford. South of the Abbotsford Airports we saw the Goodyear Blimp for maybe the last time as it is up for sale and it has been over a decade since it was last in Canada. We stopped at the usual Chevron Gas Station to allow Lyle and Ken to gas up. Heading North up Hwy 11 we turned east on the Clayburn Road. In Clayburn, we stopped at the Village Store and the reason for bringing our shopping bags became obvious. After 30 minutes of exclaiming, I haven't seen those for years and buying candies, etc, we mounted up and headed west towards Fort Langley and lunch.

We ate lunch at the Fort Pub with Lyle explaining to us that the original Pub had burnt down in the 1970's and this was the new pub. This was interesting history for me after living for 33 years in Surrey and not knowing that tidbit.





# FATHERS DAY WEEKEND 2016

By Kit Raetsen and Joanne Cockshutt

Our Vancouver and Seattle friends arrived on Saturday afternoon via the Sunshine Coast. For these folks the weekend had started on Thursday at Horseshoe Bay and, after exploring some lesser known roads, the day ended at Powell River. On Friday, after an early morning ferry ride to Nanaimo and some wine tasting the group reached Cowichan Bay. In the meanwhile, at Brian and Margit Waller's home, where the pig roast was to be held, chairs, tables and a tent were set up. Last minute shopping was done along with much praying that the weather forecasters were wrong and we were not going to get rained out.

On Saturday morning the mainland contingent headed to Port Renfrew with a lunch stop at Point No Point and then on to their hotel in Sidney. Over at the Wallers' the final touches were put in place. The salmon had been baked on Friday and the pig was in the pizza oven. Yes, you read that right, in the oven and not on a spit. The Wallers have a beautiful outdoor stone oven and decided to use it for porchetta. The remaining Morgans started to pull in at about 5 p.m. and everyone had ample time to catch up with old friends over appetizers created by the Island Morgan owners.

We all chatted, nibbled, sipped and took in the view of 20+ Morgans arrayed on the lawn, then it was time for dinner. Margit and Brian are clearly masters of oven cooking: the porchetta was cooked to perfection. Along with the salmon and a vast array of side dishes (thanks again to the Islanders) it made for a veritable feast. As usual, at the end of the evening the Morgan elves descended on the kitchen and everything was tidied away in no time. The rain never did materialize that evening: thank-you weather gods.

On Sunday morning we woke to sunny skies and after a quick breakfast everyone was off to Beacon Hill Park for the 32nd annual Fathers Day Picnic.

By 9 a.m. the Morgans were in their place and once again Jane and Doug worked their magic and lined them up by colour and created a beautiful Morgan rainbow. The car show was a huge success as always with an example of every British car you can think of along with a large number of beautiful motorcycles. After meandering through all the cars and checking out our favorites it was time to put out the lunch. Another feast was presented, along with the pork and salmon, other cold meats, cheeses, cucumbers, tomatoes along with lots of condiments made for some great sandwiches. Of course there had to be deserts. Cake, cookies and fresh fruit made for a nice finish to a wonderful lunch. By 2 p.m. those catching ferries had headed out and a little later the rest of us slowly made our way home.

A huge thank you to Bryan and Margit Waller for hosting the pig roast, it will be a tough act to follow next year.





## Desperately Seeking Ash

by Dave Doroghy

Please allow me to stray from my regular format for this column. I have FOUR disparate (and one desperate) topics to address.

### Ash

First of all would anyone who reads this column know where I can get my hands on some ash frame from an old scrapped Morgan? What happens to the wooden frames from old Morgans that are headed for the junk heap? Please don't tell me firewood. I have a woodworking project in mind that requires some ash, and if the ash was from an original Morgan, it would be just all that much sweeter. If you know where I can get my hands on some Morgan Ash please email me at Doroghy@hotmail.com. I'll pay for it.

### Dorgsmorg.com

It's out there and it can't be stopped! It has been launched onto the worldwide web and is on a rocket ship trajectory collecting millions of hits along the way. OK so I am exaggerating a bit. But my new Morgan website has had a couple of hundred visits already.

So if you want to read some old articles that I have written? Want to view a cool Morgan Plus Four, 90-second promotional video that my buddies and I shot earlier this summer in Ladner? Want to learn more about the Dorgmeister – that's me. And most importantly if you want to indulge me in some blatant self-promotion, then please pay a visit to dorgsmorg.com. I know, I know - the last thing the World Wide Web needs is another car enthusiast blog. Too bad it just got one. The only thing that I like better than driving my Morgan is writing about it. I welcome your comments to the same email address noted above. Up until now I have

posted my articles on my personal website dorg.ca. That site will soon be going through a major refresh and update and now I have a new home dedicated to all that is Morgan. I would really appreciate it if you shared the site with Morgan enthusiasts beyond our club. Any suggestions that you could give me in terms of how to get a virus, or I think the proper term is called "going viral", would be much appreciated. I am new to the world of blogging and could use all the help I can get.

### Luxury Supercar Weekend

I think it was Groucho Marx that said, "I refuse to join any club that would have me as a member." That's why when I got the invitation request passed onto me from Steve Blake to determine if there was interest in showing my Morgan in this Concours sponsored event I questioned if my car was good enough.

In a subsequent email Steve clarified that "This event is not a concours event for us. We have been invited to show our cars as they are to celebrate Morgan's 80th year of four-wheeled vehicles". OK I'm in.

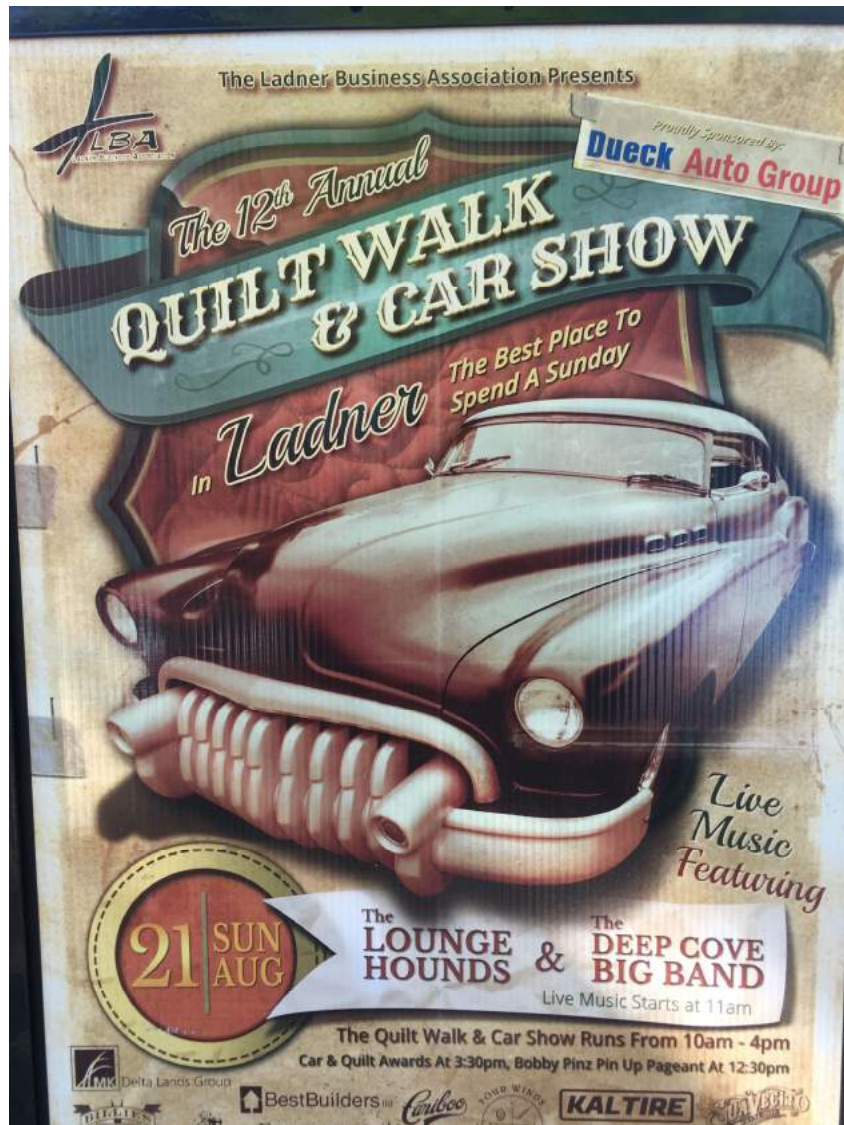
The ABFM at Van Dusen Gardens is the highlight of the year every year for me in terms of being a Morgan owner. I love the gardens almost as much as I love the cars. However, for the last two years I have been unable to enter my car in the show. At the May 2015 edition of the car show my clutch blew on the way to the gardens making me a no-show, and earlier this year on the Victoria-day long weekend I was on a three-week cycling trip that coincided with the show and as such had to pass. I really

missed hanging out at Van Dusen with all the old cars and the newly bloomed flowers. That's why when I saw the emailed invitation for the Luxury Supercar Weekend at Van Dusen, I jumped at it. Now I just need to find an appropriate sports jacket and ascot to wear.

### The Ladner Car Show

Speaking of car shows, the Ladner Car show held every year near the end of August is a real gem. This year it was on August 21st. Altogether about 350 old cars turned out in the small old-fashioned town center and unlike the Van Dusen ABFM it is festival seating in terms of the vintage vehicle's placement. It's always a real mish-mosh of domestic and foreign cars, with lots of 1950's Fords and Chevies.

But wait, it gets better. It is a quilt show too. This is the fifth year I have parked my Morgan on the street in Ladner for the show, and every year I am the only Morgan there. Some of you may want to consider it for next year.





# PEKING TO PARIS 2016

By Lloyd Reddington

As we landed at Beijing airport there was a sense of déjà vu. Six years had elapsed since our last Peking to Paris foray. For the past two years hundreds of hours had been invested preparing Ruby, a 1927 Nash Roadster, for this moment. We arrived at the Shangri La Hotel just in time for the briefing. Hundreds of people jostled into the conference room. We greeted a few familiar faces, other competitors that we had met on previous rallies and diehard members of the Endurance Rally Association. The local Police Chief then harangued us for half an hour, through an interpreter, as he read out the penalties for speeding violations and repeated drunk driving. He left the distinct impression that a spell in a Chinese jail was highly likely should we make any infringement. Eventually he redonned his white gloves, bowed to receive his applause and we all retired to the bar.

The next morning we trooped off to our appointed coaches for the one hour trip out to the docks to retrieve our cars. At first searching through the warehouse was a little disconcerting, there was no sign of Ruby, till we finally spotted her nestling between an Alfa and a Jag. She started first time and we exited the warehouse through a haze of blue smoke. Outside we witnessed an American couple struggling to manoeuvre one of the massive La France, 14 litre chain driven racers out of the yard. Then a hundred yards from the depot the Nash stalled. I switched fuel pumps and she restarted, an inauspicious beginning.

The trip back to the Shangri La hotel was otherwise uneventful. Treacy handled the GPS and tulip route notes with aplomb. Once back at the hotel the work of repacking and fettling the car commenced. The next morning we all lined up for adjudication, lined up being the key word. Our GPS unit needed over a thousand waypoints to be downloaded. The route books and maps had to be collected, waivers had to be signed and clothing picked up. Then the cars had to be inspected, camping equipment, safety triangle, fire extinguisher, medical kit all present and correct. Do the lights, turn signals and horn work? Luckily the invigilating mechanics glossed over the fact that our horn had mysteriously ceased to function. A few days later it self righted having been thumped by a pothole! A final orientation session in the air conditioned ballroom provided a welcome relief from the blistering heat in the car park. That evening a cocktail party in the garden gave crews an opportunity to mingle and assess the competition. For the next month we were stuck with one another.

The next morning we were up at dawn. The first car was scheduled to leave from the Great Wall at 8.00am with us departing eight minutes later. We wanted to be on the freeway out of the city before 6.00am to avoid the notorious Beijing traffic jams. Steve and his son Chaz in a 1928 AC Sedan had asked if we could lead the way, which we readily agreed to, though privately we questioned how they were going to cope over the next 10,000 kms. For the first few kilometers they remained in our rear view mirror only to disappear as we joined the motorway. We waited for a few minutes, it was impossible to reverse up. Eventually we decided that we had to push on if we wanted to reach the Great Wall in time. Subsequently we found out that their gearbox had failed and that they had been forced to retire before the Rally even started.

At the Great Wall cymbals clashed, a red dragon gyrated and cameras

whirred. At 8.00am precisely, with a great roar the huge La France eased itself through the starting arch, the 2016 Peking to Paris Rally was under way! Eight minutes later we were flagged away. As we steadily climbed away from Beijing our hearts lifted. The car was running well and Treacy found her navigating skills returning, tulip instructions being ticked off and waypoints periodically honed in on. The temperature and oil gauges remained rock steady.

The road to the Mongolian border is paved the main hazard being other motorists desperate to get a photograph. Cars would sidle alongside or overtake and then sharply brake in front of us as the passenger cantilevered out of the side window, camera at the ready. Even more alarmingly the driver would have his head averted and his eye firmly glued to the viewfinder! On one occasion an ambulance came storming up behind us, lights flashing, siren blaring. Being Canadian we dutifully pulled over, unlike the other Chinese drivers. The ambulance overtook us and then slowed to a crawl. After a few minutes of this we decided to move ahead. The paramedics frantically snapped away before once again taking off on their mission of mercy. The Chinese have a passion for photography!



We entered Erenhot through the arch of dinosaurs this being a prime spot for Jurassic remains. For those of you familiar with the Badlands in Drumheller, Alberta, the terrain is very similar. The city of Erenhot has expanded vastly since our last visit six years ago. We eventually found our hotel, the route book having been amended on account of roadworks, causing much confusion to nearly everyone. The next morning we lined up alongside locally owned battered old 4x4's, heavily laden for the border crossing into Mongolia. Several hours and much patience was needed before all the passports and carnet forms had been stamped.



Since 2010 the road to Ulan Bator has been tarmacked but we deviated off into the desert for our first night of camping. As soon as our tent was pitched we strolled over to the beer tent to enjoy a lukewarm beverage. After supper we watched as one of the pre-war W. O. Bentley's was lifted off the back of a truck with a crane. Apparently a wheel bearing had failed. Later that night a mechanic from England flew in with the spare part to repair the car so that it could proceed the next day. Whilst we watched this we were entertained by

Bruce and Harry Washington a New Zealand father and son duo, who eventually won the event, playing the bagpipes! Life is never dull on a rally.

The next day we arrived in Ulan Bator, the capital of Mongolia for our first rest day. One of the huge American La Frances was already in the car park. Apparently the water pump had failed and the couple driving it had spent the night by the side of the road. They had decided to retire both vehicles rather



than risk further mechanical damage and personal stress. On the last evening in Ulan Bator we were entertained with dancing by children from a local orphanage that ERA supports with charitable donations.

The next morning we gathered in the main square for our send off. The band played and speeches extolling mutual friendship were exchanged. The Canadian ambassador who had spotted the Maple Leaf on our car came over to introduce himself and wish us well. It was very comforting to know that even in this remote part of the world there was a support system available should we need it. The traffic leaving the city was horrendous. We covered nine kilometers in the first hour. Eventually we reached the open steppe. Vast plains opened up ahead of us. The landscape was dotted with yurts, large herds of goats and flocks of sheep with the occasional horseman dressed in national attire.

The road disintegrated into a series of tracks, often in parallel, frequently crisscrossing, with an occasional one drifting off to a distant horizon. Navigation here was strictly by GPS waypoints with a periodic visual marker such as an ovoo, a cluster of stones and flags frequently found on the crest of a hill, a place much venerated by locals. Every day time trials were held. We would be waved off at one minute intervals to follow a specific course indicated by waypoints on the GPS. A certain degree of skill in choosing the best track is required and frequently cars would drift off course having selected the wrong path. On one of these tests we wandered away from the prescribed route and along with another competitor had to beat across country to regain the appropriate track, always a dangerous strategy as you cross unknown terrain, with rocks and gullies always ready to catch the unaware!

For the next week we lived under canvas, setting up our own tent each

night. Meals were served in a mess tent and latrines and showers were set up on the perimeter of the site. A wind storm one evening made pitching the tent a real challenge. At one camp a fuel truck had to dispense gasoline as there were no petrol stations in the vicinity. The queue seemed to stretch for miles and some tempers flared. On one time trial there was a long sandy hill. The Fords and Chevis just roared up the side of the dune. Unfortunately we bogged down in the soft sand. Several cars stopped on firmer ground to offer us assistance. Sand mats and shovels were handed out. Digging out proved impossible as the fine sand just cascaded back into the hole. Eventually we linked three tow ropes together and Tim revved up his Chevy and hauled us out. Earlier in the day Tim and Willie had been following us as their GPS unit had failed. A certain symmetry developed of reciprocal assistance being given and received. It was in Mongolia that our camaraderie was forged.

As we rolled ever westward the scenery gradually changed to a verdant green, supporting more livestock. The rains in 2016 had been heavier than usual creating many mud baths and swollen rivers. The Mini had to be towed across one river and had water six inches deep in the cabin! We made it across under our own steam but several other competitors were not so lucky and had to be towed out. On another time trial we came to a fork in the road. The GPS compass needle was equivocal, either road might suffice but only one would be correct. We chose the track to the left. After about ten kilometers we realized that we were on the wrong road. Fellow competitors could be seen raising clouds of dust several miles to the North of us. Our GPS unit showed that we were veering away from the Time Control. We contemplated crossing country, it would be faster but unknown dangers lurked. We opted to retrace our tracks. We were glad that we did. Later on we saw several cars axle deep in a swamp. The lush green surface had deluded them that they were on firm ground.

After a week crossing Mongolia we eventually reached the border and crossed the twenty kilometre no man's zone into Russia. The roads immediately improved and we soon reached our last camp site, a magnificent setting with appalling facilities. Three toilets, holes in the ground in reality, for over two hundred people! Consequently we used the facilities at the local gas station which were comparable to those you would find in the West. That evening a group of Kazak dancers entertained us and members of the local car club milled around taking photographs. For the next two weeks we trudged across Siberia. Long days on moderate highways with heavy volumes of truck traffic. The scenery alternated between stands of trees and vast fields of canola and wheat. Farmsteads were few and far between. Occasionally we would pass large barns which presumably belonged to the local cooperative. Most of the farm equipment seemed quite modern.

En route to Novosibirsk we noticed during a time trial that the brakes were no longer working. Stopping in traffic became almost impossible. Initially I tried adjusting the front brakes to no avail. A more detailed examination by the roadside revealed that a spring in the mechanical rod system had broken, creating a lot of slack. A suitable spare spring had not been packed, but one of the mechanics created a spacer made up of washers which restored the braking capabilities, though the pedal pressure was very fierce and henceforward needed very gentle application.

In Novosibirsk we had our second rest day. The hotel was very deluxe and situated across the street from the opera house. That evening in the square outside the opera house a free concert was given by the local Symphony in honour of the city's 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary. It was a sophisticated performance and a little surreal to think that we were listening to Bach and Rachmaninov in the midst of Siberia. Earlier that day I had spent the afternoon at a local car enthusiast's garage having a broken rear shock absorber mount welded, a casualty of the Mongolian potholes.

And so we moved on. In the towns enthusiastic crowds always greeted us and there were several formal receptions. At one we drove around the athletic track packed with people up onto a ramp where we were formally announced and applauded. A goodie bag with books and brochures was usually dispensed at the same time. Every day Time Trials were held, usually over farm tracks or back roads. The wet weather had made conditions very challenging, demanding caution which was not demonstrated by some of the Mercedes and Alfa drivers. On some occasions words were exchanged at the conclusion of the speed test. Some of the competition was held on local race tracks. One of the more memorable circuits was the Moscow track. I think it was here that a car



lost its rear wheel much to the consternation of the crew immediately following!

A third rest day was held in Kazan, a UNESCO world heritage site. We spent a very pleasant afternoon wandering through the old city shopping for our granddaughter. That evening we dined at a very modern restaurant fronting the river. At Ekaterinburg we had hoped to visit the church at the site of the Tzar's assassination, but unfortunately we arrived too late, and could only glimpse it from our hotel window.

After thirteen days we passed from Russia into Bellerousse, the border crossing being a mere formality, a sloppy salute from a customs officer. Minsk was a surprisingly large modern city with a ring road. New construction was very evident with mile after mile of modern apartment blocks. Appropriately the hotel was state of the art and very comfortable. In Brest by comparison our hotel was a rundown former Soviet block establishment. En route to Brest we experienced our first major mechanical problem.

Shortly after a lunch time reception the engine started to make an alarming clatter. We whipped the rocker cover off to find that a pair of rocker arms were bone dry and one of the push rods bent. Max, a fellow competitor straightened the rod using a hammer on the curb of the road. An internal oil line feeding the rocker arm had ceased to function. We drove till the end of the day, stopping every fifty kilometres to manually pour oil over the valve gear. At the end of the day the mechanics rigged a temporary oil line from the oil gauge through the rocker cover to the rocker arm. It seemed like a neat solution and we motored on.

We all felt a collective relief as we crossed from Belarus into Poland. At last we were in Europe proper. The border guards were polite but efficient. Soon we were rolling past neat little villages on tree lined roads. Rzeszow was a lovely old city and the following morning we had a rousing send off in the town square. The time trial that morning was particularly tough, being over a very narrow mountainous road. Treacy and I concluded that Ruby's brakes really

were not up to the challenge and that we would be wiser to skip subsequent trials. Having made this decision the pressure to remain on time dissipated and we stopped to help another crew repair a leaky radiator gasket. As we set off for Slovakia Andy and Ian followed us. About thirty kilometers from the border Ruby stopped with no warning and no apparent fuss. Andy and Ian towed us to a nearby garage. Investigation showed the fuel supply intact but no spark. Exchanging the coil and rotor arm made no difference. At last the truth dawned on us. The rotor arm was not rotating, the distributor drive shaft was not turning and the push rods were not being activated. The camshaft was seized. A truck driver who had honed his English skills working in the UK ordered a flat bed truck to take us to Kosice.

At the hotel a local rally enthusiast, Vladimir arranged to take the car to his personal garage. There he and his three sons worked till 3.00am to determine the extent of the problem. The timing cover was eventually removed after fabricating suitable tools to remove the nut on the crankshaft. Finally the timing gear was exposed. The pulley on the camshaft was stripped and would have to be replaced. We retired to the hotel very despondent. E-mails and texts were fired off to Canada.

It quickly became apparent that spare parts and skilled technicians were not readily available. We were scheduled to be in Paris in ten days time. Spare parts would take at least four days to arrive. Two days would be needed to carry out the repairs and we would still have to drive an unproven car from



Slovakia to Paris with no backup. The consensus was that it could not be done and that we risked not being in Paris to meet our family. We decided to rent a car and continue in that for the remainder of the Rally.

A one way rental for a Skoda was quickly arranged. We returned to Vladimir's garage, redressed Ruby and packed any gear that we might need into the Skoda. By lunchtime we were in Budapest. Our final day off was in the Hungarian capital. We went for a long walk across the Danube and for once enjoyed a leisurely lunch, whilst other crews busied themselves fettling their cars. Surprisingly we were the ones consumed with jealousy, we would much rather have been fixing Ruby. From there it was across Slovenia to Ljubljana, a lovely city, another delightful lunch! Then across Italy and snow covered Alps to Switzerland and St. Moritz.

We followed the route as closely as we were allowed but could not participate in specific time trials, which created some navigational challenges for Treacy. We arrived in France the same day that the Nice atrocity was reported. Security became paramount. Our route was frequently amended to the frustration of the navigators. On our last night in Reims we celebrated with champagne and Stephen and Bryon commiserated with us over a gin and tonic in the hotel garden. They had struggled with their 1955 Lancia Aurelia in Mongolia but had managed to overcome all their difficulties and motor on.

Meanwhile we had been negotiating how to get the Nash to Paris. Our car shippers had been effectively impotent. In frustration we contacted Vladimir to inform him of our lack of progress. Immediately he and his son volunteered to ship Ruby from Slovakia to Paris on a trailer hauled behind their family car. On the final day of the Rally we met them fifty kilometres outside the City of Light. They followed us via a beautiful but tortuous route into the centre of Paris. We had arranged for an Australian couple Bruce and Jill to tow us across the finishing line. Once again there was a certain symmetry to this as we had towed them in

Mongolia when their starter motor failed.

We stopped in the Place Concorde. The Nash was unloaded from the trailer and a tow rope hooked up to their 1939 Chevrolet. Bruce and Jill then towed us into the Place Vendome and across the finishing line. The crowds seemed appreciative of our efforts and our family waited with champagne at the ready. Our grandchildren clambered aboard and were unfazed by the battery of cameras. Suddenly it was all over.

That evening at the celebratory dinner the awards were handed out. Max and Julie Stephenson very appropriately won the Spirit of the Rally Award. They had assisted us in our time of need and several other crews as well. To our surprise Ruby was awarded the Concours d'Elegance for the prewar cars. In a way the award was bitter sweet, Ruby unlike Flora the 1936 Rolls Royce Phantom 111 we used in 2010, had failed to finish the course, despite an infinitely more in depth preparation. We had completed the most difficult section of the Rally but had stumbled at the last fence.

If the car had failed earlier on there is a chance that it could have been repaired in time to carry on. Prior to the lubrication line breaking the Nash had proved itself to be a fine performer and chugged along in an unflappable manner. The rally itself has become much more competitive, cars are highly modified and some drivers very aggressive.

Would we do it again? Probably not, but our daughters have expressed an interest, so maybe Ruby might go rallying again!

# Hoity toity retailer Selfridges unveils a suitably stylish version of Malvern's new electric 3 Wheeler

By Matthew Phenix on 26 July 2016 (found by Alistair Crooks, Victoria)

Selfridges, for the uninitiated, is a century-old, upper-crusty British department store (founded by an American expat; go figure). Its home base is a many-columned palace on Oxford Street in London, famous for its window displays and a foie-gras-related spat with topless animal-rights activists.

Last week, the department store announced a collaboration with another tweedy British icon, the Morgan Motor Company, one that will bring the first examples of the Morgan EV3 roadster — unveiled in June 2015 at the Goodwood Festival of Speed — to British roads.

The EV3, if you hadn't guessed, is the electric version of Morgan's

To its great credit, Selfridges' partnership with Morgan seems a bit more substantial than Neiman's greedy-grab strategy, as it neatly links the parallel stories of the department store and the carmaker. Selfridges opened its doors in 1909; Morgan produced its first car in 1909. Boom. And the special-edition car itself is a rather exquisite piece of kit, with grey-painted solid wheels and luscious diamond-stitched leather on the seats. The UK 1909 Edition comes only in gloss black, brightened by bits of bronze, including the dashboard switches and the front wheel hubs.

Naturally, Selfridge & Co has created a passel of Anglo-goodies



Selfridge & Co Morgan EV3 UK 1909 Edition

cheeky 3 Wheeler roadster, which in its standard form is powered by a petrol-swilling V-twin engine from US-based motor-maker S&S. The EV3, claims Morgan, boasts a top speed of 90mph or a cruising range of 120-ish miles on a charge (pick one; you can't have both). Selfridges will offer a scant 19 examples of the UK 1909 Edition, available for order at its stores and online.

***Selfridges opened its doors in 1909; Morgan produced its first car in 1909. Boom.***

intended to complement its special Morgan — '09 of them, in fact. The list includes a bespoke trunk from British leathercrafter Globe-Trotter, steam-punk driving goggles by eyewear-maker Linda Farrow, a belted jacket from outerwear-maker Belstaff, a jaunty scarf by the London fashion house Alexander McQueen, and 007-approved driving gloves by Dents.

The US-based department store Neiman Marcus knows this play quite well. The company has included special-edition cars in its annual Christmas Book on and off since 1968, when it offered 'His' and 'Hers' Jaguars — for him, a \$5,559 E-Type coupé (nice), and for her, a \$5,975 coat made of actual Jaguar (naughty). In the years since — particularly since 1995, when the catalogue featured a Brosnan Blue BMW Z3 roadster — buyer competition for the Neiman cars has escalated dramatically. One hundred examples of the Z3 sold out in six hours; in 2004, the Christmas Book's Cadillac XLR roadster disappeared in only 14 minutes; and in 2010, catalogue shoppers scooped up 100 examples of the Neiman Marcus Chevrolet Camaro convertible in a fairly stunning 90 seconds.

No surprise, the Selfridges UK 1909 Edition Morgan won't be had cheaply. It's priced at a high-voltage £52,500 (about \$69,000), which is almost exactly double the starting price for a non-Selfridges, petrol-powered 3 Wheeler. (Morgan has yet to announce pricing for the series-production EV3, and that's probably a good thing.)

The Selfridges Morgan is set to make its official debut on 1 September during the Salon Privé Concours d'Elegance at Blenheim Palace. Then, on 1 October, the car and its designer accessory pack lands in the department store's Birmingham location.



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