

Restoring a Morgan: A Year's Wait and a \$25,000 Bill

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, MARCH 6, 1988

WHAT do you do when you're late for the 1988 Rose Parade in Pasadena, Calif. because your \$6 million 1931 Bugatti won't start? George Crocker, who runs a classic car museum in Michigan, encountered that problem as he was preparing to drive the prized vehicle, which belongs to Thomas Monaghan, owner of the Domino's pizza chain and the Detroit Tigers.

Mr. Crocker did what most car buffs are forced to do at some time or other: He put the problem in the skilled hands of a local restoration shop — in this case, Batista-Chastain Restorations. The operation, based in nearby Ontario, Calif., soon had the 57-year-old car up and running.

Batista-Chastain is one of several thousand facilities around the country specializing in restoration and maintenance of collectible cars. Vince Manocchi, vice president, estimates that auto restoration is a \$250 million business.

Restoration shops do everything from tuning up an old car to taking it apart piece by piece and rebuilding it. The latter, according to Mr. Manocchi, can cost as much as \$100,000.

"Parts for these cars are hard to come by and very expensive, and the actual work can take a year," said Robert Turnquist, the president of Hybernia Auto Restoration in Hybernia, N.J.

Mr. Turnquist said he charges

more than \$40 an hour for labor on restoration jobs; his particular specialty is making and finding parts for old Packards.

Restoration work is done entirely by hand and requires great attention to detail, Mr. Manocchi said. Before restoring a car, the company meets with consultants who specialize in that make and also looks for original shop manuals and archival photographs of the car. "Research is critical," Mr. Manocchi said. "It could mean the difference," between placing first, second or third in a show,

since judges look for a precise recreation of the original car.

Some restorers, such as Batista-Chastain, try their hand at all kinds of classic cars; others are more specialized. Robert Couch and David Irwin, co-owners of Lime Rock Motors in Falls Village, Conn., restore nothing but Morgans. There are only about 4,000 of the hand-built British sports cars in the country today, but Mr. Couch said business at Lime Rock was booming. "We have 28 Morgans waiting to be done," he said, "and we hope to get about 10 of those jobs done

in the next year." Mr. Couch said Lime Rock's fee generally falls between \$25,000 and \$35,000 for each job.

Despite these prices, restorers have no trouble finding customers. Their real problem is finding help. "It's getting harder to find people who have the skills to work on classic cars," Mr. Turnquist said. And patience — a necessary quality for anyone who is going to spend up to a year working on the same car — is, according to Mr. Turnquist, harder to come by than a replacement valve for a '32 Packard. ■



Submitted by Colin Watson.

Market seems to lack a reverse gear Classic autos prove crash-proof

BY WARREN BERGER
New York Times Service
NEW YORK

At least 300,000 people in the United States collect old cars for love or money or both. And while the number of collectors is increasing by 5 to 10 per cent a year, the real growth in the collectible car market is measured in dollars. This year, participants estimate that up to \$500-million (U.S.) will change hands at auctions and private sales.

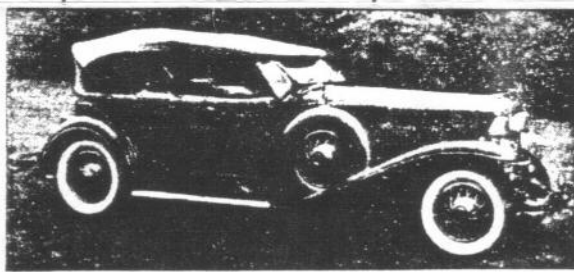
Dollar volume at collectible car auctions has skyrocketed recently, even though the increase in the number of transactions has been moderate. Over four days in January, the annual Barrett Jackson Auction in Scottsdale, Ariz., sold \$26-million worth of vintage cars, a 30 per cent increase from the 1987 event. Similarly, Kruse International, the largest auctioneer in the field, saw sales rise to \$150-million last year — double the volume of five years ago.

Rising car values are partly tied to the fall of the dollar, which has lured foreign investors to the market. Perhaps more significant was the October market collapse. "Quite a few people took their money out of stocks and began investing in cars," said Bob Hall, an editor with Old Cars Weekly. "With more money coming into the market, cars, in general, became more valuable."

Cars that are "classics" — vehicles made between 1925 and 1948, according to the Classic Car Club of America — are bringing in the highest bids, with some selling for more than \$1-million. But the hottest cars are those from the late 1950s and early 1960s. "These were the cars that people from that generation dreamed about as they were growing up," said Von Reese, who has an auction company in Austin. "Now that they have money, they're willing to pay any price to get those cars."

Those 25-year-old collectibles may not be as classy as the classics, but they have one major advantage: owners can drive them around. As William Smith of the Antique Automobile Club of America said: "The 1919 Ford becomes a hazard if you put it on the road."

"When the stock market collapsed on Oct. 19, collectible car owners, auctioneers and others with a financial stake wondered about the fallout in their market. 'I was biting my fingernails for a while,'" said Brian Jackson, co-owner of Barrett Jackson Auction Co. Almost immediately, however, values of many collectible cars increased,



Duesenbergs, the ultimate luxury cars of the Thirties, are worth about \$1 million today.

"We saw prices go up 15 per cent in one week," said Dean Kruse of Kruse International.

The turn of events reinforced a feeling among car collectors that their chrome and steel investments are far more crash-proof than stocks and bonds.

"From my observation in 17 years of publishing in the old car business, I've seen the market stall but I've never seen it go backwards," said David Brownell, editor of Hemmings Motor News, a trade publication that serves as the market ticker by listing advertised prices of hundreds of collectible cars in each issue.

Of late, some investors have found handsome returns. Vince Minocchi, vice-president at Batista-Chastain, a classic car restoration shop in Ontario, Calif., cited one example: last spring his company sold a 1932 Cadillac for \$130,000. Six months later, after some relatively minor refurbishing, the new owner resold the car for \$245,000 to a European customer.

That near-doubling in value in less than a year apparently is not unusual these days. The average sales price at this year's Barrett Jackson Auction was \$48,500, compared with \$29,600 in 1987, the company reported.

As prices rise, auctioneers are promoting the investment aspect more than ever.

Several brokers, such as Richard Myer, who runs Auction Representation Inc. in Perth Amboy, N.J., buy and sell cars for collectors at auctions around the United States. Mr. Myer said he tries to ensure that his clients' cars attract top bids at auctions by taking care of details — particularly

timing. Auctions may last for more than 12 hours at a stretch, and the time of day that a car goes on the block is crucial. The evening hours of 8 to 11 are considered prime, because they catch the after-work crowd.

Most traders do not use brokers, however, but track the market through Hemmings Motor News. The more devoted market followers travel to auctions and shows around the country.

Despite all the talk of high returns, many collectors insist that money is not their main motive. "It's a hobby that just sort of becomes an investment after a while," said Richard Gold, president of the Chicago-based Classic Car Club of America. He owns 50 classic cars himself.

Mr. Gold said that 25 years ago, when he paid \$20,000 each for a couple of Duesenbergs, the ultimate luxury automobile of the 1930s, he did so primarily because he wanted to own those cars. "I had no idea that today they'd be worth a million dollars each," he said. "I guess they turned out to be a good investment."

For years, car collectors in the United States used the strong dollar to buy classic European cars at bargain prices. That trend reversed a couple of years back.

"As soon as the value of the dollar declined," Mr. Kruse said, "European buyers started coming here and taking back their classic cars."

At one of his company's recent auctions in Miami, half the cars were sold to foreign buyers. And at January's Barrett Jackson Auction in Scottsdale, about 20 per cent of the bidders were from foreign countries —

The prices of collectible cars jumped by as much as 15 per cent in the week following the October stock-market meltdown.

The hot hobby may be a hedge.

but they took home more than their share of cars because many bought more than one.

"Foreign bidders come to these auctions in carts and buy up bunches of cars for various private collections overseas," Mr. Minocchi said. Not surprisingly, the British tend to buy British cars, the Germans buy German — and then there are the Japanese, who "tend to buy everything," according to Mr. Gold of the Classic Car Club.

Over the past year, encouraged by the combination of a rising yen and a falling dollar, the Japanese have become the most active foreign buyers in the U.S. collectible car market, according to Mr. Hall of Old Cars Weekly.

Some enterprising dealers, such as Michael Sheehan, president of European Auto Sales in Costa Mesa, Calif., are taking pains to cater to this new clientele. Mr. Sheehan, who said Japanese buyers account for 30 per cent of his business, advertises in Japanese publications and has a Japanese-speaking salesman.

European Auto Sales specializes in restoring and selling Ferraris, which Mr. Sheehan said are "very hot in Japan right now." Japanese buyers are also showing considerable interest in the "big fin" U.S. cars of the Fifties and Sixties, according to Mr. Brownell of Hemmings Motor News.

Whether they are buying European-built racers or American cruisers, Mr. Sheehan said, Japanese customers won't buy a car unless it is in perfect condition — primarily because there are no restoration facilities in Japan.

"They also care about special qualities," he continued. "They'll pay top dollar for a car that raced in Le Mans. They look for cars with a sense of history."

Their historic bent might explain why some Japanese buyers are pursuing certain Japanese cars. For example, a 1967 Toyota 2000 GT may not, on the face of it, seem to be a car worth collecting, but Japanese collectors consider it to be a piece of history.

The car, which led Japan's entry into the U.S. auto market, can now be sold for \$35,000 to Mr. Sheehan, who plans to restore the cars and sell them to Japanese car history buffs.

MARTIN BEER SAYS "Have you reviewed your insurance valuation lately" ?

On Buying a Morgan

We were living in Raleigh, North Carolina when one morning I came down to breakfast not wearing my usual business uniform. My wife, being the astute devil that she is, immediately noticed this deviant behaviour and observed, "You don't have a suit on! Aren't you going to work today?"

"No", I said, " I'm flying to Lexington, Kentucky to look at a car."

Now it really was all her fault. Several months before I happened to pick up a car magazine and she noticed an ad for a Morgan, saying that she had always thought they were "kind of neat." I had never heard of a Morgan but later saw one at a local antique car show and that, as you may have guessed, was it. Instant infatuation. You know, the kind only experienced by so-called grown-up men when confronted with unusual, expensive, technical wonders. As with most men when it comes to toys, I knew in my heart that I had to have one but would never admit it to anyone, especially myself.

So off I went to Kentucky one fine May day, having called ahead to arrange to see a man who had three Morgans for sale, the degree of my emotional predisposition attested to by the fact that I had only bought a one way ticket. The man selling the cars had flown to England a year earlier, bought these cars, and had them shipped to the U.S. Only two of the cars were there, the third, a 4-4, being in London, Kentucky in a parade. The remaining two were early sixties Plus 4s, Baby Blue and Dark Blue. I pored over the cars, looking under everything, prodding and poking, pretending I knew exactly what I was looking for and making intelligent comments like, "This isn't the original paint job!" and "Is that odometer reading right?"

I fell in love with Dark Blue. Maybe it was the wire wheels or the trailer hitch; it certainly wasn't the after-market steering wheel with the broken spoke held together with a plate and a bolt. And it wasn't the test drive. "I think this car has some minor problems with the front end," the man said, "It shakes a little sometimes at around 45 or 50 miles an hour." Needless to say, this was an understatement; when it happened, I wasn't prepared and was sure the whole front end was going to break off. "Speed up a little", the man said, "and it will go away." My first experience with the Morgan phenomenon known as Shimmus Frontus Endus! Still, there was a certain charm about Dark Blue and after some negotiation on price (not much- I caved early) and delivery (immediate, which dictated a frantic phone call to my banker), the top and side curtains were collected and I set out for home, some 500 miles away in the middle of a very pleasant Kentucky afternoon.

I soon noticed that it was low on gas, cleverly observing the gas gauge which read empty. It still read empty after filling up. Hmmmm. I already knew that the brake lights didn't work and that, while I had a spare, I had no tools for tire changing.

I was also aware that the car had never been registered in the U.S. but figured that the U.K. plates it carried would get me through.

Driving through southern Kentucky and Northern Tennessee I soon experienced my next Morgan phenomenon, the gawkers- those other drivers who hang on your tail or slow down when passing to try to figure out what this odd looking car is and who wave to you and make gestures of approval. The look of longing in their faces more than made up for my poor negotiating skills and the concerns I had when I realized what I was trying to do: drive an old, unknown car with no tools, registration, gas gauge, or brake lights through three states, most of it in the dark! It is never pleasant for a man to realize that his better judgement has been blinded by passion.

After some miles I began to experience a common complaint amongst Morganeers: Tailbonus Sorus, and decided to stop for a rest break. Upon starting up again I inserted the key into the ignition, turned it and got a few heart-sinking clicks for my trouble. Next Morgan phenomenon: almost everyone is willing to assist a Morgan driver in trouble. The consensus of the large crowd that gathered was that I had corroded battery terminals. I discovered later that this diagnosis was incorrect, and while my terminals were corroded, the truth was my car suffered from the common Morgan malady, Wornus Bendix Ringus. With a push, however, I was on my way, monitoring the trip meter so I could estimate when to fuel up again.

Heading east through the mountainous region of Tennessee (it's surprising how much colder it is in the mountains, especially without a heater) I realized that the oil pressure had been dropping gradually since the beginning of my journey. I felt I had to refuel anyway and ended up in a rural town consisting of a General Store and a Gas Station. More gawking. I checked the oil level to discover it was at the minimum and looked under the car to discover oil on everything. While oil was being added the attendant started to fill the gas tank. That's when the filler pipe broke, gas pouring onto the ground. A little duct tape and I was ready for the final push (pun intended).

The balance of the trip was comparatively uneventful except that I noticed that as I got nearer to home my anxiety level started to drop (at about the same rate as the oil level), to the point that I recall thinking to myself when about 20 miles away, "Hell, I could walk home from here if I had to."

When I finally arrived some time after 1 a.m., my wife, alerted by strange and loud sounds coming from the driveway, greeted me. "What's that?", she asked, gesturing at the Morgan.

"Remember the ad in that car magazine?", I replied.

As I said, it was all her fault.



THE PREZ SEZ!

MORGANS ACROSS AMERICA

News from Roger Moran in Belgium Morgans Across America looks to be "On". Is anyone keen to join the Eddie Edwards of the Morgan world in their olympian trip across the US. in 1990.

Tentative plans are to co-ordinate the MOG 20 meet in Virginia with MOG West in California plus Niagara in Canada. This would involve changes in dates for the annual meets for the clubs but that is a minor point when we consider the whole plan.

If any of our members think this is just a dream, they dont know Roger. This man asked just what was to be done for the "overseas" members for the 75th Anniversary in Malvern which was a long week-end event, deciding it was not enough he then booked the whole of the Abbey Hotel, arranged a full week of tours/event/social Cocktail parties & banquets for members from over 30 countries making the whole week just a fantastic time for everyone.

This time he has already begun on 1990 by contacting sponsors, Hotel chains, shipping, insurers, to bring the Europeans and their Morgans over for the tour.

He is hoping to make the MCCDC meet in July to discuss routing and get some valuable advice. If I cant make it there I at least will be talking to him by phone.

At this time I think its set up as an approx 6 week tour, even if you cannot join them at least simply taking part will be something really special.

In past years we have had the pleasure of fellow Morganeers joining us in Niagara from several States (including the Wilburns from California,) Klaus from Germany & the invincible Kathy from Poland (who is moving back to the US this year) this event in 1990 would give many more of our members a chance to meet many other enthusiasts from different countries which to me has been one of the biggest advantages in the past to make so many friends in the International Morgan family, perhaps it will encourage some of our own farflung members to come or even get their "fix one day" Morgans mobile again.

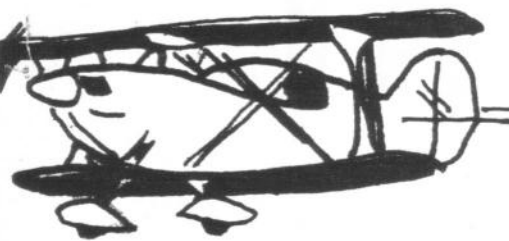
What say you Canucks are you willing to assist, join, help make this event a great one for those willing to travel so far.?

AMATEUR ARTIST WANTED

Audrey has asked for an amateur artist to come forward to design a

Badge for the NIAGARA 88 event. Applicants for this unique and prestigious post should contact the appropriate person listed on the back cover.

P.S. Picking the wrong person will not necessarily disqualify you, so give it a try anyway !!!



MORGAN MEET

AT THE BRAMPTON FLYING CLUB

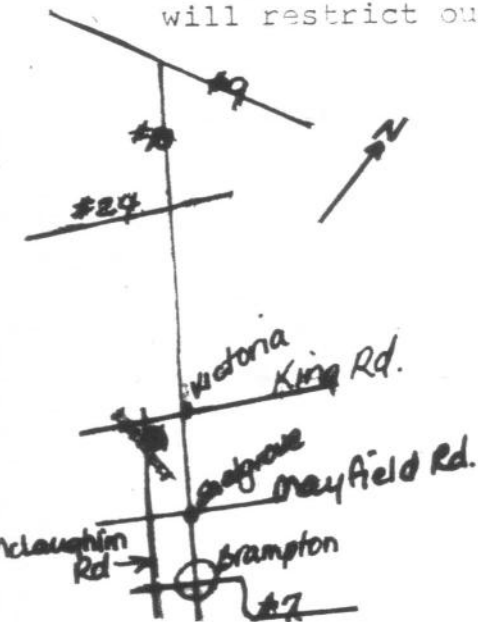
We have made arrangements to visit the Brampton Flying Club on Sunday July 17th, 1988.

Upon arrival, please park in the grass area by the Air Cadet Building on your left, and walk down to the main clubhouse where coffee and donuts will be available. We can then walk to the Great War Flying Museum, (thought you'd like the title, Reg, 'tho it's about the other war, WWI), tour the buildings and look at the vintage planes. Weather permitting, these crafts fly about on Sundays, allowing us to see them in flight as well as photograph them on the ground.

Barbequed hot dogs and hamburgers will be available on the patio overlooking the runways or, in the Flying Pan Restaurant, you can get a hot or cold lunch. The specials are usually \$3.95 and include beverage and dessert. If anyone is interested, flights can be arranged - lessons for the brave, tours for the not-so-brave. (The tours last approximately 1/2 hr, can hold 3 and cost approx. \$45.)

The Fuji airship should be docked at the Club during this time, although its schedule has not yet been finalized, and we will be free to walk around the grounds, although safety regulations will restrict our access to the hangars, runways, and taxiways.

The Brampton Flying Club is in the village of Victoria, about 15 minutes north of Brampton, on the east side of McLaughlin road just south of King Road.



July 17th also happens to be Reg's 65th birthday when he officially reaches the age of ~~maturity~~ majority, (?) so we thought we'd have a surprise celebration for him while we're at the club. Please join us in a ritualistic ~~pushing~~ shoving over the hill, and wish him well.

In order to arrange for enough cake etc. please let me know how many plan to attend.

Best wishes only, please.

For those party-hearties, festivities will continue in Bolton at the Beer's. BYOB.

RSVP: Jenny Stubbs 922-8860b, 453-9304bone

EDITORIAL

Timing is critical. Not just the "eight degrees before TDC" type, but the type for which Nancy & Ronnie consulted the stars. Whilst astrology played no part in determining when Audrey would relinquish the position of editor, the timing has worked out well for the recipient of the baton.

Contributions make an editor's task less tortuous. The main problem becomes one of choosing what to include in each issue, rather than wondering whether an issue would be six or eight pages instead of the more normal twenty. Raising the collective consciousness of the club to be aware of this need takes time. The seeds were planted by Audrey, in her own inimitable manner, many months ago, and she has continued

to fertilize them liberally since then. They have taken root. In fact, the fruits are beginning to flow into the editorial offices, mainly in the form of articles from the professional magazines, but also some original work, a welcome addition to the regular series provided so ably by Peter George and Spider Bulyk.

Some contributions have not been used yet. They will be. Please keep them coming. There is no financial reward, but you will achieve a fleeting moment of glory as the provenance of the printed pieces will be acknowledged. Your name will appear in the hallowed pages of the Priceless Blurb.... for a time.

HOGMOG HOGMOG HOGMOG HOGMOG HOGMOG HOGMOG HOGMOG HOGMOG

ANCASTER FLEA MARKET!

Your intrepid correspondent managed to arrive in time for the social component at Traitors Court, but understands that there was a fine turnout at Ancaster proper for those wishing to trade fleas.

The conversation, or at least that part that was recollected the next day, included an offer by Chris Charles to host a "CAR CLINIC" at his new premises in Kitchener, and a suggestion by Jenny Stubbs that the Club might meet for a picnic at the Brampton Flying Club. Details had not reached the Editorial Offices by press time, but watch this, or some other approximately adjacent space for further announcements! ★

The diehards repaired to Lafford Lodge, where a delightful Chinese meal was subsequently served to sustain us on the journey home. Thank you George and Marylou.

- ★ Fortunately the Blurb was delayed slightly, and details of the Brampton Flying Club visit have been finalised. For those readers who rush immediately to Page 6, the details appear on Page 5 .

FEEDBACK

Dear John:

Greg Kaufman suggested that I send you the attached article photocopied from the June 1973 Practical Motorist.

I followed it when converting my 1960 Plus 4 to negative earth some 10 years ago. Sufficient time has now passed for me to feel comfortable about recommending the process to others!

Since my car has no clock the process was straightforward and there has never been any related problem.

Incidentally the same polarising process needs to be followed when installing a new generator and may be necessary with one that has lost its residual magnetism from non-use as I found recently with my plane.

At the same time as changing the polarity I also switched from two 6 volt batteries to one sealed 12 volt which I mounted in a marine battery box, (Canadian Tire) mounted in place of one of the 6 volt batteries. The battery now stays absolutely clean and requires only winter removal and spring replacement with no other in-car maintenance.

I did have to cut away some of the side handle on the battery box to miss the driveshaft U/J. I didn't cut away enough but this is self rectifying- ~~it is amazing how much sideways movement there is in the rear axle~~ under cornering loads- every so often I can hear that I am establishing a new record. Plans for a mechanically operated 'G' meter to work off the U/J will have to wait for a future article.

Happy Mogging



Peter Whitworth

PS: PLUS 4'S ARE BEST!!!

It is indeed a pity that the ribbon on Mr. Whitworth's typewriter ran out at the critical juncture. What he no doubt meant to say was " PS: PLUS 4's ARE BEST LEFT TO THOSE WEIRDOS WHO PREFER FIXING CARS TO DRIVING THEM !!!!"

Your ever helpful Editor !

Seriously, Peter, many thanks for the contribution. It is featured on Page 12.

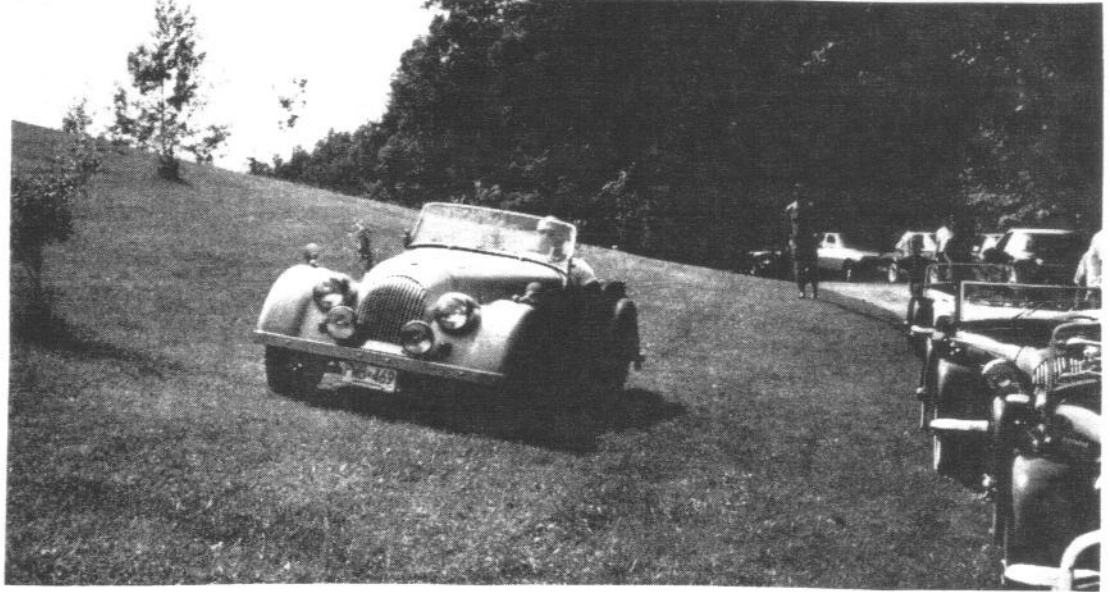
A LONG ESTABLISHED TRADITION AT PIPER'S HILL HOLDS THAT BEING PERMITTED TO PARK ONE'S MORGAN NEAR TO THE GREAT HALL BESPEAKS ONE'S RELATIVE STANDING IN THE CLUB. (AS AN EXTREME, MEMBERS ARRIVING IN NON-MORGANS MUST PARK BELOW THE SALT-LICK, SO TO SPEAK.) SUCH INDEED IS THE PRESTIGE ATTACHED TO FAVOURED PARKING SPACES THAT SOME MEMBERS WILL GO TO ANY LENGTH FOR ONE:



YEARS
AGO

PLUS 4

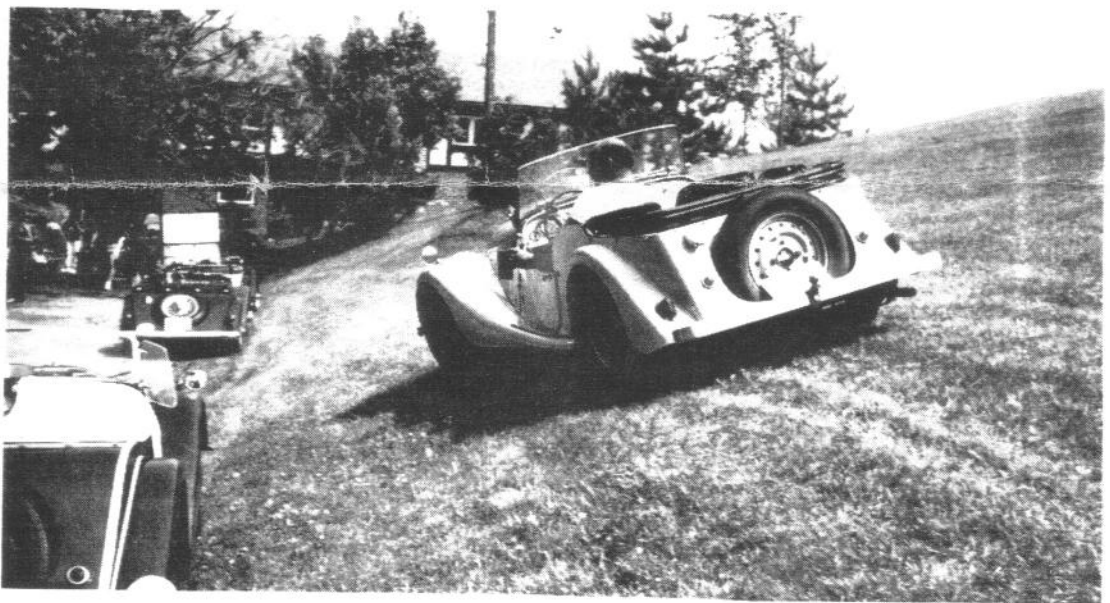
Although he hosts the event, ABS is expected to respect the club pecking order and park at the end of the queue. When a favoured member left unannounced, ABS was first to notice and tried to slip into the vacant space near the Great Hall.



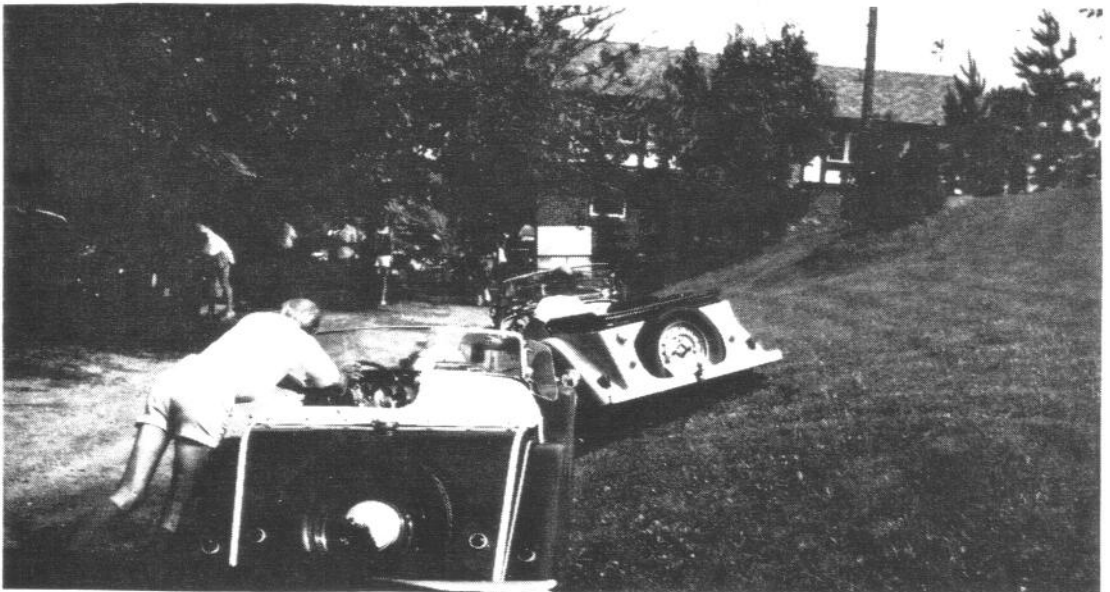
YEARS
AGO

PLUS 4

Almost there, ABS spies his nemesis, Reg Beer, running up from the left (not visible in photo).



ABS just slips into the coveted spot as Reg (visible in this photo) makes a valiant but futile attempt to push the "Presidential Suite" into the space.



Photos by Collins



PIPERS HILL

Foreign Affairs

BY JOHN KUERZI



Here's a bit of advice for the new year. The Bugatti has been sold. I'm not sure for how much, but I've been told it went for around 9.75 million. For the guy that bought it, all the best. I hope he feels it was a bargain. It's really a shame that anyone with so much money is such a damn fool, but I'll let you in on a secret that someone should have told him before the hammer fell. He got taken, as did the chap who bought Harrah's "stage-coach" Royale; as did all the characters that have paid over a million for Duesies; as did the jerk that seems to have started it all with the not so brilliant purchase of a Duesenberg replica for a million-plus. All of them could have had a far more comfortable, much more driveable, much more reliable, and perhaps even more attractive automobile had they opted for a nice mid-60's Cadillac, Chrysler, or Lincoln convertible. Of course, one of these would only set them back a few grand and none of them would be "objects of art." Yet in thirty years, who can tell? We may yet, in the next decade or two, see the zillion dollar mid-60's Cadillac. Now's your big chance. Don't ever say I didn't "tell you so."

So much for economics for the old year. I'm not all that good at it anyway. For some reason common sense always rears its ugly head whenever I get involved in any kind of money deal. I guess that's why I'm so damn smart instead of rich. Anyway . . .

Last year's efforts ended with a report on the somewhat controversial Jensen-Healey. Cars like this intrigue me. Some of us love them. Others of us hate them. Far too often, none of us understand them. Because of this, I've tried for some time to help sort things out; to help you choose the good ones and reject the bad ones; to tell you right up front of potential problems, minor and major, and sometimes let you know of models to avoid, no matter how cheap. Even the best manufacturer has built a "woofer" or two. I don't care if your favorite is Mercedes, BMW, Ferrari, Maserati, Bentley, Rolls-Royce (I could pick on our domestics

too, but this is "Foreign Affairs"), they've all made mistakes. Over the years, the more objective of us have come to understand this and even forgive our favorites.

But picture a manufacturer who has been around for 78 years and never made a mistake. Of course, you might claim everything they've built was a mistake, but if that's your position you are about as much fun as a mother-in-law's crutch. I think it will be amusing to start 1988 with a look at the consummate sports car. This is a make that every sports car fan cares for, respects, would love to own, and might even be able to afford. Of course, if you'd care for a new one you have to be patient. The waiting list is something over seven years long at last report. But once you finally have yours, you can count on exclusivity. The outfit only builds 450 cars a year and doesn't seem to care about increasing its production. It's an interesting car since much of its design dates all the way back to the prototype that first took to the road back in 1910. It's also interesting in that a 1988 model looks surprisingly like a 1936. The cars I'm referring to are built in a little English town called Malvern Link. They are carefully put together by a loyal, industrious work force that knows their products will be loved by those that purchase them and coveted by those that don't.

Just in case you haven't figured it out yet, for the next couple of months we're going to look at some "beasties" that go by the name of Morgan.

The Morgan story really dates back over a century. In 1884, a bouncing baby boy was born in the little village of Stoke Lacy in Herefordshire, England. The kid's name was Harry, but all his life he preferred to be known by his initials, H.F.S.

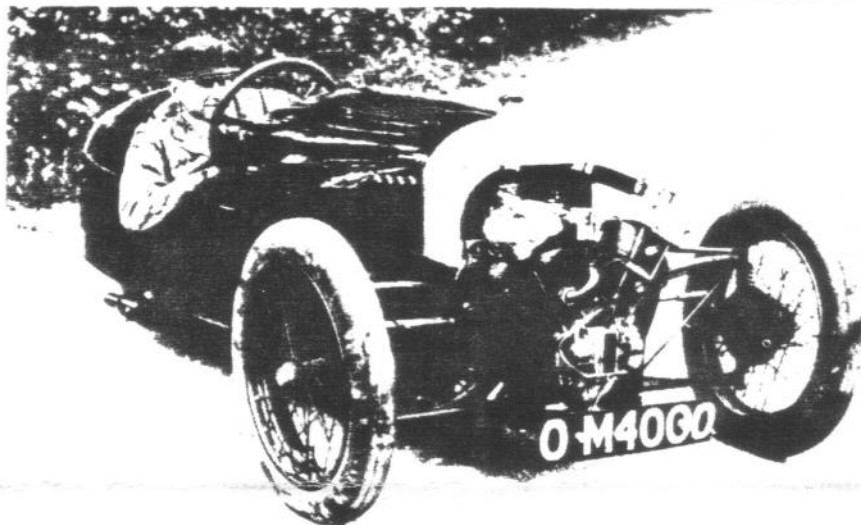
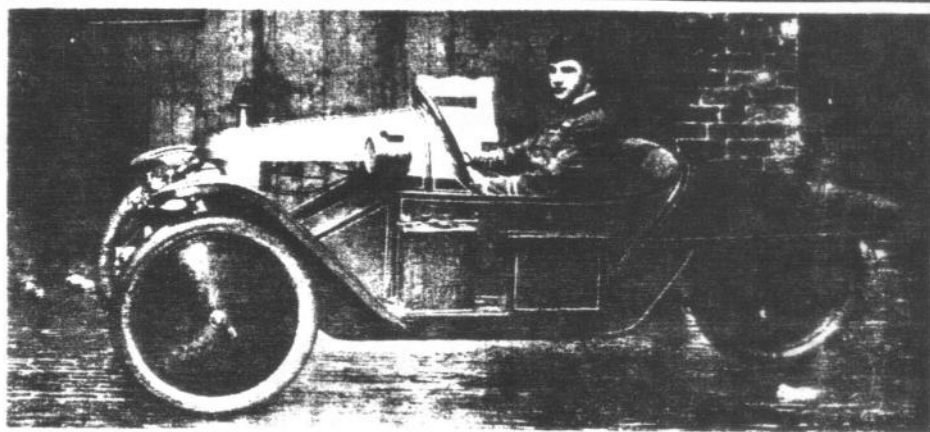
H.F.S. was indeed a product of his time. As did so many young men at the turn of the century, a time when progress was still considered a desirable thing, he studied mechanical engineering at the Crystal Palace Engineering College in preparation for making his mark on the world. Upon graduation, H.F.S. went to work for the

Great Western Railway. Interestingly enough, he was following in the footsteps of another great British auto maker, W.O. Bentley.

It wasn't long before H.F.S. had had enough of the railroads. In 1906, he quit and set off on his own. His plans were to get in on the then infant automobile industry by opening a garage in Malvern Link. H.F.S. really couldn't miss since he was going to sell both Darracq and Wolsley, as well as providing bus service between Worcester and Malvern. Unfortunately, though, he did miss. The garage scraped by and the bus service was a flop, but H.F.S. did manage to find time to build himself a motorcycle. For a time he thought about commercial production, but the rather dismal roads of Herefordshire caused him to change his mind and think of producing a cyclecar instead.

During 1908/1909, H.F.S. perfected his first light car. Development work took place at Malvern College with the help of the dean of engineering, W. Stephenson-Peach, a direct descendant of the builder of the famous "Rocket" locomotive. Their end result was a little single seat three-wheeler built up on a brazed, tubular frame. The whole thing was really quite simple with chain drive from the front-mounted engine back to the single rear wheel. The transmission only had two forward speeds with no reverse. This might have proved a problem except the original Morgan, and subsequent three-wheelers, were so light that the rear end could be easily lifted to turn the car around. The little car's greatest feature was its power to weight ratio. There was plenty of performance on tap, even with only the two-speed gearbox, to insure that H.F.S. got plenty of attention.

The new Morgan was first displayed at the 1910 Olympia show. There seemed to be plenty of interest, but H.F.S. found there was also plenty of



TOP: This 1917 Morgan is little changed from the 1911 Motor Cycle Show version. The driver is the famous Royal Air Force ace, Captain Albert Ball. BOTTOM: Its Blackburne engine pushed this Morgan to over 98 miles per hour at Brooklands in 1928. The enormous steering wheel indicates that this Morgan had direct steering.

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criticism. Only a few would be willing to buy a single seater. Many, many seemed to be willing to pop for a two seater. H.F.S. went back to the drawing board and was more than ready for next year's Motor Cycle Show with a second product line. Along with his single seater, H.F.S. displayed a two seater complete with windshield, top, steering wheel rather than tiller, and hand starter. The new Morgan was an instant hit. From the beginning they could never build enough.

To keep the orders pouring in, H.F.S. along with his wife, Ruth, went campaigning. If there was a cycle car class, you could expect to find them entered in most any British event. Perhaps their greatest triumph came when H.F.S. covered almost 60 miles in an hour at Brooklands.

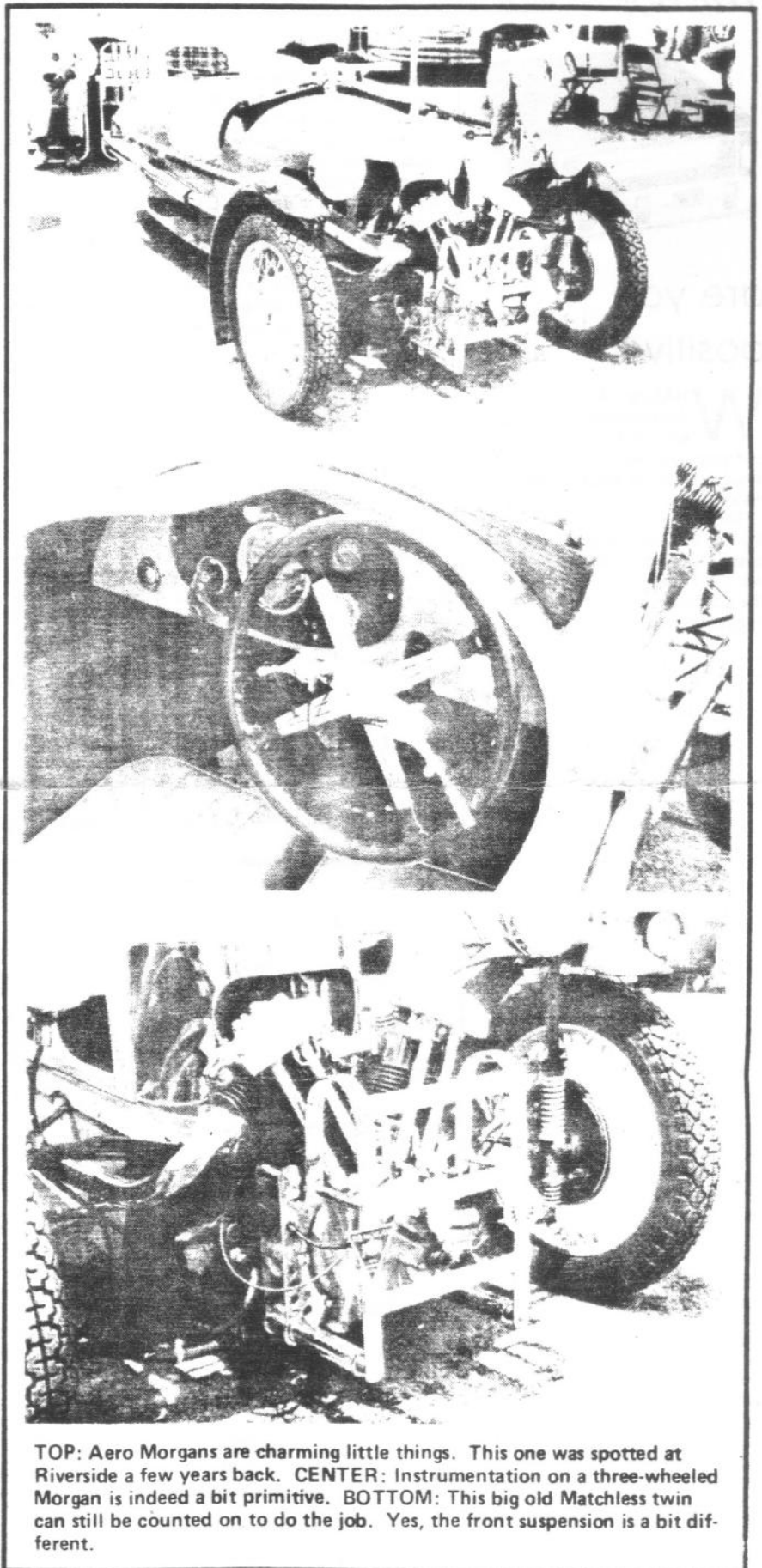
In 1913, the French Cyclecar Grand Prix was won by a Morgan, as well as the ACU Six Day's Trail. Racing success meant sales success in those forgotten days, but there were many other reasons that Morgans sold well. They were inexpensive to buy, were easy to maintain, went very well, were cheap to run, and were licensed as motorcycles in England. This last point meant a considerable savings for the British public.

By 1919 and the end of the Great War, Morgans were blessed with a quickly detachable rear wheel. 1921 brought the "Popular" with an 8 horsepower JAP engine. 1923 introduced the Grand Prix model for those with a bit more to spend, as well as the "Family" version with two tiny rear seats for the kids. About this time the Anzani-engined Aero model made its first appearance too.

Never one to ignore progress, Morgan was to offer electric lighting in 1924. There was also a factory guarantee of 75 mph if the potential buyer was to dig a bit deeper for the Blackburne-engined version. One of these, in modified form, managed to top 100 mph at Brooklands with Harold Beart at the wheel.

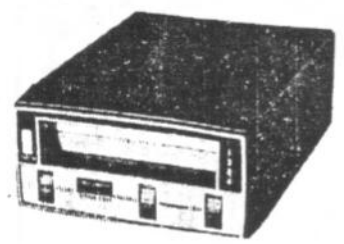
The optional electrics of 1924 became standard in 1925. 1927 brought a better gearbox, improved grease gun chassis lubrication, and optional front wheel brakes. The more progressive could even have an electric starter. 1927 also brought the first "Super Sports" models, which were

(Continued on page 26)



TOP: Aero Morgans are charming little things. This one was spotted at Riverside a few years back. CENTER: Instrumentation on a three-wheeled Morgan is indeed a bit primitive. BOTTOM: This big old Matchless twin can still be counted on to do the job. Yes, the front suspension is a bit different.

You can Win THE BORE WAR...



are you positive?

WHAT can you do when your car has a positive-earth electrical system and your new stereo or radio equipment is for negative earth only?

The only answer is to convert the car to negative earth. In most cases this is quite a straightforward job, and it will *not* result in the starter motor turning the engine over backwards, either!

reversing the battery

The battery can usually be switched round in its container without difficulty. If the flat "flag" type terminals are fitted, these are simply reconnected — the insulated starter cable terminal will now go to battery positive, and the earthed cable will go to battery negative.

Where the hooded battery terminal lugs are used, these cannot be so readily interchanged, as they are of differing size (positive is larger than negative). Cut off the lugs, and fit new lugs of correct polarity in their place.

Fig. 1 shows a typical conversion of these battery lugs, using the easy-to-fit open-type lugs with screwed conductor connections. Smear a little petroleum jelly over these lugs to prevent corrosion.

If the battery cables are too short to reach the battery after it has been reversed in its container, it's a simple matter to fit a new longer earth strap (negative, of course) and also a new insulated positive starter cable if necessary. When working on these main battery connections, by the way, make the earth the *last* to be connected — it avoids short-circuits.

reversing coil polarity

Locate the ignition coil low-tension connections, and

change these over. This keeps ignition coil polarity correct. Although the engine would start and run with the ignition coil polarity reversed, the spark efficiency would be greatly reduced.

Most ignition coils now have their terminals marked 'POS' and 'NEG'. On a positive-earth system, the ignition switch feed cable to the coil (usually White) will be originally connected to the 'NEG', and the distributor L.T. connected to 'POS'. When converting to negative earth, the ignition switch feed will now be connected to ignition coil 'POS', and the distributor cable (White/Black tracer) connected to ignition coil 'NEG'.

dynamo repolarisation

The dynamo must now be repolarised for negative-earth operation. Initial build-up of output from the dynamo relies on a very small residual magnetism present in the dynamo field pole shoes, and it is this magnetic flux which must be reversed.

Fig 2 shows the sequence for repolarising the field shoes. The dynamo terminals 'D' and 'F' are disconnected. Now a live 'jumper' cable is connected to battery positive. The other end of this jumper cable is then touched

on to the smaller dynamo terminal 'F' for two or three seconds. A fluffy blue flash will be noticed when this is done, but don't worry — current passed is only in the region of about two amps. The inductive dynamo field winding produces the rather weird arcing effect.

Once current is passed through the dynamo field coils, the pole shoes become magnetised and the dynamo is automatically repolarised to negative earth. Reconnect the dynamo 'D' and 'F' terminals, and you are ready to start the car.

All other major electrical units on the car will be unaffected by reversal of polarity. The starter motor still turns the same way, as it is a series-wound machine. Lighting equipment will operate normally, as will flashers, fuel and temperature gauges, etc.

There are one or two points to watch, though. Electronic tachometers (rev counters) will not operate on reversed polarity. If you cannot change the connections on a tachometer — it will be marked if it is a universal type — then disconnect it, and connect the current-loop terminals on the ignition feed together (see Fig. 3). Alternatively, fit a new negative-earth tachometer. The older Jaguars did have a tachometer which was driven by a separate a.c. generator, so this system would not require converting, as it operates independently from the car electrical system.

Some types of electric screen washers are also polarity-conscious, and it will be necessary to reverse the supply and earth leads on the washer motor — but check with the instructions on the particular unit before doing this.

Electric clocks do not take kindly to polarity reversal, and if your clock is not a universal type a new negative-earth clock may have to be fitted.

Apart from these minor items (if fitted) there should be no snags in converting the average car to negative-earth electrics. As almost all alternators were originally fitted up negative earth there should be no bother — if your car has an alternator it will already be negative earth, and won't need converting anyway. But a few types of light commercial vehicles were fitted with positive-earth alternators, and in this case the only answer would be to fit a modern negative-earth alternator. Happily, this situation would be very rare indeed.

One major advantage in converting to negative earth is that your car will then be in line with the rest of the world's vehicles. You will now be able to fit *any* of the latest electronic equipment without wondering if it can be adapted to old-fashioned positive earth.

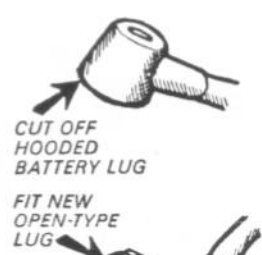


FIG.1. REPLACING BATTERY LUGS.

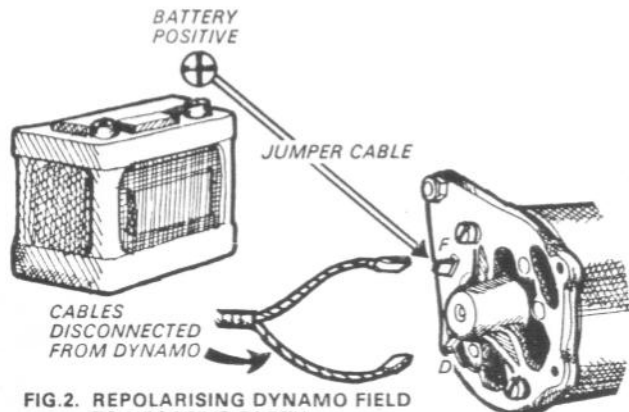


FIG.2. REPOLARISING DYNAMO FIELD TO NEGATIVE-EARTH.

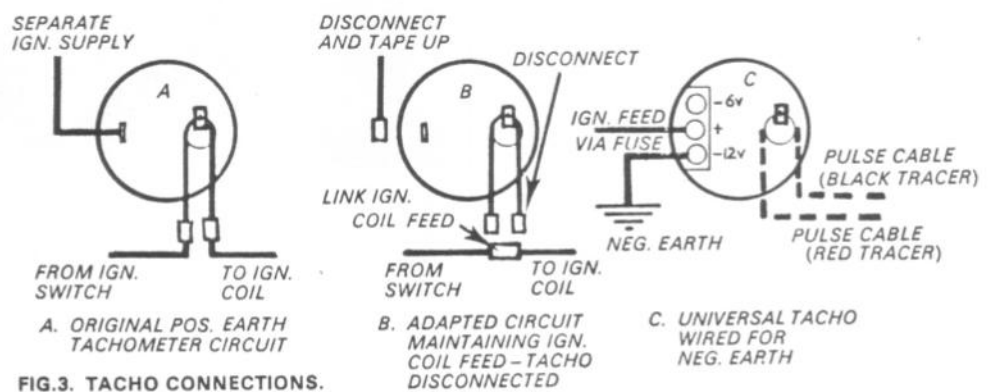


FIG.3. TACHO CONNECTIONS.

1956 Morgan Plus-4

Old-fashioned at birth, it was a winner right out of the box

By John Matras

The banjo-strung Bluemel's Brooklands steering wheel is close, good for huddling for warmth, but it still leaves my elbow in the chill autumn morning air and my upright posture would be more appropriate in a front row church pew than at the controls of an automobile.

But I am, and looking down the long louvered hood, the leather strap across its curve vibrating, the top snapping overhead in the wind. The flat windshield is but about a foot high and the world is viewed as if from a turret, sighting down the barrel as it swings to and fro over friend and foe of the empire.

This is a 1956 Morgan Plus-4, the arch-classic British sports car, obsolete when born but still more than competitive with its peers on the race-track or road. The

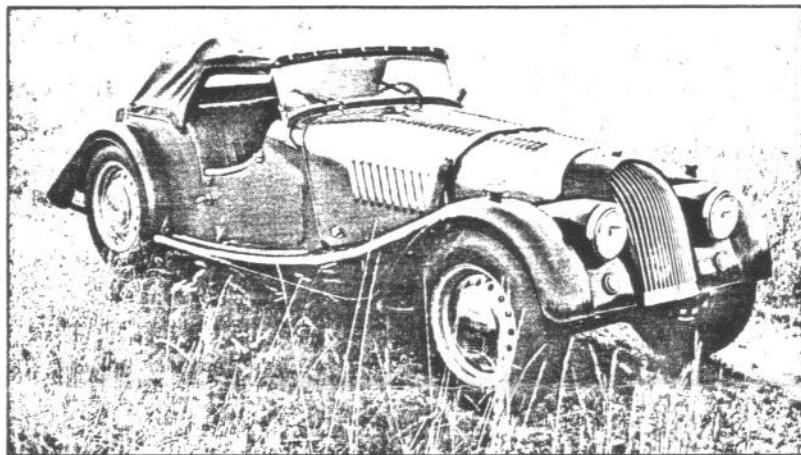
Morgan story is that of H.F.S. Morgan and the three-wheeler he built in the workshops of Malvern College in 1909. With its motorcycle engine hung out front and little in the way of weight to pull around, it was a vehicle of decidedly sporting character and of such popularity that he soon found himself building them for sale. Every Morgan since has been to at least no small degree sporting.

First were the famous three-wheeled Morgans: The first cycle car race at Brooklands was won by a Morgan Runabout in 1912, and soon Morgan was knocking on the door of 60 miles in one hour, a heady feat for even four-wheeled automobiles of the time. Morgan prevailed with the three-wheel idea, even to building four-cylinder Ford-engined models with back seats for the performance-minded family man. But times change, and in 1936 Morgan brought forth the 4/4—for four cylinders and four wheels—while at the same time still offering three-wheelers.

The war came and the war went and Morgan found itself building cars again. The three-wheelers were to last until 1952, but the 4/4 went even sooner, replaced by a car that looked much the same but carried a number of improvements, including "one shot" suspension lubrication, larger tires

and a larger cockpit. The biggest change, however, was the engine. The Ford was gone (later to return), replaced by a larger (2088 cc), more powerful (68 hp at 4300 rpm) Standard Vanguard unit with overhead valves. Thus was begot the Plus-4.

It was a winner out of the box. Faster than



A rolling anachronism even in the '50s, the Plus-4 is less a car than an adventure

John Matras photo

the 4/4, it was also faster than the competition and became a regular victor at sports car events. It sold well and, in contrast to before the war, especially so in the U.S. Through the '50s the Plus-4 continued to change: headlights were cowled into the fenders ('53), the flat radiator was replaced by a curved grille ('54). Most significant was the introduction of the TR2 engine. At 1991 cc, the Triumph engine made 90 hp, enough to put the Morgan, wind-grabbing aerodynamics and all, into a still-select 100 mph-club.

The styling was enough that even *The Autocar*, a British publication, called it old-fashioned, but also found that the light weight of the Morgan allowed "extraordinary performance." The standing quarter-mile took 18.5 seconds, 0-60 only 13.3 seconds. Remember, this is 1954. In 1955 *Road & Track* got 18.3 in the quarter and 10.8 for 0-60, while calling it "strongly reminiscent of the old MG TC—but with lots of muscle."

The allusion to the TC was largely a result of the Morgan's "firm" ride, and that's how the magazine put it, with quotes around it. The stiff ride has become legendary, so much so that I was ready for the worst when John Wright of Temple Hills, Md., offered his 1956 Plus-4 (of which he recently com-

pleted restoration) for evaluation. Wright's Morgan, by the way, is one of the last built to carry twin spares, the Malvern factory's concession to British trials enthusiasts and the pair of knobby tired rims they needed for their off-road sport. John left the front bumper off, favoring a competition look.

Anyway, I was prepared to go crashing across pebbles and mouse hairs as if in a crazed go-kart that grew up and got fenders.

I found it no worse than my GLH Turbo. It's not bad over a smooth road and all one has to slow for is what one should slow for anyway. Take that for what it's worth. The cars are likewise similar in the quickness and precision of their steering, though would that the Morgan had a little of the Omni's power

steering (but without the loss of feel). The other link in the Morgan's suspension is the seat: The cushion is an inflatable bladder that must have been inspired by, um, a certain surgery. Incidentally, the only seat adjustment is how much air you put in.

The gearbox is the notorious Moss. It's a four-speed with synchro on the top three and it's, well, not the speediest of gear-swappers. The synchronizers only ask a little patience on your part. The box is

not connected directly to the bellhousing, but sits slightly back with the gear lever going directly into the transmission itself. Slow it might be, but, my, you feel the march of time through that shifter.

There wasn't room under that nifty louvered bonnet for air cleaners for the pair of SU carbs so they run naked and hiss in concert with the rort from the exhaust. The stock muffler's a glass-pack type enlarged section of pipe. The only room for luggage is the small area behind the seats. The directional signals are non-self-canceling. The brown on white instruments are nifty, but the speedo, over in front of the passenger, is hard to read. The fenders will eventually crack where they mount to a bracket. The wood framework that supports the sheet metal will eventually rot.

There are so many disadvantages to the Morgan that the temptation is to retreat to modernity. But as a comedian I heard on the radio that morning said, "So what do you want to do, live in a mall?" The Morgan is the antithesis of mall-ism, and before the morning was out we were scheming how to do One Lap in a Morgan. What bothers me was that I was starting to take it seriously ...

But, hey, who wants to live in a mall? ■

1988 Vintage Festival Concours de Réalité

PRIVATE PRE - EVENT ENTRY

CONCOURS USE ONLY:
 P.C. COLOUR: _____ CLASS : _____
 P.C. NUMBER: _____ NUMBER: _____

VEHICLE : Make or Manufacturer _____ Year _____
 Model, Type, or Series _____ Colour _____
 Serial, Chassis, or V.I.N. number _____
 License Plate number _____ Province _____
 Options _____
 Special Features _____
 Any Interesting History ? _____
OWNER : Name _____ City _____ Code _____
 Address _____ (business) _____
 Telephone (home) _____

SHOWN BY : _____

Come out and be a part of it!

PLEASE-NOTE : This form is for private (IE; not Club Challenge) entry only.

- : Use of this pre - entry form will greatly facilitate your access to the public lapping sessions of the track on Sunday morning.
- : Upon your arrival at Shannonville, please notify the Concours Registration that you are pre - entered; they will issue you your number and colour cards.
- : Pre - event entries must be post marked no later than June 15th, 1988, and must include a cheque payable to VARAC for \$ 5.00 per entry.

MAIL TO :

Malcolm Elston, 16 Penrose Road, Toronto, M4S 1P1

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ?

Malcolm Elston (416) 485 - 9232
 Steven Beer (416) 453 - 9304



1988 Vintage Festival Concours de Réalité Sunday, July 10th

The 1988 VARAC Vintage Racing Festival will take place on July 8th, 9th, and 10th at Shannonville Motorsport Park, near Belleville, Ontario. As well as exciting vintage racing, an automotive flea market, and touring laps of the track for the public, the fourth annual Festival Concours will be held on Sunday. This, the largest inter-marque judged concours in Canada, has become a very popular feature of the weekend.

For 1988, the emphasis has been changed from that of a Concours d'Elegance to a Concours de Réalité, to enhance the winning potential of cars that are regularly driven, as opposed to flawless specimens that are trailered from event to event. This has been done to avoid the undue penalty of cars whose appearance reflects regular use, while rewarding high standards of tender loving care and maintenance.

There are three different events occurring simultaneously at the Concours. The Peoples Choice classes (cars up to 1957, from 1958 to 1973, and from 1974 to 1985) are voted for by the spectators; the Car Club Concours Challenge invites each club to enter a team of up to five cars, the best three of which will combine their scores to determine which club wins, and the four judged events -

- CLASS A : IMPORT and DOMESTIC : up to 1957, open and closed cars
- CLASS B : IMPORT and DOMESTIC : 1958 to 1973, open cars
- CLASS C : IMPORT and DOMESTIC : 1958 to 1973, closed cars
- CLASS D : IMPORT and DOMESTIC : 1974 to 1985, open and closed cars

Trophies and Awards for 1988 consist of fine engraved silver goblets for first, second, and third places in the four judged classes, trophies for first and second in the three Peoples Choice groups, and plaques for each member of the winning Club Challenge team. Altogether, more than \$ 1,300 worth of trophies and awards will be presented. And of course all winners and runners up will be invited to participate in a victory lap of the track!

Judges have been selected from all aspects of the automotive trade, and use the form appearing on the reverse of this letter, with the agreed ranking being scored from 1 to 5, then multiplied by the weighted numerical factor on the right.

Come on out and be a part of it!

Passes for the VARAC Vintage Racing Festival are priced as follows;

2 DAY PASS - \$ 20.00 / SUNDAY PASS - \$ 10.00

Please note that there is a \$5.00 per car entry fee for the Concours

For further information, please contact:

Malcolm Elston (416) 485-9232
 Steven Beer (416) 453-9304



WET WORK

"He who does not remember history is destined to relive it"
(George Santayana)

An ancient +4 howled its protest out of the Berkshire night, every part of it sharing in the agony. Wood groaned against its rusted fasteners and the sheet metal scuttle shrieked and popped as the chassis flexed, desperately trying to keep all four wheels in touch with what little could be found of the road. Four tall, skinny Michelins sliced through rain water seeking pavement like an acetaline torch through sheet steel.

She was wrapped in yellow oilskins, huddled behind the wheel, the aero screen barely saving her face from the stinging rain. Rain and mist were everywhere, creating a solid white wall 100 feet in front of the wavering headlamps, obscuring the sides of the road and even the gauges. The 350 water poured in under the dash and sloshed around in the footwells; the wheel was almost impossible to hang onto; and occasionally the motor would stop its 4000 rpm song, stagger twice, then, with a sickening lurch, catch again. All feeling in her gloved hands had vanished in the wind as she struggled to keep both her mind and her goggles clear.

Like a demon she dove down into a deep hairpin...4th-to-2nd turning pushrods to rubber and screaming like a banshee as the rear broke lose and the fronts rolled over on their sidewalls altogether setting up a howl that would wake the dead. Throttle mashed relentlessly against the firewall, sliding wickedly in the slop, she got it miraculously right and found third and then fourth before it was time to do it again.

Possessed by forces beyond her, there was no stopping, there was nothing behind her, there was no end in sight. Beaten and flogged by the machine around her, each jolt from the road added another bruise to her frozen body, the pain and cold becoming more acute with each mile. But mostly she felt Terror. Blind Terror. The kind that dosen't go away but slices through you like an old hacksaw blade and turns your body to knots and your saliva to vinegar. When the cause-a-way under her car suddenly disappeared and she catapulted, airborne, into the abyss, the Terror intensified to a white heat and she screamed and never stopped screaming...

For a little while after the scream, she sat bolt upright and wide-eyed in the warmth of the darkened bedroom, feeling the sweat-soaked gown stick to her back, her pulse racing, her breathing strangled. Rivulets of water ran down the tangle of her hair and her hands were cold. The tender arms of her man encircled her and she could hear his heartbeat as he held her close and handed her the glass from the nightstand.

She had never tasted water so good, she thought.

Spider J. C. Bulyk

October 10th, 1986 ©
Purdys, NY

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A MOGGING WITH THE DOGS

by Peter George

This tale, so aptly titled: "She Was A Dog", is a true story. I haven't changed the names to protect the innocent because, in reality, all those involved in this silly little affair were as guilty as original sin. The names of places and dates remain unaltered as if in mute testimony, to substantiate its truthfulness. And finally, if while reading this narrative you suddenly realize the identity of one of the key players, it is hoped that your revelation will not be made public.

In the summer of '68 I was working in a Custom Truck Shop in the Dufferin, Caledonia area of Toronto. The actual name of the garage is of no consequence. I doubt that it is still in operation today, but the connection between the garage and this story was an overheard lunch-time conversation.

It seemed that one of the mechanics had seen two girls in a small sports car earlier that had been having lunch at a local neighbourhood hamburger joint. From his description of the car it was obviously a Morgan. Even today, I still wonder what would prompt someone to paint a car a light purple.

Maybe the owner was colour blind, an extrovert, or a second cousin to the Queen. It wasn't the description of the car, but rather its occupants that did arouse my interests. He had dealt with the owner in two phrases, "black hair" and a dog. But his description of her companion conjured up images of loveliness; of a lithe ever-moving goddess whose face was all but hidden by a swirling mass of long creamy blond hair. It is a known fact that the mind can paint a thousand pictures from just one word. My mind was a melange of blondes and purples, as

off I went determined somehow to meet my blond goddess, my Althea.

I had lunch for the following two weeks at that hamburger joint. The results were no Althea, and no Morgan; just a regular afternoon upset stomach and a dislike of hamburgers that persists today.

Despair started to settle in fast at this point. How would I find my elusive love? I started cruising the area after dark, hoping for a chance encounter but willing to settle for just a glimpse of her. I had become a road jockey. Every night it was the same routine; supper and then out cruising. And finally, perseverance was its own reward. You guessed it. I had my glance. I was stopped by a red light at a "no-turn intersection" and she drove through on the green. I could see that the driver was not worth a second look. However, almost hidden from view was her blond haired girl friend.

I felt like Dante seeing his Beatrice for the first time. Unfortunately, I was unable to make a left at the intersection. After numerous turns I was in hot pursuit, but the trail had turned cold.

This was the first of many chance encounters. I met them at Yorkdale Shopping Plaza. They were leaving by the 401 ramp as I was entering the parking area. Wall to wall traffic stopped me from making a "U" turn right on the spot. The following Saturday night I met the two of them again. The memory of this encounter will always be with me. It was the classical cat and mouse scenario, with one slight twist: I was the mouse chasing the cat, and only the cat knew the rules of the game. I spotted the Morgan while cruising the Village. She weaved through the congested traffic of Yorkville and roared off onto the U. of T. campus. I think it was during my U. of T

pursuit that the girls realized someone was hot on their trail.

They immediately took mastery of the situation and toyed with me for the next hour or so. We travelled from the village to Queens Park to the U. of T. campus and back again. If a red light stopped me, they waited at the other side of the intersection. The odd time, while travelling on University Avenue, I would pass them heading north as I was heading south. This was most disconcerting, because within moments they would then be on my tail.

Eventually, they tired of our silly little game and left without so much as an adieu.

After my Queen's Park debacle, I continued to meet the two of them regularly, but only in momentary passing. I felt my luck would have to change, and finally it did.

One night, at the end of the evening, instead of going straight home I stopped off at "Under the 401" for a drink. In those days, the Beverly Hills was a very popular late night watering hole. And there, in the parking lot, was my purple Morgan. Immediately I jotted down the licence number. Next I parked in the shadows, and as I waited for them to come out, I rehearsed my self-introductory gambit.

I never saw them leave. It must have been the rattlings of the passing street cleaner that woke me just before dawn. But all was not lost - I had the Licence number of the Morgan. Later that morning, Motor Licencing Bureau, Queen's Park, gave me the address. Perseverance had paid off. After work I drove down her street. I thought, or rather hoped, that eventually I would run head to head with her and her friend and be able to say hello. Then, the rest would be up to nature.

Their neighbourhood can only be described by one word - moneyed. The homes were large and stately with servants' quarters and garages in the back, manicured flower beds and lawns and mature trees out front. I must admit, I would have had enough courage to say hello to two girls in a car, but not enough to ring a strange doorbell and say to a butler: "Hi, will you introduce me to the young lady of the household". So I waited for a chance encounter. I literally became a neighbourhood fixture. I was even accepted by the locals as one of them. Finding my blond haired goddess was an obsession. I had now begun parking at the end of her street, waiting for my chance encounter. It was a convenient place to park because I could see her house, both ends of the street, and there was a children's playground nearby. I felt the playground gave a reason for me to be there.

On what was to be my last particular night of vigilance, it was oppressively hot, and instead of staying in the car I wandered around the playground.

As dusk approached I headed back, and there she was, leaning against the fender of my car. She was not my Althea, but the girl who drove the Morgan, and she appeared to be purposely waiting for something or someone. And with her was a beautiful, stately Afghan dog. I continued my full length stride on down the street. Later that night I returned for my car and drove home.

In my next article I will be unveiling the perfidy of the two promising pick-ups at Wasaga Beach, and I may include one or two helpful Morgan hints. One footnote: Morgans are low but not as low as tricycles, so please try not to drive them under moving van trailers.





SEPTEMBER 9-11/88

Low key fun weekend at Niagara, get your rooms booked at the Travelodge on The River by phoning (416) 356-0131, rates for club members are \$44.00 a night Cdn, this rate cannot be beaten in all of the Niagara region.

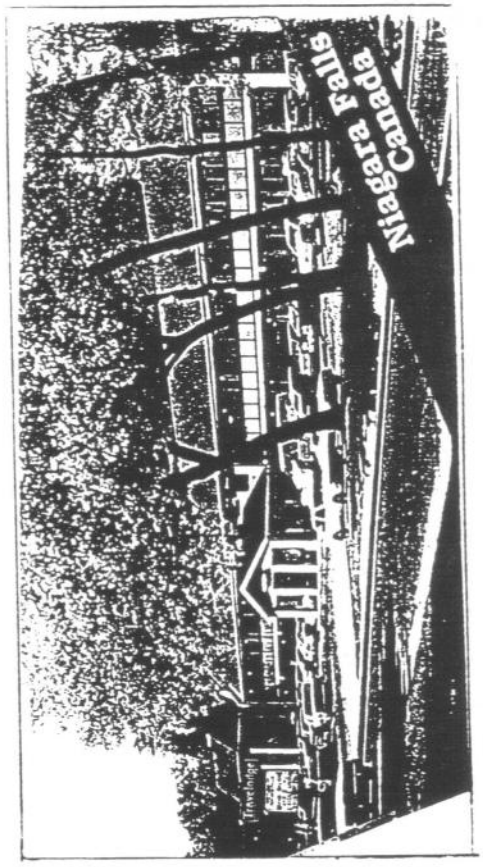
Instead of having to go out again after booking in we have arranged this year to have a Hospitality Room at the Travelodge for our Friday night Noggin & Natter.

Saturday Fun Concours & Picnic will be at the Brock Monument Picnic site near the Queenston Heights Restaurant.

Saturday Banquet is booked for the Victoria Park Restaurant in Niagara Falls right across from the Falls so we can all get a good look at the falls lit up after dark, special arrangements are being made for security parking of our Morgans

Sunday farewell BBQ will be hosted by Nick & Linda Murphy at their home and they promise we wont be pelted with walnuts, if he cant shake them off the trees hard hats may be available.

COME ONE, COME ALL, TO NIAGARA FOR THE LAST OUTDOOR MEET OF THE YEAR.



REGISTRATION

Name: _____ Spouse: _____
Address: _____ City: _____ Prov: _____

Phone: _____

MORGAN INFORMATION

Year: _____ Model: Trike _____ 4/4 _____ +4 _____ +8 _____
Body Style: _____ Colour _____ interior Colour _____
Serial # _____ Licence _____ Prov./State: _____

Registration Fee: \$12.00
Late Registration Fee after August 15/88 \$18.00
Buffet Dinner @ \$20.00 Per Person: Number _____ \$ _____
includes tips & gratuities
Childrens Dinner 12 & under \$10.00each Number _____ \$ _____
Total: \$ _____

Make cheques payable to: The Morgan Owners Group.
Mail to: Marlies Sands
Pipers Hill Farm
R.R.1
Colgan Ont.
L0G 1G0

Note: US Cash discount.

EVENTS

<u>DATE</u>	<u>CLUB</u>	<u>EVENT</u>	<u>LOCATION</u>	<u>CONTACT</u>
MAY 28	PLUS 4 CLUB	SCOTTISH FESTIVAL	COSTA MESA CA.	NORM KEAR 213 739 5503 dy
MAY 29	*	*	*	213 320 6336 ev
JUN 4	OH MOG	OH MOG V	KINGS ISL. INN	ED BERRE 513 272 0118
JUN 5	MG CLUB	VINTAGE FESTIVAL	VICTOR NY	716 924 3381
JUN 11	*	*	*	*
JUN 12	TRIUMPH	FUN RALLY	MISSISSAUGA	GLEN DONALDSON 416 444 8212
JUN 18	*	*	*	*
JUN 19	*	*	*	*
JUN 23	OH MOG	VINTAGE RACES	LEXINGTON OH	JIM BESST 614 875 4693
JUN 25	GREAT LAKES	MID-WEST MEET	MANSFIELD OH	CHAR.KING 419 393 5305
JUN 26	*	*	*	*
JUL 2	WASHINGTON	MOG 18	HARRISONBURG W.VGA.	ALAN MARSH 202 667 6970
JUL 3	*	*	*	*
JUL 9	VARAC	VINTAGE RACING	SHANNONVILLE	SEE AD ON PAGE 14
JUL 10	*	*	*	*
★ JUL 17	HOGMOG	FLYING VISIT	BRAMPTON	SEE AD ON PAGE 5
JUL 16	PLUS 4 CLUB	MOGWEST 88	CAMBRIA PINES CA.	MICHAEL HATTEM 213 476 6363 DY
JUL 23	OH MOG	VINTAGE GRAND PRIX	PITTSBURGH PA	WAYNE HALL 414 443 1028
JUL 24	*	*	*	CHAS WASSER 614 695 5164
JUL 30	*	*	*	*
JUL 31	*	*	*	*
AUG 6	*	*	*	*
AUG 7	GREAT LAKES	CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE	MEADOWBROOK	313 553 1000 EXT 646
AUG 13	*	*	*	*
AUG 14	*	*	*	*
AUG 19	PLUS 4 CLUB	HISTORIC RACES	LAGUNA SECA CA	DOUG TABER 213 829 2738
AUG 20	DALLAS/HSTN	TEXAS TRIUMPH ROUND-UP	DALLAS, TEXAS	DON KAUFFMAN 213 328 7918
AUG 21	TRIUMPH			MIKE HADO 713 937 9042
AUG 27	*	*	*	*
AUG 28	*	*	*	*
SEP 3	*	*	*	*
SEP 4	*	*	*	*
★ SEP 10	HOGMOG	NIAGARA 88	NIAGARA FALLS	GARY MACFARLANE, SEE COVER
SEP 11	WASHINGTON	GUNSTON HALL	LORTON VGA	?
SEP 17	DETROIT	BATTLE OF THE BRITS	TROY, MICHIGAN	313 828 8243
SEP 18	TRIUMPH			

Calendar of Events

July 17 Brampton Flying Club Page 5

September 9-11 NIAGARA 88 Page 18

PRESIDENT Audrey Beer,
R.R.3,
Bolton,
Ontario, L7E 5R9.

(416) 857 3210

TREASURER
& REGALIA Marlies Sands,
Pipers Hill Farm,
R.R.1, Colgan,
Ontario, LOG 1G0.

(416) 936 4341 669 6419

EVENTS Gary MacFarlane
343 Smith Avenue,
Burlington,
Ontario, L7R 2T9.

(416) 681 0081 941 6420

MEMBERSHIP
ROSTER Ron Lohr,
62, Talbot Street,
Guelph,
Ontario, N1G 2E9

(519) 824 9230

CANADA'S MORGAN MAGAZINE

THE PRICELESS BLURB
42.50

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