

The Priceless Blurb 10



July 89

Especially for HogMoggers who were active in the club in 1979 and 1980, the news of Harry's untimely death will come as a sad blow. The oldest Morgan Owners Group Toronto T Shirt that I possess commemorates the 1979 Blue Mountain Rally, hosted by Ann (who commissioned the T Shirts) and Harry. They hosted another in 1980, and were keen attendees at club events until they left for sunnier climes in Houston.

Harry came to know Morgans through Ann's influence, and, as far as I could tell, embraced the whole package enthusiastically. Audrey tells me of "Harry's Corner" on the Niagara Parkway, where Harry's enthusiasm surpassed the laws imposed by road geography and steering geometry, and he made a slight detour en route to the HogMog banquet to inspect the front yard of someone's property. I remember the 1980 Luray Autocross, where Harry had a ball. It is still hard to believe that someone with such a zest for life is no longer with us, and we are the poorer for his passing.

The family has asked that, instead of Shiva gifts, donations to the Canadian Cancer Society would be appreciated. For those who would like to contribute, please send a cheque, payable to the Cancer Society, to Marlies Sands. Marlies has agreed to collect these, and send them along with a letter explaining they come from the Morgan Owners Group. This process will allow individual receipts to be sent to donors for a contribution on behalf of the club.

WALTERS, Harry — In St. Petersburg, Florida, formerly of Kitchener, on May 27, 1989. Beloved husband of Ann and the late Jeannette. Loving father of Lynda and Ronnie Roth, Wendy and John Chittley, Skip Walters, Lori and Mark Lievonen. Cherished grandfather of Jordan, Cary, Jeffrey and Jared. Beloved brother of Michael and Vicki Walters and Freda and Maurice Gartenberg. Funeral services 2 p.m. Monday at Beth Jacob Synagogue in Kitchener. Shiva at 9 Jondan Cres., Thornhill. In lieu of Shiva gifts, donations to the Canadian Cancer Society would be appreciated.

I'm sure I speak for all of the members who knew Harry in conveying sincere condolences to Ann. Our thoughts are with you in the difficult task of building a new life whilst fondly remembering the old one.

John Collins.

THE PREZ SEZ!

13 May 89

PREZ'S PIECE

This is an attempt to get my offering ready for the Blurb way in advance as Reg & I are off again for another month, this time to the UK, the only problem is its still not Morganeering weather & there is no club news other than it was good to meet so many at the Ancaster Flea Market last month.

First; Another warning to all members, with the recent increase in the cost of everything IS YOUR MORGAN FULLY COVERED FOR STATED VALUE FOR INSURANCE PURPOSES, Could you replace it or get it repaired for the cost stated on your policy. A recent Original AC Cobra was towed into our shop for the owner who now faces the fact its under-insured, Now the crunch hits as to just how much the repairs are going to cost, how close that comes to the stated value, & does his Insurance Company consider it a write-off. NO dont all call asking for the wreck, the owner will be keeping that but it could mean he has to fork out quite a few dollars to do so, its still too early as yet to know just how high the cost will be, so check your policy just to be on the safe side.

I am sorry the registration for MCC/DC MOG 19 in Martinsberg arrived too late for the last Blurb, so after talking it over with John Collins who was about to take off for a week I copied it & sent them off to those who have shown interest to going down to DC, or who I thought might be interested, I apologise if someone got left out for I did not have an updated members list available.

To close off I am still waiting for some imput as to events for our group this year, we dont expect anything so exotic as the time Al Sands organised the White Water Rafting weekend, just a country drive with a picnic, whatever you can think up, come on throw in your suggestions, anything from an overnight event to a Sunday afternoon, all that takes is a place & time to meet & the location, make it a bring your own picnic or whatever. for your Prez has run out of ideas.

Audrey Beer.

EVENTS

Morgan Mystery Day.

Come One, Come All. Your Mystery trip will commence on August the 12th at 16a Phoebe st. Tor. At 11am. Upon your arrival, It is strongly recommended that you have a refreshment (of your choice).When leaving you will be given Instructions & Map, You won't know where this trip will take you, You won't know how many stops are on the way, (All being refreshment stops of course). There will be questions to answer, and things to be found. There will be a Barbecue at the end of your journey, that is for certain. Hosted by the Metro Morgan Group?????

Potluck Salad and BYOB

RSVP Linda Rümohr.

H- 593-6687

O- 866-2020

HOGMOG HOGMOG HOGMOG

NIAGARA 89 NIAGARA 89 NIAGARA 89 NIAGARA 89 NIAGARA 89

As of press time, no event details for Niagara 89 had arrived at the editorial offices. Doubtless the format will be similar to that of earlier years:

Friday night Registration and/or drinks

Saturday morning Concours somewhere or other

Saturday afternoon Free time, unless a visit has been arranged to a winery or other facility

Saturday evening Banquet and awards

Sunday morning(early) Wake-up Run

Sunday morning(later) Leisurely tour to a picnic venue.

No doubt details will be available at the event.

EDITORIAL

"TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON,
AND A TIME TO EVERY PURPOSE UNDER
THE HEAVEN".

As well as applying to life in
general, this ancient observation
appears to apply to the Toronto
Morgan Owners Group in particular.
We seem to be heading for the fall.

Back in those "summer" days of 1980,
for example, things were much more
active. The list of club events
reproduced below supports this
statement:

- Feb 3 Limehouse Groundhog Day .
- Feb 20 Pub Night - Artful Dodger .
- Mar 1 Winter Olympics - Bramalea .
- Apr 11 Pub Night - Red Rooster .
- May 31 Blue Mountain Rally .
- Jul 6 Pipers' Hill "Tune-Up" .
- Aug 10 Bolton Rally .
- Sep 5 Niagara 80 .
- Oct 19 Forks of the Credit Run .
- Dec 13 Christmas Party - Bramalea .

For 1989 we have Niagara 89 as the
only HogMog event involving cars,
and probably will enjoy the usual
Christmas Party at Brian and Linda
Rumohr's. It is true that HogMog has
"piggybacked" on the Triumph/British
Sportscar Clubs' Fleamarket in
April, the Great Lakes Group's Mid
West Meet in June, and some members
attended the Georgetown "Classics
Against Cancer", and subsequent
barbecue at the Shier's, but these
are not HogMog events per se.

I do not wish to suggest this is
necessarily a bad thing - there is
no obligation on members of a
socially oriented club to attend
events. As the years go by, people's

interests change, and the demands on
their time must be juggled as
families grow. The club exists to
serve the members, not vice versa,
and fewer events appear to be what
is wanted.

As editor, I have been conscious for
some time that I have been producing
a newsletter of general interest to
Morgan owners and fanciers, rather
than a magazine recording the
activities of the Toronto Morgan
Owners Group. There are, after all,
20 pages in each issue! The blessing
is somewhat mixed - less work is
involved in copying an article from
a professional periodical than in
original reporting of a club event,
but the end product is that much
more detached and antiseptic.
Perhaps the new editor, whomsoever
that may be, will have more material
to work with than has recently been
available.

Coincidentally, this issue of the
Blurb, the tenth I have produced,
appears almost exactly ten years
after my first article, a report on
the 1979 Luray meet, was written. In
reflecting upon those ten years it
is interesting to note that for much
of his distinguished tenure as
Editor, Doug Price had two
advantages over me. Generally he
could rely upon someone else,
usually me, for write-ups and photos
of events, and there were more of
them. So that the new editor will
not be overwhelmed in the unlikely
event of events, I have added the
position of "Scribe" to the voting
list. Please consider carefully
whether you can spare some time for
this, or any other, position as we
move on to the next season.

Fortunately, the Mystery Morgan
Group's event and Ray Shier's
report came in after the editorial
was written. The general thrust, I
believe, remains valid.

HOGMOG HOGMOG HOGMOG

COLOUR COVER COLOUR COVER COLOUR COVER COLOUR COVER

Self portrait by Prebendary H.G.Morgan, Rector of Stoke Lacey.
First Chairman of the Morgan Motor Company Ltd., 1912-1935.

The painting hangs in the reception area of the Factory.

John Collins photo.

FEEDBACK

MIRACLE AT LURAY



Millions of people who have seen the picture of the young woman who was rescued from the burning of the Luray Hotel, are amazed at the miracle that took place. The young woman, who was rescued from the burning of the Luray Hotel, is now a member of the Luray Hotel. The young woman, who was rescued from the burning of the Luray Hotel, is now a member of the Luray Hotel. The young woman, who was rescued from the burning of the Luray Hotel, is now a member of the Luray Hotel.

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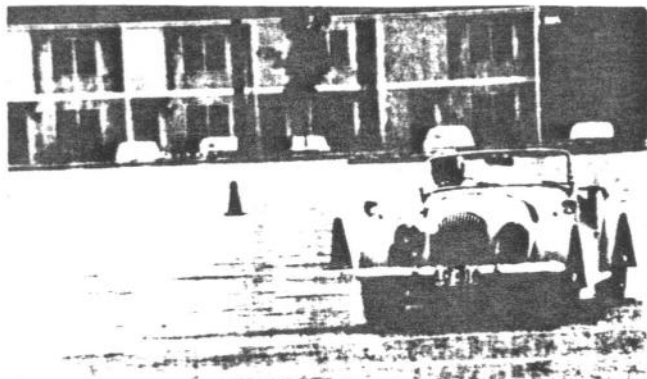
MIRACLE AT LURAY

BY JOHN COLLINS

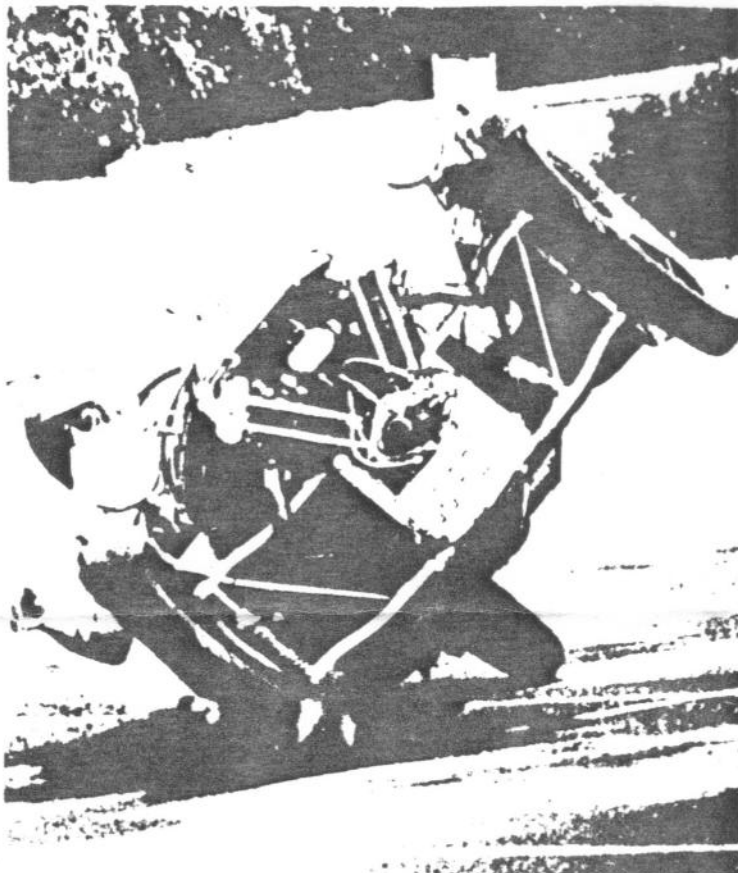
Millions of people the world over have laboured under the misapprehension that the pre-eminent event for 1980 was held at Beaulieu and Goodwood on July 5 and 6 to mark the 70th anniversary of the Morgan Motor Company. These people are not true cognoscenti.¹ The celebration of the most significant anniversary of MMC took place at Luray, Virginia, during August 2, 3 and 4. The Beaulieu event commemorated a commercial milestone; Luray witnessed the solemn recognition of a religious experience.

Cognoscenti will note that, although the Morgan Motor Company was founded by H.F.S. Morgan as a commercial enterprise, it was only made possible through funding from his father, Prebendary George Morgan.² Who can doubt that this man, a curate and vicar for sixty years,³ must have had more than the mere manufacture of motor cars in mind in making this investment. Clearly, the production of two-cylinder cars was symbolic of the Old Testament and the New Testament, while the three wheels represented the Holy Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

During 1935, engraved metal plates were discovered in the caverns of Luray, Virginia. No one could decipher the message until a passing evangelist named Joseph Lucas, driving a three-wheeler Morgan on a coast-to-coast missionary campaign, stopped off and investigated the mystery. In the isolation of the caverns, he found that by scrutinizing the plates through the lens of a Morgan Headlamp all became clear. The essence of the revelation was that MMC should develop a four-cylinder, four-wheeled car, so that, for both models, the sum of the cylinders would be symbolic of the six days in which heaven and earth were created, while the number of wheels would represent the seventh day, the day of rest. Could it have been by mere coincidence that Morgan introduced such a vehicle shortly thereafter,⁴ and a religious group, known as the Morgans, was founded? MOG X was the celebration of the 45th anniversary of this blessed event, and some 105 true believers brought their vehicles along to marquee the occasion.



Harry Walters with the Yellow Duchess. Steve Beer photo.



Alex Knight makes a gate the hard way. Ben Emerson photo/ Aug 20 "Rough Rider" (Wash DC).

The format religiously followed that of last year, with a darts competition on Friday evening, concours on Saturday, Autocross and Gymkhana on Sunday and the Rally and Banquet on Monday. Canada was well represented. A convoy had set out on Thursday with a stop-over at Dubois, and its members arrived first. Steve Bridges, George Lafford, Brad Patterson, Paul Rich, Brian Rumohr, Ray Shier, Dave Smith and Harry Walters all brought Morgans. Chris Charles brought his Peugeot, but it was loaded with Morgan parts, and Bill Ellman brought his puncture-prone Healy, which some would recognize as an honourable substitute for a Morgan. I suppose Reg Beer will use the excuse that he

1. No, Virginia, cognoscenti are not people who smell of gearbox oil, though in Morgan circles your confusion is understandable.
2. Morgan, First and Last of the Real Sports Cars, Gregory Houston Bowden, Gentry Books, p. 31.
3. Ibid, p. 24.
4. Ibid, p. 92.





PLUS 8 YEARS AGO ©



MIRACLE AT LURAY (con't from p 1)

needed four seats to bring Audrey plus the MOG X guest of honour Ken Hill (Four-Wheeled Morgans - Volumes I and II) and his wife Janet, but really Reg, Rolls Royces are rather redundant at Morgan meets. Steve Beer arrived independently, having detoured through Kingston, ostensibly to collect Barb Rushforth on the way, but really to ensure that he would win the prize for furthest driven. John Collins arrived last, having set out from home at seven that morning, proving that civil servants have stamina, but can't afford an extra night in a motel.

No one seemed particularly interested in darts, and most of us went to the local Chinese restaurant after the journey. Reg, however, went off to Dan's Steak House to book a room for Sunday night. Obviously, this was an attempt to ensure that we would get in promptly, and not witness his questionable modus operandi for influencing waitresses - but we remember last year!

Saturday morning saw a concerted team effort to prepare for the concours. It was clear that Steve Bridges had the best chance of winning with his 4/4, and the car disappeared under a horde of busy HogMog trotters, to emerge spotless and gleaming. Not only did Steve win the Late 4/4 class, but he also won People's Choice for best car at the show, and the Ohio and New York groups selected Steve's as their favourite car, for which he received special trophies. Bet St. Catherines has the shiniest fire engines for miles around! The other S.B., Steve Beer, won 3rd place in the SS class in the concours with a car he admitted had not been cleaned since September!

Sunday brought the Autocross and Gymkhana, with strong Canadian participation. To their dismay, Ann and Harry Walters found that because of the high number of entrants, only advance registrations were being honoured. They had registered for only one driver, and to Harry, therefore, fell the awesome responsibility of being the only Canadian entrant in a yellow car. No doubt Harry would have done as well even if he weren't celebrating (should that be celebrating?) a belated honeymoon in Virginia, but he really rose to the occasion in the Autocross. Unfortunately, the timing judges were somewhat cynical and unco-operative. When confronted with times of 51.3, 59.8 and 59.4, they chose to believe that the first time was really 61.3. Harry pointed out that after such an impressive initial performance, he'd decided to ease off to spare his wife's equipment, (it is her car, after all), and merely acknowledge the cheers of the fans on laps two and three. The judges were not convinced, but Harry did receive a special award for the promising newcomer in the Autocross. Once again, the SB in the SS, Steve Beer, was among the trophies, and earned 3rd place in the modified class. The infamous Dave Smith placed first in the three-wheeler class, having taken one corner on only two wheels - shades of H.F.S. and his leather gauntlet.

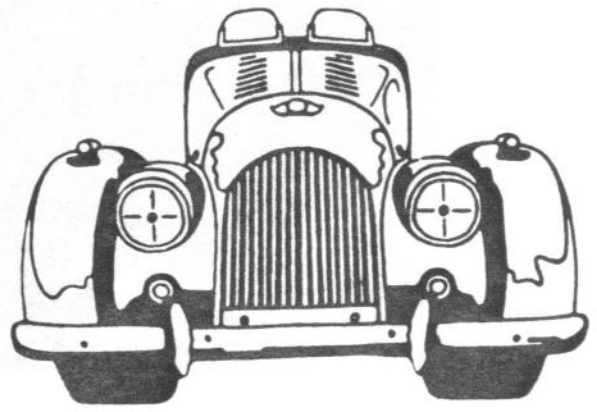
MIRACLE AT LURAY concluded

The Gymkhana did not hold much challenge for the Canadian contingent this year. Perhaps it was the anti-climax after Harry's performance in the Autocross, perhaps it was the Budweiser or perhaps it was the rain. The Canadians weren't too Rich, had not burned their Bridges, weren't Shier than anyone else, weren't Lafford at, did not allow their spirits to be dampened by the descending Walters, and the allegation that the owner of a maroon two-seater drophead had fed Beer to Patterson, Smith and Collins turned out to be only a Rumohr, but they won nothing. Even Stephen seemed reluctant to Rushforth and repeat his victory of 1979, so that the notable performance was by Pauline and Audrey in the three-wheeler, Audrey being one of the few contestants to get the beanbag through the hole in the board. How does she develop these skills?

Monday was rally day, and the term "medium difficulty" proved somewhat wide of the mark, as were most of the entrants: of 43 starters, only 6 finished. The rally route was through some beautiful parts of the Shenandoah Valley, and perhaps this proved to be too much of a distraction. The thunderstorm, which made a guest appearance during the afternoon, when many cars had set out without their tops, may also have had some effect, but none of the HogMoggers managed to complete the course. They did, however, all find their way back to the bar at the Mimslyn Hotel!

The Banquet was the culmination of the pilgrimage. Bread and wine were served, together with other incidental items such as cornish game hen and roast beef. The awards were presented, speeches made and we were reminded that Beaulieu had been concerned primarily with the commercial side of Morgan in a sermon copiously illustrated with slides. All that remained thereafter was the saying of goodbyes and the girding up of loins for the journey back. We were, of course, sustained in that journey by the joyous contemplation of Niagara 80, which will occur early in September. Cognoscenti will have noted the striking resemblance between Prebendary George Morgan and George Bernard Shaw,⁵ and are no doubt fully aware of the symbolic references to the Matchless V-Twin in Major Barbara...

5. Ibid, pp. 25 & 37.

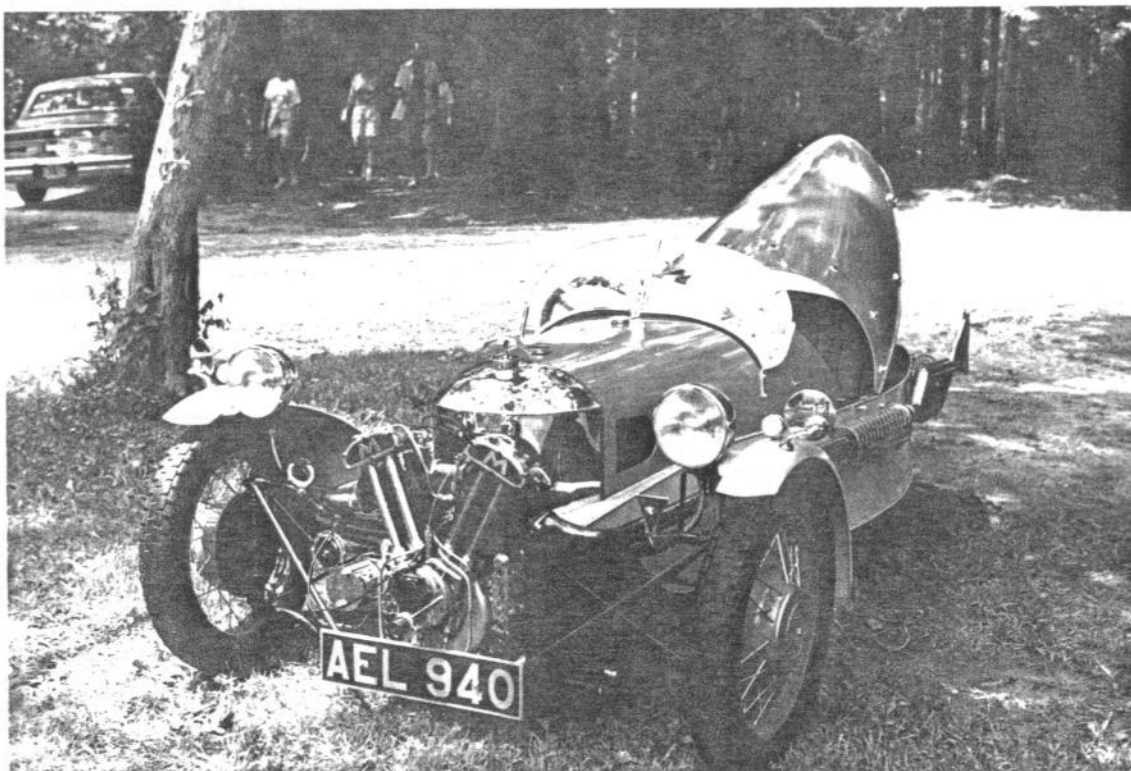




MIDWEST MEET KITCHENER JUNE 23-25, 1989.

Your overloaded editor did not make the whole meet, but turned up for the concours on Saturday, hence the photos. It was reliably reported that HogMog did well in the awards department:

Luciano & Lilliana Ghislanzoni-Best 4 seater and Peoples Choice
 Brian & Linda Rumohr-best Drophead
 Ray & Mary Shier-Best 4/4



DRIVER'S SEAT

SHOW #225

Driver's Seat may be seen on CBC TV at 1.30 on Saturday afternoons.

TED LATURNUS'S 1970 MORGAN 4/4 TED LATURNUS

I've wanted to own a car like this right from the day I was old enough to drive. The first time I saw one, I had to have it. Nothing else in the world looks like a Morgan. From its tombstone grille to the rear spare tire carrier, this is a classic British sports car, and my favourite out of all of them. I've owned Austin-Healeys, MGs, Triumphs and all the rest, but the Morgan is in a class of its own.

It took me a long time to find this particular one. Morgans, because of their ash-wood cab frame, can deteriorate quickly, and finding one that is both in top shape and reasonably priced is not easy. Fortunately, after many years of looking, I found this one. It has just over seventy thousand miles on it, despite the fact that it's over eighteen year old.

And I might as well get the various Morgan model designations out of the way right now. Basically, there are three models: the 4/4, Plus 4, and Plus 8. My car is a 4/4, which stands for four cylinder engine, four wheels. Morgan, as most people know, also used to make three-wheeled cars back in the twenties and early thirties.

Morgan made three-wheeled cars from 1909 (commercially from 1910) until 1950. The four-wheeled 4/4 was introduced in 1936. Ed.

DRIVER'S SEAT

Anyway, the Plus 4 is a 4/4 with seating for four people.* That's right, it has a back seat, believe it or not, and Plus 4s are very hard to find. As a matter of fact, so are Plus 8s, which are 4/4s with a 3.5 litre Rover V8 engine. These models are also a little longer and wider than my car, and have unbelievable acceleration abilities. Zero to sixty times of under six seconds are common for the Plus 8. Anyway back to my car.

One of the reasons I bought it is because it has one of the better powerplants found in Morgans. Morgan install whatever engine they can get a deal on that particular year, and they've used everything from Triumph TR2 engines to Fiat twin-cams. The engine in my car is a 1.6 litre Ford Cortina pushrod, that, in this trim, puts out about 110 horsepower. That's more than enough to move the Moggie along at a good clip, and this engine is also one of the more durable ones on the market. Some minor tweaking has been done to the motor, including a re-profiled camshaft and exhaust headers. It also has a Cortina four-speed transmission and differential. Brakes are front disc, rear drum, and these are the original wire wheels.

Morgans are simplicity defined. There is nothing complicated about this car. It has no emission control devices, no computer, runs on leaded gas, has an honest-to-goodness frame, and comes without windows. The leather bench seat is non-adjustable and you either fit or you don't. You can adjust the pedals, but if you're too short or too tall, you can forget about driving a Morgan.

Every Morgan is hand-built, and the factory has a maximum capacity of about 450 cars a year. If you need a part for your car, you can phone the plant in Malvern, give them your vehicle serial number, and they can send you a duplicate of the part that was made precisely for your car. If you want to, you can even talk to the guy that built the car, if he still works for the company.

Despite their outdated appearance, Morgans handle well. It does take awhile to get used to the fact that eighty percent of the car is in front of you, but once you learn how to swing the front end around, you can take corners very well indeed. In fact, during a recent highway race in Nevada, one of the winners in its class was a 1969 Morgan 4/4, which is exactly the same as mine. This particular car made it through the two hundred-odd mile course at an average speed of over 114 miles per hour. You have to drive a Morgan at over 100 miles per hour to really appreciate the significance of that.

As is the case with all British sports cars, the Morgan does have some drawbacks. It is, for example, no fun whatsoever to drive in the rain, can be uncomfortable over the long haul, and has absolutely no give in the suspension. The best way to describe driving a Moggie is that you can tell if the cigarette butt you just drove over was filter-tipped or regular. But I don't care.

DRIVER'S SEAT

So far, my Morgan has proven to be reliable, simple to fix, beautiful to look at, and as much fun to drive as the law will allow. As far as I'm concerned, the Morgan is a work of art, but one that can hold its own with anything else in its class.

TED LATURNUS'S 1970 MORGAN 4/4 DIALOGUE

Tony: Well except in some respects, I mean I love the car - don't get me wrong - but it has all the comfort and spaciousness of John Glenn's space capsule and it is not a tall persons car really at all. I've just never been able to figure out these Brits who go on a seven year waiting list for these things even though they look so wonderful. I love it anyway and forgive it anything.

Ted: I know why they buy it - because you can't find anything else in the world like this thing. It's a one of kind car and there are a lot of guys who try and copy it and manufacture replicas, but there is nothing like a Morgan.

Tony: Is it true that you have to keep a brace and bit in the toolbox for the Morgan because it has an ash frame.

Ted: No that's not true, but you should take along some extra wrenches because there are always nuts and bolts falling off. You know how much a new one costs these days? Over \$50,000 to start.

Tony: I had an argument at a seminar recently with a fellow about kit cars and classic replicars and he mentioned the Morgan as being a replicar. I said that's not a replicar - the Morgan is a classic car that is still built, and that is so.

Ted: Them's fighting words as far as I'm concerned.

Tony: The price is very high and you can get one with a V-8, right?

Ted: Yeh, and they are about \$10,000 more than the 4/4.

* Sorry Ted, you're wrong there. The Plus 4 is a 4/4 with a more powerful four cylinder engine, originally the 2088 cc Vanguard 68 b.h.p. unit in 1950, and most recently, Rover's M16 2 litre powerplant. Currently the 4/4 is produced in two-seater and four-seater configurations, and, in the past, four-seater Plus 4's were also available. There have been no four-seater Plus 8's produced by the Factory. Ed.

Over 250 vehicles of all ages and shapes arrived at Cedarvale Park in Georgetown on Sunday June 18. The weather, while cloudy in the morning, was bright and sunny in the afternoon. 7000 people viewed the cars and put \$18,000 into the Cancer Society's coffers.

The show was Canada's largest pure auto show and will become an annual event. The cars were judged by the Historical Automobile Society to their point standards, and awards were presented on the basis of points. A few cars received a first place award but many received a second or third (even Corvettes and kit cars).

As if cars weren't enough, there was entertainment by various local musical groups, the "World's Largest Make-Your-Own Sundae", Jim Kenzie with his '72 Hornet, the ex-Niki Lauda Ferrari, John Wildman of "My American Cousin" with his Skylark not the Cadillac, and Bill Brack.

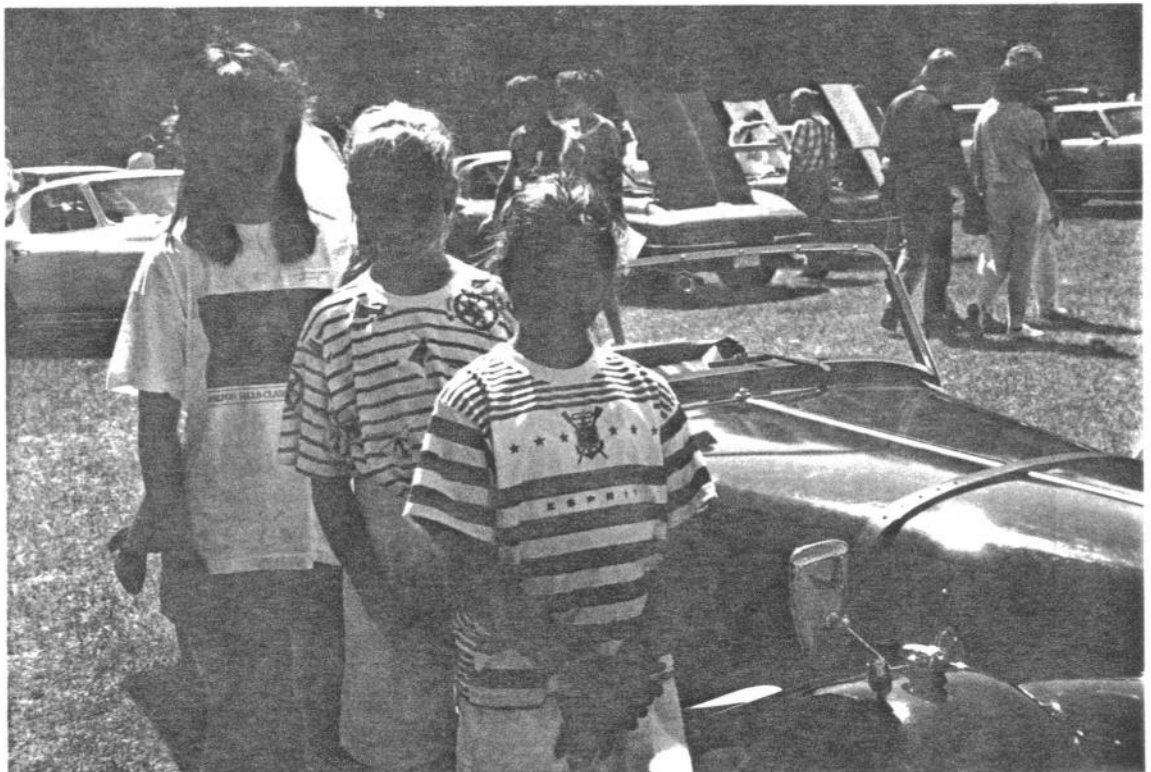
It was a great show and you missed it.

Ray Shier.

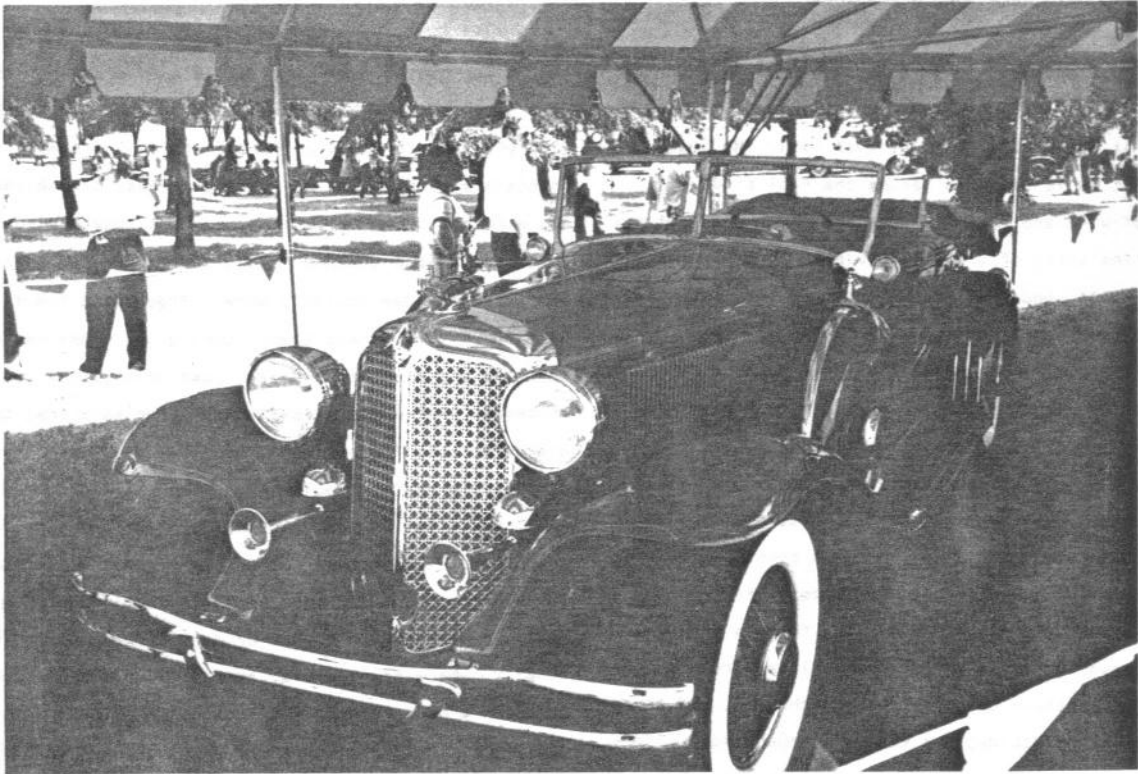


The show's lone Morgan with questionable company.

Kathy Shier, Roanne Sones and Melissa Ghislanzoni.



Ray Shier photos.



The rich man's Morgan - 1931 Chrysler Imperial.

An authentic 3-wheeler - 1960 Messerschmidt.



Sam Could Have Been A Moggineer
by Peter George

Sam is Mom's twin brother and my favourite uncle. I would like to think that Mom and I are his favourites also. He has never married and it is doubtful that he ever will. He just doesn't believe that he is ready to assume the full time responsibilities of wife and family. I've made numerous mentions of Mom's tatto. (The tatto of a snake entwined heart with the name Sam inside). Well, today is the day that I recount how Mom got that tatto and accordingly this tale is entitled "Sam".

Unfortunately this offering doesn't have an automobile theme but it does provide me with a future opportunity to recount some of his escapades that do relate to his love of pranks and of cars. Mom got that tatto quite purposely as Grannie used to tell the tale. As the story goes, the two kids (nineteen-year-olds in those days were still considered kids), were to spend the summer with a maiden aunt in Vancouver. This was to be their last summer before the start of a career in nursing for Mom and an apprenticeship in power engineering for Sam. Plans were made, arrangements finalized, train schedules were rechecked, and at long last the two of them boarded the westward bound train. In my mind's eye I can picture Grannie waving as the train pulled out of the station and disappeared in behind G.C.I. on its long haul to Vancouver. They did arrive and, wonders of wonders, did actually spend two weeks with Auntie. However, object boredom, resulting from never before imposed house rules, prompted Sam to take serious measures. He had a friend from back home send a telegram, supposedly from their mother, asking that the kids be sent home as soon as possible. Auntie received the request and, without a second thought, arrangements were made and the kids boarded the train for the long trip back home to Galt. But it wasn't a long ride. They got off at the next station, cashed-in the remaining portion of their tickets and started thumbing to Los Angeles. Now mind you, that was some undertaking, considering the year was 1939. It had been hurriedly decided that firstly they would travel as man and wife to cut lodging costs, secondly, they would send a letter home telling Mom that the three of them were going to visit and explore California for a week or two, and thirdly, they would have the same back home friend forward an already written thank-you note back to Auntie for a most wonderful two weeks in Vancouver. One has to admit their plans showed ingenuity.

Grannie thought that everyone was travelling through the states and Auntie thought the kids had arrived safely home. Neither would have any cause or reason to contact the other. It was a rather tidy package wasn't it. With all their plans neatly in place off they went.

Hitch-hiking during the day was no problem. The two of them were just ordinary kids going from one town to another. However, at night-time it was a different story. Here were two youngsters, a girl and boy trying to pass themselves off as man and wife anticipating to spend a night together in a hotel room. After the second attempt to get a room for the night Sam realized his man/wife idea wouldn't work. They spent the first night walking on to the next town. During the night Sam did some more thinking and planning. Maybe, just maybe, they could travel as brothers. Friends and family had often said that the two of them did definitely look alike. The first order of business that new day after breakfast would be to find a barber. Mom had her hair cut. Next, Sam had decided that they should also swap identities. Mom become Sam while he would answer to the name of Frank. His plans included that all vestiges of femininity were hidden behind either layers of dirt or baggy clothing. And finally, wherever possible, compromising apparel was left behind. Sam took a hard look at Mom's transformation and still wasn't satisfied. Something else was needed, but the problem was, "what was it?".

Maybe it was the window display that gave Sam the idea, or even a passing worker could have been so decorated. Who knows for sure? But one thing is certain, an hour later when they came back out onto the street, Mom had her tatto. Now Sam, or should I say Frank, was satisfied. Once again the daring duo set out for L.A. However this time there were no problems. One week later they were in San Diego. Now remember this was the summer of '39 and the economy was recovering slowly after the depression. People were starting to live again and things were starting to move again. And naturally Sam and Frank had to participate in this re-awakening. But most unfortunately money doesn't go on forever, eventually it runs out. Sam and Frank now had a problem - money. Should they stay, or should they head home. And if they stayed, how would they get more money? The decision was simple. They decided to stay and find work. And Sam, ever careful, wrote a letter home advising that they were going to be travelling a while longer through the states. Keeping Grannie back home worry-free was their top priority. As soon as the decision was made to stay they went out looking for work. That same day they found jobs in a civilian dock yard. Mom was a riveter's monkey and Sam was an engine fitters helper. The summer rolled on peacefully from one weekend to another while half a world away the hounds of Hell were snapping at their leashes.

Daylight hours during the week were for working but nights and weekends were for the workers. Neither Mom nor Uncle Sam will discuss those two months in San Diego, but when that subject is mentioned they always look at each other and smile.

Eventually they headed home, date wise as originally planned, not from Vancouver, but rather San Diego. Grannie accepted and welcomed her brood as if the summer had passed event free. That is until Grannie saw the snake entwined heart that was on Mom's bare arm. Sam quickly spun a good tale about a wonderful evening with Auntie and friends and a devil may care

General. Grannie never did discuss the matter further for she realized that two kids had left home at the beginning of summer and had returned responsible adults (tatto and all).

In my next article I'd like to continue on and relate a few of my Uncles antics.

Sorry about Kitchener Donnie, but we'll see you in the fall. dare. Grannie bought the story for the time being but decided to later check with Auntie. But before any checking could be done, Sam had enlisted and Mom had left home for nursing at Toronto

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Member, Colin Watson, also owns a Plus 4.



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Hic!, Hic! Hooray!



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The official list of Club Members with correct addresses has proved to be somewhat elusive. For July, the computer managed to delete some 10 names from the list provided in May, including our Treasurer. To make life easier on my replacement as editor, I suggest the following:

PRINT on the membership form the name and address you would like to appear on your mailing labels;

Marlies, please send a photocopy of each form to Ron Lohr;

Ron, please check each one against your computer record and amend if necessary - I don't mind that I'm down as living at Langworth Road instead of Langworthy Drive since I don't mail myself Blurbs, but I know Dorothy Pfahl is not impressed with Dorathy;

If your address changes during the year, please advise Ron directly instead of (or, at least as well as) the editor. If there are errors on the label, tell Ron.

HOGMOG HOGMOG HOGMOG

As of press time, no nominations had been received for any of the club executive positions (except Ron Lohr, the only official besides Audrey I saw at the Kitchener Midwest Meet). Accordingly, the ballots are rather empty. If you wish the club to continue, please volunteer yourself, or contact members you think or know are prepared to contribute time and effort in some capacity. It's your club..... for as long as it continues to exist!

Calendar of Events

July 14/17	Mogwest	California	
August 12	Morgan Mystery Day	Toronto	See Page 5
August 18/21	Laguna Seca	California	
Septem 4/6	Lime Rock Vintage Festival	3/4 Morgan Group	
Septem 8/10	NIAGARA 89	HogMog	See Page 5

PRESIDENT	Audrey Beer R.R.#3, Bolton, Ontario, L7E 5R9 (416) 857-3210	EVENTS	Gary Macfarlane, 343,Smith Avenue, Burlington, Ontario, L7R 2T9 (416) 681-0081 941-6420	REGALIA	Joan McDonald, R.R.#4, Box 1078, Tottenham, Ontario, L0H 1W0 (416) 936-3292 936-2092
TREASURER	Marlies Sands, Pipers Hill Farm, R.R.#1, Colgan, Ontario, L0G 1G0 (416) 936-4341 669-6419	MEMBERSHIP ROSTER	Ron Lohr, 62,Talbot Street, Guelph, Ontario, N1G 2E9 (519) 824-9230	REGALIA	Joyce Tomsett, 25 April Gardens, Aurora, Ontario, L4G 4R7 (416) 841-2071

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EDITOR:



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