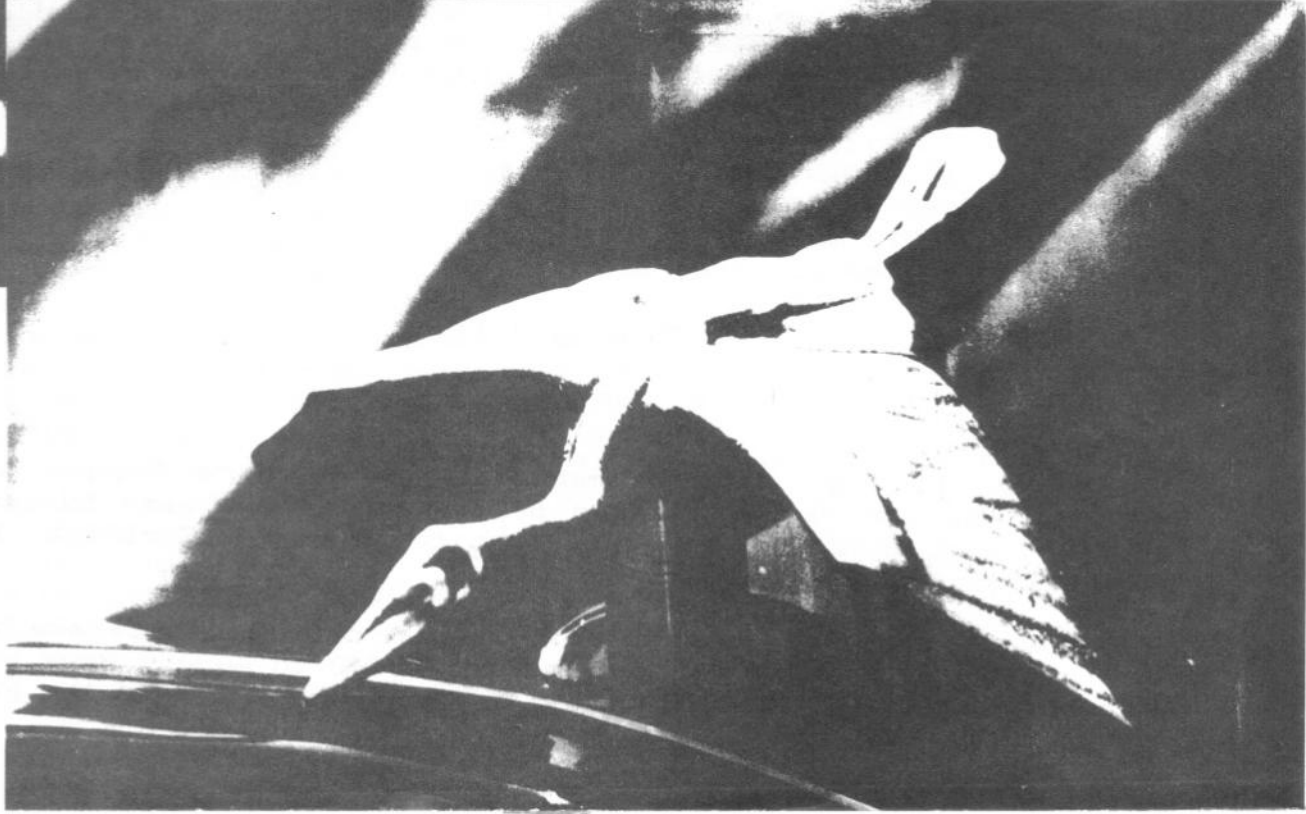
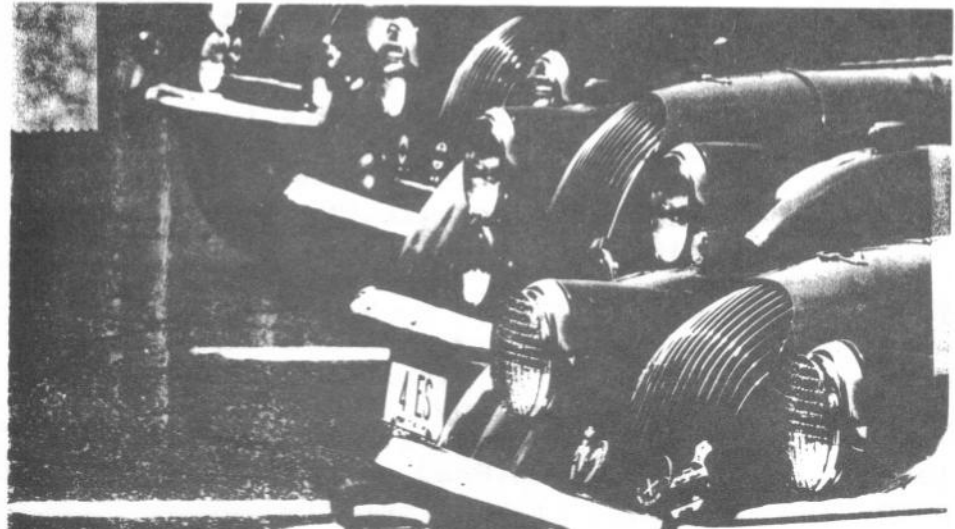


THE PRICE LESS BLURB

SEPT/OCT 1990



THE PREZ SEZ!

The MOA Tour group had a reunion at the time of picking up their cars from the docks in England, yes there was some minor damage done to the cars between leaving Baltimore & taking possession, mainly by the British Dock workers, I hope all has been settled by now.

The one comment passed along to me by Jeremy was all were agreed they must do another tour, say in 2 years time.

It appears the European clubs are really getting into some exotic plans. next year they have the Double Ruby Celebration in Malvern July 4-9th. a double celebration for 40 Years of the Morgan Sports Car Club & 40 Years of the Plus Four.

Then in October 91, Les Mousquetaires Fifth Anniversary, 8 Day Mediterranean Cruise planned, room for 200 Morgan's on their own floating Hotel, Drive by Day & Sail by Night.

I would also like to say a big "Thank You" to several who sent cards & notes & yes even sets of photographs to me after our Niagara event. To receive these compliments & thanks certainly makes all the difference to the Volunteers.

Your club is still awaiting answers regarding Volunteers, with Lynn Kuzak now at the helm of Regalia Sales, Ron Lohr staying on to supply peel & stick address labels for the Blurb, Vern Dale-Johnson offering to take over either Treasurer or Vice.Prez, we are slowly getting there.

We still have no Volunteer for President, & no its no use thinking if its ignored Audrey will continue, Audrey will not. Audrey is officially retired as Prez as of now.

The club needs new life & enthusiasm at the helm, so come on its up to you to show you can do the job as good if not better.

One thing I would really like to see is our Morgan Owners Group Executive filled by the Members not their Wives as in the past few years.

The Christmas Bash will again be held at the Rumohr's in Toronto, on Dec. 15, I hope to see a large turn-out for this event.

Audrey Beer

MOA BADGES

We have received the shipment of MOA Niagara Badges & those ordered by the farther afield participants have been forwarded by mail, Local ones will be ready to pick up at the Christmas Bash or by calling Audrey.

As several people missed placing their orders at Niagara another shipment can be arranged by sending \$45.00 to Audrey Beer. These badges are available only to those who attended the Meet.

President: Vacant;
Vice President: *Nomination Received
Treasurer: *Nomination Received
Regalia Sales; Lynn Kuzak
1305 Ester Drive
Burlington, Ont.
L7P 1L2
Ph; 416-336-0251
Membership Records; Ron Lohr
62 Talbot St.
Guelph, Ont.
N1G 2E9.
Ph; 519-824-9230
Events; Vacant.

* Nomination for Vice President or Treasurer is one person willing to fill only one position not both.



Ruminations on racing, rallying and technical recommendations
by Thor Frohn-Nielsen

Fall has come, the rains are here, and it's getting downright cold and blustery out there. The Morgan is in bed, covered warmly by an old curtain, and presumably dreaming of open roads, unexplored country, and terrorizing Porsches and Alfas on the track. I'm in the same frame of mind, though this year's racing has left me saddened, chastened, and rethinking the whole racing schtick. More on that later.

The car preparations were downright serious this past spring. I decided to replace main and rod bearing, and more importantly, to tackle a firewall which had stood the ravages of twenty years touring, racing, neglect, and brake fluid spills. The firewall can indeed be removed from the car (at least on early +8s) without taking the wings off - but it's not much fun. Pulling it out, of course, revealed all sorts of horrors. The bottom sides of the wall were all but gone as they formed perfect water traps (ironically the only waterproof part on a Morgan!?). I ground the rot out and had new metal welded in. The steel floors common to early +8s too were shot, so many an hour was spent grinding out the interminable spot welds that held them in place in preparation for the new ones. After acid dipping the firewall, it was painted with one of those new bullet proof paints that withstand any abuse. The firewall will stand as a monument to modern chemical wizardry long after the rest of the car has turned to dust.

My car had its Smiths heater disconnected when I bought it, the reason becoming very obvious the moment I reconnected it. Smiths heaters actually are better shower heads than anything Water-Pic markets. It was, of course, as irreparable as they all are. My wife, however, was not amused by refrigerated footwells and purple fingers as we traversed snowy mountain passes. We needed a heater, but one in keeping with Morgan character.

I remembered from my four-wheel-driving days that Toyota Landcruisers had beehive heaters to heat the rear passenger compartments (they're hidden under the front seat in the station wagon and immediately behind the front seats on the short wheelbase version - at least in the models from the late sixties into the early eighties in Canada). I pulled one out of a wreck (and of course covered myself in liberated antifreeze), cleaned it up, and discovered that it is the exact diameter of the Smiths unit, and that the top and bottom casing can simply be swapped if authenticity is paramount (the Toyota electric fan in the centre can be used, just swap the fan blades - the electrical connections are the same and do not need modification). I then mounted the whole unit upside down and bolted it to the top of the centre of the firewall (why, after all, should my passenger get all the heat?). The final modification was to run heater hoses straight back from the engine intake manifold, through two new holes cut into that square panel that bolts onto the firewall above the transmission tunnel, and into the heater core. It works like a hot damn, and my wife and I no longer fear May snows as we blast our way through the Rockies. Maybe this idea will bring a bit of warmth to someone else's life too.

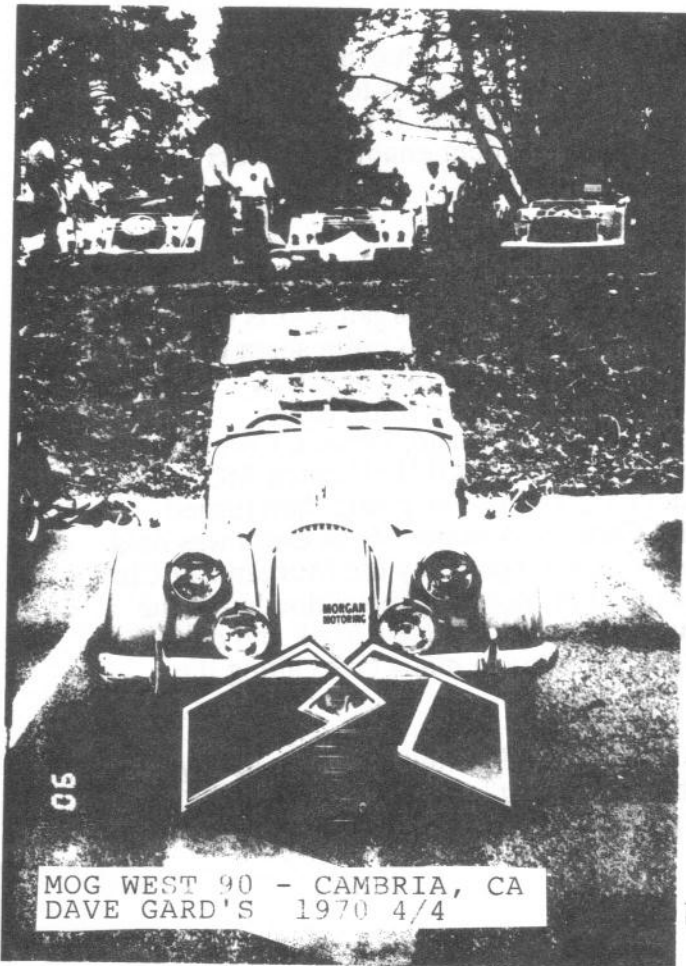
The racing season began well enough, but on the opening practice of our big Historic Racing Weekend I had the misfortune of watching a Lotus Seven hurl itself into the side of an "E" Type which was about to take the hairpin at Westwood racetrack. Three car later and it would have been me. The Jaguar driver was OK, his car was not, and the Lotus pilot spent the next six weeks or so in a coma with serious facial and brain injuries. My lap times after that were a consistent three seconds slower than last year - even though the car was much stronger.

Next weekend at Portland International Raceway a good friend rolled his Brabham and fortunately escaped without life threatening injuries, but with nerve damage to the hand that scraped along the asphalt as he was upside down.

Both incidents occurred in front of me, and were not the first for our club. After considerable soul searching I decided with real sadness and regret to hang up my helmet before I bent myself and/or the Morgan. My sense is the "red mist" now affects too many racers (including myself), with too much tweaking for that extra ounce of power, and drivers overwhelmed by competitive urges as corners loom. Many of our cars are now doing faster lap times in "historic" racing than when they were raced in anger in their youth. That, it seems to me, is not what it's all about. So I'll sit back for a few years, watch avidly from the pit lane, and rejoin the fray when "the Vintage Spirit" returns.

Fortunately, the track was replaced with gusto by the Second Annual Northwest Classic Rally started out of Portland Oregon, and ably organized by the local Alfa Romeo club. Debbie and I had never rallied before, so it was with some trepidation that we parked the Mog in Le Mans style beside eighty-four other classics along the two block closed city street. Morgans were well represented with a gorgeous drophead, a 4/4, a +4 four seater, and our +8. Off we thundered, at one minute intervals, and spent the next couple of days traversing the Mount St Helens and Olympic Peninsula areas; trying to convince ourselves that we were not lost; eating gourmet meals under giant awnings; remembering to reset the stopwatch between stages; fixing a flat tire; squirting water at each other to stay cool in the August sunshine; making up time for having a flat; and swapping interminable lies with our fellow rallyists at day's end.

Historic rallying is indeed the way to go! It was fun, competitive in an appropriately lighthearted way, a great way to see some spectacular countryside, safe, and a way for one's spouse to participate as actively as you are (we were told that rallying with a spouse leads straight to divorce, but Deb and I had a great time as a team). The organizers made it very difficult to get lost, but very challenging to do well on the time/speed/distance sections. Thus everybody got from point "A" to "B", but some got there without racking up thousands of points for being too fast or slow. What a great attitude for an historic sporting event. Finally, we all got to admire a field of gorgeous cars doing what they were designed to do. I sure recommend it, and hope that more clubs will follow the Alfa Romeo Club or Oregon's lead.



MOG WEST 90 - CAMBRIA, CA
DAVE GARD'S 1970 4/4



Brian Morgan outside the Hotel.

D. Cecil
Photo

D. Cecil
photo

MORGANS OVER AMERICA REPORT, Niagara Event
by Bob Chamberlain
MOGMOG (Morgans On the Gulf Morgan Owners Group)

"Picture yourself at MOA!" Not me, no never, nada, nyet...I don't even own a Morgan that runs. A snowball's chance that I will participate in Morgans Over America. Little did I know that "Chamberlain's Triggering Incident Theory" would come into play. I am a professor by occupation, so I will explain. Bear with me.

Background:

I had been reading the announcements about Morgans Over America (MOA) since last October, in various Morgan publications. MOA seemed like a great idea for an event, but the route did not come close to Texas, or even the Midwest for that matter. Hardly anything to get excited about.

Then in June, Bryan Hollingsworth of CRANMOG, traveled through Houston in his new dark green +4. Brian had shipped his Morgan to the U.S. east coast for a trip through the South and the Rockies, to San Francisco for the start of MOA at MOGWEST in Cambria, California. On his Houston stopover, he lodged with Kathi and Warner Hoffman, and several us met him at the British car gathering at the Budweiser Hospitality room. I reasoned it would be interesting to talk with Brian about his new +4. Also I could assess his sanity, what with driving across the southern U.S. without air conditioning.

At the end of July, I began to realize that MOA was really happening. The thirteen Morgans from England, West Germany, Sweden, Denmark and Switzerland had unloaded from a ship in San Francisco, attended MOGWEST and were headed east. Then came the TRIGGERING INCIDENT! I got a phone call. My research work required me to be at Dartmouth University in early August...I could suggest the date...what a deal! Quick with the map, how far between Niagara and Dartmouth? Not bad, just two states away. Sure, I can be at Dartmouth, but my schedule is tight,... how about August 13 (day after MOA in Niagara)? Done deal! Oh boy...I can't believe my good fortune! In the span of a 5-minute phone call my life has changed...new level of consciousness...Morgan nirvana.

My theory of triggering incidents helps explain human behavior. Education forms a background for behavior change (I knew about MOA), but I doesn't cause us to engage in action. Otherwise, why are so many well informed people still smoking cigarettes. It is the "triggering incident" that causes us to act on what we know. Sometimes the incident enables us to act (my phone call) or grabs our attention (smoking friend has heart attack).

The Event, MOA Niagara:

As you may know, the MOA was organized by several English Morgan enthusiasts, most prominently, Jeremy Harrison. MOA was not a sanctioned event of the Morgan Sports Car Club (England) and was organized entirely as a private venture. Opinions on this point seem to indicate that MOA happened despite the MSSC. In brief, the MOA itinerary began at MOGWEST July 14-15, with the "Western Adventure" route through Yosemite, Reno, Yellowstone, Cody, Rapid City, Sioux Falls, Deadwood, LaCrosse, Chicago, Detroit, Columbus, and on to Washington, D.C. to begin the "Eastern Adventure". MOG SOUTH hosted MOA, July 28 at Bluffs Lodge in Laurel Springs, NC on the Blue Ridge Parkway. The group then turned north to Washington for a three days of sightseeing in the Capitol. A major MOA event was held at Luray, VA at the Mimslyn Hotel on the weekend of August 3-5, hosted by the Morgan Car Club of Washington, D.C. They were joined by a second contingent of Morgans, just unloaded at the port of Baltimore. The tour then proceeded north through Pennsylvania, New York and on to Niagara, Canada. Morgan owners groups hosted the MOA travelers in many cities along the route.

My wife Pam, and I, flew to Buffalo on Friday, August 10, and rented a ... I can barely admit it ... a Buick. We slipped into the Morgan-laden motel parking lot unnoticed. Quick! Check in and get your Morgan tee shirt on. What? Forgot to pack it! Well, I do have my cowboy hat with the MOGMOG pin on it.

The Niagara, Canada, setting was wonderful. The motel was just north of the tourist area, by the Niagara river. A great noggin and natter on Friday night helped us meet everyone. Alan Marsh and others were there from the D.C. Club. Alan was the only person I recognized in the room full of strangers. We soon had made friends with the English MOA'ers: Don and Sally Busby (Midlands), Tim Ingham and the Canadians; Jenny, Martin and Steve Beer, just to remember a few. The Cantab Motors (Win Sharples) trailer was there with tools and parts for the disabled, but Win Sharples was missed. Win was reported to be in England securing a shipment of Morgans. Alan Marsh (Prez of MCC of D.C.) was accused by the Canadian Customs of smuggling undeclared Morgan regalia and photos from MOA Luray, and fined \$1,700, just to get his car back. Bummer!

Saturday was a free day for enjoying the sights. For anyone who has seen Niagara from the tacky New York side, the Canadian side is much nicer. The area around the Falls and along the river is a Canadian National Park. There is a people-mover transit system that reduces the traffic, and there are sign restrictions that reduce the visual pollution. Pam and I visited the small town of Niagara-on-the-Lake where the annual Shaw Theater Festival was in progress. We had lunch in the park overlooking the sailboats on Lake Ontario.

Saturday night was another noggin and natter; in the parking lot. The prime objective was Morgan admiration and meeting new friends. Some additional Ontario Morgans had arrived during the day, bringing the Morgan count to about 60. There was some discussion about U.S. certification of the Rover engines, but no definitive information. As you would expect, there was considerable comment about the BBC program on Morgans in which Sir John Harvey-Jones (famous English industrialist) was critical of the uniquely Morgan business practices of the factory. If I had tallied a vote expressing the sentiment Saturday evening, it would have been: Peter and Charles Morgan, 50+; Sir John, zero. A complete transcript of this BBC program was printed in the MOGMOG Newsletter last month and a videotape of the program will be featured at TEXMOG, October 12-14.

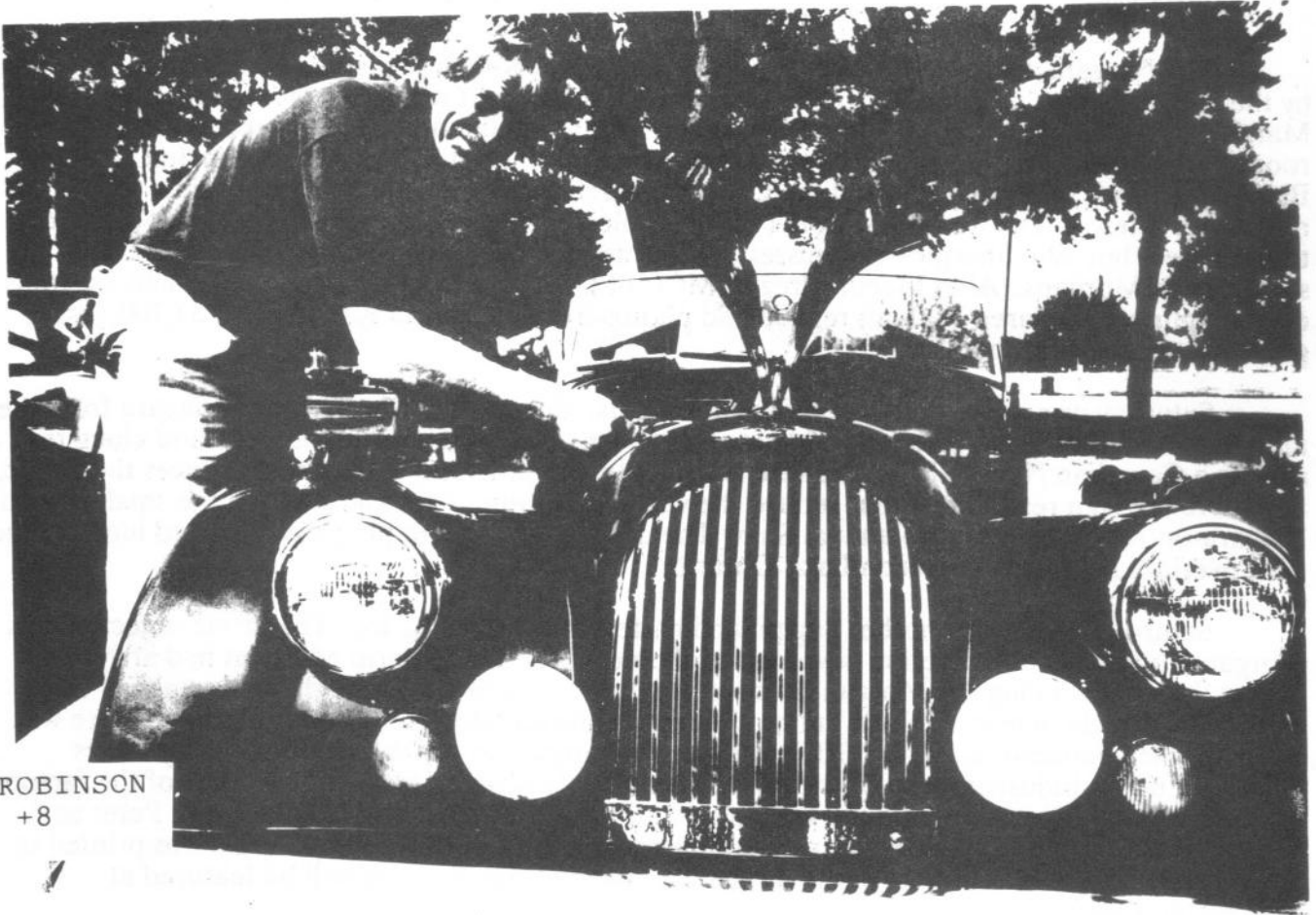
Concours at Niagara:

Sunday was the big day! Concours judging and people's choice balloting. This was held a few miles in a nearby park where a section of the lot was reserved. There were more Morgans there than I have seen in one place before. Most of the MOA cars from overseas were of recent vintage. All of the MOA "Western Adventure" Morgans had acquired electric cooling fans; externally mounted on the flat radiator models. Some cars were exceptional. One of the British +8's was painted a light lavender color. A second new +4 was there, in addition to Bryan's. It was a Cantab car driven by a woman from Idaho. Several three wheeler's were lined up. I met Chris Charles, the Canadian Morgan Agent, from Kitchener, Ontario, and yes, he does rent Morgans. I noted a neat solution to the Morgan-hot-foot-problem carried out by Brian Rumohr (Canada) on his '61 Drophead. Brian had routed 3" plastic flex tubing from a mounting just below the front bumper, under the wings, and then to the footwells. A really neat job that does not alter the car's appearance. The fresh air outlets were mounted high in the footwells, out of sight.

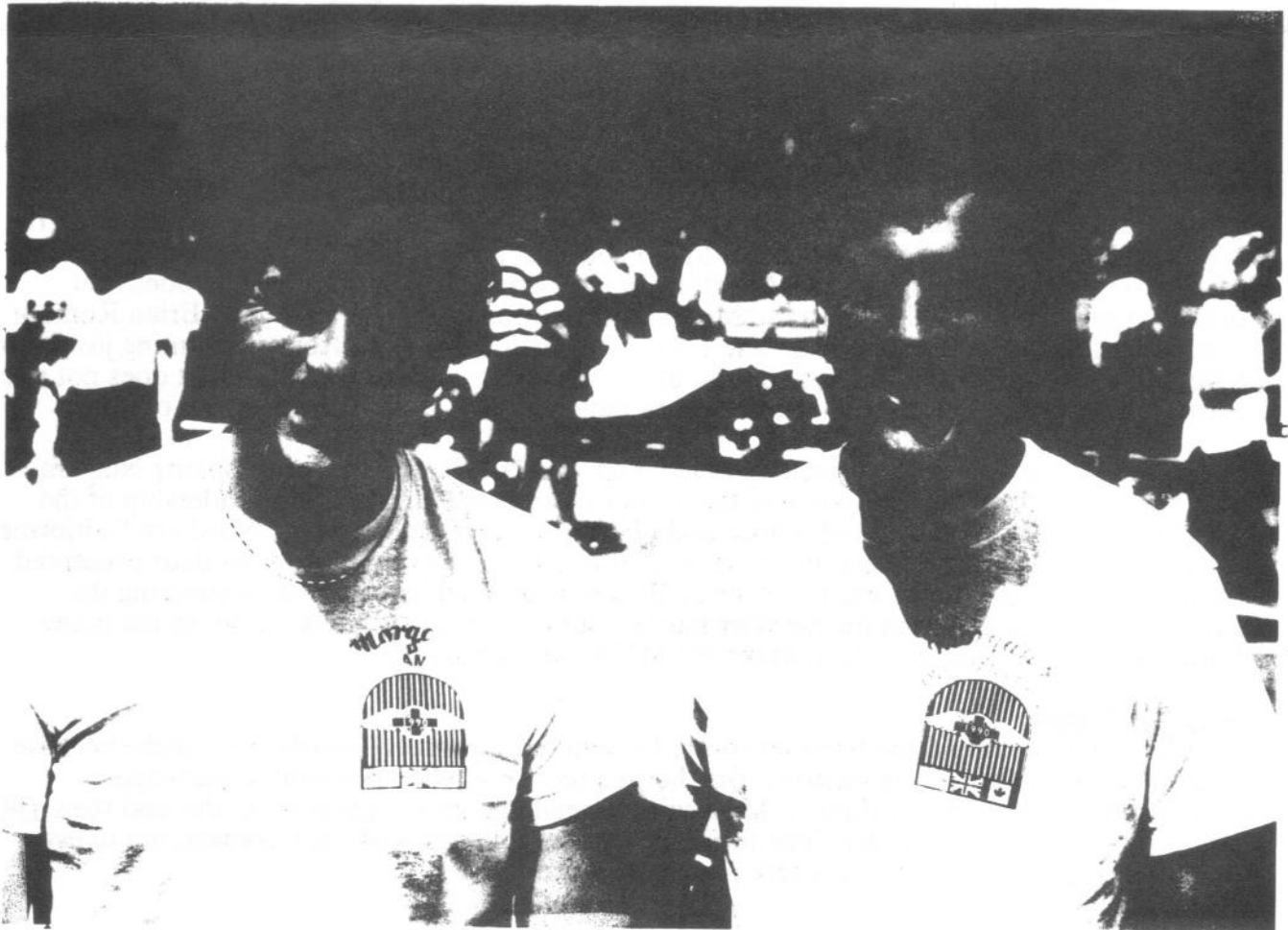
The banquet was Sunday evening at the Victoria Park Restaurant overlooking Niagara Falls. The highlight of the program was the humor of Jeremy Harrison. His leadership of the 5,000 mile MOA tour was a test of humor and planning. Steve Roake of the Northern California Club was honored for his leadership of the "MOA Western Adventure." Martin Beer presented the awards. A special thanks went to Audrey Beer who worked hard all year organizing the Niagara event. I am sure that my memory has left out other thanks that went out to the many volunteers who gave their efforts to make the MOA events possible.

Theory Confirmed:

As I looked around the banquet room, I wondered how many people were there because they experienced a "triggering incident" that helped them make the decision to participate. Several people confirmed my theory. Most said, "I needed a good excuse to do this and then (fill in your own incident) happened" The incidents were as unique as Morgan owners, but in every case, something happened to spur these people to come.



JIM ROBINSON
1979 +8



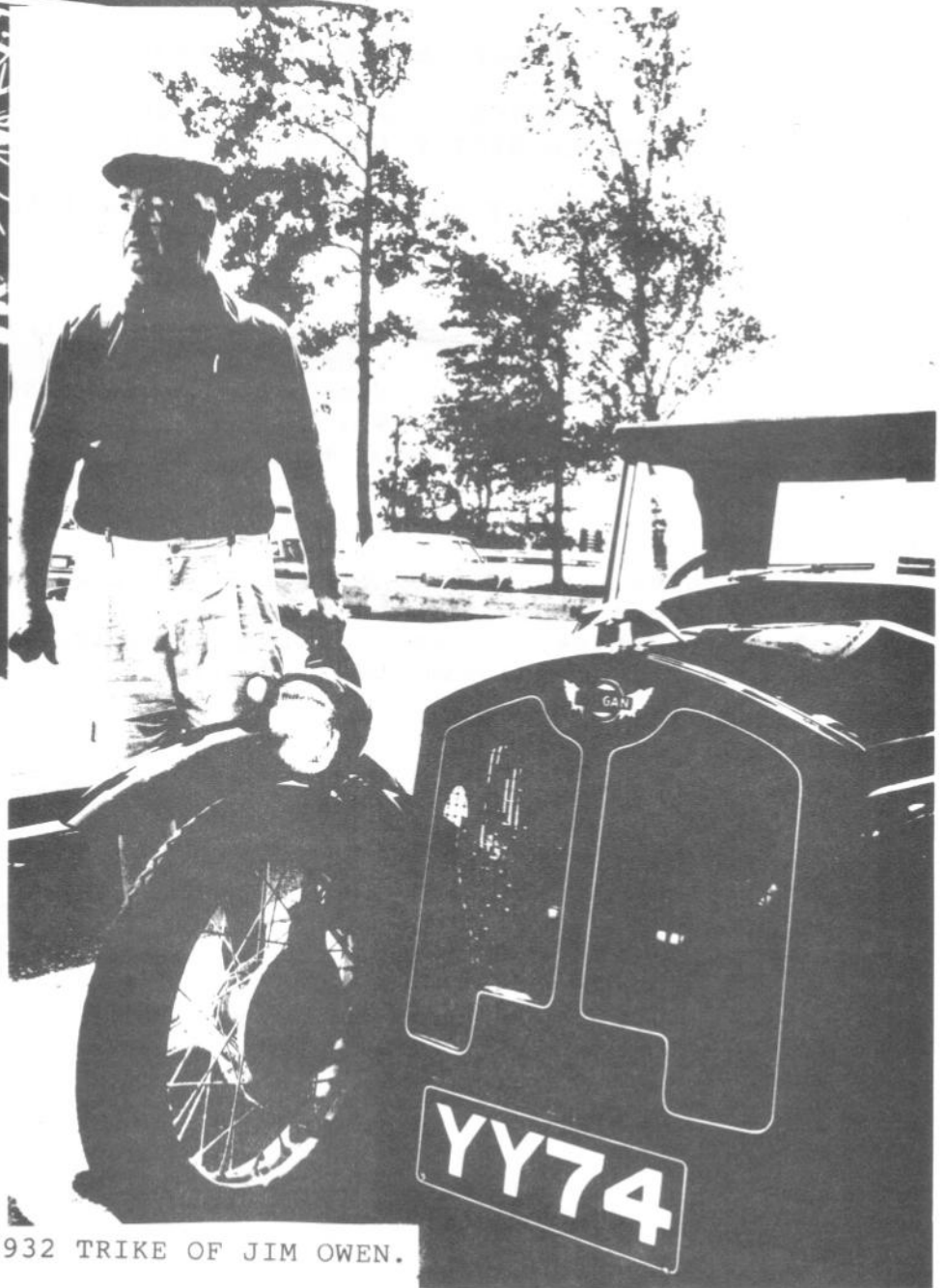
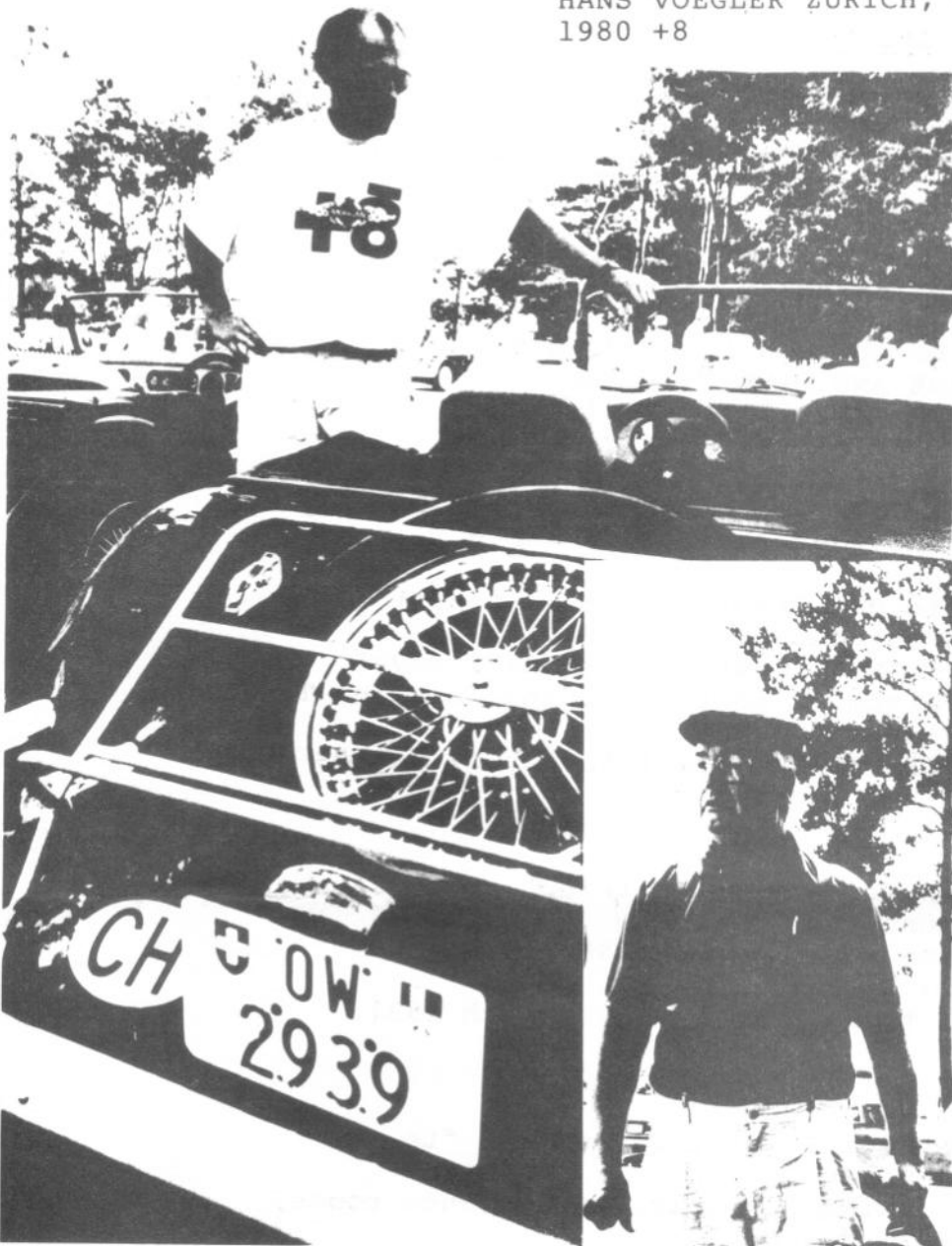
PAUL TRUSSLER

MARK REID

FROM THE FACTORY

HANS VOEGLER ZURICH, SWITZERLAND
1980 +8

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cover, P7, P8 R. Cigagna



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Rebuilt engine, new wood.
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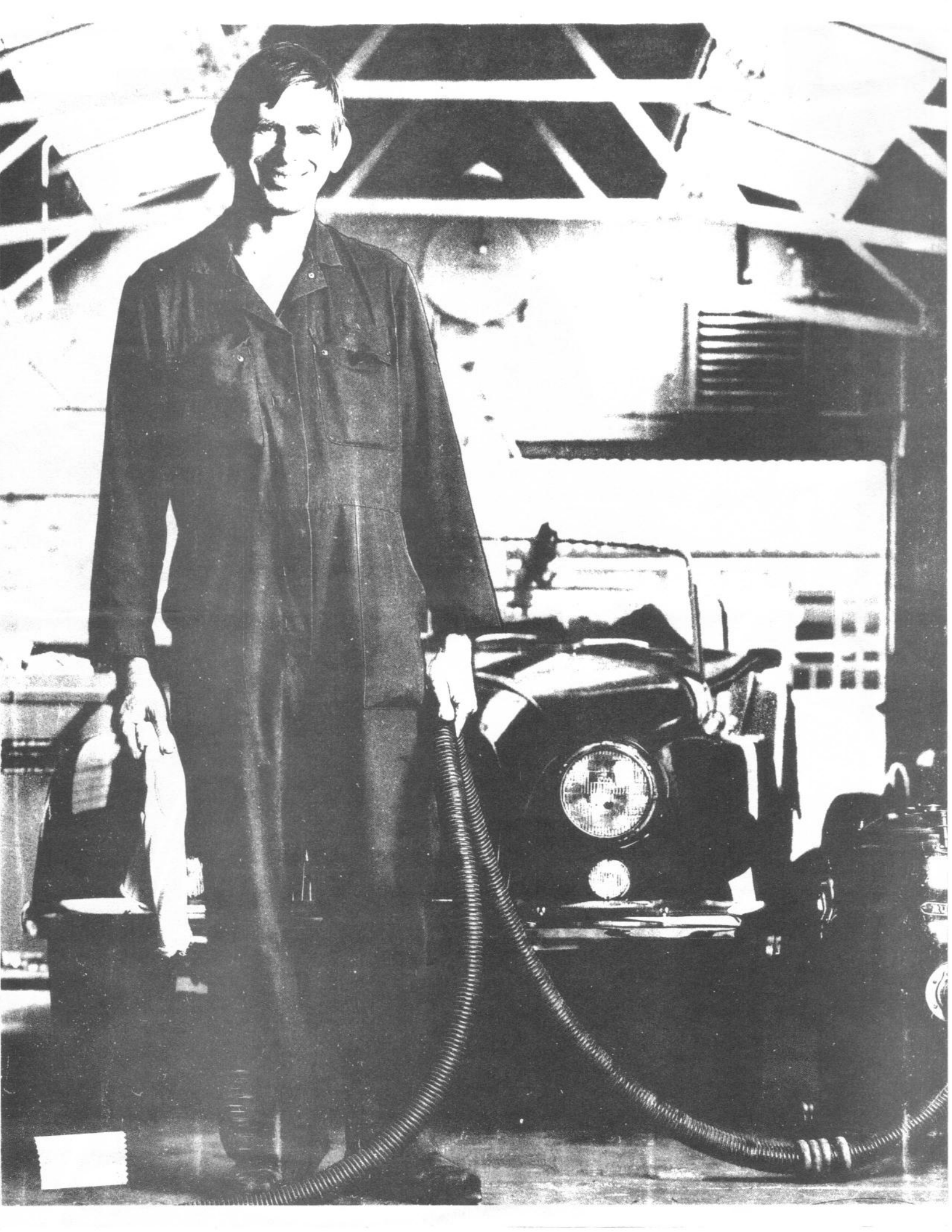
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010 33 95 318488 (night)
Fax 010 33 95 315481

Part 2 of The Esquire
article as promised







But Morgan has also known periods of extraordinary drought, particularly in the late 1950s, when the styling looked dated but not sufficiently enough to arouse nostalgia. "I remember one year," Peter Morgan recalls, "when we had a stand at the Earl's Court Motor Show [the main automobile trade fair in Britain] and not a single person stopped to talk to us.

"It was only America that saved the car," Morgan recalls. There is a certain painful irony in that, because today American sales are almost negligible. In the early 1960s, 75 percent of the company's production went to the United States, but the first Clean Air Act, in 1968, and other subsequent regulatory restrictions made it almost impossible to sell Morgans to their most enthusiastic buyers.

The American market would almost certainly have died altogether had it not been for a determined young Californian named Bill Fink, who fell in love with Morgans while studying at the University of Oxford and decided, upon returning to the States, to see if Morgans couldn't be adapted to meet the more stringent requirements. He decided they could—though at a cost. He formed a company, ISIS Imports of San Francisco, that since 1975 has been the sole American distributor. ISIS sells about two dozen Morgans a year, according to Fink. To do so, it must put each new Morgan through a hundred hours of modifications—fitting different bumpers, adjusting the height of the lights, increasing the rear and side-door impact strength, installing different switchgears and different seat belts, putting different markings on some of the materials. But the big change is that to meet emission standards the car is fitted with a propane fuel system. "It actually improves the performance and extends the life of the engine," Fink says. "You get a much better throttling response, which more than makes up for a marginal loss of power." ISIS sells the 4/4 for \$28,000 and the Plus 8 for \$37,500. (It doesn't sell the Plus 4.) The good news is that its waiting list in America is only six to seven months.

But the future for Morgans in America is far from secure. The latest blow

is the law requiring air bags in all new cars. Morgan has been granted a three-year dispensation to overcome the problem, but it's not simply a matter of buying air bags and fitting them into each car. "For an air bag to work, it must push away the steering column," says Charles Morgan, "but because of the way the engine's mounted in our cars, there's no place for the steering column to retract."

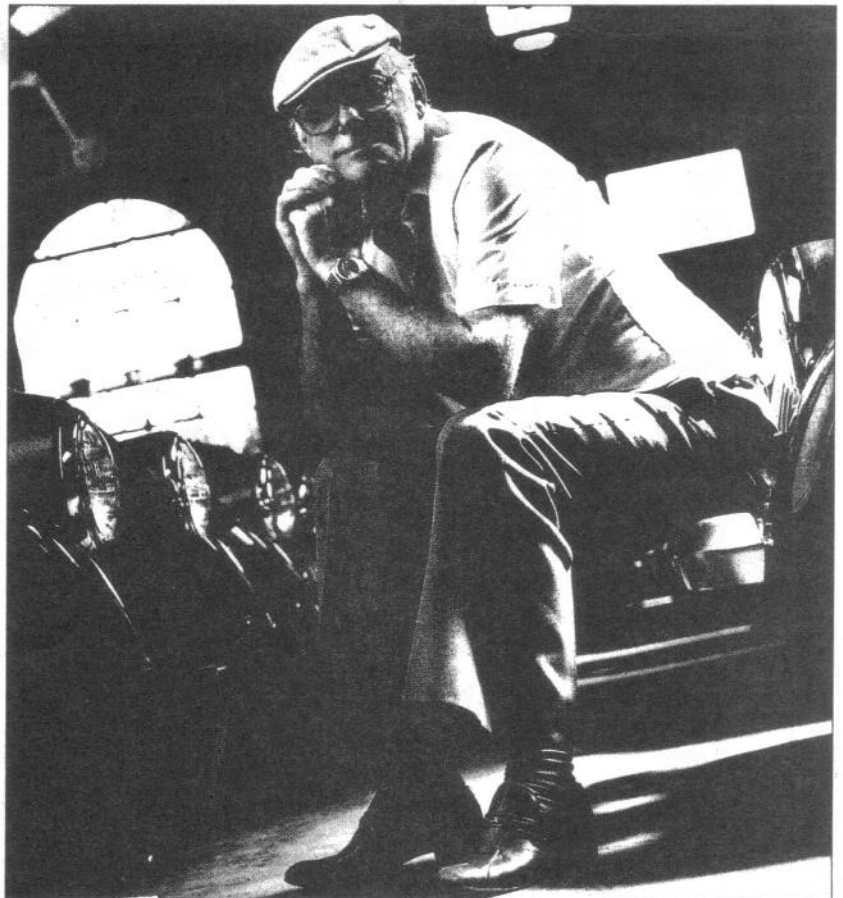
The company continues to export about 50 percent of its output, but these days the cars go primarily to West Germany, Japan, Italy, France, and Spain. There are Morgan fanatics all over. "We sold one to Fiji last year and one to Uruguay," says Derek Day, the sales manager. "There are even two on the Falkland Islands. We've had several buyers fly halfway around the world just to pick out their colors"—Morgan offers thirty thousand separate shades of body paint—"and then come back again later to watch their cars being built. It's a funny thing, because people often don't take that kind of interest in their own children."

That's true enough. But then children don't require ten years on a waiting list, either. ■

For a time, three quarters of all Morgans made came to the U.S., but the first Clean Air Act and subsequent rules fixed that. Today, sales to the most loyal, enthusiastic fans are almost negligible.

◀ David Compton (fourteen years), a quality inspector, prepares to give a finished car its last vacuum.

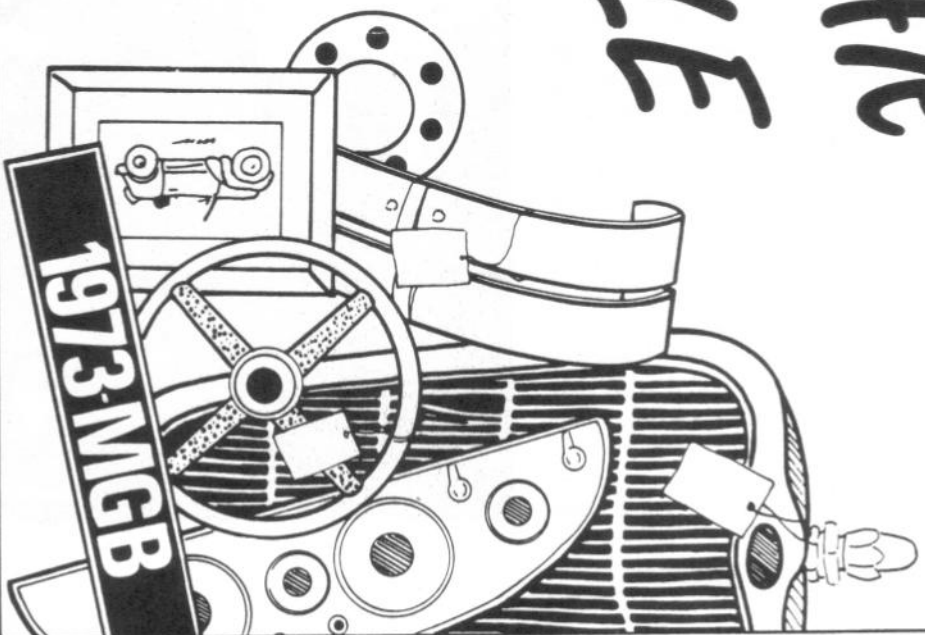
Peter Morgan, heir to the founder, father to Charles, and headman, in the dispatch shop.





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Black Leather..... The last vestige vanished. He was totally, totally out of control. It was hard enough when the object of his admiration came in conventional covering, but Black Leather, accentuating the feral qualities the shapely silhouette suggested was simply too much. Black Leather, redolent of nature's most primeval urges..... Black Leather was just not fair.

Slowly, uncontrollably he felt his resistance drain away, was

drawn like a moth to a flickering flame to stretch out his trembling hand and touch, yes touch this second skin. Perhaps it would plunge his life into utter confusion, but he must possess this magnificent example of sensuous, extravagant pleasure.

Further resistance was futile. Inexorably, inevitably, he edged into the sales office to begin negotiations for the 4/4 with the Black Leather interior.....



Narrative by John Collins, with apologies to Harlequin Romances
Photographs by John Collins, with apologies to John H Sheally II
Black Leather Interior by Jennifer Rossell, with apologies to nobody

S.&S. Oil Changing

By Peter George

We have all heard of someone being referred to as "Being born with a silver spoon in his mouth." In order to see what I was born with I checked all my baby pictures and came to the conclusion that I must have been born with a spanner in my hand and a hunk of cotton waste nearby. (An old discarded T shirt is good as an oil rag but nothing and I mean nothing surpasses cotton waste.) I have had that affinity for the spanner for as long as I can remember, and even today I can not open my tool chest without reaching for a rag. (Or some cotton waste) My Grandfather was a practical man. He believed that if man had built it, man could take it apart and man could repair it. This philosophy he vigorously and liberally applied to his 1923 Willys and 1947 Ford Coupe. I can still remember the garage floor strewn with '23 Willys engine parts. The engine and various other parts of the entire car did end up on the garage floor at one time or another. But there did come time when what was being repaired had been repaired so often that it wasn't worth repairing again. It was then my Grandfather bought the first, last, and only new car in his life - a 1947 Ford Super Deluxe V8 Coupe. It was with this black beauty that my lessons in auto mechanics started. Classroom instruction has its place, but nothing surpass the worth of practical greasy first-hand involvement. My first lessons were basics of chassis greasing, running gear checks, and engine lubrication. There was a pit in our garage and every so often the two of us would spend an hour or so in that dampness of my first classroom. Is there anyone who will not argue that clean oil is the life blood of an engine and that a greased chassis is a smooth chassis.

When I turned sixteen and got my first car our Saturday morning service station routine did not stop it only became enlarged. Instead of servicing one car we serviced two. Over the years my Grandfather and I serviced quite a range of vehicles. We always had the 47 Ford but we progressed from a 34 Reo (affectionately dubbed "Spook") to a 1950 Morris Minor nicknamed "Bugsy" to a 1960 TR-3 then onto a 1966 Healy and finally a 1968 Mustang. And somewhere in there we adopted a 1948 3/4 ton Jimmy that stayed until I finally left home.

To-day's confession revolves around the early part of my TR-3 days. During the summer of '65 I was working at Stelco in Hamilton. Those days Stelco operated 365 1/4 days a year except for an eight shut-down Christmas Day. Everyone worked a double swing shift known I believe as the "Continental."

Weekends I worked and went home through the week. Our Saturday morning service station routine was shifted but not dropped. However unfortunately I was driving more miles than my Grandfather, and I had to find another means of changing oil not at home but rather in Hamilton.

The most simple solution would have been to take my car into any garage. But that is not my style. From my 1934 Reo to to-day I have always oiled and lubricated my cars except during warranty or during long distances travelled over a short period of time. And Hamilton was no respectable exception. Anyone who has a mind to can change the oil and grease a car once the problem of access and disposal are overcome.

The first rule of safety to be observed when working under a car and is "Never work under a car that is only supported by a jack." To get under the car safely was the first problem to solve

and the solution was simple. I just drove the car up onto the sidewalk, parallel to the road (the driver-side wheels on the road and the passenger-side wheels on the sidewalk.) One solution then lead into the other. In front of my digs - boardinghouse - was a storm sewer. It was an easy matter to drive the car up onto the sidewalk and position the oil drain plug over the sewer grate. Now I had a safe means to work under the car and a no fuss, no mess means to get rid of the oil. I was now equipped to change oil and lubricate my car in Hamilton. And change the oil using the S.&S. method (sewer/sidewalk) was a frequent practise. There were my regular oil changes at home but there were my irregular changes in Hamilton. As I write this article I realize that it was the irregular changes that saved my hide.

I did oil changes when I had free time and my free time hopscotched about according to my work schedule. Frequently a Hamilton Works Department van could be seen cruising the streets in our neighbourhood but I couldn't add two plus two. (And my S.&S. oil changes continued.)

The fateful morning of that day will remain in my memory for as long as I change oil in my car. I had been working the backshift and had reached bed after midnight.

The knock on the front door had awakened me but I wasn't prepared for my landlady asking me to move my car. There was a man wearing City of Hamilton coveralls out in the street in front of my car leaning against a pick-ax waiting to have the car moved so he could inspect the storm sewer culvert. I moved my car and we all know what he found. In no time at all his supervisor was at the scene of my crime.

Without even so much as an hello he strode over to my TR and opened one door after the other. His examination showed there were no "required oil change stickers" on the doors or door posts. His first question was, "Where did I get my oil changed?"

My answer was short and simple, "At home." There is nothing to be gained from recounting my interrogation but only to mention that through the marvels of the communication systems of that day he talked to my Grandmother from the front seat of his car. Once again there is little to be gained from that conversation but just to mention my Grandmother's last comment/question which was "Why would he change the car oil in the street when he and his Grandfather have their own garage." Gran's statement ended any further debate right then and there.

This little incident just altered my approach to car servicing away from home. Maybe in a future article I will spend a page or two and detail how it is done today. My next article will be a surprise (To you and me both.) Have a good day.

EDITORIAL

For once I don't have enough room - so I'll make it quick. I have taken the article on our Niagara Meet from the October edition of the Morgan Newsletter from the Morgans of the Gulf Group. There I was looking for a new angle - and there it was!

Look for the next issue of the blurb - owing to the lack of room - I have had to save some goodies for that one. Double Ruby Anniversary details July 4-8/91 at the Abbey Hotel in Malvern, New magazine from Ottawa - Sporting Classics, Review from British Car Day, Morgan Owner Registry of Eastern Ont. and further news on MANNA and hopefully much more. Oh yeah, look for our booth at the British Autojumble.

Calendar of Events

Nov 18/90	British Car Autojumble	see page 13
Dec 15/90	Christmas Bash	see page 14
July 4-8/91	Double Ruby Anniversary, UK	see next issue
Oct/91	Mediterranean Cruise	see page 9

PRESIDENT: POSITION OPEN

TREASURER: POSITION OPEN

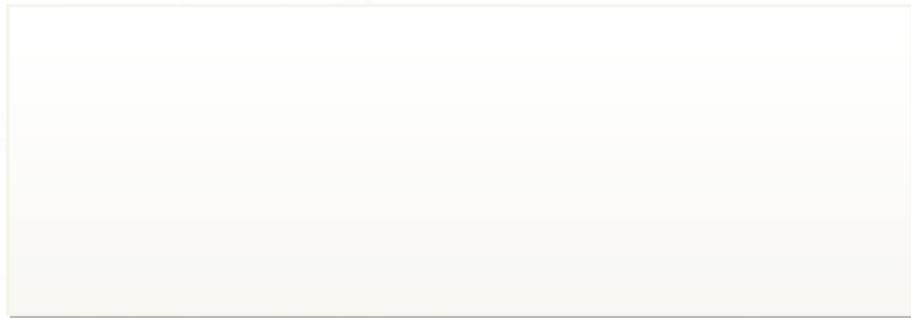
EVENTS: POSITION OPEN

MEMBERSHIP ROSTER: Kon Lohr

REGALIA: LYNN KUZYK
1305 Ester Dr.
Burlington, ON
L7P 1L2

CANADAS MORGAN MAGAZINE 

THE PRICE LESS **BLURB**
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