

My Morgan Quest

Dave Doroghy

Special thanks to Stephen Hutchens and the MOGNW for the happy ending to my quest for a Morgan. I have always liked the expression that life is about the journey and not the destination. It has been a dream of mine for the past decade to own a Morgan, and my recent journey to buy one has been joyful, fun and rewarding in itself.

Since 1996 I have been attending the ABFM, hanging out around the entrance to Van Dusen Gardens where the Morgans are parked. I'd admire them, take pictures and occasionally in a shy manner talk to the owners. But seeing the cars was like having a crush on a pretty girl. I'd flirt with the notion of getting involved with one, but never had the gumption or guts to follow through. I was so awestruck and intimidated by the Morgan's beauty and grace that I didn't even know where to begin. And I knew that, like women, Morgans were complicated and temperamental, so I was a bit apprehensive.

In 2004 I moved to London, England, for a year and a half. One weekend there I made the three-hour train trek north from the city to Malvern Link to visit the birthplace of these sleek beauties. My resolve to own one deepened.

After returning home to Canada I had the good fortune of meeting Michael Kelly. Michael, who owns several Midas locations in the Lower Mainland and sponsors the ABFM, is a former Morgan owner and very knowledgeable about the cars. Like my old friend at high school who used to say, "Go ahead, ask her out," he encouraged me to buy a Morgan. He introduced me to his friend Michael Povey, a member of MOGNW, who couldn't have been more friendly and helpful. Michael Povey was like a walking Morgan encyclopedia.

Then one day on a business trip to

Bolton, Ontario, I accidentally stumbled upon CMC Motors. The mechanics at CMC Motors claimed that they were the exclusive Canadian dealer for Morgan. CMC Motors was located in a small rundown wooden shack in the middle of a farmer's field. I'd describe my encounter with our nation's only "authorized Morgan dealership" - which has sold only four new Morgans since its inception in 1987 - as quirky, offbeat, friendly, positive and very colourful. They pledged to keep their eyes open for a clean car for me.

My Morgan quest led next, through



Michael Povey, to Stephen Hutchens, who helped me take out a small want ad for a Plus Four in the MOGNW newsletter. Collaborating with Stephen on the ad copy felt like writing a newspaper "personal" ad in the classified dating column. Would anyone even reply, would I like the car, would we be a match?

Soon, between my overture at CMC Motors and the want ad, I had received about half a dozen emails from people selling their Morgans, but none of them suited me. I test drove one, a 1970 Plus Four in Ladner, but it just didn't feel right. Then one day I got home to find a message on my answering machine from a gentleman named Ron, who had

I Want To Buy A Morgan!

I'm seriously in the market for a Morgan 4/4 or Plus 4. I prefer a two-seater and a car that is in good to very good condition.

Please contact:

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604-732-7808 or
Doroghy@hotmail.com

recently bought a 1966 Plus Four from his doctor friend, who had bought it new in Malvern Link. Ron told me that the car had only 28,000 original miles on it, which of course sounded too good to be true. It was British Racing Green, my favourite colour (be still, my beating heart) and had been stored in the doctor's garage on Larch Street in Vancouver for over 40 years. Ron

told me that although he hadn't been all that interested in selling it, my ad had caught his eye, and that I could have it at a reasonable price. His personal circumstances had changed since the purchase and he had no time to enjoy the car.

Within three weeks of the call I consummated the deal. I cautiously moved from one stage of finalization to the other, first showing the car to Michael Povey and then introducing it to my mechanic,

Dave Gilmour.

The day I bought it was the happy end to my Morgan quest. As I drove it home over the Lions Gate Bridge on a beautiful spring evening, I reflected on just how much fun I had had tracking this one down, and I looked forward to adding many more happy miles onto the barely spun odometer.

I bought the car on a Wednesday. Three days later on Saturday morning I attended my first ABFM as a participant instead of an observer. On that rainy weekend in May, as I slowly pulled up onto the hill where the Morgans are always parked, I felt as if I were bringing my new girlfriend to the dance.