



## Stickers

by Dave Doroghy

We should pay more attention to little kids and take more of our leads in life from the things they do for fun. Little kids like to play with cars, fiddle with things and collect stickers. They don't give any of those activities a lot of thought, they just do them because it makes them happy. As adults we can learn a lot from kids and should mimic their natural behavior to help find our own bliss. Next time you see a little kid doing something, and if he or she is smiling at the time, immediately replicate that activity.

If you are reading this column you probably already like to play with cars, and thank goodness you never outgrew that trait. And anyone who owns a Morgan knows the joy of fiddling. So that leaves collecting stickers. This article is all about a pastime kids love - collecting stickers. I'll warn you now that it is a bit scattered and wanders off in a bunch of different directions with no central theme other than stickers.

### Expensive Little Stickers

Whether you know it or not you already collect stickers. You have probably been doing it since you turned 16 and have spent tens of thousands of dollars on your collection. They are expensive stickers that you collect. I am talking about the little ones that you get when you renew your auto insurance. I don't like collecting stickers for my regular daily car. I feel that those stickers are exorbitantly overpriced. Paying almost \$1,700 for a one inch by two inch reflective small piece of paper foil with sticky backing seems excessive to me. The stickers that ICBC issue for my collector plates on my Morgan on the other hand at around \$300 every year make them more fun to collect. I am a huge fan of the collector license plate program and every year as I affix the little sticker to my back license plate I think of what a great deal it is. Plus ICBC comes out with fun new fluorescent colors for all of their stickers every year. The current stickers are bright turquoise. Last year's were orange. I just wish that instead of being so official looking with numbers and dates on them that they had small pictures of giraffes, elephants, cowboy hats and dolls.

### Bumper Stickers

My one complaint about my Morgan is that the bumper does not really lend itself to adhering a bumper sticker.

The way that the bumper is designed so thinly and elegantly rounded would distort any conventional sticker and likely render the saying or expression on it illegible. If I could put a bumper sticker on my Morgan I would. And I am sure I would get my fair share of criticism.

I used to drive a black Jaguar XJ6 and I had a bumper sticker on it. The bumper sticker is one that I have put onto every car that I have driven for the last 25 years. I am the author of it, and came up with the following slogan: People are Friendly Business is Great Life is Wonderful." One of my British colleagues from work commented on the bumper sticker one day as I was driving the two of us to a business appointment in my shiny jag. In that upper class yet understated and slightly snobbish tone that the Brits are so good at he said "Dave you should know that Jaguars are not supposed to have bumper stickers, it demeans their image." Excuse me! I was outraged and considered making him walk back from our appointment so he wouldn't have to endure the embarrassment of my lower class blemished bumper. I don't know if little kids even collect stickers in the UK.

I just bought a ten year old VW Camper Van a few weeks ago and it proudly displays the slogan.

### Real Stickers

Here comes the real meat of my column.

Real authentic stickers on Morgans can tell stories and are the greatest fun of all. I have two of them on my 1966 Plus 4. I couldn't have been more pleased to discover them on the inside of my windscreen when I bought the car. Not for a second did I ever consider scraping them off. On the contrary, since one of them is 47 years old and the other is 39 years old I thought to myself what could I do to preserve them. It is worth reflecting on each of them now and noting that both of the stickers are two sided and photos of each are included for you sleuths out



there that want to help me solve some sticker mysteries.

The first one sits nicely on the bottom driver side corner of my flat windshield. It is the sticker issued from the original Morgan dealership where the car was purchased in 1966. Now here is where I need the your help. I am assuming that this is a two-sided sticker with two pur-

poses. On the inside view of the sticker you can see the name of the dealership – Bowman & Acock Ltd. My research indicates that Bowman & Acock were the Morgan dealership in Malvern Link. They took over the original Morgan factory building in 1936 when the factory moved from the Worcester address to the Pickersleigh address. Bowman & Acock stayed on Worcester Road well into the 1970's. Further inspection of the sticker reveals two brands that I was unfamiliar with but became enlightened on what they were through Wikipedia. They are Com-



mer Commercial and Rootes Group. Again, I am guessing that Bowman & Acock were agents for those car manufacturers too. So the inside of the sticker in itself presents a bit of a history of British auto sales.

The learned group of club members that read this column are invited to correct any of my assumptions and more importantly tell me exactly what the other side of



the sticker is.

The other side of the sticker appears to be a license of some sort. Was this license issued by a driving authority or by the dealership? It is stamped "Birmingham" which I know is a city about 60 Kilometers from Malvern Link. I am assuming that if you bought a car in Malvern Link you needed to register it in the nearest big city which was Birmingham.

Other than stating that it expires in November of 1966 this sticker reveals very few clues of its utility. Was the

sticker an interim measure to allow you to drive away from the dealership? Once again learned readers – please enlighten me? All I can tell you is that I purchased the car from someone who bought it new in Malvern Link in 1966 and then drove it around Europe.

Let's not get stuck on that sticker; let's move onto the next one.

This second sticker doesn't require me to go to Wikipedia, or to the club intelligentsia to learn more about it, but needs me to go deep into the memory recesses of my brain. It is smaller and is tucked away on the passenger corner of the windshield. It is of course the dreaded Motor Vehicle Inspection sticker.

I say dreaded because as a broke teenager in 1975 every crumbly jalopy I ever drove always got a failing grade from the institutional testing station on West Georgia Street near the entrance to Stanley Park. Brakes, head-lights, a horn, turn singles, tires and seat belts. Whatever I was driving at that time my car had all of these modern safety features. Only problem was that none of them worked. Visiting the Motor Vehicle Inspection Station always proved to be embarrassing and expensive and involved a long walk home after my cars were condemned for failing so many times.

The last time my old Morgan had to endure the harsh inspection scrutiny in that old long boxy communist looking ugly grey concrete building on West Georgia was in June of 1974. I sometimes wonder if she passed or failed when she had to come back in June of 1975? I wish I knew what year mandatory safety inspections ended in Vancouver. Next time I am pulled over in my Morgan by the police I will just say "I know, I know Officer my car is 39 years over-due for a safety inspection, it is



just that I have been really busy lately."

The other day I drove by where I think the old inspection building was on West Georgia in my Morgan. There is a Whitespot there now and none of the staff inside were interested in inspecting my car. So I ordered a Pirate Pack. Why? They come with stickers!