



Just Go With the Flow

by Dave Doroghy

Those of you who follow my Dorg's Morg column will remember in my last article a shot of my VW Camper van on the back of a flat bed tow-truck. The back of a tow truck or flat bed is becoming a familiar resting place for my vehicles lately. I am even getting to know the local tow truck driver out here in Ladner on a first name basis – Devon. He works for Roadway Towing and is a great guy. When he rescued me the other day I thought of him as My-Knight-in-Shining-Tow-Truck-Armor.

I am never in a hurry when I drive my Morgan and that is really what this article is all about. It is about how refreshing it is to be driving for pleasure and recreation instead of for commuting and appointments. How every time I crank the engine on my Morgan it leads to a relaxed adventure in driving. Having a Morgan is about enjoying the journey and not about meeting a tight arrival deadline. Never has this become more clearly evident to me than the other day, while sitting on Hwy 99 waiting for Captain Hook to arrive. I gave the BCAA dispatcher the wrong direction of the highway lane I was in so it took Devon 45 minutes to find me. I found out the hard way there is a big difference between Northbound and Southbound when you are trying to pinpoint an exact location on the side of a highway.

It was a sunny beautiful clear and crisp West Coast winter day when, while driving my 1966 Plus Four Morgan Northbound on Highway 99 with the top down in Delta, she just decided to call it quits. No warning hints, no signs of trouble, no funny noises or vibrations to signal her pending shut down. She just called it quits as I was driving at 50 mph. One second the old Triumph engine was firing on all four cylinders and the next second they all grinded to a silent halt. The good news was that I had just emerged from the tunnel on the Richmond side of the Fraser River so at least I wouldn't create a traffic snarl. The better news was that I have the BCAA Super Deluxe PLUS membership that allows me up to 6 tows a year.

I like to get my money's worth every year, and usually use up every last tow. And finally, the even better news was that since I kept an unbelievably

positive attitude, my good-natured friendly demeanor was uninterrupted throughout the entire two hour set back. While waiting for Devon to come out with his big hook, and get me off the hook, by getting me on the hook, I had a chance to put it all into perspective.

You see my Morgan breaks down a lot, but it doesn't phase me at all. Most times when I drive the car I really don't care when I get to where I am going. If arrival time was important I wouldn't be driving a 48 year old car British car in the first place. While waiting for Devon I realized that during my last 40 years of driving I have always been in too much of a hurry. I have either been late for work, late for a flight or late for dinner, or any other myriad of motoring appointments. Call it poor planning, call it working too hard or being too busy. But just don't call it driving a Morgan. Because in each stressful instance of catch-up style driving, I was in my other car. I save the Morgan for trips when it really doesn't matter when I get there. And those are always the best kinds of trips.

I'll try and explain it in another way. Many of you have collector plates and insurance of some type. And, like me, most of you were probably asked when you applied for them or renewed them if you would be driving the car strictly for pleasure? That is a serious question. When you answered the insurance agent with a "yes" you were making a commitment; kind of like a wedding vow. So take it seriously. Drive your Morgan for pleasure only and save the aggravating trips for your other car. And if you get stuck, like I frequently do, I have written a little poem to help you find your pleasure center. If your Morgan breaks down, just go with the flow and enjoy the tow, because you never know where you are going to go.

And that wonderful day as I emerged out of the tunnel into daylight was no exception. I just went with the flow. Heck, I can't even remember as I write this where I

was going that day. But with my BCAA PLUS membership card, Devon was obligated to tow me to a destination of my choice within 160 Kilometers. Just think, if I had more time we could have gone all the way up to Whistler together in his bright shiny tow truck.

Now, when I say that it doesn't really matter when I drive my Morgan when I get there, there is one exception. I would hate to be late on the Saturday morning when I take my car to the All British Field Meet at Van Dusen Gardens. I just got an email yesterday from Joan and signed up for it. That is the one time that I don't want a break down. I wonder if BCAA has a membership card that includes a free tow truck escort?

So that is it the end of part one of this article. What happened just before I broke down that day, why I broke down, and the ride to the repair shop are all worthy of a separate essay. But you will just have to wait till my next column. So remember, in the meantime just go with the flow!

