



TINMOG

Cornwall Centre of the MORGAN SPORTS CAR CLUB

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***WELCOME TO THE APRIL? MAY? (I DON'T KNOW WHAT
DAY IT IS ANY MORE) 2020 NEWSLETTER***



Cabin Fever Edition!



Dear Fellow Tinmoggers

Firstly, I do hope you are keeping well and have avoided the dreaded virus, to date, I haven't heard of any member who is suffering from the virus, other than being home bound. I think now, frustration has set in at not being able to do that which we usually do in our day to day living, going for drives, meeting with friends etc etc etc. Hopefully, the gradual release from the lockdown will continue, but we have no idea how long it will be before we can meet up, have a drink or meal together. We live in hope.

This month's Newsletter is very different, as there is no Club news. Members have sent me anecdotes of living with Morgans to put in the Newsletter. See below!

VERY CON-FUSED

From David and Doreen George (This was written in 2007 when we lived in Porthleven)

As the Cornish summer weather continued to lash against the window and the birds huddled for warmth under the salt laden rose bush, I thought, thank goodness for this global warming, any cooler and the central heating will have to go back on. Cutting the grass was fortunately out of the question, unless some clever woman has designed floats for the mower. It would have to be a woman, a man wouldn't dream of it. As the hiss of the ring pull split the air, thoughts of last year's run down to Italy in the Morgan flitted across my mind. Damn, I knew there was something I had to do. Perhaps if I close my eyes the

thought will go away, but it doesn't. All the frustrations return to haunt me and I know I will have to deal with it before this year's run to the same area.

It all started in Geneva, the run up to the ferry in Portsmouth and the long haul through France had gone really well. Even the Peripherique had been a doddle with the new sat-nav. In fact, in a way, it was the sat-nav that caused the problem. Unbeknown to me, it was set for the shortest route, not the quickest route and so instead of taking us around Geneva on the ring road jobber, it took us through the centre. (It weren't my fault, us only got the electric in Corn'all last year)

It was midday; it was very hot; and we were stuck in traffic. We slowly negotiated the lake-side road through the city and, needless to say, the V8 got hot and the fan was running almost continuously. By the time we got through the worst of the traffic, Malcolm, who had been sticking to my bumper, got stopped at another set of lights and missed the left turn alongside the lake. Having cleared the traffic, I stopped to wait for him. After half an hour or so, with still no Malcolm in sight I thought, better push on and it was at this point I realised the fan was still running. Strange I thought, very strange. Notice how quick I am to spot these things. The temp gauge was now reading about 40C. A quick glance under the bonnet revealed nothing, well actually it revealed the engine and other necessary bits but you know what I mean. So discretion being the better part of valour, leave it running until we reach the hotel that was now only an hour or so drive away in Switzerland.

We arrived at the hotel with no further problems and were met by the owner's wife. She looked very quizzical as this seemingly demented Brit leapt out of his car, thrust open the bonnet and started to madly pull at wires. And what was that incessant buzzing noise?

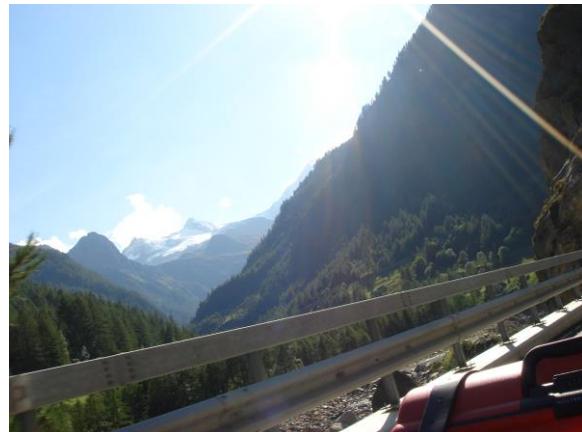


The hotel is a ski lodge in the winter with each separate building connected to the main building by tunnels. This included the wonderfully clean and tidy garage that had been built into the hillside. This of course meant that there

was no natural light and the garage, large enough for ten cars, was well lit. Unfortunately, the lights were on one of those timer switches you find in hotel passages and remained on for only five minutes before needing to be reset. There you are, under the car and all the lights go out. Pitch black, where the ***** is the light switch. Get the torch out from the glove box, wrong. This is now full of wet wipes, empty sweet papers, connectors for the mobile phone and one of those little bags that all ladies seem to take with them on car journeys. The torch is retrieved from its new stowage, under the passenger seat, (this is still in the dark remember) and is immediately dropped and in accordance with the law of sod, rolls under the car. After much scrabbling about the torch is retrieved but low and behold, you have guessed it, it no longer works. Using the cars main beam, I eventually find the light switch, turn on the light and make a dash for the hotel room where my wife is relaxing after a hard days drive. Dragged to the garage to be the light putter on-er, she is not amused.

Returning to the problem of the fan. Having reconnected the power, it immediately starts up despite the fact that the engine is now cold. Hmmm. Supply OK, fuse OK, wiring OK, must either be the sensor or the relay.

Back under the car again to check and clean the sensor unit. Which is the relay? Needless to say, the handbook is of no help at all. At this point things begin to look up as Malcolm arrives having had a wonderful lunch and a very pleasant drive. He points out the correct relay, I remove it and the fan stops. Bargain. We take the relay from Malcolm's car and try it in mine. The fan works as advertised, but now what? Very simple, old electrician's trick, not that I am an old electrician you understand, bang the relay against the wall, put it back in, connect up and Bob's your uncle. Fixed. Last one in the bar is a sissy. Unfortunately, this is not the end of the story, read on if you dare.



For the next two days, the tour continues without incident and the Italian lakes are really delightful. All the time I have this nagging doubt about the relay and rather like the wise virgin, decide that something must be done. As the relay in

question is a Bosche with a reference number on it, and as we keep passing garages and depots advertising Bosche servicing, I decide that stopping and buying a spare would be a really good idea. To cut a short story long, this is eventually achieved in the wilds of northern Italy. The mechanic “no speaka da English” I no speaka, sorry, don’t speak Italian however, with much gesticulation and showing him the offending relay, he dashes away to his store and comes back with a replacement. Brilliant. He is so delighted to see the car and look under the bonnet he insists on fitting the new relay himself with no charge for the relay or the fitting. Very nice chaps these Italians. I did have one small concern however, the relay reference number was 1 digit away from the number on my relay. I pointed this out but he says “no problemo, thees for 40amp truck, thees (mine) 20 amp”. As I don’t believe a Morgan can generate 40amps, I thought, OK. Off we drove with the new relay fitted and the old one in the glove box with the wet wipes.

After an hour or so of very pleasant driving following Malcolm, we get caught up in traffic and I notice the temperature gauge slowly climbing passed 100C. Then 120C. I flash Malcolm and we stop in a bus bay. He jumps out and asks why I have turned off my headlights which are supposed to be on when driving in Italy? (little road safety tip there) “ But I haven’t” I explain “and I’m overheating with no fan activation”. I didn’t really say those words but the Anglo-Saxon actually used is not printable. After a check around the car I found that I had lost power to:-

- Fan
- Headlights and side light but not rear lights or main beam
- Cigar lighter (sat-nav)
- Clock
- Panel lights.

First thing, check the fuses. Out comes the fuse card, and all the fuses are still intact. Well that isn’t quite true as I managed to crush the first one pulled with my long nosed pliers.” Why don’t I use the fuse puller?” says Malcolm. “What fuse puller?” says I. I am then presented with a yellow plastic fuse puller that works surprisingly well. I didn’t mention it to Malcolm at the time but I vaguely remember seeing one of these things in the door pocket when I first had the car. I thought it was a spare cable holder or something and where it went, I don’t rightly know. Well, how was I supposed to know, we only got the electric last year!

I try Malcolm's relay in my car. The fan still doesn't work. Tricky. A plan is discussed, I depart for the hotel in Como via the motorway where the fan shouldn't be required and Malcolm continues through the hills.

The journey to the hotel is a story in itself that I may relate at a later date, suffice to say we eventually got to the hotel where the work really began but only after several cold beers.

I checked the wiring, the connectors, the battery voltage, the fuses again but all to no avail. I even checked the crash relay. Fortunately, the car was driveable and so we should be able to continue with only a minor modification. After further discussion with Malcolm, I decided to hard wire the fan through a switch in the car. All I now needed was a switch and some suitable cable. As luck would have it we found a small electrical shop on the main square in Como (apparently they have had the electric for ages) and after much "needa da switch and da wireo" got what we required. The fitting went rather smoothly except when I touched something and the circuit tester melted.

As I was putting the tools away, good old Malcolm mentioned the fact that his fuse card had several errors on it. Have you ever experienced that moment when suddenly, out of the darkness, a flaming great light appears and the simple solution to what seems an intractable problem, is right in front of you? But, surely not? I systematically go through all the fuses and the last but one that I try, which should be for the horn, is blown. But the horn still works. Replace the fuse, put the old relay back in the car and all is back to normal. More Anglo-Saxon, unheard in Italy since Michael Caine's gold fell off the back of the bus.



On quickly checking other systems, the fuse card as provided by the factory, bore no resemblance to how the fuse panel was connected up, not even when I reversed the card. I was also very surprised to find all the listed systems above to be on the same fuse. Funnily enough, the panel lights still were not working. This changed however when I remembered to wind up the dimmer switch, oops! As for the new relay, on close inspection of the tiny internal circuit diagram etched on it, there was one very small difference to my original relay which also has a diagram on it. This was that the earth terminal on the new relay was gagged to a second pin in the plug. Almost certainly what had happened was that as the temp sensor tried to activate the fan through the relay, with an incorrect earth, it blew the fan fuse taking with it all the other connected circuits.

The rest of the tour went exceedingly well and I don't think the prosecution case for polluting Lake Como with a Bosche relay will ever come to court.

The rain is still beating against the window but the garage is warm and dry and with a tinnie in each pocket, I am sure I can correct the fuse card long before dinner. Have you ever checked your fuse card? I now carry a spare relay and although tempting fate, I have to say that the old one is still working well.

By the way, there is a rumour in the village that we may get the gas next year.

Newquay Naughtiness

I was very naughty in April! Pat wanted me to post a letter and, as I thought it would be safer (😊) than walking I went to the post box in Jezebel. I couldn't just go there and back as that would not warm the engine, and that would be a very bad thing, so I went round the block. I got so excited and so wrapped up in the joy of driving that I forgot what I was out for and drove straight past the letterbox, so I had to go round and do it again 😊

I've also been suffering from repeated waves of nostalgia. 21 years ago we came down to Cornwall on 30th April for a short holiday and to view some houses, as I was retiring later that year and we were reckoning on moving to Cornwall. To cut a long story short, we saw this house during that break and within no time we had put a deposit down and began a tense 5 months that culminated in us moving here on 20 October 1999. Our vehicles back then comprised a Leyland Metro and a Triumph 900cc Trophy. However, in a strange foreshadowing of what was to come we went up to Carnewas one day during that trip and saw these lovely cars parked up there!



Bob Hayes

I thank our contributors for their input, it makes a pleasant interlude during lockdown. If anyone would like to send their Morgan related anecdotes, they will be gratefully received.

I wish you all the very best during these very trying times, stay positive and look forward to when we can meet up as a Club again.

Paul

TINMOG EVENTS

October 20th to 24th - Autumn Tour to the Welsh borders organised by Paul and Marjorie – the first night will be at The Beaufort Hotel, Raglan, followed by three nights at The Wild Pheasant Hotel, Llangollen. There will be a lunch venue en route to Raglan on the 20th where you may join the Tour, or you may go direct to The Beaufort Hotel. The following day will be a scenic run through the Welsh borders to Llangollen, with hopefully interesting coffee and lunch stops. One of the two days at Llangollen will be an optional run into Wales, the other free to explore the area. Please contact Paul and Marjorie on mapedwards1@gmail.com if you wish to be added to the party. We know the Hotel is still functioning so hopefully the tour will go ahead.

Saturday December 5th – Tinmog Christmas Lunch at the Carlyon Bay Hotel organised by John and Lesley. This is currently under review as the Hotel required a £10 per person to be paid by 1st June. John and Lesley are writing to the Hotel to see if the request for the deposit can be waived until much later in the year due to the uncertain times.

January 2021 Plans are in progress for a celebration to mark 20 years of Tinmog. This will probably be in the form of an Anniversary Run combined with a meal and overnight stay at a venue in Cornwall – more details to follow!