

G96 JWP Travels to the USA

Introduction

by
Neil A Miller

On the 12th of January, 1981, Derek Day, Sales Director for the Morgan Motor Company, approved my order for a new Morgan Plus 4 sports car to be purchased from the factory in Malvern Link, England. It took many years to receive this confirmation because it was not normal procedure for an American to make this request. The vehicle could not be imported immediately into the U. S. Also there was a waiting list to be considered. After being on the waiting list almost 10 years and supplying requested build details along with a £500.00 deposit, the new Morgan was scheduled for production. On the 27th of June, 1990, "G96 JWP" was dispatched from the Morgan Motor Company and on the road.

For 25 years, our new Morgan would travel the motorways and byways of Europe. All the time, waiting for when it could come to the U. S. as a historic vehicle. On the 28th of August, 2015, G96 JWP arrived at Southampton, England, looking forward to the long voyage to a new world. In the following story Morgan Plus 4 G96 JWP reports on its travels across the United States from Georgia to a new home in Arizona.



**Dispatches from my new home
by
G96 JWP**

I have been waiting for 25 years, wondering when my time would come. Well, here I am arriving at Brunswick, Georgia on September 17, 2015.



Marilyn Miller took this nice photo of me. I know Marilyn very well; we've traveled all over Europe together. Although there are still many miles to travel, this fresh exciting place makes me feel at ease.





I came in legally, although I hear there is not much concern for the many humans who arrive undocumented everyday; but that is another story. A friendly couple named Bryan and Johanna Tate gave me a place to stay in Rutledge, Georgia.



I needed a nice dry place so I could relax. The barn was like a castle. Oh, I forgot to mention Neil Miller. He purchased me at my birthplace in 1990. He told me in a short time the move west would begin.



I waited and waited and waited. It seemed like my tires would be permanently attached to the floor. Then one day I heard voices outside and the jingling of keys. My pistons started trembling.



Neil did come back for me and brought a friend to travel with us. His name is Alan Pitcairn, a photographer and car enthusiast. Wow, this will be an exciting trip.



Well, off we go after saying goodbye to my gracious hosts. Down Interstate 20 through Atlanta toward Alabama we fly.



I had heard the weather could be a problem. You know - rain, hail, floods, tornadoes. But the sun was out and it was cool. What more could we ask for? It is Sunday and the traffic is light. Neil is driving and Alan navigating.



One of our first stops is at a strange building called FIREWORKS. It is something my drivers call a pit stop and photo opportunity. There will be many more of these breaks on our drive.



The Southeastern United States is known as the Bible Belt. Well, I learn about religion today. Our stop at Ave Maria Grotto is a lesson about some of the most famous religious structures in the world. Makes me wonder what will be next.



You'll never guess where we stay on our first night - Morgan County, Alabama. How do you like that? I thought this would all be foreign to me. What a nice surprise.



The next day starts out not too pleasant. I guess it is a lesson to keep me from using all my horsepower. I had to spend time with a not so lucky car. They call it being scared straight. It worked!



But the day does improve with a stop in Tupelo, Mississippi. We visit a famous Yank car! At least that's what I am told. Some guy named Elvis moved to Memphis, Tennessee in this special 1939 Plymouth.





We travel on through Tennessee to Arkansas. It is late and as dusk falls into darkness we find our place to stay for the night. It is a small home on a farm.





*Friendly people and a wave
send us on our way in the
morning. We proceed on past
small towns with big tractors
towards Springfield, Missouri.*





We have this cute little Victorian place to stay this evening.

The next day includes a surprise visit to Global Expedition Vehicles. They say their vehicles have traveled to the ends of the earth and back. You know, their tires are as tall as me ... a good friend to have in a pinch.





We attract all kinds of attention. All ages from a young boy to a Sheriff deputy come over to visit.



A stop at the Blue Whale in Catoosa, Oklahoma is a good spot for my drivers to have their picture taken.



One morning I find a bonnet (hood) ornament on me ... a very friendly one that likes to sleep on my soft top.





We are staying at a farm owned by a very interesting lady with a good sense of humor. You can see what unusual things she grows.



Oklahoma has some interesting buildings. Some are for storage. Some are for safety. And some are being restored because of their historic value.



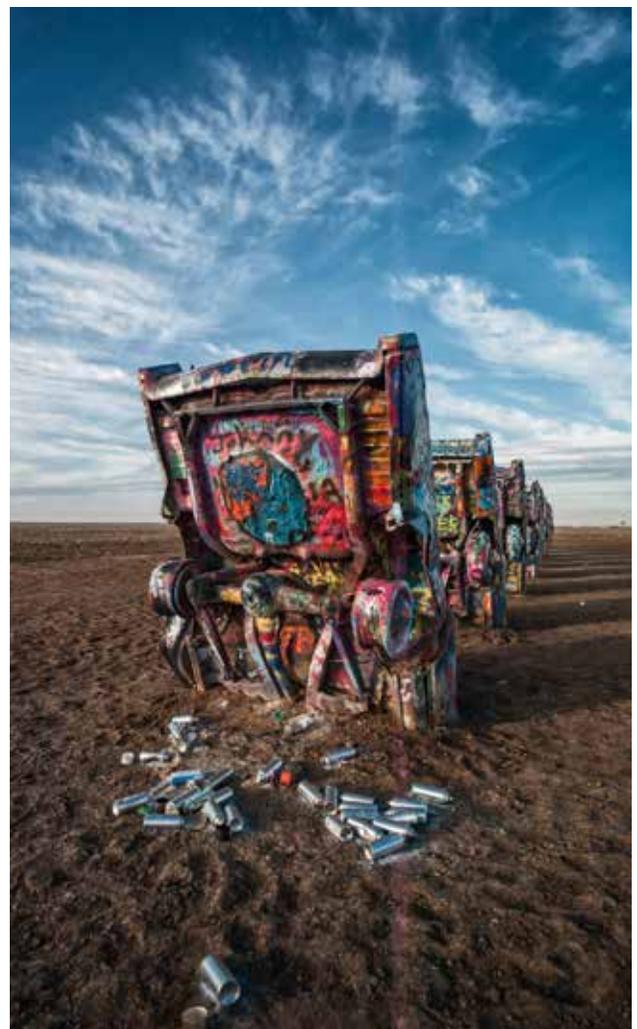
This old Phillips 66 petrol (gas) Station in Chandler, Oklahoma is beginning to look pretty spiffy.



Although there still is work that needs to be finished.



We continue on toward Texas. Our first stop is at a place with a family of vintage Cadillacs. They live on a big ranch. For some reason their paint jobs are a little overdone and something about the way they are stored seems strange.



For the first time in our travels, it starts to get cold when leaving Amarillo, Texas. Rain first; then overnight in Tucumcari, New Mexico snow comes down. Burrrrr! It is cold.



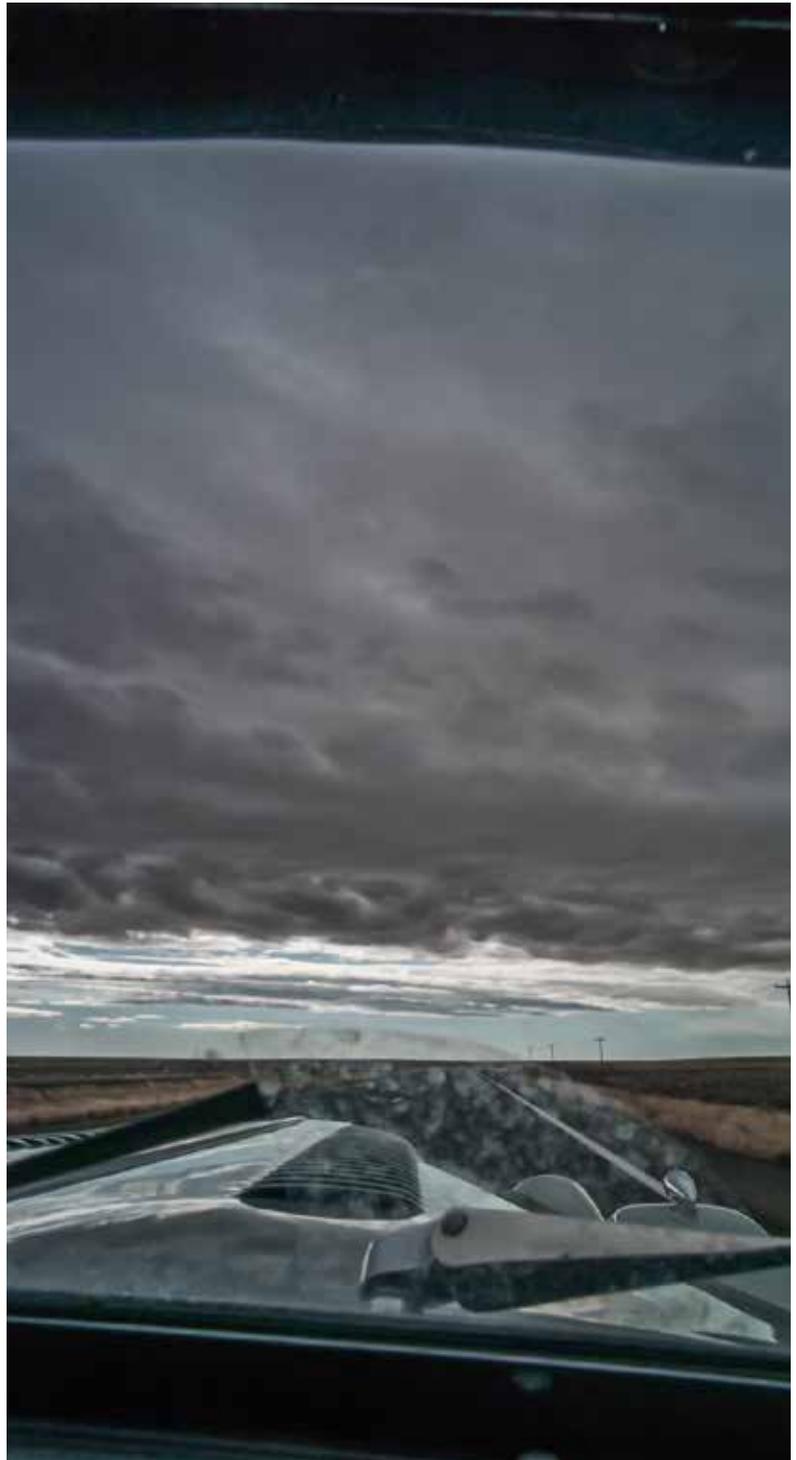
We try to help this lady in a caravan (travel trailer) on the side of the road. But all she does is stare at us. Seems very cute!



So we head south from here in hopes we will leave the snow behind.



As the sky clears, we escape the nasty weather; our concerns are eased. I hear storms in this area can be quite dangerous in the winter.



That evening we end up in a really strange place.



It is called Roswell, New Mexico. All kinds of funny, weird figures are in the stores and windows.



It is so creepy that we find some abandoned buildings to hang out near. What a strange day!



The next day is bright and sunny. We journey on past some old Indian artifacts. Or maybe artifacts left by someone who appreciates Indians.





There are signs that make you wonder what is up ahead. And people who do not seem to want to talk much.



But the fun stop is White Sands National Monument. There is white sand all over. What a COOL place. I also learn that the location of the first atomic bomb test is just 60 miles north. spooky!



We remain here until after sunset.



This evening we stay in an adobe home in the barrio of Los Cruces, New Mexico. I understand the Mexican food is wonderful.



With the morning sunrise, I hear we will be arriving at my new home this evening. This exciting trip will come to an end, but the memories will not be forgotten.



We cross into Arizona on December 15, 2015. Alan is so happy when we arrive.... something about his bum hurting. He is quite a good sport..

I bet he would do the trip again, maybe with my hood down.



I have traveled with many of the Morgan clan over the years in Europe, and it turns out I also have family interested in long drives here in my new home.



I expect to travel these new American roads for many years to come.



***The End** ...no, really a new beginning.*