

# THE MORGANNEER

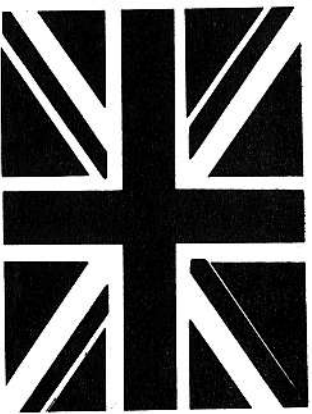


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3/4

**1980-4**  
**THE**  
**MORGAN GROUP, LTD**  
**SEPTEMBER, 1980**

John C. Buſyk  
President  
The 3/4 Morgan Group, Ltd.  
West Winds Lake House  
Purdys, New York 10578

# FIRST CLASS



**ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED**

HARRY J. CARTER

Died 8/20/80

Husband of Mickey Carter and father of Claire, Natalie & Will Carter; Technical Director of Chase Manhattan Bank; President Emeritus of the 3/4 Morgan Group, Ltd. and Editor of The Morganeer; Enthusiastic supporter of the Morgan marque; much loved friend of many and good comrade to all.

## THE MASTER MORGANEER

"Say goodbye to the king of the cowboys  
first and last of a dying' breed..."

As you can see from the short, perfunctory message on the preceding page, Harry has gone to the Promised Land. No one knows for sure, but one must assume that he went there in the same way he went everywhere else: FLAT-OUT!! My guess is that he missed the toll booth because he was too busy lookin' for a good place to eat, and gassed the good St. Pete with the exhaust fumes. My further guess is that he set up no fewer than six layover stops with various Morgan Clubs between HERE and THERE, sent 23 picture postcards, and is currently sweet-talkin' some arch-angel into writing an article on the trip (which he has gladly promised to edit!!)

But that trip was a solo effort of Harry's and until we get the article, we won't know for sure how it went. Meanwhile, there's a bunch of us back HERE who are feelin' confused, hurt, and pillaged by the loss. In the several hundred-thousand year history of the specie, mankind has adapted slowly but well to the death of his fellow. We no longer commit ritual suicide or lock ourselves in the tomb and attempt to go with him on the RIDE. We now try to pick up the scraps, make what best sense we can of them, maybe learn a few things, and move onward.

When we do move onward, it is with a sense of emptiness and a sense of frustration. The emptiness stems from Harry's absence. He carved himself a niche in our lives from whence he touched us frequently. We ate this up and started to touch back and so now feel the frustration of having no place to vent these feelings.

As a consequence, we all feel like we have a lot to say about Harry. But Harry spent his whole life sayin' it: can we really capture it in a paragraph or two? Nevertheless, we feel, that we're like to bust if we don't at least try to let it out. Since his death, I've heard more Harry-stories that I can remember: each storyteller capturing another in an almost infinite series of facets of the man. I've included a couple here, just for you. They're part of the very important business of being HUMAN.

Some few of us are fortunate to meet a man so full of life and good will that we rarely appreciate it fully until it is too late. Those of us involved with Morgans knew such a man in Harry Carter. He possessed the gift, rare in all the world, of making each of us whom he met feel as though we were his best and closest friend. He went out of his way for each and every one of us in any manner he could and asked, in return, nothing.

In his brief association with us (though who can really recall not knowing Harry?) he built up the 3/4 Club to a point that we should all be proud of.

To us now it seems that his departure is of the utmost injustice. Be that as it may, it will be impossible for we who knew and loved him to ever forget such a unique, wonderful, loving man.

Jim Nichol

When people die, we are tempted to describe them as LARGER-THAN-LIFE legendary heroes: we exaggerate their good qualities and ignore their bad ones. In Harry's case, it seems as though the TRUTH of his existence provided us with enough good material that we don't have to distort it much. I searched through the preceding piece by Jim Nichol looking for as much as a FIB and couldn't find one.

Mark Twain once observed that the potential for exaggeration differed from person to person. For instance: a fisherman with long arms could be a bigger fibber than a fisherman with short arms. With respect to Harry, Natalie Carter is our "long armed" fisherman. Nevertheless, being a lady of not insubstantial Grace and Style, Natalie resists very well the temptation to glorify Harry and tells it like she sees it.

August 20, 1980. Harry J. Carter died. He was asleep in bed when a shock went through him. He died of a cardiac arrest. He was 38 years but did almost as much as a man can accomplish in a lifetime. I loved him and always will. The funeral was Sunday the 24th. (Thank you to those who came).

Daddy said he wanted two things

1. He wanted me & him to drive to California. I guess I'll do that with one of my kids.
2. He always wanted a red flat-rad drop head coupe. Hopefully one day I'll fulfill that dream too. He was a wonderful man.

Natalie Carter

Most of us in the club, knew Harry on a very empirical level. He'd show up, throw some gasoline on smoldering fires of our enthusiasm, share some dissappointments, make us feel great, coax us into doing something we never expected, and then blast-off on another adventure.

### Random Thoughts

By Wes Fredericks

Harry's death was an enormous shock. I had known him for only a year and a half, but I admired Harry greatly. He rekindled my dormant Morgan spirit and convinced me to stand for election as an officer of the 3/4 Group.

It was fun serving with Harry. He was a continuing source of enthusiasm and good ideas as well as wild ideas and nutty projects. Although I kidded him unmercifully about his Quixotic tilt at the 1982 Peking to Paris race, deep inside I believed he would pull it off (few people know that Peter Morgan offered the services of the Works to prepare a car for Harry to run in the race).

I relished our frequent two-man "executive committee" lunches amidst the canyons of Wall Street. Harry always had two surprises -- a bit of Morgan lore and a new exotic restaurant -- Japanese, Pakistani, Bengali. . . . I never knew downtown Manhattan had so many restaurants.

Most of all I will miss the fellow who never was too busy to help and encourage another Morgan owner. He and I spent Saturday mornings in East Rutherford, New Jersey looking at an ever-changing pile of parts that was my Morgan in restoration. He kidded me unmercifully about how long it was taking to finish the job -- and about the hot-dog stand over the Passaic River I dragged him to for lunch.





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OUR REF

YOUR REF

PHGM:hw

26 August 1980

Mr John C Bulyk  
West Winds Lake House  
Purdys  
N. Y. 10578  
U S A

Dear Mr Bulyk:

I was very upset to receive the cable from E P Baughan,  
N. Y. concerning the news about Harry Carter.

He was such a very enthusiastic supporter of the Morgan, and  
also I like to think, a good friend of mine even though we  
only met on a few occasions.

I have written to Mrs. Carter expressing my deepest sympathy  
to her, her family and particularly Natalie, who I also met  
up with in the past.

I know this will be a great loss to all of you in the 3/4 Morgan  
Club, and equally all Morgan owners in the world.

Yours sincerely,

PETER H G MORGAN

Woodfidley Cottage  
Brockenhurst  
Hampshire  
SO4 7QL England  
telephone 059022091



Ken Hill  
Four-Wheeled Morgan Historian  
and Author

1st September 1980

Dear John,

It was with deep regret that I learnt today of the tragic death of Harry Carter.

As you know I had been writing to him for several years but it was only at Luray  
this year that my wife and I had the privilege of meeting him for the first time.  
We were both impressed by his warmth, good humor, sincerity and his dedication to  
the 3/4 Morgan Group and the Marque.

Words are inadequate to truly express our feelings when we received the sad news.  
Both Janet and I feel that we have lost a true friend.

We salute the passing of a TRUE MORGANEER.

Yours sincerely

Ken & Janet Hill

Ken & Janet Hill

Honorary Members of the Morgan 3/4 Group Ltd.

John C. Bulyk, Esq.,  
President of the  
Morgan 3/4 Group Ltd,  
West Winds Lake House,  
Purdys,  
New York, 10578  
U.S.A.

So the question remains, now that Harra Cawta has walked out of our lives, what do we do? Lord knows, Harry gave us all enough to learn from: We can start there. Each in our own way can do some little thing to keep the SPIRIT alive. However as Harry was instrumental in bringing those of us in the club closer together, it seems fittin' that we make some collective effort: so here goes.

COLLECTIVE EFFORT #1: In an attempt to reach outside the provincial bounds of the 3/4 Morgan Group, we'd like to pass-the-hat and use the proceeds to help fund a project of Christ Church (Summit, NJ) with which Harry was heavily involved. We trust Harry's judgment enough to know that no matter to which of Harry's projects the Church chooses to apply the funds, some REAL good will come out of it. (Harry held no truck with nonsense!) So take out your checkbook and send something to Stephanie for Harry's cause. We have 150 memberships now which implies some 400 + people. If every person sent in just \$5.00, we could really give a Harry J. Carter project a shot in the arm. Stephie will organize the contributions and send them to the Church with some explanation from "All of Harry's Morgan Friends". Do it now.

COLLECTIVE EFFORT #2: The following is excerpted from The Morganeer 1980-2, my opening letter. (If Harry even remotely suspected that his death would give me license to quote myself, he would have stayed around, in the interests of good taste, just to prevent it.)

"Serious Stuff first, there are always a few people around who consistently capture the SPIRIT of Morgans, of Club Motoring, and of the Brother and Sisterhood which lies therein. I don't have to tell you about that SPIRIT: when you see it, it is unmistakable, and it will never fail to put a smile on your face and warmth in your heart. The SPIRIT of the Master Morganeer, much like the wind, cannot be faked. Although it can be learned, it cannot be worn as a badge. It is as difficult to describe as it is simple and obvious. Therefore, I state: when you see it, you know it!

I can give you some clues, but for each characteristic I give you, I know you can give me ten more. It is the Person whose face you remember smiling at many meets; the one who always remembers your name; the one who drove top-down to a winter event; the one whose tweed cap or leather flying helmet you can still see in your rear view mirror; the one whose name appears in the Morganeer; the one you know you can call at midnight for help; the one who'll show up with just the right part; the one whose underwear must be emblazoned with the MORGAN crest; the one you saw helping out at a recent meet.



If you're still reading, you're getting the picture ... this person is a little of each of us. However, when one person can consistently embody this spirit of the wind, they deserve the recognition of their Club: they keep it alive and they keep Morgans on the road. To this end, the 3/4 Morgan Group, LTD. will present its first ESPRIT DE VENT award during the ceremonies at the Second Annual Autumn Mog. The recipient will be selected by the executive board of the Club. The board will accept nominations from any clubmember and Club officers (elected and appointed) will be excluded."

Harry originally invented the idea of a "Most Valuable Player" award in 3/4 Morgan Group, he & I developed it and named it. If you think about it, the above excerpt describes Harry to a "T". Even Harry, who was a reasonably modest man, realized it. He once, over lunch, remarked to Wes & myself that, "Damn it all, I want that award." Although we agreed that he fit better than anyone, he was an appointed club officer, and, by his own rules, he couldn't have it. Soooooooo .... we are renaming it "The Harry J. Carter Memorial Esprit de Vent Award" in hopes that Harry's spirit can be kept alive in the club. The trophy itself is a beauty, hand carved by Reg Beer of Toronto. It will float to each year's successive winner, and carry an inscription of the names of all previous winners. We hope that this will be an honor you will all covet, and that, although Harry's shoes be difficult to fill, you will strive to emulate this Master Morganeer.

In further answer to "What now?", I am struck by the fragility of human existence. Given the brute strength of Harry's personality together with his boundless energy, one would have assumed that Death was no match for him; that Death would have either stepped aside gracefully or wound up face down in the mud with Harry's footprints on his back. Such was not the case. So no matter what your personal response to the question is, I can only urge you to DO IT NOW.

If you are struck only with the emptiness and frustration of Harry's passing, I leave you with this story:

There was once a crapshooter who, for seven nights running, lost heavily at the same table. Finally, the croupier asks, "If you keep losing, why do you keep playing?" The crapshooter replies, "Because it's the only game in town."

May the FORCE ride with you.

*Spider*

John C. Bulyk  
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