

OF THE MINOR



Charlie Ware... keeping them on the road

Charlie's darlings live again

MR CHARLES WARE would like everyone to know that he does not want to be a millionaire again. So will you all stop encouraging him. Minor men do not take kindly to being millionaires.

Charlie used to be a millionaire in the property business in the Sixties, when it was very fashionable.

Then it became fashionable to be a bankrupt and Mr Ware did that for a bit, to the tune of £200,000. The Sunday papers wrote about The Rise and Fall of Champagne Charlie and Mr Ware took it very well, all things considered.

Class

After his crash, he borrowed £200 and sloped off to a car auction to see about earning a living. That was how he discovered Morris Minors.

He says: "I noticed that whenever I got one it always sold very quickly, and I realised that I had tapped a very English thing."

"Love of Morris Minors goes right through the class structure. People give their names and furnish them, like little houses on wheels."

"And Minor drivers are very nice people to deal with, very friendly and honest."

The result of all this is that Mr Ware, 45, his touped hair tinged with grey, now runs the Morris Minor Centre in Bath.

Scrap

Letters addressed to "Morris Minor Man, England," reach him there under the railway arches.

He plans to open a centre in London and other major — or minor — cities.

He has already built one car that was 98 per cent new, and he intends to go into production building new Minors.

He says: "I've had whole families crying on the pavement for a car that can't be saved."

"And one woman in Glasgow made her husband drive an old wreck of a Minor all the way down here for scrap, just so bits of it would continue in other cars."

"I reckon there are about 300,000 Minors left and I like to think I'm helping to keep them on the road."

"Why? Oh, that's easy. Because they work."

... the model every Englishman is in love with.

PICTURE BY ROGER CRUMP

his new job is not clear. He used to be a car salesman. Now he works full-time on renovating Morris Minors. For a change.

● **BETSY**, a 14-year-old olive-green Minor which is very pretty and completely reliable, belongs to Dee Goss, an 18-year-old receptionist in London's Victoria, who is also very pretty, and nearly as reliable.

Trendy

It used to belong to her grandfather. Now, having gone once round the clock and with another 97,000 miles already on it, Betsy is enjoying a new lease of life down among the young, the beautiful and the trendy.

● **LAWRENCE** Presland, 21, who lives in Hornchurch, Essex, and works, if you will excuse the expression, at Ford's, was given a broken-down old

MM van by a friend of his dad's. Now its name is emblazoned across the door: Gold Minor.

It is painted gold, converted into a fashionable pick-up, has customised wide wheels, the upholstery is antique-style deep-button velvet, and the chrome exhaust pipe runs up the back of the cab like a silver chimney.

"The girls," he says, "think it's great."

● **DAVE** Plant, an accountant in Poynton, Cheshire, started the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Morris Minors — strictly for a joke.

Hundreds of people joined.

Cherish

He even worked out a sort of wedding service for people who wanted to make an honest motor out of their Minors.

It goes: "I do solemnly swear to keep, love and cherish thee, as long as we both shall live, to polish, pamper and maintain to a standard becoming and deserving of a car of such quality, character and charm."

They have not worked out a wording for a divorce yet. They will probably never need to.

Who in their right mind would want to leave a Morris Minor?

WIN

A MINOR OF YOUR OWN

★ YOU, too, can own a lovingly-recreated Morris Minor. The roar-away Sun is giving away absolutely FREE one of Charles Ware's hand-built motor-ing marvels.

★ The four-door clipper-blue 1970 saloon has been rebuilt with many new parts at Mr Ware's Bath garage. It is worth £3,500. But you can't put a price on the Minor's magic.

★ To be in with a chance of winning this super prize, just tell us, in no more than 25 words, the funniest thing that ever happened while you were out driving. Send your entry—on a postcard, please—to MINOR, The Sun, 30 Boulevard Street, London EC4Y 8DE. Closing date: May 7, 1981.

ROAD

all enthusiasts must take their rings or watches off before touching the paintwork.

And his wife Elsie has to wear special soft shoes before climbing into the passenger seat.

Mr Brett reckons his car is worth £8,000.