



MINOR MESSAGE no. 14

Morrises and Me - Part Three

by Steve Chater

I passed my driving test luckily first time in 1965, partly I am sure due to my illegal activities at the age of 13! By this time I was working for Waitrose and it became clear that I might have to travel a bit further afield than the 3 miles each way to work than I had been for the last 4 years. I decided that my Morris Minor with only 30bhp on tap might be a bit of a trial. I sold it to my Branch Manager for £100 and he gave it to his wife.

We are now at the point where I purchased the Morris 1000 that many of you reading this will be familiar with. Enter a Rose Taupe 2-door saloon, KPF 872C, 18 months old with 15000 miles on the clock. The previous owners were the East Surrey Water Company. It was an Area Manager's company car; they clearly did not consider comfort as no heater was fitted. It cost £435 plus £7-10s for a heater, and as I only had £235 I had to get a bank loan for the other £200.

At this time I was courting a young lady called Sue. Although I felt I had my priorities correct in thinking I needed a better / newer car to enable me to travel to other Waitrose branches, and hopefully help my chances of promotion, Sue had other ideas like getting married! At 19 years of age I did not feel the time was right and although I cared very much for Sue (oh alright I loved her to bits!) I was unable to convince her that this was the right decision and that marriage could wait a little while. Sue decided to break my heart and kick me into touch.

My new Morris was not at all bothered by the emotional trauma it had caused and faithfully has provided me with approximately 230,000 miles since.

As a postscript, 6 months after Sue deciding she did not love me enough to hang around, I met Georgie, and 53 years later we and KPF 872C are still together.

I wonder what Sue would think if she knew I still owned the car responsible for our break-up?

Sue, where are you now?



My 2-door outside the family home in Brockham, Surrey, pictured from our house, in 1968. The Austin A40 Mk 1 belonged to Jim over the road, and honestly there is room for a car to pass between the two!