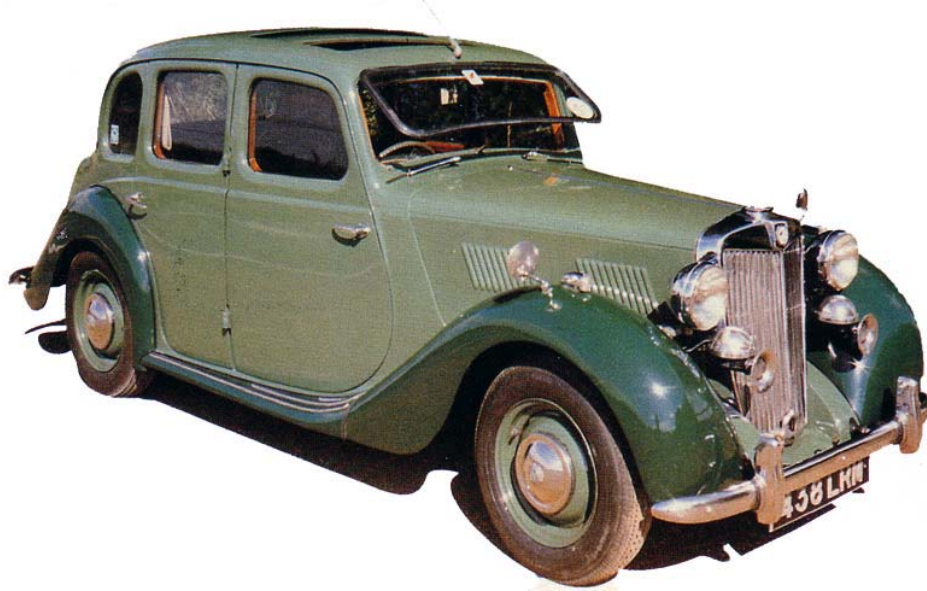


Readers Restorations - 1952 MG YB



AS I APPROACHED my half century on this oft harsh planet, my bones suggested that getting in and out of a 1966 MG Midget was more suited to young whipper-snappers. Yes, time had come for me to grow up and get a more, shall we say, responsible car. Admittedly, I did have a Farina-type Magnette in the garage, but I felt such an old crock that even that was a tad too modern for my liking.

Yes, I was more suited to a ZB Magnette. Or so I thought until I stumbled, almost by accident, upon a wonderful old YB of almost the same vintage as myself.

Now let's get one thing straight – this is not a full restoration we're talking about. Gosh no. I did all that malarkey in my younger days. My Y-type was just a reasonably tidy old girl in need of some tender loving care. She'd been neglected since her previous master passed

on in 1993. He'd mollycoddled her from the day she was born, and when she wasn't in the finest of fettle he paid for her to have complete cosmetic surgery. That was in the early Eighties and, a few wrinkles aside, she still looked rather fetching, if a little unclean.

I had a good nose round and agreed a price with the master's elderly widow. The car had done less than 90 miles since her last MoT. The car that is – I'm sure you understand. However, not everything was rosy. Her suspension needed rebuilding, she had corrosion in her rear spring hangers, and I've never come across a graceful old lady with such noisy tappets before! Not only that but she had bald tyres, squeaky front dampers and a very dodgy water hose. I ordered new bushes and set about curing her suspension troubles. Most components were in better

condition than I thought and the spring hangers were easy to weld. The front damper bolts were seized into their bushes and had to be amputated with a hacksaw. A new set of bushes and a good oiling got rid of the squeak. I also rewired the semaphore indicators – one of her cutest features.

I fitted a new timing chain and reground her rockers, which cured those noisy tappets. I also rebuilt her gearbox as I found selection was more than a little sloppy at times.

But not as sloppy as the steering wheel, which I only realised was loose after a jolly hairy moment indeed. After tightening this up, I took the YB for an MoT which she passed first time. All that remained was to give her a good waxing before showing her off to all my friends. A marvellous experience.



The gearbox was one of YB's few components that needed comprehensive work. Sloppy gear change was cured though.



Rear spring hangers were corroded and needed rebuilding

Neil Cairns, Leighton Buzzard

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