

YA/YB MG ENTHUSIASM

Sir,

I was both surprised and gratified to read Mr. Michael Green's letter (*MOTOR SPORT*, June) regarding that fine little car, the MG YA and YB. Having just purchased an almost totally original example, complete with University Motors' dealer transfer and MG registration, for the princely sum of £12, I was on the point of raising the car's banner myself when the June *MOTOR SPORT* came to hand. I must agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Green in his commendation of this model, which seems to be very much the "dark horse" of post-war MG cars: the vehicle which succeeded it—which was really a Wolsley and should have stayed that way—being the ZA Magnette, achieved a far wider recognition.

Exactly why this should have occurred I cannot fathom. Above all else, the car has character—MG character, which is apparent in everything from the light switches to the dipstick! It also has considerable powers of longevity, for I was astounded to discover that my example has rear wings and valance which are quite rust-free, and absolutely solid door bottoms on three out of the four doors. The interior woodwork, though in need of a revarnish, is perfectly sound, and the cream hide seats are intact but filthy. The front buckets are a lesson to any seat producer, offering almost perfect lateral support in great comfort. I need not, of course, dwell on the perfect state of the radiator chrome, sunshine roof and Jackall system. . .

I think the charm of the car stems basically from the fact that here one has what is undoubtedly a vintage specification in a car which is only about 20 years old, having been produced at a time when nearly every other manufacturer was attempting to reduce the technological lag of Britain behind the USA imposed by the Second World War. Apparently the only concessions Abingdon considered necessary to the march of progress were independent front suspension and pressed-steel bumpers, which latter would have been better left as sprung-steel strips anyway, since the "modern" bumpers look rather incongruous against an unabashedly pre-war body style. However, pre-war standards of plating were certainly retained throughout; I could find no fault, or corrosion, which marred the chromework anywhere on the body. The radiator was perfect: no loose slats, nothing bent or rusty,

the octagonal filler cap and MG badge intact (amazing how many filler caps seem to have disappeared from *real* MG radiators!) cliché or not, they *don't* make them like that any more.

I am at present preparing to give UMG 366 a complete engine overhaul, after which a respray is in line, but I cannot grumble at the fact that an expected total outlay in the region of £40 will give me a mechanically- and bodily-sound carriage of distinction, in better general order than yer actual five-year-old Ford Cortina or 1100 (what rear sub-frame?). I shall also be the proud owner of one of the last real MG saloons, which at the present rate of deterioration should last until about AD 3000! Minis may commit hari-kari on my (unblemished) overriders, while their cramped owners visit orthopaedic surgeons for treatment of spinal trouble, kidney malfunction and other dire complaints; the rest of the crossflow cowboys can admire my wheel-hub emblems from their side windows, and I can use the occasionally-passing Beach Buggy for emptying the ashtrays. What more can I ask? This is a car you won't spend hours looking for in car parks: the crowd of breathless admirers will identify it miles away. I look forward to many pleasant miles in a style of travel almost extinct today. Long may the MG Y-types perpetuate it for the fortunate few!

Horsham.

TIMOTHY J. GRIGGS (age 17).