

## THE CLASSIC 'Y'

The Magazine of the M.G. Y-Type Register.  
Volume 7. No.61.

February 1984.

### EDITORIAL:

At one of our local meetings at the Greyhound a couple of months before Christmas it was suggested that we organise a Christmas meal for local members and their wives/girlfriends. We chose Wednesday December 14th as the day and all who attended enjoyed the occasion very much and had a superb meal (the Haydock Grill at the Greyhound is a carvery so this suited your editor very much - unlimited food !). Such was the success of this first experimental venture that we thought that next Christmas we would advertise the occasion in this magazine and give you all a chance ! The food and the company were superb (that includes all you Morris Oxford owners who attended !).

Now I wish to make mention of two important events coming up this year. The M.G. Regency Run will take place between London and Brighton on Sunday 20th May and the event will be started by Mrs. Jean Cook (Cecil Kimber's daughter). 'Y' Types are eligible to enter and entry fees of £2 per car should be sent with an s.a.e. to [redacted], [redacted]. Your cheques should be made payable to 'M.G. Regency Run Account'.

Next, the Motoring Milestones Pageant is to be promoted by Marshall (Cambridge) Ltd to celebrate their 75 years' involvement in motoring. The show will be held at the East of England Showground, Peterborough on 29th and 30th September and its most exciting feature will be, hopefully, the exhibition of at least one car of every type produced by every marque which has gone on to become part of British Leyland. Do you wish to enter your car ? Entries do not have to be concours. I have entry forms if anyone wants one.

Again we are privileged by kind permission of 'The Autocar' to be able to feature this month another of Michael Brown's evocative articles on 'Y' motoring. Ah Nostalgia !

And now....

6.40 Harty. Russell Harty's guests are Arturo Brachetti, star of the West End musical "Y", pop star Marilyn and Griff Rhys-Jones and Mel Smith, who yesterday started their new BBC-2 comedy series.

Credit: "Liverpool Echo".

7th February 1984.

REGISTER NEWS:Recent Discoveries:

Chassis No.	Year.	Type.	Engine No.	Reg'n No.	Owner's Name.
Y 5288	1950.	YA.	XPAG/SC/15071	-	J.G.Morton.
Y 7193	1951.	YA.	XPAG/SC2/17059	PPJ 945	D.Washbourne.
YB 1060	1953.	YB.	XPAG/SC2/17942	LBV 840	D.Washbourne.

Total cars on the Register as at 20th January 1984: 993.

Made up as follows: YA: 513 YB: 233 YT: 171 YRC: 3 Composites/Specials: 6  
Unknown (mainly saloons): 67.

New Owners:

599.	B.Kinghorn,	[REDACTED], N.S.W., [REDACTED], Australia.
600.	M.Isley,	[REDACTED]
602.	D.Gordon,	[REDACTED], Tyne & Wear, [REDACTED]
603.	R.A.Burr,	[REDACTED], Scotland, [REDACTED]
604.	T.Quaintance,	[REDACTED], California, [REDACTED], USA.
606.	M.H.Fry,	[REDACTED], Hants.
608.	T.Coleman,	[REDACTED], Victoria, [REDACTED], Ausl.
609.	V.P.Fuller,	[REDACTED], Surrey, [REDACTED]
610.	D.J.Williams,	[REDACTED], Kent, [REDACTED]
614.	C.Lang,	[REDACTED], Nottingham, [REDACTED]
615.	B.J.Huckstepp,	[REDACTED], Kent, [REDACTED]
616.	J.S.Barnes,	[REDACTED], Tyne & Wear, [REDACTED]
617.	M.Hingley,	[REDACTED], W.Midlands.
621.	R.Kerfoot-Owens,	[REDACTED], Clwyd, [REDACTED]
622.	P.Acfield,	[REDACTED], Victoria, [REDACTED], Australia.
627.	N.C.W.Pratten,	[REDACTED], South Wirral, [REDACTED]
628.	J.G.Morton,	[REDACTED], Tyne & Wear, [REDACTED]
629.	G.C.Figg,	[REDACTED], Essex.
630.	D.F.Hill,	[REDACTED], Isle of Man.

Address Changes:

494.	M.J.Adams,	[REDACTED], Oxfordshire.
498.	R.A.Neill,	[REDACTED], Bucks.
139.	Flt.Lt.M.J.Rushmere,	[REDACTED], N.Yorks.
122.	N.Grose,	[REDACTED], Victoria, Australia.
473.	Maj.L.M.Howard, USMC.,	[REDACTED], Arizona, USA.
431.	J.S.R.Bridges,	[REDACTED], E.Sussex, [REDACTED]
264.	G.O.Wallis,	[REDACTED]

CARS FOR SALE:

725. YB 0414. 1952 YB. XPAG/TD2/B55127 B.R.G. with beige interior.  
'UHK 111'.

This is the car which was prepared for and raced by Dick Jacobs. It won the BRDC under 1500cc class at Silverstone three years running (1952, '53 and '54). It is in good order with many new parts. All the underside has been treated against rust and painted. Waxoyl has been sprayed into all box sections including the doors. The interior is in reasonable order with some tidying required on the sides of the front seats. The headlining is in good order and new carpets have been fitted. The body is finished in Austin-Morris-M.G. British Racing Green and was professionally resprayed in 1978. It will be MOT'd



in the near future. Offers around £1,500 to: Mr. J.S.R. Bridges, E.Sussex, [REDACTED]

389. Y1505. 1948 YA. XPAG/SC/11237 'MG 7437'.  
Now approaching the end of a rebuild which has included engine, brakes, most parts rechromed, rewiring, doors and wings lead filled where required. New clutch and suspension rebuild. Engine is running and all work done except doors, wings, running boards and boot lid to be fitted and car to be resprayed. Offers around £1,000 to: Mr. G.O. [REDACTED]

992. 1953 YB. Green. 'Taxed and MOT'd. Very good condition. Offers over £2,500 considered. Tel: [REDACTED] (Suffolk)'.

#### PARTS FOR SALE:

Radiator grille and motif. £25 ono. Tel: [REDACTED]

XPAG/SC engine complete with all externals except manifolds and carbs. Fully restored. Offers/sae for full specification to: [REDACTED]. Tel: [REDACTED]

Front seat ashtray replacement; A batch has been produced by the use of modern resins, being made singly by hand. A resin knob which has been plated is also supplied. The knob will require fixing to the ashtray. It should be noted that the holder that takes the ashtray cannot be supplied. The high cost of the original mould and the time taken to produce each item reflects the cost involved. The price of £13 each includes packaging and postage and insurance to any destination. Contact: Mr. C.R. Gridland, [REDACTED]

Engine XPAG/SC/14674 and gearbox. The engine is dismantled, the bore is almost unworn and has acquired a film of rust through standing. Appears to be standard bore or +.020. The crankshaft has just been reground and comes with a bill for the regrind. The engine requires a new camshaft and camshaft bearings as the old ones appear worn. One piston/con-rod assembly is missing and there is no sump. Comes complete with cylinder head and rocker gear. The gearbox is complete and seems in reasonable condition. Price £100 for engine and gearbox. Contact: Mr. D. Mullen, [REDACTED]. Other spares for sale:

Petrol filler pipe and chrome cap (clip broken)	£1
Distributor (worn)	£1
YA Wheels (x5) (with tubes and worn tyres)	£1.50 each.
Windscreen.	£5
Rear side windows (x2)	£2.50 each.
Speedometer (no clock)	£1
Ammeter/Fuel gauge/Oil gauge	£1
Windscreen wiper motor	£1
Dynamo	£1
Various interior & exterior door handles	50p each.
Battery box lid	£3
Steering wheel	£1
Choke cables (x2)	£1 each.
RF95 Control box (no outer cover)	£1
Trafficator Ring switch (seized but possibly repairable)	£1

Postage and packing is extra on all the above spares.

MEMBERS' TIPS etc.

- Mr. & Mrs. S.J. Keys: Would like to know the towing capacity of a 'Y'. If you can help, please write to: [REDACTED], [REDACTED].
- Vince Fuller: Recommended: The South London Radiator Co. Ltd., rear of: 10-14 Bromley Road, Beckenham, Kent. Tel: 01-650-8986 & 01-658-5954. A supplier of radiator cores, the original size and three rows. Send them your old one and they braze/solder the existing and original bits onto the new core, the copper top 'tank' and base etc. The core could be sprayed black if required. All this for approx £60 or thereabouts. If ordered they take about three weeks from receipt of the old radiator. They do an excellent job. The radiators are not re-cons, they are made up especially to order.
- David Mullen: YA: Clutch 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ " diameter Shaft: 5/8" diameter.  
YB: Clutch 8" diameter. Shaft:  $\frac{3}{4}$ " diameter.  
  
YA: Flywheel ring gear: 93 teeth Starter pinion: 11.  
YB: Flywheel ring gear: 120 teeth Starter pinion: 9.
- Alex Taylor: Steering column slip ring repairs: Old contact break points, filed off, can be soldered on the brass wipers inside the steering column and this seems to work fine.

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PSALM YB647.

From the book of restorations - By the prophet David.

My car filleth up with petrol  
But it runneth not  
Neither doth it start  
Thy electrics with WD40 I have treated  
And gifts of plugs and points have I given thee  
I have lifted up mine eyes to the sump  
Whenceforth comes all thy power  
And my cheeks with oil thou has annointed  
My carburettor floodeth over  
And thou has washed my feet with petrol  
How mighty is thy starting handle!  
For my battery hath been brought back from the dead  
And my engine doth run again  
Verily I shall put no other make before thee  
Yea though I giveth up my gold and silver  
Yet shall I put my trust in M.G.

David Mullen.



The following letters were unearthed by David Mullen from the correspondence columns of 'The Autocar'. I am indebted to Mr. Hutton of 'The Autocar' for permission to reproduce these here. The letters are from the following issues of that magazine: 62879 - 1/9/50; 63661 - 28/9/51; 63827 - 7/12/51; 64618 - 26/12/52.

### "GREEN-MANTLED"

Further Tribute to the "1½"

[62879.]—As an extremely satisfied owner of a 1½-litre M.G. saloon since last November I read, with interest, the article by Michael Brown (August 1). May I say how much I agree with all he said? But I should like to record one or two further points of appreciation of this grand little car.

Since taking delivery of my "1½" the little M.G. I have had the good fortune to own. I have driven it pretty hard for 10,000 miles without the faintest sign of trouble. It has yet to have the head off, and this is not yet really necessary since there are few signs of requiring a "de-coke". Not a bad effort for a high efficiency engine of this type.

I have checked most carefully and found that I have been getting a petrol consumption of 34 m.p.g. under all conditions, including warming up in the morning, "back" work when shopping, and fast cruising at 55-60 m.p.h. This consumption may be dropping slightly now that I have done over 20,000 miles.

In a recent letter, Mr. Cornwall of over 200 miles I found that my average is 34 m.p.g. with complete comfort with three adults and two children packed in the back and even in top end two more children in the front on the back!

I should like to end by saying that the major attraction of this little motor car is not so much in its maximum speed or acceleration as in its excellent steering and road holding capabilities which, I venture to say, are unequalled by any other car of a comparable size and price.

Finally, I should be interested to get in touch with the owner of a J2 Model M.G. Midget, registered number JB3302, should he read this, since I saw him in the distance recently but was unable to tell him that he was driving an M.G. which I sold sixteen years ago!

Salisbury, Wiltshire.

A. L. W. SOAMES.

### FRUITS OF TANTALUS

Predicament of One Who Stands and Waits

[63661.]—I am a regular reader of *The Autocar*, which is normally eagerly awaited. During the last twelve months there have been many interesting touring articles both at home and abroad. In approximately 75 per cent of these articles the camera had been busy and portrayed the 1½-litre M.G. saloon! One week there were two 1½-litre saloons in the same article! As one who has had this model on order for nearly five years I find *The Autocar* increasingly provoking to read!

May I suggest that until I inform you of the delivery of my "dream car" all cameras be banned and no mention of models should be made by your staff.

EDWARD D. WHITE.

Truro, Cornwall.

[The owner of the 1½-litre mentioned comments: "Sorry, but the photographs at least serve to remind hopeful buyers of what the car they desire looks like!"—Ed.]

### EXILES

The 1½-litre M.G. Abroad

[63827.]—As an Englishman temporarily stationed abroad, and a regular reader, I have found great pleasure in reading the touring articles, particularly those where a small M.G. saloon has been left in to "balance the picture."

Apart from my taste in cars being similar, since I own an identical two-tone green, the choice of English landscape has brought a lump in my throat from time to time because I am

just waiting until the spring of 1952, when I myself can fit down some of those lanes.

The M.G. is equally adept on the "miles and miles of nothing at all" highways of this country, as well as the rough st I can put 50 miles away in the hour, for hours on end, with fatigue than in my previous American car. It is an adorable Cape Town, S.A.

WILLIAM H. ELLIOT

### "INTERIM ASSESSMENT"

Intimate Descriptions are Most Interesting

[64618.]—May I congratulate Michael Brown on his article describing his experiences with the 1½-litre Riley?

Your Road Tests of various cars are excellent in their way but a more intimate description of a model given by an owner is most interesting to other owners and potential buyers.

Could Michael Brown be persuaded to write a similar article about his previous car, the 1½-litre M.G. saloon? As the proud owner of one of these cars I find them very pleasant to drive,

the engine and auxiliaries are extremely accessible and they embody most of the refinements desired by keen motorists. The Jackall system is a joy to use and by placing large blocks of wood underneath the jack feet I can raise the car right up for easy servicing underneath.

There is one item missing, however, which I think should be fitted as standard to all cars. This is a radiator blind and I made one to fit my car quite easily and cheaply. I obtained an old household type of roller blind from a junk shop and this, suitably cut down, was fitted by means of two brackets in front of the radiator block. The blind is controlled by a length of flexible picture wire passed over the header tank and through the bulkhead to finish in a ring which can be hooked in three positions under the scuttle. For short runs I find the blind can be left fully closed and the engine warms up quickly.

Folkestone, Kent.

F. R. COPE.

[A similar article on the 1½-litre M.G. appeared in the August 4, 1950, issue entitled "Green-Mantled."—Ed.]

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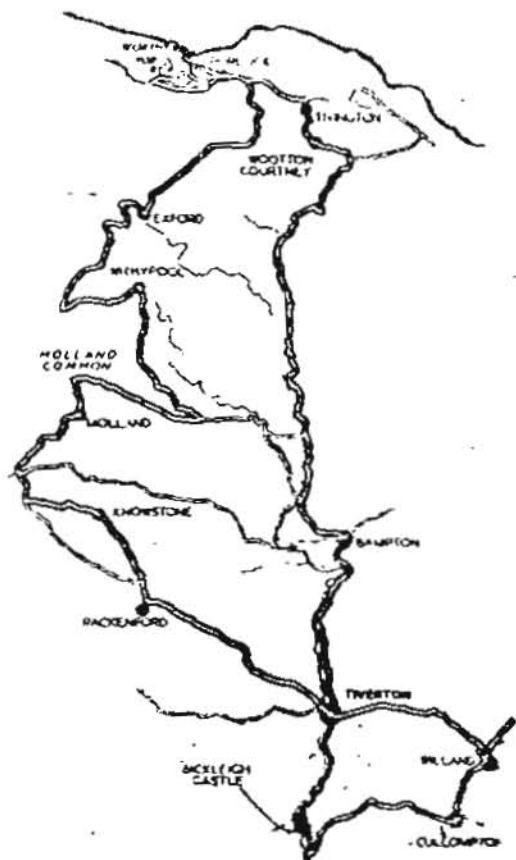
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"Trees, walled garden and stableyard complete a traditional picture."

## Weekend and a Quarter!

TWO 1½-LITRE M.G.s MAKE  
AN EXMOOR VOYAGE

by Michael Brown



IT had been obvious for a long time that my host had similar tastes to my own. We had both been to sea in the past—and liked it; we both had a great affection for the English countryside; we both owned 1½-litre M.G.s (and liked them, too), and we both attempted to convey to others in writing something of the pleasures we experienced behind the wheel. The name "Longships" in this connection may be familiar to older readers, and it is sufficient to say that it was to "Longships" Devon home that the 1½ took us for the purpose of exploring the by-ways of Devon and Somerset, from the Culme Valley northwards to Exmoor and the Bristol Channel.

Our host, owing to his long years of service as a doctor in the Navy, was for the occasion promoted to commodore of the convoy; his present shore-going practice having, also, enabled him to acquire a certain knowledge of the navigation of some of the lesser-known Devon lanes which it was thought might prove useful during our weekends. His tastes resulted in a route that no motorist could fail to enjoy. Certainly we were bound to enjoy it, conditioned, as we were, by the gracious hospitality of an English country home, and not even one day of almost continuous rain was able to mar that enjoyment, for the route had been cunningly planned to give a kick to the driving, and that kick is fortunately independent of weather. The convoy set out on time, two green cars strong, completely in the hands of the commodore, the navigators having a day off.

This route, then, must be taken for what it is—one of really narrow but quite easy lanes, provided you are not afraid of reversing, and of stiff gradients occasionally necessitating first gear. As a measure of their character, none on the route is as difficult as Porlock Hill, which was included in the tour. Show such a route to a 1½ M.G. and you can almost hear it rub its hands together; show it to two of them and they want to elbow each other out of first place. But even with their narrow overall width (4ft 11in) they must stay put in the lanes; the commodore heads the column perforce.

The starting point (Willand) has a special interest, for near

to it is a spot named Verbeer on the map. Verbeer is obviously no English name, although the splendid old country house that it describes is as English as it can be. It is set some way back from the road near the old village, and possesses Jacobean panelling and a Georgian front, while trees, walled garden and stableyard complete the traditional picture.

But the name. Right back—13th century or so—the Dutch are supposed to have landed in the neighbourhood of Plymouth and made their way towards London. One or two sensible fellows dropped out on the way, deciding that Devon was good enough for them, and established such farmsteads as Verbeer. It claims to be one of the original buildings of the village of Willand, along with the church. The third was burned down some years ago.

We were away to Tiverton, which, on casual acquaintance, might be dismissed as a pleasant country town, with a chuckle over the enormous knife-and-fork sign on a shop in the main street. That would be a pity, for Tiverton has some surprising corners. Peep through an arch in an ordinary façade and a 14th-century alley may reward you. Peep through a certain arch and the reward will be Old Blundells, the original buildings of the famous school, warmly grey beyond the green lawns that Devon rain makes easy of growth. Tread softly up the churchyard path, also, and scan the south wall, richly carved with emblems of trade and industry, nautical motifs being predominant. These are the highlights of a workaday picture.

To the north-west the land rises towards Exmoor, and from the main road we struck off into the lanes, making for Molland. I could appreciate why the commodore had fitted Windtone horns in place of the rather undignified cheep that is standard on the M.G., for most of the corners are blind. As "next in line" we enjoyed a field day of observation, having only to keep the tail of the leading M.G. in sight. As a consequence the rosebay, the honeysuckle, the ferns, mosses and lush grasses of the Devon hedgerows could be admired (the honeysuckle could be smelt, drifting in the windows on the warm, wet, western air). The rain hissed



...ly down, punctuated by the snick-snick of the gear lever, continually in use. Up, down and round, and suddenly there was Molland, cream walls and thatch, nasturtiums and Dorothy Perkins ramblers, aglow against the grey of the day.

Molland has claims to fame, for West Molland manor was formerly the seat of the famous Devon family of Courtenay. In the church there is a double heart-stone which forms the receptacle for the hearts of one of the Courtenays and his wife, the family's arms being carried on the stone. As if this were not sufficient county influence, Molland sounds on the River Yeo, a Devon name if ever there was one. North of the village rises Anstey Common, and up the steep hill past Cussacombe Gate\* the commodore's car swept up to the moor.

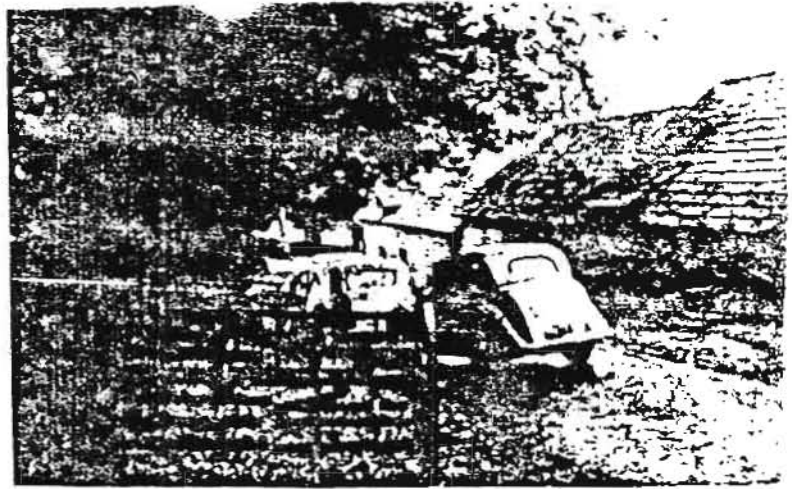
### The Moors

Above about 1,000ft in Devon the character of the scene changes abruptly. Bracken fights the heather for pride of place in the sun, and grey stone crops out of the purple and green. The gentle summits are a great sweep of colour, contrasting with the small-squared chequerboard pattern of the farmed land lower down. On a fine day you can see

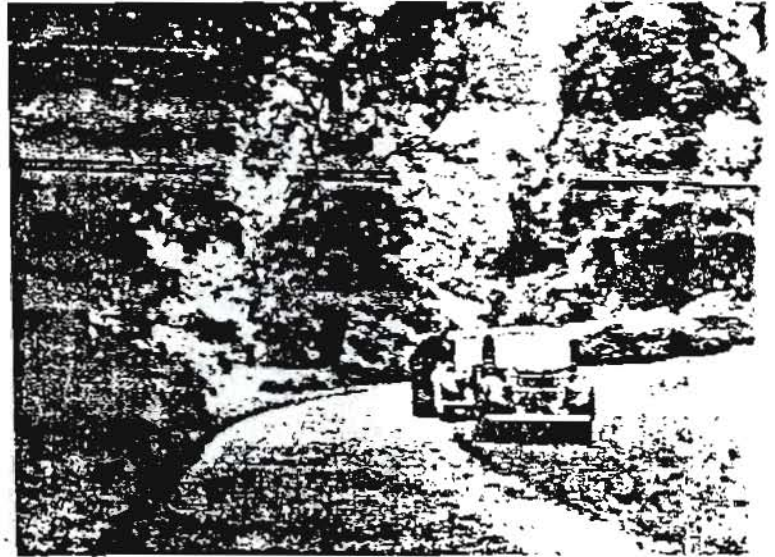
Cornwall from up on Anstey Moor, and you might acknowledge your debt to a certain Froude Hancock, who did much to make this moor accessible. He is commemorated in a singularly tasteful way, by a great natural boulder out in the heather on which his name and dates of birth and death have been carved.

From Cussacombe Gate (1,207ft), the road follows the hog-back of the moor towards Dulverton, plunging down after reaching Five Cross Ways into a steep coombe, through which flows Danes Brook, the border of Devon and Somerset. At a crossing point—Glade Bridge—we lunched, contemplating a steep ascent on the other side, and, after a short warming-up the M.G.s leaped up on to the Exmoor plateau. This was one of the climbs on which first gear was needed. Momentarily—and relatively—the car drops down again at Withypool, and again at Exford, but the heights are dominant until you have crossed Codsend Moors and are skirting Dunkery Hill on the right.

Here the characteristic Exmoor coombe scenery intrudes as the road zig-zags down through the trees towards Cloutsham. The bracken proves less suppressive of the short turf than might be expected, the stream splashes along from boulder to boulder in the valley. You must ford this stream at Cloutsham, and during a period of heavy rain a



"The road zig-zags down through the trees"—and also through the farmyard shown in this picture.



"Here the characteristic Exmoor coombe scenery intrudes."

reconnaissance is advisable; later the packhorse bridge over Horner Water, to the left of the road, should not be missed. And then, suddenly, you are out on holiday route A39, and within a mile of Porlock village. "Shall we climb Porlock?" asked the commodore. "My car has not yet done it, and I want a companion with my previous one."

"Neither has mine, and it would be a pity to come to the West Country and not to climb Porlock." We trickled through the village, thronged with cars and wet holiday-

The word "gate" is derived from the English word gate or post, by which was meant an opening or entrance. There is an old cross in Cornwall, situated at the junction of three ancient tracks which opened out at that point, and the cross was anciently known as "Wydeyma Cross" in commemoration. The adjoining meadow is still so called.

"You may lunch on this bank"—the Exe at Cadeleigh Bridge.



"Commemorated in a singularly tasteful way"—the boulder on Anstey Moor which serves as a memorial to Froude Hancock (1865-1933).





## WEEKEND AND A QUARTER!

continued

makers, now drying off a little in the pale sunshine that had at last peeped through the low cloud.

Too many of us, I think, tend to assume that everyone knows Porlock and climbs it successfully, but the local garage proprietor can put us right on that, as also could the scene that afternoon. Two cars were stopped in trouble on the hill, and it was, as usual during holidays, watched by spectators at the two hairpins low down. I would not minimize the climb, which is decidedly stiff, and is bound to call for first gear on the less powerful cars, as well as a sharp haul round on the first hairpin. If in doubt, take the toll road (as hundreds do). If in doubt as to a skilful change down into bottom gear, take proper notice of the sign that reads "Bottom gear now" but make sure that your speed has dropped sufficiently for successful engagement. If blithely confident, speed into the first hairpin in second gear, at high revs, and make a smart change into bottom gear as soon as the revs have fallen on the hairpin, which they will quickly do. Never mind the disappointment on the faces of the spectators as the lever goes in. The pleasure's yours!

So we climbed Porlock, and for the record an M.G. that

With the evening came the soft Devon rain again—the rain to which the Devon greenery is owed, and as such better able to be borne with equanimity. We cut from A39 over the hill through Wootton Courtney to Timberscombe on A396, and along that winding main road, clinging to the valley of the River Exe, with all that that implies in scenery, we went fast home.

But we had not finished with homes of beauty. The Sunday morning broke with brilliant sunshine and fleecy clouds, and the hours before it was necessary to head Londonwards again could be well spent. After turning right in Cullompton's main street, which is also A38, we climbed into the lanes again towards Butterleigh and up the hill on which stands Hillersdon House. From this high vantage-point one can look north-east towards Taunton and be rewarded by field and farmstead, copse and hillcrest, spread in a pattern that is not quite Devon, not quite Somerset; which is as it should be near the border.

Our host and hostess now adopted that conspiratorial air that says, "Ah, but wait." We were quite content to do so, for the lanes under the sun poured their gold and green into the atmosphere. A mile or two beyond Butterleigh, following the road through the valley past Great Dorweeke Farm, we suddenly came out on to A396 near Bickleigh, crossed the ancient stone bridge over the Exe (Cadeleigh Bridge), parked and strolled back to admire the view.

## English Fare

It is as English as afternoon tea. The river runs quietly and smoothly between banks of blossom and green grass. On the left bank (the right as you observe it from the bridge) flowers and grass are wild—gold of ragwort and St. John's Wort, green of water-meadow; on the opposite side is the gaiety of late summer—gladioli, pelargoniums and phlox, offset by close-mown turf. You may lunch on this bank, at a thatched cottage by the riverside, along the village street, and in the goldfish pond you might recognize Doris and Rufus—but that is another story.

However, this is not the *pièce de résistance* of this part of Devon. Over the bridge is a sharp left-hand turn, the road running along on the bank of the river, under the trees, to what the map calls Bickleigh Court; with less than justice, for it is Bickleigh Castle. Not much appears to have been published about Bickleigh Castle, but it is an ancient castle, painstakingly restored to a beauty that is rarely surpassed.

How far one should go and peer at such residences is a moot point, but Bickleigh Castle is quite irresistible, and the owner can but feel flattered at your tribute. The English are, when they choose to be, great craftsmen in stone and real artists in a garden, and here is proof of it. Drive softly, park gently, and pay tribute. Then cross the road.

For the restoration did not stop at the castle. Opposite it stood a cattle byre up to 1929, when the true purpose of the ancient stone building was once more fulfilled, for it was really a Saxon chapel. Here, a similar restoration has been carried out, but here it has been imbued with something spiritual and the result is, in some peculiar way, very moving. The simple and tiny chapel grips the imagination. "For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." In this ancient place of worship, the words from St. Matthew are very apt.

Outside, a similar care has been lavished on the chapel's setting, for the south door gives on to a garden walled in stone. The centre is a lawn, while a two-foot border, massed in flowers, shelters under the wall. The top of the wall has been thatched with an increasingly rare skill.

This, then, is the gem hiding in this part of Devon. It should be allowed its sanctity, attracting only those who really wish to seek it out and are ready to pay due regard to the proper feelings of its owner.

The tramp of sightseers on the Saxon flags would be sacrilegious; the soft steps of the two or three, the moment of meditation, and the willing acknowledgment of the power of Christianity, remain right and proper.



"You must ford this stream at Cloutsham."

could probably do with decarbonization needed first gear over three sections. It is a long climb—deceptively long—but the toll road, with its easier gradient, is longer. It is also much more scenic, for Porlock Bay, a gentle curve outlined in the white of Bristol Channel wavelets, comes into view several times from varying heights. This road swings to and fro under trees, passes through the tollgate, and fetches up in the village again, from which we took the route of no return (at least by another road) to Porlock Weir, a quiet shingle haven down on the beach where a few yachts nuzzle each other and there can be no through traffic.

Worthy lies just beyond the Weir, and here we had the exquisite experience of being shown Worthy Manor by its present occupier, who had kindly invited us to take tea with him. It would be unfair to dilate on the Manor's charms, because it is strictly private, but it is a period gem the history of which goes back to the 12th century, and it has been most carefully preserved by Lady Lovelace. There is much original timber, a priest's hole and a glorious garden down to the sea where camellias, rhododendrons and ericas grow that the frost would cut down farther east; its present occupant makes the old house live with his enthusiasm for it.