

THE CLASSIC 'Y'

The Magazine of the M.G. 'Y' Type Register.

Volume 7. No.66.

December 1984.

EDITORIAL:



Christmas Madness !!

"Y" fare is a full fare applicable on all flights (red, white, and blue) to all passengers not taking advantage of a reduction, and thus mainly businessmen and now increasingly businesswomen travelling with season tickets. There are 58,000 such clients, including 10 per cent on the Paris-Lyons route.

The YA fare is a reduced fare applicable on "white" flights to certain categories of passengers (youths, students, family groups of two persons at least, elderly people and groups of five persons). The YA fare is 30 per cent below the Y fare.

YB fare is a bigger reduction available on "blue" flights to certain categories of passengers (youths, students, family groups of three, groups of ten, spouse and elderly people). The YB fare is about half the Y fare, depending on the route and applied to flights at off-peak hours.

Left: From 'Flight International' 6th October 1984. Describing Air Inter's fare structure. Can you imagine how that would read in French !! Sacre Bleu !!

Right: 'Great Expectations'!
Sent in my Mr.J.G.Morton.

Connoisseur's Car **1951 MGY** **4-door Saloon**

An excellent opportunity for a discerning collector! The car is in good running order with a current M.O.T. certificate, and has a genuine recorded mileage of 52,039. Bodywork is good but will require renovation. A full history of the vehicle is available and offers are invited around £9,995. Contact Steve Wilson for further details.



MINORITIES

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Had a letter recently from a Mr.D.L.Chivers who lives in [redacted], Bristol and who had just bought a 1947 YA with the registration number JAR 23 (Jam Jar !???) As if that isn't bad enough, 1952 YB, 'JAM 777' also lived in Bristol until it was scrapped in 1980. My, aren't Registers informative things !!

Not quite Christmas madness but Autumn madness anyway was my howler of a mistake in the editorial to the October issue. The only export YB's engine number should, of course, have been, XPAG/SC2/X18132. And I did it again on the following page !

Finally on a more serious note, it was good to see the 'Y' Type receiving its fair share of coverage in 'Practical Classics' for November and the ladies' magazine, 'Options' for October (nice photo of Karen Taylor, too !). And now I also know all about Lesley Ann Down and the men in her life !! Best wishes for Christmas and the New Year !

7th December 1984.

In the last, short, article I began to relate how the remaining panels (nearside wings and running board) were prepared and finished. Such a lot of other tasks were being carried out at the same time that I think the best way to cover further aspects is to finish telling you all about, say, painting and finishing, and then go on to another topic (e.g., electrics, interior trim, mechanical items etc). Thus the work described below will take us up to 5th September 1982 when, for the first time since December 1977, the car was once again externally complete.

The remaining wings and the one running board were painted as described in episode 7 (issue no. 29), no problems being encountered. The running board had had to be unbent and slightly repaired before being rubbed down (it was not sent for grit blasting). It was, even then, before 'Why Parts?' came on the scene, possible to buy newly manufactured running boards. However, I wanted to use as many of the car's original parts and panels as possible. Although the running board looked quite grotty (Liverpool word!) when inspected, once cleaned and repaired it was deemed presentable. The nearside front wing, once grit blasted, revealed two holes, neatly cut, wing mirror sized. One was approximately where one would expect a wing mirror to be fitted and one, of the same size, was just forward of where the running board would bolt onto the trailing edge of the wing. To date we have not been able to figure out what this hole would have been used for. It was patched. The more conventional hole, however, I reasoned, would take a wing mirror and indeed one was fitted as soon as was practical.

Substantial problems arose when we came to bolt the nearside rear wing to the body. On the face of it this should have been a fairly easy task. However, at some time in its life, this wing had apparently been removed and when refitted again it was not lined up with the captive nuts correctly and new holes were drilled in the wing to solve the problem. The wheelarch was probably so rusty that the person concerned could not see properly where the captive nuts were. Or maybe it was not the car's original nearside rear wing. In any case, try as we might, we couldn't line up the bolt holes with the captive nuts. When the wing was positioned correctly and three or four bolts were tightened up, a very large gap was left between the top of the wing and the wheelarch. Now, some of this must have been accounted for by the disappearance of all the lead filler when the 'wide boys' who did our welding for us were at work. Then again, they probably didn't get the curve of the repaired wheelarch right. Add to these points the profusion of bolt holes in the wing and you can see that it was a recipe for disaster. How much simpler it all must be now Whyparts are selling wheelarch repair sections complete with flange plus new rear wings. At some point in the future I would ideally like to obtain a new nearside rear wing as I feel this is the only way to solve the problem satisfactorily. Regrettably I had to use filler on the gap and, of course, in doing so disturbed the body and wing paint finish.

When it came time to fit the front wing, here again things weren't easy. I had hoped that the car would be externally complete before I left for California in August 1982. Unfortunately it wasn't to be. By now I was getting quite impatient to finish the car. My own lack of patience was fuelled by constant jibes from acquaintances whose assumption, based on convention, was that I couldn't wait to 'get it on the road'. Most of them didn't realise that I am rarely conventional. To begin with, at that time, I had never even had driving lessons and saw no need to start. My enjoyment of 'Enterprise' came purely from the restorative work I was doing. Restorative work which some of my critics had never even begun to undertake on their own cars. I know now that an essential ingredient to this sort of work is patience. Do not set deadlines or rush work. So, regrettably, in one sense, I came back from California determined to finish the car at the earliest opportunity come what may. Surely the fitting of the nearside front wing would not give rise to any problems? It did! The headlamp bar-to-wing bracket would not line up properly with the bolt holes in the wing. It was then that I remembered that soon after I had bought the car the previous owner had told me that it had had a crash in which the offside front wing, I think it was, had been damaged. This mishap had obviously caused a misalignment of the front wings and radiator shell relative to the body. I have spoken to a few other owners who have also had the same problem. So, beware, once you remove those wings, running boards, front valance and headlamp bar, you may expect some sort of alignment problem when you come to refit them again (especially if you have purchased a new, straight headlamp bar and new brackets). The problem could even manifest itself in a bonnet which will not seat symmetrically. Some adjustment is, of course, possible to the location of the radiator and radiator shell but, and especially if your chassis was slightly bent in the accident, you can play around with it for months and never get it right.....

REGISTER NEWS:

Recent Discoveries:

<u>Chassis No.</u>	<u>Year.</u>	<u>Type.</u>	<u>Engine No.</u>	<u>Reg'n No.</u>	<u>Colour.</u>	<u>Owner's Name.</u>
Y 0361	1947.	YA.	XPAG/SC/10122 (replacement engine now fitted ?)	DPY 767	?	P.R.Coates.
Y 0734	1947.	YA.	XPAG/SC/C50362	JAR 23	?	D.L.Chivers.
Y 5011	1950.	YA.	XPAG/SC/14611	UMG 177 Pa-AE43 (USA)	Orange	D.C.Beidler.
Y 5232	1950.	YA.	XPAG/SC/15022	LTJ 900	Maroon	?
YB 0393	1952.	YB.	XPAG/SC?/1722?	UMG 630	Grey	Mrs.C.M.Hitchcox.
YB 0593	1952.	YB.	XPAG/SC/17472	UMG 695	Green	G.D.Parsons.

Total cars on the Register as at 7th December 1984: 1,029.

Made up as follows: YA: 539 YB: 238 YT: 174 YRC: 3 Composites/Specials: 10.

Unknown (mainly saloons): 65.

You might have noticed that although we are still finding a few previously undiscovered cars every couple of months or so, the overall total of cars in existence has not increased since August. This state of affairs has come about because we have started an ongoing rationalisation of the register entries in an attempt to identify duplicated entries and to weed out cars which were, at best, only vague rumours. Thus we will hopefully end up with a more accurate picture of what cars survive. I think it is safe to say, though, that there must be approximately 1,000 'Y's in existence.

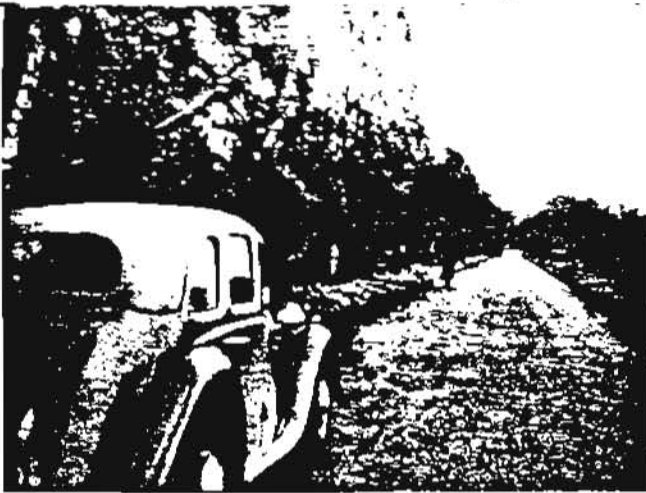
New Owners:

691.	D.L.Chivers,	[REDACTED], Bristol [REDACTED].
692.	A.Tasca,	[REDACTED] Victoria, Australia.
693.	G.D.Parsons,	[REDACTED], Kent [REDACTED].
694.	P.R.Coates,	[REDACTED] Derbyshire.
695.	Mrs.C.M.Hitchcox,	[REDACTED], Dorset, [REDACTED].
690.	R.A.Parham,	[REDACTED], Dyfed, [REDACTED].
697.	G.Talbot,	[REDACTED], Combria.
698.	D.M.Gilbert,	[REDACTED], Devon, [REDACTED].

Total number of known current owners as at 7th December 1984: 632.

CARS FOR SALE:

230. Y 3752 1949 YA. XPAG/SC/13625 Colour: Burgundy. Registered 'OX-152'.
"Mechanically Al. Body painted burgundy, interior recently restored. Near new tyres.
Not registered but roadworthy. Regularly used up to six months ago. A\$3,500
(£2,258). Contact Mr. Anthony Tasca [REDACTED] Victoria, Australia.
Tel: [REDACTED] or [REDACTED].
167. 1952 YB. "Stored 10 years. Complete, engine runs, body poor. £99. Tel: [REDACTED].
1012. 1953 YB. Black. Registered 'YMG 247'. Good condition. Taxed and MOT'd. £1,800.
Tel: [REDACTED]
153. See cutting in 'Editorial' on page 41 !
264. 1953 YB. Black. Registered 'FTK 505'. "68,000 miles. One family ownership before me
Exceptional original car with complete history. £3,000. Tel: [REDACTED].
12. 1950 YA. "Fully restored. Concours winner 1979. Little used and dry garaged since.
£2,500. Tel: [REDACTED].



"The eyes must reach out": At 30 m.p.h. the focal point is about 50 yards ahead of the bonnet, at which point in this photograph the pedestrian is standing.

TWO JUMPS

GOOD DRIVING ALWAYS CALL

THE farther I drive the more I am convinced that safe motoring depends on the ability of the driver to think ahead. In the simplest form this ability is evinced in the glance under the chassis of a stationary bus in order to see if intrusive feet betray a pedestrian who is about to step from behind the bus in front of you. You have thought far enough ahead to envisage the possibility of a thoughtless pedestrian. So far so good.

But that is by no means far enough for continuous and complete safety, especially at high speed. In this sort of motoring you must be two jumps ahead at least, and the farther you can think ahead of actual events the better driver you will become (unless the terrifying aspect of the future so intimidates you that you refuse to exceed 20 m.p.h.).

In the first place the eyes must reach out. At 30 m.p.h. they are usually focused on a spot about fifty yards ahead of the car while still providing useful vision back to the bonnet and also over about twenty-five yards beyond the focal point. If something untoward happens beyond that distance (75 yards), there is an interval of time that is appreciable before anything drastic can happen to you—6.8 sec at 30 m.p.h., for instance, if the crisis occurs 100 yards away. Therefore one tends to drive at "limit" speeds scanning the field in the immediate vicinity of the car, as it were. The immediate vicinity is of little use, however, at say, 70 m.p.h. Fifty yards at this speed are covered in just over 1.4 sec, and in that time there is no period that can be reserved for decisions as to emergency action. In grimmer terms, if a dog runs out at fifty yards there is not much that you can safely do about it at 70 m.p.h.

The eyes, therefore, focus farther ahead, probably at a point about one hundred yards beyond the bonnet. And where the distance up to that point was all-important before, it is only the farther section of it—from fifty to one hundreds yards, say—that registers consciously on your

retina now. Most of your attention is concentrated on the scene *beyond* the one hundred yards focal point, for you need to observe what is happening well ahead, your instinct telling you that at this speed it will take at least one hundred yards in which to stop (about 320 feet on an average surface and with good brakes).

The eyes having gone off on their own, as it were, the driver is quite happy on the road that can be seen to be empty over a long distance. While such conditions pertain, he should not be capable of "coming unstuck." But really open road conditions rarely persist for more than a few minutes in this country, so that no driver should rest content with eyes that have successfully coped with high speed. Imagination must help, and knowledge of human nature and vehicles, the whole adding up to intelligent anticipation.

Just One Lorry

Let us see how intelligent anticipation applies to typical hazards. Take a simple one. You are driving along a straight road at 70 m.p.h. In the distance a lorry is coming towards you. What are the possibilities?

The worst is that the lorry may not hold its course. An eight-wheeled leviathan, loaded to the skies, may safely be relied on to do so, because such vehicles cannot be thrown about like a dodge 'em car; moreover, they are driven by the best of drivers. Safe enough, therefore, unless the lorry's steering goes or the driver has heart failure. This is where nightmares start, and there is little need to go that far. Accordingly you meet it safely at 70 m.p.h. (combined speed probably 100 m.p.h.) and that is that.

But if the lorry is a ramshackle one, loaded with household effects and with three kiddies sitting on top of the chest of drawers, you might consider it wiser to slow down. Bill Smith, who is driving, may have borrowed it from the local greengrocer, and he and his wife may be in the driving

Over the brow: Single-stage anticipation will foresee the car that comes over the top, and the erring driver who is overtaking it at the same time. But what is to be done? Is the road wide enough for three abreast? Is the bank capable of providing an escape? Or would it be best to slow down, just in case? Second-stage anticipation must give the answer.



For speeds in the neighbourhood of 70 m.p.h. the focal point must be much farther ahead—at about 100 yards, the point at which the oncoming walker can be seen.

AHEAD

FOR INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION

cab. Bill isn't used to the lorry, and his wife is "nattering" that the new cottage has no electric light, and Bill is getting angry. His attention wanders, and with it the lorry. Unlikely, but there you are. Better come down to 50 m.p.h.

There need not be a lorry, or even any vehicle in sight. Away ahead you see a side road coming in at right-angles. Here is fun. What can happen?

You glance to the left, and across the hedges you see the reassuring outline of a Halt sign on the joining road. Going to risk it? I shouldn't. If you remember your local paper, you will call to mind the police court news, and a paragraph therein that usually reads: "The following were fined for failing to observe Halt signs. . . ." There might be that kind of motorist coming up the minor road, so let your imagination go on the possibilities.

The other car may stop, while its driver looks to the right and sees you coming. But you are a long way away, and he has not the faintest idea that you are doing 70 m.p.h. His car won't put in a single mile above 35 m.p.h. and his subconscious therefore says to him, "There's plenty of time; it would take me three minutes to cover that distance. I'll easily do it."

Whew! Boy, hand me the sweat rag.

The possibilities are infinitely variable. The driver of car B may be that dear little Mrs. So-and-so, only just taught by her husband, the vicar, to drive the 1935 Minor on parish visits. Timidly, Mrs. So-and-so has come up to the corner. Not being very good at this sort of thing, she has stopped short, and her vision is worth only 150 yards down your stretch of the road. "Ah," thinks Mrs. S., "the road is clear, I'm sure. In any case, I just can't bear having to let in that nasty clutch twice in ten yards. I'll risk it."

She emerges—in fits and starts because beginners' clutches operate that way. Her eye catches sight of you coming up h. for L. on the right. Paralysis, and the 1935 Minor rolls to a



stop, fair and square across the road. This eventuality is not in the nightmare class, and the least you might do is to give a long blast on the horn, pull over to the centre of the road opposite the junction (provided that the main road is clear from the other direction) and thus give at least some room for manoeuvre.

If you really want a nightmare to suit the situation, consider the timber bob pulled by two horses in tandem, the driver sitting on the shafts. He doesn't even see round the corner for the space of two horse-lengths, and then he finds that Dapple and Grey can't get round without a reverse. By this time your brake drums are red hot. All right, call it a nightmare and forget it.

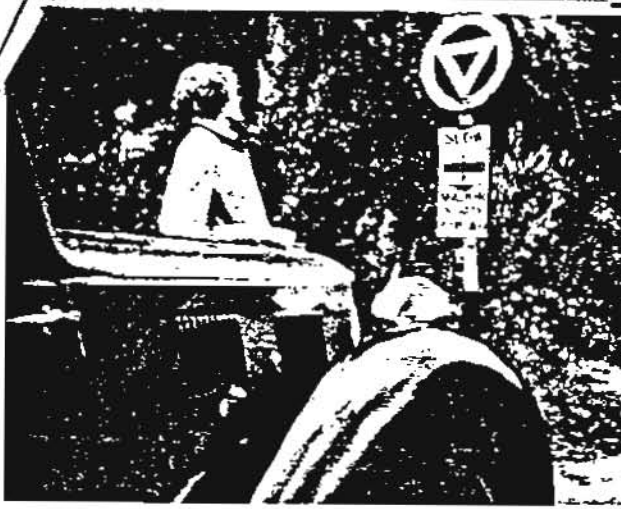
Enter Tony

Let's have more frantic fun. The road bends ahead in a fast right-hand curve and you are approaching it. There has been quite a bit of traffic, but everyone is moving smartly and you are quite happy at high speed. You appraise the line of the curve by the telegraph poles going round the corner. Yes, 65 m.p.h. will see you safely round. You brake slightly, the needle comes back to 60 m.p.h. and you accelerate hard into the corner. Best practice; full marks.

Unfortunately you forgot to reckon on Tony Hotshot coming the other way in his Superdiehard. Tony also decided on 65 m.p.h., and he is on the inside of the bend. It is true that he noticed the shine on the road surface, and remembered that his back tyres were a bit smooth, but he cheerfully and nitwittedly decided that he had the rest of the road to skid in. You catch sight of him as his back end decides to part tracks with the front. Horrified, you throw out the anchors, and your back end does likewise. It is a great pity that you did not foresee that 65 m.p.h. left you no margin for braking in the corner, because the centrifugal force at 65 m.p.h. was already taxing the tyre

"Everybody's doing it": If a driver, at present invisible, decides to overtake the lorry, the oncoming driver must act quickly. The bank offers no escape, except into a deep ditch and through the railings. In any case, the kerb is a "tipper-over." Reduce speed so that instant braking can be applied (with results) the moment such an emergency threatens.





"The reassuring outline": But in spotting signs over the hedges it should be remembered that a triangle and circle do not always mean that the word "Halt" appears underneath. If it is only a "Slow" sign there is no obligation on the approaching driver to stop.

TWO JUMPS AHEAD . . . continued

adhesion to the utmost, and when the shoes took hold and wrapped themselves round the drum you lost that adhesion.

Again, not in the nightmare class; and also not in that class is the driver who decides to overtake a lorry on such a bend. (Did I hear someone whistling "Everybody's doing it?")

All this, as the man said as he folded up the morning paper, is pretty desperate stuff. But intelligent anticipation is useful in far less hectic circumstances. Here is an example. You have come up to a town cross-roads guarded by traffic lights. Stopped at the white line ahead of you is a bus, leaving just room for you to squeeze in between it and the centre island. Should you go up alongside and pull away abreast of the bus?

Appraisal

Have a look at the conditions. Also waiting at the lights, and coming in the opposite direction, is an Allard, its direction indicator showing that it is going to turn right across your path; indeed, the front wheels are already half locked over. The driver is giving the engine a rev up every few seconds, Grand Prix style—you can just hear the exhaust response.

Better not go up alongside the bus. But why not?

The Allard has terrific acceleration; the bus hasn't. The Allard driver is, therefore, probably calculating that he can make his turn and get across ahead of the bus, thus neatly clearing everyone's path. But the bus driver will be getting away from standstill at that moment, and the sight of the Allard crossing ahead of him will almost certainly make him haul over instinctively to the right a little in order to skirt the Allard's tail as it disappears. The bus driver may remember you, but he may not, and as a result you may

get badly squeezed. The possibility does not arise if you rest content with the position behind the bus.

Now the foregoing examples might be described as single-stage anticipation. You have envisaged possibilities that may happen any day on the road. Now you must proceed to two-stage anticipation, where the eventuality is accepted and you proceed to work out your own course of action.

Take Tony Hotshot coming round that fast bend. Tony skidded, having cluelessly decided that, as he was on the inside of the bend, he had the rest of the road to play in. He forgot that you or someone else might, not unreasonably, require that side of the road. Your single-stage anticipation has seen Tony coming round the bend in a steady slide and drifting over to your side of the road, and your two-stage anticipation must work out your avoidance.

Take a look at the outside bank; is there any way out there? In view of the substantial telegraph poles you decide not, although the kerb is not high. You are left with two main alternatives. If Tony appears you may be able to accelerate hard enough to clear him by going round his nose, although fairly certainly you will go into a skid yourself as a result. But getting out of a skid on your own is nicer to contemplate than involvement with the Superdiehard. All set, then, for "steering out of trouble."

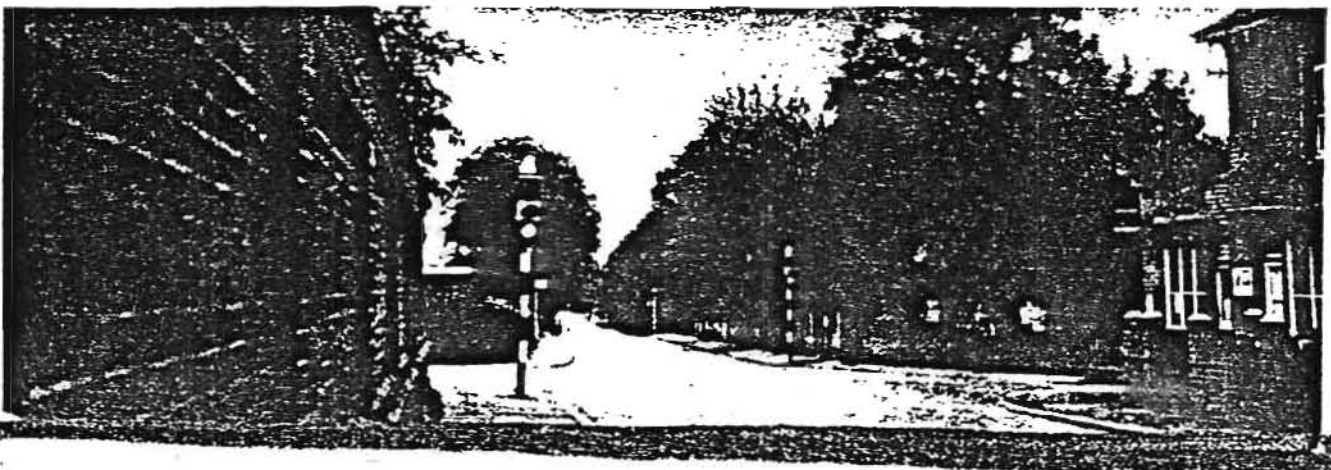
Cutting-in

The second alternative can also be foreseen. Tony will be drifting across the road to the outside of the bend, and if he corrects his slide he must go over towards the outside even more quickly. That means that the space between the Superdiehard and the inside bank will be increasing all the time, and if you do not go into the corner too fast you will be able to haul round on a sharper line and cut between Tony and the inside bank, swerving to the outside immediately afterwards, in case anyone is following Tony into the bend. This is the worst danger in this course of avoidance, but you note that the curve is a gentle one, enabling you to see some distance round it, and you also decide that anyone behind Tony, seeing his gyrations, will brake in order to avoid becoming involved with insurance companies.

So you take the bend ready for anything, and neither Tony Hotshot, nor Bill Smith and the lorry, nor the vicar's wife, appear. Dash it, you could have got round at 70 after all.

I have treated this subject lightly, because the self-confessed know-all (a cruel definition of a journalist) can speedily become tedious. Likewise I have taken fairly extreme examples. But the idea is, I hope, clear enough. We must think ahead all the time, and the faster we are travelling, the farther ahead we must think. Doing so is quite absorbing, and periodically, as the eventualities which you foresee really do happen, with yourself primed to deal with them, you feel a great satisfaction at your contribution to road safety. I would go so far as to say that such intelligent anticipation is the duty of every driver who decides to go fast, because the hard truth is that his vehicle is the potentially lethal one. The jay-walking pedestrian may cause accidents, but the fast-moving vehicles involved are the ones most likely to inflict injury on limb. M. B.

Signals at green: But would you take this country cross-roads at speed? The author would not, the reasons being that the crossing road is blind, the area is not notable for police supervision, and countryfolk are not too meticulous about obeying such city-fangled devices. He remembers only too well, also, that his foresight at this particular junction once resulted in a youthful cyclist being spared to err again.



The following item formed part of a letter to me from my friend and our representative on the west coast of the U.S.A., Tory Skopecek. A little explanation before we proceed will, I believe, help you to enjoy the narrative that much better. Tory is Chairman of the SSTS (that's the Sorry Safari Touring Society). This is a local group of enthusiasts who, in the main, own 'T' Types. They live in the San Francisco Bay area. Their particular way of enjoying their M.G.s is to plan tours and social events. This kind of organised convoy/tour/rally seems peculiar to this area of the colonies and perhaps Australia where they have their Early Morning Runs. This is something we don't seem to do here in the U.K. (at least not in 'T' or 'Y' Types). Tory owns Y 5460 (which, incidentally, was first registered on the day I was born - there's useless information if ever there was). Now read on and enjoy the scenery as Tory takes us on a drive most of us are never likely to experience (not in a 'Y' Type, anyway). The other 'Y' Types owner on the trip is Harold DeMoss (1952 YB).

Last month (this month) Bob Anderson and myself laid out a tour over the Sierras. The inspiration for this comes partly from time that we both had spent in the area during our youth, and also from reading those reprints of yours from Autocar. It was decided that we should prove the mettle of the MGT & Y type. In a 24 hour period we would assault three passes. Bob and I decided that for the enjoyment of it all we should take four days over all. The board over ruled this to three days. OK. Now I know you have those maps still so I'll lead you along. We left Anderson's Friday morning. Alders, Anderson's, Blum's, Burk's, Coolidge's, Criswell's (formerly from Washington State club), Curley's (new TF), DeMoss (Y but met us Saturday eve), Hill's, Kelsey's, Plav (former pres MG Owners, quit due to their inactivity), Schweiger's (TD), Sindicic (new TD), Skopecek's (YYYY), Taforo's (TF), and D'Anneio (of Fallen Leaf, in Honda).

We took route #4 around Mt Diablo and on to Stockton. In Stockton, at the ladies request a pit stop at the Chevron Station. Off through Stockton, down under the RR underpass, and sput sput, the Y stops. Vapour lock? Red faced fearless leader gets a push from all up and out to the side. Break open line, blow in tank to clear. "Are you out of gas?" NO! I have only 103 miles on the odometer. Much head scratching (as you might recall the gas gauge doesn't function too often so I use the odometer, and reset at each refill). Out comes the trusty blitz can, and in goes 1 gallon. Engine restarts. Much picture-taking while chairman put 1 gallon in tank. Redder faced chairman. "Somebody syphoned my tank!" I think this will be on the cover of the next WM. Off again after putting in 9.2 gal U.S. After stopping in Copperopolis and Angels Camp (of Mark Twain fame), we arrived at the little village of Murphy's. Here we checked into the hotel, as originally built in 1856. Altitude now from sea level up to 2171'. A great dinner and a party for Skip's retirement from the Oakland PD. Saturday morning we toured a large cavern, and then on to a winery in Murphys. Lunch in town then off up the hill. #4 heads right up through some of the most beautiful country. Huge vistas of trees, glacial mountains and valleys. The Y went right along, though a little slower than anyone else. We met everyone in the parking lot at Lake Alpine. Then after a cooling off period (5 min) D'Anneio's & Skopecek's left ahead of the group. Paul was riding with me, and we decided that it would be best to get started on the hardest part as the rest of the group would be by us in a shot, soon enough. The highway narrows after the lake, the road is normally closed due to snow in October, and is not maintained (hardly during the open season). We had left Murphy's as you will recall, at 2171'. The first pass to negotiate was Pacific Grade 8050'. Not too bad, humming along in third and second, we got time to see the country side. Over the top and down into Hermit Valley, about a 1800' drop. Here we originally were to stop and rest, but Paul and I

decided that we had better keep on going and not let the Y vapour lock at this altitude. (It does, by the way, vapour lock at high altitude, but only if the car stops, if kept in motion, no problem). Ebbetts Pass proved very tough, the last 300 yards of this tiny road forced us to go into 1st gear, whilst moving, (nice double clutching thank you), then revved up and back into 2nd, and over the top. Ahh, those infamous Y-type brakes. We are on our way down to Markleville at +-6000'. Ebbetts Pass, I forgot is 8730'. With due care we arrived for a toddy at the Cutthroat Inn & Bar. (named for a type of trout). We sat here for about two hours waiting for the rest of the group to catch up. Marv Hill's TD lost a fuel pump on Ebbetts and they went through two new ones before finding one that would work. Saturday night Harold and Penny showed up about 5:00pm, at the Woodfords Inn. The problem that Bob and I had with this place was that there is no where to eat within 12 miles that would handle more than 10 people at a time, we were now 32. Our solution was to plan that famous American institution, a B-B-Q. The Blum's volunteered to carry our ice chest, which contained 25 pounds of New York strip. I brought our pressure cooker to do rice in. (can't cook rice and pasta too well at 6500') All of the women put together a salad. We had wine from the winery. The hot tub in back of the motel was going full blast. We fired up my two Coleman gas lamps and had a hell of a party until 12:00. Sunday, everyone was on their own to eat (back in Markleville) then we left to assault Kit Carson Pass 8573'. Dick Criswell complained to me that morning that his brakes and clutch on the MGB seemed to be in need of looking at when he got home. The 2 Ys (correction, a Y and a YB) left slightly ahead of everyone else. On the radio we were informed that Criswell was still at the motel without (now) any brakes. Skip and John Blum went to work. John got the brake fluid from the local station, Skip did the hard work. We were over the top, 2nd all the way. Harold left me half way up still running in 3rd. Unfair, he has different gears and less weight, such is life. We stopped at Caples Lake to await the arrival of Criswell and company. 30 minutes later they arrived, Sandy looking very white, no brakes when they pulled into the parking lot, no emergency either! After much pumping and bleeding, things were in order and we took off. We eventually arrived in Jackson for lunch and a look through the antique shops. Then onward heading home! No more problems enroute. Miles the first day: 124, second day: 80, third day: 165. AND three passes in 24 hours, all over 8000', in little MGs. I should like to add that the weather was wonderful, blue sky, not a sight of rain. Next day and through the week, rain, rain, and snow on the passes, 2-3 feet at Tahoe. You will note that we were just south of there.

I think my mind has run out, fingers too!

Tory Skopecek.

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