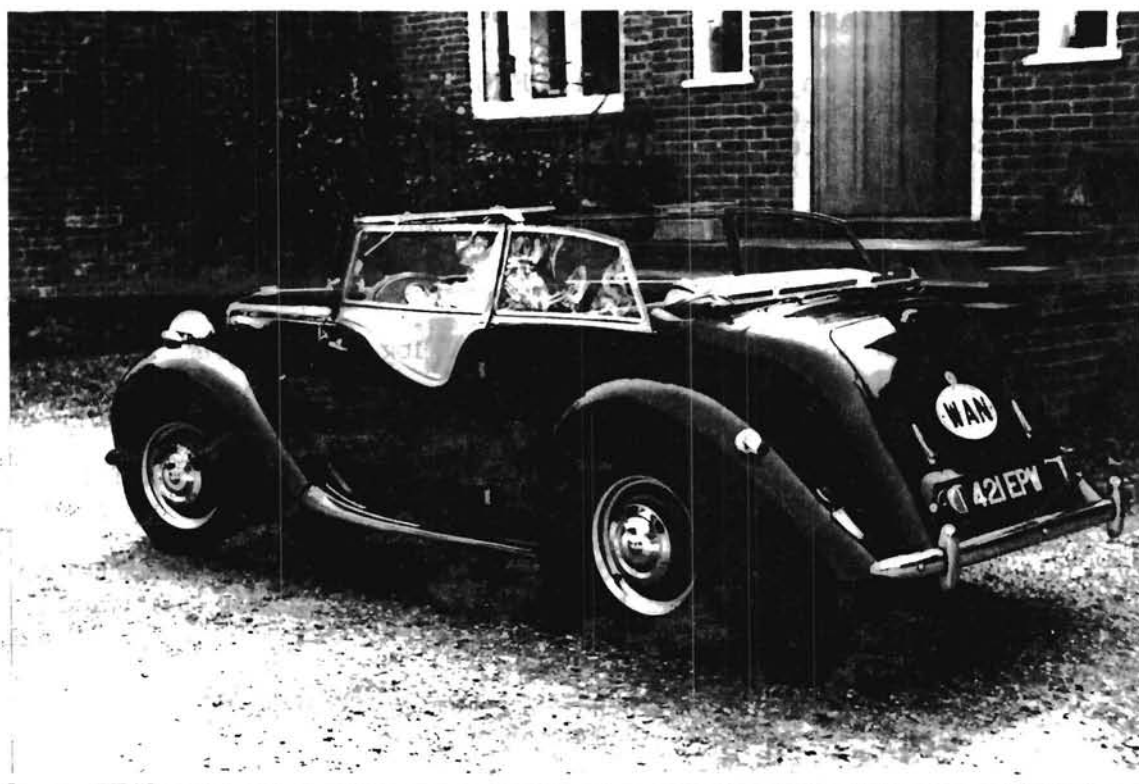


# THE CLASSIC 'Y'

GN83

Volume 10. No.83. The Newsletter of the M.G. 'Y' Type Register.

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## Register Number 831

Chassis Number Y4418  
Engine Number SC/14212  
Licence Plate UMG132  
Body Number 3277/3346  
Sub-Type YA  
Year of Manuf' 50  
Owner's Name Harvey I  
Owner Number 880  
Car Location Kent ENG  
Exterior Colour n/k  
Interior Colour -

## Register Number 837

Chassis Number Y7116  
Engine Number SC/16932  
Licence Plate UMG480  
Body Number n/k  
Sub-Type YA  
Year of Manuf' 51  
Owner's Name Jeynes DE  
Owner Number 881  
Car Location Norfolk ENG  
Exterior Colour Black  
Interior Colour R

## CARS FOR SALE:

- 598 1952 YB. "Four door saloon, colour black, original log book. Partly dismantled. £450. Tel: [REDACTED]"
- 764 YA. "Extensive restoration 1973-76. Rewired engine, rebuilt new dash, floorboards, chassis painted. Last used 1976, dry stored. £1,250. Tel: [REDACTED]"
- 701 "1951 YA. Good condition but partly dismantled. Professionally converted to wire wheels and MGB rear axle and brakes. Requires reassembly; all parts supplied. £950. [REDACTED]"
- 919 "M.G. YA Reg. No. UMG187. Complete running car, body requires attention. £950 ono. [REDACTED] (Bishops Waltham, Hants)."

## PARTS FOR SALE:

"17 'Brand New' Cylinder Head Gaskets; they are genuine Payen Head Gaskets (Part No. AC390, 4cyl, 1250cc, 1947-53, YB/YA) in copper steel asbestos. £4 each.  
Contact: [REDACTED] Bucks."

"YA handbrake cables and propshaft. Free to collector. [REDACTED]"

[REDACTED] has many 'Y' Type parts and spares for sale. Please ring him on [REDACTED] if there is anything that you need.



## FAMOUS 'Y' TYPE OWNERS

No.1

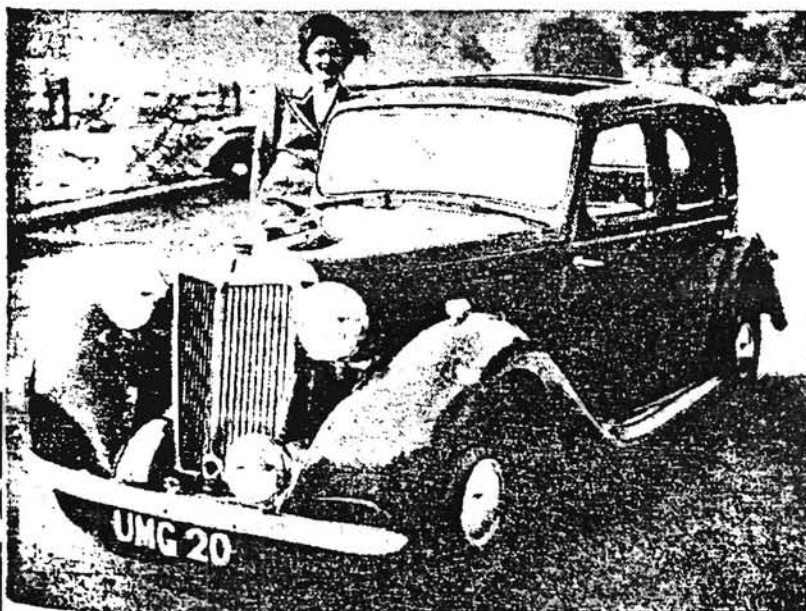
### GENE TIERNEY

film star

Miss Gene Eliza Tierney was born in Brooklyn on 19th November 1920. In 1939 she made her Broadway debut in "Mrs O'Brien Entertains" and her first film appearance came one year later in "The Return of Frank James". Between 1940 and 1955 she appeared in such films as "Heaven Can Wait", "Whirlpool", "Where The Sidewalk Ends", "Tobacco Road", "The Shanghai Gesture" and "Leave Her to Heaven" (for her performance in the last mentioned, in 1945, she received a 'Best Actress' Academy Award nomination). She is perhaps remembered best, though, for her appearance as Laura in the film of the same name (1944). In the 1960s she returned to films and also made one television appearance. In all she appeared in thirty-five films. She was married three times and had two daughters.

In 1949 Gene Tierney took delivery of an M.G. 'YA' registered "UMG20" whilst on a visit to the U.K. The car was last seen in Brentwood, Essex on 18th February 1965. At that time it was red in colour.

Photo aside by kind permission of  
'The Autocar' (issue of 25/11/49).  
Photo below from 'Cinema - A Critical  
Directory' edited by Richard Roud.



Miss Gene Tierney, the film star, took delivery of a 1½-litre M.G. saloon during her visit to this country.



Gene Tierney in *Whirlpool*:



## 'Y' TYPE SUMMER OUTING

by Sandy Taylor.

In 1984, with the 'Y' Type back in circulation, we did the usual round of Scottish runs and rallies. As usual, there was much of interest and we renewed old friendships. However, an idea was formed for something different - a trip south of the border. Kate's parents live in the heart of Yorkshire and we visit them fairly regularly so it seemed a good place to start (combining business and pleasure, one could say!) Arrangements were soon put in hand - we wanted two consecutive weekend events in Yorkshire so a local contact was needed. This was provided via the 'Y' Type Register members list in the form of Barbara & Alan McCormick who live only a couple of miles from the in-laws.

Alan and Barbara are members of the Craven Old Wheels Society which is very much like our own Fife Historic Vehicle Club. They have two main activities in the summer; a rally held in conjunction with a local Game Fair at Houghton Hall, in Skipton, and the Peter Black Memorial Run. These events are held on consecutive weekends so we booked for both.

So, on Friday 28th June we set off, with, in the boot, almost enough spares to build another car and with all our luggage packed inside the car. We left after work, through the borders, down the A1 for a bit then across country, past Harrogate to Shipley. It was a beautiful sunny evening, we averaged 40mph and the car never missed a beat, nor was it too uncomfortable! I still think of England as down hill unless I travel on the A74 - which seems uphill in both directions!

The Game Fair was a static event with some new driving tests. There were three M.G. 'Y' Types! C.O.W.S. combine with the Game Fair and the attractions are varied. They included ferret racing and junior potholing under a tarpaulin.

The only snag we hit in our great expedition south was that I was not able to get the week off in between so we came back home by train on the Monday and returned on the Friday for the Peter Black Memorial Run. Fortunately father-in-law has a large garage!

Peter Black was a local businessman who took a great interest in old cars, building up an amazing private collection and, each year, the Peter Black Memorial Run is held in his memory. This is a well established run of about 60 miles and it started with the cars being checked for wobbly wheels, bald tyres, road tax, insurance and so on - seems like a good idea! The weather was hot (yes hot!) and averaging 24mph through West Yorkshire country lanes called for a lot of concentration. At the half-way stage we drove up a long drive to a large country house. Here we had driving tests - not our best feature! This was followed by a half hour break but no time to relax as we had to spend time finding 45 local place names, hidden in a word square, and answer questions on the highway code! Modesty forbids me to tell you who won that section of the run - but you can see the large silver tray languishing on our mantelpiece. This was a double for the 'Y' Types as Barbara McCormick & team won the ladies prize in her car and Alan did well in his Austin 7 nippy - even if he didn't win a prize.

Continued overleaf....

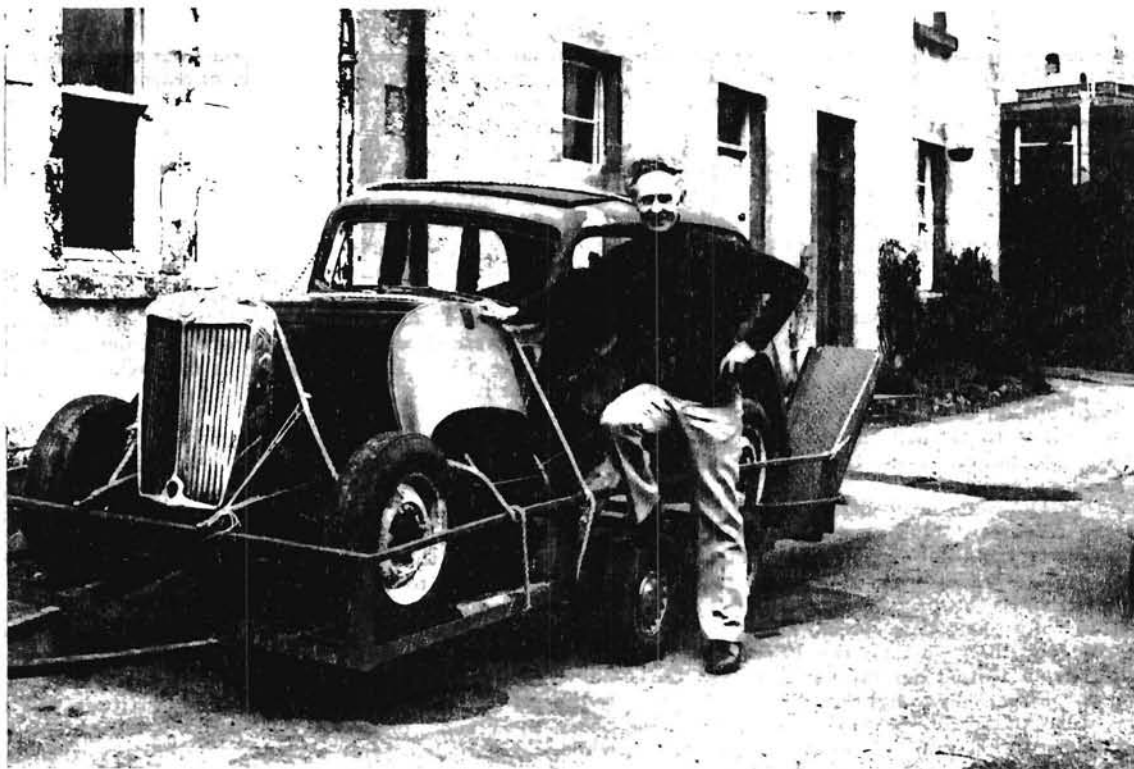


This was certainly the most tiring run we have ever been on but it was most enjoyable. At the finish, at a field behind a restaurant and pub owned by the Duke of Devonshire in Bolton Abbey, were various attractions, Morris dancers, a junior motorcyclist, a beer tent and an immaculate Whyte steam car - if you half closed your eyes it could have been on rails!

We had the next week off and so came back through the Lake District. Here we stayed a couple of nights in our favourite hotel where the landlord rebuilds Mini Coopers and has a garden railway (but that's another story!)

So we made some new friends in the Craven Old Wheels Society, saw lots of different cars and saw some new scenery. Next year we may go back. Anyone interested?

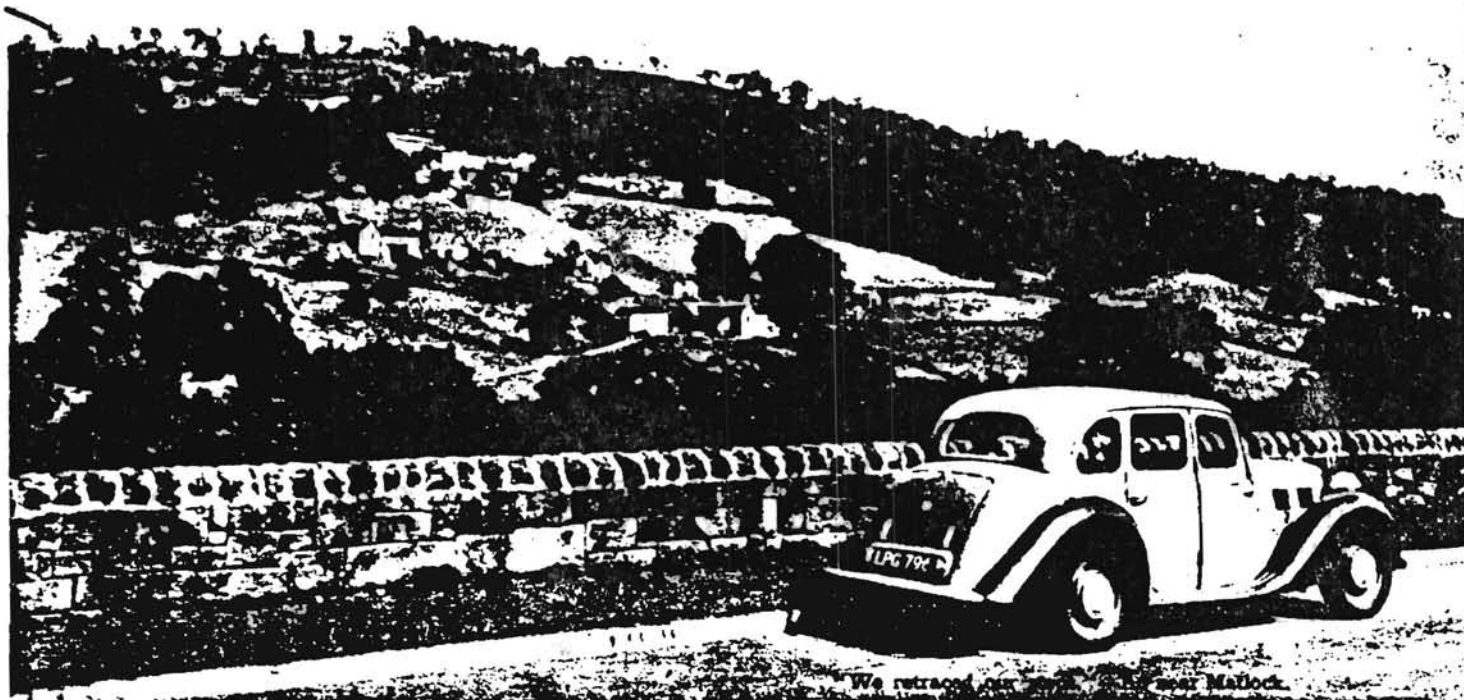
Whilst we were at the rallies we got an invitation to visit the Peter Black Collection. Some weeks after we had settled down at home we received two photos of the car taken during the run. These are sent to all competitors and provide tangible proof that one day last summer - the sun shone!



Miles Harris and his YB from Northern Ireland. The car is now well on the way to being restored.

Overleaf, another touring article from the pages of 'The Autocar', researched by David Mullen and with kind permission of the current publishers.....





## DOVEDALE REVISITED

TWO DAYS IN THE  
DERBYSHIRE DALES



by  
Michael  
Town

CONNING the map in the direction of Derbyshire, your southern motorist is understandably intimidated by the sooty network of Wednesbury, Walsall, Wolverhampton and West Bromwich, not to mention Birmingham, Coventry and Kidderminster carpets. He need not be, for the route shown on the map skims skilfully between them with all the skill of a trick skater through a line of flower pots.

Provided, of course, that the line from the southerner's part of the south to Derbyshire runs near to Oxford, Banbury or Warwick. Ours picked it up at Henley, and with a 9.30 start we were lunching at Stonebridge (on the Coventry to Birmingham road) by 12.30 p.m. and pulling into Ashbourne by 2.30 p.m. After Sudbury the horizon had been excitingly broken by Derbyshire peaks,

and the steep and thronged streets of Ashbourne gave a holiday suggestion with their similarity to those of seaside towns. We climbed out on the Buxton road; a mile from the last house we left it to the left, and in two ticks of an S.U. pump we were pulling up at the entrance to the Peveril of the Peak hotel.

I had not been to Dovedale since before the war, and the thought of the celebrated ravine added a flavour to the tea that was hastily drunk. "How do we get to the dale?" we asked, and the auburn-haired waitress bade us go through the gate, over the pastures, and keep to the right of the peak; for Dovedale is a walking trip. Approached by car, you must go past the Peveril of the Peak, up the hill, down t'other side and round over the stone bridge over the Dove. Turn right, and shortly after you will see the stone pillars of the Izaak Walton hotel gate. The road to the hotel goes off sharply to the left beside the gate; the road to Dovedale (through the gate) goes straight on, with signs on either side saying that heavy traffic is forbidden.

Some distance farther there is a large car park on the right. Beyond this, as notices inform you, motorists must not park, although they can reach the stepping stones for the purpose of turning round. Beyond the stepping stones the ravine begins.

It begs description, of course. How can one describe a swift green stream darting through trees that billow from the floor of the valley, up the sides until they thin out to

the solitary trunk which clings like a rock climber to the limestone crags above? How can one describe the path that meanders, clambers, scrambles or waltzes along the east bank of such a stream? How can one convey the dizzy height intoxication which seizes you as you peer cautiously over a rocky edge to catch the glint of the water far below? Far better to point out that it is a path that is easily negotiated (two wives of reasonable daintiness were not dismayed), the steeper gradients having been ironed out by rough concrete steps. In places there is mud at times, and a tendency to slipperiness; but a pair of stout shoes is all that the walker needs. At intervals the river tumbles over tiny waterfalls; at intervals the great crags frown on you for daring to disturb their ogre-like impassivity. If the cloud is heavy the ravine stimulates awe but no fear, for there are many other walkers present to keep you company. If the sky is blue it begets a delighted appreciation of such beauty. "If this," said my companion, "were encountered in Europe or America, tourists would rave about it. Because it is in England very few know that it exists."

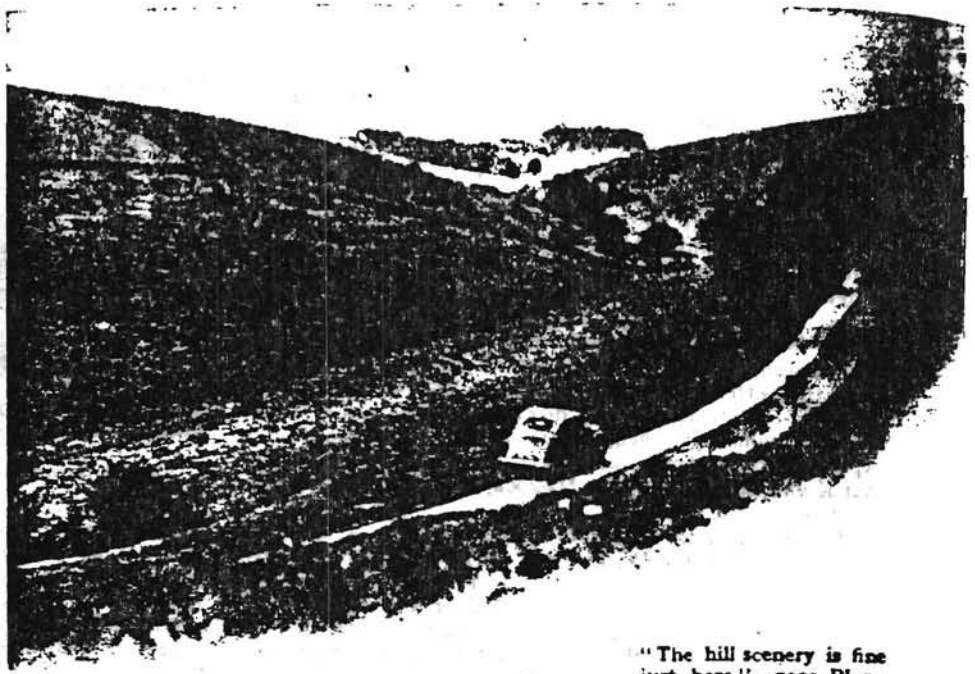
### Unknown

That, I think, is not exaggerated. I have been shocked to find that beauty spots which to me are household names create only a look of puzzlement and a "Where's that?" in others. To the venturer abroad I have nothing but encouragement; to the overseas tourist who couples his praise of foreign countries with a contempt for England I feel a like contempt—and I may modestly claim to have seen quite a bit of the world. If he knows neither Scotland nor Wales I dismiss his Continental aspirations as travel snobbery, with, none the less, a certain gratitude that the Swiss, the French, or maybe the Spaniards must suffer him while I explore delectable Dovedale in company with those who really appreciate beauty.

This area is to be a national park, and one is impatient of the delay in making it such, with the protection that that implies. Mr. Dalton's resounding phrases inspire confidence in Government intentions, but the Minister of Town and Country Planning's decisions undermine it, for where cement and the Manifold Valley conflicted, cement has won at least a temporary victory. The Dove and the Manifold are as precious as the Crown jewels; in fact, I am not sure that they are not the finest of the Crown jewels themselves.

The next day was devoted to motoring. Within the area





"The hill scenery is fine just here"—near Blare.

## DOVEDALE REVISITED : continued

bounded by Buxton, Leek, Ashbourne, Belper, Matlock and Bakewell there is scenery of great variety; individual treasures also abound. I suggest that you do as we did—pick roads that look "interesting" on the map, keeping a lively eye open for celebrated attractions. As a result, in a day of such motoring, we traversed the National Trust's Alsop Moor, having climbed up from the miniature Cheddar of Milldale. The main road to Buxton (A515) switchbacks over the moors, and high-speed motoring through moorland is a fair imitation of the flight of the grouse and a means of obtaining a vivid impression of space and height. Where the road to Bakewell cascades off down the slope to

Monyash we turned right and enjoyed the easy descent into neat and pretty Bakewell; we then climbed up to Baslow beyond and doubled back through Edensor and the magnificent park of Chatsworth.

This is scenery in the best travel film tradition (one can almost hear that deep purple voice saying, "And so for the present we leave them, while the golden sun sets in a lake of emerald . . ." and so on). But it is none the worse for that, and I always enjoy my travelogue. The point about this scenery is that its beauty is faintly artificial, an impression that is heightened by the deer posing under the oaks and by the splendid symmetry of Chatsworth House, one of the most famous homes of England. There is no need to dilate on Chatsworth, only to stress that this part of the Derwent Valley should be seen; the road in question runs from Baslow to Rowsley.

"At intervals the river tumbles over tiny waterfalls"—Dovedale.





For a time we continued down Darley Dale, heading for Matlock. But this road, by contrast, should be avoided. At the first opportunity we climbed to the west out of the valley, up to Winstler and away from the tangle of railway sidings, the clank of shunting engines and the rows of depressingly suburban houses. The little loop through Winstler was a find. After a spell amongst the clouds we plunged back towards Matlock down a wooded ravine as delightful as any. The road swings to and fro in neat curves; at intervals there is space to park, and when it finally joins the massive A6, pressing resolutely through the Derwent Valley from London to Manchester, it does so at the better end of the celebrated Matlock Gorge.

Again, I think that words descriptive of Matlock would be superfluous; the heights are higher than one would expect, and the depths are lower. The best comment is that if you have never seen Matlock (we had not), go and see it.

After lunch in the town we retraced our steps and left A6 to the south for Wirksworth. The minor road runs down a pleasant valley until it turns, appropriately, at Turnditch, into A517, which joins Belper and Ashbourne. Here the right turn takes your car along the watershed of a Peaky finger, with the result that you are confronted by a grand panorama over to the other side of the valley down which you have come from Wirksworth.

The need for petrol took us back into Ashbourne, and reluctance to leave the Dove sent us on beyond it in that direction, this time to climb by a very minor road through Mappleton and Blore. The hill scenery is fine just here, and a magnificent distant view of the gateway to Dovedale is to be had. Ultimately this little road joined the main road to Leek (A523), which we promptly left, climbing into the hills to the village of Grindon; time was getting on, and at this point my map, my navigation, and a signpost imposed a minor crisis. Faced by Grindon church, we thought that by turning sharp right we could descend into the Manifold Valley, cross it and climb out again through Calton—an attractive prospect, for the Manifold is elusive

"The road swings to and fro in neat curves."



"Into a farmyard went our route, over a wooden bridge."

on four wheels. Sure enough, the signpost said "Manifold Valley," and a tarred road heading left looked full of promise. As the last cottage was passed the road abruptly deteriorated, though obviously frequently traversed by motor traffic. We went on.

The gradient steepened and to turn became impossible. A really sharp hairpin intervened, at which point was a gate. We stopped, reconnoitred on foot, and decided that our "road" joined another and better one far below. We went on again, more steeply still now, with an occasional rock in the fairway, although not big enough to strike the chassis. After another gate we were at the bottom by the stone bridge. Here the map made no sense at all. The road on which we were crossed another and continued, signposted to Wetton and climbing very steeply indeed; grass grew in the middle of the track. No, I decided, for we were four up and luggage. The crossing road was unsigned but better in character, and ran parallel to another road, with merely a yard of turf and a fence to separate. On the separation strip was one of those wordy notices saying that the road was closed to all wheeled traffic except prams, or except when crossing from one "occupation road" to another. What on earth was an "occupation road" within the meaning of the Road Traffic Act (1930)? None of us knew. Again we went forward on foot, into the Manifold Valley, along a road which my map did not acknowledge (it did not recognize the road to Wetton either) in order to find a railway which the map *did*. But we could not trace the railway.

Yet the road was still obviously used by wheeled vehicles.

### Eureka

Once more the car was driven on. There was a gentle curve to the left, along the stream-bed line—and into a farmyard went our route, over a wooden bridge, at last losing all semblance of a road in the mud and muck of farm animals. On the bridge was the first indication of the railway—the letters L.M.S.

The scene was still, gorgeous, and silent as the grave; not even a cluck came from the scratching hens. As we looked at our watches their ticking could be heard. It was half past five, and we had 150 miles home to cover after tea. And tea was, of course, some distance off. Could we go on? Reluctantly, we decided that the rest must await another visit, and turned round on the grass.

But even now a decision remained. Should we escape up the steep track to Wetton? Should we try the fourth and remaining leg of the crossing along the floor of the valley, which we had not yet explored? Distant prohibition signs made us forsake the unknown, for the track down which we had come was at least the devil that was known. It was quite a malevolent little devil, necessitating a drop into first gear at one point, and the restart after the hairpin was not kind to the clutch. But soon we were back on the tarmac, faintly disappointed, and still puzzled by the serene and silent mystery that we had left down below. But not regretful. Dovedale is so beautiful that some of the mystery of the appeal of great beauty is its natural right; and it was only fair that a little of that mystery should be taken away as a souvenir.

