

# Y Model ....

A distant cousin of mine, Dave Valentine, sent me this picture of the YB he owned in the early 1960's. His antics with it may sound familiar to those of a certain age who maybe enjoyed motoring in a less restricted era.



This was my first car bought C1962 at the exorbitant price of £90 which at the time represented about 13 weeks wages. My agricultural apprenticeship started September 1961 @ £4.10s.6d a week and my board & lodgings in a local pub cost me £1.10s per week. I cycled 30+ miles on a Wednesday evening to my parents in Bedford to go on day release on a Thursday and then cycled 30 miles back after college to my digs, ready to start work @ 6.30 am or earlier if I was milking on the Friday. Them was the days!

I can't remember what became of the MG in the end; I would guess I scrapped it but it was a valuable workhorse. I ran it up a tree in Bedford one winter's night in thick fog. A real pea-souper like we had in those days of smog and before smokeless fuels. I passed one set of keep left sign on my left hand side and pulled over to the correct side of the road. A few minutes later I met a set of headlights directly ahead and thinking I had strayed to the right again pulled left. This time I was on the correct side and the headlights were the offender. I missed them but found a large lime tree barring my way.

The nearside wing suffered and as my father worked for the local borough council who at the time employed a blacksmith, said blacksmith was called into service to beat out the damaged wing. It remained in its neatly dimpled condition for ever. When the rear springs lost condition – the same blacksmith made me a new set from scratch and added an extra thick leaf in the middle. This lifted the car by a couple of inches at the rear and made it a much firmer ride. It also enabled the safe carriage of half a ton of potatoes [pre metric] in 20 x 56lb bags stacked in the back seat and I think I remember on the lowered boot lid as well.

Ah! Memories – in those days cars came as disposable – when worn out they were followed by the next, in my case a couple of old Morris saloons, a Citroen light 15, an old Standard Flying 9 convertible, then progressed to a Borgward Isobella before taking on 3 different Healy 100/4s all with recognisable numbers STO 750, HHV 500, & TNX 350. Why do numbers like that stick with you??"