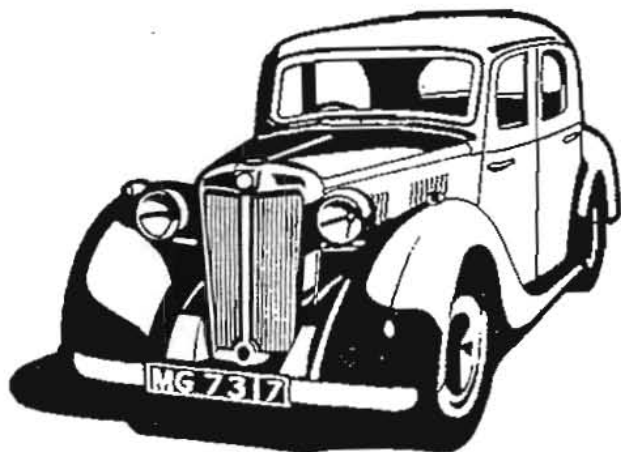




THE CLASSIC 'Y'

The Magazine of the M.G. Y-Type Register.
Volume 6. No.55.

February 1983.

EDITORIAL:

This magazine must have come as quite a shock to most of you, those fortunate enough to have received the last six issues, expertly compiled and produced by John Sanderson. It is with great regret that I have to inform you that due to a sudden change in personal and financial circumstances, in the most part beyond his control, John is no longer able to produce and edit our magazine for us. We are, therefore, returning to basically the 'old' format. The magazine will remain bi-monthly and it is hoped to publish eight pages in each issue. Unfortunately no photographs can be reproduced at the moment. I hope that you are all not too disappointed at this backward step. Looked at positively, I trust you will agree that what is important is that at least, in whatever format, information concerning our cherished cars will continue to be published for the benefit of owners.

Do you have a 'Y' Type for which you do not hold a DVLC computer-printed registration document? I do. "Enterprise" (MG7317) is not on the Swansea computer, although I have both the original and continuation log-books. "Enterprise" was last taxed in 1977 and therefore this state of affairs has not troubled me until now. Apparently, in connection with their attempts to make the transfer of 'cherished' registration marks easier, the DVLC are to make strenuous efforts this year to include on their computer any existing cars which have so far escaped their notice. The reasoning behind this seems to be that by 1984 (is that date significant, I wonder?) any car not 'computerised' whose owner applies to tax it, will have to be allocated a new-style 'suffix' registration mark (horrors!) Thus, I have written to Swansea and asked what I have to do to have 'MG7317' entered on their computer. They haven't replied yet but, chances are, when they do, they will ask me to complete a form and visit the Local Vehicle Licencing Office with the log-books. Now, here comes the snag. I have a feeling that the LVLO will take in my log-books, keep them, and send them to Swansea. Once the details of my car have been entered on the computer and I have been issued with my Registration Document, I think the log-books will be destroyed! I will keep you informed of what transpires but I would advise you to write to Swansea if you are in a similar situation to me.

Occasionally I bring up the subject of a 'Y' rally or meeting and the idea is usually dropped through lack of interest. Nothing daunted though, I shall now try again. The Ponton Section of the Mercedes-Benz Club of GB are organising a London to Worthing invitation run (à la London-Brighton veterans) for cars of the 1940s and 1950s. Now, we have a lot of members in London, Surrey and Sussex and I have enclosed details of the run with magazines sent to those members. I like the idea very much, myself, and would hope that we can manage a half-dozen or so 'Y's on the run. 'Y'-Types have been known to follow along behind the veterans to Brighton in November. Our Worthing run takes place on 1st May. If you are interested, please let me know.

A somewhat Australian aura surrounds the Register News section in this month's issue. I have received a further list of 'Y'-Type owners in Australia and much to my surprise, find that it contains just under fifty cars which are new to us ! And I thought we'd got them all !

Capital punishment is to be reintroduced - for the crime of needlessly and callously scrapping a 'Y' with premeditation. The first example of sub-humanity to be executed by having a sharpened boag net panel descend on him (à la madame guillotine) is Derek, an ex-friend of Jersey member Liam Jennings. The victim was an engineless but otherwise immaculate YB which found itself in a scrapyard on the island. Liam was prepared to purchase it at any price and save it but, unbeknown to him, Derek removed the radiator grille and other chrome trim and had the car crushed into a small metal block by the scrapyard's crusher !! Sentence will be carried out in the near future, Bergerac permitting !!

I must end by thanking John Sanderson for the magnificent work he gave us during 1982. His artistic talent will be greatly missed by us all, I am sure. Let's hope it won't be too long before he is able work his magic again.

28th January 1983

REGISTER NEWS:

<u>Chassis No.</u>	<u>Year.</u>	<u>Type.</u>	<u>Engine No.</u>	<u>Reg'n No.</u>	<u>Owner's name.</u>
Y 0559	1947	YA.	XPAG/SC/10505	?	C. Dupree
Y 0596	1947	YA.	XPAG/SC/10333	?	D. Webster
Y 0890	1947	YA.	XPAG/SC/10681	?	N. Andrews
Y 0865	1947	YA.	XPAG/SC/10576	?	J & M. Lean
Y 0972	1947	YA.	XPAG/SC/ ?	?	L. Whitehead
Y 1064	1947	YA.	XPAG/SC/10873	?	K. Rose
Y 1592	1948	YA.	XPAG/SC/11427	?	K. Kragh
Y 1935	1948	YA.	XPAG/SC/11722	?	A. Matzious
Y 2193	1948	YA.	XPAG/SC/12308	?	M. Ross
Y/T/EXR 2596	1949	YT.	XPAG/TR/12571	?	N. Barkham
Y 2868	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/12554	?	J. Neilson
Y 2893	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/127597	?	J. Mullins
Y 3117	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13008	?	L. Quick
Y 3120	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13030	?	M. Sharpe
Y 3192	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13326	?	P. Sharp
Y 3392	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13108	?	E. Zillman
Y 3428	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/26290 (GS)	?	J. Lunnnon
Y 3452	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13447	?	M. Ross
Y 3458	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13226	?	C. Lander
Y 3578	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13475	?	C. Payne
Y 3582	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13453	?	J. McCubbin
Y 3698	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13497	?	G. Cope

Chassis No.	Year.	Type.	Engine No.	Reg'n No.	Owner's Name.
Y 3810	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13720	?	J. Isaacs.
Y 3846	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13510	?	J. Pote.
Y 3861	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13320	?	H. McCubbin.
Y 3966	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/72270 (GS)	?	R. Bigg & H. Grey.
Y 3974	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13842	?	M. Aaltonen.
Y 4037	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13366	?	G. Monaghan.
Y 4040	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/11527	?	P. Denver.
Y 4167	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/14015	?	J. McCubbin.
Y 4188	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/13986	?	K. & J. Haig.
Y 4189	1949	YA.	XPAG/SC/29887 (GS)	?	J. Swinbourne.
Y 4216	1949	YA.	?	?	S. Foldhazy.
Y 4273	1950	YA.	XPAG?/3960	?	K. Tack.
Y 4318	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/11658	?	R. Lawrence.
Y 4320	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/14284	?	T. Downing.
Y 4389	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/14132	?	C. Payne.
Y 4439	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/14200	?	?
Y 4471	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/14221	?	C. Payne.
Y 4558	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/14340	?	R. French.
Y 4837	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/14588	?	C. Haines.
Y 5294	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/X15092	1396 EL	R. A. Neill.
Y 5330	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/15167	MTB 132	D. Ransome.
Y 5339	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/13642	?	G. Turner.
Y 5343	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/15139	?	J. Vinor.
Y 5927	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/15804	?	A. Bluet.
Y 6074	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/15807	?	T. Wellstead.
Y 6126	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/15941	?	C. Binks.
Y 6197	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/10872	?	R. Allen.
Y 6201	1950	YA.	XPAG/SC/16107	?	B. Shields.
YB 0920	1952	YB.	?	GCT 585	J. N. Abbott.
YB 1240	1953	YB.	XPAG/SC2/18139	PYA 248	D. G. Watson.
YB 1320	1953	YB.	XPAG/SC2/18185	RUB 306	A. Brier.

Total cars on the Register as at 4th February 1983: 902.

Made up as follows: YA: 467 YT: 163 YB: 201 YRC: 3

Composites/Specials: 5 Unknown (mainly saloons): 63.

NEW OWNERS:

498. R.A. Neill, [REDACTED] Beds, [REDACTED]
501. T.J. Price, [REDACTED] Glos [REDACTED]
502. D.G. Watson, [REDACTED] Oxford [REDACTED]
512. J.N. Abbott, [REDACTED] Lincs [REDACTED]
549. W. Stocker, [REDACTED] N.S.W., [REDACTED] Australia.

ADDRESS CHANGES:

459. B.R. Meynell, c/o Mrs. V. Trotter, [REDACTED]
384. G. Fry, c/- [REDACTED] N.S.W., [REDACTED] Australia.
410. I. Russell, [REDACTED] Middlesex.

CARS FOR SALE:

263. 1953 YB. White or cream. "Mostly original. Good runner. £950.
Tel: [REDACTED] (day); [REDACTED] (evenings)".

615. 1953 YB. YB 1393. XPAG/SC2/18280. 'MUF 971'. Green with green interior
Non-runner. £600. Contact Tony Brier, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED], W. Yorks, [REDACTED].

648. 1953 YB. "Restored to rolling chassis stage. Bodywork needs full
renovation. Many new parts. Engine, 4,000 miles since rebuild.
£450 ono. Tel: [REDACTED]".

630. 1950 YA. "Running condition with sound drive train and body, but should be restored. Very little rust and few missing parts. \$4,700.
Contact: Richard Trexler [REDACTED], Pennsylvania, [REDACTED], U.S.A."

579. YA. Contact: Mr. T.J. Price, [REDACTED], Glos, [REDACTED]

PARTS FOR SALE:

'TD XPAG engine. Reground crank. Gearbox, differential. New dynamo. Twin 1 1/2" S.U.s reconditioned (boxed). Contact: Mr. Morrison, Tel: [REDACTED] (Scotland)'.
[REDACTED]

Tony Brier has radiator shells and slats, beige trim panels and a brand new 5.25 x 16" tyre (the latter at £15).

Trevor Price has a range of YA spares and tyres which he must dispose of. His address is: [REDACTED], Glos, [REDACTED]

Len Thorpe would like to exchange a good YA half-shaft (choice of two) for a good YB half-shaft. His address is: [REDACTED] Surrey, [REDACTED]

'YB engine and gearbox. £250 ono. Contact: [REDACTED] Cleveland. Tel: [REDACTED].

'YA half-shaft £6. YA/YB headlamps £18 pair. Tel: Bournemouth [REDACTED].

'XPAG engine £60. Tel Ninfield [REDACTED].

'Y front wings £45 pair. Contact: Mr. C. Shepstone, [REDACTED], Tel: Nailsea [REDACTED]

PARTS WANTED:

'Y gearbox. Fair price paid ! Tel: [REDACTED] (office) or [REDACTED] (after 7pm.)'.

Membership Secretary/Registrar:

J. G. Lawson, [REDACTED]

Magazine Printing:

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U.K. Spares Secretaries:

A. Brier, [REDACTED]

D. G. Green, [REDACTED]

United States Chapter:

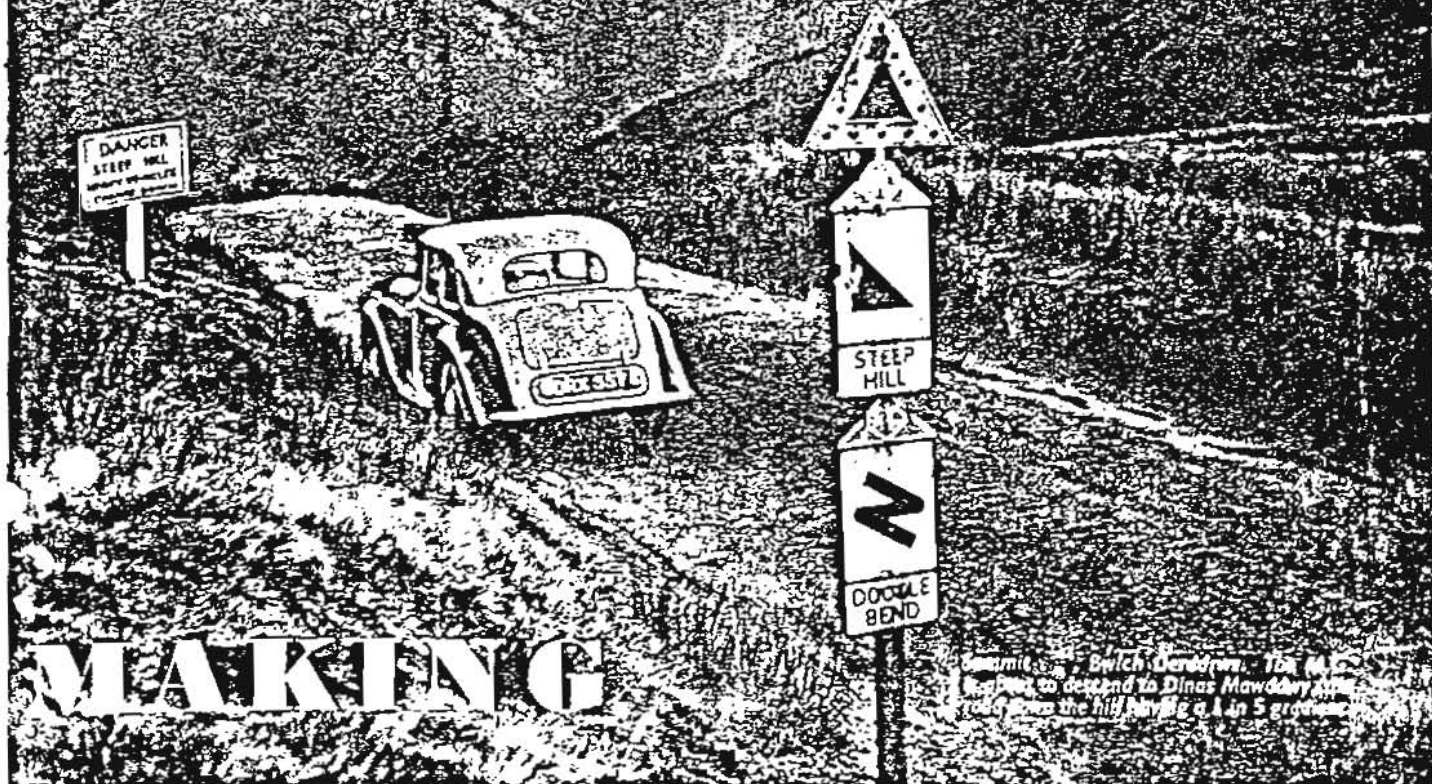
Tory Skopecek & David Miller, [REDACTED]

Cars & Parts For Sale: Mike Dodd/David Mullen.

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The content of the articles and the technical advice appearing in this magazine represent the views of the respective contributors and not necessarily those of the Editor or the publishers. The MGYTR cannot be held responsible for any loss or damage resulting from the implementation of any advice appearing in this magazine.

The article which follows was rediscovered by David Mullen and is reprinted by kind permission of 'The Autocar'.



MAKING

By Michael Brown

the GRADES

PASS CLIMBING IN THE WELSH MOUNTAINS WITH A 1½-LITRE M.G.

HERE comes a point where a sporting reputation may impose a restriction on the popularity of a firm's cars in other directions. At least, that is an opinion which I hold. It seems to me that the long and good sporting record of the M.G. (remember the "Cream Crackers" and the original Magic Midget?) might make the ordinary family motorist hesitate before considering a car from the same stable. He would probably say, rather deprecatingly, that it "was a bit too hot for him"; which would be a pity.

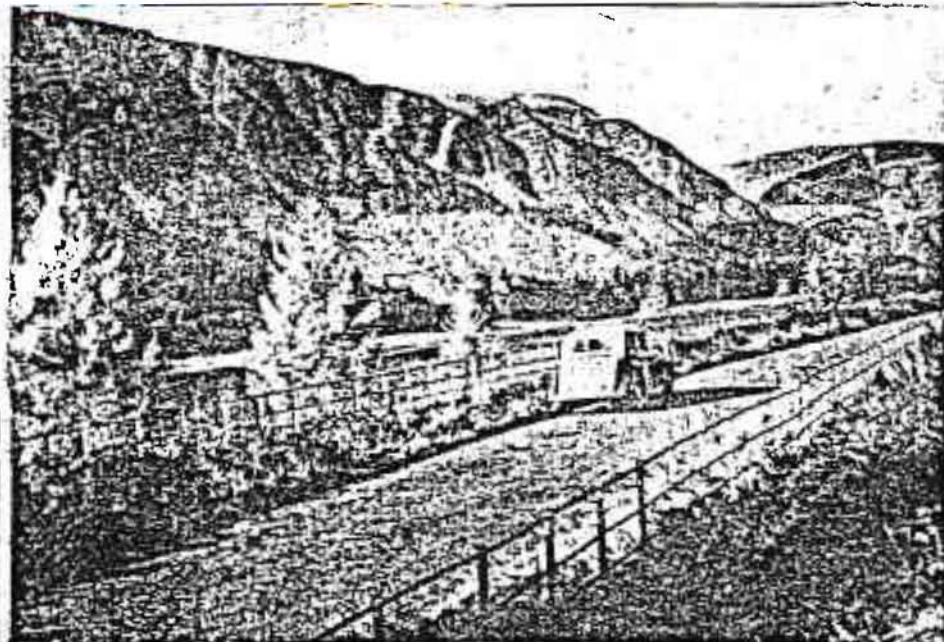
Curiously enough, a similar timidity might arise over tackling mountain passes. Accustomed to driving the family along the flat roads of most of the south of England, our typical tourist might feel that the mountains meant "real" climbing, and, by an association of ideas, he might remember hectic pictures of M.G. Midgets bouncing up Bwlch-y-Groes. Whereupon he might decide to stick to the Brighton Road, which, again, would be a pity.

Now I would hesitate to claim that I am anything more than a typical motorist. Consequently, when the opportunity occurred to take a 1½-litre M.G. saloon over the mountain passes in Wales ("Go ahead: climb anything you like with me"), I was very pleased. Here was an opportunity to kill two birds with one stone. I could give the ordinary motorist's reactions to the latest product from a sporting firm, and I could describe the various passes which it climbed for the benefit of the apprehensive tourist. If the result sways a timid fellow-motorist over to scaling the passes when basic petrol once again returns, so much the better.

First, the car. It slipped out of Berkshire on a fine morning with every promise of a good run ahead of it. At the wheel, a driver who, quite diffident for the first few miles with a strange car, was becoming rapidly familiar with it. It is that sort of machine, and that early instilling of confidence is a hallmark of British quality design. How Britain gets the "quality" feel I do not pretend to know, but I think that it arises from a happy combination of solid construction and positive control; an ease of operation of such things as throttle, brakes and clutch pedal; a slick and smooth gear change, and comfort of driving position. It may even be that a polished walnut fascia has something to do with it. Polished walnut has always suggested quality in this country, and may it long continue to do so.

Before very long I was completely at home with the machine, and the throttle could be opened freely. As usual in this country, the roads dictated the speed, but one could potter at 30-35 m.p.h. or cruise at any speed from 40 m.p.h. upwards as far as 65 m.p.h., when possible. Seventy appeared on the speedometer once, but a damp road surface and wet leaves lying on it forbade a real attempt to pack the miles into the hours. However, 17 miles between Chipping Norton and Broadway were covered in 22 minutes, giving an average of 46.4 m.p.h. and later 13 miles went by in 16 minutes (48.75 m.p.h.). For the hour, forty miles were recorded, and the figure would have been higher but for the Evesham speed limit and a traffic light stop in the town.

The suspension gave no little assistance towards getting



High level . . . the road round Lake Vyrnwy at over 800 ft. Crisp morning sunshine lighting the gold of winter spruces.

dated in advance by the prospect of climbing a hillside-clinging road over a strange pass in a car that was not my own in pouring rain (which came on at night-fall), and with plenty of wet leaves on the decided corners. However, we did it in blissful ignorance, the beam of the head lamps occasionally leaping out into space over the post-guarded outside edge, and the hillside across the valley a black mass pierced at times by a cottage lamp.

On the descent one bend caught us napping. It was one of those that go on getting sharper as you round it. A motor cyclist was coming up. I had to put the steering wheel over harder than discretion advised. The car came round. Even so,

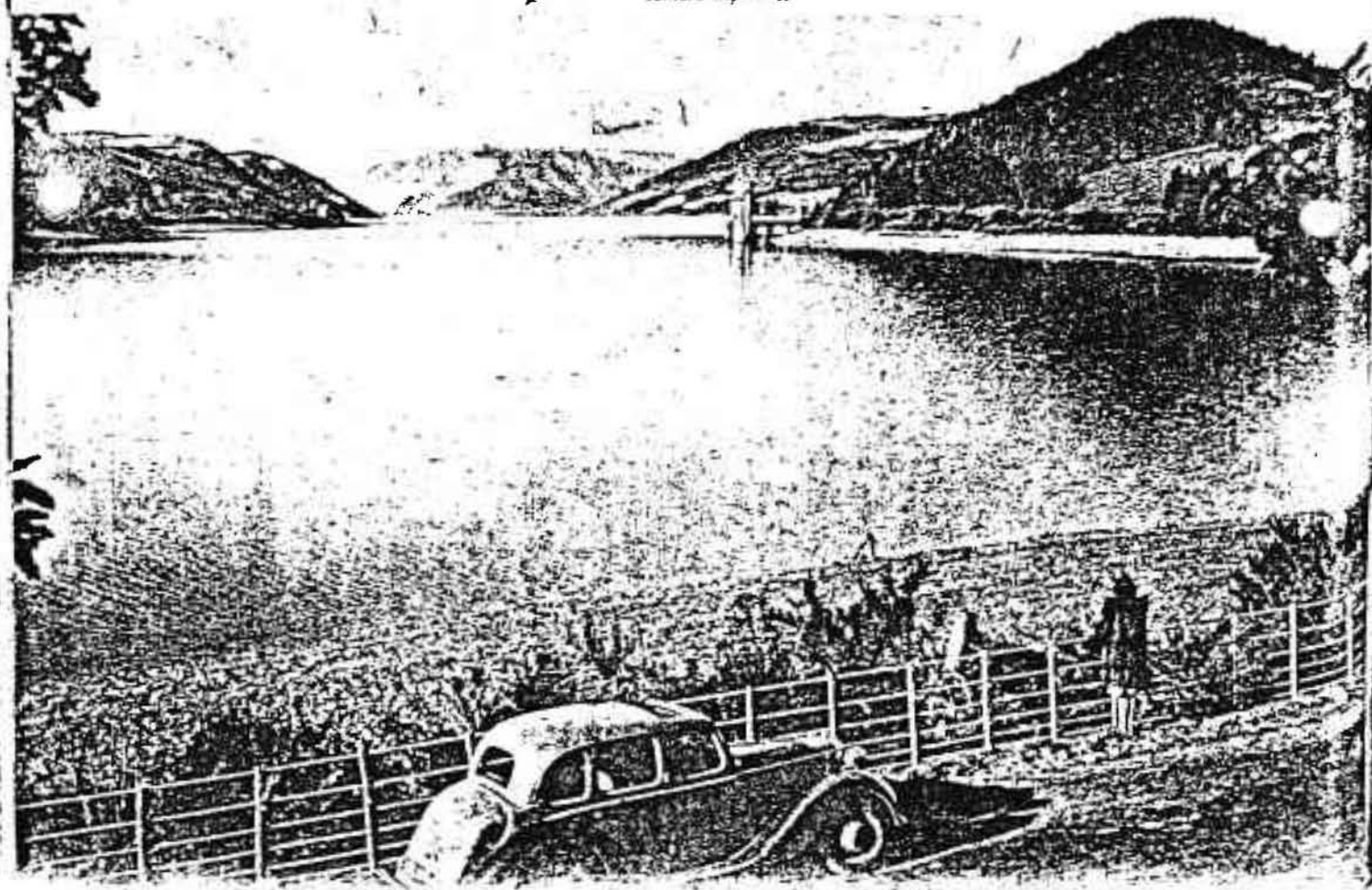
along rapidly. Coupled with a lively and positive response to the steering, which is light and likeable, the car went round curves in an exhilarating manner. It wagged a tail once, very slightly, but was easily corrected. And then we approached the Worcester area—in which, at one point, the starter switch refused duty for the only time during the run—and the higher speeds became out of the question, although later, somewhere on A49 and in the neighbourhood of Church Stretton, we covered five miles in a few minutes. Finally we reached Llangollen—just after dark—and the real trip began.

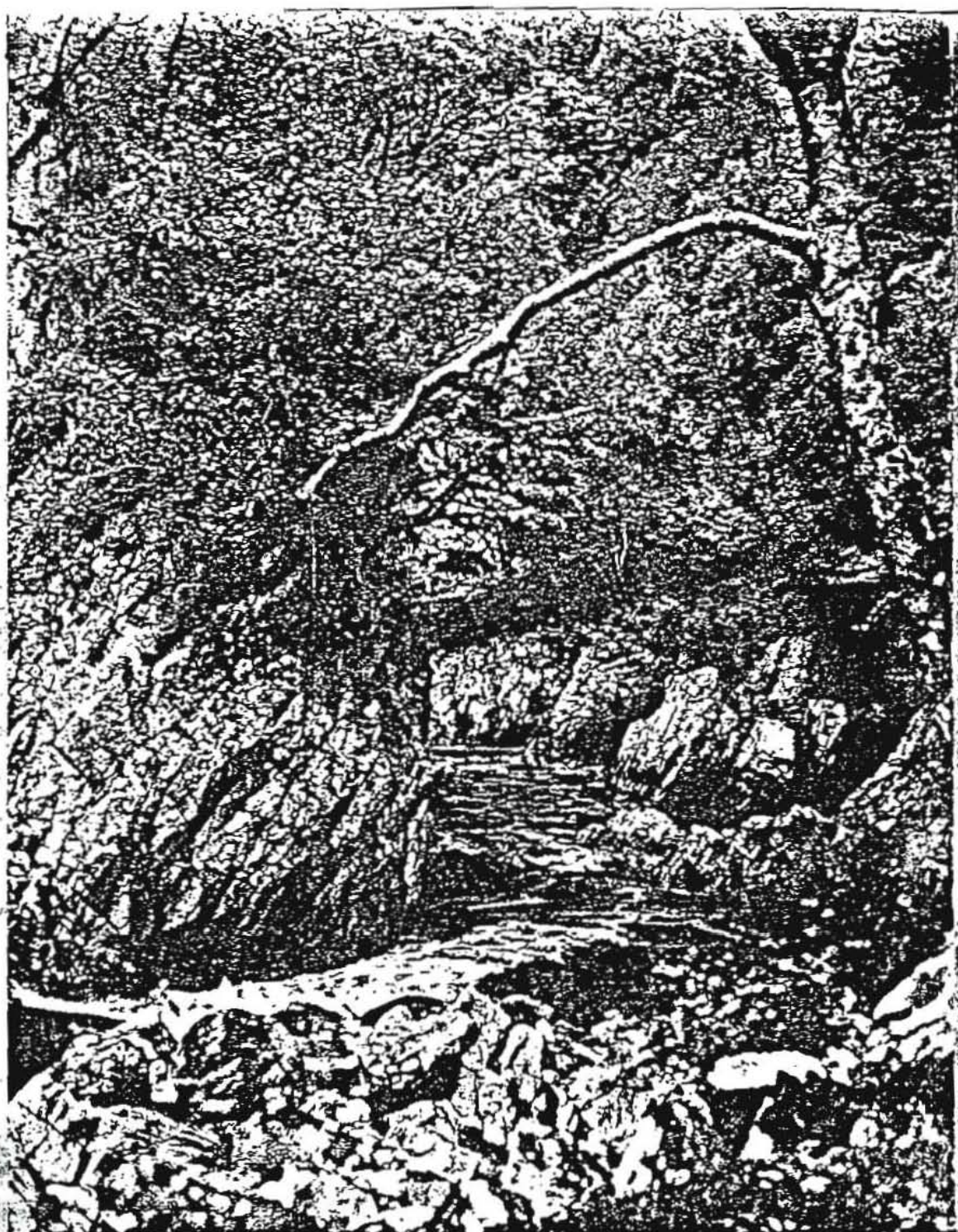
I must confess that it was not intended to begin there. From a welter of maps a day or two before I had said airily to my passenger, "We'll stay the night at Denbigh and make the first climb over the hills in the morning." Unfortunately, I had overlooked the fact that between Llangollen and Ruthin the road leaps up and over the Horse Shoe Pass. Perhaps not so unfortunately, for I might have been intimi-

brated were still necessary—gently—and I prepared to correct a slide. But it did not happen, and the M.G. came back snugly under the hillside as if to tell me that I had a lot to learn about the safety margin of independent front suspension. I probably have. In the steep streets of Denbigh we searched for our hotel, and finally garaged the car, a tremendous downpour, untired but thankfully—because of the rain—after the run of about 200 miles.

Next morning the sun was up, although the day was to deteriorate. With some affection now, I topped up the radiator and pressed the starter button, the engine firing immediately and needing practically no choke, which may have meant a mixture that was a little too rich. To warm up we went down to get petrol at a garage at the bottom of the town, and then returned on A543 to climb over to Pentrefoelas, which lies on A5. The road is adequate in width and the climb is long and steady, up into desolate moorland in which Llyn Aled and the Alwen Reservoir at

Low level . . . Lake Vyrnwy itself was low as a result of the dry summer. Sunshine and still mountain air gave the necessary clarity for winter camera exposure.





"That ravine through which the river pours . . . Conway Falls, where cars may be parked in a special park and tuppence gives a glimpse of Heaven."

1,200 ft gleam dully and menacingly when the sky is grey. There are no crags or difficulties about this pass, and it drops discreetly into A5 leaving only an impression of clean air and windy wastes. The contrast with the wooded vale along which A5 runs is remarkable—the difference between the grim lines of hard old age and soft cheeks of the maiden. We stopped and clambered over the rocks at the Conway Falls, wondering if anything could be more beautiful than that ravine through which the river pours. Then we sped on through Bettws-y-Coed and Capel Curig—climbing again—to Llanberis Pass.

After the descent, the ascent. Llanberis—a spectacular pass of broken rock, scree and exciting peaks—has an easy gradient and a good surface, although the sides of the road need watching for protruding rocks. Up a traffic-free road the M.G. climbed in third gear, the speed held down by the corners, but not dropping below 30 m.p.h. or rising above 40; a most satisfying climb. We dropped down to Llyn Gwynant and lunch at Beddgelert.

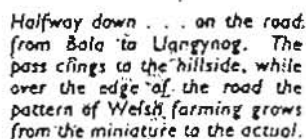
The afternoon climb was from Ffestiniog over to Bala. The road is narrow, the surface fair; the prospect on that

day was bleak and misty. From Ffestiniog the way leaps up sharply and then steadies into a long climb. At 1,500 ft the cloud level was the same as ours, but, peeping under it, we could admire the amazing view back over Cwm Prysor, alongside which the railway runs. This is a road which no one need fear, and towards Bala it becomes excellent in width and surface. Sheep, of course, are frequently encountered, as elsewhere on the Welsh roads.

The hotel at Bala—the White Lion Royal—can be recommended, not least for such thoughtfulness as the drying of wet coats (without asking), the provision of a hot water bottle, and two morning papers with the early tea, also without asking. Local advice was forthcoming on the route from there.

Not over to Rhiwargor, at the head of Lake Vyrnwy, nor via Bwlch-y-Groes at that time of year. Bala—Llangynog? Oh yes; that was quite all right.

And a lovely climb it is. The sun—a real, summery sun with a few white clouds—was dispelling the ground mist as we left, and the lake was pale iridescence. Four miles beyond Bala a double hairpin and a steep gradient brought



Then we drove on to the top of the world. Up the next long slope the narrow road reached onward into distance; and up the next; and the next. Over a pot-boiled surface the suspension had a good test at 35 to 40 m.p.h., from which it came with credit. And then suddenly we were making the breathtaking descent into Llangynog, clinging to the hillside with a low stone wall between us and eternity and a view of meadow pattern, cottage-studded, the like of which is peculiar to Wales.

At Pen-y-bont-fawr we turned right through Hirnant for Lake Vyrnwy. Here the road is very narrow, and a big car would be embarrassing. There are occasional places where two cars could pass, but they are not frequent. The M.G. is, however, attractively compact in size. We met only one vehicle—a lorry in a favourable spot. It was carrying pit props that were being cut from the Reservoir conifers a little nearer the lake, and through the scented depths of which it is extraordinarily pleasant to drive.

Around the lake the road is fine and the view magnificent. Then there came another sharp ascent from the dam end over to B4393, the hairpin bends bringing us down to second gear. Later, a lorry loaded with sawn logs brought us down to first, but we tired of the crawl and of the possibility of a log falling off to dent the precious M.G. and halted, in company with the village nurse in an Austin Seven, to let it get ahead. Then we romped over the summit far behind it.

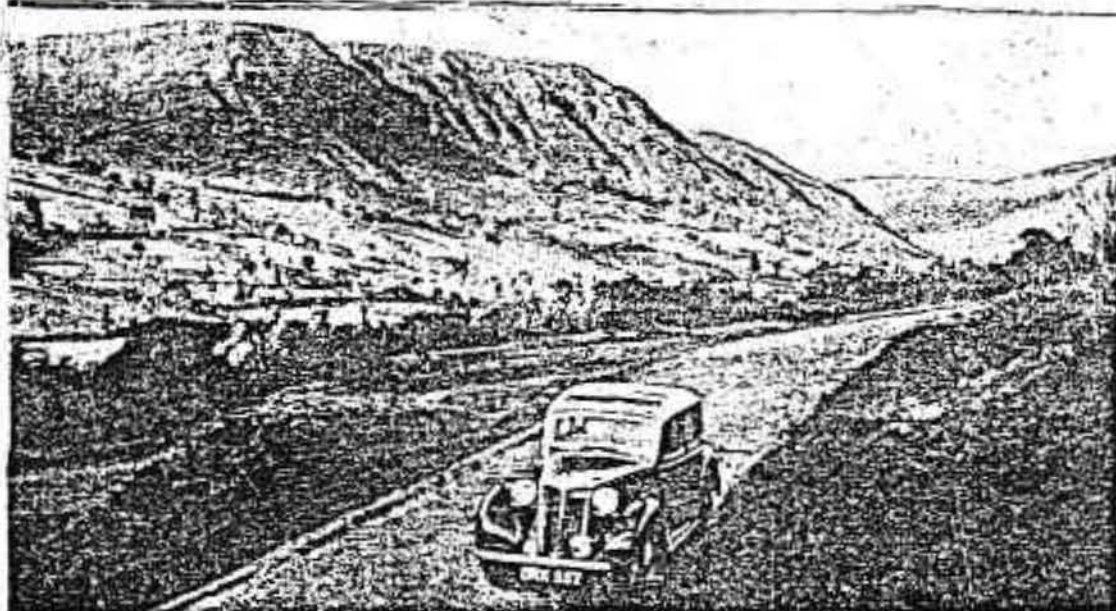
From the junction to Machynlleth is main road motoring, plus fine scenery west from Bwlch-y-Fedwen. The road north to Dolgellŷ (A487) is also a main road, but what scenery! Along this one could take the most asthmatic

But from the Cross Foxes Inn, near Dolgelley, A458 climbs off to the east and to Dinas Mawddwy, and is a different matter. This is Bwlch Oerddrws. The surface is good but the climb is long (1½ miles). Average gradient is 1 in 13, with a maximum of 1 in 9. From the Dinas side it reaches 1 in 5, with a hairpin bend. It is a fine, open climb, with good visibility, adequate width and surface and a grand scenic descent into Dinas. The M.G. climbed fast and well on third, was stopped at the top (the engine ran-on for a second after the key was turned), and was then allowed to potter down to Dinas. Should we turn and make the steeper climb? The failing light and the fact that it was in no way difficult decided us against it. We garaged at the Buckley Arms and enjoyed a cup of tea in the splendid setting of the rhododendron-clothed hills.

And that we might call the end of it, although two more climbs were made on the way home. One was on A483 south of Newtown—a jolly ascent in thickish mist which promised well for further investigation later, and the other was Birdlip (the new road), up which the M.G. fairly flew after a wait for a clear run. The hairpin by the signpost was taken on second gear, the last section on third, and the car came over the top at 52 m.p.h. with the needle still going up. In the end I swung into the works at Abingdon—Berkshire's only car factory, of which we are equally proud with Huntley and Palmer's biscuits and Simonds' beer!—with 600 miles on the trip, a petrol consumption of something just in excess of 30 m.p.g., and oil consumption of apparently nil, although I had added a pint of oil for good measure.

A typical motorist—as time as most, "I dare say"—had taken a car that is backed with a fine sporting reputation over a mountain touring route in the winter. What had he found? That such a journey was as easy as falling off a log, and that the car concerned was such that its docility of control, coupled with a performance above the average for the engine size, speedily made it a machine to be appreciated. Moreover, the compact overall size, with visibility of both wings, is probably worth an extra quarter of a litre when it comes to making fast averages over British roads.

[illegible]



Halfway down . . . on the road from Bala to Llangynog. The pass clings to the hillside, while over the edge of the road the pattern of Welsh farming grows from the miniature to the actual.

a still-cool engine down to first gear, but after that second gear shared with third the honour of lifting the M.G. into the skies. At 1,200 ft the view back over Bala is one of amazing beauty. We stopped to photograph a world of gold and crystal—gold in the leaves and crystal in the dew that sparkled on them. Oh, and a crimson splash of mountain ash berries and the pale blue of distant hills.

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Eye of the Needle

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and ancient saloon with confidence, to the certain delight of its passengers.

But from the Cross Foxes Inn, near Dolgelley, A458 climbs off to the east and to Dinas Mawddwy, and is a different matter. This is Bwlch Oerddrws. The surface is good but the climb is long (1½ miles). Average gradient is 1 in 13, with a maximum of 1 in 9. From the Dinas side it reaches 1 in 5, with a hairpin bend. It is a fine, open climb, with good visibility, adequate width and surface and a grand scenic descent into Dinas. The M.G. climbed fast and well on third, was stopped at the top (the engine ran-on for a second after the key was turned), and was then allowed to potter down to Dinas. Should we turn and make the steeper climb? The failing light and the fact that it was in no way difficult decided us against it. We garaged at the Buckley Arms and enjoyed a cup of tea in the splendid setting of the rhododendron-clothed hills.

And that we might call the end of it, although two more climbs were made on the way home. One was on A483 south of Newtown—a jolly ascent in thickish mist which promised well for further investigation later, and the other was Birdlip (the new road), up which the M.G. fairly flew after a wait for a clear run. The hairpin by the signpost was taken on second gear, the last section on third, and the car came over the top at 52 m.p.h. with the needle still going up. In the end I swung into the works at Abingdon—Berkshire's only car factory, of which we are equally proud with Huntley and Palmer's biscuits and Simonds' beer!—with 600 miles on the trip, a petrol consumption of something just in excess of 30 m.p.g., and oil consumption of apparently nil, although I had added a pint of oil for good measure.

A typical motorist—as timid as most, I dare say—has taken a car that is backed with a fine sporting reputation over a mountain touring route in the winter. What had he found? That such a journey was as easy as falling off a log, and that the car concerned was such that its docility of control, coupled with a performance above the average for the engine size, speedily made it a machine to be appreciated. Moreover, the compact overall size, with visibility of both wings, is probably worth an extra quarter of a litre when it comes to making fast averages over British roads.

Route map . . . height above sea level against distance, but with no claim that the gradients shown are to scale!

