

New Philadelphia Tour

After much discussion about who was going and when they wanted to depart, It was decided that Jim Williams, Dave, and I would meet at the UDF at the corner of Rt.22 and 48 north east form Montgomery, Ohio.

Jim Williams wanted to see the Warther Wood Carving Museum in Dover, Ohio. Both Dave and I have been there before but said that we would accompany him to the venue.

Herein lies the first dilemma; we needed to be at the host hotel by 1:30 PM to be a part of the organized museum tour.

No problem you say? Well, according to map quest, if you do not take the interstate, it would take 5 ½ hours. Subtract that from 1; 30 and we would have to have òwheels upò at 8 AM.

OK now we have our scenario,

Plans are finalized, times are set, and we are off to see the wizard.

Letòs not get ahead of ourselves. I get to the UDF -firstòno, wait, when I get there Peter and Lora Jollis are already there!

What, wait?

Now if you have been paying attention, there was no Jollisò mentioned before now. As I top off the gas tank in the Y-type, Peter tells me that Dave had told him to meet us there. Jim Williams shows up right after that and announces that his car is not running well and is overheating.

1:30 PM is constant and daylight is burning.

Dave calls and he has been caught in traffic on Fort Washington Way. He says start without him and he will run behind and catch up.

It is decided to press on.

**OK kids, here we go
“off like a heard of turtles”
at 8:30 AM.**

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The sun is out, the temp. is comfortable, we're on an MG trip, and the world is how it should be.

Somewhere around Wilmington, Dave joins the group. Peter rolls up the back part of his top, and we all settle in for drive through little towns and scenic countryside along Route 22.



We drive for about 100 miles, and Jim Williams TD slows quite bit and pulls to the side of the road. His overheating issue is still there and the TD now has an electrical miss.

Since Jim wants to get to the Warther Museum, Dave suggests that Jim and Jane jump in the Y-type for the rest of their trip, and the two TDs continue on ahead to the museum.

So, we disappear in their rear view mirrors.

I now have Jim's TD and I need to get it to New Philadelphia.

Great plan,
Everyone gets what he or she wants, right?

Not so fast bucko!

I poke around the TD and adjust a couple of things and off we go. We are motoring down the road and I'm watching the temp gauge climbing and falling numerous times in a constant cycle.

This something that I'm not quite used to seeing, Quite curious.

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We get to a little town and I pull into a small parking lot for a better look. I reset the points check the wires, and am generally inspecting the engine compartment, when Dave announces that he is leaving to help Jim Williams who had experienced a flat tire on the Y-type. It seems that when we pulled off the road to help Jim, (see photo above) we ran over a screw that punctured the tire and tube.

Thanks Jim!

So off goes Dave, to rescue Jim, I am in the parking lot still poking around the TD and the sun is now beating down and it has become uncomfortable to be outside working.

I get a call from Dave, he is on his way back, It seems that the Y-type's tire has been changed and it is on the move under its own power again. Dave and I meet up and we are off again. The temp gauge is still exercising itself, when the gauge just starts rising without dropping back down. When I slow down, I notice that there is a lot of steam coming out of the engine compartment. I turn it off and coast the side of the road.

Dave drives right past me and does not even slow down. A minute or so later, I get a call from Dave saying that the Y-type has had another flat tire and he was going on to help (you know it is his car).

Now, I don't know what he thought that he would do, but after the initial shock of the situation, he called back and asked Jim if the Jollis's spare had air in it and that Jim could use Peter's spare until we could repair the Y-type's spare. So Dave drives back to me.

By this time I have rolled the TD into a driveway and discovered that Jim's top radiator hose had a hole in it that I could put my thumb through.

Jim and I have traveled together for many thousands of miles and he is very good about preparing his cars before a trip. He just missed this one. But he believes and practices the credo

Don't be afraid; be prepared.

When I opened his spares box there was a top radiator hose sitting right on top.

Nice going Jim!

Dave returns and he assists in the replacement of the hose. While we are at it I check the plugs and find that one has the electrode pretty well melted. Again, thanks to Jim he has replacement plugs in his spares box.

We complete the work and fill the radiator with three of Pat's water bottles.

Thanks Pat!

New Philadelphia Tour Cont;

Off we go again.

The car is running great, no miss and no overheating;

Sweet!

We get to Zanesville and decide to take the interstate to make up time. We are cruising along at a good clip when we are approaching an exit on the east of Zanesville; the TD coughs and I immediately head for the exit.. I had noticed that the green gas tank light was on some miles back but we had only gone about 170 miles and the car should have enough gas to get us all the way to new Philadelphia with no problem.

The car quits before I reach the first stop sign, so I just blow right through it and then through the second stop sign so that I could coast all the way to the gas station. The TD gets filled and we are off again.

We are on I77 about sixty miles from new Philadelphia when Dave pulls along side and declares that he is charging ahead to the museum so that he can get his knives sharpened.

I travel for another thirty miles when the temp gauge starts to cycle again.

I baby the engine till I get to the hotel. I let the car cool down while I walked around the parking lot that had about 36 MGs. About 25 Ts.

I then removed the radiator cap of the TD only to see some white foam on the interior fins.

This is not what one wants to see. It usually means that there is air getting into the cooling system. Read head gasket. Now the car would run a lot worst than it did if it was a bad leak. I drove it quite a distance before it started to act up, which indicates that it may just need to have the head nuts re-tourqued.

It was decided that we would monitor the performance on the Sat. drive and determine what to at the end of the day.

In the morning, I had to get the flat tire fixed. Dave located a tire store who said they could fix our problem.

It was called Big D auto repair. It was located in an alley behind a side street. When I found it and it looked just as you would expect; dark, dirty, and just a little creepy. But they fixed the flat with no aggravation.

I caught up to the group at the gas pump museum, which was first stop on Saturday's drive. The museum is only open by appointment.

New Philadelphia Tour Cont;



The first stop on the Saturday drive was the gas Pump Museum in Dover, Ohio. On the left is Tom Baumgarder's MGZB (just like my old one) and parked behind the Y-type is Dan Glow's beautiful cycle fendered MGTC.



Once inside the small museum, we were overloaded with not only gas pumps and other auto related stuff, but also all manner of 1940's, 50's, 60's, and 70's memorabilia. It was everywhere! You could see Roy, The Duke, Neil Armstrong, Tony the tiger, Uncle Sam, and many, many more.

The museum is only open by appointment, so we were pleased to have the owner there to explain why he collected all of the objects. This guy was quite the character. Funny, knowledgeable, and a little off. All in all, a very fun place.



New Philadelphia Tour Cont;



The second stop of the day was a lunch stop in Zoar, Ohio. Now I suspect that you are not aware of this once beaming metropolis. Zoar was a town on the Ohio Erie canal. You can visit this quaint little town; see the towpaths, and the original town hall, which is now a museum of the town and canal.



Lunch was in a newly restored house that has been converted into the Canal Tavern. We ate out back in the open-air bar/restaurant area. It was shady, casual, and quite pleasant to spend an hour or so. Well what I haven't mentioned before now is that I could not spend the entire weekend with this group. I had a much more pressing family issue, my grandson's third birthday party in Cleveland on Sunday.

I said my goodbyes and headed north (alone) on Rt.177 to Cleveland in the Y-type.

The spare was repaired (new tire) so I felt safe for the trip. Right?
Well,í

New Philadelphia Tour Cont;

Here I am, by myself, on I 77, headed north about five miles from Zoar. The weather was perfect. I'm motoring along at about 55-60 miles an hour.

There is a lady driving a station wagon traveling at about 45-50 miles an hour. I pulled into the center lane to pass. I was about half way around when all of a sudden, what looked like a piece of metal the shape of a bent up bed frame came flying out from under the station wagon.

Flashes of guard rail came flooding into my mind's eye. I maneuvered the Y-type to miss the piece, but while the pieces went under the car there was a noise like I had run over a semi truck. I pulled over to the side of the road, stopped, and backed up a foot to dislodge the metal debris that was still making noise under the Y-Type.. By the time I had backed up 60, the rear tires started to spin (no traction!).

WHAT THE HELL?

I climbed out and looked under the car and found something that I did not want to see.

For those of you who are familiar with the workings of a Y-type, you will remember that these fine cars had, what would be added to Indy cars many years later. What, pray tell, could that be?

If you are intrigued by pit stops, then you would have noticed that when the Indy cars come into the pits a guy plugs an air line into the car which activates a jacking system that raises the car off the ground.

We all know how advanced the MGs were, they had a hydraulic jacking system built into the Y-types.

There is a single hydraulic jack at each corner of the car. This was an incredible advance in jacking for any car or the time. Unfortunately, I believe that every single jacking system had failed by the end of the fifties. There are some parts houses (in England) that specialize in Y-type parts, but the jack all system is something that is probably not worth the cost of restoration.

Just saynø.

What happened was that the metal piece caught on the right rear hydraulic ram, which caused it to extend fully and the positive interference caused further interference with the interstate. By the time I got it stopped, the ram was bent enough not to allow it to retract into its housing.

New Philadelphia Tour Cont;

I got the car jacked up and no matter how hard I beat on the ram, it was not going back into place. The hydraulic jack needed to be removed.

By the time I had removed it; I had two different cars stop and want to help. It seems that they were quite disappointed when I said I had it under control.

Back on the road again, and I arrive in Cleveland with out further incident. The birthday party was great.

The return drive to Cincinnati, was uneventful. Sometimes it is just nice to be back home.

I know this sounds like a trip from hell, but it was no such thing. Yes, we had some setbacks, but the group was prepared so the obstacles were easily overcome.



Above; when the hydraulic jack was removed from the car, one can see why the ram would not retract back into its housing..



I never did see the metal piece after I ran it over. I did not notice its exit path until after I got the Y-type back home in the garage. Note the tear in the rear bumper where the bed frame exited from under the car. Quite the force!