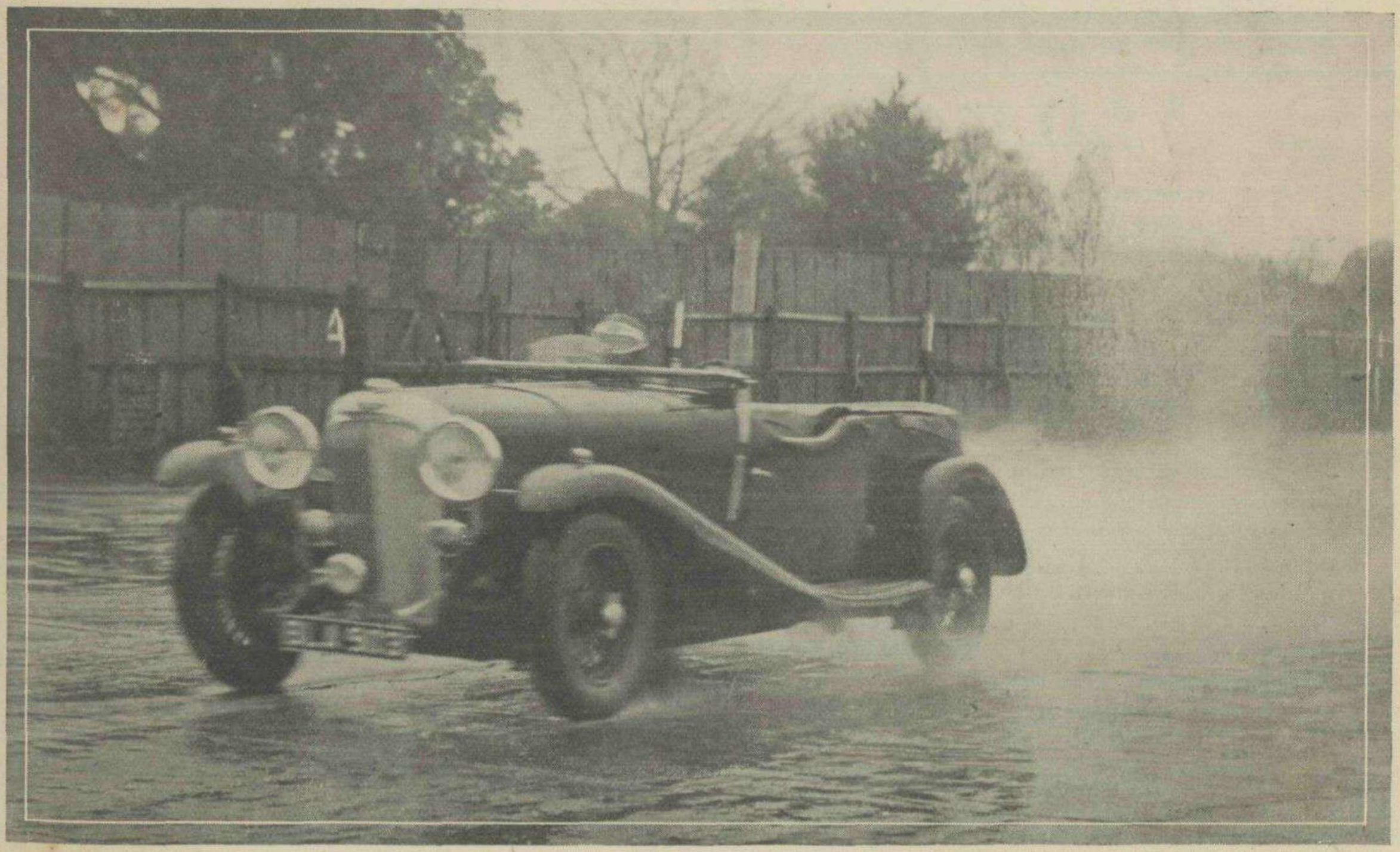
Vol. XIX No. 6. **THE TALBOT AS A SPORTS CAR** *June, 1943.*

MOTOR SPORT

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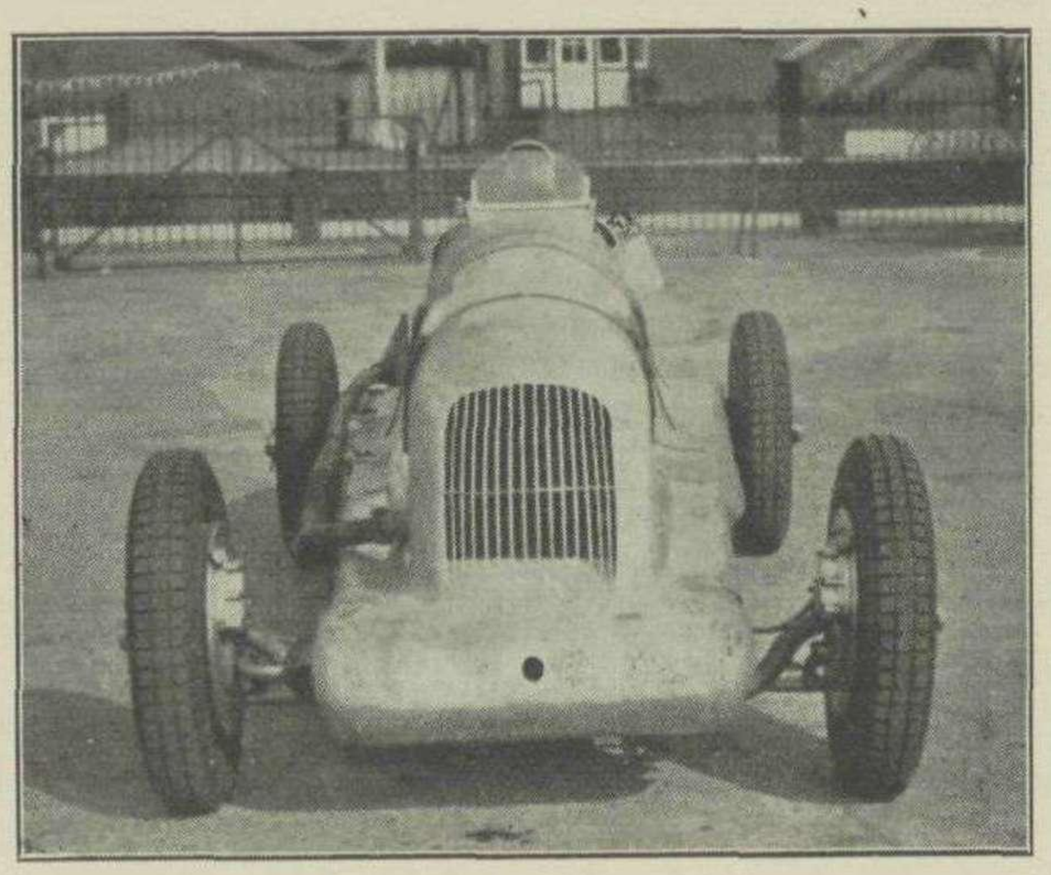
AT this stage of the war one cannot think ill of the Ministry of Works for announcing its intention of breaking up a quarter of a million cars for salvage within the next eighteen months. But it is difficult to stifle regret. If this latest salvage drive means that the majority of breakers' yards will be all but barren by the end of 1944, the enthusiast must face the realisation that the end of an age is in sight —an age when good cars could be maintained, others discovered and put again into commission, and "specials" constructed, with a minimum of expenditure by those possessed of engineering ability and the patience to ferret out the cars and parts they required. This is all the more disturbing in a country where, apart from financial considerations, the appreciation of good motor-cars takes two different and well-defined forms. On the one hand, we have the non-vintage enthusiast, for whom all will be well when petrol and rubber are again unrationed. On the other hand, we have a not inconsiderable body of people who truly believe that motor-cars to their taste have not been made since around the year A.D. 1931. To the latter class of enthusiast this new salvage drive may very well represent an end to many of his dearest activities. Existing vintage cars will take on an enhanced value until the spares problem mitigates against them. Many who intended to run such cars—probably they cannot afford high performance in any other form—after the war will find themselves frustrated, for the present time is not conducive to locating and buying such cars as a speculation.

We may hope that after the salvage drive not all breakers' premises will have been cleared, or, better, that Hitler will be howling for help ere the plan is completed! Even so, one shudders at the inevitable loss of rare types, "one-off" jobs and, particularly, of veterans that would, otherwise, very probably have taken the road again with the coming of peace. We urge those who can do so to save such cars from destruction while there is yet time—the war effort will obviously not suffer in any way if the 250,000 cars needed comprise entirely mass-production models; but post-war motoring will be less rich for every irreplaceable car broken for scrap. Cannot the Veteran Car Club prevail upon Authority and be allowed to cast a sympathetic eye over the ill-fated automobiles assembled at the Crystal Palace grounds, with a view to picking out and whisking away certain of the real motor-cars that must inevitably be amongst the horde? We have reason to believe that this might not be so difficult as it may appear.

Cannot Captain Wylie and his committee go further and prevail upon those vendors who think that every veteran lying rotting in their yards is a potential Brighton-Run competitor, and worth untold gold in consequence, to sell now to enthusiasts rather than be obliged to take a scrap-assessment from official sources. If these steps could be taken this salvage drive might be rendered less devastating to our interests and kinder to this country's stock of historic and irreplaceable motor-cars—of which mechanically-minded officialdom should be proud, but probably isn't. Even so, many lone examples of unique early designs, many brave cars hand-assembled by master craftsmen, and a whole host of spares useful to vintage and modern car owners alike will, we fear, be sacrificed in finding material with which to complete the disruption of Nazi Germany. To the impecunious enthusiast, the end of an age, maybe . . .

THE "FOX & NICHOLL" TALBOT AS A SPORTS CAR

In this interesting contribution L. S. Daniels very convincingly states the case for the old "90" and "105" Talbots, as modified by Fox & Nicholl. Before we asked him to write of "Talbots he has owned," we had experience of his present car, and were very favourably impressed, not only with its general performance, but with the owner's skilful handling of it. Mr. Daniels was for a time with the M.G. Car Co., Ltd., and he writes with a sound knowledge of what a good high-performance car is called upon to do and the pitfalls that await those who seek to manufacture such cars.—Ed.



The specially streamlined Talbot raced by Dr. Roth.

I DO not wish readers to infer from the title of this article that Talbots are the only cars I have owned, or even that I have owned a great number of Talbots. In actual fact, I have owned or been associated with a number of different makes; sometimes alone, sometimes in partnership, but nearly always in circumstances of acute financial stress.

As regards cars other than Talbots, I feel that the cars, and my experiences with them, so closely resemble the subjects of previous "Cars I Have Owned" articles, that there is no point in my inflicting the whole of my motoring biography on readers of MOTOR SPORT.

In point of fact, I have owned four Talbots and have run two of them. The first was a 14/45 Model AF, Reg. No. YX 64, fabric saloon, vintage 1927. I took this car in exchange for a Morris Cowley 1928 2-seater, which simply would not see fit to retain white-metal in its big-ends. The Talbot had been lurking in a garage in Cricklewood, where a friend of mine was a car salesman, and said friend warned me not to touch it with a barge-pole. I was to touch that Talbot with many things shorter and more searching than barge-poles before I parted with it.

My salesman friend didn't know how desperately I wanted to get rid of the Cowley, otherwise he might have redoubled his efforts at dissuasion; but the result of the interview was that I became the owner of the Talbot as a level swap.

After certain preliminaries had been adjusted, there was a general move in the direction of the Talbot with a view to starting it up and sending yet another satisfied customer on his way. I will not go into details, except to explain that the starter-motor did not feature for long in these efforts, owing to a certain *ennui* on the part of the battery, and that efforts with the starting handle were almost entirely wasted until someone discovered that you *pushed* the choke control for rich mixture. The operations, I should add, were conducted in semi-darkness in the depths of the garage.

Eventually, of course, the garage mechanics went and sulked in a group on the far side of the premises, leaving future owner and a stranger who had just drifted in to start up on their own. We pinched some wire, and jury-rigged the ignition circuit. Actually, we could have pinched the whole garage, as no one dared look in our direction for fear of being asked to help.

I should think the sulking mechanics nearly choked with fury when, with jury-rigging completed, the engine started at the first pull up by the stranger. Thanking the stranger very much, I then removed the jury-rigging, and the engine restarted on the handle, the existing wiring apparently feeling that it had had its joke and had better show that it had a serious side.

Trying not to giggle, I drove out of the garage, and, except for a wire underneath catching fire and having to be put out by a policeman with a Pyrene, reached home at Watford safely.

I was working at M.G.'s at the time, and, while in "digs" at Abingdon, was travelling daily to Cowley to work on the design of the 2-litre. The Talbot was parked at night in the M.G. staff car park, and to get it started in the morning took the combined skill and pushing power of the racing department. I remember how red-headed Jock Routledge could crank as no man I ever saw, but even he could never start it on the handle from cold. It had to have its push.

During that first week of ownership I really learned the art of asking the onlookers for a push, as, although the M.G. mechanics were always willing, the Cowley bunch regarded me and my Talbot car as just an importunate stranger and took a bit of coaxing.

The trouble, of course, was a dud battery, aided and abetted by old plugs, worn valve guides, and the Smith's carburetter. For the following week-end I borrowed the battery from E. R. Hall's car, which was in the works for attention, and that overcame all troubles as regards starting.

That week-end I rashly undertook a run to Felixstowe, although the engine never had shown more than a token of oil pressure and I really wanted a day on the car to tighten up here and there.

At a sharp little hump bridge the entire silencing system came off, and as it was just getting dark, we recovered it and tied it to the side of the car for attention on the morrow. We proceeded, with a noise like thunder, to Coggeshall, where we stopped, more or less in the middle of the road, to ask the way. The engine took the opportunity of cutting out, and when we lifted the bonnet to see why, a policeman strongly recommended our pushing it out of the way into a garage for examination.

For the use of the shop lighting, while we changed the distributor rotor (broken *centre contact spring*), we were charged half-a-crown and warned in loud voices that our completely open exhaust would probably set us on fire. On resuming our journey, we were soon stopped by the policeman, who had overheard the chat *re* missing silencer. I suppose the garage people felt they owed the officer something for putting a bit of business their way. I was fined.

The Autovac gave a bit of trouble, I forget why, but this hardly mattered beside the mental anguish of thundering through sleeping towns and villages with every man's hand against us because of the open exhaust. We felt like lepers, and I shall never forget the exquisite relief of sighting the Felix Hotel car park, switching off, and coasting to a standstill in beautiful silence. Nor shall I forget the porter at the Felix who not only fixed me a room at 2 a.m., but actually produced a bottled Bass.

The run home the next day was almost as noisy, as it was only possible to replace the pipe from the manifold, leaving silencer and tail pipe stowed in the car's interior. A rolled-up ball of copper wire stuffed in the end of the pipe did practically nothing.

On arrival home, safe in that haven of boxes of nuts, bolts, and spare parts, the silencer was soon on again, and the following Monday saw the car back on the Abingdon-Cowley run, with E. R. Hall's battery back in its proper place. I had bought a battery over the week-end, and had no further starter trouble.

Coming home to Watford one Saturday, I promised my passenger a demonstration of the climb up the hill at High Wycombe

in third gear; so changing down, I opened up for the turn up the hill, and was badly let down by one contact-breaker refusing to work, causing a sad falling-off in power, and necessitating first gear to struggle over the summit.

On a subsequent trip home with the same passenger, the fabric timing gear stripped, and the journey was completed by coach. I remember ordering this passenger, rather peevishly, to clear off and organise tea for two, consisting of boiled eggs and plenty of bread and butter, while I superintended towing in. He returned amazingly quickly, and guided me to a place where tea, exactly to specification, awaited and furthermore, on our asking to wash our hands, we were shown into a magnificent bedroom containing a real four-poster bed in its natural surroundings.

Bill Renwick, ex-Aston-Martins, then at M.G.'s, very kindly offered to tow me in behind his ancient A.C. on the following Monday. It was raining a fair bit, but William insisted on towing me with his hood down, saying it was more matey that way.

The arrival back at Abingdon more or less coincided with the completion of the design work on the 2-litre M.G., so the little contingent of four of us, remnant of the Abingdon design staff, were thanked politely, and fired from the Cowley works, following the closing down of M.G.'s racing department. This enforced leisure was a godsend to me, as I now set about stripping the Talbot in a barn in order to replace the timing gear with one obtained c.o.d. from Reading for £1.

In the more technical parts of this article I may be just the least bit libellous to George Roesch, who, I believe, was the designer of many Talbots. I feel, however, that this famous designer can hardly have allowed for ease of repair and maintenance by the owner-driver, or he would never have buried his timing gears in such a way as to necessitate removal of the engine to effect a replacement. Many years later I heard from someone at Fox & Nicholls that it is just possible to replace fabric timing gears by removing the sump only. I believe a little bit of filing or chipping has to be done to the block casting to enable the gear to be removed and the new one inserted; but how much easier it would have been to provide a removable cover at the front of the block.

The timing gear replacement at Abingdon gave me an opportunity of getting to know the car's innards, and finding various Talbot features, such as the two-part pistons with aluminium crown and cast-iron skirt, solid copper-head gasket, rather nice-looking crankshaft, easily worked-on valve gear with knitting-needle push-rods, excellent radiator mounting, and solid engine mounting in the frame.

Alas, I also got to know the metric size big-end bolts, the inlet and exhaust manifolds which required queer spanners to remove, the dynamotor which can only be removed *after* the radiator, the horrible tin plates between the frame and the cylinder block which make sump removal a thing to be dreaded, and finally, on an engine which prefers to run without oil pressure when getting old, the big-ends with white-metal direct in the rods. I mention these criticisms of design because they all refer to defects which could be so easily remedied if the designer had kept repair and maintenance in mind. None of the drawbacks actually affect the performance of the engine—even the question of direct metalling as compared with shells—but they do mean such a lot to anyone who has to keep an old Talbot on the road and do all his own repair work.

To replace the fabric timing gear I removed every bit of the engine, leaving only the crankshaft and flywheel sticking out of the front of the gearbox. The job took a week of single-handed work, and in the process a piece of string got into the sump. This artful little piece of string very soon found its way to the oil pump intake, and on the way home to Watford four big-ends went, just like that.

Another happy week was spent, partly writing to firms for employment, but mostly replacing big-ends. I got the big-ends re-metalled for about five shillings the lot by a local man, and machined them on my own treadle lathe. New piston rings were also fitted, cutting down the oil consumption a little. The clutch had always had a habit of hanging, so the back axle, torque tube, and gearbox were slid back together—another funny little job single-handed—and a great quantity of thick, black paste, made of pulverized clutch lining and oil, was removed from various parts of the clutch. This cured the hanging quite nicely.

The Talbot was now going quite well for an eight-year-old, although it still had practically no oil pressure and fuel consumption was not too good. The speedometer drive from the gearbox was so worn as to be more of a friction drive than a gear drive, so I never knew the speed of this car. I should say, however, that it had a maximum of 60 m.p.h. and a cruising speed of 45-50 m.p.h.

The liaison between engine and back wheels ceased one morning, only a few yards from the firm in Canonbury where I got a job, so I was pushed into the yard, and, the following Saturday afternoon, set to work to investigate. The symptoms seemed to me to indicate a broken half-shaft; so both shafts were removed in turn, neither being found defective. The trouble being located as the differential bevel spindle being in three pieces, a replacement was obtained at a nearby breaker's at Dalston, and the car was on its way home by tea-time.

Incidentally, this car had a cruciform brace for its frame, the centre of which provided an excellent place whereby the rear of the car could be lifted high into the air by means of one jack. The jacking-point was, of course, behind the c. of g. of the car, and was very useful for all jobs necessitating hoisting the back wheels off the ground.

At some time during my ownership of the car I was running it with a battery which was too big for the cradle under the floorboards. The battery just sat at the front passenger's feet, extra long wires being provided to reach it. One dark night, cornering fairly fast to the left, the battery slid across the floorboards and a lead was wrenched off. Up went the headlights to a wonderful brilliance, so wonderful in fact that the bulbs burned out. Fortunately the brakes were such that, when stamped upon, they pulled the car up dead straight, so all was well.

I felt that I had won my battles with my first Talbot, so I sold it before it launched its next major offensive. It had been a nice, comfortable car, with excellent steering and brakes, very roomy—I've had eight people packed inside—and the large trunk at the back was extremely useful.

The impression gained from ownership of this car was that a new Talbot must be a delightful car to own, but that these cars eventually reached an age when everything wore out at once, and that the design did not adequately provide for easy performance of major operations.

Between 1936 and 1940 I owned cars of other makes, and the summer of 1940 found me making frequent journeys along the London-Portsmouth Road in an Austin Seven cabriolet. Outside a garage near Petersfield I often saw a black Talbot "90" open 4-seater, with a sort of pointed tail. This set me thinking of Talbots once again, so one day I stopped and asked the proprietor, Ken Chadwick, if the car was for sale. It wasn't, but there was another Talbot which was. This proved to be car number PL 4, one of the original Fox & Nicholl racing cars. Chadwick took me for a trial run, and the car seemed not too bad mechanically.

Some days later I stopped off at the garage and traded my Austin for the Talbot and a fiver. I was on my way to town with a colleague, so my first drive was to be a fairly lengthy one. The car wouldn't start on the starter, but there was a nice slope outside the garage, and she soon started with a push. The exhaust note, I remember, sounded delightful. On the fairly straight piece of road before the railway bridge outside Liphook we touched 80, and the main snag seemed to be a lack of oil pressure. Restarts when warm could be effected with a pull up on the handle, and long stops were made on a good down slope to facilitate push starts by the colleague. The journey to town was fairly uneventful, and as there was a mask fitted to our headlamp, we stopped at a few taverns on the way back.

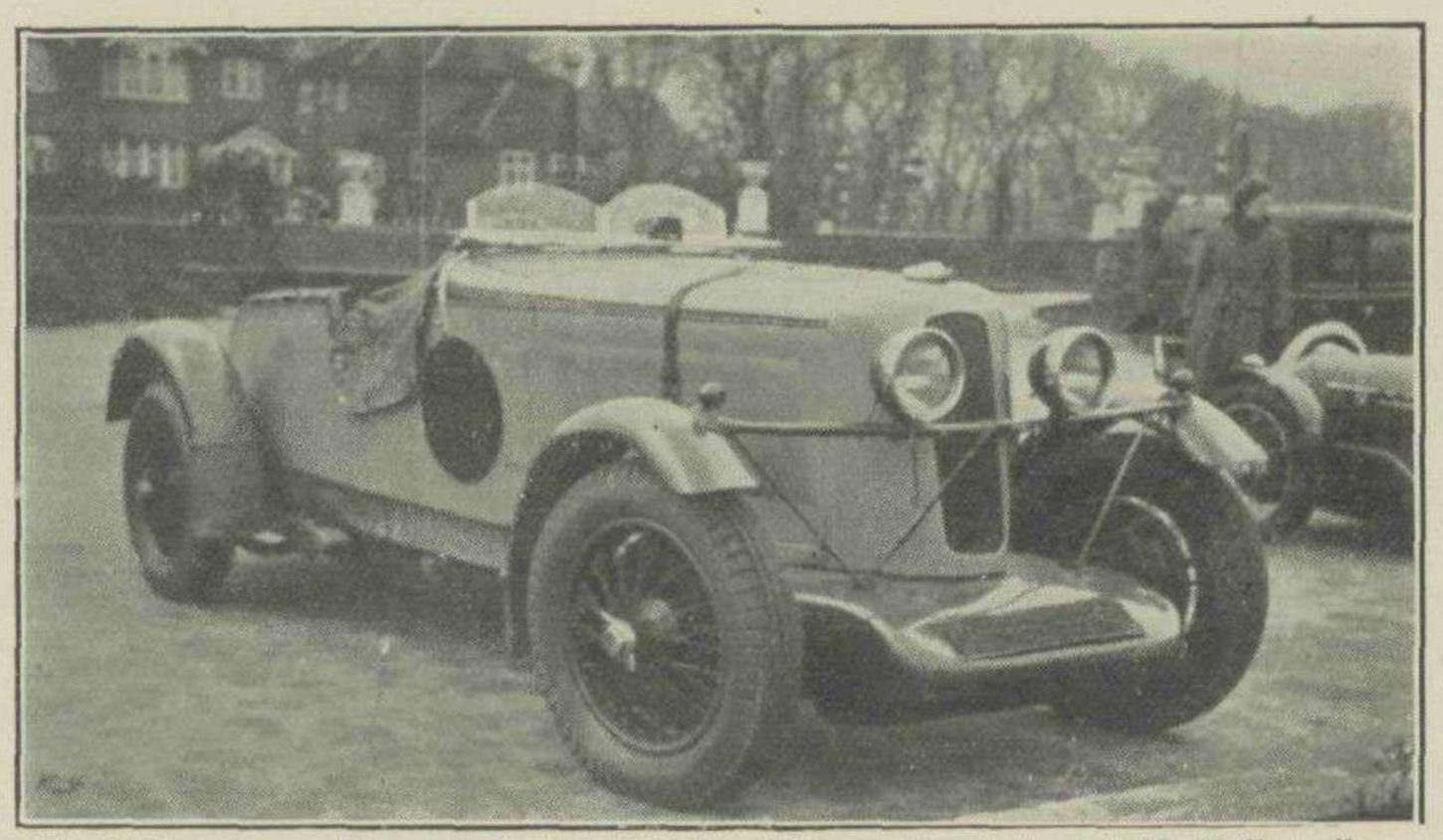
The hood fabric was just a tattered wreck, and when it rained I was very glad to accept the offer of my passenger to drive. It was then pitch dark, and the headlamp mask was not giving too much light. The mask no doubt felt conscious of its deficiencies for, coming down the long hill at Horndean, it and the front of the lamp fell off, floodlighting the whole of Hampshire during the few seconds required to find the switch and turn it off. As the missing parts could not be found until the following morning, the drive on to Warsash had to be done with sidelights only. Fortunately, it was possible to see over the top of the screen, so things were not too bad.

I used the car daily for travelling between Warsash and Portsmouth, the chief difficulty being that the battery was never equal to the job of starting from cold, and my household had to push the car the length of a slightly uphill drive

before reaching the main road for a push-start. The starting handle, as in the old "14/45," had dog teeth made of somebody's butter ration, and, even when filed up and hardened, lasted for only a few good swings. One could, therefore, never really apply one's full strength to the job of swinging for fear of the dogs slipping and causing grievous bodily harm.

Apart from starting difficulties the car ran very well, and although there was no one in Portsmouth who could cover the hood, I did manage to fit a tonneau cover which could cover all four seats when the car was parked. Performance was fairly good, about 80-85 m.p.h. being obtainable on the level, and just over 90 downhill. Brakes and steering were really excellent, and the driving position was thoroughly comfortable for a tall driver. The crash type gearbox was none too good, being on the slow side, and third gear was just a shade low for a car of this type. Second gear was an excellently chosen ratio, and first was rather too low to be useful in conjunction with second for speedy get-away.

I began to be really interested in the car, and as the log book contained only the name of the owner immediately preceding me, I wrote to Fox & Nicholl, asking for any information they might have concerning the car. I received a very courteous reply, giving details of the car's racing history when in their charge, and enclosing a photograph showing the car starting with its two team mates in the Ulster T.T. of 1930. The car had apparently run in the Double Twelve, Le Mans, Ulster T.T., Dublin G.P. and 500 Miles Race that year. I subsequently called in at Fox & Nicholl's place on the Kingston By-Pass, and had a most interesting chat with their Mr. Manuelle, who showed me numerous photographs of the 90s and 105s during their early racing career. It was extremely difficult to identify my own car positively, owing to the fact that the cars were not raced with registration numbers, and had not in fact been taxed for the road until after their first season's racing. There were, however, a few photographs of the cars with registration numbers, and PL 4 was shown in one of these with the late Tim Rose-Richards at the wheel. The cars had originally been painted cream, in which colour many people will remember them at Brooklands and elsewhere. The car, when I bought it, was painted British racing green, and showed traces of the original cream underneath, as well as a coat of blue between the cream and the green.



W. M. Cooper's well-known Talbot "110," which combined the notable Talbot silence with reliability and very high speed—it could lap at nearly 130 m.p.h. stripped.

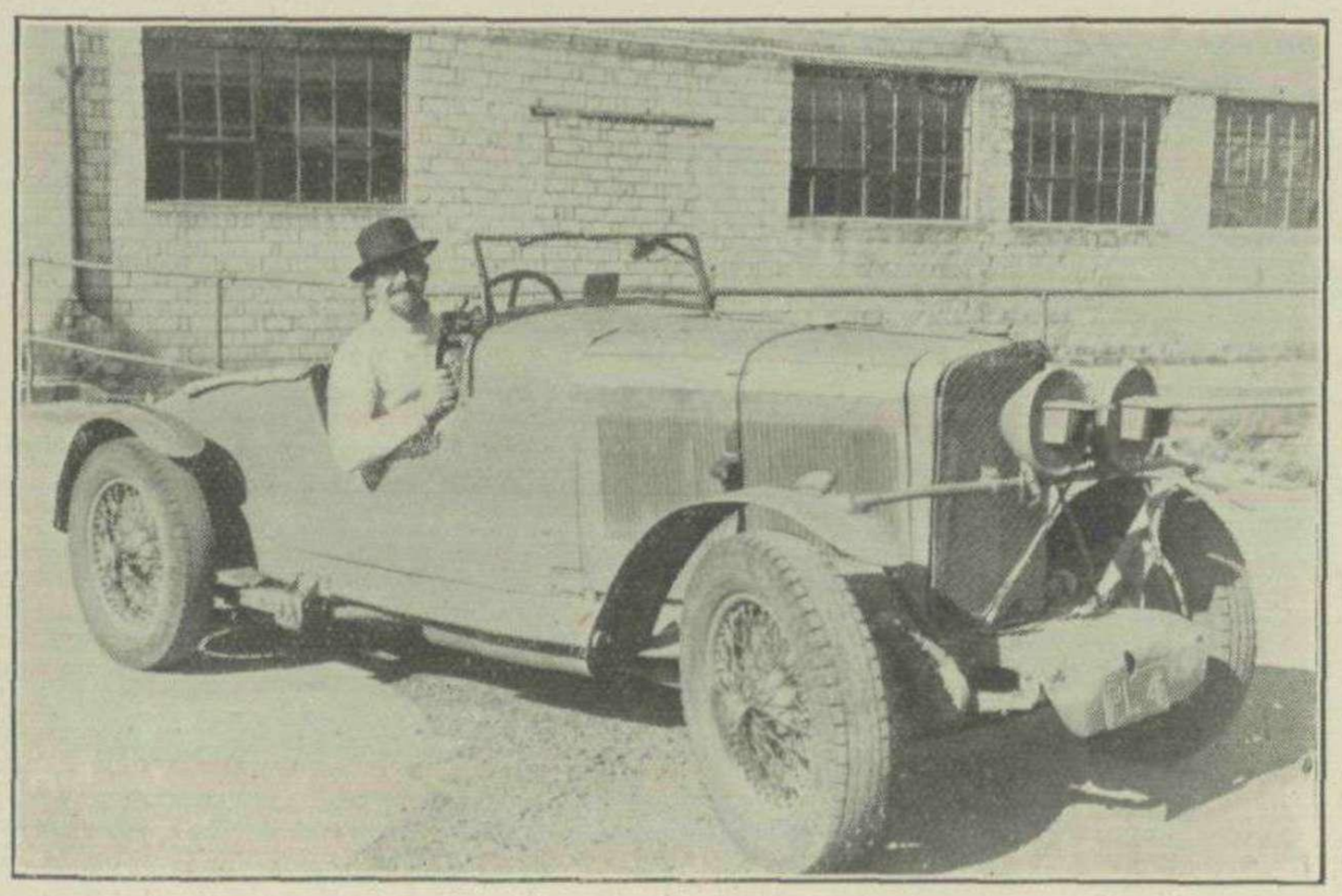
I did many runs in the car in the condition in which I bought it, putting up fairly good average speeds at a consumption of over 20 m.p.g. One run of 700 miles was completed without a fill up, starting with the 35-gallon tank full to the brim and finishing with some still left in the bottom. One of these cars, I believe, did the 500 Miles Race non-stop at an average of 104 m.p.h.

The engine had been raced with high-compression pistons, but the cars as used on the road had a standard compression ratio, with flat-topped aluminium pistons. The rear-axle ratio was 4.6 to 1, and tyre size was 6.00" by 19". This gave a speedometer reading of just twice the rev.-counter reading, *e.g.*, 60 m.p.h. at 3,000 r.p.m., which is a very handy arrangement, all the more so as the rev.-counter was large and visible to the driver, whereas the speedometer was small and not too easily examined in a bad light or when concentrating.

I never really had complete confidence in the starter motor, as its performance was not strictly a function of battery strength or oil viscosity. There was just something about having to swing an engine by means of a direct-drive dynamotor with only 12 volts which turned batteries all Bolshie. As mentioned before, the starting-handle was purely ornamental. A Ki-gass is the only thing for Talbots with anything but down-draught carburetters, and as I couldn't find one of these devices, I drilled and tapped a 2 B.A. hole in a handy boss in the manifold, at port level, and fitted a set screw. By removing this screw on cold and frosty mornings, and squirting in a drop of petrol, a start could be obtained, if not at first push of the starter button, at least at first push by the household. Of course you all know that to keep a stone-cold Talbot engine alive a vigorous pumping at the accelerator is necessary, with choke fully closed. The accelerator pumps in Zenith carburetters certainly earn their keep, when fitted.

Apart from starting difficulties, the car was rather delightful, the only mechanical trouble being a tendency for the water-pump gland to leak. The performance, however, began to tell on the old engine, and a combination of high speed and shortage of coolant one day produced a crop of run big-ends and broken pistons.

An 18-h.p. Talbot saloon was then bought from a breaker for a fiver, and the engine from this was transferred to PL 4. The cylinder head, with its slightly larger valve springs and carburetter, was removed from the wrecked engine and fitted to the replacement one, also the camshaft, which had a rev.-counter driving gear at its rear end. The



The author at the wheel of the Talbot that inspired this article

larger sump from the old engine was also retained.

I had had enough water-pump gland trouble on the old engine, so I made this component a hundred *per cent. reliable* by removing the rotor and using the blanked-off casing as a duct only. Goodness only knows why an engine with the header tank as high above the cylinder head as the Talbot was ever supposed to need a pump. I never had the slightest cooling trouble with the thermo-syphon system, nor will anyone else who modifies the engine in this way. One can only assume that the designer had in mind a lowered type of radiator for future models when changing over from the original "14/45" pumpless layout.

The change of engines took a *fortnight* and the resultant performance was identical with the original. Unfortunately, oval crank-pins were standard on both engines, so the oil pressure remained, as before, at a mere flutter of the needle when warm. Castor oil put the pressure up a bit, but the starter resented the extra work, even in summer. The smell of castor, however, caused many a nostalgic twitch.

The back-axle went solid about this time, fortunately only about half-a-mile from home, and the bevel gear and pinion from the saloon had to be substituted the following week-end. The *new ratio* was 4.9 to 1, instead of the original 4.6 to 1, so it was therefore not surprising that a rod went through both sides of the crankcase when descending Horndean *hill at about 85 m.p.h.*

The engine was now a wreck, and the sound parts of my two engines were not sufficient to make up a serviceable power unit. It was decided that three things must be done if trouble was to be avoided in the future. First, a larger or newer engine must be installed if prolonged performance was to be obtained; secondly, a back-axle ratio no lower than 4.6 to 1 must be fitted; and, thirdly, 24-volt *starting simply must* be used. All these improvements were embodied in a 21-h.p. Talbot saloon which was obtained from a dealer, and the work of changing over was commenced.

I think I may say that I knew my Talbot by now, and I had no great difficulty in removing the engine, gearbox, rear axle and steering from both cars. It was immediately found necessary to retain the self-change gearbox with the 21-h.p. engine, as this engine with the crash box would have been the wrong overall length for picking up the trans*mission. The wheelbase of the Fox &* Nicholl car is very short, owing to a Talbot "65" frame being used, so the torque tube of this car had to be fitted to the rear-axle casing of the saloon. Everything, however, went together nicely and all controls were fitted up without difficulty. The steering column from the saloon was transferred complete, as it had the self-change lever fitted and also a nice set of controls and switches.

I stripped the engine for examination, and found everything in absolutely first-class order. This state of affairs was later reflected in a really good, steady oil pressure, the first I had ever had with a Talbot engine.

The handbrake lever, on the side of the new gearbox, fitted nicely inside the bodywork, and replaced what had been a rather unsightly outside lever. All three pedals, which are mounted on the gearbox, came nicely into place. An extra battery carrier, running across the car at right angles to the existing battery, was fitted, and the large solenoid change-over switch from the saloon was wired up. I obtained an excellent wiring diagram from Clement Talbot Ltd., to enable this job to be done.

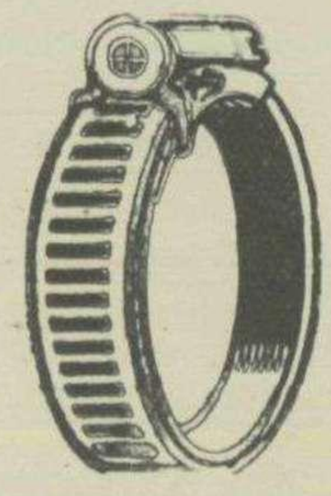
The tie-bar from the saloon was fitted in place of the rather flimsy one which had previously supported the headlamps, and a pair of Marchal lamps were substituted for the original Lucas lamps. I had never been able to get a good light from the original lamps, partly because the reflectors were a bit tarnished. In addition, the weight of the masks had the effect of making the front of the lamps fall off, and I ran over several masks before I decided to change the lamps. The new lamps give a really fine light, and are controlled independently from the centre of the steering-column.

I now had a car worth talking about. On its first test run, after sundry adjustments, it clocked 102 m.p.h., and the original braking and roadholding were, of course, as before. The self-change gearbox, I don't care what you say, is an excellent device for a sports car, and I have never regretted fitting it. The engine is quite happy up to 4,500 r.p.m., and even 5,000 r.p.m., at which speed the car does 80 m.p.h. in third gear, does not seem too high for short bursts.

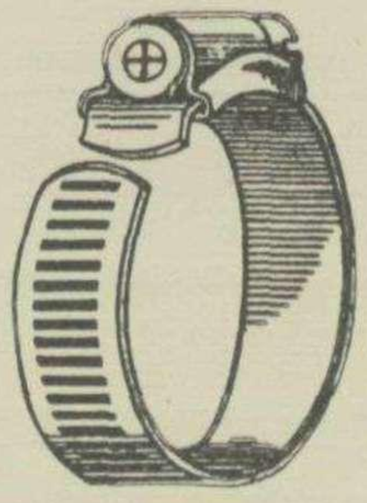
Starting troubles are now a thing of the past, although I admit I keep a pair of spare batteries which I make do a turn in order to avoid straining the others. The car has to be kept out of doors all the year round, but will always start first push of the button on the coldest morning. A Zenith downdraught carburetter is fitted, and although I always think that the design of a carburetter should be something more ingenious than a thing like a bucket with sundry holes in it, I feel that if you must have this type of

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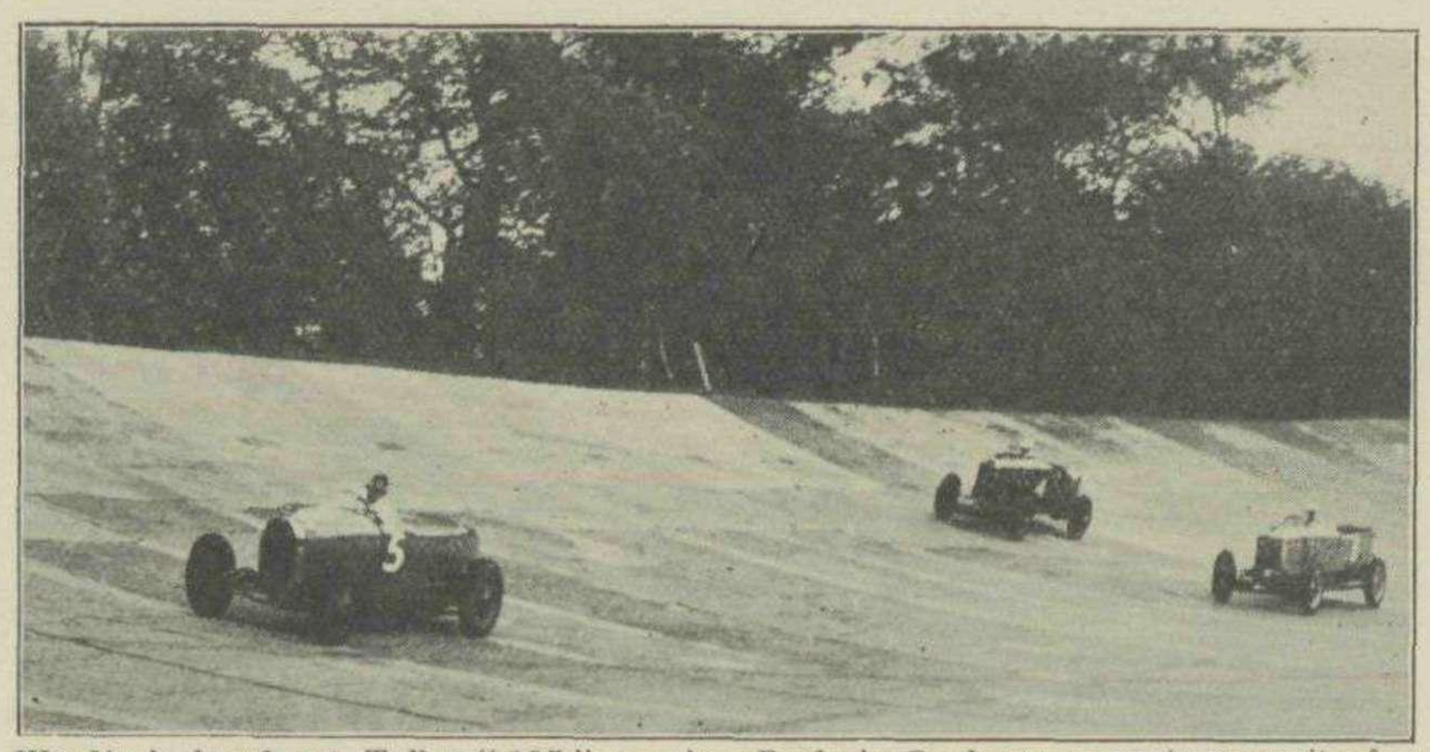
instrument it should be a downdraught. I should like to try a suitable S.U. on this car some time. With the Zenith, I get 20 m.p.g. at quite a good cruising speed, say, 60-70 m.p.h.; and now that cruising speeds are a good deal more modest, I can get more than that with small jets. Even with these jets, a shade over 90 m.p.h. is still obtainable.

The only mechanical trouble I have experienced in 15,000 miles has been the shearing of the bronze skew gear for the speedometer drive. This gear is mounted on the differential bevel carrier, the idea being to provide an automatic change of speedometer-ratio when the final drive ratio is altered. This praiseworthy notion, like some others, is fine until a break-down occurs, when the rear axle has to be dismantled to effect a replacement.

I have fitted a new hood cover to the existing frame and now have a serviceable hood which is easy to raise and lower, and can be stowed invisibly under the tonneau cover. The car is a four-seater, with plenty of room in the rear seats, and the spare wheel is enclosed in the tail, above the petrol tank. Altogether, a very clever body, which has stood up well to a lot of hard work. Over the successive coats of cream, blue and green paint, the car has now been sprayed a matt camouflage khaki, which looks quite smart and prevents the car appearing too startling in wartime.

If you remember, these cars were always remarkably quiet when racing, and this feature is still retained. I can't quite recall the exhaust system used in those early days—I must ask Fox & Nicholl—but the present large silencer and plain tailpipe give a very pleasant, subdued note, while still retaining a Brooklands intonation when blipped.

I don't know whether it is possible to draw any conclusions from my experiences with Talbots; undoubtedly they have a strong personality, and their performance, including speed, roadholding and braking, is pretty genuine. I suppose that, for a car which can certainly travel in sports or racing form, fewer sports versions are made of Talbots than of most other makes. The majority of Talbots



Wooding's bored out Talbot "105" passing Barker's Sunbeam to go in pursuit of a Type 43 Bugatti, during a Brooklands Outer Circuit short handicap. It finished second.

are fairly stately saloons, and, although moderately speedy, they are not automatically classified with such cars as Bentleys or Bugattis, which more often than not appear in sports form.

I have had very little to do with Bentleys, but my impression of these cars is that, unless you are a born sentimentalist, they are a lot of expense for a not too startling performance. When I say Bentleys, I mean the 3-litre and 4½-litre thunderbuckets.

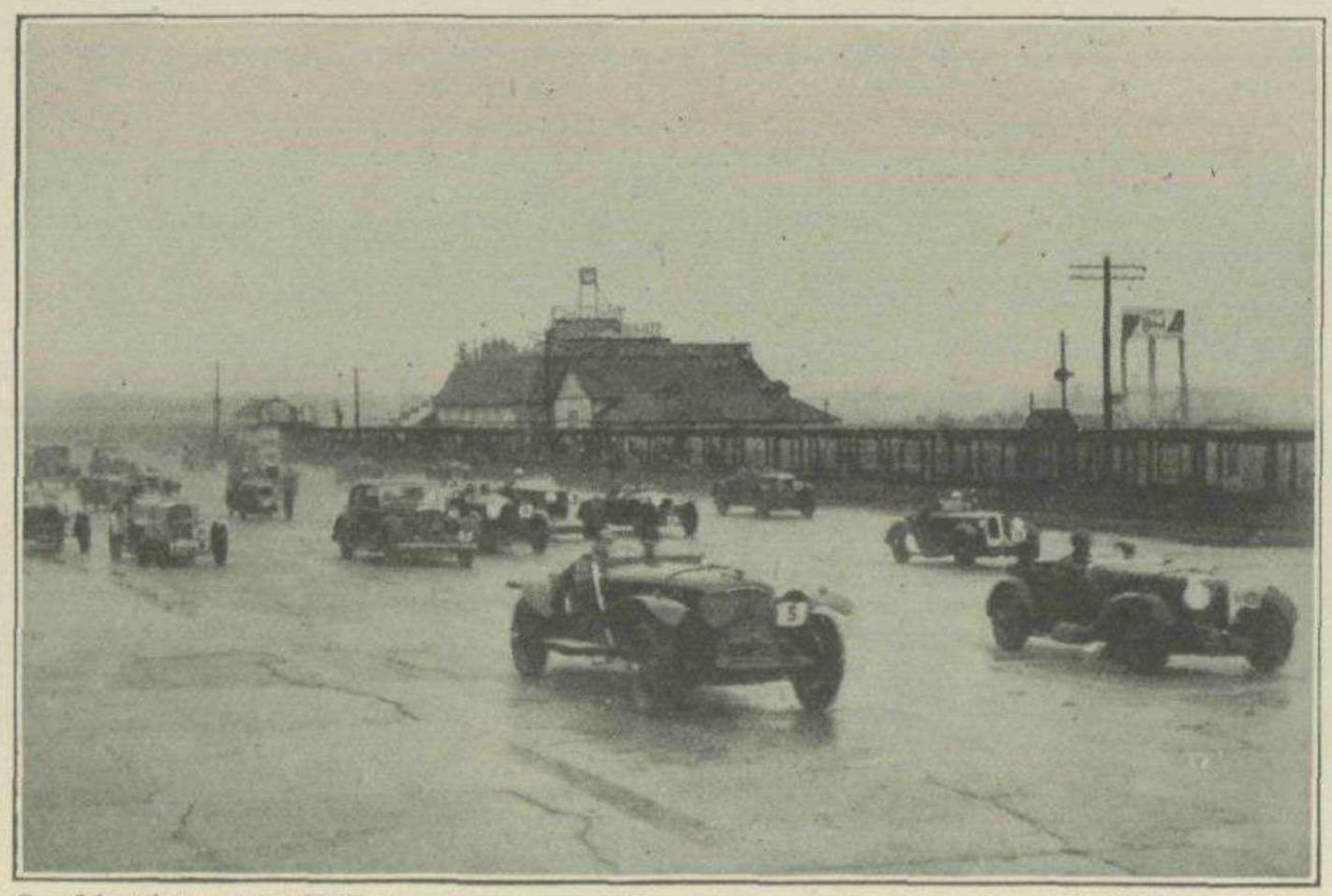
Considering the low cost and almost negligible quantity of non-standard parts involved in producing the Fox & Nicholl teams of racing Talbots, I feel that the racing career of these cars compares very well with anything Bentleys did under similar conditions. Furthermore, the Talbots performed well in their first racing season, and their chief characteristics—extreme reliability, handleability and quietness—contributed to the development of faster and safer touring cars.

I often notice requests in MOTOR SPORT for complete 3-litre Bentleys or parts thereof. I suppose I may assume that these are from people who want to go fast in something that smacks of Le Mans and Ulster. Now, not one in twenty Bentleys are actual team cars; therefore, intending owners are presumably quite content with a replica instead of a museum piece. And, talking of replicas and museum pieces, I don't think many private owners of "Red Labels" have ever obtained the performance of the works cars.

What I'm suggesting is that a jolly good time can be had in a replica "Fox & Nicholl" Talbot for a better performance and less cost than in a "replica" Bentley. There can't be many "Red Label" engines about, with their twin S.U. carburetters and special camshaft, whereas there are stacks of 18-h.p. and 21-h.p. Talbots about, giving a choice of 2½ or 3-litre engines. If you want the short wheelbase, the Talbot "65" frame is the one.

All power-units, frames, axles and steering assemblies are interchangeable; the only thing you can't do being to fit a crash box to an engine intended for a self-changer, and *vice versa*. The body-work on the Fox & Nicholl cars was simple to the point of severity, but a 4-seater body, with disappearing hood, enclosed spare wheel and 35-gallon tank, can be housed in a very sporting short chassis T.T. car. The snag to the amateur body-builder is usually double-curvature panels, necessitating panel-beating skill and equipment. There is only one piece of double curvature in the whole body, and that is the hinged tail fairing which covers the spare wheel, and that wouldn't look at all bad with a square corner and single-curvature panelling. Everything else on the car is absolutely standard, including the instrument panel and bonnet. The only things required for body-building are wood framing, fabric and metal covering, A.I. mudguards and a windscreen. The standard Talbot lamps, tie-bar and bracing all come into place nicely. Talk about modified Austin Sevens! The rear petrol tank is perhaps the part requiring most skill; but even this employs only single curvature, and can be riveted and soldered together by anyone with normal engineering skill.

If anyone is interested in constructing or rebuilding one of these cars I should be very pleased to supply photographs or particulars; in addition to which I have a useful quantity of spares for the 18 and 21-h.p. Talbot. My address is: "The Farm House," Ambersham, Sussex. Telephone No.: Lodsworth 254.



In this picture two Talbots can be seen getting away at the start of an M.C.C. One Hour High Speed Trial.

IT REALLY HAPPENED!

Kathleen Taylor recalls some adventures from the now far-off days when you could buy all the petrol you wanted —with particular reference to the 1938 Monte Carlo Rally. She is now a driver with the London Auxiliary Ambulance Service.

THERE is a fog—a real "old-fashioned" one, too—and our ambulance is proceeding at walking pace to an "Urgent No. 1." This is usually the excuse for a spot of fast driving, but to-night, alas, it is a case of stumbling before the ambulance with a red lantern and guiding it by voice.

It reminds me—do you remember it?—of that ghastly freezing mist that frayed nerves and tempers on the first morning of the 1937 R.A.C. Rally. Dorothy Stanley-Turner and I were driving her M.G. Midget (which later that year did so well at Le Mans) and caught the mist en route for Oxford. As I had just distinguished myself by reversing the little car into some iron railings camouflaged by the dark, relations were a trifle strained and our run to Oxford was accomplished in a silence of several degrees below zero. On top of that, the screen had to be folded flat, as we had forgotten to include glycerine in the "black bag"! We arrived with eyelashes, hair and clothing coated with rime and both looking as old and tired as we felt. Staggering into the Morris Garages at dawn we were greeted, by the petrol attendant, with the bright remark: "Ye'll be finding it a bit cold driving this morning?"

Dorothy and I turned to each other, shouting with laughter, and peace was restored . . .

Lots of other "spots of bother" I remembered, as I stumbled along the kerb, hoping I was still in the George Albert Road but sure of nothing. Yet, perhaps, I was sure of one thing—the poetic justice of my having to do for a living that which I had done for pleasure, and considered such good fun, in the past! Having smashed the lamp glass on a post, I was able to see better and began to remember more of the old runs, cars and personalities.

There was that old Ford Eight, which had to have her cylinder-head gasket changed twice during a trial in the Chilterns. Panting and pushing up a hill just before the finish—the engine running in first gear, assisted by two-girl-power, we accepted a tow from the friendly occupants of a passing car. Arriving at the finish, we discovered them to be marshals, and we were put down as "retired."

Then there was the Anzani G.N. which always shed its front wheels at the critical moment; on one of the Lakeland trials there was plenty of incident. The day was hot, the radiator leaking, and water scarce; the brakes proved to be unequal to the stiff gradients and required re-erecting when the adjustment became used up; second gear refused to stay in and had to be held; excessive engine heat burnt and melted ignition connections; supplies of chewing-gum and other essential spares became exhausted; plug-trouble, like the poor, was always with us. However, we kept going somehow, until we arrived at a downhill hairpin requiring a reverse. It was there that I stripped the reverse cogs and we were well and truly stuck! The hill was too steep for us to push the car up, but eventually a party of tourists helped us to haul our "scrapheap" out of their way. By that time we were several hours behind the rest of the trial and had to retire. Our troubles were not yet over. The 50-odd miles that separated us from home were crammed full of incident. The petrol pipe from the main gravity tank broke and we had to run on the reserve—once the oil tank—which held half a gallon. We had to replenish by draining from the main tank into a thermos flask, but this soon blew up with a noise like a mobile ack-ack gun and we were reduced to a tin mug! Coasting down a long hill north of Keswick a front tyre burst and the cover went bowling away over the unfenced moor. It was by then quite dark and considerable reconnaissance was necessary in order to find the tyre. But we arrived home under our own power at last.

Then there was the grand old 8th Series Lancia "Lambda" saloon, which saw us through nearly to the finish of the 1938 Monte Carlo Rally. This car did only 200 miles to the gallon of oil and failure to replenish resulted in "ticker-ticker" noises detrimental both to the car and to the nerves of the crew. Our journey in this, to John o'Groats, was very eventful; a short in the magdyno kept blowing the lamp fuses, resulting in sudden and unexpected black-outs and causing anxious moments before we were able to pull up. The fuses mended with silver paper, we would continue our journey hoping, optimistically, to make Newcastle that night. Just south of Catterick we were overtaken by a police patrol as we were searching for yet more silver paper.

"Have you any cigarettes on you, officer?"

"I'm on duty, ma'am! What are you doing without lights?"

"We're broken down. That's why we want silver paper and there's always some in cigarette packets. We're trying to make New—er, to get to a garage for the night."

"Well, you'd better follow us into Catterick or you'll be causing an accident."

And so it was!

Next morning, as soon as it was light, we continued and, at Newcastle, a garage fixed us up so that the lights stayed on. Then, late that afternoon, the cut-out broke down and the dynamo no longer charged. This was a nice mess, spares for ancient Bosch electricals being all but unobtainable. However, we 'phoned London and arranged for the necessary parts to be sent to Glasgow so that we could pick them up on the downward run. Meanwhile, we depended on the battery!

We made John o'Groats with only two hours to spare before the start of the Rally. We daren't use the starter and our efforts to swing the Lancia nearly resulted in broken bones. So we had to push the car around whenever officious marshals insisted on a new parking place!

When at last we got off, we discovered that driving on the side lights only wasn't funny. Our only hope was to cling to the tail of any competitor who was not going too fast for us. Sleeping in the back proved impossible—the vibration caused heads to ache and noses to bleed all over the rugs. We survived the first night without losing time, and an hour's hectic activity at Glasgow resulted in a once-more-charging dynamo.

The remainder of the drive down to Folkestone was without incident and embarkation was carried out satisfactorily.

The cobblestones of France took immediate toll of our "bits and pieces." The temporary bumpers, fitted to comply with the regulations, fell off and had to be tied on with the tow rope, the spade came adrift, the fog lamp committed suicide beneath the wheels, and a back window sank and refused to rise again. This last caused havoc among sheets from a packet of "Jeyes Interlocking Toilet Paper," and for several miles thereafter other competitors followed us on the paper-chase system.

All went well until we reached Lyons, but in the mountainous going between there and Grenoble we met more trouble. The steering became erratic and wails as of a lost soul arose whenever a left-hand hairpin was negotiated. Something was very, very wrong, but we were too weary to investigate and our torch was all but exhausted. So we crawled along—getting more and more behind time but determined to finish if possible. Twice that night we got lost among snowy mountains. The brakes became coated and blocked with frozen slush and could no longer be relied upon. Even the accelerator jammed at intervals and the steering got steadily worse. I had had no sleep since crossing the Channel and now trees, houses and other vehicles began turning themselves into pink elephants, squadrons of cavalry, or many-eyed giants. Coffee at Grenoble restored us a bit and we set out on the last lap of the course. All went well until just before Digne when we were making up time on a straight bit. Simultaneously we saw the tracks of a car going over the edge into the ravine below and beheld a blood-stained figure arise from the bank like Venus from the waves! A gasp of horror from us and a scream of protest from the Lancia as George stood on everything and pulled up in record time! Out we jumped and scrambled down the snowy bank to where Miss Patton's car lay upside down, its course marked by bits of windscreen, doors, and other parts. Miraculously, no one was seriously injured—cuts, bruises,

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A New Line for AMATEUR "SPECIAL" BUILDERS

S. H. Statham suggests bigger engines to give reliability as well as performance

WHENEVER enthusiasts forgather, either over pints of weak war-time ale or over cups of strong tea, the conversation soon turns to the subject of "specials." The backs of beer mats, old envelopes, or any other scraps of suitable material are quickly covered with diagrams of chain drives, drilled frames and big twins. Inevitably the point arises that divides the party into two different camps: Is the "special," as it appeared in pre-war competitions, finished as far as the purely amateur constructor is concerned? Before proceeding further, it is necessary to put a limitation on the word "special." As far as this article is concerned, the word is intended to cover the essentially home-designed and home-built machine which formed the bulk of the more interesting entries in pre-war sprint events. Such cars are Wilkes's G.N. Special, and a host of others, most of the better known of which were covered in an article in this journal in July, 1940. Specials such as the Appellton Special, special M.G.s, and similar cars, I feel, come into quite a different category.

Those that dare to make the almost sacrilegious statement that the special is doomed base their argument on the following points. They say: First, take the cost and time necessary for construction. Admittedly, if most of the work is done at home the labour cost involved is negligible, apart from bodily injury inflicted by breast drills and hack-saws. However, material cost and special work always come out at twice that allowed in the most liberal estimate. Secondly, so much time is spent on constructional work that inevitably not enough time is left for tuning, and, if it is, the machine is usually in really good running order about twice in a season. Half the events in which the owner wishes to compete he views as a spectator. Thirdly, unless the machine, when finished, is of the calibre of one of the Bolster "Marys" or the "Freikaiserwagen" (incidentally, the latter was reported, I believe, to have cost over £600 in its final pre-war form), it has little chance of even a class award against most of the opposition likely to be met in the smaller supercharged classes which usually contain a fair sprinkling of works entries. Another point thrown into the fray, and which is certainly true in some respects, is that there are only a limited number of big-twin engines available of the "Mowgli" calibre, most of which are in the hands of good owners at the moment. Finally, when asked what they suggest for the amateur who wishes to take part in sprint events, the upholders of the above line of argument say, "Buy either a car on which most of the donkey-work has already been carried out (if you can find one) or a good second-hand M.G., and spend what you can on having it blown and really well tuned. Then you will have a car with which you have a good chance of obtaining at least a class award in some of the smaller events and one which could be used with every prospect of success in trials.

The supporters of the "special" in its traditional form have many potent and pointed replies to all these statements. As to cost and lack of time for tuning, they say if the car is properly thought out and designed before ever a hole is drilled or a piece of metal cut, endless work can be saved. Also, only parts that are going to be easy to fit without a lot of alteration to the part and modification to the design should be bought. The enthusiast should control himself strictly when visiting garages and breakers' yards and not buy parts merely because they "look as if they might do for the 'special.'"

The point about not standing a chance even of a class award is generally countered with remarks to the effect that the special builder usually counts his enjoyment of the Sport in getting the car running and driving it to the best of his ability, and its performance, for the pure enjoyment of so doing. He is usually not a pot-hunter. Any mention of lack of suitable engines brings forth streams of suggestions, ranging from the fitting of numbers of dirt track J.A.P.s connected to the rear axle via yards of chain, to the use of braces of Square-Four Ariels mounted behind the driver.

As to the suggestion of blowing and hotting-up M.G.s and similar cars, this produces moans and cries of such magnitude that one wonders if some of the listeners are suffering physical as well as mental pain.

There must be many groups of enthusiasts who at times have heated discussions similar to the one outlined above, and for the moment I do not intend holding a brief for either side. I do, however, feel that there are a number of ways by which the prospective "special" builder might increase his enjoyment of post-war sprint events.

The article by Kenneth Neve—"Why not Class I," in MOTOR SPORT, August, 1941—suggested concentration on the smaller machine as the way to save the true "special" from extinction; but as this proposal was discussed at the time, it is not intended to go into its advantages and disadvantages again now. It is my own opinion, however, that these smaller machines lead but to the "doodle-bug." In fact, even in pre-war events there were numbers of machines running which had already sunk so low as to be fitted with undersized wheels—tyres by courtesy of the corporation wheelbarrow.

In my opinion there is only one solution: concentration on the larger capacity classes, with "specials" fitted with bigger engines in lighter chassis. The larger capacity classes, with a number of notable exceptions, were usually the province of the big, fast sports car and rarely attracted the home-brewed machine.

One of the most potent and successful cars running before the outbreak of war was the Hudson-engined Skinner Special. Although the last time this car won the cup for the fastest Shelsley Special the Editor of MOTOR SPORT was moved to say that in his opinion this car did not qualify as a true "special," I feel that in the construction of similar cars lies the only hope in the future for the amateur. The late Richard Bolster had, I believe, practically completed a Hudson-engined "special," but the war prevented it appearing on a starting line. The Buick-engined Lloyd Special is another machine that comes to mind as favouring the large American engine, albeit of rather "imitation-Indianapolis" conception.

When one thinks of the amazing amount of power that people have been able to extract from side-valve Austin Seven engines, I do feel that the big American engine has not received its full share of unorthodox tuning, and therefore its possibilities as the power unit for a sprint car have not been fully exploited. As most readers will know, in Australia and New Zealand, where the difficulty of obtaining spares for some of the older English and Continental sports cars is considerable, American engines have been substituted with some success. There is no excuse for such vandalism in this country where, in my opinion, the results obtained from properly rebuilding most vintage cars repay any expenditure of time and money. It cannot be denied, however, that there is a number of machines, such as 1,100-c.c. Altas, "Brooklands" Rileys and some Bugattis, owned by enthusiasts but whose engines have been caned to death in the hands of former owners. No amount of work on such cars, apart from obtaining a new engine, will produce a standard of performance that could not be bettered by, say, a good second-hand Hillman Fourteen. Here, then, seems to be a possible source of supply for suitable chassis, which could be strengthened to take the extra torque from a large engine. I do not intend to go into the technical difficulties that would be encountered in fitting large engines into small frames as so much depends on the type of engine and chassis used, but obviously weight distribution and wheelspin would not have to be overlooked. If, to obviate wheelspin, the fitting of the engine in the rear of the car was considered, the final drive would present some difficulty if rear independent suspension was not possible. However, as far as pure constructional work is concerned, after reading the article by K. B. Salmon in the January, 1943, issue of MOTOR SPORT, nothing seems impossible. In fact, Mr. Salmon's article seems to have shaken quite a number of people who hitherto imagined themselves rather handy at whipping engines in and out and changing axles when the spirit moved them.

Now all this may suggest the development of what has been termed the "non-traditional type of racing car," which serves no useful purpose in technical

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Although Sunbeam and Bentley are universally acclaimed as having established British racing prestige before the E.R.A. came into the picture, by reason of successes in Grands Prix and sports-car races, respectively, many people overlook the fact that several other British concerns have built more than isolated examples of special racing cars in order to support classic races, sprint events in this country, or to attack records at Brooklands and Montlhery—Austin, Riley, A.C., Aston-Martin, Lagonda, M.G., Vauxhall and Alvis rather more prominently than the remainder. In the concise account that follows, John Cooper, of the "Scuderia Impecuniosa," who was with the Alvis Car & Engineering Co., Ltd., traces the efforts of this concern, very usefully refreshing our memories of the exploits of this make in the field of racing and record breaking.

★ The Racing History of the Alvis Company

THE firm of T. G. John, Ltd., first commenced the manufacture of the Alvis car in the year 1920. In the following year the idea of racing first took root, an idea fostered by Captain G. T. Smith-Clarke, who joined the firm early in 1922 as works manager and chief engineer. Under his capable direction three o.h.v. "12/50" cars were entered for the 1923 J.C.C. 200 Mile Race: two of these employed the standard chassis, while the third was built round a special narrow and much-drilled frame, only 29⅝" wide. On this frame was mounted a very high and narrow 2-seater body, with the mechanic's seat staggered behind that of the driver, while the engine boasted a high compression ratio and special connecting-rods, machined from solid steel blanks. Among the other entries for that race were two new and very beautiful Fiats, which were so fast that they were considered bound to win; so much so, in fact, that the Talbot-Darracq combine withheld their entry rather than be beaten. However, in the race itself the Fiats, fighting wildly between themselves, both burst, and C. M. Harvey, who was driving the Alvis, suddenly found himself in the lead. What is more, he stayed there, and Alvis became the first British car to win the "200," with a decisive victory over Cushman's "Brescia" Bugatti at 93.29 m.p.h., beating by over 5 m.p.h. the Talbot-Darracq record speed of the previous year. Incidentally, Harvey's passenger was none other than George Tattersall (referred to in Sammy Davis's book as "little Tat of the fierce moustaches"), in later years Alvis pit manager, and still with the firm in an executive capacity.

No chronicle of Alvis racing exploits could be complete without mention of "Tat," of George Cook the unruffled, who was in charge of the preparation of the cars, and of the mechanics, Trevor Roberts, Harry Pennington, Jimmy Hartshorn, Frank Ward and many more. But I digress . . .

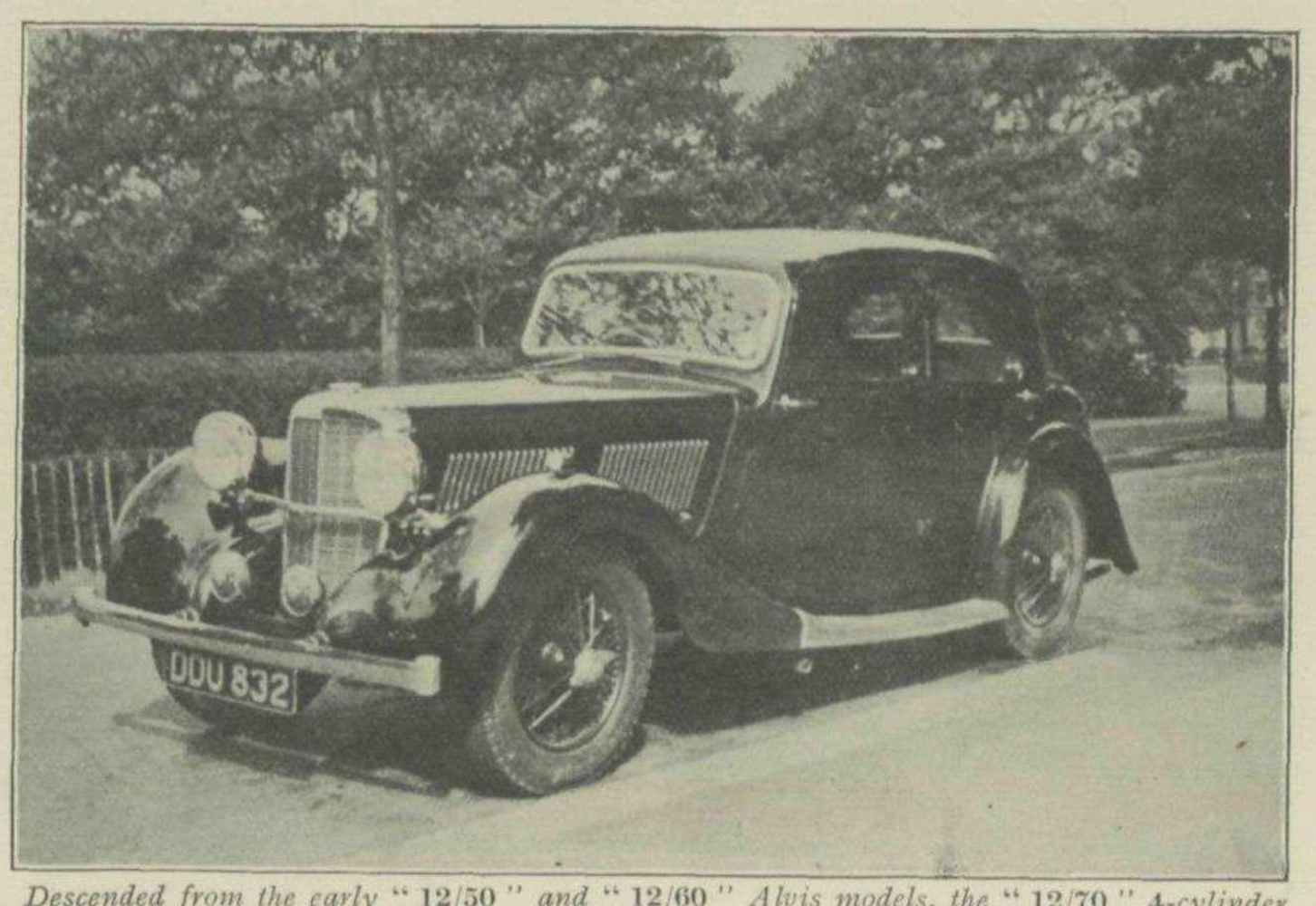
That victory was celebrated by the company with a triumphal procession through Coventry, with Harvey and "Tat" sitting in the car on a horse-drawn railway dray!

Fired by this success, "the Captain" sat down and designed two specially-built cars for the 1924 race; these had basically the same engine as previously, but incorporated dry-sump high-pressure lubrication and a high-lift camshaft, while the chassis was a very nice low and light conception, coming to a point at the back, with delicate-looking axles and Rudge hubs. The gearbox, also, was new, being a light component mounted in unit with the engine, with a central lever. These cars, however, had no luck in the "200," though one of them, fitted with a single-seater body, collected the Class F 3-Hours and 5-Hours records soon after, at 85.6 and 83.2 m.p.h. respectively. One of these cars was afterwards supercharged experimentally; it is now unblown once more, and belongs to a Mr. G. Swain, who ran it once or twice in minor events at Donington during 1938-9. The other car was used by Dutoit for testing Dunlop tyres at Brooklands, and later went to Australia, where I believe it still is, though some vandal has now powered it with a Yankee motor. Both these cars have been claimed to be the 1923 "200" winner, but that historic machine was dismantled by the manufacturers and is, alas, no longer in existence.

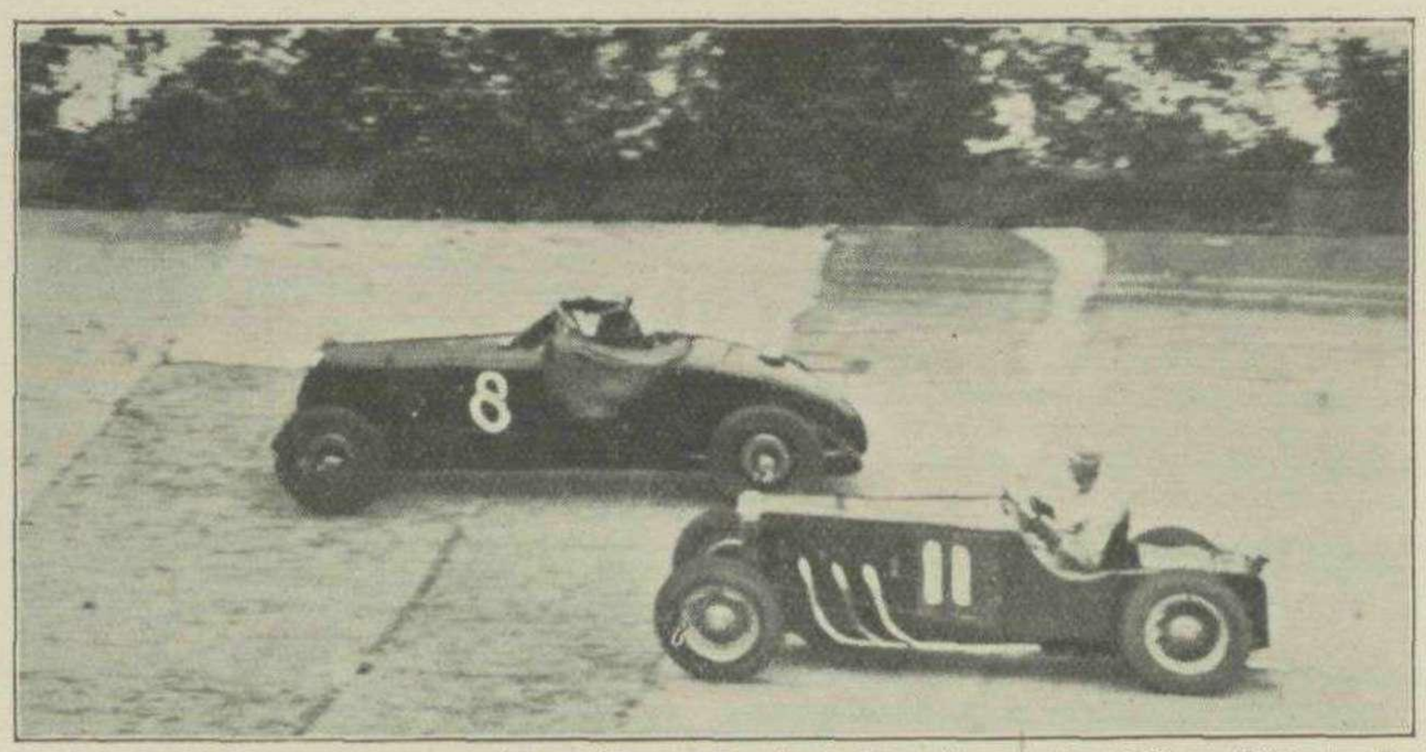
In 1925 the racing Alvis was again entirely re-designed, although the faithful "12/50" engine was still practically unaltered. To start with, a new sprint car was constructed, incorporating front-wheel drive; the engine was turned back to front in the chassis, the side members of which were made of duralumin. This design showed promise in making the fastest 1½-litre climb at Shelsley in May of that year, and in taking the Class F half-mile, kilometre and mile standing-start records at Brooklands, but neither of the two cars entered for the "200" lasted beyond half distance, although Harvey ran level with the victorious Talbot-Darracqs in the early stages of the race.

For 1926 the same general layout was used, but the engine was replaced by an entirely new and rather novel supercharged straight-eight unit. This had one gear-driven camshaft on each side, mounted rather high up in the cylinder block casting and operating horizontally-opposed valves through rockers. The combustion chamber was therefore a most peculiar shape, rather akin to a packet of ten Players set on edge! The plugs were mounted vertically in the centre of the combustion chambers, while the inlet manifold was bolted to the top of the non-detachable cylinder head; the Roots-type supercharger was driven from the rear end of the crankshaft. The two cars of this type, in the hands of Harvey and the Earl of Cottenham, unfortunately achieved no success in either the British Grand Prix or the 200 Mile Race, the design being more notable for ingenuity than reliability.

The trend of motor-racing was then just beginning its periodic divergence towards the racing of sports cars; quick to take advantage of this, the Alvis firm entered a team of three "12/50s" for the first Essex M.C. Six-Hour Race, run in May, 1927. The result was an unqualified



Descended from the early "12/50" and "12/60" Alvis models, the "12/70" 4-cylinder Alvis was in production up to the outbreak of war.



J. Powell in close company with a Frazer-Nash at Brooklands in 1938. *This is the* 1½*-litre car once raced by Charles Follett.*

triumph ; the cars won the team prize and were 1st, 2nd and 3rd in the 1½-litre class, while that driven by S. C. H. Davis won the race on formula and put up the second highest average speed, 62 m.p.h. This was followed by the race for the Coupe Boillot at Boulogne. Two "12/50s" ran, one an official entry in the hands of Harvey, the other driven by W. Urquhart Dykes. The latter unfortunately had to retire during the eliminating trial with clutch trouble ; Harvey, however, after a prolonged tussle with Kaye Don's Lea-Francis and Laly's 3-litre Aries, won this preliminary event at 61.83 m.p.h. This, although admirable in itself, earned him a very heavy handicap in the final, in which he was consequently fifth, victory going to the Aries.

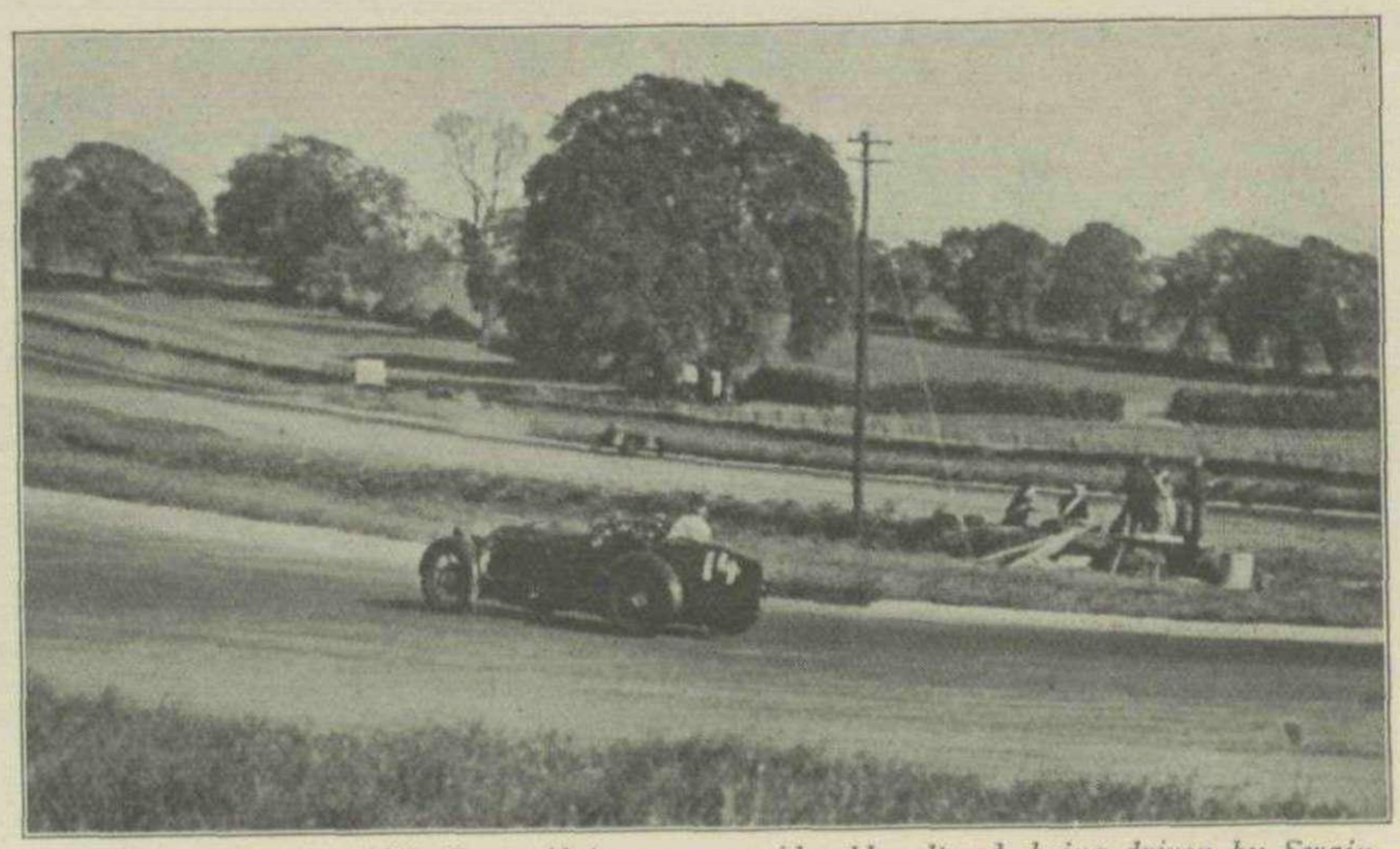
For the racing-car events of 1927 Alvis produced another special 8-cylinder design ; this time on more conventional lines, with hemispherical combustion chambers and valves set at an included angle of 90°, operated by twin o.h.c., each with a 4-cylinder magneto at its rear end. The first car of this type should have been driven by Harvey in the British G.P. at Brooklands on October 1st, 1927, but unfortunately broke a piston in practice and could not start. However, two cars duly came to the line in the 200 Mile Race a fortnight later, driven by Harvey and George Duller. The latter (better known for his exploits with horses and Bentleys) led off the mark, but nearly overdid matters at the first corner. The two cars led the field on the first lap, but the weakness in the relatively untried engine once more made itself felt, and they both retired with broken pistons.

The year 1928 saw the introduction of the sports model single o.h.c. 4-cylinder f.w.d. Alvis, which was to have been run (in unsupercharged form) in the Six-Hour Race in May, but was not ready. Two cars of this type were entered for Le Mans, in which they had no trouble, won the 1½-litre class and finished 6th and 9th in the general classification. Emboldened by this initial success, the firm entered four cars for the T.T. race, which was being revived by the R.A.C., and was scheduled to be run in August, 1928, on the now famous circuit in Northern Ireland. A fifth car, a "12/50," was entered by Urquhart Dykes. The works cars had been much modified in the light of the experience gained at Le Mans, and were now supercharged. In the race, through wretched luck, three of the five Alvis retired, two of them while leading, and a fourth was delayed too much by trouble to finish within the time limit ; the fifth car, however, driven by Leon Cushman, only lost the race to Kaye Don's Lea-Francis by the narrow margin of 13 seconds, gaining a well-deserved second place at 64.02 m.p.h.

In pursuance of their new policy of concentration on sports car racing, the firm did not enter for the 200 Mile Race, and the only Alvis to run was Dykes's faithful "12/50," which came in ninth at 57.82 m.p.h. Harvey started in the Coupe Boillot race with one of the f.w.d. cars, but was once more put out by his hoodoo—a broken piston—while in fourth place.

For 1929, the racing of sports cars continued to hold "the Captain's" attention, and he produced for that purpose the supercharged twin o.h.c. 8-cylinder 1½-litre f.w.d. car, the engine of which was a development of that designed for the 1927 British G.P. and "200." Much work had been done on this, not altogether successfully. Four cars of this type were entered (one privately) for the new "Double-Twelve" race ; unfortunately, as so often happens, the cars were not really ready, and none of them finished, although one of them got within 1½ hours of so doing. Two of them were then entered for Le Mans, where the firm had high hopes of winning the Rudge-Whitworth Cup, for which the two 4-cylinder cars had qualified so handsomely in 1928. Alas, one car twice ran a big-end in practice and did not start, while the other disappeared, after running very fast for 11 hours, with a cracked cylinder head. Still, there remained the T.T. ; more hard work was put in on the cars, and Cushman, Harvey and Cyril Paul duly started in the Ulster race, hoping that at last the snags had been overcome. But observe the irony of Fate ! The days of practice were dry, bone dry, but in the race itself it suddenly poured with rain ; the entire Alvis team promptly commenced misfiring, due to sucking a large proportion of rainwater into the exposed carburetter intakes, and from then on could do little right. Cushman's car did attain fifth place shortly before the end, but was overwhelmed by an onset of 1½-litre Alfa-Romeos, and the final placings of the Alvis team were 8th, 10th and 17th, the best average being 65.4 m.p.h.

The cars had been handicapped all through the season by lack of preparation, so it was decided that in 1930 the supercharged straight eights would run once only—in the T.T., of winning which the company intended to make as sure as Dame Fortune would permit. Meanwhile, for the "Double-Twelve" and Le Mans they produced a team of special "Silver Eagles," modified from the standard sports model of that name. The engines of these were of slightly smaller bore than standard, to bring their capacity within the 2-litre class, and they possessed special cylinder heads among other modifications. Three cars started



One of the 1924 200 *Mile Race Alvis cars, considerably altered, being driven by Swain in a club race at Donington.*

in the "Double-Twelve," but Cushman's only lasted half-an-hour before a big-end went—and then there were two. Of these, that driven by the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce led the class for some time, but after about six hours' running a valve broke, puncturing a piston. Despite this handicap the car continued, lapping at 74 m.p.h. on five cylinders, and finished the full 24 hours, 13th in the race and 3rd in the class. The other car, in the hands of Cyril Paul and Purdy, had a considerable number of minor troubles, even changing the cylinder head on one occasion, and finally finished in 16th place. One of these cars, incidentally, went "over the top" at Brooklands some years later, and now belongs to Michael May, in whose capable hands it won the Phœnix Park handicap race in 1938 at no less than 88.03 m.p.h. Admittedly, its own mother would not recognise it in its present guise, as it now has a 2½-litre engine, and has been lowered, lightened and provided with more adequate anchorage than was ever envisaged by its original designers.

Some change took place in the company's policy at this time—mid-1930—culminating in the withdrawal of the Le Mans entries; however, the T.T. effort, which meant so much, remained. Four cars—this time really *au point*—started, driven by Harvey, Paul, Purdy and Cushman. Unfortunately, in 1930 the works team of 1,750-c.c. Alfa-Romeos came over, driven by Nuvolari, Campari and Varzi, and as the 2-litre class had been poorly patronised in previous years they were set a lap speed only half a mile per hour greater than that allotted to the 1½-litre cars. This was literally a gift; they scored a 1, 2, 3 victory, and struggle as the Alvis team might—and did—they had to be content with 4th, 6th and 7th places. Harvey crashed; the remaining cars finished 1st, 2nd and 3rd in their class, headed by Paul, who averaged 69.61 m.p.h. against Nuvolari's 70.88 m.p.h. with the victorious Alfa-Romeo.

This final blow was too much; the Alvis firm officially announced their withdrawal from racing until some more equitable system of handicapping should be devised. It was a reasonable decision in the circumstances, though greatly regretted by followers of the Sport; the company had spent a great deal of money, and had really very little to show for it. What is more, once made, it was a decision to which they adhered, and there has been no official Alvis race entry since that time, although a 4.3-litre tourer belonging to the works was raced privately on one or two occasions just prior to the war. An interesting private venture was the special "12/70" Alvis II constructed for C. G. H. Dunham in 1938, which contributed to his Gold Star for track racing; this car had a narrower chassis than standard, and the engine and transmission were offset to give a low seating position. The engine was given a high compression ratio and a special camshaft, and a very high axle ratio was fitted.

Sic transit gloria Alvi—but what a pity, and what putrid luck!

I have, of course, made no attempt to chronicle the many records which Alvis have held, at one time or another, in the 1½-litre class. Perhaps the most notable was the remarkable succession of International Class F records taken at Brooklands in 1924, when 37 records were taken (in itself a record); also, of course, there was the International 1,000 mile record in the same class at 95.24 m.p.h., which was set up by Harvey and Purdy at Brooklands in 1929, and not beaten until 1934.

One day, perhaps, in this new and glowing post-war world-to-be the inverted red triangle will once again be seen in the forefront of battle, and the advertisements for the "car for the connoisseur" once more contain numerous references to doughty deeds accomplished.

* * *

NOTE.—Although the author is primarily concerned with the exploits of the works cars, his mention of certain good performances by privately-owned Alvis cars prompts us to recall some further such performances. In 1926 H. W. Purdy ran his "12/50" at Brooklands and won two short Outer Circuit handicaps, the faster at over 80 m.p.h.—when he tied with Turner's Austro-Daimler; and in the Essex M.C. 100 Mile Handicap he won at 86.77 m.p.h.; Harvey's 200 Mile Race Alvis being 3rd. at 93.97 m.p.h. In the same year Purdy got 2nd place in the Essex M.C. 50 Mile Handicap, at 90.22 m.p.h. In 1927 J. Macdonald's "12/50" won the J.C.C. 50 Mile Handicap at 78.92 m.p.h., while in the J.C.C. Production Car Race Harvey's Alvis was 5th at 59.1 m.p.h., and Dykes was 6th at 58 m.p.h. The 1927 J.C.C. Sporting Car Race, Harvey's "12/50" won at 63.2 m.p.h. for 254 miles and Green's "12/50" was 2nd, covering 248 miles at 61.8 m.p.h. In the Surbiton M.C. "150" Hallam's Alvis beat only a Lea-Francis averaging 55.1 m.p.h., but this car later won a 50 Mile Outer Circuit Handicap at 84.99 m.p.h. In 1928 Mrs. Dykes won the Surbiton M.C. 50 Mile Handicap at 87.68 m.p.h. and in the following year Dykes was 1st in the B.A.R.C. eight-lap Light Car Handicap, averaging 107.64 m.p.h. We believe that on this occasion he drove the works straight eight single-seater f.w.d. car, which was illustrated in MOTOR SPORT at that time. In 1931 Fotheringham Parker's Alvis won an Outer Circuit handicap with a lap at 95.78 m.p.h. As late as 1932 Westbrook brought out an old Sports "12/50" and won a Brooklands race, with a lap at 88.15 m.p.h., so clearly the early "12/50s" could be developed into 90-m.p.h. motor cars. Dunham and Miss Schwedler both lapped at over 100 m.p.h. in "Speed Twenty" cars in 1933, and this type of Alvis subsequently won many Brooklands short handicaps, Dunham eventually lapping at nearly 112 m.p.h.—ED.

★ ★ ★

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

There was a terrific bang and the motorist pulled up. He got out, followed by the apprehensive glances of his passengers and the tolerant amusement of the passers-by. After crawling underneath the car he got up and said quite cheerily: "It sounded just like a burst tyre to me; but it's all right, it's only a broken axle."

AMATEUR "SPECIAL" BUILDERS
—continued from page 117

development. Who can honestly say that any amateur sprint "special" built in the ten years previous to the outbreak of the war has had the slightest effect on the conception or design of works-produced racing or sports cars? There is no doubt that whatever form post-war motoring Sport takes, there will always be a large group of enthusiasts wanting to run cars that they have built with their own hands. To such people the larger American-engined "special" [or the use of large engines of non-American type, preferably, surely?—ED.] does appear to be one possible means of achieving faster times at lower cost. Let us hope, then, that the day is not far distant when some bold competitor will wait at the starting line with, say, a 12-cylinder Lincoln "Zephyr" engine mounted behind him in a Morris (or similar) chassis! [We find Mr. Statham's suggestion interesting, but debatable. The development of a small-engined "special" is fascinating because one is exploiting an engine or an engine-chassis combination farther than it has been exploited in other forms. The bigger engines, however, give so much performance that unless keen competition led to the need to tune them and lighten the chassis into which they were installed, the "special" would be little more than an Allard without wings. Given sufficient opposition—and that is essential for healthy development of any sort of competition car—obviously the big-engined "special" might well become a most absorbing study. But then reliability could very easily suffer, or, if it did not, it seems dubious whether the power-weight ratio of the 1,100-c.c. "specials" would ever be approached.—ED.]

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IT REALLY HAPPENED!
—continued from page 116

shock, a sprained wrist, but nothing worse. A light van came along and took one of the crew off to Digne, while we managed to squeeze in the others. As we made to continue our journey we discovered that the sudden braking had "started something." The nearside front wheel was catching somewhere and there was no lock on that side. We took it very gently into Digne, where we disposed of our casualties. Then we returned to examine the Lancia. On jacking up the front axle to get a better view we were rewarded by the wheel promptly falling off! The stub axle had broken into many pieces and a repair was impossible. So we went to "Monte"' in a little mountain train!

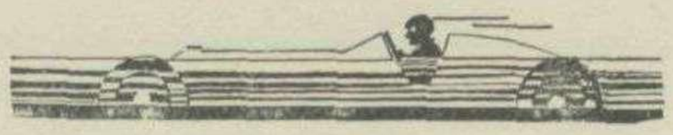
One wonders whether such adventures, good fellowship and sensational mishaps will ever come again. Or will the war, with its "blitzes," desert campaigns and the rest, make the Sport seem tame and futile in comparison? No one can tell, but I think a few years hence will find many of the old crowd propping up the bar and recounting just such tales of "spots of bother" as of yore. Perhaps some of us will have lost our old dash and find ourselves less agile than we were. But undoubtedly we will wipe the dust from our laid-up motor-cars and re-enter for trials with redoubled zest.

CARS I HAVE OWNED

An Army Major, who prefers to remain anonymous, writes of high-performance rather than of sports cars, and his views should be of considerable value to those who intend to build and to sell such cars after the next armistice. Early sports car experience renders the author a discerning purchaser of quality cars and he is not afraid to voice his opinions.—Ed.

ONLY the dire threat contained in MOTOR SPORT that publication might have to cease unless further material was received has prompted me to write of the 30 " cars I have owned " since my motoring career began in 1931 with the birthday present of one of the earliest B.S.A. three-wheelers. I had learned to drive at a very early age, but this was the longed-for day on which I might officially get a licence for a " motor-cycle or tricycle." Of the troubles which beset the B.S.A. the less said the better. Perhaps they were due to the number of gadgets with which I smothered it ; anyway, the acceleration was excellent and my pride in it immense. My seventeenth birthday allowed me promotion to an M.G. Midget with fabric coupé body and celluloid panels in the roof, which leaked. It was a most satisfactory little car, was extraordinarily smooth around 50 m.p.h., and could put up an excellent average speed in spite of a maximum of only 60 m.p.h. Its only fault was the unpleasant smell which used to fill the driving compartment on a steep ascent. The urge for a change made me trade the M.G. for a " show model " Singer Nine sports coupé, the rev.-counter of which gave a much more impressive reading than the equally large-diameter speedometer. When stationary, this was a very attractive little car.

Wanting real performance, I tried a supercharged f.w.d. Alvis and then an Alvis " Firefly," but my final choice was an American example of the then new V8 Ford. This was far the best V8 I have ever owned or travelled in. It was absolutely trouble-free, extremely fast, and safe enough if the roads were dry. If they were wet it was suicide to exceed 30 m.p.h., and at length family pressure and financial assistance caused me to exchange the Ford for one of the first front-wheel-drive Citroen Twelves delivered in this country. If this car had been 10 m.p.h. faster I should probably have it now, for I have never known its equal for riding comfort, and the roadholding, silence and first-class " English trim " made it outstandingly good value for money. Unfortunately, 62 m.p.h. was its maximum, and after driving it at this speed for some months I felt it would be as well to dispose of it ; so, after trying a Wolseley Fourteen, a Hornet Special and a Standard " Speed " 10-12 h.p., my choice was a 1933 Talbot " 90," with an incredibly ugly Maddox saloon body. The previous owner was a newspaper baron and the car was reputed to have done a very nominal mileage, but it gave endless trouble and repairs were both difficult and expensive. Nevertheless, on the few occasions when it did go it gave me immense satisfaction, was really fast in spite of the ponderous superstructure, and possessed a charm which I find entirely absent in its 3 and 4-litre successors. The urge for reliability and this unfortunate excursion into the second-hand market made me buy a new 1935 Ford V8 fixed-head coupé, but this car never appealed in the way the earlier left-hand-drive model had done, and at 5,000 miles it was exchanged for a " K-type " M.G. Magnette, with very smart, special drop-head coupé coachwork. I did about 10,000 very enjoyable miles with this car, which would



do a genuine 80 m.p.h. and 90 showing on the combined rev.-counter and speedometer. Its failings were a certain vagueness of control at these speeds and the continual " grounding " of the large rear trunk over rough going. After having the long-awaited 2-litre M.G. on order for some months I handed over the Magnette with real regret. Reputed to be the first 2 litre delivered, my car possessed in full those faults which I believe were later eradicated. The back axle was appallingly noisy, the steering the heaviest I have ever handled, while first and second gears would have shamed a W.D. lorry of the last war. After six months the makers replaced the gearbox free of charge. On the credit side the car was exceptionally comfortable, and in spite of indifferent acceleration could put up astonishing average speeds owing to its ability to cruise indefinitely between 60 and 70 m.p.h. whatever the road surface. On the Oxford By-pass I had the speedometer showing 94 on several occasions, so no doubt the 2 litre could exceed 80 m.p.h., and it also pulled a heavy two-horse four-wheeled trailer without complaint.

Feeling that this latter demand was unreasonable, I looked round for an elderly vehicle suitable for this purpose. A 1933 V16 Cadillac was ideal and in most beautiful condition, but the tax was too high. A Straight Eight Buick 37-h.p. English-bodied coupé suffered from chronic wheel-wobble and the demonstrator was quite unable to sort out the (reputed) twelve speeds of an enormous Maybach box. This latter car was an astonishing vehicle, formerly the property of a foreign embassy and very impressive in appearance and on the only two ratios I could select. Eventually the choice was a 1932 Straight Eight Renault which went like a rocket and was infinitely flexible. The wheelbase was so long that it seemed to bend in the middle round corners, but I came to prefer it to the M.G., and as a compromise exchanged both cars for a new 1937 V8 Ford cabriolet. After the only two accidents I have had, I managed to persuade a friend to buy a 4½-litre Bentley and sell me her year-old Railton with " University Special " coachwork, telecontrols, large-dial instruments, radio and selected lamps and horns. In 30,000 miles the Railton never gave a moment's trouble and firmly convinced me of the advantages of the Anglo-American blend. Up to 70 m.p.h. nothing could live with it. Road-holding, brakes and steering were all up to the best British sports car standards, in spite of reports to the contrary, and the silent, effortless performance was fascinating. A tendency to overheating and a heavy appetite for tyres were the only faults. I sold the Railton to a friend who offered me more for the car than I had paid for it in spite of the mileage and the fact that it had pulled a trailer through two seasons' hunting and racing.

Being now in the rare and enviable position of having no old car to " trade in " I determined to take my time and " explore every avenue " before buying anything else. Having a little more money, I investigated the 3½ litre Bentley, " Speed 25 " Alvis and V12 Lagonda, but the first seemed too cramped, the Lagonda lacked " urge " below 2,500 r.p.m., and the Alvis controls were heavier than I considered desirable. The leading British makes having failed to satisfy, I turned to the U.S.A. Both Packard and Buick cabriolets had much to recommend them, but I could not reconcile myself to their mode of cornering while the tax of the Cord was a stumbling block, although I was very taken with its qualities. This brought me back to Anglo-American possibilities and I took out a 32-h.p. straight eight supercharged Graham " British Special " on test. This car had a very smart Coachcraft drop-head coupé body and was impressive but too cumbersome ; the " British " features seemed limited to Lucas P 100 headlamps. A Straight Eight Brough Superior and a supercharged 22-h.p. 6-cylinder of the same make seemed mere parodies of my beloved Railton, and I turned to a miscellaneous selection. An elderly but very low-mileage 1¾-litre supercharged Alfa-Romeo coupé alarmed me on corners, but I probably never got to know its peculiarities. A 3½-litre S.S., and a 3½-litre S.S. " 100 " with Newsome drop-head coupé coachwork, were disconcerting at speed and I did not care for a Type 320 B.M.W., or for a Lincoln " Zephyr " V12 coupé.

A kindly dealer allowed me to borrow a 25-h.p. Rolls Royce for a week-end, but I grew tired of small family saloons leaving me at the traffic lights and it was now obvious that another Railton was the answer. I duly acquired a " Cobham " saloon with " razor-edge " lines, again by Coachcraft, and had the rear wheels enclosed and various other " extras " fitted. This car had much lower-geared steering and softer springing than the earlier model, and I am not certain that this was an improvement, while the windscreen was too shallow and the aluminium body liable to dent if it was man-handled in a public garage. It was, however, a wonderful car and I ran it until the end of 1940 with absolute satisfaction.

The outbreak of war and marriage intervened at much the same moment and I found a 1929 10-h.p. Swift 2-seater in original and perfect condition to supplement the Railton. This sturdy and excellent little car gave place to one of the last " 12/40 " Lea-Francis 2-seaters, which was first registered in

1934 and had done 60,000 with its original owner. The Lea-Francis was still as good as the day it left the factory and its gearbox, brakes and easy-starting were delightful. I added several thousand miles to its total before petrol rationing persuaded me to exchange it and my horse-box for a new 1940 Vauxhall Ten. I always regretted the Lea-Francis and was very sad to find its stripped and mouldering remains on my return from France in the very barracks from which I had sold it. The Vauxhall, however, showed me how quite astonishingly good British small cars had become. It was extremely comfortable and silent up to 50 m.p.h., and gave better than 40 m.p.g. After 5,000 miles I exchanged it for a new one, which I had delivered to my home and stored as a post-war nest-egg. My wife continued to use the Railton while I was in France. On my return it seemed obvious that this was uneconomic and that post-war conditions would preclude the use of such a car, so with much heart-burning and considerable financial loss I sold the Railton.

A utility substitute for wartime conditions was secured for £27 10s. A 1935 fixed-head Vauxhall Fourteen coupé served me most loyally on basic and supplementary rations until October, 1942, when I sold it for £65. Apart from a set of tyres it had not cost me a penny and no abuse could disturb it. Concurrently with the Vauxhalls I ran a number of cars. A Type 40 Frazer-Nash-B.M.W. 2-seater was great fun and tempted me to find a Type 327 B.M.W. coupé, but I never succeeded. A recent 14-h.p. Vauxhall lacked the personality of the old coupé and a 1940 Renault Twelve failed to appeal and was not a member of the stable for long.

A trial run in a 2.6-litre M.G. was sufficient, but that in a "Nuffield" Riley Sixteen would have ended in a purchase had the suspension been independent. An unsupercharged 22-h.p. Lammas-Graham, reputed to have been specially tuned and fitted with "Technauto" front springing by Ramponi, was fast and silent but most uncomfortable and I did not keep it long. An "8.3" Renault was in use for six months and provided a remarkable performance for so small a car with such an outstandingly roomy body, but the brakes were a weakness and it was replaced by a 4-seater Fiat "500." This had a very smooth engine and was really amusing to drive, but for some reason the petrol consumption was heavy and so I sold it at a profit and got a 2-seater version instead. This may be an exceptionally good one, but it averages better than 60 m.p.g. on long runs and is a fascinating little car which I have now laid up for the duration and want to fit with an Arnott supercharger if I can find one. I am now running an older drop-head Fiat "500" which will eventually be used for spares but which is the most entertaining little car in the meantime. Apart from the microscopic battery I have had no trouble whatever with any of these three Fiats.

Having accepted an offer of twice its new list price I wanted a good low-mileage car to store for post-war use in place of the Vauxhall Ten and considered a Riley Twelve "Sprite" drop-head saloon, but, having tried one, decided instead on one of the rare 14-h.p. 2-litre Sunbeam-Talbots after a very brief trial in London. A short time ago a few days' leave enabled me to drive the Sunbeam-Talbot a little farther and I was rather disappointed by a car that should, on paper, have an outstanding performance. It seemed too low-geared, with a slow and heavy change, while the springing appeared unnecessarily firm. The finish, however, is good and its lines are quite excellent, the added bonnet length over the 10-h.p. model making all the difference. Unfortunately, I have now been out in a Lancia "Aprilia" and my ambition is to own one of these cars as soon as possible—so if anyone has a low-mileage 1939 version for disposal I hope he will get in touch with me. Put off by their strange appearance in pre-war days I never considered one of these cars and only now realise what I have missed. As a regular soldier I have always thought myself reasonably patriotic, but it now looks as though my stable will be a hundred-per-cent. Axis, with two "Topolino" Fiats and a Lancia!

All the above cars have actually been my property for at least two months each, and I must add a 4-cylinder B.S.A. 3-wheeler run during the few months of "basic for motor-bicycles only," a 1½-litre Praga which I bought for a six-weeks holiday in Czecho-Slovakia, and a 45-h.p. Isotta-Fraschini which I had on long trial. My memory of the B.S.A. will always be the cleaning of the chromium-plated wire wheels, while the Praga, although designated "sports grande luxe," had a maximum of 45 m.p.h. and closely resembled a farm tractor. The old Isotta had the most powerful brakes I have ever known, both before or since, but its enormous size made garaging a nightmare and one man felt entirely lost in its interior.

The only "regrets" during these twelve years have been a 1935 "Speed 14" Rover and a 1940 "12/70" Alvis, both of which would have been mine had the distributors been a little more generous in their part-exchange allowances. I believe the Rover's triple carburetters to have been rather difficult to tune and the engine of the Alvis rocked most alarmingly on the flexible mountings at idling speeds, but both cars were very pleasant to drive and I should like to have owned them.

And now speed the return to normality.

LETTERS FROM READERS

—*continued from page* 131

Sir,

I do not suppose that I shall be hanged for having my say, which has to do with the comparison of British and foreign cars, more particularly the sports or sporting type. In an extremely interesting article, a certain well-known enthusiast, with a weight of experience behind him, has expressed the view that British sports cars are not up to much. May I humbly venture to question the veracity of that statement? In the article in question the writer has consistently compared the larger and more expensive type of high quality motor car: Lagonda, Alvis, Bugatti, Delahaye, etc., to the detriment of British cars. If the author had said, "In this class of car the British are a long way behind the Continental firms as regards performance," then, perhaps, I might have been induced to agree with him. As, however, he seems to include *all* classes and sizes of cars in his statement, I think that he is wrong in what he says. The writer of the article in question seems to be particularly fond of French cars, and holds them up to the British manufacturers as an example of what should be done over here. I should like to ask the writer of that article a question, however: "Do you think, Mr. Hampton, that the French, or any other Continental firms, have ever produced, or could ever produce, a small, cheap, reliable sports car which could possibly compare with our own galaxy of such-like cars—M.G., Singer, Riley, Morgan, Rapier, Alta, H.R.G., Austin and many others, in any respect, particularly performance?" If I guess aright, I think that Mr. Hampton himself would be one of the first to admit that in this particular field Britain is a long, long way ahead of all other countries. The racing successes, too, of our 1½-litre cars such as E.R.A., M.G., Alta, etc., show that now, as always, if the British *really* get down to the job they take a heck of a lot of beating. I want to make it quite clear that I have absolutely nothing against the Continental cars in their own field. As regards patriotism, well, that hardly comes into it when you've got very little money and have to choose a small, cheap and reliable sports car to have any fun at all. That being my case, as long as our manufacturers do not "fall off" in the production of small cars of the sporting type, it will be British for me, first, last and all the time. There have been, I know, small French sports cars, Salmson, Ratier, B.N.C., etc., and although they had their good points, like every car has, they were poor in comparison with their British counterparts. This statement is proved, I think, by the fact that their successes in competitions, races, etc., were negligible when compared with those of the M.G., Singer and Riley companies, to name only a few. Some French friends of mine, enthusiasts for the Sport, admit quite freely that Britain is incomparably supreme in the production of small sports cars. Don't you, in your heart, also think that that is true, Mr. Hampton?

I am, Yours etc.,
A. F. BROOKES.



Forgotten Episodes

An article in *Skyways* by Thomas F. Collison, entitled "Spotlight," on Rickenbacker, recalls an incident in the life of this famous American aviator which many people will probably have forgotten. It concerns Rickenbacker's visit to England in 1916 "to develop a racing team for the English Sunbeam Motor Works." It will be remembered that Resta, the Sunbeam driver, won at Indianapolis in 1916 with a Peugeot, at 83.26 m.p.h., and one wonders if he introduced Rickenbacker to Coatalen. Certainly Sunbeam would like to have won at Indianapolis but were always beaten by the Peugeots they so closely resembled. It seems likely that Coatalen saw the advisability of having someone from a neutral country in charge of development work on the 5-litre cars which were built during the last war and destined for Indianapolis. The end of American neutrality caused Rickenbacker to return to his own country. I asked for Anthony Heal's confirmation of the above episode and he replied as follows :—

"'Eddie' Rickenbacker was certainly connected with Sunbeams at the end of 1916. I cannot say exactly what his functions were. I have recently been corresponding with Frank Bill, who was Josef Christiaens's mechanic and rode with him in a number of races (including Indianapolis) in U.S.A. during 1916. Two of Bill's letters have referred to Rickenbacker. The first mentions '. . . "Eddie" Rickenbacker, who was for many months at the Sunbeam works.' The second says: 'We came back late in 1916 and with us came "Eddie" Rickenbacker, the famous U.S.A. air ace, and he joined our team for 1917, but of course when U.S.A. joined the war he went home.'

"*The Autocar*, April 28th, 1917, says that he had arranged to drive a 6-cylinder Sunbeam in 1917 American races, but 'Happening to be in Europe when the German ruthless submarine campaign was announced, and foreseeing that U.S. would come into the war, he forthwith abandoned his plans and joined the U.S.A. naval aviation forces.'"

This article in *Skyways* further states that "those well-versed in the technique of racing and with a good memory can tell you that Eddie's role with such racing teams as those sponsored by Harvey Firestone, the Duesenbergs and the Maxwell Company, was invariably that of a bellwether; Eddie poured on the coal from the start, setting a pace to draw other contestants out. Eddie never won a major race." His salary for this task is given as £12 10s. a week, and his earnings for his first year's racing, with place



A sorry fate, and a by no means uncommon one! A White Steamer is here seen rotting in a breaker's yard near Bournemouth, offers, apparently, being refused.

money, is quoted as some £10,000. Pretty staggering. Certainly an interesting article and a contrast to an article in the *Magazine Digest* for February, by Harold Sherling, entitled "Are Sports Out for the Duration?" which mentions soccer, athletics, cycle-racing, rowing, tennis, baseball, basket-ball, golf, horse-racing, dog-racing, ping-pong and tiddley-winks—but ignores motor-racing and reliability trials. Perhaps the writer does not regard the motor-cycle training scrambles which we used to have around the country to be "sport." He has only to ask the riders!

* * *

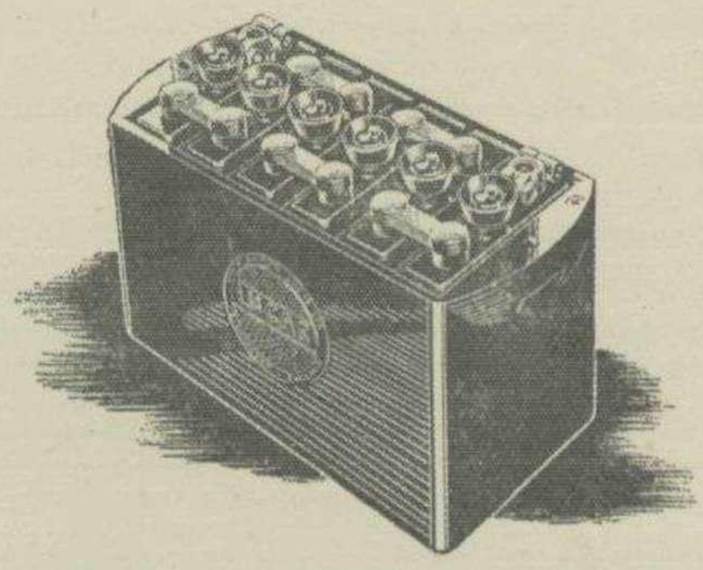
Defeatist

"The Scribe" makes his weekly columns in *The Autocar* very readable, but we were surprised that he should express himself as follows, on May 7th last:

"Some correspondents on the subject of motor taxation tempt me to despair of human wisdom. During the last 3½ years I have heard innumerable Britons of all classes denounce our pre-war statesmen with eloquence and venom. Why, oh why, did they delay rearmament so long as to endanger civilisation? Lord Baldwin in an incautious moment answered their question in advance, when he confessed that if he had told the nation the truth about Germany he would have lost an election, his point being that the truth would have involved a costly rearmament policy, which in turn spelt an enormous increase in taxation. I am a heavy smoker. I like a nightcap at bedtime. I always keep a car and a motor-cycle. I should be thrilled to the back teeth if the tax on these and certain other commodities which I purchase could be halved. But I realise that as a citizen with an income of a certain grade I shall have to bear my share of the national revenue in one form or another. My tobacco, my Glenlivet and my car are luxuries. It seems better in the national interest that purchasers of luxury goods should pay their admittedly crushing taxes on such goods rather than that articles indispensable to the poor should be taxed at double the existing rate."

No one wants to see indispensable articles taxed at double the existing rates, but why a small tax on every bicycle and on every one of the even less controllable horses taken on to the roads by pleasure-seeking horsemen and horsewomen should hinder rather than help the national revenue we cannot see. If a man can buy and keep shod a bicycle he presumably has a job. If he has, a sum of around 6d. a week in tax will not break him. That sum, however, represents about one-tenth of what the owner of a small car pays in annual h.p. tax, so that with cyclists assisting to pay for road upkeep as well as motorists, the latter might surely be allowed a small rebate on taxation, especially as he has been paying so heavily for so long. This is hardly likely to happen unless we fight very strongly for it, but as the "Scribe" has probably been able to buy his heavily-taxed car, and motor-cycle, and tobacco and Glenlivet because the motorist has read his *Autocar* and the motor industry has supported it, the least this worthy writer can do is to support our interests. Many of us have to dispense with a motor-cycle, tobacco and expensive nightcaps to run a car at all, so why advocate that the cyclist be allowed to escape a tax which might dock him of a half-pint of beer a week at most? To the query, how collect such a tax, we would suggest an extra 25/- on the purchase cost of the bicycle and a

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statement, signable before taking delivery, that if the individual were riding a bicycle a year later he would obtain a stamped voucher, costing 25/-, from a P.O., in order to do so, such vouchers to be producible to the police on demand. Awful, isn't it, this suggestion, Mr. Stancer? So, too, is the £19 10s. which it costs us to put our 12-h.p. car on the road for 2,500 miles annually in wartime, in which calculation petrol tax is *not* included. Even a small reduction in car tax would be welcome, for 25/- saved in this way each year in peacetime can represent some 600 miles extra motoring during the annual holiday for the small car man who is just able to afford the pastime—and that can be pleasure for as many as four persons. Convincing?

* * *

Caught Unawares

Prince Chula of Thailand has written his life story in "Brought Up in England," published by G. T. Foulis & Co., Ltd., at 21/-. We confess to finding the book quite interesting, if rather tedious reading, and although the three chapters about "Bira's" motor-racing tell us nothing new, they do give a review of that driver's activities in 1939 up to the outbreak of the war, to follow up Prince Chula's accounts of his cousin's racing contained in his "Wheels at Speed," "Road Racing, 1936" and "Road Star Hat Trick." We are not sufficiently optimistic to suggest that Chula has rendered the Sport a service by thus introducing motor-racing to a new public, because it is exceedingly doubtful whether the sort of person who will take his latest book away from the libraries would make a point of going to watch a motor race solely on account of the descriptions contained therein. But it *is* possible that after the war some readers of this book may find themselves at a motor race, remember reading something of the whys and wherefores of the game that is so unintelligible to ordinary mortals, and turn again to Chula's accounts to obtain a better understanding. If they decided to attend further races and became advocates for motor-racing, then in painstakingly compiling his own biography Prince Chula has yet served our cause. Incidentally, he recalls an early electric car and a small Singer in Thailand, and remarks that his first car, during his second year at Cambridge, was a 10-h.p. Voisin, and he also tells us that buying the ex-Seaman Delage and spares for it was a mistake which cost him £8,000. Prince Chula's biography of Seaman, also published by Foulis, has run into a second edition and some new matter has been added—about which we hope to have something to say next month.

* * *

Fair Exchange?

The new salvage scheme, involving some quarter of a million cars, is referred to editorially. Someone has suggested that, as the demolition of vintage cars will so sadly affect the enthusiast in this country, the Government might arrange to import early cars from Germany with which to jollify the peace, if that country is further behind us in her salvage plans when the war ends. This brings delightful visions of Clutton sampling Mercédès "Sixtys" and "Ninetys," and of antique versions of D.K.W. and Adler replacing Lea-Francis and "12/50" Alvis cars, while Captain Wylie might replace his Rolls-Royce with a vintage Horch. If, however, our vanquished enemy asked to be allowed to forgo the obligation of finding our vintagents useful material by giving instead some of the 1½- or 3-litre Mercédès-Benz racing cars, would the normally unassailable vintage passion prove impregnable, do you think?

* * *

Fast Tourers

There would seem to be a great deal to be said for cars which are not deserving of the term "sports car" and which yet go along more rapidly than the fug-boxes, are well-braked, are effortless at a cruising speed of 60 upwards and withal are pleasant to drive. Such cars offer ample room for a fairish party, they avoid the attentions of hostile policemen and you do not continually become obsessed with a desire to drive them flat-out to prove them just that much faster than sports cars of rival makes. Yet they get along nicely when asked, giving an undefinable satisfaction when more obviously fast cars are held or passed. Verily, the fast tourer is an attractive proposition and will doubtless be popular after the war. It is not very easy to define, although several typical modern examples, of fairly high horse-power, like the side-valve 3-litre Talbot and the open Daimlers, come to mind. Amongst older cars the type is more elusive. Body style alone does not determine it, for the coachwork of a Van den Plas Bentley, such as that beautiful example which Rowland has at Byfleet, is essentially "fast touring," yet everyone except the anti-Bentley minority accepts the "Red Label" as definitely a sports car. The original "30/98" Vauxhall Velox was, perhaps, thought of as a fast tourer rather than a sports car, in spite of its undeniable performance, but since we have become used to softer things this idea has gone about-turn. Perhaps the standard "Lambda" Lancia, of 2¼ to 2½ litres according to its series, is as fine an instance as any of the sort of car we have in mind, for it is at once controllable without needing to be "diced," as unobtrusive to the general public as it is outstanding in the eyes of those who understand and, while not fast, is able to cruise happily at upwards of 70 m.p.h., in its later forms, when occasion or mood demand. The 2-litre Ballot is another example, if open ones are still to be found—for the open body is essentially a point to the credit of the sports car that the fast tourer cannot afford to ignore—and so are the less rakish examples of "14/40" Delage. Our own semi-sports 1½ litres of various makes are not quite easy-going enough to present the combination of qualities that give the fast tourer its especial appeal, but certain Sunbeam models, some of the earlier Talbot range and the less potent 6-cylinder Alvis models, get near to what is in mind. Certainly this is a type of car to consider as a post-war possession.

* * *

Talbots

Elsewhere in this issue L. S. Daniels gives some intriguing gen anent Talbots, so let us get some idea of the different models of the period with which he deals. The original "14/45" had a 6-cylinder engine of 61 × 95 mm. (1,666 c.c.). The "75" is 69.5 × 100 mm. (2,276 c.c.), the "90" is of identical size and the "95" and "105" models have a bore and stroke of 75 × 112 mm. (2.970 c.c.). The "110" had the "105" chassis 10' 0⅜" wheelbase, but a 24-h.p. engine of 80 × 112 mm., giving a capacity of 3,377 c.c. All, of course, are 6-cylinder jobs.

Club News

WE HEAR

S. H. Statham reports that all except himself and one other member of the Scuderia Statham are overseas; the Scuderia's cars include J2, N and K-type M.G.s, a "Brooklands" Riley Nine, a 3-litre Invicta, a special Austin Seven and a Fiat "500." Statham himself is down in Wales and reports seeing only three interesting cars—two T-type M.G.s and a 1½-litre M.G.—in the last six months. He uses his "J 2" M.G. officially and it is about the only car in this district to achieve and not exceed its "official" petrol consumption—a good argument in favour of using a sports car in wartime, says Statham, adding that he knows of an ex-Le Mans Rapier also on an O.H.M.S. licence. A streamlined Steyr, with 6-cylinder 2,260 c.c. o.h.v. engine, Centric blown, with Jensen body, is in use in Nottingham.

S/Sgt. K. M. Miles, R.E.M.E., reports seeing a fairly sound 3-litre Bentley open 4-seater and an Angus-Sanderson tourer in a breaker's on the King's Lynn-Wisbech road about one mile out of Wisbech—probably worth a train journey to someone! N. W. Sharratt sends his regards to all Vintage S.C.C. members and would like to hear of veteran and vintage motor-bicycles in need of good homes — address, 28, Victoria Road, St. Annes-on-Sea. He has, at present, a 1900-02 single-lung F.N., a 1912 Henderson Four, purchased from Lieut. Kentish, a 1905 racing twin-pot Minerva, and a few others. He also has his "30/98" Vauxhall, which awaits rebuilding. In Preston, the eleven veterans owned by the Bradshaws are going into a municipal museum. Several worthwhile engines, including "18/80" M.G., 2-litre Lagonda, M.G. Magna "L," "Silver Eagle" Alvis and Rolls Royce, along with other spares and a complete £20 2-litre Lagonda, were seen by Maclagen some time ago at Hatfield Motor Wreckers, Hatfield, near Doncaster, whither "special" builders should make their way.

Maclagen, by the way, has a "Bits and Pieces" to exchange for a copy of "Wheels at Speed." S.O.S.—a f.w.d. Alvis, once owned by Lord Howe and the property of "Scotty" Gaze until he was killed while flying, is missing and may be languishing in a breaker's in the Chichester or Portsmouth areas. Will anyone having any information to impart as to the whereabouts of this car please communicate with Austin Partridge, 140, Highbury New Park, N.5, who will endeavour to save it.

The early Daimler mentioned recently turns out to be a 4-cylinder 1903 car with the transmission apparently missing —Hutton-Stott is doing what he can for

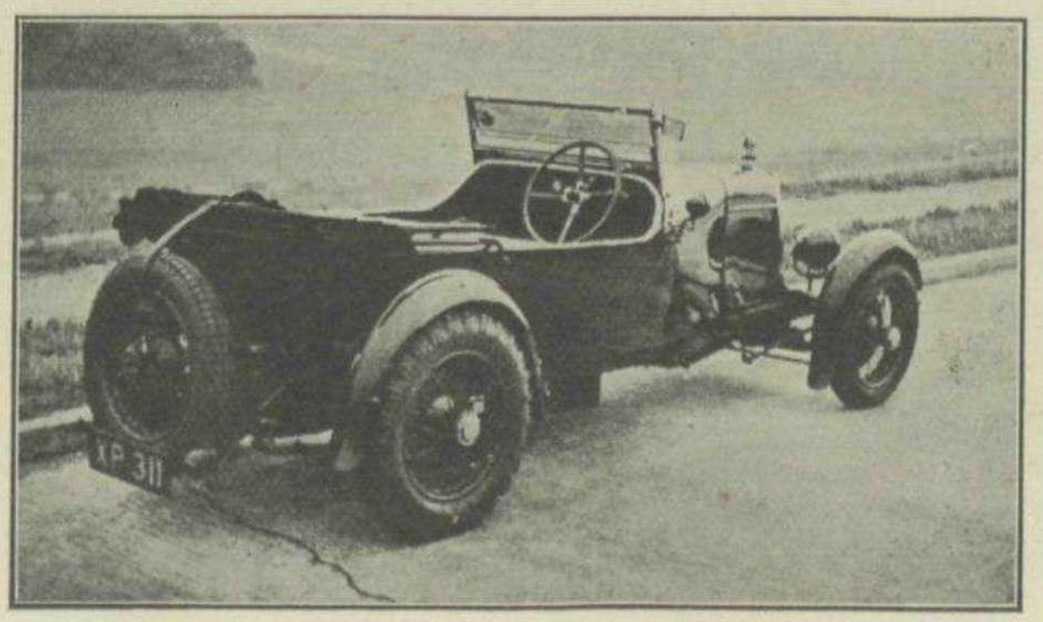


"Bentley boys."

it. Incidentally, his non-veteran motor-car is a 4/4 Morgan. From Lieut. John Neal, R.N.V.R., comes news that a single-cylinder Rover taxed up to 1931 and a White "steamer" are both rotting at dumps—the former valued at £40 and the latter not offered for sale. Can the Veteran Car Club cope, please? He has also found one of the grand old "40/50" 6-cylinder o.h.c. Napiers in a breaker's near Southampton—a saloon with sound tyres which someone might well save—and has seen a solid-tyred, rear-engined dog-cart of unknown make at Brockenhurst. J. Pole who, with Noel, raced an 18½-litre aero-engined Mercédès in the first 500 Mile Race, is in London. It was he who saved the Itala "Floretta" and he still enthuses over the veterans. Kenneth Evans is a Lieutenant, R.A., and has his *monoposto* Alfa-Romeo in safe storage.

The Whincops have added the "22/90" Alfa-Romeo 2-seater which we recently mentioned and a Marendaz Special to their stable, and are at present using a D-type M.G. 4-seater. Whincop carefully nurses the ex-Shuttleworth Type 51 Bugatti and Monica Whincop is planning a lowered bodyline and outside exhaust system for her Type 43 Bugatti. Fleming still has his "Monza" Alfa-Romeo 2-seater, which is not for sale. His ex-Horton 750-c.c. M.G. single-seater has not been rebuilt since Clayton went over the top of the Member's Banking in it. A very interesting left-hand-drive Fiat was seen in London last month, driven by a foreign-looking motor trader, who said he might sell it "when the winter comes." Said to have been built for and run in the Mille Miglia around 1932, it had a blood-red narrow 2-seater body, very flaired wings and, we imagine, a Sixta o.h.v. head. Metcalfe has sold the Aston-Martin "Razor Blade" to Kipps—with cut-about bodywork, wire in place of artillery wheels, a welded-up O.M. front axle and, we hear, an engine that is not the original. K. Hutchison still gets in a very great deal of business motoring and, to avoid those jealous questions about his petrol, does so in a Ford V 8 with gas-producer, with competition tyres on the rear wheels. He has sold his 4½-litre Lagonda to Lawson, the noted H.R.G. exponent, but has replaced it with the car which Allard himself used in 1939, which Abbott's, of Farnham, have smartened up for post-war days.

The Spikins Singer Bantam single-seater is for sale in pieces and Fitt's blown Hudson is in storage, awaiting its owner's return from the Front. Venables has substituted a Le Mans Singer for his Austin "Arrow," which is for sale, and Peter Clark, besides the stable referred to in "Rumblings" last month, is preserving a Type 22 16-valve Bugatti with aluminium sports bodywork reminiscent of a Westwood or a Windsor. Alas, a Brescia Bugatti was presented to the Maidenhead salvage corps at the beginning of the war because no home could be found for it. Gordon Woods is still using his Frazer-Nash Six for official duties, Grosscurth has exchanged his Lea-Francis for a Frazer-Nash, and Kenyon shares an Anzani Frazer-Nash with a friend. They averaged just under 4 m.p.h. for 16 miles pushing the last-named car home; incidentally, Kenyon has sold out his share in another Anzani Frazer-Nash and reports a recent meeting with Stapleton, who has a 3/4-seater aluminium-bodied 4-speed Anzani, so the Chain Gang is by no means disbanded. We are following up divers vague clues relating to derelict side-valve Astons, and Jack Reiss can help anyone



The s.v. Aston-Martin referred to on page 90 *last month. The illustration was, however, of the works demonstration H.R.G. at Prescott. This car was owned in* 1938 *by Gordon Green and we believe that at one time it was Lionel Martin's personal car, being maintained at Boon & Porter's, by Frank Hunt, who mechanicked at "Bunny's" record run.*

who would like to invest about 120/- in a sound 1929 sports Salmson—the car is in Leeds and his address is "Donington," Nursery Lane, Harrogate Road, Leeds. Cyril Peacock seeks a cheap 3-litre "Red Label" Bentley or similar car, and has presented the Editor with a 1½-litre push-rod V-twin G.N. engine as a stand-by for the B.H.D. "Spider." F/O Bob Cowell has disposed of his H.R.G., and his leave petrol now propels an S.S. 100 open 2-seater, which manages 0-50 m.p.h. in 7.4 secs.

The Instruction Book Library grows apace. F. W. Roberts has sent a book covering the "Super Eight," "Super Nine," "12/6" and "Southern Cross" Triumphs; Lush has weighed in with Ballot Straight-eight, Morgan 3-wheeler and A.B.C.; B. F. H. Barnes contributes manuals on the Model 501 "10/12" Fiat and Series II Morris "10/4" and "12/4," and A.C./1 K. Cobbings a book on the Straight-eight 40-h.p. Minerva. Hutton-Stott has sent books on the 21-h.p. Lanchester and another labelled "Description Fonctionnement, Entretien & Réglage of 15-h.p. Lorraine-Dietrich chassis léger." Roberts, a most generous helper, also sent some very interesting cuttings from the *Automobile Engineer*, of veteran car descriptions and 1923 chassis, the latter including Rhode and Gwynne Eight as once owned by the Editor and also "12/40" Alvis, North-Lucas, etc. We also have to thank someone for a G.N. instruction book. Mr. Whitfield, who partners J. V. Bowles at Epping and whose Type 40 Bugatti is being turned out immaculately, has presented Boddy with a 2-cylinder 7-h.p. Renault in going order. This car is believed to be of 1908 vintage and had lived at Epping all its life, used first by a doctor and eventually by a sweep. It was laid up in 1925 but repainted and driven in the Jubilee procession of 1936, and even as these words are penned is on its way to Farnborough by train for restoration in readiness for future veteran runs. The new owner reports that although he cannot change cog with any great facility in his Alvis, he elected to go along the quadrant from top into 2nd quite skilfully during his first attempt at handling the Renault.

John Lander is now a major in the Royal Engineers, and is building up a 2-litre Lagonda which he found in pieces a long way from here. Up in Derbyshire John Jesty contrives 16 miles a day in a 1930 Lea-Francis saloon, and he is building up the ex-Potter "Hyper" Lea-Francis, using a No. 8 Cozette compressor. He sends Lea-Francis r.p.m. and power-curves for the Library, and can *lend* an instruction book on the 1,100-c.c. Alta to anyone interested. There is, or was, a 1937 Fiat 500 chassis, less engine, at Fletcher's, breaker, Dartmouth Street, Birmingham, if anyone seeks spares. We know of a 12-h.p. Vulcan tourer, of about 1923, with f.w.b., in good order for £7 and an "18/80" M.G. for about £50.

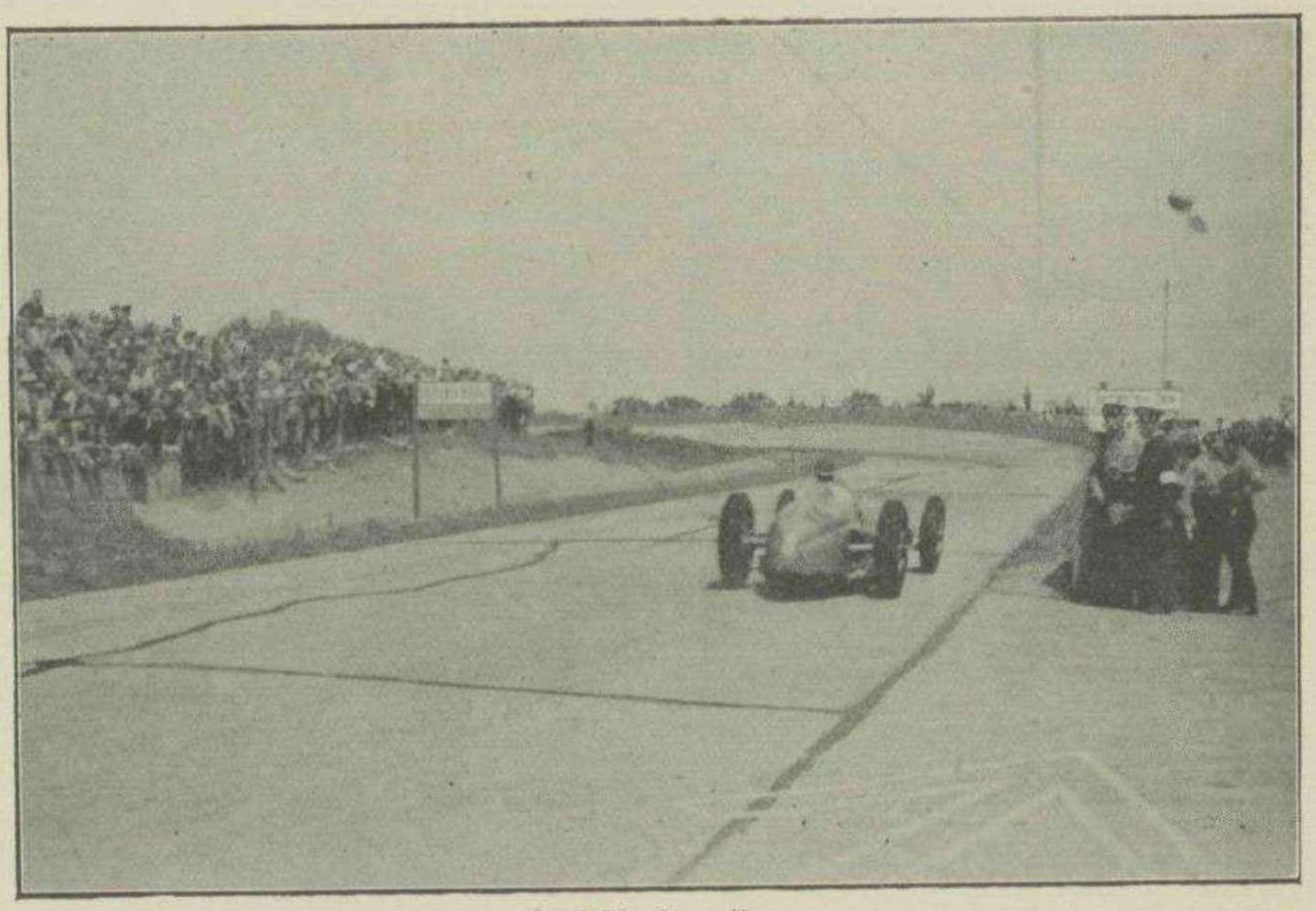
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J.C.C.

The *Gazette* for January-March, contains a tribute to the late Hugh P. McConnell, who did so much for the club in its infancy, a report of recent and regular monthly council meetings, and an article on "Modern Armour Plate," by Professor A. M. Low. There is also news of many J.C.C. members, the majority on very active service.

Amongst those who attended the last council meeting were Charles Follett, Col. H. J. Aldington, W. H. Aldington, Capt. Harry Edwards, R.E.M.E., R. Watney and Frank Bale. Commodore Earl Howe, R.N.V.R., sent a telegram of congratulation.

Hon. secretary, H. J. Morgan, 14, Lime Grove, Ruislip, Middlesex (Pinner 3693).



"*Nurburg.*"

★

750 CLUB

The meeting on April 18th at Metcalfe's mushroom farm—now an incubator for motor-cars—was graced by beautiful weather and some twenty enthusiasts had an excellent time talking and inspecting cars. Metcalfe had lined up the Aston-Martin "Razor Blade," and a 2-litre G.P. Bugatti; and F/O Cowell brought his H.R.G. on leave-petrol, departing with great *elan*, while a Morgan Super Sports and Derrington's very leaky B.M.W. arrived later. Everyone basked in the sunshine and were lulled almost to sleep by Metcalfe's inexhaustible Polyphon.

On May 2nd another successful luncheon was staged at the "Chez August," near Shaftesbury Avenue, and an excellent gathering it proved to be. Amongst those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Frost, Capon, Merrilees, Halford, Orlebar, Symonds, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland-Harmer, Ashwood, Douglas Tubbs and his lady, Birkett, Jenkinson, Trowbridge and his lady, F/O Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Bowles, Whitfield, Mr. and Mrs. Kipps, and Boddy. The next meeting at this venue is scheduled for June 6th, at 6/- per head. Those wishing to attend should let the secretary know in advance and should make for Old Compton Street, a turning off Cambridge Circus. The January, 1943, *Bulletin* has happened and contains articles on Gordon Brettell's racing Austin Seven; C.A.P.A.; tuning Austin Sevens by J. V. Bowles, and other interesting matter, for which Birkett deserves no little credit. Hon. secretary, S. H. Capon, 159, Upper Tulse Hill, London, S.W.2 (Tulse Hill 6426).

★

M.C.C.

The M.C.C. held a film show in London for its members on May 14th, and many trials memories were polished up. We hope "Jackie" Masters will manage to hold similar gatherings in the future, but must gently chide him for not sending us details of this particular function—which was, we hear, attractively announced, after the fashion of a trials announcement of those dimly-remembered peacetime days.

★

ENTHUSIASTS' GATHERING

We believe that the next Enthusiasts' Gathering Rivers-Fletcher and his henchmen will organise will take the form of a tea-party at the London Zoo one summer Sunday afternoon. So we shall have yet another chance to "talk motors" in a big way, and on that day members of the British public will have additional phenomena at which to direct its gaze.

★

OUR COVER PICTURE

This month's cover picture shows the 4½-litre Lagonda with which F. T. Stephenson and R. S. Hebeler attempted to put 1,000 miles into 12 hours running at Brooklands in 1934. Rain stopped this ambitious run but not before the Lagonda had averaged over 90 m.p.h. for several hours—an excellent tribute to the reliability and performance of modern British sports cars.

BUGATTI TYPE 41—"THE GOLDEN BUG"

Everyone is so Bugatti-conscious nowadays that we have pleasure in presenting this account, by Cecil Clutton, R.A.F., of one of the Patron's rarest and most idealistic models—"La Royale"—Ed.

HOW many, even the most elect of *Bugattisti*, can immediately place the Type 41? It is that rarest of motor-cars, christened by its designer "La Royale," and known familiarly as "the Golden Bug."

"La Royale" it might well be called, for even a V12 Hispano-Suiza becomes cheap beside it, and Rolls Royces, by comparison, almost two a penny. The chassis price, when introduced in 1926-7, was half a million francs, then equivalent to some £4,000 of English money. That such a king of cars should come from Molsheim seems fitting, for le Patron ever thought in terms of magnificence and for him to be unconventional was normal. In the Type 13 he gave us the first high-efficiency light car. In the *bebe* Peugeot he produced the first genuine baby car, in the tradition that Austin was to follow so successfully ten years later. The last war saw him producing the first practical straight-eight engine, in the modern tradition, and Monsieur Henri, who worked under him, put his ideas into car practice in the 1919 and 1921 straight-eight Ballots, which set the pace for practically all subsequent racing design. It is known that the Type 41 represented some ten years of consideration and research, and it is therefore clear that its inception dates back to his period of aero-engine design in the last war.

When the type was presented to the public in 1926-7 it was no single, hand-made *tour de force*, but a plant was rigged up for full-scale production, the intention being that 25 should be built. In point of fact, it appears that only about six were made, and the remaining engines were kept in stock for many years until purchased by the Chemin de Fer de l'Ouest for rail work. One car, at least, came to this country.

A peculiarity about this model is the disparity of opinion among experts as to the engine dimensions. The Bugatti Owners' Club handbook gives them as 125 × 130, which makes a total capacity of 12,760 c.c., but *The Autocar* quotes 125 × 150 and 14,726 c.c. As the engine was stated to develop 300 b.h.p. at less than the maximum of 2,000 r.p.m., which, even with 15 litres, represents a m.e.p. of over 130 lb. per square inch, it seems probable that the longer stroke is correct. The rated horse-power is 78.

The construction of the engine was altogether remarkable. To begin with, the head, block and crankcase were all one piece; the bottom of the engine was only a lid to keep out the mice and hold up the oil. Curiously enough, the *bebe* Peugeot was similarly devised.

The crankshaft was held in the block and the nine main bearings were water-cooled. The webs were circular and all bearings were white metal, bronze backed. Lubrication was dry sump. The overall length of the block was 4′ 7″ and its total weight the remarkably low one of 240 lb.; the crankshaft alone weighed almost as much. The rods were I section and the pistons aluminium alloy with split skirts. Valves followed the usual Bugatti plan, with an overhead camshaft, two inlet and one exhaust valve per cylinder, set vertically in the flat head. Dual ignition was by coil and magneto. Gas was introduced to the cylinders via two carburetters.

The fact that the engine had to be taken out and the crankshaft removed before a valve could be ground was quite simply laughed off by M. Ettore, who pointed out that, owing to the special materials and design, the valves would not require any attention.

The engine was fixed on to the chassis by the remarkable expedient of three hollow bronze bearers which passed right through the block in one piece from one side member to the other. To this arrangement was attributed the remarkable stiffness of the front end of the motor-car and the entire freedom from vibration of the engine.

The power curve peaked at around 1,700 r.p.m., having regard to which the development of 300 b.h.p. was highly creditable. Maximum permitted revolutions were 2,000 per minute. Equally, the power-weight ratio of the engine was altogether remarkable for the date, for the entire engine turned the scales at only 7 cwt., which is about 2¼ lb. per b.h.p.

Turning to the chassis, the track was 5′ 3″ and the wheelbase a trifling matter of 15′ 4″, which is about the same as an L.P.T.B. bus. The 3-speed gearbox grew on the back axle, and the middle ratio was direct. The overdrive was silent and final drive was by spiral bevel; 2,000 r.p.m. gave 95 m.p.h. on direct drive and 125 m.p.h. on the geared-up ratio. The tyres were specially made, being 980 × 170, or roughly 38½″ × 7″, which was a remarkably wide section for the period. This suggests that the upper two ratios were about 1.8 and 2.4 to one, in which case bottom gear would probably be about 4 to one, giving a maximum of about 57 m.p.h. Despite these high ratios, the car could be slowed down to a steady 3 m.p.h. on direct drive—barely one revolution per second! It could also be started from rest on this ratio.

The road wheels were the splendid pressed aluminium affairs, which also grace the Types 46 and 49 and afford such superlative braking. The brakes were rod-operated and the rods all worked in roller bearings. There was also a transmission brake which, being in front of the gearbox, must have been simply devastating in effect.

The front axle was the usual Bugatti hollow-beam pattern, through which the springs were passed. The rear springs were also the customary reversed quarter elliptics, but there were additional quarter elliptics in front of the axle, which came into operation when extra heavy loads were carried.

The weight of the complete car was again astoundingly low having regard to its immense size; without passengers it scaled only 45 cwt., giving 6⅔ b.h.p. per hundredweight; which suggests adequately brisk acceleration.

People who rode in the car remarked on the fact that, once in motion, they were no longer aware of its great size, even when driven at high speed on narrow, twisty roads. Silence, comfort, brakes, flexibility and roadholding alike came in for high praise. I am not aware of any published performance figures, but they would doubtless be exceedingly interesting.

Such is a sketch of a car which can, with much justification, claim to be the world's greatest. It is clear that the 5 litre, Type 46, is an almost exactly scaled-down edition of it, so that those who are fortunate enough to have ridden in that magnificent motor-carriage presumably have some inkling of what it feels like to go about in a "Royale."

One cannot help thinking what fun it would be to cut a Type 41 down to, say, an 11′ wheelbase and even supply a mild boost of about 5 lb. pressure. An overall weight of about 35 cwt. and 400 b.h.p. should provide an ensemble altogether out of the ordinary.

If You are Interested in any particular car that has been road-tested by MOTOR SPORT turn to the back page where our list of reports has been brought up to date by the inclusion of all tests conducted by us during the last five years.

★ Copies of most of these back numbers can still be obtained at the prices quoted, plus 2d. postage ★

Write to MOTOR SPORT, 21, City Road, London, E.C.1

Scrap-Book

Some Memories prompted by study of an enthusiast's book of Press cuttings.

AN insight into the continuous history of motor-racing doesn't come from turning idly the leaves of a scrap-book not compiled in any particular order or to any pre-determined plan, other than that of preserving Press cuttings that made some appeal for no readily-explainable reason. Study of such books, nevertheless, is immensely fascinating to those who know their racing history reasonably thoroughly, but who take a delight in enlarging or refreshing their knowledge of detail matters; a well-compiled scrap-book can fulfil the latter function very pleasantly indeed, and it is contemplation of two such books which Edward Pyddoke handed to us while turning out paper for salvage that provides material for what follows. Pyddoke wrote a number of sketches for the weekly motoring journals at the time these scrap-books were compiled and used to assist John Bolster with his initial "Mary," later running an Akela-engined G.N., both on the road and at Lewes.

We start off by being reminded, from a head-and-shoulder portrait of Hans Stuck, that this driver once drove a Mercédès coupé in the Mille Miglia, averaging 86 m.p.h. over the 130 miles from Brescia to Rome, including a wheel change. The immortal "Japanese" road rules appear, and that reading "Pedal the brake of the foot as you roll round corners and save the collapse and tip up," savours of a hydraulic-anchored Yank, surely? We find three pictures of the original "Interceptor" Frazer-Nash, looking for all the world like an M-type M.G. Midget from the rear. A. F. Ashby is seen driving his "Brooklands" Riley Nine at 90 m.p.h. and Gillow his side-valve 1½-litre a moment before writing it off at Brooklands. A T.T. f.w.d. Alvis, Reg. No. VC 17, would intrigue lots of folk, being a late version of this model, and the Bentley in which Sammy Davis was 2nd in the 1929 "Double Twelve" confirms its race number as 6, and its Reg. No. as YW 2557, which may interest Bentley exponents. Very intriguing is a 1,100 c.c. Straight Eight Maserati equipped with a bare minimum of lamp and wings, while the 40/260-h.p. 9½-litre Hatton-McEvoy, which was to have cost £1,000 as a chassis, is a white elephant we had forgotten.

There are pictures of Wizard Smith's Anzac with Rolls Royce engine in a Cadillac chassis, intended for an attack on the Land Speed Record, and the Ford "999" in the Edison Museum, which car did 90 m.p.h. in 1903. Various versions of Austin Seven are depicted, notably Spero's car with body extending over the front wheels and the "works" blown s.v. car with fairings between the wheels, suggesting 200 m.p.h. Sunbeam and "Golden Arrow" influence, respectively. Zehender is seen in the Alfa-Romeo in which he won a Paris-Nice, and a forgotten car turns up again in the form of an 8-h.p. Cooper-Special. At Lewes a very fine Salmson is seen on the line and behind it is a Nazzaro in sports guise, with curiously flowing external exhaust pipes, which may or may not be the 1914 car raced at Brooklands by Chamberlain. The cockpit of the 750-c.c. M.G. in which Eyston exceeded 100 m.p.h. has the "passenger's" half full of fuel and oil tankage, while the rev.-counter is mounted horizontally close to the steering wheel rim, the remaining instruments being quite small.

There are lots of shots of Chiron in Bugattis and we see Cobb in a "105" Talbot and Birkin in the Maserati, the exhaust pipe of which inflicted the burn that caused his death. There is also a magnificent reminder of "Tim's" great drive in the blower 4-seater Bentley at Pau, when it carried No. 18. Caracciola's Mercédès looks very unwieldy amongst the Bugattis and Maseratis at Monaco, while a "38/250" Mercédès driven by Captain Howey in the Monte Carlo is pictorially acclaimed in a German periodical. What must have been the last appearance of "Chitty I," with the Conan Doyle's at Branches Park in 1931, is shown beneath a picture of an "Ulster" Austin Seven, posed beside a 12-tonner Thornycroft lorry. Unusual is Heritage's Riley Nine with isolated radiator, as run at Brooklands, although the caption seems over-optimistic in describing the streamlining as reminiscent of "Bluebird." The crude bodywork on the Austin Seven which Campbell took to America is evident and this famous driver is seen above a caption reading, "I have no illusions. I know that risks must be taken. If I want to be the fastest driver in the world I know that I must take risks. I am prepared to take them." We are reminded that Penn-Hughes once finished 8th at Monaco in a Bugatti and that a Cummings-Diesel achieved 100.75 m.p.h. at Daytona.

There is an account of the Worsley-Harris-Special, the "10/23" Talbot engine of which was said to have exceeded 6,500 r.p.m., and pictures of a very fully-underslung Stabilia chassis. Lots of pages are occupied by Morgans and by Shelsley "Specials," including the Horton-Special as a V-twin and Basil Davenport's famous "Spider." A 1922 G.N. appears in a trial that could not have been run earlier than 1928 and a 1913 G.N. is being investigated by a pack of curious hounds.

Very interesting indeed are early views of the first "Bloody Mary" and the late Richard Bolster's Bolster Eight, one from an Australian paper reporting the C.U.A.C. speed trials, and Dick Nash and the "Terror" posing for "The Auto's" cameraman. The Bol d'Or gets a double-page spread and depicts a 500-c.c. flat-twin de Latour which won the 500-c.c. racing class, a 350-c.c. Sphinx-Staub 3-wheeler with a curious loop-frame over the engine and a lamp right before the driver, a *monoposto* 750 c.c. flat-twin Bertholon and a very well-finished 350 c.c. Antony, amongst other quite unbelievable vehicles. On another page are details of the f.w.d. Gordine-J.A.P. 500-c.c. 3-wheeler, with a very Morgan-like front end, which ran in the race. An "unfamiliar" Bugatti is a 1½-litre driven at Southport by J. Walker.

To be continued.

READERS' SALES AND WANTS

To meet the repeated demands for something on the lines of the old Spare Parts Announcements, we have instituted a system of inexpensive advertisements. Each announcement must be limited to **twelve** words, plus the advertiser's sufficient postal address, and the charge will be 1s. 6d. per announcement, payable at time of posting. The system will be governed by the following rules:—

(1) Each announcement to cost 1s. 6d. and be limited to twelve words and the advertiser's address. Box Numbers cannot be used.

(2) The publishers accept no responsibility for loss of advertisements, non-publication, late publication, or incorrect wording, but will endeavour to insert announcements in the next issue, if posted within eight days of the publication of the previous issue.

(3) No advertiser may submit more than **two** announcements per issue and each must apply to a separate article. Only spares for sale, spares or cars wanted, or **really cheap** cars for sale, should be announced. Prices should normally be quoted.

(4) The proprietors of MOTOR SPORT offer this scheme for the mutual benefit of enthusiasts and can take no responsibility of any sort whatsoever. All transactions must be made to the published addresses and no correspondence can be entered into in respect of announcements, transactions or any other matters arising from the scheme.

(5) Announcements should be sent within eight days of the publication of the current issue of MOTOR SPORT, accompanied by stamps or crossed postal orders to the required amount. Cheques or coin cannot be accepted.

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AERO SCREENS (Two) for 1½-litre Le Mans Singer. H. F. Hart, 1, Roundstone Drive, Angmering-on-Sea, Sussex.

ALVIS f.w.d. parts or complete car. More, BM/WLTB, London, W.C.1.

RADIATOR Cowl, also front and rear wings for Monza Alfa. M. C. Crowley-Milling, 29, Cumberland Road, Sale Moor, Cheshire.

OLD Type 3-, 4½-litre Bentleys, and Aston Martins, cheap. Condition immaterial. R. Bawden, 23, Greenleaf Road, Walthamstow, London, E.17.

Spares Section,

MOTOR SPORT,
21, CITY ROAD,
LONDON, E.C.1

Letters from Readers

Sir,

I was very interested to read "G.H.W." on the subject of Class I sprint cars in your May issue. It may be recalled that Kenneth Neve wrote on the subject in August, 1941, while I did likewise in July and October of that year.

Unfortunately, the number of people who took a serious interest in the scheme at that time was small, Neve, Bolster, Birkett and Green being the only ones I heard from directly. It was perhaps unfortunate that the scheme did not also receive publicity in weekly journals, but at that time *The Motor* was pushing a scheme for "one design" sports-racing cars.

I believed then, and still believe, that there is a future for 500-c.c. sprint cars. As a means of advancing the scheme I cannot improve on G.H.W.'s suggestion of a MOTOR SPORT Cup, presumably to be awarded for the most consistent success in a season's events.

I am, Yours etc.,
J. LOWREY.

[Certainly, if one of the sprint-organising clubs will guarantee a 500-c.c. class! —ED.]

* * *

Sir,

I would like to congratulate you on the high standard of interest that you are maintaining in MOTOR SPORT in spite of the difficult times and lack of current sporting information.

Mr. Hampton's recent article on the cars he has owned was, I think, one of the best of this most entertaining series. I always admired the immaculate condition of Mr. Hampton's cars, especially his 1½-litre "Targa" Mercédès which was always beautifully turned-out.

I can assure Mr. Hampton that the old Sunbeam that he has bought from Guy Warburton will be no disgrace to his stable. I saw this car whilst in Manchester, and both the Sunbeam and the old Renault owned by Warburton are in perfect order both as regards mechanical condition and bodywork.

Another interesting and unusual article was that by Mr. Peter Clark in your May issue. As I also owned a Jensen Ford V8 and attempted some trials work in it, I can sympathise with Mr. Clark's inability to get this car up any section that could not be charged from about half a mile away.

I did many thousand miles of road-motoring in my Jensen with considerable enjoyment, but as soon as she saw an observed section the car just dug itself in, boiled, wheel-spun and generally misbehaved herself. The trouble was, the machine was far too front heavy and had not the power to cope with large lumps of ballast in the rear seat to get wheel-grip. I always felt that Mr. Clark's H.R.G. was his most trialsworthy car, but I expect he found out that with modern specialisation one cannot use the same car for racing and trials and rally work with much degree of success.

I think it augurs well for post-war motor Sport generally that so many people are taking trouble to acquire, preserve and even to build sports and competition cars. There should be a wealth of men and machines to quickly put the Sport on its feet after the war. It is up to all who have the interests of these things at heart to plan for the proper conduct and organisation of motor Sport in all its varied aspects. A situation such as was created by mass events in 1939 must not be allowed to arise again.

With best wishes to your excellent journal.

I am, Yours etc.,
Farnham. K. HUTCHISON.

* * *

Sir,

In a letter published in your May issue, "G.H.W." has raised once again the suggestion that 500-c.c. four-wheeled sprint racing be organised for the impecunious after the war. Last year Mr. J. Lowrey was asked to find out how much initial support is likely to be available to get such a scheme going. He reported the existence of a satisfactory nucleus, and the matter was shelved until a more propitious time. The club's idea was to provide centralisation for the movement until it became self-supporting.

Now that the planning of post-war motoring sport is so much in evidence, I would like to make a proposition which would serve a similar purpose to that put forward by "G.H.W.," and would be complementary rather than opposed to it. I suggest that we (the 750 Club) should organise events, including road racing if possible, for side-valve, unsupercharged cars limited to 750 c.c. (*not* 850) and road-equipped, other cars being run in separate races for different prizes. This would confine entries in the class almost entirely to Austin Sevens, and inexpensive "backyard" specials, never previously catered for, would be able to run without any impossible opposition. A fast unblown Austin Seven can be built extremely cheaply, and is so highly responsive to tuning that competitors with greater financial resources would have relatively less advantage than in other spheres of competition. Tuning and driving skill would be the dominant factors.

It is often said that the pre-war calendar was over-crowded, yet the problem for the man with the modified Austin Seven was where to get any kind of a "dice" at all. If he were to enter for the usual sprint meeting it would cost him a fairish bag of gold, he would be up against such cars as Q-type M.G. Midgets and works Austins, and would be bound to make an apparently poor showing. So he eschews competition motoring altogether, eventually loses the desire, and a second Nuvolari or Murray Jamieson may have been lost to posterity. For it is undoubtedly true that the majority of enthusiasts who cannot really afford to motor commence by rebuilding an ancient Austin Seven, and many a brilliant "special" is born to blush unseen.

I would be glad to hear from anybody with views on this subject before submitting a plan to the club committee.

I am, Yours etc.,
H. BIRKETT,
3, Pondtail Road, (Captain 750 Club).
Fleet, Hants.

[This seems an excellent suggestion and we are glad Mr. Birkett advocates road-racing type contests—presumably he has Donington and the Crystal Palace circuits in mind—because so much more solid enjoyment within a given class should arise from endeavouring to succeed in such events than would be the case if these same-sized cars merely had to beat one another up round a field or up muddy hills.—ED.]

* * *

Sir,

A few of your readers might be interested in some of the cars that I have owned since 1923. I started motoring in that year with a "7.5" Citroen 2-seater; she was very slow but most reliable, and the reason I chose this make was the fact that they were designed on large car lines with a proper chassis. Many will remember, no doubt, at that time the so-called cycle-car had the most odd ideas with regard to bodies and chassis—I am thinking of the A.V. Monocar, G.N., etc. My next was a "11.4" Citroen with an English open 2-seater body, again a slow mover and the drumming from the solid steel disc wheels was most trying, but she did me well until, poor thing, I got the desire for speed and in a very short time she rattled like a tin can.

I next went for a "12/40" Alvis 2-seater; she was great fun. Never shall I forget arriving back in London from a thick night with the Black Watch at Borden when a policeman held me up at Hyde Park Corner (this was before traffic lights had even been thought of). I attempted to stop but failed to do so by a few yards, having only back-wheel brakes. This annoyed the policeman; he made me reverse back to the correct imaginary line and kept me waiting for a long time. As you can imagine, this did not please the taxi drivers who had to pull up behind me. After a time the policeman got tired and so did his arm, which slowly dropped until his hand rested on the radiator of my very warm Alvis. The result was most amusing and so were the taxi drivers' remarks.

I then bought a Hudson, known in those days as a "Super Six." I did not keep her very long; she always ran very hot indeed and was, I thought, a dull car to drive. I then had the idea that I could get a lot of fun out of old pre-last-

war cars, so I bought a Daimler coupé and a Beeston Humber open 2-seater. I kept the former for about two months when I sold her, making a profit of £10, which I thought was very good considering I did not like anything about her; but the Humber I had great fun with. I removed the centre of the body, which looked rather like an old dog-cart and left the bonnet and dickey which were quite low. I then visited a firm called Coley, at Kingston-on-Thames, who were selling a lot of ex-R.A.F. stuff. I bought a most enormous Handley Page steering wheel, some three-ply wood and two aeroplane seats and fixed them on to the Humber. I think I had more fun as a youngster with this car than any other; she went everywhere I asked her to and never gave me any trouble whatsoever.

While I was making these alterations to the Humber I bought a Stellite; this was the forerunner of the Wolseley Ten and she had everything wrong with her. It was not her fault but only the neglect of her previous owner. I could not take this car out alone as the passenger had to hold the windscreen up and keep his feet hard on the floor boards. otherwise they blew out. She also did not like left-hand corners; many times in the heart of London I had to get out and turn the wheels round much to the amusement of the police force and the taxi drivers. Once when I wanted to stay in the country with a very charming person and I could not think of a good enough excuse for her mother, I poured a garden watering-can full of water into the magneto, but even this did not stop her from going extremely well. Shortly after this I got a Brescia Bugatti which was the joy of my life; in fact, I wish I still had her. When she did go she was a perfect motor-car, but she was a bit temperamental. The only cure for this, I found, was to drive her hard twice round Brooklands; this seemed to cure her indigestion completely. It was a very sad day when I had to sell her, and ever since I have promised myself another of these real motor-cars, but up to date I don't seem to have managed it somehow.

I had a lot of fun with a T-type Ford in South Africa, especially in mud during the rains when no other cars dared venture out. If one got stuck one just rocked her with the reverse and forward pedals and out she came. After these I got two Bentleys, one a 3 litre and the other a 4½ litre. I liked the 3 litre much the best, although I did a very large mileage on the 4½ litre in France, Italy and Spain; but the 3 litre was much more fun to drive, chiefly, I think, because she had an open body—the 4½ litre had a Weymann 2-seater fixed-head coupé. I also ran for a number of years an old 1919 "Silver Ghost" Rolls Royce, with a 1929 body on her, but after a time I thought £49 per year on Road Tax was rather too much for such an old car (this was in the good old days of £1 per h.p.). She was in perfect condition when I sold her and she never let me down once the whole time I had her. She had only one trick and that was, unless you blocked the clutch in the out position over night, in the morning I have never known anything so fierce.

In 1936 I bought a Chevrolet Master on which I covered 37,000 miles of very pleasant family motoring until the outbreak of war. My last effort is to obtain two O.M. cars; one is a 1928 open 4-seater and the other a 1934 open 2-seater that was originally built to race in Italy, and was supercharged. The supercharger is missing, which is rather sad. I am going to rebuild one using the other as spare parts after the war. I should much appreciate any helpful suggestions from anyone who has done this sort of thing before. Of all the cars I have ever had I think I had more fun with the old Bugatti than any other, and I have a sort of feeling I shall buy another when I can find one at the right price.

I am, Yours etc.,
H. TUFNELL-BARRETT,
Captain.

* * *

Sir,

Concerning the photograph on the cover of the April issue, and the explanation given on p. 87 for those of us who cannot identify these excellent action pictures, the description seems accurate enough except in the following details -:

(1) It doesn't look much like Borzacchini's style.
(2) It isn't on a straight.
(3) It is premature for a car in 1932 to carry English index numbers issued in 1937/8.
(4) It doesn't look like a Monoposto—or
(5) an Alfa.

I am, Yours etc.,
Horley, Surrey. JOHN GAUL.

[Mr. Gaul is quite correct on points 1 to 5 and we shudder to think in how many respects he will find fault with the H.R.G. which unfortunately posed as an s.v. Aston-Martin, last month. Lots of readers noticed the cover error and corrected politely what was obviously a mistake.—ED.]

* * *

Sir,

I have been meaning to write to you for some time, but for one reason or another it has always been put off. About a couple of months ago I was able to have a look at the Tripoli circuit. I drove right round it and the surface appears to be quite undamaged. It is for almost the entire circuit an ordinary road and in no sense an artificial track. Only the home straight, however, is part of an actual public road, the back straight simply running round the Mellaha aerodrome. The curves at either end of the home straight, one of them the famous Tagiura Oasis, are actually cut-offs to right-angled bends on the road and are slightly banked, but no more than a bend on one of the better English roads.

The grandstand is an enormous affair overlooking the pits on the other side of a very broad stretch of road. Both stand pits are rather dirty and full of rubbish, but appear to be more or less intact.

It is quite incredible that anyone could get round these eight miles in a mere three and a half minutes. It makes you realise the superhuman skill of the Grand Prix drivers and the fantastic performance of their cars.

I am, Yours etc.,
By Air Mail, KENNETH WALLACE,
M.E.F. *Captain.*

Continued on page 122

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ADVERTISER wishes to exchange 1937 1½ litre M.G. tourer (recently overhauled) for A.C. open 2- or 4-seater of similar value. Major L. J. R. Taylor, Bicton Heath, Shrewsbury.

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RECENT MOTOR SPORT ROAD-TESTS

IN the issue of May, 1937, we published an Index of all the road tests conducted by this paper since it was founded, as *The Brooklands Gazette*, in 1924. From this Index we have been publishing extracts, but these did not embrace the tests published during the last six years. In order to make good this omission, we give below a revised selection, including tests published from May, 1937, to the present issue. Read in conjunction with the Index of May, 1937, it provides a reference to all the MOTOR SPORT tests—251 in all. Readers' accounts of their cars and technical descriptions of new models, moreover, are not included in this Index. Many of the issues concerned can still be supplied, at the prices given below. Please quote date of issue when ordering.

Make of Car	Issue
A.B.C. 11 h.p. 2-cyl. 2-seater	Feb. 1926
A.C. 2-litre, short-chassis, 15.7 h.p. 2-seater	July 1936
A.C. 2-litre, 16/40 h.p. 3-seater	Oct. 1927
A.C. 2-litre, 16/66 h.p. 4-seater	June 1934
A.C. "Ace" 16/80 h.p. 2-seater	July 1937
Alfa-Romeo, 1½-litre supercharged 6-cyl. Charles 2-seater (1929)	March 1934
Alfa-Romeo 1½-litre supercharged 8-cyl. "Zagato" 2-seater (1932)	July 1934
Alfa-Romeo 2.3-litre supercharged 8-cyl. "Zagato" 2-seater (1933)	Aug. 1936
Alfa-Romeo 2900B, Type 8C supercharged 2-seater (1937)	Jan. 1942
Alvis 6-cyl., "Silver Eagle" 4-seater coupé (1929)	Aug. 1931
Alvis 3½-litre saloon	Feb. 1936
Alvis Speed Twenty 4-seater	June 1932
Ansaldo 2-litre, 4-cyl., o.h.c. 4-seater	Sept. 1924
Aston-Martin Mark II, 11.9 h.p. 2-4-seater	Jan. 1935
Aston-Martin Ulster 11.9 h.p., T.T. 2-seater	Oct. 1935
Aston-Martin 11.9 h.p. 2-seater	Jan. 1930
Aston-Martin 1½-litre Ulster racing 2-seater	Aug. 1937
Aston-Martin 2-litre Speed Model 2-seater	May 1938
Aston-Martin 1½-litre Mark II, long-chassis 4-seater (1934)	Aug. 1940
Aston-Martin 2-litre streamline saloon	June 1942
Atalanta V12 saloon	March 1939
Auburn 30 h.p., 8 cyl. supercharged 2-seater	June 1935
Austin Seven Boyd Carpenter 2-str.	Sept. 1930
Austin Seven "65" 2-seater	Jan. 1934
BENTLEY 4½-litre, 6-cyl., Park Ward saloon	June 1936
Bentley 8-litre "Special" 2-seater (1931)	April 1938 & Dec. 1940
Bentley 4½-litre drophead coupé	Aug. 1938
Bentley 4½-litre Mark V saloon	Feb. 1941
Bentley 3-litre "Blue Label" "Special" 2-seater (1928–9)	Feb. 1939
Bentley 4½-litre "Le Mans" 4-seater (1928)	Jan. 1942
Bugatti 2.3-litre 8-cyl., Type 43, supercharged 4-seater	May 1930
Bugatti 3.3-litre 8-cyl., Type 57 saloon	May 1934
Bugatti 3.3-litre Type 57 saloon	May 1939 & June 1939
Bugatti 3.3-litre Type 57C supercharged saloon	June 1939
Bugatti 3.3-litre Type 57 SC supercharged coupé	Aug. 1942
Bugatti 5-litre Type 46 saloon (1929)	April 1942
CROSSLEY 20/70 h.p., 4-cyl., s.v. 4-seater	Nov. 1925
Crossley Ten, 1,122 c.c. 4-seater	April 1932
Crouch Anzani 12/30 h.p. 2-seater	Aug. 1924
DAIMLER 2½-litre 18 h.p. saloon	June 1940 & Nov. 1941
Darracq 12/32 h.p., Weymann saloon	Sept. 1924
Delage 8-cyl., sports saloon	April 1930
Delage D8/180 drophead coupé	May 1938
Delahaye 3.5-litre "Coupé des Alps" drophead coupé	Aug. 1936
D.K.W. "Special" saloon	Feb. 1938
Dodge 25.3 h.p. "Custom Six" saloon	May 1938
EXCELSIOR 5½-litre, 6-cyl., super-sports test chassis	Sept. 1927
FIAT "Balilla" saloon	May 1934
Fiat "Balilla" 10 h.p. 2-seater	Jan. 1935
Fiat 6 h.p., Type 500 coupé	March 1937
Fiat "Balilla" 1,100-c.c. saloon	March 1938
Ford Eight "Anglia" saloon	Aug. 1940
Ford V8 "30" Estate car	Oct. 1938
GEORGES-IRAT 2-litre f.w.d. 2-seater	May 1940
HILLMAN Fourteen saloon (1939)	June 1941
Hotchkiss 3½-litre "Grand Sports" saloon	July 1939
H.R.G. 1½-litre, Meadows engined 2-seater	June 1937
H.R.G. 1½-litre Le Mans racing 2-seater	Dec. 1939
INVICTA 4½-litre saloon	Dec. 1929
Invicta 4½-litre Estate car	June 1941
LAGONDA 4½-litre 4-seater	May 1936
Lagonda 4½-litre 4-seater	Jan. 1934
Lagonda 4½-litre, 6-cyl. saloon	Sept. 1939
Lanchester Eighteen saloon	Feb. 1938
Lancia "Aprilia," Type 238 saloon	June 1938
Lea-Francis 1½-litre supercharged T.T. 2-seater (1929)	June 1934
Lea-Francis Fourteen saloon	Dec. 1938
Leyland Eight 2-seater (1927)	Feb. 1938
MERCEDES-BENZ 12/40 h.p., supercharged 2-seater	June 1925
Mercédès-Benz 33/180 h.p., supercharged 4-seater	Aug. 1927
Mercédès-Benz 2.3-litre saloon	April 1938
Mercédès-Benz 1.7-litre, Type 170V 2-seater	Feb. 1939
M.G. Midget "J1," 850 c.c. 2-seater	Sept. 1932
M.G. Midget "T" 2-seater	Jan. 1937
M.G. 14/40 h.p., 4-cyl., super-sports 2-seater	May 1927
O.M. 6-cyl., 2-litre 4-seater	Oct.-Nov. 1928
PEUGEOT "201" 4-cyl., 1,122 c.c. saloon	Sept. 1931
RAILTON 8-cyl. Cobham saloon	Sept. 1938
Riley Nine 4-seater	June 1931
Riley 16 h.p., 4-cyl., "Kestrel" saloon	June 1938
Rover Ten "Special" 2-seater	Aug. 1939
Rolls Royce Twenty, all-weather (1927)	March 1942
Rolls Royce "Phantom I," supercharged	Nov. 1942
SINGER Nine 4-seater	March 1933
Squire 1½-litre, 4-cyl. 2-seater	Aug. 1935
Steyr Type XII, 14/35 h.p., Weymann saloon	Aug. 1928
Stutz "Black Hawk," supercharged 4-seater	Jan. 1930
Stutz 5-litre, 8-cyl. 4-seater	Dec. 1927
Sunbeam 3-litre, 6-cyl. (twin o.h.c.) fabric saloon	Nov. 1927
TALBOT "90," Brooklands-bodied 2-4-seater	April 1931
Talbot "105" sports saloon	April 1934
Talbot 3½-litre saloon	March 1936
Talbot Ten "Rally" 4-seater	Oct.-Nov. 1936
Talbot "105" Vanden Plas 4-seater	Nov. 1932
Talbot Ten tourer	June 1938
Terraplane 29 h.p., 8-cyl. 4-seater	July 1935
Triumph 2-litre "Vitesse Six" saloon	April 1935
Triumph 10 h.p. "Gloria Southern Cross" 2-seater	June 1935
Triumph 10 h.p. "Gloria" saloon	Jan. 1934
Triumph Nine "Southern Cross" 4-seater	June 1932
Triumph Eight "Gnat" 2-seater	Aug. 1931
Triumph Eight, supercharged 2-seater	Dec. 1929
Triumph "Dolomite" 14/60 h.p. saloon	June 1937
VAUXHALL 20/60 h.p. "Hurlingham" 2-seater	Feb. 1930
Vauxhall 17 h.p., 6-cyl., "Cadet" saloon	Sept. 1931
Vauxhall Twenty-five saloon	Aug. 1937
WINDSOR 4-cyl., 11 h.p., "Special" 2-3-seater	Nov. 1926
Wolseley Hornet Swallow 2-seater (1933)	April 1934
Wolseley Hornet (12.08 h.p.) saloon	Sept. 1930

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