

MOTOR SPORT



OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH RACING DRIVERS' CLUB

INCORPORATING **SPEED** AND
THE BROOKLANDS GAZETTE

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IT IS WAR

Since the September issue of MOTOR SPORT was published this country has entered into war against the German Reich. The following week a quick decision was made to suspend publication of MOTOR SPORT until motor racing was in full swing again, but we have received so many requests from our readers not to stop publication that it was ultimately decided to produce the October issue in its present form.

The usual method of distribution, namely, on sale or return, will definitely be stopped, and wholesalers and newsagents will only receive copies against firm orders. Will you, therefore, place an order with your newsagent (if you have not already done so) or take out an annual subscription? The strength of this support will determine whether MOTOR SPORT will continue during the War months. By the time this issue is in your hands we shall be experiencing the limitations which war exerts on civilian life. Petrol will be strictly rationed, and pleasure motoring will be curtailed for most of us to an individual mileage of approximately 200 miles a month—or less than many of us lightheartedly put into a day's driving in peacetime. And many sports motors will be virtually inoperative, because, excellent as the 1/6 per gallon "Pool" fuel has so far been, it is a poor substitute for the special petrols which certain super-charged and high-compression engines find essential.

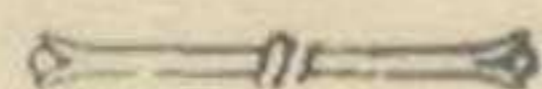
However, much as we shall mourn the "good old times" when there were long, fast runs and motoring fixtures to attend every week-end, in company with fellow sportsmen and the inevitable and indispensable sportsgirls, we shall all face the future bravely. If it is an exaggeration to suggest that slime-storming is already a driving-attribute sought after by recruiting army officers, unquestionably the qualities which stamp a man a motor-

racing enthusiast, are going to be of real value in the stern times which lie ahead.

Although, in A.R.P. work, so far few of us have been able to put our experience of fast cars to any real purpose, yet already our ability to drive under difficult conditions, to handle with confidence unfamiliar vehicles, and particularly to stand up to long hours without sleep or substantial food, have proved of use. And the very extensive use of high-efficiency motor vehicles by the Air Force and Army must find further outlet for such abilities if, and when, general recruiting comes about. With the exception of the Phoenix Park race, every motoring fixture since September 1st has been cancelled. So naturally MOTOR SPORT has reluctantly had to shrink and, indeed, appears only because of our firm desire to "carry on." We hope that we shall be able to do so during the dark days which lie ahead, ready to expand again when Nazi Germany has been put in her place. It is possible that some of the clubs will soon be able to put over social activities, even if many members have to use public service transport to attend. We may hope that publications like

"Bugantics" and the Vintage Bulletin will continue to appear. And, finally, will readers please write to us on any topics of motoring interest, so that we can contrive to put something stimulating into the abbreviated pages of this paper "for the duration?" On this note we present our October issue, as yet another, if insignificant, challenge to a fanatic called Hitler . . .

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MOTOR SPORT

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MULTUM IN PARVO

SOME NOTES ON ONE OF THE 1931 AUSTIN SEVEN TEAM T.T. CARS

THE majority of our readers will probably best remember the Austin under review when it was George Chaplin's proud possession and did extremely well in the L.C.C. Relay Races and High Speed Trials. Some time ago S. T. Lush, of Westminster, acquired the little orange Austin and we requested an opportunity to conduct a long road test with it. This was readily granted, but some time elapsed before the correct plugs could be found to combat the engine's oily heat, and then Herr Hitler imposed his will; a supercharged racing engine on "Pool" fuel is no sort of motor to take out for critical analysis.

However, so many Austin Seven fans exist amongst our circle of supporters that some notes may be of interest. This Austin started as one of the famous works team in 1931, the cars figuring in the T.T., Double Twelve, Phoenix Park and 500 Mile Races, handled by Waite, Goodacre, Davis and Co. They wore orange paint, it is said to facilitate recognition of so small a vehicle by the pit-staff.

After this particular Austin team disbanded Searle bought the car in question and Chaplin acquired it later, after exploits of note with his "Chummy" Austin. In general the car follows standard supercharged "Ulster" practice, but with many refinements and in finish and equipment it is one of the most desirable small racing cars we have examined. The engine has the Cozette blower on the near side, drawing from a Solex carburetter. The three-branch exhaust system is on the off-side, feeding to either a straight pipe or a straight pipe incorporating a Brooklands expansion box. The pressure-fed crankshaft, special valves, tappets, camshaft, valve springs, and pistons, etc. distinguish the unit from standard. The bronze cylinder head is copperised and has a long water outlet duct. The compression ratio is 5 to 1 for road work, with a maximum supercharge of 8-10 lb. per square inch. For sprint work a special head gives a ratio of 5.5 to 1. The blower comes in at 2,500 r.p.m., giving a blow of 3.5 lb. at touring gaits. The carburetter has two main jet combinations, one for road work and one for racing. One Relay Race was lost because faulty copper-plating of an experimental head led to water-leakage into the combustion spaces, but this malady has never recurred. The oil pressure is very considerable, and although Chaplin uses his own, improved seal at the nose of the crankshaft, it is not advisable to use the starting handle unless absolutely essential, as this severs the seal. The engine runs on National Benzol fuel and one third of a pint of oil is mixed with it for lubrication of the blower internals. Oil is also carried in another tank, the filler-cap of which extends through the top of the bonnet, and is fed to the blower via a motor-cycle pump. Another tank, having its filler behind the fascia, carries a reserve supply of lubricant which can be let down into the sump. Castrol XI, for road and "R" for racing

is doctor's orders. The drive goes via a special clutch and three speed box to a 4.9 to 1 rear axle. The axle has a special casing stiffened by flanges and the chassis frame has side members of special reinforced section channel. The lowered front axle is of "Ulster" type and Chaplin added a $\frac{3}{8}$ inch tie rod running beside it to combat flexion of the radius arms which figure in all Austin Seven front assemblies. The springs are bound and damped by Luvax hydraulic shock-absorbers. Those at the front are mounted transversely before the axle and at the rear the shock-absorbers are actually on the axle, with short arms running out to the chassis—a method probably necessary on account of space limitations. The brakes are coupled, the central hand-lever being very massive, with a huge rubber-grip, and the three-stud Austin wire wheels carry 4.00" x 19" racing tyres. Special Ferodo brake linings are used. The radiator cap has overflow tubing and the scuttle is actually part of the 10 gallon fuel tank, which lifts clear on removal of four bolts, to render the engine fully accessible. The big cap has a bar for spinning it off and on, but quick-action caps are not used for any of the tanks. The tail sweeps up more than a normal "Ulster," giving a very cheeky back-view, and equipment includes radiator stone-guard, aero screens and a big gauze screen used for the "Double Twelve" races, and a cockpit cover with celluloid window for easy observance of the instruments. The wings are very rigid, but easily removable and the head-lamp cables have snap-out connections. The fascia carries, from left to right:—Air-pressure gauge; oil filler tank; water thermometer reading to 100°C.; blower pressure gauge; Smith's 100 m.p.h. small dial speedometer; ammeter and lamp switches; oil thermometer; oil gauge reading to 60 lb. per square inch; small rev.-counter reading to 6,000 r.p.m. and choke control. The air pump, on the floor, rather cramps the passengers legs. Pressure is kept at $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. per square inch. The normal oil pressure is 45 lb. per square inch, and temperature 50°C. The water temperature stays at 70°C. in spite of the front number plate blanking the radiator; it is only necessary to expose the whole surface of the radiator for an M.C.C. High Speed Trial. Plugs have been rather a worry, but K.L.G. M50 now stand up well. The fuel consumption is about 25 m.p.g. on the racing jet and oil at present about 100 m.p.g., indicating need of new rings.

So far as road impressions are concerned, the little car is definitely thoroughbred, in sound, feel and abilities. Acceleration is not marked from a stand-still on account of high ratios and a fierce clutch, but the power maintains well at high speeds. Thirty m.p.h. in top gear equals 2,000 r.p.m. On the gears speeds of 28 m.p.h. and 45 m.p.h. are obtainable without over revving. The car cruises very eagerly at 50-60 m.p.h. and has done 75 m.p.h. on the road fully equipped and two up. The blower whine can be heard above the exhaust

tang at 3,000 r.p.m. upwards. Chaplin found the rear number plate, which is set across the tail, and the front wings, to take 8 m.p.h. off the top speed. Thus the maximum is about 83 m.p.h. and we believe the car, in Relay Races, has lapped at over 80, getting about 94 along the straight in fully stripped trim and holding 100 m.p.h. in diving off the home banking. The brakes are astounding, in both extreme power of operation and smooth effortless application and the steering is light, accurate and high-g geared. The gear-change from bottom up to second requires rather brutal movements and tail slides are not altogether absent on wet roads. The "frontworks" ride dead steady and the suspension is definitely of racing hardness at low speeds. A former owner had fitted a looster to assist the magneto to combat oiled plugs when starting, but this is no longer used. The car was first registered for road use in March 1932. The chassis number is 130187, the engine number XA154 and the type designation: 7 h.p. B3, 3262. Certainly it is a most fascinating possession and one of which we hope to hear more when this War is over. It is in good hands, for Lush, who belongs to the Harrow C.C. and Vintage S.C.C., has worked at Papworth's, in the racing departments of Frazer-Nash and George Newman, and on such cars as the racing Benz, and he is a 100 per cent. enthusiast.

WAR-TIME SIGHTS

Writing before fuel rationing commenced, motoring conditions were practically normal and there was no diminution of sports cars in use. Indeed, we observed lots of modern fast stuff driven by Army and Air Force officers and noted vintage Windsor and Ballot sports jobs manned by civilians. Incidentally, we have seen about four Windsors in active service in South London within a few weeks. The Women's Volunteer Reserve car park in Chester Square contained a fine, open 8-litre Bentley carrying a hastily improvised O.H.M.S. notice and a "38/250" Mercedes-Benz was seen in charge of an enthusiastic tin-hatted crew. Undoubtedly Pool petrol and the strict rationing scheme will damp the enthusiasm of owners of cherished sports cars, but up to a day or so before the introduction of these limitations to fast motoring we encountered an Anzani Frazer-Nash, unfortunately suffering from a seriously disrupted transmission, in a conspicuous spot with no "black-out" modifications as yet made to its lighting system.

Doubtless its driver now memorises very clearly the exact location of reverse speed!

Of lorries, some interesting vintage examples have been seen, including a pneumatic-tyred F.W.D., a Peerless, a forward-control Maudslay of at least twelve summers, and a mysterious chain-driven, left-hand job drive engaged on demolition work in a local A.R.P. yard—it demolished quite a lot of the wall in making its exit.

Club News

At present the future plans of club secretaries are very much in the sky, like those reassuring barrage sausages, but we give such news as we have gleaned. It is to be hoped that some social events and just plain gatherings at which people can "talk shop" will happen very soon. MOTOR SPORT will gladly publish news of such fixtures and looks forward to hearing from the clubs for this purpose. There follows some news of clubs whose committees have taken a decisive line from the commencement of hostilities.

J.C.C.

The Club suspended activities from September 3rd. The "Gazette" will appear in abbreviated form quarterly and news of all members is craved. R.A.C. Associate privileges continue until date of expiry and may be renewed at old rates if desired. The secretary still remains in office, at 14, Lime Grove, Ruislip, Middlesex.

SCOTTISH SPORTING C.C.

All activities and subscriptions cancelled until Hitler is cancelled.

M.G. C.C.

Overseas branches carry on. Club suspended over here, but secretary still in office at 30, Holborn, E.C.1, and unexpired subscriptions to continue as from the next Armistice. The September 19th issue of "The Sports Car" was scheduled to appear as a final issue.

LIGHT CAR CLUB

Standing by for a while.

WEST ESSEX C.C.

All activities postponed indefinitely.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY A.C.

Will hold its A.G.M. on October 26th but has closed down until further notice on competitive events.

GENERAL

The Brighton & Hove M.C., M.C.C. and Bugatti Owners' Club are standing by and hope to take advantage of any possibilities for holding meetings or events. At present the ban on public meetings has not been cleared so far as outdoor sport is concerned—apart from petrol rationing. Motoring film shows should keep us together . . .

SOUTHSEA M.C.

S. H. Allard's 3.9-litre Allard made fastest time of the day at the Horndean hill-climb, in 19.6 secs. The runner-up was Sumner's Ford V8 Special, in 21.0 secs., until Leslie Johnson's B.M.W. went up in 20.0 secs. and Price's Ford Special managed 21.0 secs. Class winners were: Pearson (Morris), Brymer (Riley), Hutchison (Ford V8), Lemon (750 M.G.), Morrish (M.G.) and Page (T-type M.G.).

GENERAL NOTES

There was certainly a strong flavour of impending trouble in the air when, at midnight on August 25th last, we met a friend at Turnham Green with the Austin and had, at his own request, a slightly inebriated Irish soldier as extra passenger as far as Victoria. Our new friend insisted that we should keep his regimental badge in return for transportation and we parted extremely good friends—though such are the nerves of the populace these days that our alarm clock ticking under a rug on the back seat was promptly suspected of being an I.R.A. bomb by the remaining passengers! The scheme was to tow a T.T. Austin down to the Vintage meeting at Prescott, meeting its owner at the end of the Watford By-Pass. Arrived at the appointed meeting place his Austin "Chummy," of the distinguished late type with tall radiator, was nowhere to be seen—admittedly our offer of a lift to two charming girls, due to catch the 1.25 a.m. Cornish express, had put us behind schedule; especially as reversing the Austins in a one-way area inadvertently entered at Paddington was a ticklish business, if good driving practice should we ever evacuate ourselves by trailer caravan. The driver duly located, after a most eerie wait in a heavy ground mist through which lightning flashed at remarkably frequent intervals, we parked the Chummy and proceeded on our way. At dawn two Triumphs elected to stage a head-on crash in our path, which snapped our wooden tow-bar, but otherwise Prescott was achieved without incident, breakfast at Sturt Farm having been more than usually acceptable.

The meeting itself was thoroughly enjoyable, if damp. The atmosphere was entirely right, there was very little talk of war, and it was satisfactory to attend our little car, which, if too high-g geared and a thought temperamental for the job in hand, was every inch the thoroughbred. And there was a tremendous run up the hill in the rain with Allard, on his fastest ascent—probably the most exciting thing I have experienced. The speed reached between the corners, which the big car took almost at skid-point, and the very late braking, were a revelation, albeit the Allard is absolutely right for this kind of work; it would be positively frightening if it were not! I then drove the Austin back to Sturt Farm, cockpit full of oil smoke, a good deal of oil on the pedals, and floor, but the exhaust note delightfully crisp, the rev. counter ever willing to walk round to "four-five" on the gears, and the little car absolutely controllable through the light direct steering. The next day we all set out again rather late for Horndean, and I had another flip with Allard. This time not so successful, for the car went into the last righthand bend very fast indeed,

slid outwards on the loose surface, went into some bushes . . . Next I was putting my glasses on, getting up, Allard was doing the same, and the car lay some way off, on its side, fairly extensively damaged. However, no one was hurt, bar scratches and brushes and, personally, we celebrated a very lucky escape by an evening in Southsea, returning to London very late in a thick fog.

Next, three of us decided to go up and have a look at Lake Vyrnwy in Wales. At first, we intended to use the experimental four speed Chummy Austin Seven, affectionately known, in memory of George Chaplin's 68 m.p.h. Chummy, as "The Flying Bath." However, being a party of three, we eventually went in the long suffering Austin saloon, leaving at midday on the last day of August. Already the T.T. had been cancelled, and undertaking so long a run seemed a trifle more adventurous than usual. But we were reassured by C. G. Grey's leading article in the current issue of "The Aeroplane" and started in high spirits, after taking the precaution of tanking up fully at Moon's. Our range was at least some 280 miles. At a small café we were informed that war was declared; we were welcome to hear it for ourselves on the 2 o'clock news bulletin. The B.B.C., however, talked only of the forthcoming practice evacuation. So on to Nottingham, where we saw a certain variety show and at the stage door of which one of the party, waited after it was over, for one grows older every day, does one not, and one should live while one is young . . . Later, on what must have been the beginning of another day, the car went off cross-country for Wales. Roads were almost empty. Came the dawn, and a welcome breakfast at a large, but deserted hotel. We then successfully climbed Bwylch, pushing only once, and came upon Lake Vyrnwy as the sun was rising. The scenery defies description and was a fitting prelude to the days that have followed. But, while we were still drinking in the beauty of that great, placid lake a police officer stopped his Morris Ten and broke to us the latest grim news. Reluctantly we changed plans and tea-time saw us hurrying London-wards, eating a hastily procured meal with the car in fast motion. Others were apparently on similar bent, though traffic was not congested and two girls were making poor work of conducting

continued on page 292

STORAGE

Cars prepared and stored for duration under enthusiasts supervision.

BELL GARAGE,

11, KESWICK RD., S.W.15. PUT. 1083

VINTAGENTS AT PRESCOTT

VAUGHAN IN THE BECKE POWERPLUS MAKES FASTEST TIME. ALLARD (ALLARD) PUTS UP BEST SPORTS-CAR TIME

ALTHOUGH it rained heavily at Prescott on the occasion of the Vintage S.C.C. meeting on August 26th, rendering rapid climbs out of the question, the Gloucestershire hill was a pleasant spot, entirely isolated from crisis pessimism.

Fastest time of the day went to Vaughan in the veteran Wolseley Moth engined Becke-Powerplus, who used twin trials-type competition rear tyres to defeat spin. He clocked 56.07 secs. Second fastest was Sydney Allard, carrying a passenger and a bag of tools in an attempt to defeat wheelspin. He finally brought his time to 56.37 secs. Having had the privilege of riding with him on this ascent, made under very unfavourable weather conditions, we can say that,

while Allard was obviously leaving his braking very late, relying on his brakes to get him round the corners, and still getting considerable slides, the Allard felt quite safe and everywhere the acceleration is absolutely clean. It was driven right to its limit considering the conditions of the course, and would undoubtedly be dangerous if its driver was not so thoroughly acquainted with its characteristics.

The Darbishes shared their G.P. Bugatti, and Darbshire did a very fine run in 57.96 secs. and, later, climbed in 58.11 secs.

The veterans, also competing in the road rally, were consistently good, and Heal managed 62.13 secs. with his Fiat,

getting less spin than many of the moderns.

Cutler did an excellent 59.26 secs with his Frazer-Nash, and Dowson got the Lightweight up in 58.08 secs., the gas attack from its exhaust ports, flush with the bonnet sides, being immense.

Tipper's Balilla Fiat saloon, which is blown, beat an Amilcar and Lush's T.T. Austin Seven in the first class, and Miss Wilby did a very fine run in 61.98 secs., in her Frazer-Nash, faster than her later ascent in the V12 Atalanta. Reed's smart Type 43 Bugatti climbed in 64.29 secs. in spite of terrific initial wheelspin. The only incident was when Whitney's Riley-engined G.N., with M.G. radiator, ran amok and bent a rear hub in practice, preventing it from running again.

A NEW HOBBY

A new hobby is arising—that of collecting the maker's badges from the radiators of different cars. Isolated collectors have found this to be an excellent hobby for several years and now it seem likely to become a universal pastime. Naturally, breaker's yards are the best place in which to search for "specimens."

Expert collectors can name the actual model from which the badge has been taken in certain instances, and the collection should obviously embrace badges from as many models as possible of a given marque.

As in stamp-collecting, the older the badge the greater value it has for a collector and badges from obsolete models and makes are likely to fetch extreme prices. Faked badges fitted by owners, or those of concerns which merely specialised in conversions to well known makes of cars are as little regarded as torn stamps in the stamp-collector's album. But, just as special envelopes and special editions of certain stamps can find a place therein, so are button-hole badges and nameplates from famous racing-cars valued in your car-badge collector's scheme of things. Just as stamp-collecting teaches much about history and geography, so the collection of car badges serves to refresh the enthusiasts' memory in respect of different models, while he may include a note with his rarer badges stating where the badge was procured, which will serve to show when an obsolete type was at last broken-up, or seen in or out of action.

The collection can be mounted in a case, or displayed on the walls of the garage or workshop. This newest of hobbies seems likely to become a craze. Already, a Dutch collector has won prizes with his collection comprising between 500 and 600 car badges and nameplates.

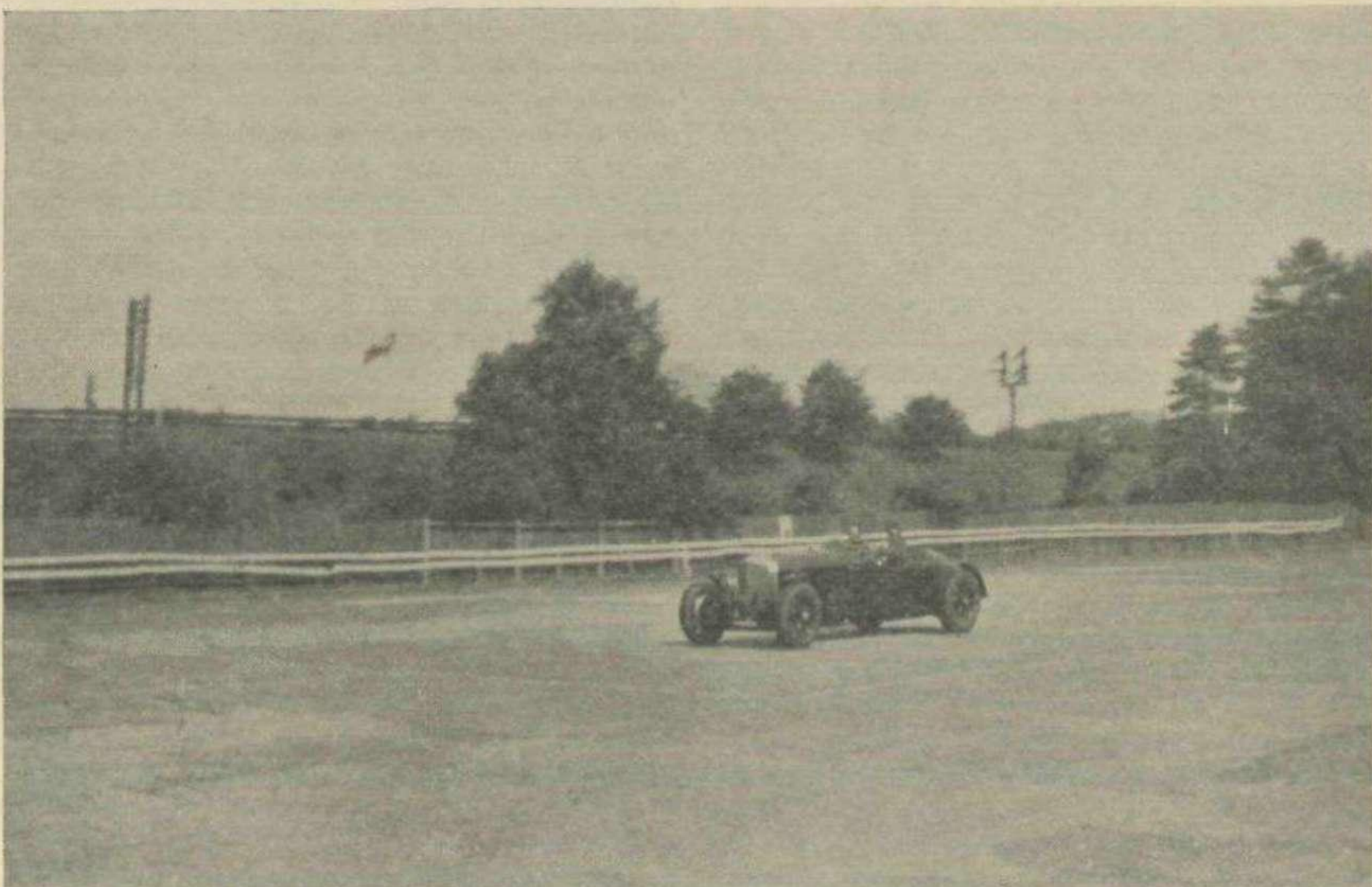
LETTERS FROM READERS

Now that motor racing is non-existent and transporation in search of news curtailed, we shall have more room than formerly for correspondence, which has been amongst the most interesting and instructive matter in MOTOR SPORT in the past. So please let us hear from you, on any topic which it is permissible and wise for a motor paper to discourse on, in times like these.

CLUB NEWS—continued from page 291

an M.G. At Chipping Norton the police requested headlamps out. A few miles further on an A.R.P. warden gave us newspaper to lash round our remaining lamps. Cars and lorries alike speeded up . . . Early on the Saturday morning

we entered a blacked-out London, strange flashes in its inky sky, its darkened trans easily the most ghastly sight of all. On what, to us, was the next day we, scurried behind an R.A.F. officer's Opel, jumping traffic lights, to avoid being held up in the first of the Air Raid warnings Britain was at War. Since then all days have merged as one and time has both flown and dragged in turn, as we grapple with an A.R.P. job of driving duty. Alas, all those things held dear, all those desirable and enjoyable motoring experiences which have resulted in these notes month by month, look like ceasing "for the duration." However, there is still fuel for 200 miles a month and optimism is not entirely quenched . . . And, when Peace is declared, our pleasure motoring will seem ten times dearer to us all, than perhaps it has done during the happy, free days now ended.



Lycett's 8-litre Bentley at Brooklands with MOTOR SPORT up!

ON SOME THINGS WE SHALL MISS

DEFINITELY, we shall miss going to Earl's Court. The Motor Show, whether at Olympia, or Olympia and White City, or, as it now is, or would have been, at the newer Earl's Court building, brings annually a pleasing mixture of experiences. Winter begins to exert its presence without; within all is light, heat, talk, and discussion. Perhaps even more than at the racing circuit, the motoring scribe senses all his hopes, desires, enthusiasms and ambitions crystallise, when Royalty opens this show of glittering, up-to-the-minute cars in that big, brilliantly lit arena. Later, as feet tire and the head become fuzzy with smoke and the babble of countless tongues, you can reflect on the excitement, the humour, the intense interest of this great show of all the world's commercially respectable automobiles. Not all so commercial, however, for have not dummy engines reposed beneath resplendent bonnets and behind respected radiators, and so often a brilliant engineer has hovered round his latest creation, in the vicinity of which salesmen look less pleased with things, knowing that they can deem themselves lucky if the new product's ultimate sales can be counted—well, on the fingers of both hands? Although I usually pay only a fleeting visit to the Show and no longer go straight to Trojan's for a catalogue-bag, I enjoy Show-time thoroughly. I recall the last-minute surprises Olympia has sometimes sprung upon us, and the very, very interesting new sports cars revealed to us there as the outcome of an idealistic designer hoping to meet the requirements of a certain, easily tempted, and not too poor, section of the community. Yes, and I recall the stately dignity of the latest luxury carriages from the great houses of Rolls-Royce, Daimler, Napier, Wolseley and other well estab-

lished firms, before cars of this class were expected to go at least at 80 and get up to 50 m.p.h. or thereabouts very quickly indeed. I remember the days when stripped chassis could be explored in comfortable numbers and when commercial vehicle makers like Leyland, Guy and Maudslay commenced to build quite hot passenger cars. In those days we studied for hours, and wrote reams on brake gear and manifold formation and valve gear layout, for the purely matter-of-fact car buyer was not so commonplace as he—the lordly pusher of mysterious buttons, God bless him—is to-day.

In remembering these things, I shall miss Earl's Court. I shall miss, too, attending winter trials, at a different locality each week-end, at a time when rising early is quite an effort, rewarded by a good day's sport and a cheery meal-gathering with real sportsmen at the day's close.

If war goes on too long I shall miss going divers places, in the rain and sun of summer, to watch racing in an atmosphere embracing noise, excitement, thoroughbred machinery; and sporting men-folk attended by fairies who manage to combine modernity with feminine charm with unbelievable skill—at least, some of 'em. I shall miss going to such meetings, first in the chill of spring, later in the heat and dust and slight fatigue of summer, then in the autumn, when long drives home have the added zest of yet another change in the English scene and a desire to hurry down the road ere dusk spoils, a little, one's average speed.

Yes, I, and you too, must miss these things, on the occasions when we can pause in our new lives to exercise the memory. But we need not despair. The Motor

Industry is bravely carrying on, and motor transport stands on a far, far wider footing than it did in fateful 1914. Jowett, Austin, M.G., Sunbeam-Talbot, Hillman and others have announced 1940 programmes and who, remembering the firms in existence now, which survived the 1914-18 affair, need extend to them unreasoned sympathy? May they be building even finer cars for the year which will follow the Armistice!

From our own, purely personal viewpoint, it may be that racing will receive a big fill-up when the war ends. Dangerous as it is to accept apparent lessons of one major war as applicable to the next, we certainly found people living at a greater pace in 1918 and in the years immediately succeeding the Armistice, than they did in 1913 or have been doing recently. In those days Brooklands accordingly found a definite place in the scheme of things, if a rather different Brooklands, under Col. Lindsay Lloyd, from the Track as we know it to-day. So perhaps it will be the same after this war with a British racing team widely demanded and race-course "gates" healthier than ever before. Or, when victory finally comes, maybe we shall seek relaxation, as an exhausted peoples, in quietly driving out into spots far from fellow-men in his-masses, anxiously concealing our car's brute force as Bentley has concealed the real potency of his more recent products.

Either way, motoring will be the primary relaxation for tens of thousands of us. Those of us "in the game" now can take heart from this, and, while praying earnestly for Peace, may fight for it with all our will and determination. A racing driver and a soldier have lots in common, if you think it out sanely.

VINTAGENTS AT LEWES

STUART WILTON'S M.G. MAKES FASTEST TIME OF THE DAY

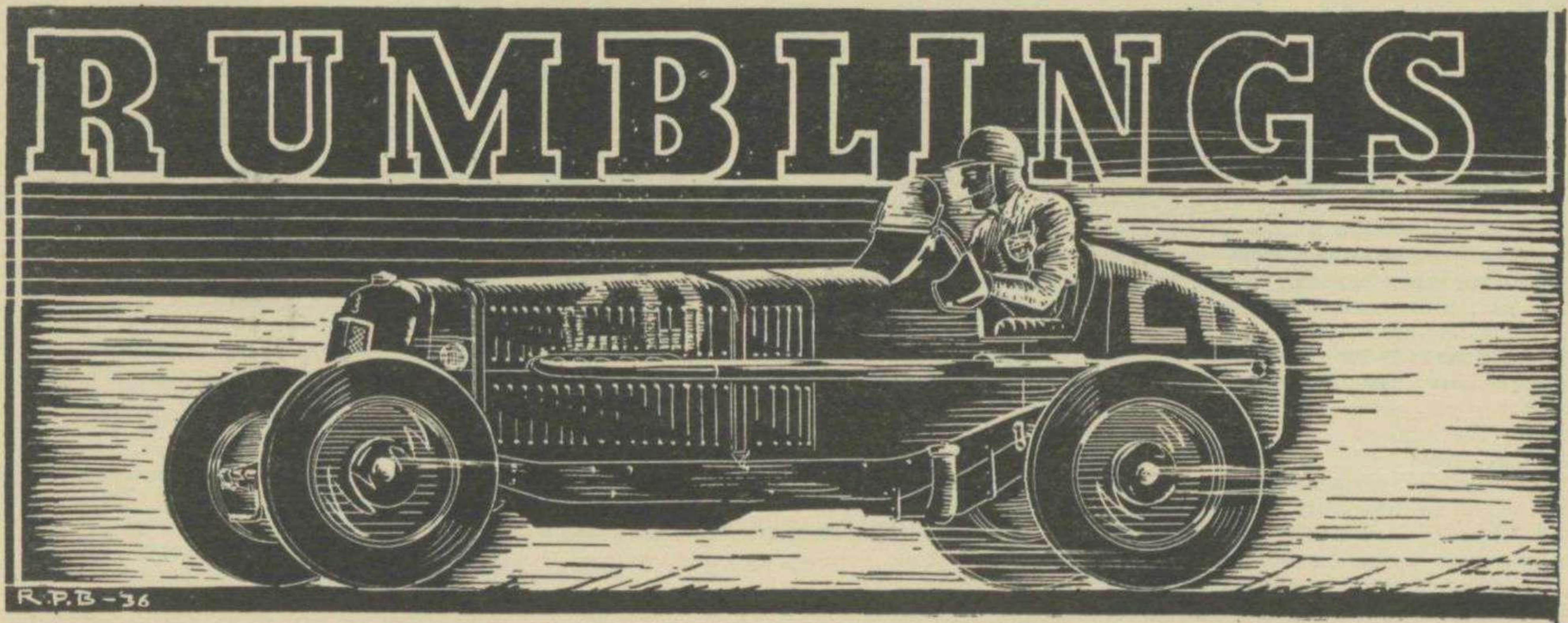
Fitt's B.M.W. was absent, still suffering from its bending after the J.C.C. Brooklands meeting, but the big Hudson was going very rapidly indeed. Peter Clark's H.R.G. was in good trim, although rumour says Peter does not rightly know where all the oil-pipes outside the Meadows engine go to, since Marcus Chambers modified the lubrication system to keep down the oil temperature. Another rumour concerned a Le Mans team of H.R.G.s for 1940. J. Panks brought along a Lancia Lambda with a most un-Lancia-like exhaust note, while Goldman's altered S.S. and Bagratouni's Alfa-Romeo were amongst the fastest sports-cars. Southon ran his H.E. and Whincop his Type 43 "2.3" Bugatti. Miss Strain drove the latter car in the sports class, going up nicely on her first run, but stopping to select a change of ratio next time—Ettore's gearboxes were not made for girl drivers when the Type 43 was a new car, and this was a plucky effort. Watson made some music changing-up on his Bentley, Campbell missed a change on his Invicta, and Laing's touring eight-

cylinder Bugatti was very slow. McKenzie did some really astounding runs in his blue 4½-litre sports Bentley, and Clive Windsor-Richards drove the '08 Itala, revving up fantastically in starting, his well known 30/98 Vauxhall, the 5-litre Delage, which is liberally besprinkled with oil-coolers and the rev. counter needle of which seemed over-excitably, and a decrepit old Bentley. Fitz Patrick's supercharged Phantom I Rolls-Royce saloon, using curiously small rear wheels shod with 6.00"×16" covers to get the gear-ratios down, hissed up the course in fine style, and the Allards of Silcock and Sydney Allard were immense.

Hampton's 1913 Bugatti is really magnificently turned out, painted in authentic paint and varnish and with glittering brass work—the tiny, gold Bugatti Club badge on the fascia is a pleasing detail. Incidentally, front suspension is by twin half-elliptic springs on each side. Another very interesting Edwardian was Samuelson's 1914 40/50 Peugeot tourer, sounding rather like a

30/98 Vauxhall as to exhaust-note and a 3-litre Sunbeam as to the hiss of its brakes. Owned up to 1925 by a director of Kia-Ora, Ltd., it was found by the present owner at Laystall's premises, where the apprentices regarded it as a plaything. Rated at 33 h.p., it has the same bore and stroke as a "Silver Ghost" Rolls-Royce and was a standard model in its day. The 7½-litre engine pulls a top gear of 2.6 to 1 and a third gear of 3.6 to 1. For a time a Blackfriars lorry repairing firm used it as a towing car! It is being gradually done up, is used regularly, and does about 70 m.p.h.

Miss Wilby and Miss Brotchie handled smart Atalantas, and Dick Nash brought his Frazer-Nash Union-Special out of a very long retirement—it is now for sale. The bodywork is as slim as can be and Nash's special gear-shift is interesting. Taking off carefully, to humour the clutch, and somewhat slowed by mis-firing, Nash nevertheless clocked 22.95 secs. Timing was by the Bowler system and Bowler himself was chief marshal.



A Fine Achievement

ON Tuesday, August 29th, Forrest Lycett established a record at Brooklands which Percy Bradley enthusiastically described as "a record record." Driving down from town in his city bowler hat and the famous 8-litre Bentley, Lycett raised the British Class B standing mile record to 92.9 m.p.h. It formerly stood to the credit of Parry Thomas and the Leyland-Thomas at 88.47 m.p.h. Lycett had one practice flip and then went straight out, completed his two-way runs along the Byfleet and the Railway Straight, and, saying he had had enough for one day, went quietly home with the record under the Bentley's bonnet. The car, he said, would probably have been even quicker on a cooler day, and if the front suspension had been better suited to pulling early off the Byfleet when running in the clockwise direction. The getaway was less impressive than usual, because the 2.6 to 1 axle ratio was in use, but the line was crossed at approximately 135 m.p.h., and Lycett sets his absolute maximum as 140 m.p.h. The car, attended by McKenzie's blue 4½-litre and the mechanics in a Big Six tourer, ran *sans* front brakes and with a half-cover over the cockpit. It was stripped very quickly indeed, and the bonnet was only lifted for removal of the starter motor.

A Military Bugatti

Col. G. M. Giles recently took delivery of a Type 57C 3.3-litre Bugatti with James Young fixed head, fabric-top coupé. The equipment is extremely comprehensive. The facia carries a lockable cubby hole, clock and stopwatch, wireless set, speedometer, radiator thermometer, fuel gauge, amp. meter, oil gauge, cigar lighter, rev. counter, Ki-gas, air-conditioning plant control and numerous switches. Young ventilators cool the interior, there is a screen defroster,

and the rear blind is electrically operated. Leverroll front seat adjustment, silver cigar box in the folding seat arm-rest, mirrors, ash-trays, tables and map-box are amongst the comprehensive internal equipment. There are lady's and gentlemen's companions, that for the male element containing silver flasks and silver tumblers. The interior lining is fawn cloth with veneered walnut woodwork and upholstery of finest quality hogskin. Cicca horn, Lucas inspection lamp and fire extinguisher live in the dummy off side spare wheel cover and the tools in the luggage locker lid. The colour scheme is royal blue with red and white lining. Ace number plates are used. This car, probably the most distinguished "pre-war" town-carriage, is capable of 110 m.p.h. and weighs 37 cwt.

Where Are They Now ?

We hope from time to time to state the whereabouts of well known figures in the motoring firmament. At present folk are very scattered. Kay Petre seems to be handling ambulances and Dorothy Stanley-Turner to be instructing lucky boys in heavy lorry manipulation. Smith, Esplen, and Letts are river-patrols, H. M. Bentley is a Lt.-Col., and Denton is in the Service. Sir Malcolm Campbell is a motor-cycle patrol; Lord Selsdon is on the Police Reserve. Sydney Allard drives up to the Putney branch of his business daily and Hutchison is living at Farnham. Boddy is doing stretcher-bearer driving in 24-hour shifts and giving the boys a great time on practice runs, gas-masks or no gas-masks.

Odd Spots

We appreciate the shots of the 4½-litre Bentley—and occupants—in the film "The Outsider." And the Brooklands scenes in "Ask a Policeman."

A SPECIAL WINS AT PHOENIX PARK

J. A. THOMPSON'S T.R.S. WINS IRISH RACE AT 82.24 M.P.H.

AUBREY THOMPSON of Mallow won the Irish M.R.C. Phoenix Park G.P. on September 9th with his T.R.S. The car has a low frame with independent front suspension, De Dion rear axle and a self-changing gearbox. The engine has a capacity of 1,100 c.c. and is variously reported as of Riley or Ford origin.

Ireland has staged some of our finest road races, and now the last race until Peace comes, was that staged at Phoenix Park. Eire, you see, is a neutral country. Even so, the 1½-litre scratch race, which had attracted six E.R.A.s, and two sixteen-valve Maseratis, had to be abandoned.

Thompson won the 100 Mile Handicap contest from fourteen rivals, at 82.24 m.p.h. P. M. Cahill's M.G. led until lap 18 after getting into that position on its ninth lap. Thereafter, Thompson led to the finish, the M.G., an "N"-type Magnette, suffering from clutch slip. Macarthur drove the ex-E. R. Hall M.G. Magnette from scratch and came right through to second place, at the highest average speed of the race—namely, 91.85 m.p.h. He also smashed the 1,100 c.c. lap record three times, finally setting it to 94.1 m.p.h. Cahill's M.G. came home in third place and David Yule's now quite

famous, supercharged C.M.Y. Morris Eight, driven by G. A. Mangin, was fourth, the average speeds being 76.23 m.p.h. and 78.45 m.p.h. respectively. Fifth was Stanley Woods, with the Morgan 4/4 intended for our T.T. He averaged 76.32 m.p.h. Le Fanu's E.R.A.-like 1½-litre L.E.R.A. was sixth at 76.37 m.p.h. and McCree brought his Aston-Martin home in seventh place, at 61.62 m.p.h.

The winning car was extremely well turned out, bore the racing number 5, and looked somewhat like an Alta. About 15,000 people spectated.

A.R.C.A. ROAD RACE AT ALEXANDRIA BAY

British Austin Victorious

The Automobile Racing Club of America defied the road-course ban and staged a 50 lap road race at Alexandria Bay, near New York, last August. The starters comprised three Austin Sevens, five M.G.s, two Bugattis, a supercharged 2.3 Alfa-Romeo, a supercharged 3-litre Maserati, of late type, a Ford-engined Amilcar, a special Ford V8, and a hybrid car with a boat engine. Each lap measured 1½ miles. There was a handicap of T.T. type in force. G. Weaver's Austin Seven eventually won, and Lemuel Ledd's Ford V8 Special was second, with Richard Wharton's Maserati third. All the drivers were amateurs and there was some trouble in policing the extensive crowd. The Alfa-Romeo misfired and the hybrid retired. An M.G. Midget hit a straw bale protecting a hydrant, but the driver escaped serious injury. Thereafter the onlookers were so absorbed in looking on at the accident that the field was flagged in. But it was a good race.

A WELSH TUNING ESTABLISHMENT

William Lambert, late of Finchley Road, whose admirable reconstruction work on a 1924 s.v. Aston-Martin has been described at length in these pages, has recently joined Benn's Motors, of Mold, North Wales. Benn is himself a great enthusiast for Bugatti and Austin cars and his competition Austin Seven, devised from a 1924 Chummy, has been described in *MOTOR SPORT*. Lambert travelled to his new abode in his 1916 Morris tourer, which does 45 m.p.h. in second and 60 m.p.h. in top gear, the old Hotchkiss-built engine having twin S.U. carburetters.

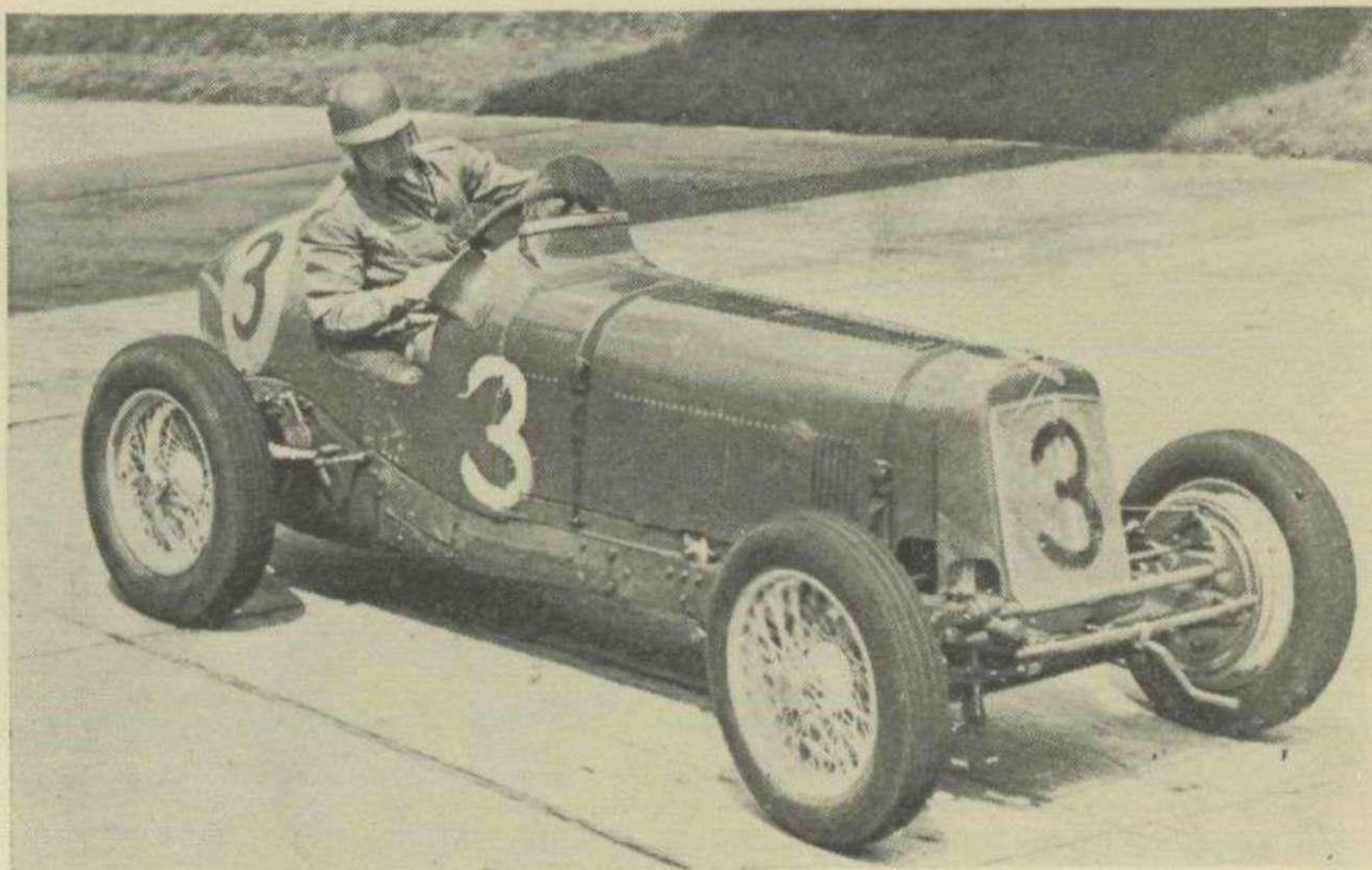
One must sympathise with this opening of what would have been about the only enthusiasts' haven in the Chester area, coinciding with the outbreak of war. Nevertheless, one feels that Lambert will be appreciated there by car-owners in general and, indeed, by anyone who requires high-class engineering work undertaken, of no matter what description. Lambert has installed his own lathe and tools.

FAST DRIVERS NOT WANTED:

Writing without official confirmation, we imagine that before the War is much older messages and personal from the War Office and like headquarters will have to be conveyed at high speeds about the country. As the sky is apparently the exclusive preserve of sausages and military aircraft and as the railways are largely disorganised on account of war freight demands, it is logical to assume that road transport must prevail for such work.

Accordingly, volunteers have signed up hopefully as drivers on National Service. Up to now lorry driving and stretcher-party driving has been their only function and we know of instances where experienced fast drivers do 24 hours continuous duty of this nature, with only a half hour break for meals each shift, and are hardly ever called upon to take out a vehicle. The task of breaking-in vans as ambulances is

given over to the fair-sex. While it is probable that long-distance, high-speed runs are being effectively undertaken at present by regular Army drivers, or by professional drivers lent with cars to the War Office by rich patriots, can this always be the case? Later, more drivers will be called upon to do active service abroad and the cogs of the war machine will be turning at a greater rate. Railway lines and garages may be destroyed by home air raids. Consequently, we suggest that a National Register of experienced fast drivers and owners of fast cars, might well be instituted, so that if need arises, their services can be quickly commissioned. We commend the idea to the War Office, always remembering the considerable difference between a person who merely drives and an enthusiast who is safe in charge of a fast car undertaking a useful job of work.



MEMORY OF PEACE TIME

Tony Rolt at Brooklands with his Dixonised E.R.A.

LET US HAVE REAL STANDARD-CAR TRIALS

THIS ARTICLE, WRITTEN BEFORE WAR CAME, SUGGESTS AN INTERESTING APPROACH TO TRIALS' PROBLEMS THAT WILL PERSIST AGAIN WHEN PEACE IS DECLARED.—Ed.

EVER since the very early days your ordinary motorist who is at all interested in the sporting side of the game, has expressed the wish that cars taking part in competitions could more closely resemble the car he uses everyday on the highways and the by-ways. The answer of the organiser has invariably been that of flinging his hands to high heaven in horror and saying that you just cannot tell whether or not a car is catalogue in all respects. Now this is probably true enough of the racing car, because there is, in this case, every incentive to increase performance by changing lots of things conveniently hidden from the eye of man. Your most conscientious scrutineer can hardly be expected to know whether valves, camshaft, pistons, connecting-rods, crankshaft and similar important bits conform to catalogue specification or not, particularly as no very clear description of these components is usually set forth in the maker's literature, anyway, and as, at the smaller meetings, he is expected to scrutineer all the entry within half-an-hour or so of the first race.

Little wonder that races for absolutely standard cars are not part and parcel of the Fixture List. The classic sports-car races allow quite appreciable departures from standard for much the same reason, and also because, with competition between rival manufacturers, there is even more incentive to be quite naughty and pop in a special sort of tappet or bump up the compression half a ratio and hope that Mr. Scrutineer will never discover what you have done. So the people whose task it is to organise really important sports-car races, either make themselves believe that anything with lamps and wings must be a sports-car, to the joy of racing Alfa owners whose cars have been encumbered with road equipment, or else they proclaim that racing standard cars will never help anybody, and proceed to allow quite a lot of licence to entrants, with a snow-white conscience.

That, then is why we do not see sports-cars the exact image of those we drive ourselves, battling for honours over classic road-circuits. What I want to enquire is: Why should the same thing happen in respect of trials? Why, oh why!

It is generally accepted that owners of standard touring and sports-type cars do not enjoy competing in trials against special motors unashamedly flaunting fabric bonnets, strip-sheet wings, rear-placed engines, seats on top of the back axle and a mere apology for bodywork. Lots of owners of very nice sports-cars enter for a few trials, get rather soundly beaten by the specials brigade, and drop out of competition for ever.

They are not poor sportsmen, they just not do see any fun in losing every time and they do not want to chop about a smart, serviceable motor-car in order to win. So they stay away, thank you

very much. Possibly I paint the picture too black. Plenty of good "pots" have been won by standard cars, especially M.G.s. Plenty more will be won by such motors. The fact remains that trials entries in general suffer on account of the greater potency of a number of special cars, whose owners sign on the dotted line as soon as the next set of Regulations comes to hand.

I know that several clubs have run standard-car, even saloon car classes in the past, but has anyone been really convinced that only genuine catalogue cars could get in? The old scheme was to put the touring or standard-sports section of the entry on standard tyres and the remainder on "comps." That is a thing no one can do any more. So, rather than encourage this rather half-hearted assistance for the ordinary car, I would advocate real standard-car trials. Or, rather, trials for cars as standard as a trials car need be not to go straight away into the "specials" category. Of course, your hands are already waggling skywards and you are shouting that it cannot be done.

I say that it can be done, if organisers do not shun a fair amount of work. You cannot be sure that an engine is not altered internally! Well, forget the engine! Just look to see if it has the catalogue type and quantity of carburetters, the catalogue system of valve actuation, ignition and cooling and is not pushed back towards the rear of the car to an obvious extent, and then—forget it. Other details of tuning can play a vital part in speed trials and speed hill-climbs and races, yet not do very much towards winning trials. If you do not believe this, let me remind you that I have recently seen cars that do remarkable things on Brooklands fail miserably on trials hills, and I have been defeated in a powerful Bentley by a little snow which a small, comp-shod trials car would undoubtedly have scorned. The reason is that in modern trials you mostly have to defeat wheelspin and increase of b.h.p. at high revs. increases, not decreases, the possibility and degree of spin. What does decrease it is generally light weight, a low bottom or second gear, and lots of avoirdupois at the back end. Trials "specials" are built to this receipt. So these are the things that we must avoid in our proposed Standard-Car Trial. Checking the gear-ratio will involve jacking up the back axle and doing lots of hard winding on the starting handle. But how nice to know that all your entry is competing with catalogue ratios, apart from research into starting handle layout! So far as weight is concerned, you could weigh the complete car, but light wings, set back seats, ballast, and cut-away bodywork if fairly easy to spot with the naked eye. A tape-measure gives you a check on standard wheelbase and track. To collect the necessary data only entails writing for a few catalogues, or buying a bound volume of a good motor journal.

That then, is my suggestion for a trial that would really appeal to owners of quite-catalogue sports and utility carriages. Don't say that you would never get entries. More M.G.s are sold to ordinary users than to trialsmen and lots of the cars you see in trials are not in any way non-standard. You can bet that heaps of these owners would welcome an event in which supercharged, superlight, stripped-chassis contrivances could not net all the best awards—because they would not be allowed to start.

If, after a time, clever folk *did* begin to get round the scrutineering somehow, I don't think I should lose much sleep, because at least they should be doing something useful, however naughty. Whereas I cannot see much good resulting from planting big engines festooned with blowers in light, chopped-up chassis having all the avoirdupois in one place, which is what trials' entrants can do now without being naughty at all.

So which organiser is going to face a bit of work, find a tireless scrutineer, and commence to play real Standard-Car Trials.

JOHN COBB'S LAND SPEED RECORD.

Overshadowed by the out-break of war was John Cobb's new Land Speed Record. Over on the Utah Salt Flats Cobb's twin Napier-engined, 3-ton, four-wheel drive Railton set the World's flying mile record to 368.85 m.p.h. and the world's flying kilometre at 367.74 m.p.h. His best run was at 371.59 m.p.h. over the southwards kilometre and he beat Eyston's former mile record by 11.35 m.p.h. To John Cobb, and no less to Reid Railton, our heartiest congratulations! Cobb used Napier engines, Dunlop tyres, K.L.G. plugs, Lucas ignition, Ferodo-lined Lockheed brakes and Dunlop cushions and rubber suspension—proof of the quality of British products which will serve us as faithfully on war-time as on peace time jobs. Incidentally, air brakes, used on the earlier 350 m.p.h. runs, were scrapped for the successful attempt, as has been the case with other land speed record cars. The Railton has two 1929-type Napier "Lion" aero motors of 23.4-litres each. The drive goes to all four wheels and only those at the front are sprung independently. The car has a wheelbase of 13 ft. 6 ins. and the body is removable for wheel changing and engine inspection. The brakes are cooled from the engine water system. Subsequently, Cobb and this Railton set the world's 5 kilometre, 10 kilometre, and 10 mile flying start records to 292.12, 238.67 and 223.0 m.p.h., respectively. The 5 mile figure was missed due to a defect in the timing apparatus. Sir Malcolm Campbell held the kilo records and Germany Auto-Union the 10 mile record. Truly, Britain is proud to hold the world's fastest car record, unofficially the "land speed record," at the immense speed of almost 369 m.p.h.