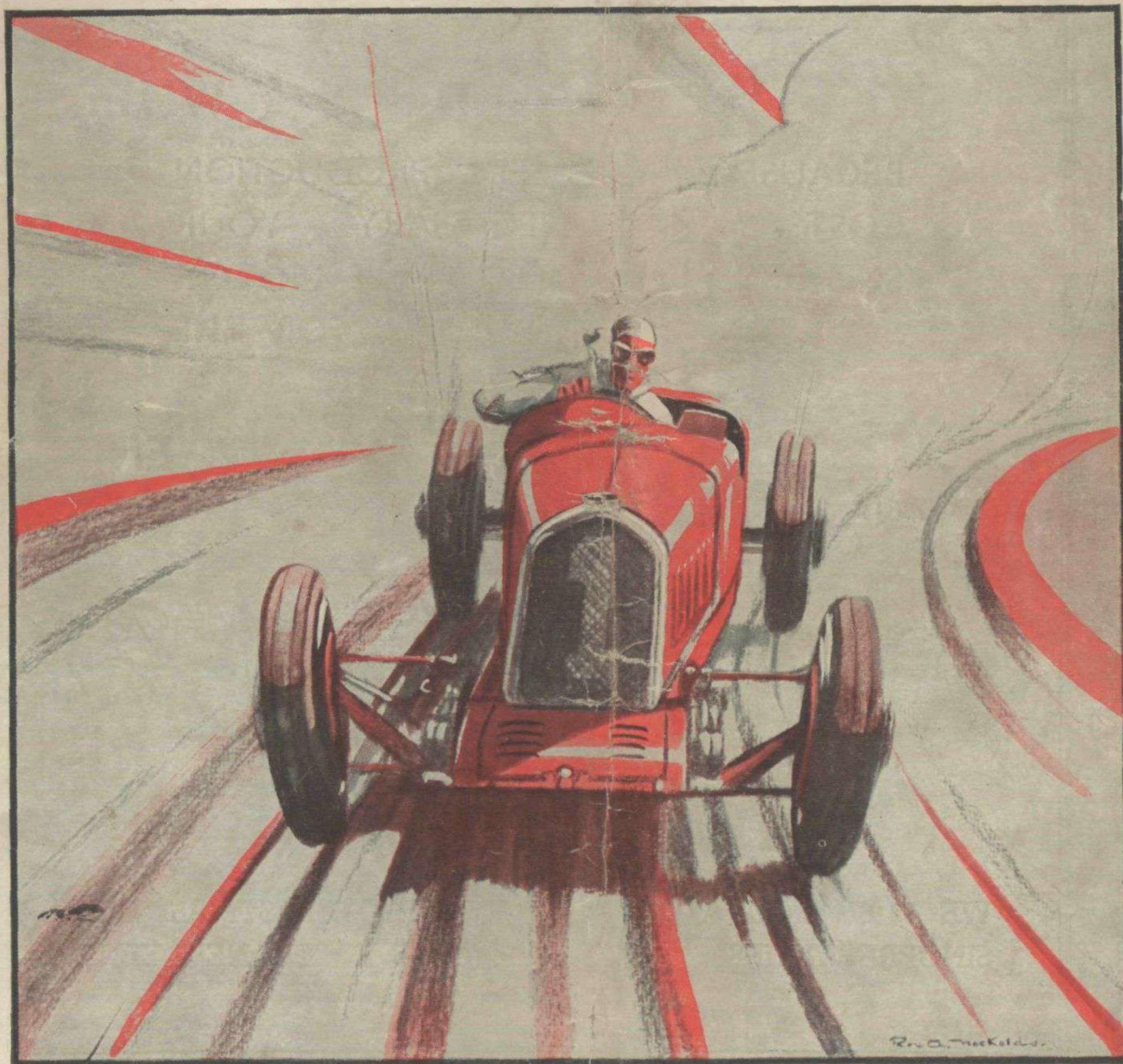


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R. A. Tucker

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THE SPORT

Although motor races, trials, hill-climbs, speed trials, rallies, record attempts, high speed tests and the rest are grouped together under the heading of "The Sport," it is worth-while to remember that motoring sport is by way of being a most important commercial stimulant to a very far-reaching industry. Sport, in the eyes of many, is never of any great moment, in spite of the achievements credited to the playing fields of Eton, and when their country is involved in war the opinion is that sport should cease forthwith. Fortunately we do not all take this view, and, following momentary panic, this country is now returning to something like normal so far as many sports and amusements are concerned, in spite of the continuance of this "strangest of wars."

If ordinary sporting activities are to be encouraged, how important and logical that motoring sport should not be entirely disregarded. For remember that the motor industry is our third largest industry in peacetime, employing hundreds of thousands of people on the production side and providing one tenth of the national revenue in taxation.

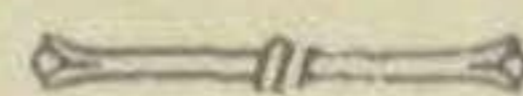
For over forty years manufacturers and engineering concerns have recognised racing and organised competition as an essential means both of "improving the breed" and of gaining public recognition of the worth of their products. Consequently, motoring sport in its various forms must be recognised as a most essential adjunct to the motor industry. For this reason MOTOR SPORT, which has been the leading sporting motor paper for over fifteen years, has carried the advertising of some of our greatest engineering and productive concerns, as well as those announcements of smaller, specialist firms which, as in other sporting spheres, cater expressly for the sportsmen's needs. "For the duration"

it is our intention to keep an important section of the public enthusiastic for the Sport—which the more rabid amongst us regard as the greatest interest of all—for to-day motoring competition plays a very great part in stimulating the motor-mindedness of the community. No longer is the sports-car a specialised production used only by a hyper-keen driver. High performance and safe control is of ever increasing importance to the motoring public in general, from the utility-car owner upwards. Business men, travellers, doctors, engineers, find their travel facilities improved by the employment of modern fast cars, which motor-racing, and the production and development of earlier, less convenient sports-cars, have made possible. Such improved travel facilities cannot fail to reflect benefits on the community at large, which also benefits obviously and materially by the sales of cars, fuel, accessories and components which can be laid at the door of the Sport in its many functions.

Under conditions of war motoring sport is more seriously affected than most, due to fuel rationing and the difficulties which its need for considerable organising now present. For these reasons races and trials have

ceased to be. Yet, even in these abnormal times, the motoring sportsman is likely to play a major part in assisting both the industry, and his country in general. A very large number of cars are going to be laid up after December 31st, thanks to the stranglehold of a 25/- per h.p. tax, fuel at 1/9½d. per gallon, a rationed mileage of 200 per month, and the hazards of black-out driving. But we seriously hope that, motorists will continue to motor in 1940, thereby contributing a little more to the National revenue, and, far more important to some minds, helping what in peacetime is our third biggest industry.

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A WAR-TIME ROAD-TEST

SOME RAPID MILES IN PETER CLARK'S LE MANS H.R.G.

WE can think of few better ways of temporarily forgetting black-outs, food rationing, the rising price of petrol and similar war-time unpleasantness than taking out a racing car on test. Consequently, we felt greatly indebted to Peter Clark when he offered us his H.R.G. which ran so well at Le Mans last year, together with enough Pool fuel to exercise it for one afternoon of exhilarating "dicing."

This particular H.R.G. was built quite early in 1937, as the eleventh production of H. R. Godfrey's little works at Tolworth. It was delivered in June and by the end of the year had covered 16,000 hard miles, running in all manner of speed and reliability trials. For 1938 it was overhauled and slightly gingered, and at Le Mans it finished second in the 1½-litre category—indeed fine showing. It was vanquished only by the German Adler. At the Bo'ness hill climb Peter crashed it rather seriously and damaged both himself and the motor, but, nevertheless, the "Herg" started in the T.T. in Marcus Chambers's capable hands and managed to finish, though it had a broken frame before the flag fell. Rather thorough modification for long-distance racing was completed in time for the 1939 season. It lapped at 91 m.p.h. in a B.A.R.C. Outer Circuit handicap, and won the 1½-litre class at Le Mans, averaging nearly 10 m.p.h. more than in 1938—actually, 1,611 miles at 67 m.p.h.

"L'Ecurie de Lapin Blanc" dealt with the Meadows engine, which has a Laystall crankshaft, special steel connecting rods, and a compression-ratio of about 9 to 1—Pool fuel is practicable and this is a pent-roof head! The cooling water now goes to the rear of the head, with small branches to the block, and oil is taken from the pump to a large Tecalemit cooling-filter below the radiator, while the oil pipe layout to the rocker gear is quite special, following failure in supplies during the 24 Hour Race of 1938. The

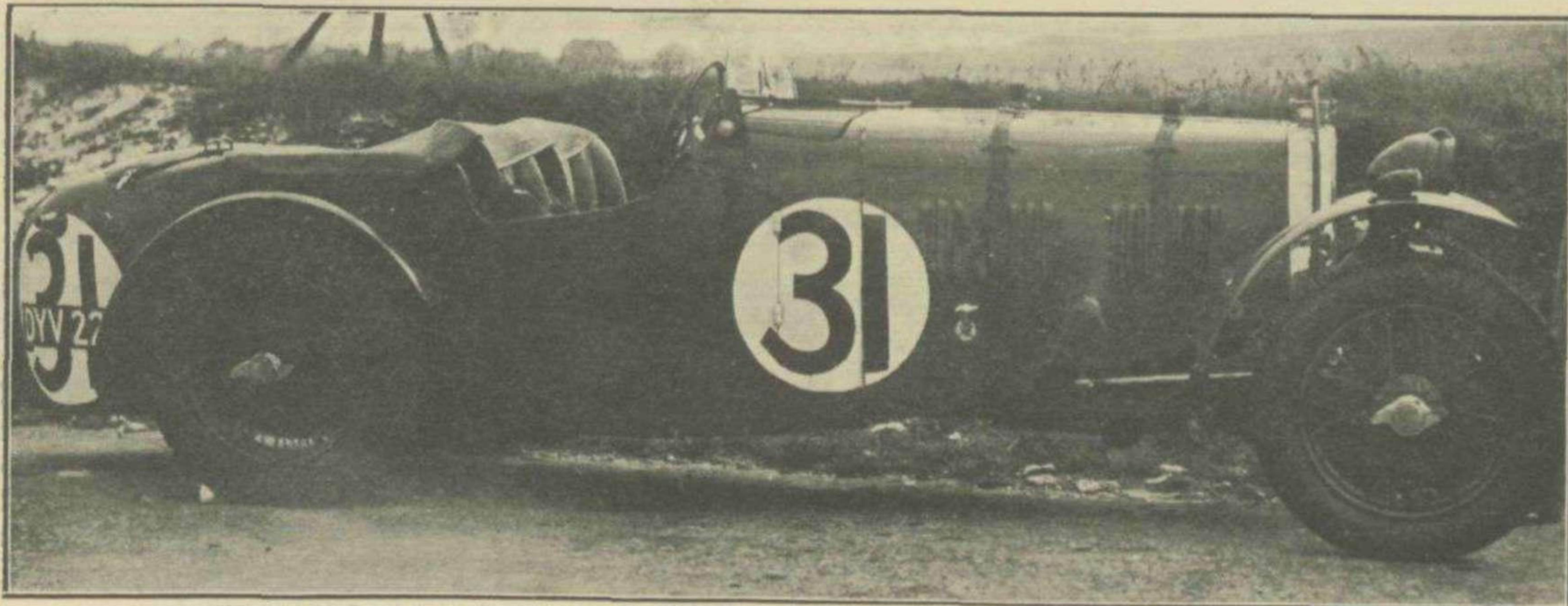
gearbox has a bottom gear nearly as high as the standard second, but final drive ratio is unchanged. In full trim the weight is 15 cwt. and some 70 b.h.p. is produced. Using 18 inch wheels at the rear the speed is 100 m.p.h. at 4,700 r.p.m. The engine runs to 5,500 r.p.m. and is probably happy up to 5,000 r.p.m. There is a big Silent bloc-mounted fuel tank behind the luggage space, with feed by two separate pumps and separate overhead leads. Although H.R.G. built a Le Mans long-tailed car as a later production line, it was A. C. Scott's car, not Clark's, which sponsored the idea, and the two cars have many points of unsimilarity. Peter's car now has a very beautiful long tail, though the body forward of it is largely standard, and there is a full length underpan; Scott's car was shorter.

Thus this very attractive H.R.G., as we were invited to test it last month—incidentally on Pool petrol, on which something like 36 m.p.g. has been recorded on a 140 mile run. Being in the East End of London we repaired to the Southend arterial road, being charmed on the way by the H.R.G. gearbox, which even we could handle with something like skill, once we remembered that the gate is Bugatti in its ratio locations. You can move the little lever from slot to slot as rapidly as the hand allows, using straightforward double-declutching going down, and the changes go through beautifully, while the lever could not be positioned better. There really is a lot to be said for constant mesh gears. The clutch slipped slightly once or twice, but has a light and very decisive action in the complimentary sense. We also appreciated the very generous steering lock in negotiating Dockland's maze of streets, and found control completely accurate, and very light, notwithstanding a 1½-1¾ turns lock to lock ratio. The brakes too, deal with any and every emergency, given a fairly decisive foot pres-

sure—they have rather a hard feeling so that practice improves the progressiveness of anchorage.

The little car is very attractively planned. The driving seat is about the only one on a strange car that the writer, who is 5 ft. 8 ins. and anxious to sit right up to the wheel, has had no desire to fill with cushions. The dashboard is nicely laid out and is just plainly, sensibly practical. From left to right it carries:—extra sump supply control, a line of lighting, ignition, dynamo and pump switches, St. Christopher badge, ammeter and oil thermometer above, dash lamp switch, lap scorer, starter, Jaeger 100 m.p.h. Speedometer, Jaeger 6,000 r.p.m. rev. counter, choke, oil gauge and oil thermometer, etc. The horn button lives on the side of the scuttle. The wheel centre holds an M.C.C. silver medal, and on the wheel there is only the ignition advance and retard lever. The right hand accelerator is of roller pattern and the proximity of the brake pedal suggests narrow shoes. The central hand brake is of racing release type. A Pyrene keeps the passenger's feet company and there are twin brake adjusters on the cockpit floor. The screen, of single pane type, gives excellent protection and there are proper cockpit doors. Peter says he has put on all his badges to increase the running temperature and, numbering as they do those of the Vintage S.C.C., N.W.L. M.C., A.A.A. of Michigan, C.S.C., Sunbac, M.C.C., K.B.C.C., A.A. and Automobile Club de l'Ouest, they make a fine array. The lighting nowadays is by a masked fog-lamp, the front tyres are Dunlop 4.50" x 16", the rear are Dunlop Sports of 4.50" x 17", and the bonnet has twin straps and carries the "White Rabbit" transfers. Racing number plaques and the G.B. sign tell of Le Mans visitations.

All this we were able to take in while No. 1 plug was changed before a spell



The H.R.G. driven by P. C. T. Clark and Marcus Chambers in the 1938 Le Mans

A WAR-TIME ROAD-TEST—continued

of real motoring. Soon we were forgetting that 2,000 r.p.m. equals a lazy 40 m.p.h. and were cruising towards Southend at an equally effortless 80 m.p.h. This H.R.G. steers with finger and thumb at this speed, and is altogether one of the most effortless fast cars we have ever handled. The strident exhaust note fades right away at over about 70 m.p.h., and 80 literally seems an everyday cruising gait.

The maximum we achieved was 90 m.p.h., and the engine, like the road-holding, remained definitely unimpressed. This was done without richening the mixture and with the screen erect, while 85 m.p.h. was reached on several suitable occasions. The steering wheel kicks back a little and the fascia shudders a bit over bad going, but that is all. At this rate, despite unfamiliarity with the car and sundry road diversions and traffic lights, we did the 30 miles into our seaside objective in exactly 30 minutes; and did better coming home. Further rapid motoring, along narrow, twisty lanes, showed up the extreme stability of this H.R.G. and 50 m.p.h. was quite normal, third snicking in before each corner and the brakes holding her in a dead straight line. The punch in second and third is immense, accompanied by a growing exhaust twang, so that one is tempted to go up to 3,500 r.p.m. on every gear, equal to 22, 36 and 52 m.p.h. respectively. Actually, 2,500 r.p.m. or 15, 26 and 40 m.p.h. respectively, seems more re-

spectable, but 60 m.p.h. is easily obtainable on third, and you change down at any speed up to this without hesitation. On fast corners there isn't a trace of roll, but at times you are conscious of the load of precious fuel behind, and a thought more castor action would be pleasant. However, in such matters this H.R.G. is still streets ahead of most sports motors.

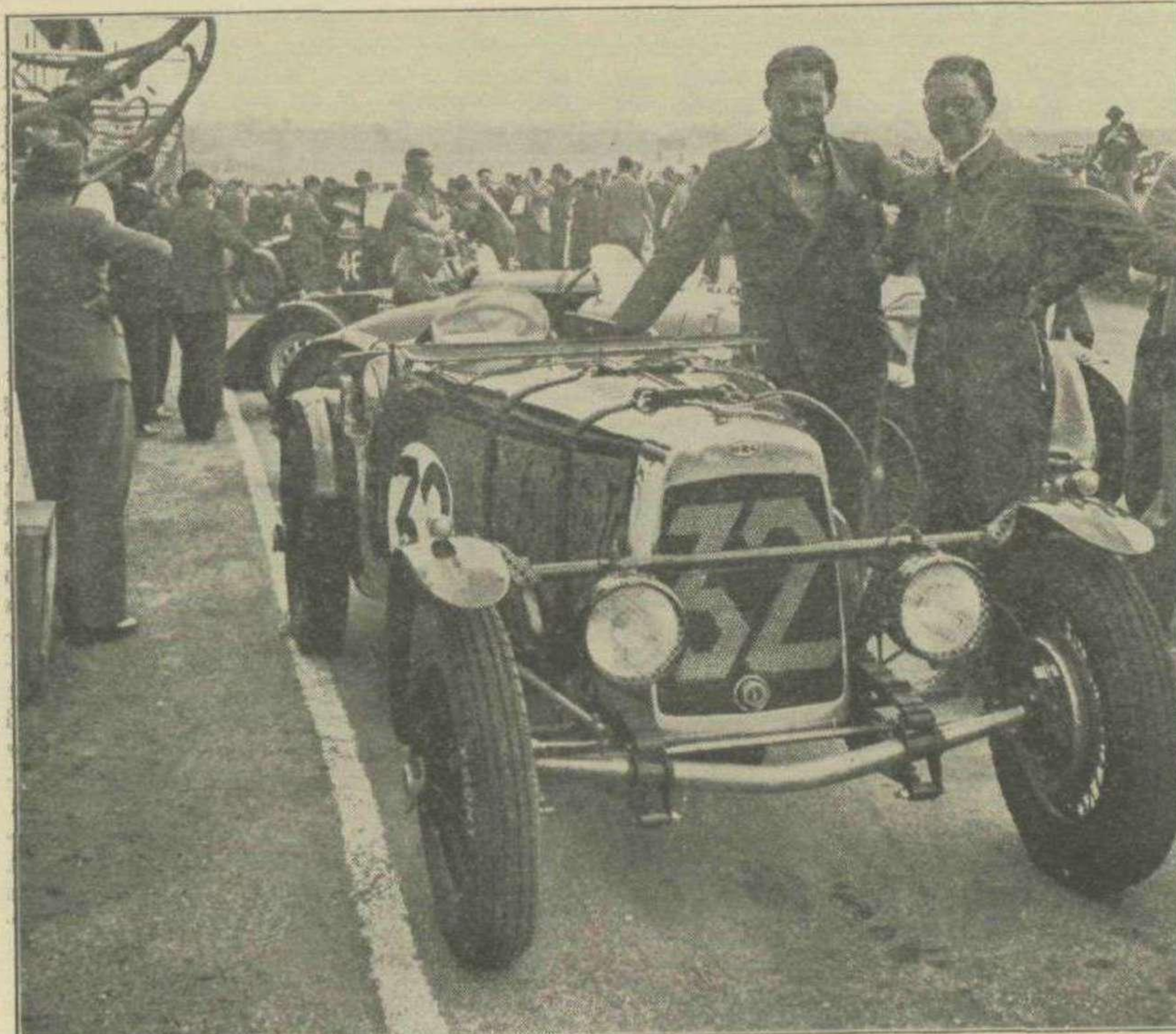
One of the most interesting parts of the test was to see how a racing engine would look at "Pool." Violent pinking there was, below 2,000 r.p.m., but by retarding the ignition this could largely be stifled, while all but full advance could be given when things were really turning over. In any case, there is almost imperceptible loss of urge at full retard, and there seems no loss of economy, or signs of distress, although considerable pre-ignition is noticeable on switching off. The water temperature is 75°-80°C., the oil varies from 55°-63°C., and with this variation, pressure changes from 60-65 lb. per square inch to 50 lb. Peter Clark says that the worst characteristic of Pool is the waxy deposit which has to be cleared from the S.U. pistons at frequent intervals. The engine, incidentally, had not been touched for months and the oiling-up was attributed to an unsuitable "bogie" and worn valve guides.

The rear shockers would have needed tightening, for track work, but the suspension was very firm under road con-

ditions. Thus, in spite of Nazism, we had our run in a racing car, and felt all the old keenness return, doing, in all about 112 rapid miles. The outstanding impression of this H.R.G. which has so nobly upheld British prestige at Le Mans, is that it is most surprisingly effortless at a speed as high as a sustained 80 m.p.h. and that it handles like a 100 per cent. thoroughbred—though with a different combination of wheel size it is said to be still more noticeably stable. It is sheer delight to drive and, as we now expect even from racing-sports cars, it is absolutely docile and reliable. The most racing feature, of its make-up, performance apart, is very audible lower ratios, and that is a vice we can personally always overlook. There have been some startling 1½-litre sports-cars produced in the course of time, but none can have been so all-round desirable as this long-tailed, Le Mans H.R.G. evolved by the enthusiasts of "l'Écurie du Lapin Blanc." Peter Clark shows his appreciation by using it daily for office and Police Reserve duties. The fact that at Le Mans the rival Adler weighed 5 cwt. or so more, gave less power, but went quite a bit faster, led to plans being formed for the construction of a fully-faired H.R.G. for the 1940 24 Hour Race, but, unless Hitler has his outlook materially changed in double quick time, that will not now come about. In the meantime there can be few unblown 1½-litres as potent, as this H.R.G., and none more pleasant to handle on the road, war conditions not excepted.

E. K. RAYSON

E. K. ("Teddy") Rayson was killed in an air crash on the first day of last month. Rayson was a well known and respected figure in British racing. He took the game very seriously, endeavouring to make a very expensive hobby pay for itself as far as possible. To this end he employed skilled paid mechanics to work on his cars, joining them in person in his spare time, and every modification was most carefully devised. Rayson belonged to that "inner ring" of racing men who regard racing as something more serious than a mere means of enjoying a drive, flirting with the sensational newsheadings or wearing funny hats. His was a quiet and courteous personality. He commenced with a Riley Nine, which he supercharged with the Roots-blower from his "33-180" Mercedes-Benz saloon, and with a Type 43 Bugatti which later towed his racing trailer. He also carried out extensive modifications to a straight-eight 2-litre Bugatti and just before going abroad he finished second in the 1937 Campbell Trophy Race with an old-type 1½-litre four-cylinder Maserati, winning the small car category. He was beaten only by "Bira's" 3-litre Maserati. His cars were beautifully turned out and his versatility was nicely portrayed on the occasion when he entered the Mercedes-Benz saloon for the Brighton speed trials.



This H.R.G. won the 1,500 c.c. class in the capable hands of P. C. T. Clark and Marcus Chambers, in spite of having its speed reduced by minor engine trouble, during the last two hours of the 1939 Les 24 Heures du Mans.

Club News

The tragedy is, there just isn't any real Club news. Quite a number of clubs have definitely closed down for the duration of the war and of the majority of the remainder, nothing has been heard. Social gatherings of sporting motorists, which one might have attended in this not-very-cheerful winter, just aren't. It is a great pity that this apathy exists, for, without being unduly pessimistic, it is obvious that if war goes on, the time will come when many more enthusiasts may be in positions which will prevent their attendance at such meetings. So will those clubs, which have not had a definite meeting to wind things up until Peace breaks out, please give the matter the consideration it deserves and attempt to give those of us to whom motoring means a great deal, a chance to get together and yarn again, ere the world goes entirely insane? As we have observed before, film shows should go down remarkably well and to the retort that members would never get to the mustering place, we would reply that, so far, public transport services are still in general operation, and, pampered as your clubman may have been in peace time, if he is worth his salt he will not object to an occasional sticky journey to be amongst his motoring friends.

We believe that the Seven-Fifty Club is shortly putting over something on these lines and it may be possible to include full details elsewhere in this issue before we close for Press.

Certain clubs are attempting to carry on with their publications on a war-time footing, and the Harrow C.C. issued a final edition of its magazine and will attempt a quarterly issue from now on. The Vintage S.C.C. also came out with a concluding issue of the "Bulletin" before winding up until the war is finished with, reverting to the typed sheets they used before they expanded sufficiently to break out into very excellent print and paper. A report of the Donington race meeting was contained therein and members who change their addresses are requested to notify the Club captain, Tim Carson, at the Old Sarum Garage, Basingstoke.

The Lancashire C.C. seems to have arranged special duties for most of its members and a few other bodies are holding socials, but the Harrow C.C., C.U.A.C., Chester M.C. and Derby & District M.C. have closed down.

WHY NOT A TRIAL OR THREE?

Much of the argument applied to organising war-time social gatherings of enthusiasts can be repeated when it comes to a consideration of war-time trials. At the beginning of September, when war commenced, we were beset with personal troubles and problems, we

didn't know how much fuel we could patriotically burn, we felt that hostilities on the home front might break at any moment, and, anyway, mass gatherings were prohibited. Now everyone, in the Services or out, is becoming rather bored with this "strangest of wars," while we now know that our fuel ration of approximately 200 miles per month may quite legitimately be put to any use we wish. The only good reasons for not holding trials in war-time that you can advance to the rabid slime-stormer would seem to be the fact that possible competitors are nowadays very scattered and that their time is mostly limited, that the very same thing applies to officials, and that personal journeys will in lots of instances absorb much of the petrol ration. However, motor-cyclists are quite severely rationed, yet a war-time trial was recently held at Brands Hatch. The facts are that there were about a dozen observed sections in a route of 4 miles and over twenty entries were received, while the lads and lasses thoroughly enjoyed an opportunity of spectating. Now there seems no very good reason why we shouldn't have a car trial to ease our present boredom and restlessness, especially as we now learn that future R.A.S.C. driving instructors are likely to be recruited from the trials-driving fraternity. Such events, we suggest, held close to headquarters and with a 15-20 mile route (War Office ground would especially suit if permission could still be obtained) need absorb less than a third of a month's fuel ration and, if organised by a club composed of 100 per cent. enthusiasts in the majority (as a distinct from clubmen saloon-car owners) quite a reasonable entry should result. Most hotels would welcome the competitors in these hard times, and if sufficient support to run the thing on conventional lines were unobtainable, quite decent results can be had from the convoy system, working of course in daylight. Deserted roads particularly lend themselves to follow-my-leader trials.

So, if any club secretaries can spare a little time from A.R.P. and other war-time duties, will they make history by giving us the first war-time trial? We will gladly give it all the support in our power, providing it is sanely organised. The need really seems quite pressing, judging by the badge-bearing trials' motors we see still in service in their owners' hands. But something might well be done before the next year's increased taxation reduces the possibility of entries.

COMMUNAL WORKSHOPS

People are suggesting that lots of folk will spend their future spare time working on their existing cars or evolving new

ones, for use in the better times we all hope will come about some day.

It is argued that clubs with workshop facilities for their members will reap a benefit from black-out evenings and similar restrictions. We will gladly give publicity to such facilities if secretaries care to send details, but we feel that the desire for a few war-time trials is of greater moment.

GENERAL NOTES

Life is certainly very different these days from what it was in peace time, but, mercifully, motoring is not yet extinct and not all of us are yet clad in khaki. But rationing of fuel has put a stop to all those long-distance expeditions, not to mention calling for a very definite excuse before the car is taken out at all and making hostile Belisha-lamps a matter for extreme despair. The hack Austin, though at times suffering from Pool pinking, nevertheless remains 100 per cent. reliable, and has been used quite a bit on black-out evenings, usually over a known route of about 50 miles, which embraces a quite exciting watersplash, a pleasant country hostelry, and a quite charming country café where a meal is available at almost any hour of the night in very cosy conditions, providing the proprietress is first knocked up and told of one's requirements. And, while the desired sustenance is being prepared, there is a quite reasonably exciting trials type hill to be stormed and, if the moon is up, a really splendid and inspiring view to be enjoyed of the surrounding countryside, from a vantage point near the summit. The run also embraces a quite "autobahn" piece of highway and a very fascinating roundabout which has pedestrian crossing tunnels burrowing through it, the point being that you can never be certain after entering a tunnel, of where one will emerge, which, after a lighthearted evening under black-out repression, can be quite trying. Emphasis on the desirability of keeping to a known route, at all events unless the moon is up, came when we attempted a distinctly cross-country run from Brooklands, where in any case, the war-time atmosphere and excess of camouflage had thoroughly depressed us. Following tea in a tea-room which we were not permitted to light in any way, a flat front tyre had to be tackled in complete darkness, the now always essential torch having been carelessly left behind. Then fog rendered the night as black as we had ever seen it and the driver, who had had precious little real sleep since war began, said some really picturesque things about the black-out, particularly after a prolonged exploration for a place where a reviver could be had, ended in the inevitable "Time, gentlemen, please!"

CLUB NEWS—continued

just as the desired building had been located. Nevertheless, no doubt we shall continue these parties as long as fuel is procurable, for, war or no war, setting out to get a breath of the country and to storm a trials acclivity means a lot, and satisfies as no other evening entertainment ever can. Albeit long arguments ensue beforehand on who shall be invited to occupy the spare passenger space, for not every damsel who goes to her ambulance station in what to we innocents appears to be a full trials' garb, can see the point of this unconventional and nocturnal motoring. To give her her due, lots of one-time enthusiasts who once lived for such things seem to have lost their keenness now that running costs have risen and green crocodiles wearing red toppers come into the driver's vision so much sooner than was once the case, Mr. Lucas having the shutters up well and truly these days.

Civil defence duties absorbing much spare time, daylight runs have not been many, but there were some local trips with the trials Austin well and truly wound-up and there was a run nearly to Eastbourne and back in a Riley "Gamecock," which provided a refreshing taste of the real thing in both speed and exhaust note, even if Pool fuel did not entirely agree with the high-compression ratio. Certainly, traffic was sparse out of town, and, returning in the rain and dark, the owner, always believed to have exceptionally keen eyesight, thoroughly confirmed it by cornering at sliding point despite the black-out, albeit he knew the road intimately. Then the orange T.T. Austin was towed out of London to a place of comparative

safety, rain lashing down from a leaden sky as it so often does when the writer occupies an open car devoid of weather-protection. But it was great to look once again over an aero-screen along a strapped-down bonnet and to experience the action of hard suspension, though one would have parted with a lot to drown the hiss of the tyres with the metallic exhaust crackle characteristic of the little car.

* * *

Although there is quite a decent amount of traffic still operating in our cities, out of them the roads are taking on a deserted aspect which reminds the older motorist of pre-1914 conditions. This is likely to be greatly accentuated next year, when the h.p. tax goes up by 10/- per horse power. The younger generation does not, on the whole, appreciate the sparsity of traffic, notwithstanding the reliability of present-day cars. It may well be that we have become so car-conscious that we miss the pride which observation of a good car by passers-by and fellow motorists could impart, or it may be that, as enthusiasts, we had come to regard the roads as a constant pageant of motoring interest, whereas now, the sight of anything in the category of a Type 57S Bugatti or similar—we saw a coupé of this make in South London quite recently—has become quite an event. Or perhaps it is just that deserted roads emphasise the comparative unusualness of motoring brought about by war-time rationing of petrol.

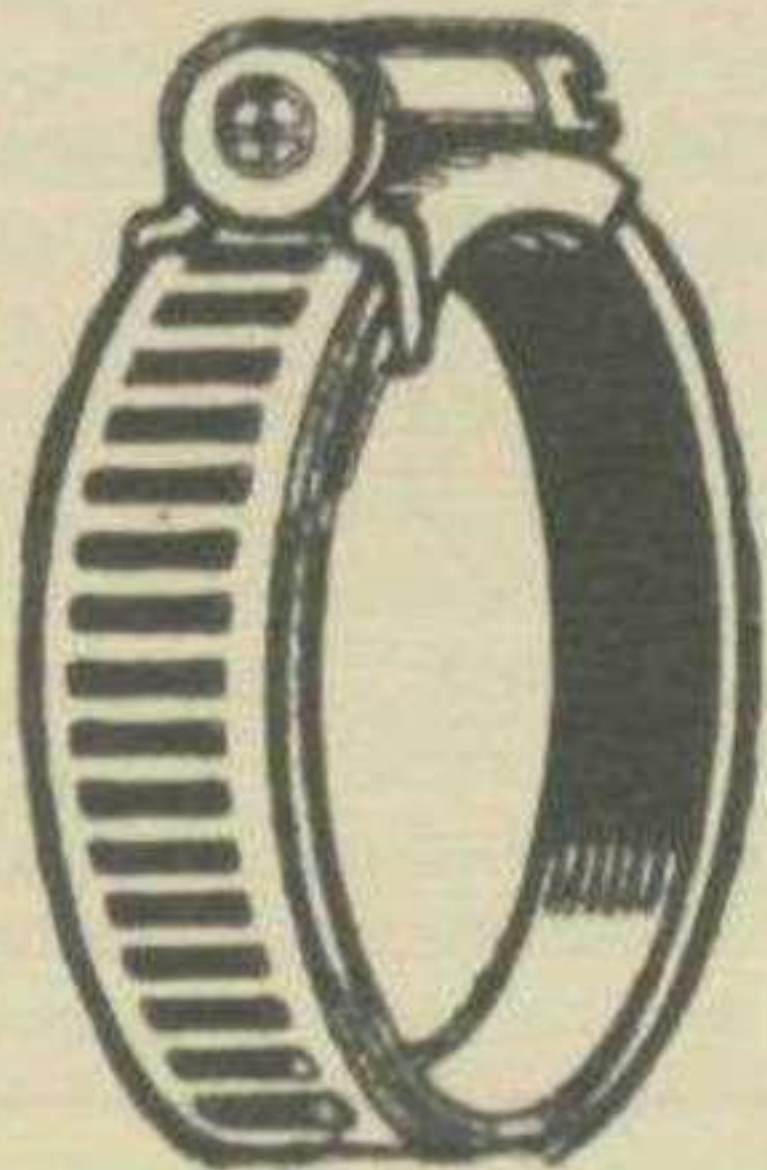
Whatever it may be, few of us will be anxious to entirely give up driving and, as we adapt ourselves to war time road

emptiness, it may be that such relaxed daytime driving conditions will allow new standards of average speed to be achieved by those who refuse to stifle the capabilities of a good car by coasting, crawling, mixture weakening and other supposedly ration-preserving means. But, if you venture far afield after dark, remember that changing a wheel in total darkness is next to impossible and that nowadays supplies of fuel and oil are not very numerous, and are difficult to find into the bargain. When all the coupons have been torn out, we shall have to content ourselves with public service transport, and it is good to know that coach services are continuing, including the London-Glasgow service. Observation of different makes of coach and the manner in which various services are operated will not pass the one-time fast car owner.

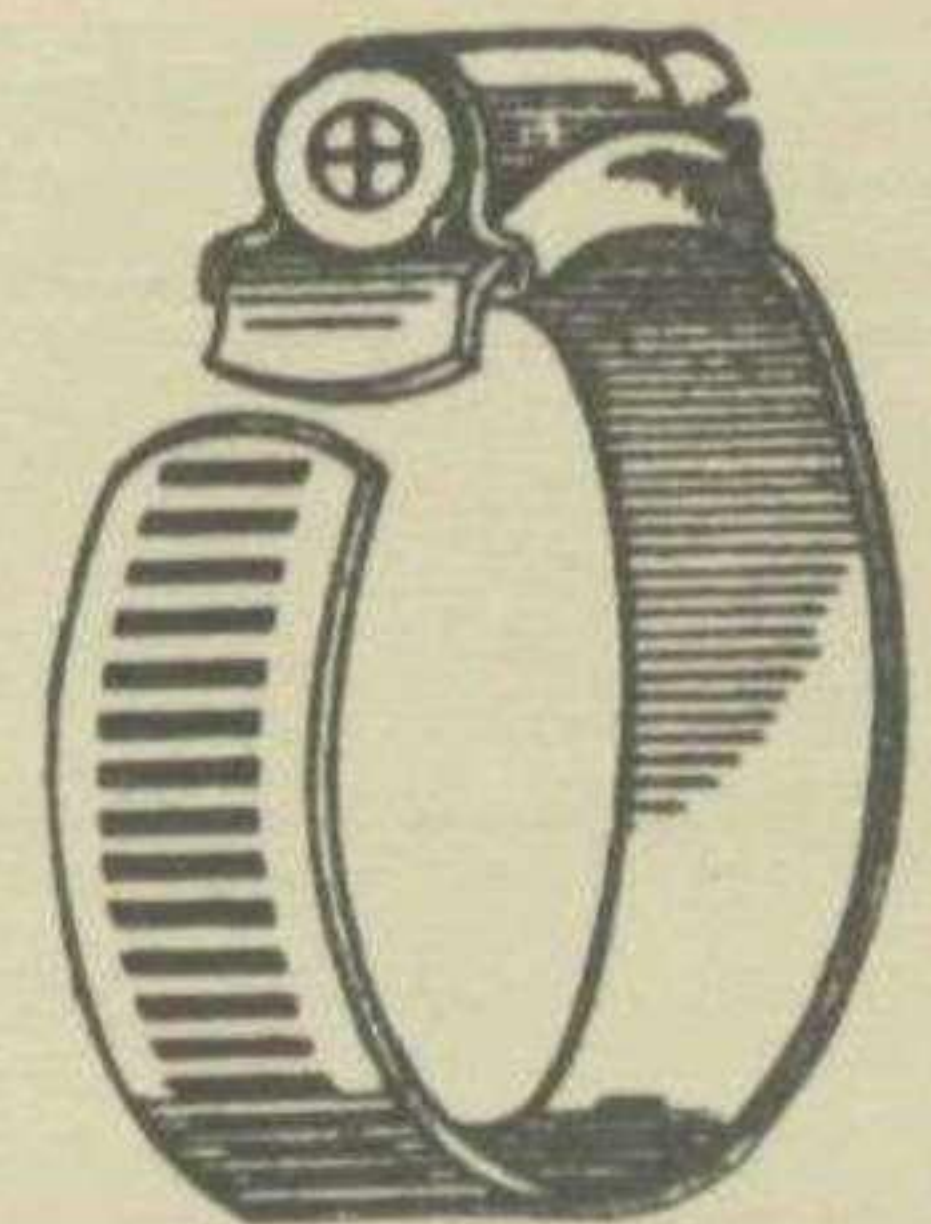
One way of really making the most of one's petrol coupons is to plan a definite journey and stick to it. We foresee quite a few hyper-keen trials drivers digging out old route cards and religiously following a brief trials course on their own, starting and finishing at the actual pubs used on the trials. After all, Sydney Allard got much fun out of just practising on trials hills in company with a few friends, in peace time. Don't forget the gum-boots! If several enthusiasts get together, quite long runs can be planned each week-end, and it will still be worth while to work to a definite schedule. If four persons pool their resources it will be possible to do a decent 80-100 mile jaunt every Sunday and still permit each individual to manage 20-25 miles pottering a week. So what about it?

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VETERAN TYPES—No. XX

A 1919 INDIANAPOLIS STRAIGHT-EIGHT BALLOT

[A DESCRIPTION OF CECIL CLUTTON'S 1921 3-LITRE GRAND PRIX BALLOT APPEARED IN JULY 1937 "MOTOR SPORT," SO IT MAY BE OF INTEREST TO RECOUNT THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH ATTENDED THE PRODUCTION OF ITS PROTOTYPE—THE 1919 5-LITRE BALLOT. ESSENTIALLY A TRACK CAR.—Ed.]

AFTER the Armistice in 1918, French motor car manufacturers agreed among themselves not to enter for racing until they had had time to change over from war to peace conditions. The organisers of the Indianapolis 500 were however very eager to obtain European entries for their first post war race. M. Maurice Ballot, whose firm had manufactured motor car engines before the war, decided that France should be represented in the American race. The story of how he accomplished the apparently impossible task of designing and building a team of four new racing cars in four months cannot unfortunately be related here in detail. The designers started work, in the greatest secrecy, on Boxing Day 1918, and in spite of enormous manufacturing difficulties arising from the then prevailing disorganised state of French industry and railways, the first car was taken out on test on April 7th, 1919—101 days after the designers had started work. To have accomplished such a feat, each man connected with the design and with the production must have put his whole heart and soul into the work.

The new cars were found to be very fast and had every chance of success in the race. In practice, however, they were found to be slightly overgeared for the short Indianapolis course. The wheels were accordingly rebuilt to a smaller size and American tyres had to be procured in consequence. This proved to be the team's undoing. Although the new Ballots were the fastest cars in the race they were dogged by constant

tyre trouble and the vibration set up by the brick surface of the track broke a lot of wheel spokes. Guyot finished fourth, Thomas eleventh. Ballot and Wagner had to retire.

On returning to Europe, one car was brought to Brooklands where it took the One Hour record driven by Jean Chassagne. What happened to each car subsequently the writer is not absolutely sure, but a certain amount is known about their later careers. Count Louis Zborowski ran one of them at Brooklands and in hill climbs until his death at Monza in 1924. His duel with Segrave on the 5-litre Sunbeam in the Brooklands Championship in 1922 will long be remembered. Captain Clive Gallop drove this car for Zborowski on many occasions, its lap speed was then about 118 m.p.h. After Zborowski's death, R. B. Howey drove the same white Ballot and attained some very high speeds with it, lapping at 121 m.p.h. He won the Brooklands Founder's Gold Cup in 1926. Unfortunately he was killed in the hill climb at the Boulogne meeting in 1926 and the wrecked remains of his car were buried in mid-Channel by his friends.

Captain H. W. Cook used to drive a sister car at Brooklands about 1925. M. Ballot himself used one with touring equipment in Paris, it is said. The Ballot factory in 1926 fitted front brakes to one car and sent it to Australia where it has recently been driven by James Gullan. Chris Shorrocks, the Centric supercharger expert drove another Ballot at Southport until a few years ago. This car, which was presumably Captain

Cook's machine, was acquired, two years ago by the writer. Gullan's car unluckily threw a rod in an Australian race last December and the remains of the engine have been sent to the writer for use as spares for his car.

When M. Maurice Ballot decided to enter for the Indianapolis 500 he engaged René Thomas who had won the race in 1914 on a Delage. Thomas laid it down that the new cars should have low centre of gravity, powerful acceleration and good road-holding to reduce tyre wear. M. Ernest Henri, who had designed the famous Peugeot racing cars of 1913, undertook the design.

The very strong family resemblance is readily observable when comparing the 5-litre Ballot with M. Ernest Henri's other designs—the 1913 Peugeot and the 1921 Ballot.

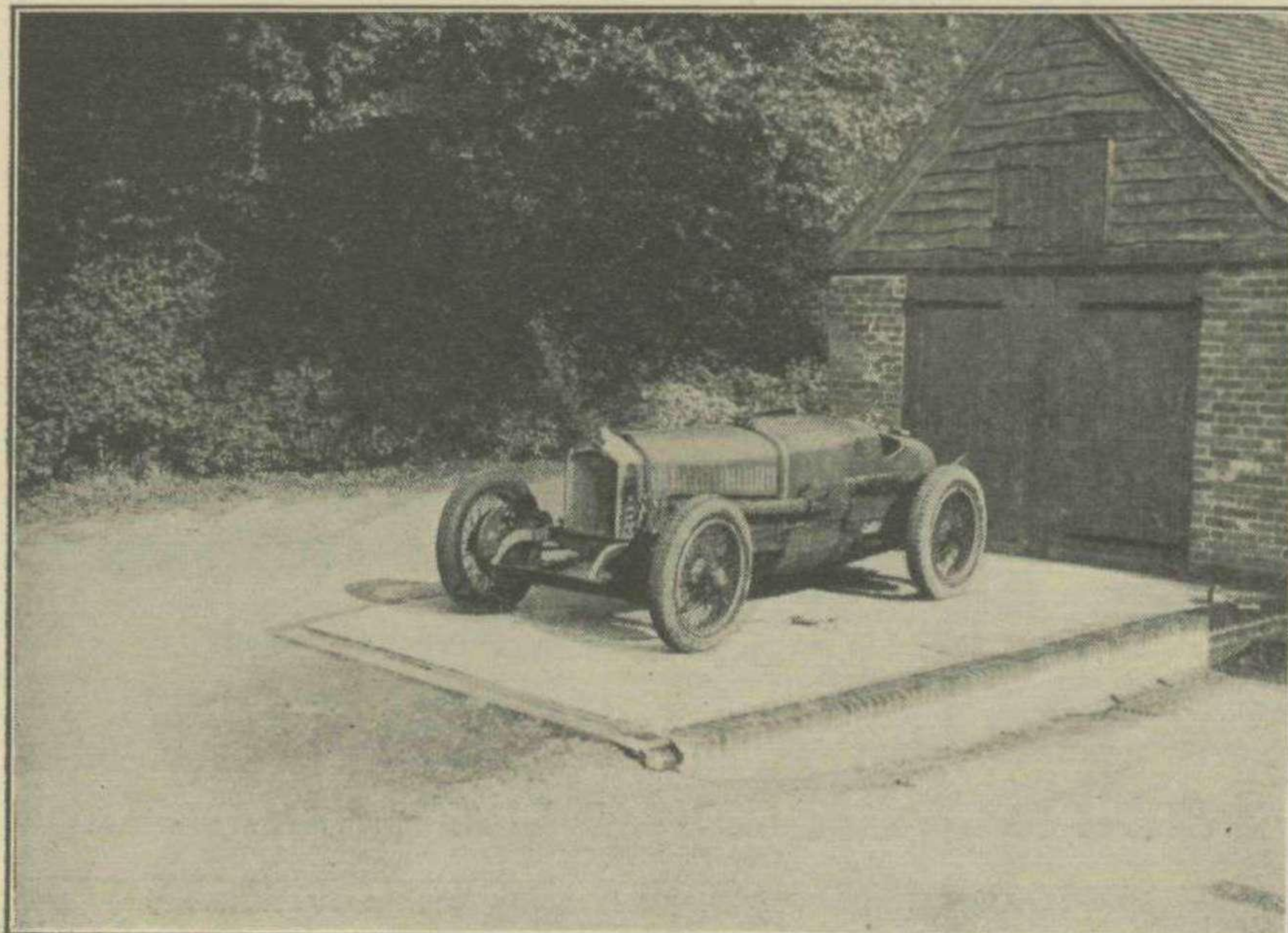
The straight-eight engine has two cylinder blocks of 74 mm. x 140 mm. bore and stroke. Two overhead camshafts, gear driven from the front, operate four valves per cylinder. Two large Claudel Hobson carburettors are fitted. The built up crankshaft is carried on five ball bearings while the connecting rods have unusual plain big end bearings with floating bushes. A curious form of dry sump lubrication is employed. Oil is forced by pressure in the oil tank through drip feeds to the bearings. A Scavenge pump collects it from the sump and returns it mixed with air to the tank. The air builds up the pressure in the tank which is regulated by a release valve. Maximum revs. are about 3,500.

A simple cone clutch took the drive to the four-speed gearbox in the original design but the previous owner fitted a Borg and Beck clutch to the writer's car to cope with increased power output.

The engine and gearbox are mounted in a U-shaped sub-frame which is supported on the chassis by three ball and socket joints. The drive is taken by an open propeller shaft to the rear axle. The final ratio is 3 to 1. Brakes were originally on the rear wheels only and a transmission brake was fitted behind the gearbox. The writer's car has been fitted with Darracq front brakes and axle.

For Indianapolis, cylindrical bolster tanks were used but both Howey's and Gullan's cars subsequently carried streamlined bodies with pointed tails.

The maximum speed obtained by the Ballot team at Indianapolis is not known to the writer but Guyot managed to average 84.4 m.p.h. in spite of tyre trouble. Howey's machine, after careful



A recent photograph of the 1919 Straight-Eight Indianapolis Ballot. The car is now fitted with the original type of radiator. The front brakes and axle are a latter addition.

THINGS IN GENERAL

[We have pleasure in presenting, under this heading, the first of a regular series of notes by J.D.A., dealing with motoring rather than with the motor car. The writer can claim a special appreciation of the game as the enthusiast knows it. He is a member of the Bugatti Owners' Club, an Associate Member of the Vintage S.C.C., and has done much good, quiet work behind the scenes at Prescott. His recent cars have been an M-type M.G. Midget, a Type 40 Bugatti and two 1½-litre Aston-Martins, all beautifully turned out. Yachting has also been amongst his keener interests, and he has an exceptional knowledge of banking and finance. Although he pretends not to understand technicalities and prefers writing on motoring in general, his views will interest enthusiasts and should promote some keen discussions.—Ed.]

To pass the time on one of these dismal black-out evenings, I fished out last year's log-book, which brought back happy memories of an evening in the wilds of Wales, and a jolly time with members of the Bugatti Owners' Club. I suppose all drivers who drive for the joy of the thing—as opposed to those who just regard a car as transport—keep some sort of a log; amazingly bald as the entries are, how they bring back journeys which were pleasant, some that weren't, driving in the sunshine, hammering along in rain. Fireside touring of this kind is no bad way of forgetting about war for the time being; we can't help victory by brooding over present woes.

* * *

Putting the little book aside, it seemed quite inconceivable that I used to do

the journeys therein set down, so quickly have we got used to the idea of a few gallons a month—enough to keep the tank moist! Some people tell you there are oceans of juice in the country, that storage is full, and that tankers lie at the wharves because they just can't discharge their cargoes. Others tell you that the ration can be dodged if you know how to dodge it; there seems to be no doubt that recently lucky fellows striking small petrol stations in Welsh Wales got all they could take because the owners of the pumps were going out of business for the duration. If all these things are true—mind! I don't speak from my own experience—they are bound to happen, for you can't bring business up all standing any more than you can make a car stop in her own length by putting all your anchors on; contracts are made long in advance, and the stuff keeps coming, reinforced with what we take away from Jerry, who can't be trusted with it.

* * *

There seem to be various opinions about this Pool stuff. Some very serious people, having drunk in all the wisdom handed to us by motoring scribes who have nothing else to write about, are horrified to find that coasting in neutral, tinkering with carburettors, slow motion, and all the rest of it doesn't show that marvellous improvement in m.p.g. which they were assured would be the case. My own experience is that m.p.g. is about the same, though a good deal more finger work on the advance lever is indicated. But my petrolier says that Pool petrol differs considerably, which is a profound paradox if you come to

think of it. Still, we mustn't forget that good m.p.g. is almost as cherished an illusion as excessive average m.p.h.!

* * *

If you can stand a word more about carburants, have you ever solved the mystery of what became of certain inventions demonstrated at Brooklands during the last few years? I was never lucky enough to see one of these demonstrations myself, but a friend who did see one in his journalistic capacity told me that the demonstration car circled the track on pump fuel, after which she came in to be drained, filled up with water, to which the inventor added something mysterious, and then buzzed off again as speedily as before. My informant has sharp eyes, but he couldn't detect any snag in the proceedings, and every journal had a paragraph about the miracle, which promptly vanished from human ken in the well known style of the Cheshire Cat. Except that it left no grin behind.

* * *

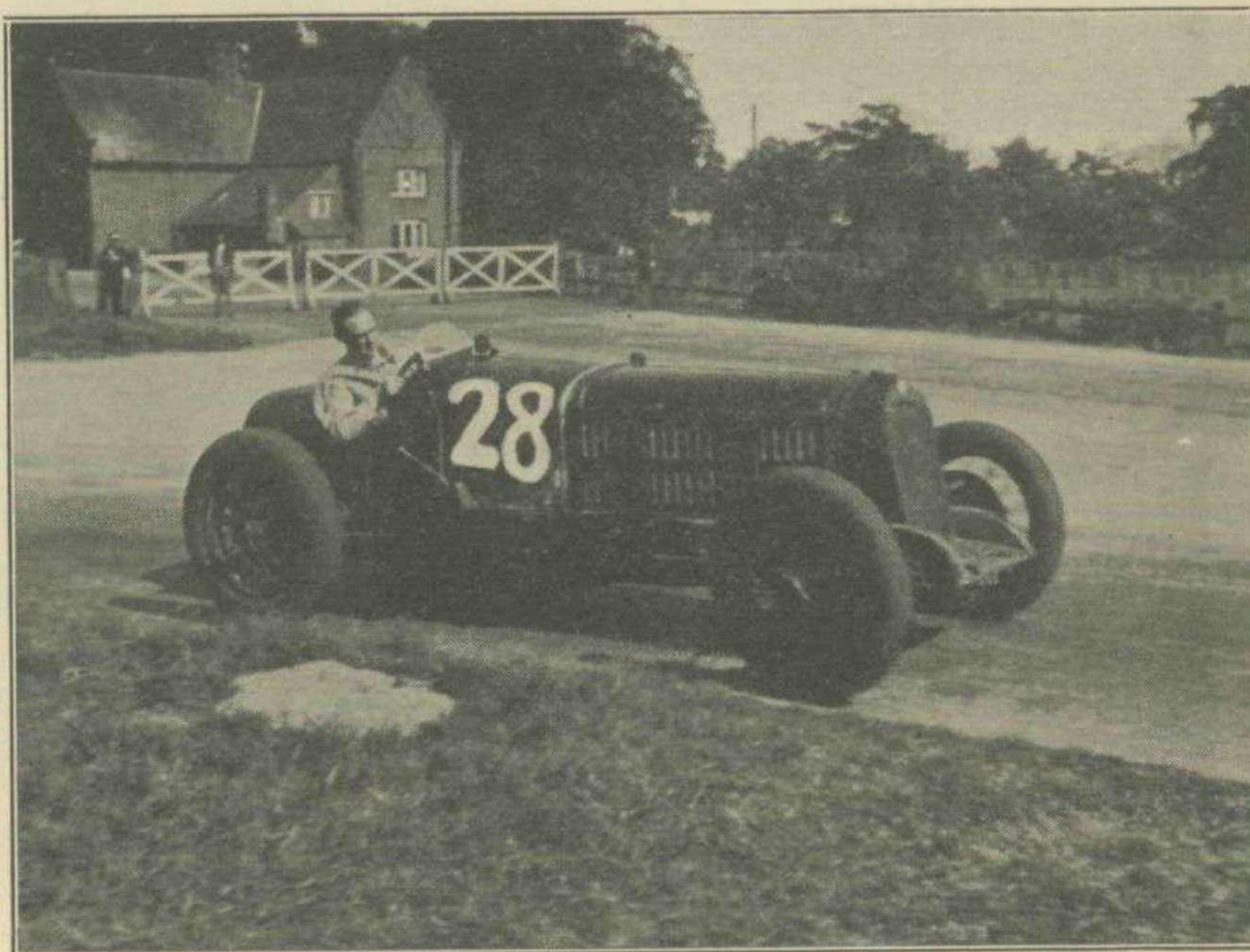
If you ask me, I am a bit of an agnostic about these inventions. But as there seems no object in a hoax, there must be, at any rate, a case for enquiry, for what a lot of problems would be solved by such a dope if it really exists! We can only be thankful that apparently Uncle Hitler hasn't got hold of it, for the usual fate of inventors is to be turned down here with no uncertain thud, and then to part with their ideas to somebody in Germany who develops them and makes a big fortune. If you don't believe it ask someone who knows, who invented coal-tar dyes, and what happened about them.

VETERAN TYPES—continued

attention from Thomson and Taylor reached over 120 with a compression ratio of only 5 to 1. Gullan's car managed the same speed and was doing just over 100 m.p.h. in third gear when, as a result of the car leaving the ground over a bump, a rod parted. The writer unfortunately has not had much opportunity of ascertaining his car's maximum performance but on the short straight at Donington he obtained 108 m.p.h. at the first race meeting in which he drove his car.

The 5-litre Ballot is a delightful car to drive. The high geared steering gives very positive control and the large eight cylinder engine gives very satisfying acceleration. Top gear can be engaged before reaching the top of the hill after leaving the Melbourne corner. In the first race in which he drove his Ballot, the writer was embarrassed to find himself in the lead as a result of the car's acceleration. Although he had set out with the firm intention to tour round carefully. The Ballot was not to be denied however, and she won the first race in which her new owner drove her.

A. S. Heal's 5-litre Straight-Eight Ballot on the Coppice Corner, Donington. The radiator is not original.



MY BIRKIN BENTLEYS

[In the following article Peter Robertson-Roger gives some hitherto unpublished information about his two supercharged, 4½-litre Bentleys. They were No. 1 and 4 of the late Sir Henry Birkin's famous team, which was financed by the Hon. Dorothy Paget, and raced during the 1929-31 seasons. No. 1 is the single-seater which held the Brooklands Lap Record; No. 4 is the short-chassis four-seater which finished second in the 1930 Pau G.P. When we tested the latter in 1937 it lapped at 102.69 m.p.h., and went from rest to 50 m.p.h. in 8.8 seconds and from 10-80 m.p.h. in 20 seconds. Now Louis Giron has put in the engine from No. 1 it should be much quicker, and has already done a fast run to Oxford in his hands. We must match it against Lycett's 8-litre when real petrol is again available. These special Blower Bentleys must not be confused with the production, blower 4½-litres. Only two others were built; one belongs to Mavrogardato, the other is believed to be in France. Robertson-Roger has kindly written this article for us, and it says much for his keenness that it was done in bed, as his leg is not yet mended.—Ed.]

IN agreeing to write this article on my Birkin Bentleys, I naturally thought I had an easy task. After all, I ought to know something of the matter. Three obvious headings occurred to me: "Historical," "Technical," and "Personal." A little thought showed they were not so good. Historically, most readers of MOTOR SPORT would be just as well informed as I—indeed Birkin's performances with the single-seater must still be fresh in the minds of most of us—technically I should fail to grip, for my knowledge is not great, while anything coming under "Personal" would be construed as dull, bigoted or merely a fanfare of Roger trumpets.

But I have a great love for my Bentleys, which have given me endless pleasure. Both were purchased with the main object of preserving them—the four-seater to save it from passing, via a rapacious dealer, into the hands of an unappreciative owner with a penchant for showing off—and the single-seater because it seemed high time someone rescued it from an ignominious and half forgotten retirement.

The fervent competition enthusiasts, changing their cars at least once a year so as always to have "the latest," to whom the contest is the thing and the car just an instrument for it, will probably smile at this; but it is just a matter of the point of view and they can always skip the rest of the article. I have always had a predilection for the big car, so admirably exemplified by the Bentley, and I have not yet seen the car I would rather own, either as a possession or for the pleasure in driving it. This probably sounds disgustingly self-satisfied, but there it is.

As remarked above, the history of the Birkin-Paget team is well known, but perhaps a few notes on the cars under

review would be of interest. The single-seater is No. 1 and the road car No. 4, and most of the engine components are stamped with these numbers. Incidentally, No. 2 is the other short chassis car, belonging to Mavrogardato, while Paul Marx has No. 3, the long, or rather normal chassis machine. After much studying of photographs, it was decided that Mavrogardato's car was the one driven by Birkin at Le Mans in 1930 while he drove mine at Phoenix Park, Ulster T.T. and in the Pau Grand Prix. He finished fourth at Phoenix Park after breaking an oil pipe in the final stages and crashed at Ballystockart in the T.T. At Pau, he finished second, after what must have been one of the greatest drives in history, against the cream of Continental drivers on out and out racing cars. Considering their natural superiority in braking and cornering, the Bentley's speed on the straights must have been tremendous. Among the spares I have is a straight through exhaust system covered with mud, on which is a small aluminium plaque with the words "Pau 1930. Removed from No. 4 car."

The Brooklands races of the single-seater are too numerous to mention here in detail, but one stands out above all others—the match race against John Cobb and his Delage, which the Bentley won by a couple of lengths, putting in a final lap at 137.3. It is said that altogether the single-seater covered over 50 laps at 135 m.p.h. or more during its career. There are many who have criticised the car on the score of steadiness, but it is significant that Birkin never mentions it in his book, and from the many alterations in shock absorbers, weight distribution, etc. it is obvious that much thought has been expended on the problem.

Of the immediate history of the cars when the team was disbanded, I am, of course, unaware. It would be of great interest if anyone who owned any of the cars immediately after their racing careers were to write in and give his impressions. My car I did not purchase until 1935, when it was owned by Mr. R. C. Murton-Neale, who had run it in an Outer Circuit race and succeeded in finishing second, with a lap at 127 m.p.h. He told me that the car had belonged for a while to Chassagne, who prepared it for the Belgian 24 Hour Race in 1931 or 32, but it was not ready and never ran. One of the cars, No. 3 went to France for a while, and was twice entered for Le Mans by Trevoux. I believe it crashed each time.

A few months after taking delivery, a piston broke during a run to Scotland in the summer. Incidentally, this occurred at Penrith, which we had reached in a little over five hours from London. Lest anyone should imagine this is another average speed story, I hasten to point out that we left London at 5 o'clock in the morning; but it did give me an idea of the very high average the car could put up, especially as we had made no attempt to hurry, since we had all day in which to complete the journey.

Anyway, the car was repaired at a small but efficient garage in Dumfries, but through a natural ignorance, the standard Bentley pistons were fitted, very long ones with a ring at the bottom, which absorbed much of the engine power. The result, of course, was a considerable reduction in performance, though reliability, in the shape of almost complete freedom from plug trouble, was improved. Later, a new type of very light piston was tried, resulting in a slight improvement in acceleration, though the maximum remained at about 112 m.p.h., the last 1,000 revs. in any gear being somehow hard to come by.

However, in its detuned state it made a very reliable and pleasant road car, and really possessed considerable speed. On the way up to Shelsley one time, I recollect being passed with a rush by Earl Howe on an Alfa-Romeo. Thinking it it would be amusing to hitch my wagon to a star, I gave chase and the Bentley held the speed of his car quite easily. Perhaps he was merely loitering. In such competitions as were entered, nothing was done to the car by way of tuning; its only successes were at a Vintage meeting near Hartley Wintney when it won two classes and was second in another. Lewes was tried without success, and also in 1936 the car finished fifth in the Bentley Drivers' Club Race at the October Brooklands meeting, the flying lap being 103 m.p.h.

Then at the beginning of last year, I heard of a more or less standard blower Bentley which had been prepared for an Outer Circuit race at Brooklands, had lapped at 123 in practice, with full equipment and been rejected by the stewards as too fast for the entrant, who was new to Brooklands racing. I discovered it had been prepared by Louis Giron at Hampton Court, and to him I forthwith repaired, to see what could be done about mine. He quickly discovered that a rebore and new valve guides would be necessary, and that the compression ratio was actually lower than standard! Thus the missing 1,000 revs. were explained. New Martlett pistons were fitted, bringing the compression up to 6.5 to 1, and the original S.U. carburetters, which were showing some signs of wear, replaced by two Zenith Triple Diffusers, most remarkable instruments which seem to give an amazing urge high up in the speed range. The brakes came in for a lot of attention and were very greatly improved. Several detail modifications were carried out, including the fitting of a beautiful little air pump driven by a propeller, to maintain pressure in the fuel tank on long runs—and a great joy it has proved.

Eventually the car was completed and run in, and it was evident that a great improvement had been effected. During carburetter tests at Brooklands, it went up to 120 m.p.h. with consummate ease on fairly soft plugs, Champion R.1 on the exhaust side and R.3 on the inlet. The urge at high speed was fascinating; 100 m.p.h. for instance could be held



FINAL MONTHLY

BULLETIN

IN common with the majority of motor sporting organisations, the activities of the British Racing Drivers' Club were automatically suspended on the outbreak of war. Many of our members on Navy, Army and Air Force reserves were mobilised in advance of that historic Sunday whilst others attached to various A.R.P. organisations were also called out for service. One of the first to be mobilised was the Club's President—the Rt. Hon. Earl Howe, P.C., C.B.E., V.D., who holds the rank of Commodore in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

With the restrictions on private motoring it is very unlikely that any motor sporting events—rallies, trials and the like—much less motor races can be run until the war is over. Much, naturally depends on its length, but if hopes that it will be short are fulfilled, then motor racing at the end of the war will be resumed without great difficulty where it left off. One hears on all sides of cars being carefully packed up and evacuated to places of safety so there should be no dearth of machines.

In neutral Italy, a motor racing programme to include Grand Prix and Voiturette events has already been announced for 1940, but they will, of necessity, be little more than national

races and a duel for honours between Alfa-Romeo and Maserati. As the repercussions of the war are bound to be felt in that country, it is unlikely that there will be any real development in the design of either marque.

It is rather interesting to consider the situation which existed twenty years ago, after the Great War. Then the outstanding feature of the position was the dearth of racing cars. None had been built for four or five years and the factories had been so gravely disorganised that few of them were in a position immediately to turn out new racers. Although one or two European cars went to Indianapolis in 1919, it was not until 1921 that sufficient new racing cars could be assembled to justify running an International event such as the French Grand Prix. Brooklands races had got going earlier, but they were greatly handicapped by the shortage of suitable cars. Many of the pre-war track cars had disappeared and of those which remained, some had not been improved by five year's neglect. Moreover, whilst chassis design in the interval had been more or less neglected, the development of the internal combustion engine had been fostered by intensive research on the part of aeroplane constructors.

As a result while manufacturers were still prepared after the war to build even racing cars with brakes on the rear wheels only, in spite of the use of four-wheel brakes by enterprising makers such as Peugeot in 1914, drivers were no longer satisfied with machines powered with engines of pre-war design. Since none others were immediately available, however, motor racing was presented, especially at Brooklands, with such freaks as "Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang," in which an enormous aero engine was piled on to a chassis and the whole contraption made to proceed in a manner fit to raise the enthusiasm of the awed spectator.

With the development of the touring car over the last twenty years, the construction of racing cars has become more than ever the job of the specialist manufacturer such as our own E.R.A. and Alta and there is little doubt that both these marques will figure prominently in racing as soon as it is resumed.

In so far as the Club is concerned it is hoped to keep in touch with members from time to time and resume normal activities as soon after the end of the war as possible.

MY BIRKIN BENTLEYS—continued

comfortably on half throttle, and even from that speed, the oomph which was forthcoming was quite astonishing.

This success encouraged me to enter for the United Hospitals and Vintage meeting at Donington last May. It was decided to see what the performance would be on "dope," and accordingly only racing classes were entered, though the car ran fully equipped. The increase in performance was most marked; in practice the Bentley reached 115 on the uphill stretch and over 120 the other way. The brakes too, came fully up to expectation, slowing the car in magnificent fashion on the awkward hill down to Melbourne corner. But in the actual race came disaster; leaving the top corner I held on to bottom gear a fraction too long, there was an appalling crash from the engine and a great cloud of smoke blew back into the car. A connecting rod had snapped at the bottom, smashing through an engine bearer on one side and the very non-standard sump on the other.

Things looked bad. There was no use blinking the fact, the engine would have to be entirely rebuilt, and the only way of doing this really well seemed to be to purchase the spares, and perhaps the single-seater, which was in almost for-

gotten retirement at Welwyn. So at last, after much charging up avenues and overturning stones, I set forth in a large lorry armed with a permit to remove the single-seater and all the spares I could find. The business of removing the car would almost form the subject for an article by itself, not the least of our troubles being the extraordinary difficulty of inserting my admittedly fairly ample form into the driving seat. Indeed, when we stopped for lunch, it was almost decided that it would be quicker to bring out something on a tray; kind friends who were supposed to be assisting in the removal spent most of their time alternately laughing or taking photographs of my embarrassment.

Back in the workshop, it was decided that the best plan would be to transfer the engine of the single-seater more or less entirely, vandalism though this seemed at first. It has the much discussed big port block—probably the only one in existence—a much larger and superbly made crankshaft, the most beautiful set of steel connecting rods and a much lighter flywheel. The clutch, too, was transferred. The main bearings, though perfect, were re-metalled with more modern material, and the water system altered to get an improved flow

past the exhaust valve seats, which used to be liable to crack. The lubrication system needed alteration, as the system on the single-seater differs considerably. A brand new supercharger from the stock of spares was used, and various other detail improvements and innovations effected.

The car has only just been completed and I have not yet driven it. I am told that the improvement is wonderful, the big crankshaft giving a truly remarkable degree of smoothness. The performance, too, should be considerably enhanced.

Finally, the single seater will be rebuilt and used on the road, in as near original condition as possible. In this connection, the only parts needed are the upper half of the crankcase and a set of connecting rods; if anybody knows where these articles may be obtained at a reasonable price, I should be eternally grateful for the information.

And now, in case you haven't noticed it, there is a war on, the infernal flying machine needs the whole of the world's petrol supply and there we are. Anyway, it's all been great fun, and no doubt the Bentleys will sleep soundly under their coating of oil and their dustsheets, until the happier days come again.

Continental Notes and News

By
AUSLANDER

A fact to which we have got to resign ourselves with the best grace possible is that motor-racing is harder hit by war than most other sports. Football, horse-racing, boxing, golf—all these have been started up again in a more or less modified form, but the likelihood of our seeing any motor-racing in any of the belligerent countries either this winter or next season is exceedingly remote.

It was the same in the last war, of course. The famous French Grand Prix was the last classic race of 1914, while I suppose the very last motor-race meeting of all before the war actually broke out was the Bank Holiday Meeting at Brooklands. On that occasion, you may remember or have read, two white German cars, fresh from a very commendable performance in the Grand Prix de l'A.C.F., took part in the racing and were "interned" in London for the duration. The fate of one of these Opels I have never been able to trace, but the second one earned lasting fame for itself by being the first car raced by the late Sir Henry Segrave when Brooklands re-opened after the armistice, and, carefully renovated and preserved by its present owner, Mavrogordato, is still in fine fettle.

This incident has no counterpart in the present war, but this does not prevent us from indulging in keen speculation as to the ultimate fate—after Hitler has been duly liquidated—of the Grand Prix Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union racing cars. It would be nice to think of those two teams carrying on with the same drivers and personnel, but I am afraid that this can never happen. Quite apart from the possibility of casualties occurring in their ranks, the economic position of Germany, no matter how lenient the victors may be in the terms of the next peace treaty, will preclude any chance of considerable sums of money being spent on motor-racing. It is all a great pity, for no finer set of sportsmen could be met than those German motor-racing teams, from Neubauer, Feuereisen and other executives, the drivers themselves, right down to the lowliest mechanic. Meanwhile the all-important necessity of crushing Hitlerism for ever forces us to regard them as our nation's enemies. It's a crazy world.

I see no reason, however, why a full season of motor-racing should not be enjoyed in Italy next year. In saying this I am discounting the rumour one hears of the war spreading to other frontiers of France, because such tales can only have one source. The Alfa-Romeo factory, relieved from the threat of imminent war and the consequent necessity of concentrating all its resources on the production of armaments, is now finding time to perfect the design of a new sixteen-cylinder 3-litre car on Formula lines. This will no doubt include many of the features already tried out in the bigger sixteen-cylinder cars, and with the accumulated experience of so many years of continuous motor-racing

behind it, the latest Alfa should be capable of holding its own with the best. Lack of speed has always been the failing of Alfa-Romeos in recent years, their chassis layout and road-holding qualities being entirely adequate. That the Italian engineers have not extracted the maximum amount of power available from their engines has been proved, I think, by the remarkable speed of the British-tuned and modified Multi-Union, which is much faster than any of the factory monoposto 3-litre eight-cylinder cars has ever been.

Another item of extreme interest to British motor-racing followers is that the Alfa-Romeo people have made an experimental 1½-litre car with a twelve-cylinder engine. It has been known for some time, of course, that they have not been entirely content with the straight-eight machine, especially after its trouncing by the untried Mercedes-Benz at Tripoli and there has been a good deal of bargaining going on with independent drivers with the idea of disposing of them. At least there was until the war intervened. However, the price reported to be asked for them was apparently too high for most people, because none of the cars has left the factory. On the other hand it may well have been that Alfas themselves withdrew from the negotiations, or delayed them, until such time as the experimental twelve-cylinder model showed definite signs of being a success.

If and when the world returns to something like its former state, and motor-racing is made possible once more, I think that we shall find a 1½-litre Formula coming into force right from the start, in which case the new twelve-cylinder Alfa should have the beating of most of its rivals on the score of racing experience alone. That is, of course, allowing for a two or three years war. Some means may then be found of digging out the Mercedes-Benz V8s and the as yet unseen Auto-Unions from their retirement, unless they are scuttled—or whatever it is one does to motor-cars that one is incapable of using oneself and that one does not wish to fall into enemy hands. The new E.R.A. will presumably still be available, as well as lots of Maseratis, and after an interval of time Bugatti may be able to finish his new 1½-litre car. There are the makings here of a really good Grand Prix field. I admit that it does seem rather fantastic to talk about Grand Prix fields at the moment, but a little building of castles in the air helps to relieve the monotony of the war that is not a war.

I think I remarked last month how curious it was that none of the French racing drivers seem to be in the Air Force, which is where one would somehow

expect to find them. Well, here is the proverbial exception, or rather two of them. Roger Loyer, the smiling, charming driver of a blue Maserati at Donington and elsewhere this year, and a rider of motor-cycles in the Isle of Man T.T., is a pilot in the Armée de l'Air, in which Vernet is a sergeant. Practically everyone connected with motor-racing in France is in a Service of some sort or other. Trevoux, Monte Carlo Rally expert and race-driver of Rileys, is in the French edition of the R.A.S.C. Delpech, known to one and all as Raph's mechanic, is in the mechanised section of the Army; Lapchin, the Fiat driver, is a fireman; René Dreyfus is a big noise in the transport division of the Army; and Robert Letorey, the Percy Bradley of Montlhéry for many years, is an Army officer.

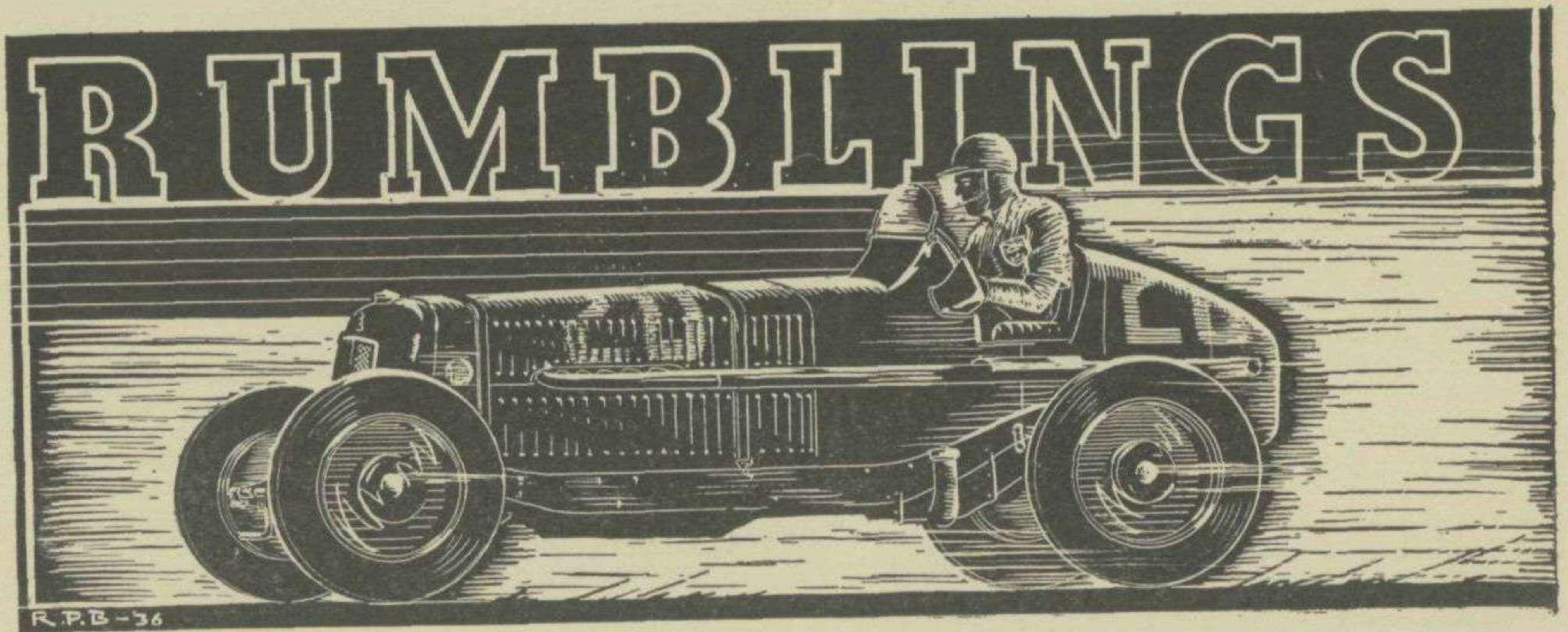
My last paragraph this month concerns the loss of someone who has done an enormous lot for motor-racing and who will be missed in every European country where the sport has taken place. I refer to Laury Schell, who was recently killed in a road accident in France. Laury Schell was one of those fortunate people who are blessed with both an exceptional degree of enthusiasm—in his case centred on motor-racing and everything to do with motoring—and the means to give practical effect to that enthusiasm. Until recently Delahayes were always his love, and he started by driving them in Monte Carlo Rallies with his wife, who shared his enthusiasm. From this he went on to the formation of the Ecurie Bleu racing stable, which had just switched over to Maseratis when war broke out. He himself was of American nationality, but he had spent most of his life in France. Madame Schell, too, is an American by birth, and I am sorry to say that she was badly hurt in the accident, which took place near Sens. Laury Schell was very seriously injured in a road crash last year, while his drivers and cars were in England for the Dunlop Jubilee Meeting. It is indeed ironical that he should have recovered from that accident only to be involved in another, this time with fatal consequences, twelve months or so later.

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*through the difficult
times ahead*

see page ii of cover



They have Found us a Job

SOON after war broke out, MOTOR SPORT gave careful consideration to the question of how the expert, fast car driver, wishing to offer his specialist abilities in his country's interest, fitted into the new scheme of things. In the "Stop Press" October issue we pointed out that fast drivers did not seem to be wanted in either military or the Civil Defence Services. This subject is again referred to in this issue. After this reference had been written, we discovered that Temple Press, Ltd., mainly through the good offices of Graham Walker, the racing motorcyclist, and Editor of "Motor Cycling," had evolved a Register of Trials Drivers, from which the War Office proposes to draw commissioned and non-commissioned driving instructors for new Army driving training schools. Success in trials will definitely be taken into consideration in enrolling applicants.

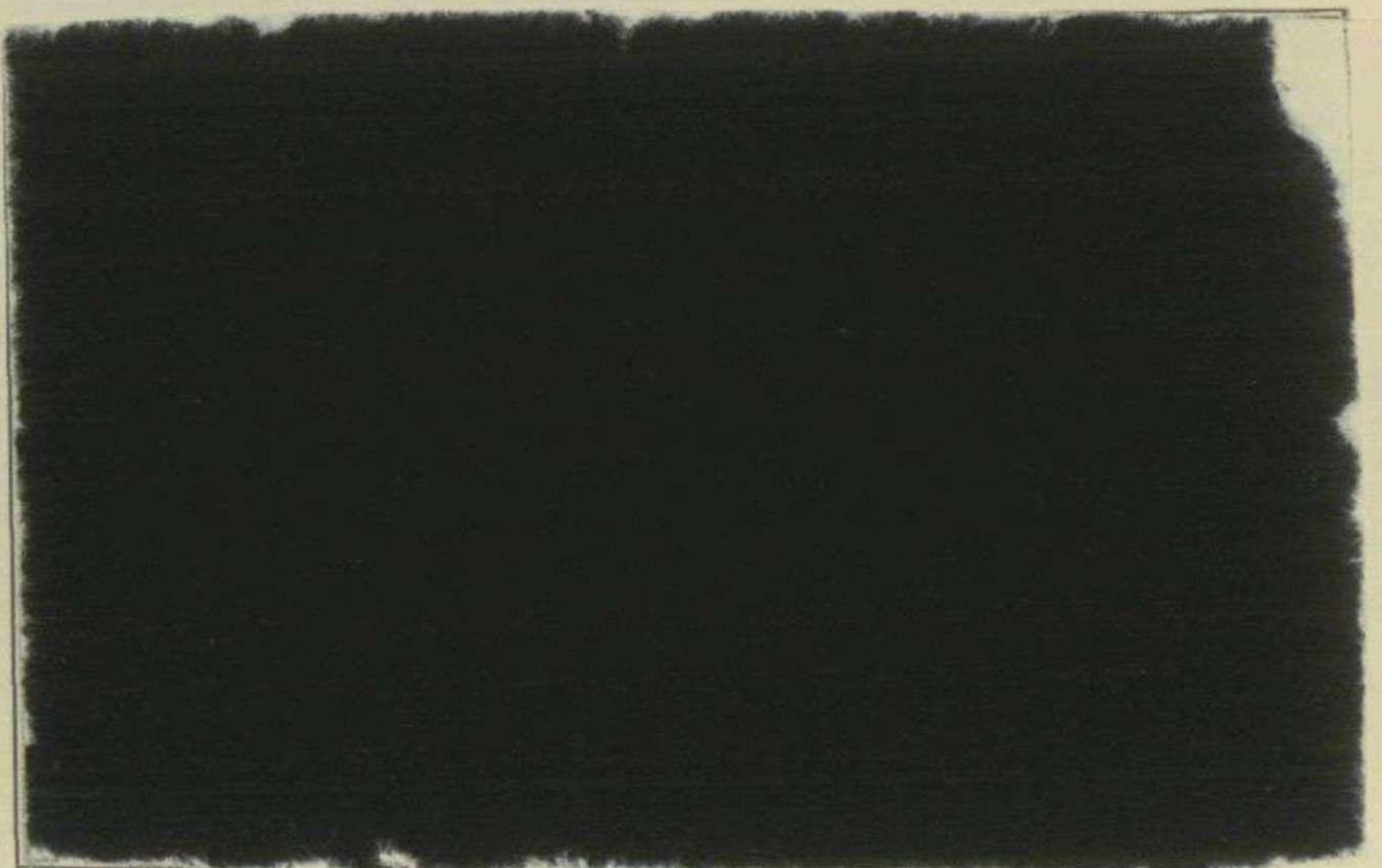
This is a most significant announcement, which cannot fail to please those who have taken motor-car trials seriously in the past. We wish to steal nothing of Temple Press's thunder and would refer interested readers to the issue of "The Light Car" of November 11th for full details. However, excellent as this scheme is, it does not cover those who are under or over military age or otherwise exempt from military service, nor does it provide for really skilled specialist drivers anxious to drive fast cars on serious errands under war conditions. That some consideration be given in official circles to such persons is something for which we must still plead.

* * *

Installation

Fire-pumps are amongst the appliances which are very much

in the news these days, on account of the widespread interest displayed in A.R.P. functions. Recently, we met a very neat installation put up by some motoring enthusiasts and, after successful test, dedicated to factory use. A centrifugal sugar-pump was mounted on an axle, carrying small disc wheels shod with ribbed Dunlop tyres. The original electric motor was removed, and its place taken by an old magneto-ignition Austin Seven unit mounted on a suitable girder-cradle. This engine was once used for racing and before being wedded to the pump, which it drives via a Rolls-Royce transmission coupling, it was given a new rear main bearing and one or two new piston rings. It has an Amal updraught carburetter on the old-pattern manifold, and starts and picks up remarkably well. The controls are neatly connected by bowden-wires to a fascia panel, on which the only dials are the engine oil-gauge and a water-pressure pump. Water is drawn from a tank over the pump and the Austin radiator has been replaced by



"J. D. A." with his present 1½-litre Aston Martin.

RUMBLINGS—continued

a cooling tank in circuit with this supply tank. The whole contrivance can be easily wheeled around and it gave a pressure of 40 lbs. per square inch on test and ran the factory hydrant dry.

Another clever installation we saw not long ago was that carried out by Peter Clark when he tired of the supercharged 2-litre Lagonda engine in the F.M., which car he purchased a while back. He has put in a Ford V8 30 engine very neatly, making up an extended belt drive for the small fan that snuggles behind the Invicta radiator, leaving the original drive to merely look after the water impellers. The dynamo lives between the cylinder blocks and comes within the function of the new drive, and actuation of a rev. counter is also worked in. This F.M., which, you will recall, was a 1½-litre Invicta chassis specially developed for Monte Carlo Rally work to the order of the late Sebag Montefiore, has provided lots of fun. At first it overheated furiously and a new block in the shapely radiator failed to effect a cure. The trouble was eventually traced to the undershield, which, cut away to cool the Ford sump, allowed such air-pressure to build up beneath the bonnet that hardly any was induced to flow through the radiator. A piece of old tin effected a complete cure. The Villiers supercharger of the former Lagonda engine blew-up rather completely, but Peter Clark may one day use this engine in his proposed f.w.d. hill-climb special, as the Tracta engine, with its smallish, two-bearing crank, might dislike forced induction. Waddy has lent his advice about this special and two blowers and heaps of bits await a time when a hill-climb car can again be put to good use when completed.

Odd Spots

Just prior to the war R. M. Cowell, having sold his sports Alta to Abecassis, was contemplating supercharging a 3½-litre SS. 100.

John Cobb's Railton, holder of the world's Land Speed Record, has returned safely to this country, travelling in a special steamer.

* * *

Amongst the successful alternate fuel appliances is the Eness anthracite-burning plant, distributed by the Wayne Tank and Pump Co. Ltd. The trailers are made by the Southern Motor Company, run by the enthusiastic May family, and we believe that two of the demonstration cars are an Armstrong-Siddeley Twenty, formerly owned by Sydney Allard's father, and one of the reconditioned 20/25 Rolls-Royce cars in which the Southern Motor Co. specialise.

* * *

We met an enthusiast recently who claimed to run his sports-bodied Ford Eight entirely on paraffin (now illegal)—certainly it smelt like it!

* * *

Rover cars are still in production.

* * *

Sports cars have not entirely vanished from our roads and M.G., Bentley and Morgan 4/4 seem especially prominent.

* * *

Will Edwardian carriages become a vogue amongst Army officers in this war? A 1910, or thereabouts, 42 h.p. Renault has appeared in Aldershot.

* * *

Marcus Chambers is said to be entering the Navy and K. B. Shaw is a policeman.

TWO

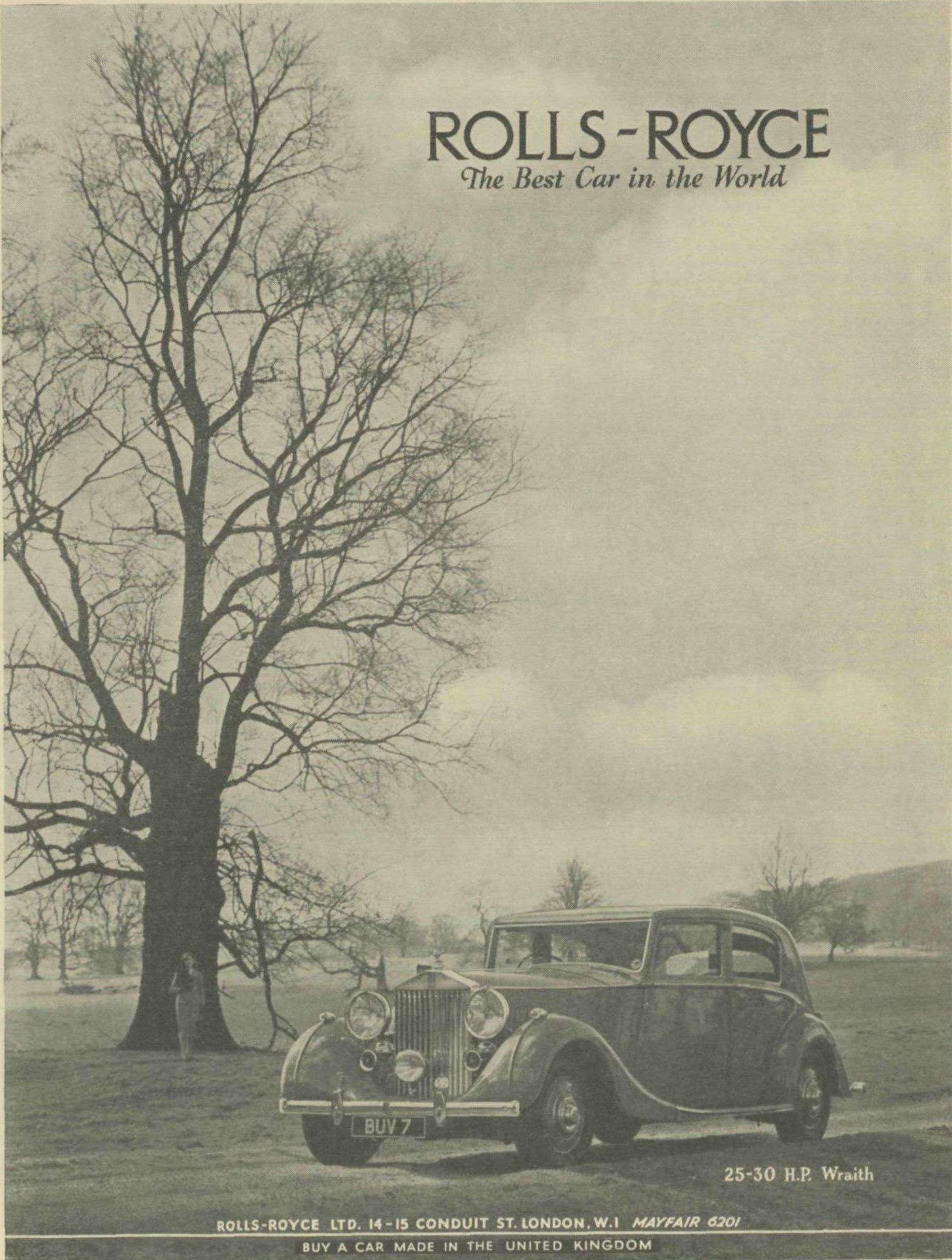


tinct from *heads and stems* of small diameter valves, and difficulties associated with involved castings, weigh against the multi-valve head, particularly for aero-engine use. On the last-named grounds both the Bristol and Daimler-Benz machine their four-valve heads from the solid. In the matter of the four-valve head being less sensitive to ignition timing, plug position and fuel changes, it is believed by F. R. Banks that lower turbulence of the unfired charge is the explanation, the four-valve head usually having valves only slightly inclined. Lower head temperature, cure of pre-ignition and greater economy result in certain instances, particularly when alcohol fuel is used, as the lesser "swirl" obviates stratified charge conditions. The two-valve hemispherical head can be said to be more popular than the multi-valve because the disadvantages referred to above are universally more unpalatable than the rather specialised gains which the four-valve layout offers

on a wide variety of fuels. Concerning ability to suit the needs, as dis-

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Letters from Readers

Sir,

As a reader of MOTOR SPORT for many years may I express my sincere thanks for the fact that you are carrying on publishing.

There must be many enthusiasts like myself who are in reserved occupations and therefore carrying on work more or less as usual at home, and what would form a very welcome series of articles, I am sure, would be, notes on vintage cars, giving maintenance hints, etc., and as much technical data as possible, i.e., valve timing, valve lift, comp. ratio—what can and cannot be got out of various machines, etc.

I have taken my cherished machine (G.P. Special Salmson) off the road for a thorough re-build, and am at present using an Austin Seven Special I built but with an ordinary Austin engine in place of the more potent one, and I think that some notes such as I have suggested would be of great interest to all, as there must be many who are seizing this enforced idleness for their "speed machines" to re-condition them.

Wishing you the best of luck and looking forward to your next publication.

I am, Yours etc.,

M. S. GREYHEGAN.

Towcester.

P.S.—Please keep us in touch with the Sports Spares people—they are so useful!

[Sorry, we have no time to devote nowadays to exchange of bits.—Ed.]

* * *

Sir,

I was very glad to see your October number of MOTOR SPORT and I sincerely hope that you will be able to keep going until we have put Hitler and Co. in their proper place. As a lot of us will be cut off completely from motoring, MOTOR SPORT will be invaluable in helping us to forget the khaki for a while and to think of sane things. So please continue!

As you are likely to be hard up for news, etc., why not reprint articles from old numbers—say, pre-1931. Myself, and a lot of friends were too young to take an intelligent interest in those days and we would like to hear more of vintage machinery. I'm sure that goes for a lot of people in their late 'teens or early twenties, and I expect our elders and betters (?) would not object to memories being recalled, etc.

I am, Yours etc.,

W. A. MARKHAM.

London,

N.22.

[We hope to keep going with new veteran types copy, without recourse to old matter.—Ed.]

* * *

Sir,

I was very relieved to receive my monthly copy of MOTOR SPORT to-day,

and to note that you were continuing to publish this most excellent magazine; it will certainly be a pleasant diversion from the continual War talk. My brother and I particularly enjoy reading "General Notes," as we also reckon to visit somewhere in connection with motor racing sport every week during the season. We had contemplated entering sprint events ourselves during the near future, but we shall have to be content now with just day-dreaming about it. It seems impossible to believe that "The Sport" may be dead for a long period, before I close this rambling letter I feel I must congratulate your "Auslander" on his detailed exclusive foreign information he has given us during the past.

I am, Yours etc.,

S. L. WALLACE.

Hitchin,

Herts.

* * *

Sir,

I am extremely glad you have decided to carry on MOTOR SPORT. I have bought it for years and keep every copy. When I read your front page for this month and realised that probably you will be short of copy for a few months, I decided to write and give you my opinions and some suggestions.

In the October-November 1936 issue there is a photograph of Birkin's 4½-litre supercharged Bentley I should like to have some details and more photographs of this car. I am a great "fan" of the old-school Bentley and I think that a reasonably complete history of this marque would be very readable.

Another history which I should greatly appreciate would be a biography of "Maestro" Nuvolari. (These last two might be both made long enough for serials).

Amongst past articles which I have particularly enjoyed are "Memories" (January, 1937) and "Fun for a Fiver" (September 1938).

You might also publish some pictures of the Bentleys which came in first, second, third and fourth at Le Mans in 1929 (?).

I hope these few suggestions will help you a little and at a later date I may be able to let you have some more.

I am, Yours etc.,

D. M. GRASSICK.

Derby.

[We have published a racing history of the marque already. Peter Robertson-Roger has kindly prepared an article for us on his Le Mans Bentleys, which we think will comply with this reader's request.—Ed.]

Sir,

I read with interest the article headed "Fast Drivers Not Wanted" in the October MOTOR SPORT. Despite the title I see you say that fast drivers may be wanted later on and, if anything more comes of it, I should be most interested to hear about it. I am not sure that the statement "Fast Drivers" may not be slightly putting off to the powers that-be, however! Anyway, I don't know if I come under your heading, but I have a fairly fast motor car; at present laid up; of course it may not go quite so fast as usual on Pool petrol but still, I think it would roll along alright, and I'm used to propelling it about, with very moderate success I might add, in trials, rallies, Donington, etc. It is a two-seater. Please excuse a possibly disjointed letter, but the wireless has been on all the time, I'm not good at doing two things at once.

I am, Yours etc.,

(LADY) MARY GROSVENOR.

Churton,

Chester.

* * *

Sir,

I am delighted to know that MOTOR SPORT is to continue, war or no war—it is one of the few bright spots in a very dreary world. As a reader for several years, I have always enjoyed MOTOR SPORT immensely. I like its specialisation as a journal for the out-and-out enthusiast, and I have a specially "soft spot" for the contributor of "Club News"; I do hope he will carry on with those interesting intimate "General Notes" of his.

Thank you for the picture of Rolt in the E.R.A. in the October issue—in these lean times it was worth the sixpence in itself. Can we have some more pictorial reminders of happier days?

I am, Yours etc.,

G.F.H.

Penrith.

* * *

Sir,

Congratulations on your enthusiasm on managing to get out the current edition of MOTOR SPORT. Although the copy I received is only a shadow of its former self, it says a lot for your spirit in a time like this.

You may wonder what possible interest I can have in the Sport up here, but since you ask for correspondence on anything, you will get it.

I started at a very early age when recovering from an illness, with a Meccano set, and a pal and I spent our time building and designing cars to climb grass banks in our respective gardens.

About 1921 my father bought a Lagonda, 11.9 push-rod o.h.v., with exposed rockers, and it was my job to

LETTERS FROM READERS—continued

fill up the oil cups every morning, and from that I started my real motoring. Various cars followed, a Cowley, and then a 13.9 1928 Oxford, which I learned to drive. I always remember my difficulty over changing down, I read up all about double clutching, and one day put the theory into practice, and ever since, have got better on all makes of gearboxes. After this, a chap showed me how the racing change down went, without using the clutch, but it would only work on non-synchro. boxes.

Progressing from the Oxford to another and then a Morris Family "Eight," with a lovely habit of breaking front springs, which after a little practice I could put in a new one in about 45 mins.

At present I use a Series I Morris "Eight" for business, which involves travelling all over the South West of Scotland, with odd trips further afield. My longest non-stop run on business is 17 miles, and I have just run in a new engine in the "Eight."

There used to be a bit of sport when the Arrol Johnston and Arrol Aster works were running, but now it is dead.

I will always remember meeting E. R. Hall early one morning on the Dumfries-Moffat road when he was trying out one of the 1930 or '29 Arrol Aster T.T. jobs. I never went into a ditch so quick in all my life.

My pal used to live in the town, and run a Clyno and then a Cowley, and later left for Loughborough, and turned up now and again with a new model to try out. One of these was a 75 Chrysler Roadster, which gave us a lot of fun, and one glorious time when he arrived with a supercharged F.W.D. four-cylinder Alvis with which we did a bit of dicing. The next interesting type was a home-built Austin, with a 14-6 engine in a Twelve chassis minus wings, screen and practically no body.

I usually went over for the A.C.U. T.T. Races, every year, but one year, when the R.A.C. ran the Mannin Beg and Mannin Moar, I went over for them, and saw for the first time some of the racing cars and drivers I had only read about. One highspot was meeting Freddie Dixon after his great win in the Mannin Beg after the Magnettes all packed up with transmission trouble.

There used to be a club in Dumfries, which ran trials, hill climbs and sand races, but it went the way of forgotten things, and now, the town has lapsed into its usual sleepy self.

Wishing you every success with MOTOR SPORT in the future.

I am, Yours etc.,

ROBERT KERR.

Dumfries.

* * *

Sir,

It will probably be of no little interest, to hear how various makes of sports cars perform on "Pool" petrol. No doubt, a lot of people are already wrapping their motors in cotton wool for the duration and not even giving this "Pool" a fair

trial. Perhaps my own experiences will serve, at least, to bring a few of those "sporty" jobs back on the road, for that few miles which is surely better than none.

My own 1½-litre Le Mans Singer has been tuned and tuned until it would clock the "hundred" when "asked." The only alteration carried out was to move the ignition control in to a more "getatable" position. For ordinary town work the motor is run fully retarded but when opening up the ignition can be fully advanced at about half throttle.

I am sure that, any of your readers, who are doubtful may let their motors off the jacks when I say that, last week coming down the Purley Way, we had a nice little 92 m.p.h. on "Pool."

I am, Yours etc.,

H. F. HART.

Beckenham,
Kent.

* * *

Sir,

As there are going to be no races to comment on during the ensuing unpleasantness could you possibly print reports of races starting, from say, 1924 just as they appeared in the current numbers?

This may sound escapist but I am sure there are a large body of readers about my own age (25) who have only heard of these races commented upon from a modern point of view and would look forward to them with the same anticipation as if it was the normal calendar for 1940. And think how pleasant it would be to look forward to a report of the French G.P. after being relieved of the vacant possession of a freehold shell hole somewhere near the Nurburg Ring.

I am, Yours etc.,

EVERARD SMITH.

Wigan.

* * *

Sir,

As a reader of MOTOR SPORT I would like to bring your attention to the fact that the famous Leyland Thomas is about to be broken up in a yard in Lewes. The price this breaker is asking is £25, and as I cannot, unfortunately, afford to buy it, I thought that you may know of someone who will. I consider it a crime for these veterans to meet this fate. Trusting that you will be able to do something towards it. If I can be of any help I will.

I am, Yours etc.,

B. H. GAHAGAN.

Near Lewes,
Sussex.

LATE NEWS

The Seven-Fifty Club will curtail, but not suspend activities, for the "duration." The BULLETIN will be continued and special attention will be given to the club's scheme of exchange of Austin Seven spares, as it is felt that much reconstruction work will be undertaken

by members during the war. It may be possible to arrange brief club runs soon and to offer seats to those who are now motorless. A social will be held on December 11th, at Lyon's Corner House, Strand, at 6.30 p.m.

A few new members have been elected since September, but their subscriptions will not be demanded until greater activities take place with the arrival of peace.

Hon. Secretary: P. H. Hunter, 39 Warland Road, S.E.18. Telephone: Woolwich 0823.

THE WARTIME POLICY OF "MOTOR SPORT"

Readers may have been wondering how we propose to fill the pages of MOTOR SPORT now that racing is confined to a few neutral States and trials have finished.

Actually, copy is coming in very well—so well that we are not at the moment in need of articles by outside contributors—and we have every confidence that, by using articles of general interest to enthusiasts, written by well known drivers and motoring personalities, we shall be able to retain the former appeal of this paper, even though it may gradually assume rather more resemblance to a journal, and less that of its former role of outspoken newspaper, until conditions return to normal. However, we are loath to fill its pages with entirely historical articles, though much of the available space may have to be utilised thus as the war drags on and news and articles on topics of general interest are less easy to come by. Probably the first article on purely past activities will be a review of recent 1½-litre racing, enabling readers to assess the British E.R.A. at its true value. And we hope to publish something on the "Trend of Racing Car Design," dealing with the development of the 3-litre and 1½-litre cars up to the advent of war, in a future issue.

The Editor, wishes to thank those readers and advertisers, and those voluntary contributors, who have made possible the continued existence of MOTOR SPORT under war conditions.

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ALL I CAN REMEMBER OR NEARLY ALL

A PASSENGER'S EYEVUEW OF THOSE THINGS CALLED TRIALS

By K. HUTCHISON

[We have, in the past, referred several times to feminine apathy in matters motoring. Therefore, congratulations are due to Kitty Hutchison not only for being 100 per cent. enthusiast, but to our good selves for discovering one who is an exception to a generalisation and, moreover, one who, apart from her keenness over sports motoring, also reveals a very high literary standard in connection with motoring subjects. Kitty is the wife of K. N. Hutchison, the well known trials driver, so we suppose congratulations are due to "K.N.H.," too. Kitty used to compete in the R.A.C. Rally, etc. before her marriage, notably in an Avon Standard, and she has passengered her husband in almost all his trials, since.—Ed.]

WINTER 1939, providing Dolfie's Darling Boys don't find S.W.19 looks like being the most peaceful I've known for a long while. No trials, no tearing round the countryside each week-end. Muddiest moments when gardening. Calloo, Callay! and Peace, perfect Peace—I hope.

No starting on Friday night in the rain and/or fog, to drive 150 miles to the start. Oh yes, we *have* a hood, but we've left it behind to get more tools in, or we can't see out when it's up, or it flaps on the top of our heads all the time, and there is a poisonous draught round the back of the neck when it's up, anyway. No sleeping in dank hotels which have never dried out since the roof blew off in the great storm of 1880. No sitting miserably at the foot of sections, picking mud and worms off my outer garments, knowing that if I move I shall get wetter than I am already, despite my shapeless rubber sack, tied around with string (the belt went long ago), the pocket of which sags with stop-watch; sodden route-card (abominably got up, and printed in too small type); copy of the regulations (ten yards in seven seconds or seven yards in ten seconds?); spanner for shockers; screwdriver for tickover; string (remembered it this time, so we didn't need it); spectacle case; tyre gauge; goggles for driver; rag for windscreen (caked with mud already); a bar of milk chocolate (ditto), slightly melted; in addition to entire finances for week-end; our special headache powders; humbler tube of headache capsules and quinine tablets for self, (these can be swallowed *en route*, with the addition, of course, of a little mud). No violent aches and pains between the start and the first hill. No panics over missed route (we generally haven't, in the end). No noble suppression of "I knew you would," when we overshoot line B, and have to reverse back, or worse still, are not allowed to do so. No grin of delight when Guy goes through the hedge *again*, but none of those infuriating moments when he climbs something we haven't.

Too, there will not be the final blow at that depressing haven "tea at the finish," of "Why is it you always look such a haybag at the end of these things? I don't get half so untidy, and you've nothing to do but sit there and say 'left' or 'right' as the case may be." And though in more spirited moments I would like to point out that I am really rather a hot house flower, I feel that after such a day, and taking present appearance into consideration, this observation would scarcely ring true. Besides, my only thought is to get clean, and loaf in a hot bath with some escapist literature—Jane Austen or Sexton Blake.

As for trials themselves, what do I remember? The cissy car we had, long ago, which stopped on everything, boiling furiously, and the day when, having packed a scrum all around to push it out of the way, someone loosened the radiator cap; how we all vanished, me under a loose side-screen, (luxury—a side-screen!) and how long it took us to find the cap. And when we had a horrid little buzz-box, pale blue and chromium, masses of it. This pest had hydraulic brakes that leaked. We got very tired of returning on wet Sunday nights with only a cock-eyed hand-brake. Then there was the week-end we hit one tree in Gloucestershire and another the next day in Hampshire, after which the two ends wouldn't meet, so we had to leave it there; but not before we had run over our own front wing, which mysteriously fell off, and had seen a fox crossing the snow-covered downland track in front of us. I remember thinking how cold his paws must have been. Then there was the birthday I spent being rained on in Wales, which was nearly as bad as the one of dreadful memory when I was taken to Madame Tussaud's as a child.

Not that trials can't be good fun, but I enjoy the non-competitive moments best. In fact, during the last season I have enjoyed three trials thoroughly; the Experts', the Southsea President's Trophy, and the Lawrence Cup, all of which I spectated from the comfort of a saloon. At the first two I was accompanied by my "foolish friend" who knows nothing of trials, patters around on high heels, and insists upon stopping to gather twigs and sprigs, and though terrified of going up, or down, hills (main road), never turns a hair when I take a corner far too fast.

On each occasion, too, I was comforted by the thought that the accompanying car contained Martin Soames and some Assorted Allards, who would extricate me from any pickles I found myself in, if I looked sufficiently helpless. But the real party was the Lawrence Cup—not on the day of the trial, but when getting out the course. It was a

jolly good course in the wet. We got the old Ford down into the morass near Tunnel I, and we had L. G. and Mrs. Johnson, R. G. Andrews, Mrs. Hardy and me, bouncing in the back, not to mention Paul throwing his weight about in the front before we ungummed it. The next week-end was finer, but our first duty was to extricate a V8 coupé which the Hardy's had abandoned the night before in a swamp. This we moved with the aid of two ex-pine trees and part of the army, before settling down to the serious business of the day, followed by a giant picnic in a sylvan glade near Red Roads (did you know there were any?) and ending with races up Red Roads, and a neat circuit of Section Four and part of Red Roads. This went on until something vital went on the coupé, so we towed it away, and a good time was had by all.

In fact, after due consideration, trials *do* have their good points. Parts of them are quite enjoyable. After getting really wet, a little more damp, even if it is snow this time, doesn't matter; and one does get into the most lovely country:—the Black Mountains of Herefordshire, Exmoor, the Downs near Petersfield, and the Kentish Hills. . . . It was at the end of a Kentish observed section that I asked enthusiastically "Did you see the primroses?" The Highland Two Day Trial is good fun, too, but they have few byeways, so that unless the country is new to you, it is rather boring between sections. My chief recollections of this trial are that the car fell off the jack when wheel changing, a valve stuck open when letting down the tyres, and how, on the Sabbath, a day of rest, with the cars impounded, ten of us took a 120 mile trip to Mallaig in one V8 saloon. The year before, the Sunday was spent at Oban, so we went, on a rough day, in an open boat, to Tobermory on Mull, where we ate lots of eggs and bacon in the middle of the afternoon, before another even colder four hours trip back.

One really good thing about trials is the competitors themselves. Weird and wonderful things may stray in occasionally, but the regulars are a pretty resourceful crowd, with a healthy disrespect for humbug and red tape in any form, together with a positive genius for finding loopholes in regulations. When this present nonsense has been called off, it will be interesting to see what form trials will take. "Nobbles" will be back again, I hope, and no night sections and *very* elastic timekeeping, lots of lovely gluey sections with hardly any distance between them, and best of all, may it rain for a week beforehand, but *not* during the trial.

Meanwhile, damnation to warmongers everywhere.

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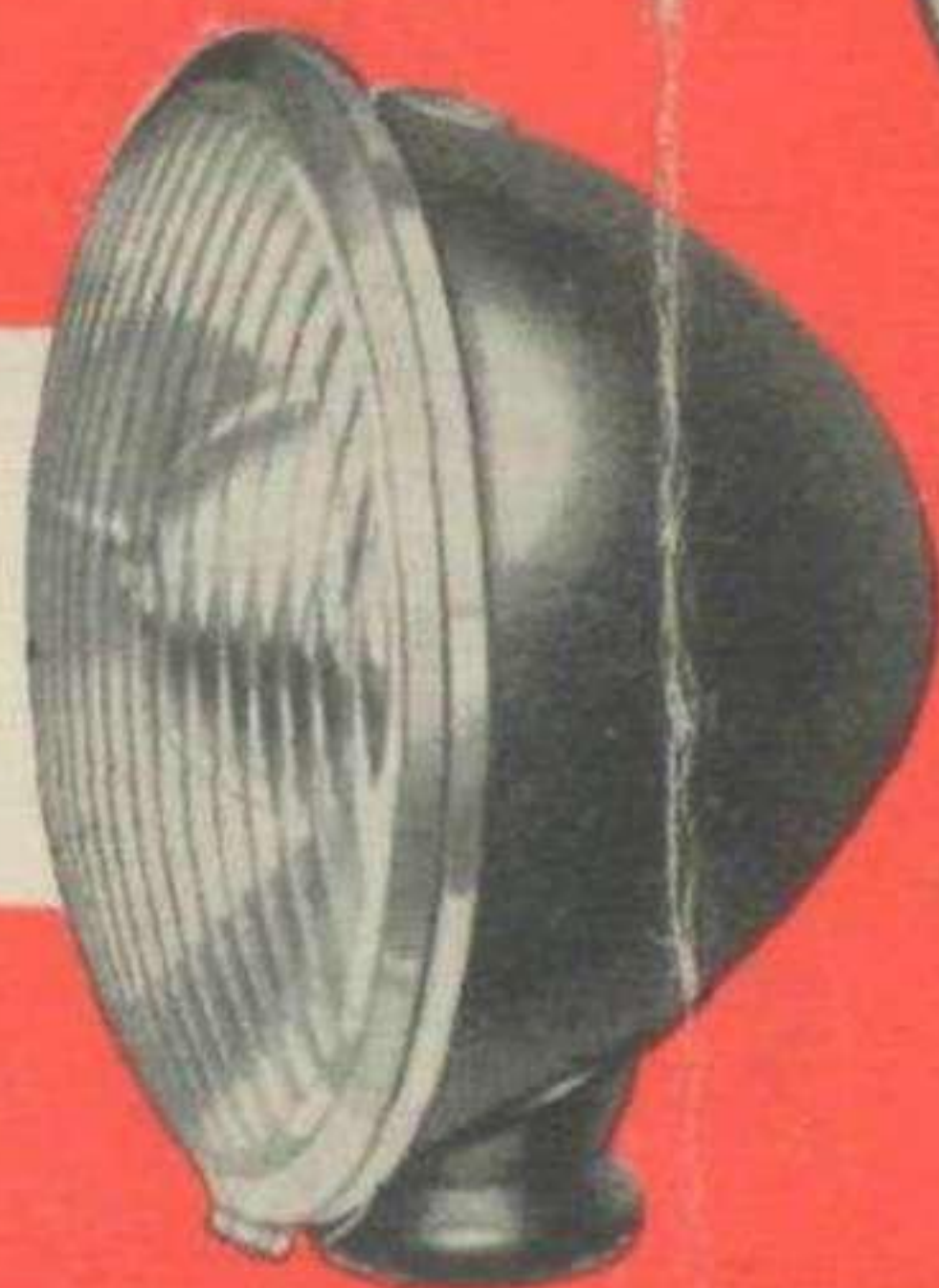
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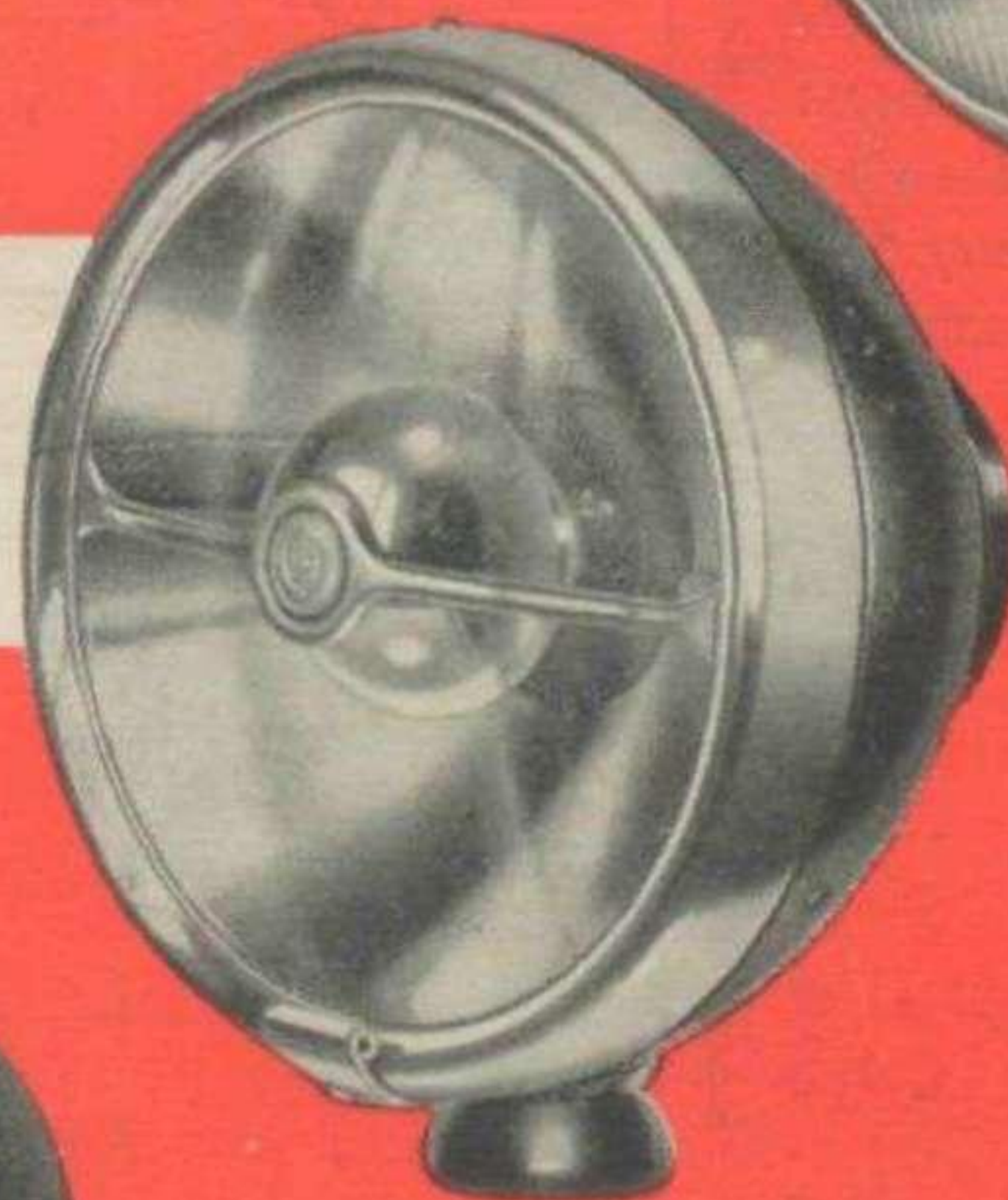
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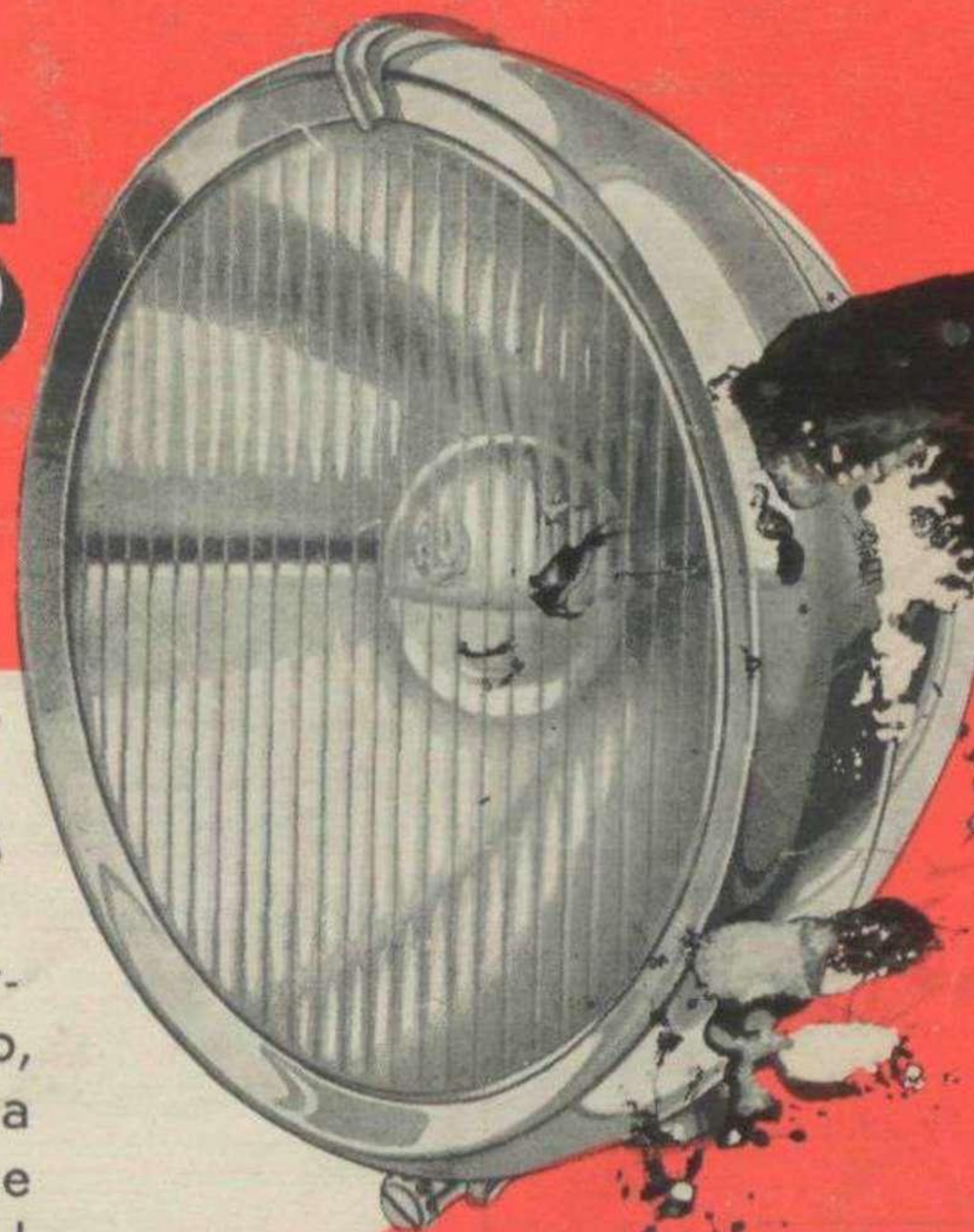
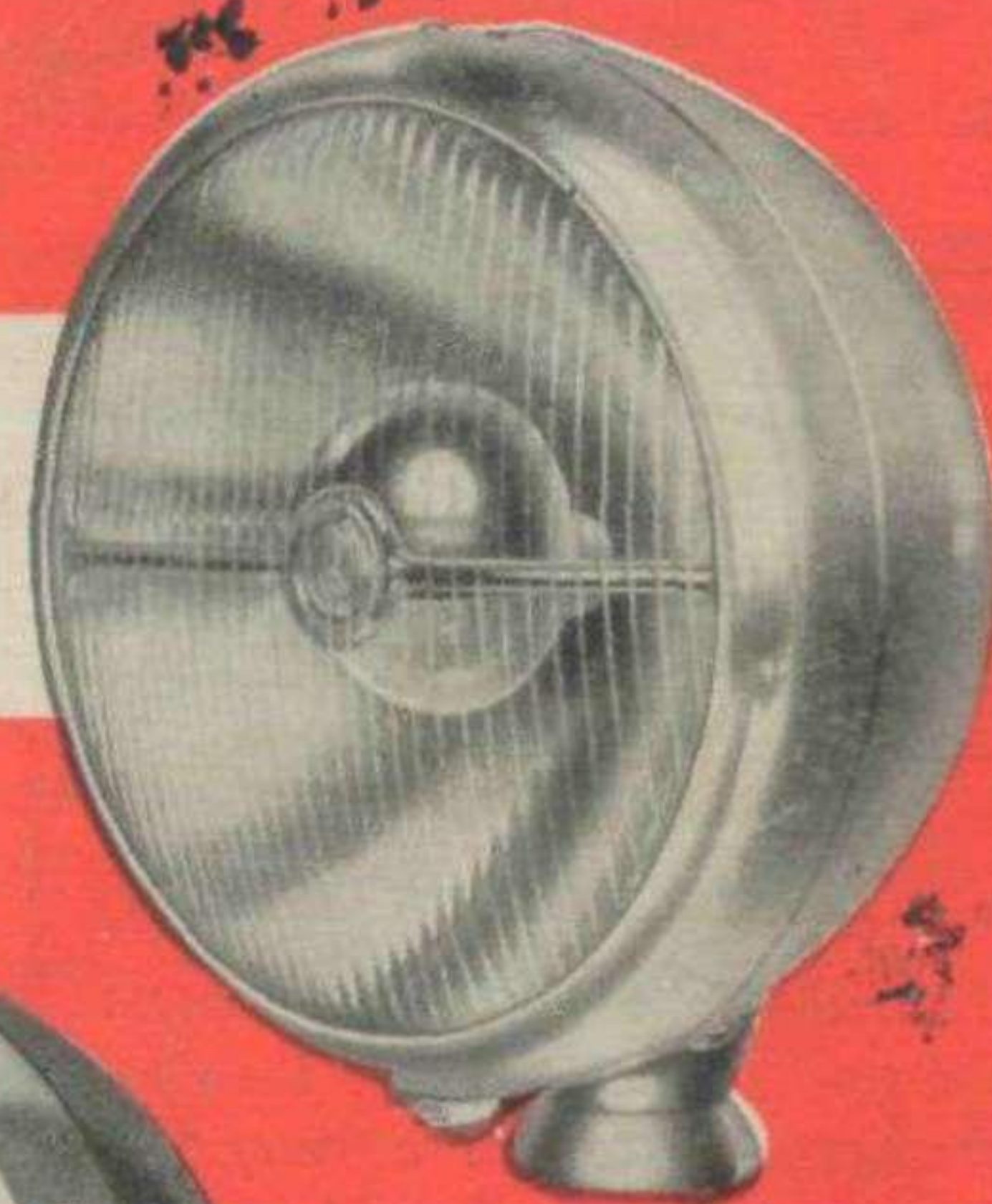
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