

OVER THE COUNTER

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steering trouble. Eyston again had trouble with his clutch. Dodson, however, went through for a glorious seventeen-second win over the Bentley. Again the M.G. pit methods and control proved of untold value. Dodson's single stop, at which he refuelled, topped-up with water and changed all four wheels, took 2 minutes 2 seconds. Hall, on the Bentley, had two similar stops, taking 2 minutes 40 seconds and 2 minutes 58 seconds respectively. Moreover, in the closing stages of the race, Hall had only to continue for a single lap at the speed he had been running at during his duel with the Lagonda in order to catch Dodson. Yet he slowed, and slowed a whole lot, dropping back 23 seconds on a single lap. In the M.G. pits, however, thanks to careful pre-race preparation of schedules, it was known exactly how matters stood, and Dodson was flagged to do his utmost, in the hope that the Bentley pit would not realise the danger until too late. It didn't, and Dodson crossed the line to win the Tourist

Trophy a third time for M.G.'s, despite the ban on superchargers.

The final count, the B.R.D.C. 500 Miles, saw a mixed team—the monoposto Magic Magnette, a two-seater Magnette and the Magic Midget. In the race all three started well to the fore. Then Denly, with the Midget, dropped out with incurable clutch slip, after 53 laps. Eyston on the single-seater dominated the whole of the first half, building up a very satisfactory handicap lead. His driving in the pouring rain was simply magnificent, and indeed, until signalled to slow by the pit, he continued in the wet at a full 118 m.p.h. for the lap, equal, incidentally, to the 1100 c.c. lap record. Just before half-way a plug oiled and Eyston came in. The car was refuelled, all wheels were changed, oil and water were added, the defective plug was changed and Handley was sent off in 2 minutes 50 seconds. Then came catastrophe. Handley had only to continue steadily at about 110 m.p.h.—a mere tour for the Magnette—to win comfortably. Yet four laps later he skidded on the Railway Straight, slid some 250 yards and shot off the track,

neatly wrecking our subsidiary signalling station under the command of E. A. D. Eldridge. Handley was unhurt, save for minor bruises and cuts, but the race was lost. The single-seater was hardly damaged—in fact the mechanics got it back on to the track without much difficulty, and Eyston drove the car back to the shed. Meanwhile Everitt and Wisdom took up the challenge with the two-seater Magnette. Unhappily this car had nothing like the speed of its team-mates, and could not hope to catch the two Rileys. Finally, just at the end, a petrol air-line broke, to be followed by the loosening of the whole fuel tank. A vast cocoon of cords saved the day, however, and Everitt brought his car over the line in fourth place.

In conclusion, I should like to take this opportunity of stating in *The M.G. Magazine* how very much I, an outsider, have appreciated my year with the M.G. team. A pleasanter crowd to work for and with I have never met, and I can only hope that next season will find me in the same post in the M.G. pits.