

heat was terrific and we took full advantage of an opportunity to bathe in a wonderful open-air swimming bath on the banks of the Rhine. And we lost Watkinson!

We went into Italy by way of Switzerland, the minute State of Liechtenstein, and Austria over the Arlberg Pass, just to see how the cars liked the hills.

Then at Merano we heard bad

all round Merano. With our other two cars there was little to do beside draining the sumps and checking over things.

On Monday morning at crack of dawn we were let into the park where the cars had stood under guard all night and given the signal to start. All three cars started up immediately, good augury for the future, and off

them without exerting the motors.

At Lago di Misurina, a beautiful lake in the centre of the valley, which was the scene of the great Alpine campaign during the war, was the setting of the first control. Five minutes were allowed either way at controls and after that the competitor was penalised one mark per minute up to a maximum of one hour, at which period he was automatically retired.

Then followed numerous passes to the Passo di Pordoi. This was the first timed hill-climb, 7,354 feet high and six-and-three-quarter miles long with a loose surface and many bends, not the least of the difficulties of the faster cars being the risk that had to be taken in passing slower cars. Actually we lost two, four and three marks respectively, while the Singers lost a total of thirty and the Fiat team forty-one. We were already in a commanding position — although we realised only too well that we had four more days to go and we had to get all three cars through. However many points the other teams lost it only needed one of our cars to go out and we automatically went to the bottom of the class.

That day there were more retirements, Blackstone's O.M. uprooting a boundary stone with bad results for the car, and petrol feed trouble putting an end to the hopes of the Montague-Johnstone's Riley, W. M. Couper's Talbot and Lt.-Col. Macfarlane's Wolseley. T. W. Oxley (Frazer-Nash) went clean off the road on the Pordoi, and in all there were ten retirements. So after 250 miles for the first stage of the trial we were back at Merano again.

The second day's run included a timed climb of the Stelvio, the highest road in Europe, 9,150 feet above sea level. Once again the M.G.'s performed magnificently, and while we lost marks, as did practically every other car, we succeeded in further entrenching our position. It was a difficult climb, for hairpin after hairpin, forty-nine of them in all, followed one after another in rapid succession for eleven



Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Wisdom on the beautiful St. Bernardino Pass

news. Watkinson was having trouble, and eventually he limped in at 3 a.m. the next day. And this is the incident which we have discussed and argued about for hours—how did a quarter-inch nut first get inside the induction pipe, and then, after having bent and battered sundry valves, get into No. 1 cylinder? It certainly wasn't there when the cars left the works, and it most definitely was inside when we took the engine down!

Fortunately we met two of the stoutest fellows imaginable in the persons of Messrs. Romegeally and Becker, the Zurich M.G. agents. These two, with the assistance of the rest of us, worked for two solid days and repaired the havoc caused by that accursed nut. We managed to replace the valves, but scored cylinder block and piston heads had perforce to be left as they were. This was bad news for a team with five days of real hard motoring before them.

Still, everyone was having their troubles, and cars were in pieces

we went with the first pass just outside Merano's back door. This was the Giovo, the summit towering 7,200 feet above sea level, a twelve mile long climb, fairly steep with innumerable corners and some nasty sheer drops into the valley below.

The Giovo was the indirect cause of many retirements, for at the top most people found that they were well down on the average speed required and accordingly trod hard on the loud pedal. Since the descent of the Giovo is just as difficult as the ascent there were naturally many "phenomenal avoidances"! And then we saw unlucky No. 13, Herr Klotz's Mercedes, upside down in a field.

We had decided on this first stage to find out, if possible, the speed, particularly up the passes, of our friendly rivals, the Singers and the Fiats. The Italians were the chief threat, but although they could go like the wind down the passes, their excellent brakes and road holding being particularly noticeable, we could hold