

## THE MILLE MIGLIA

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Howe had lost another 4 minutes to Eyston, who was now 12th in the whole race *irrespective of cylinder capacity.*

On the winding section through to Spoleto, and on by way of Perugia and Mucerata to the Adriatic coast, even the great Nuvolari's averaged dropped. But Lord Howe made up some of the time he had lost, and at Ancona was less than 2 minutes behind Eyston. The surviving Maserati had hit something hard and had had to have its front axle taken off, heated and straightened.

Night had fallen. With headlights cutting a path through the darkness the Magnettes roared north-west to Bologna. In the big public square the arc-lamps blazed down on an animated scene. Black-shirted Fascisti, carabinieri and police struggled with the over-eager crowd, striving to keep them beyond the flimsy palisades.

It was nine o'clock exactly when Eyston roared into the control, had his lead seal punched, and accelerated to the pits just beyond. The dynamo had given out and the battery was running

down fast. A new accumulator was fitted, with a little trouble, and in 14 minutes he got away again. In the meanwhile, Lord Howe turned up with a front shock-absorber adrift and a headlight support bolt sheared. Fortunately the parts required were hastily procured from the "practice" car and the "Motoring Earl" dashed off once more into the night.

Roaring into the darkness, now and again meeting cars which were hastily driven on to the grass and all lights extinguished when the racers' exhausts were heard, the green Magnettes passed north-easterly over the fast concrete road to Padua and through the almost Alpine stretch from Treviso, via Feltre, to Vicenza.

Looking round from the cockpit of the Magnette as it swayed and plunged through the night, Count Lurani, now acting as Eyston's mechanic, looked round and recognised the lights of Lord Howe's car behind. He dared not tell his driver, for he knew that, with the lamps failing fast, Eyston could not increase his speed. But, soon after Bassano, the lights of the second Magnette had vanished: Howe and Hamilton, it transpired later, were feverishly jacking up the

axle and changing a wheel.

At Verona, after a series of alarming skids, a tyre went on Eyston's car. The jack-handle had got lost *en route.* What to do? Lurani yelled at some of his compatriots who appeared, as they always do, mysteriously from the darkness. They lifted the car, the wheel was changed and then, racked with fatigue, Eyston drove into Brescia—to win the 1,100 c.c. class.

That his victory was no "fluke" is proved by the arrival, 90 seconds later, of Lord Howe and Hamilton in the second M.G., thus setting the seal on the prestige of British cars on the Continent.

The results? Well, Eyston and Lurani averaged 56.90 m.p.h. for the 1,000 odd miles, breaking the previous class record by over 3 m.p.h. Howe and Hamilton also beat the record at 56.82 m.p.h. The winner of the race, irrespective of class, was Nuvolari, on a 2.3 litre supercharged Alfa Romeo, at 67.46 m.p.h. The M.G.'s were not only first and second in the 1,100 c.c. class, but were the first foreign team ever to carry away the team prize given by the Automobile Club of Brescia.

I need say no more.

## "THE GLORIOUS DESTROYER"

Sir Henry Birkin, Bart., and Mr. Bernard Ruben, in the Magnette in which they successfully "burst the opposition" in the Mille Miglia, establishing amazing speed records in the process

