

THE MILLE MIGLIA

Everyone knows, by now, of the unprecedented success of the M.G. Magnettes last month. This event is held over 1,000 miles of ordinary open roads through Italy, and the course, shaped like a figure "eight," runs from Brescia in the North down to Rome and back again: a single, giant lap



*The Magnificent
Team Prize awarded to
the M.G. Magnette Team*

THE scene is Brescia, an old-world town in Northern Italy. It is two o'clock in the morning. Nobody has been to bed, and for an hour or more an endless procession of men, women and children have been making their way towards the eastern end of the town, where a black ribbon of road comes in from Verona.

Lovely ladies have ousted the Press from their "tribuna." A gang of rowdies has taken possession of the grandstand. Impudent, bullet-headed schoolboys grin from the branches of the chestnut trees.

The buzz of conversation fills the air. Arc lamps make the enclosure in the boulevard as bright as day. A band plays.

Suddenly there rings out the shrill note of a bugle. In the distance is the glare of approaching headlights. The murmuring of the crowd dies down and one hears the rapidly-nearing note of a racing car exhaust. A babble of excited comment breaks out afresh. . . .

A low, green car rushes through a temporary triumphal arch and skids to a standstill, with brakes hard on, beside the timekeeper's table. It is stained with the dust of many provinces. On the bonnet are painted the Union Jack and the red, white and green of Italy. Grimy, cramped and almost dazed

after eighteen hours at tremendous speed, the occupants are helped from their seats. One is Capt. G. E. T. Eyston, one of Britain's foremost racing drivers, and the other is Count "Johnny" Lurani, the most brilliant small-car exponent in Italy.

Cheering, frantic with excitement, the crowd throngs the road round the victorious car. It is an all-British M.G. Magnette, the first car "home" in that most gruelling of all road races: the Italian "Thousand Miles." It has beaten all comers in the 1,100 c.c. class and, as we shall learn later, finished 15th in the general classification, thus making better time than many foreign cars with much larger engines.

While the populace still chatters excitedly, Eyston, an arm-letted official by his side, drives slowly into the compound reserved for the winning cars. There is a cry of "Macchina!" and a blaze of light up the long avenue heralds the approach of an Italian rival who started an hour before the victorious Magnette. His car is swallowed up by the crowd, congratulating the first finisher of Italian nationality, when suddenly a fresh shout

THIS EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNT OF ONE OF THE MOST THRILLING OF RACES IS FROM THE PEN OF

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rends the air, sending the spectators scurrying for safety.

"Another Inglese!" Sure enough, it is a second low, green car: the M.G. Magnette driven by Earl Howe and H. C. Hamilton. But for an inopportune puncture, the two British vehicles would probably have finished side-by-side. As it is, the latest arrival is second in his class, on time, only 90 seconds behind the winner and 42 minutes ahead of the fastest Italian 1,100 c.c. survivor.

More wild cheering. Lord Howe is heard to remark that this is the finest race in which he has ever driven. Then the little group of English mechanics, onlookers and helpers takes charge of Lord Howe and Hamilton, Eyston and Count Lurani, and carries them off to the two things they want most in the world: a meal and bed!

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Thus did the M.G. Magnettes, in their very first road race, score an unprecedented success

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