

CAVALCADE (Contd. from page 239)

It is the Light Car Club's half-day trial, and M.G.'s take three first-class awards.

And now the scene alters again. We seem to look down upon a hill round which cars race madly on a concrete track. It is Brooklands. As we watch, an M.G. car flashes past. The chequered flag is shown. It has won the first "Mountain" race of the season.

There is silence. "Not a bad beginning," we think. A coal falls noisily in the grate. The fire flickers, and blazes up afresh.

Gazing into the flames, we behold a foreign land. Black-shirted troops. Tall, stately houses. A hot sun blazing down on a white, dusty road. Three green cars, bearing the colours of Britain on their bonnets, stand surrounded by a chattering throng. Dimly we see other cars, red and blue.

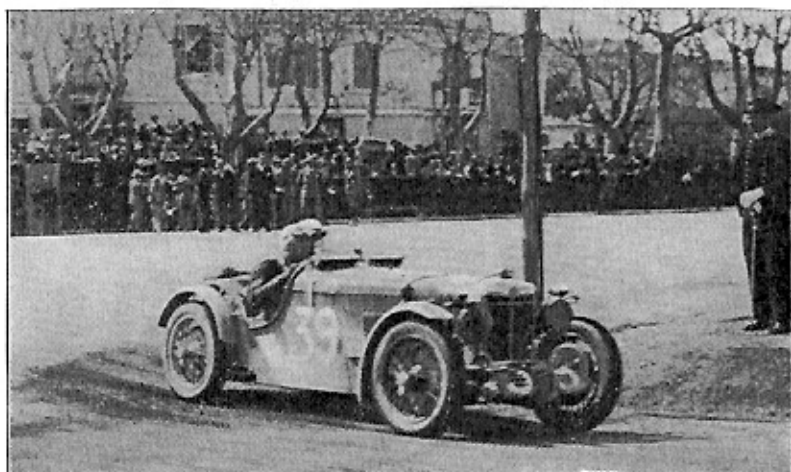
The fire flickers again. What's that? Looks like a figure "eight." Wait a moment! It's a map! A map of Italy, with a road marked out like an "eight," stretching from Brescia in the north, southward to Rome.

Behold, a stately city! Bologna. A green car comes tearing through a fog of dust, a blue spotted scarf streaming from the driver's neck. It is one of the new M.G. Magnettes, in its first road race, and Sir Henry Birkin has just set up a new record for his class from Brescia to Bologna, 130 miles, at an average speed of over 87 m.p.h. Almost at once two other

Magnettes appear, driven by Earl Howe and G. E. T. Eyston. They roar onwards, winding their way over the Apennines to Rome.

And now, through the red-hot coals of our fire, we seem to see a triumphal arch, the ruins of the great Coliseum. Rome itself. There are only two Magnettes

Hamilton, in the other M.G. Magnette, are second. They have won the 1,100 c.c. class in the gruelling Italian 1,000 miles race at an average speed of 57 m.p.h. They have won, also, the Gran Premio Brescia, the team prize, which has never before been taken by a foreign make.



COUNT LURANI and G. E. T. EYSTON entering Rome during the Italian 1,000 Miles Race.

left now, for "Tim" Birkin has stopped near Siena, having sacrificed his own chances in a successful attempt to "blow up" the opposition.

Night has fallen. We are back in Bologna. Eyston arrives first, the mechanics leaping upon his car and changing the battery. Lord Howe arrives seven minutes later. So far they have covered 738 miles, including all stops, at 57 m.p.h. average.

On once more. We glimpse the cars roaring through the night over Alpine roads, black chasms yawning on one side. A puncture. And then a blaze of lights, a wildly-cheering crowd: the finish of the race at Brescia. Eyston and Count Lurani are in the first car, out of 88 starters, to reach the finishing point. Lord Howe and

And so back to England, to the great park around stately Donington Hall. Here is staged the first road race in England. M.G. cars win four out of six events.

It is Eastertide in the West Country. Thousands of spectators line the sunlit hills of Somerset, Devon and Cornwall. It is a hard trial, the "London-Land's End." Yet, despite the strict time-schedule, the succession of severe test-hills and the weariness of an all-night drive, the drivers of 36 M.G. cars win premier awards, while 15 win silver medals and only one unfortunate has to be content with a "bronze."

And now into our orbit Brooklands sweeps once more. It is the International Trophy Race of the Junior Car Club, a handicap in which some of the fastest cars in Europe are taking part. It is something entirely new, for down there on the track at the Fork we see three channels drawn, marked out with tubs and banks of sand.

According to their engine sizes the cars must go straight through or take easy or difficult "S" bends. A red car flashes past the chequered flag, Brian Lewis's big Alfa-Romeo, winning at 88.07 m.p.h. Then three M.G. Magnettes,



J. L. FORD and MAURICE BAUMER after winning the 1,000 c.c. Class at Le Mans. Theirs was the first 750 c.c. car ever to complete the course.