

## A CAVALCADE OF M.G. ACHIEVEMENTS



**M**Y pen is a poor instrument with which to record, for the benefit of posterity, the glories that surround the name of M.G. in this year of Grace, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-Three.

For this has been a wonderful year for the little cars from Abingdon. The Octagon has appeared brilliantly all over Europe in every single month of the year. Aye, and on the Dark Continent and in the Antipodes as well.

Audaciously, full of confidence, the Sign of the Octagon has been borne across frontiers. Conquering, maybe, where no English cars had ever conquered. Arousing admiration; attracting attention; telling the world that the British Light Car is one of the greatest wonders of modern times.

It is cold and dark. Gather round the fire. Stare, with me, into the glowing coals, seeing strange pictures take form, vanish, and come again. Pictures of hard-fought battles in foreign lands, of green cars hurtling through choking dust-clouds, of excited multitudes cheering, cheering, and showering wreaths and flowers upon the drivers. And on every car, ere its picture fades into the flames that gave it birth, you will see an Octagon. And in the midst of it the symbol "M.G."

\* \* \*

The flames pale. See! They are turning white! White as

snow! A landscape appears, mournful and strange. Endless plains of snow across which runs a black, frozen road pock-marked with great holes. A low-built car takes form, its hood up, its windscreen an opaque sheet of ice. Inside are two men muffled to the eyes. Where are they going? Who are they?

They are M. Lacroze and W. Belgrave, sporting amateurs in an ordinary M.G. Magna, making their way from Tallinn, on the Baltic Sea, through Poland to Monte Carlo, in the depths of the most bitter winter Europe has suffered for years.

The scene changes. We see white buildings gleaming in the sunshine. Palm trees. An azure sea: the Mediterranean. The little Magna is here, too, having won through, in five days and nights, 2,000 odd miles of snow, fog and ice. It has taken fourteenth place in the world's most strenuous reliability trial—the Monte Carlo Rally. On this is superimposed another picture, of a low, red car swinging round bend after bend on a yellow road that climbs from the blue sea to the rocky heights behind. It is

James Wright, on a supercharged M.G. Midgette, making fastest time of the day in the Mont des Mules hill-climb.

Again we see a wintry landscape, but less forbidding. It is a muddy hill in the Midlands of England. An M.G. Midget—a J.2 model—streaks up the gradient, followed by others of its kind. M.G. cars have won the Colmore Cup and Team Prize, to say nothing of 25 other awards, in one of England's hardest winter trials.

Now it is spring in England. Again we see a hill. One M.G. climbs it, while all other cars fail.

*Continued on  
page 240*



*The magnificent Team Prize awarded to the M.G. Midgette team in the Monte Carlo Rally.*