

FRANK TAYLER—

An appreciation of the late Frank Tayler, the best of friends and the finest of sportsmen.



WHEN you lose the companionship of one with whom you have worked side by side for a number of years, it is very difficult indeed to become reconciled to the gap so created; the more so after a little while, when the first shock of the loss has passed and the actual manner of its happening is put into the background to some degree, and the absence of a departed friend who can never be replaced becomes really felt to the fullest extent.

Those of us whose good fortune it was to associate with Frank know that he prepared the racing cars under his care with no thought other than that they should go out to win, completely ignoring time and forgoing all pleasures in the enthusiasm of motor racing, and who stepped into the background at the moment of victory, proud, above all, that the car had responded to his labours. We were apt, perhaps, to treat his work too much as a matter of course, overlooking the dangers he gladly faced, and the great share of victory, if victory it was, which really was his to claim.

Frank was one of the six mechanics with the M.G. concern right from the very start in 1923, he was also with the *équippe* when the Midget won the Junior Car Club's Double Twelve Hours' Race; again at the Phoenix Park Race the same year, and in many events too numerous to deal with here. Probably his greatest race was at Ulster in 1931, when he rode to victory in the Tourist Trophy Race, with Norman Black, in the Midget he had fostered. We know too, above all, how dearly he loved to handle a really fast racing car, and this makes the manner of his departing still the more poignant.

Life to Frank had been good of late, and solace must seem remote to the one who made it so, but if there be any small measure of consolation in these few words, penned in the fullness of sincerity with the heartfelt sympathy of a friend, then they are not in vain.

