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EDITORIAL . . . . July and August.

This month brings you our new Volume, New Material in a brand new form. It is our sincere wish that you like it, that if you don't... you'll let us know. Your thanks and support are due to the advertisers and contributors... without them there would be no Magazine. Perhaps you would be good enough to mention "Alvistas" in any reply you might care to make to these adverts? Just one more thing... We urgently require copy of all types, blocks for illustrations, and your comments, letters, Section News, etc... we go to press next on the TWELFTH of September. Queries for the attention of Triangle should reach us by the FIFTH. With that, We'll leave to your tender mercies VOLUME TWO, Number ONE... and await your verdict.

R. P. Birks.

WRITE NOW . . . . The Secretary's Corner.

Mr. Critchett Writes . . . .

There is not a great deal to report this month from my "Den" as the items of interest are more fully reported elsewhere in this issue.

Attendances at the various meetings have not been as good as one would wish, but at this time of year, holidays do make a difference.

Two Exceptions were "The Run To, and Concourse D'Elegance,at Worthing on the 6th July, and the Meeting at Bawtry on Sunday 13th July. One thing is very noticeable at all meetings, that is, the same band of enthusiasts who always turn up, coupled with new and prospective members. Surely there are more members of the Club who could make a genuine effort to be interested in the activities of the Club?

We, the Officials of the Club, know that every event does not hold the same interest for every member, but each Section does, in the course of a year, run at least one event of interest to you, yes, I mean you and your family.

So, fellow members, do not just sit in your armchair with your thoughts about and good wishes to the Club. Be one of us and really partake of the pleasures of membership.

These are not just idle words to fill the space in Alvistas, but are sincere feelings which, if proof were needed, could have been seen in the two events mentioned. Members brought their wives and children along and from the letters received since, there can be no doubt that a good time was had by all. Next time an event is held in your section or adjoining section, have no hesitation, go and prove for yourself the words I have written. Invite any other
Alvis Owner along with you even if he is a non-member. All Alvis Owners are welcome. Our next major event is the Summer Rally to be held in Edinburgh, that outstanding and historic city of Scotland, at the height of the Festival. Full details in this issue.

Do not just say, “It would be nice to go” . . . but go and do let the Scottish Section Secretary know you will be coming. Our Scottish friends will see you enjoy yourself, depend on it.

Membership is increasing, but not so fast as I should like from some Sections. There may be some latent reason for this, if so and you know it do not fail to write me on the matter, as difficulties can be overcome if they are known to exist.

Finally, a word about this issue, our first printed effort. This can only be successfully maintained if sufficient copy is available. Praise or criticism, a controversial letter, details of your Alvis or of a journey you have made, will be most welcome. Fill the EDITORIAL postbag and you can be sure your letters will not be ignored.

S.R.H.C.

GOOD WISHES FROM BARCLAY INGLIS . . .

an extract from his recent letter.

You will have gathered that I couldn’t manage to visit Bawtry on Sunday, . . . As for myself, I don’t know that I am particularly keen to see my name attached to the usual platitudinous cliches which an occasion such as this demands. On the other hand, I certainly wish you well in your exchange of stencils for Galley proofs, if only because the list of cars I have owned is forever headed by a 12/50 (I might add that a 12/70 which I bought in 1939 seemed to me to illustrate evolution in reverse, and, failing to find a single like-able characteristic in it, I hurriedly sold it—at a profit—and reverted to an A.C., but I daresay I was unlucky to land on a dud example, and perhaps the post 12/50 is not as worthless as I then decided.) Anyhow, the 12/50 gave me more pleasure than anything I’ve had before or after . . . ” Kind regards . . . Yours sincerely . .

Barclay Inglis.

SECTION REPORTS . . . Scottish Secretary.

David Gillies, writes . . .

Our main news is of the SUMMER RALLY . . . to be held on Sunday, August 31st. Regulations will be sent to all members of the Club as this is a National (or perhaps, an international) event. The route has already been prospected and gone over, in every possible direction, by an Alvis such as you will be driving. A great deal of work has gone into the preparation of the Route Cards,
Regulations, etc. etc. . . over 350 miles has been covered on the course . . so will appreciate that this is to be a super effort to amuse, test and entertain our Members. It is bitterly disappointing when members fail to turn up at these well organised events . . circulars were sent out to Section members regarding rally entries and the Scottish General Meeting. With these were enclosed reply forms to indicate whether the Member intended to attend and/or enter the rally. Little more than half of these were returned even though stamped addressed envelopes were supplied. To those who did reply . . “Thank you” . . and a specially big “THANK YOU” to those who offered to support the events. An effort will be made, as soon as probable numbers can be gauged, to make a block booking for the Military Tattoo and Display on the Saturday Evening. We are ready to Cope with up to a thousand members . . roll up and verify that! Drop a line to Mr. Gillies if you wish more details . . Time grows short.

We extend a hearty welcome to the New Members—Messrs. MacWilliam (Speed 20), G. M. G. Oliver (12/50) and R. D. G. Johnston (T/A 21).

COME AWAY SCOTTISH SECTION, with a little effort on our part we can make our Section the best in the Club . . . Let’s Get Cracking . . . Shall We?

NORTHERN NEWS.

First of all may we say how sorry we were to see such a poor turn-up at The Flouch Inn on July 2nd. May we remind members that a Noggin and Natter will be held at this hotel on the first Wednesday of every month—please try to turn up. For members who are strange to the area The Flouch Inn is 24½ miles from Manchester and 14 miles from Sheffield at the spot where A.616 and A.628 cross. The hotel management are willing to help us in any way they can and meals and snacks may be obtained. Dinner must be booked direct.

In order to give all members an equal chance to meet and enjoy themselves where they find that the Flouch Inn is rather too far away we have decided to hold a social evening on the third Tuesday of every month (commencing TUESDAY, AUGUST 19th) at the WHITEWELL HOTEL, WHITEWELL. Again for strangers Whitewell is 7½ miles N.W. of Clitheroe. Dinner (if required) must be booked direct with the Manager. Tel. Dunsop Bridge 22.

When you attend either of the above evenings we shall appreciate it if you could bring along any interesting photos, books or odds and ends. Also—don’t forget—your friends are very welcome.
The Aston Martin and Lagonda Clubs have been invited to join us on the above evenings so we should have fun and games!!

Our big event which should have been held in July will take place on October 19th. R.A.C. permission has been received and all is set for a super ‘do.’ The start and finish will be from the Crescent Hotel, Ilkley. There will be a road section of about 70 miles but only main Roads or those with a good surface will be used. The following Clubs have been invited to join us:—Aston Martin, Bentley Drivers, Bugatti, Lancia, Lagonda and Alvis 12/50.

Those who took part in a similar event last September will remember what a grand sporting day it was—and we intend this to be even better. Regulations will be sent out in a few weeks.

MIDLAND SECTION.

Possibly owing to the absence of Mr. Russell on his annual holiday, it has proved impossible to extract any copy from the Section. No doubt you will receive, direct from Mr. Russell, any news that he wishes you to have on the subject of the August Rally at Hawkstone Park. We anticipate being able to present a full report in our next issue.

SOUTH WESTERN SECTION.

In response to a personal letter, followed by a telegram, begging for Section copy, we received a personal letter from the Secretary. He specifically requests that this is not for publication, but it may be said that he does not want to continue as an official owing to reasons such as lack of time, maintenance difficulties with his car, lack of enthusiastic support, etc.

It would probably assist him if any enthusiast in the area would volunteer to help with the organising and general work of the Section.

SOUTH EASTERN SECTION.

Mr. Connolly is disappointed in the poor attendance at the July Noggin and Natter. He hopes that the Osterley Park one will be better supported.

The recent Worthing run and Concourse was an unqualified success. Mr. Fretwell took the Premier award with a 1933 Firefly. The rendezvous was at Horsham at 11-0 a.m. in brilliant sunshine with prospects of a very hot day. The competitors, including two non-members arrived punctually and the run was started to schedule. Traffic was heavy in Horsham but, once through the town, a pleasant run followed to the Railway Hotel Worthing, for lunch. After lunch we proceeded along the sea front, in line ahead, to West
Worthing and the Concourse. Judging were Messrs. James (Section Chairman) and Critchett. Present were T/A 14, Speed, 20 4.3, and the usual bevy of Fireflies. The competitors adjourned, after the judging, to the home of the General Secretary, where they were entertained to tea.

General opinion was that the day had been very interesting and well worth while.

Circulars are on the way to all members regarding the night rally to be held in the Chilterns.

TECHNICALITIES . . . . by “Triangle”.

Firstly, let's clear up a query I have had re C/Rs. I am asked about the C/R of an engine the cylinder head of which is alleged to be machined down to 92mm thick. Well, I have checked on no less than five heads and find 92mm to be about the standard thickness. Only one was different, one that I have had extensively machined, top and bottom; that is 91mm. None was greater than 92mm so it would appear that 92 mm be standard thickness. The only way to check the capacity of the combustion space is by the use of a graduated measure, bearing in mind that, less compression plate, the piston crown will displace some of the contents of the cylinder head at T.D.C. I would suggest that the Cylinder head in question had been faced up, but not very extensively machined.

VALVES . . . it cannot be denied that they do, occasionally drop inside. Correctly fitted and maintained, this will not occur, but many points must be carefully noted and put into practice. One—if the valve looks like a sunburned blonde (all red and spiteful) DON'T try and economise . . . SCRAP IT . . . especially if it fits in any but the end cylinder which have a port to themselves, and are luckier than the others. Two—if an exhaust valve, and not KE965 (Test with a magnet, these valves are non-magnetic and should have a groove above the Cotter for identification)—SCRAP IT. Three—The Valve guides must be unworn to avoid sideways movement and embrace the stem closely to assist in the dispersal and dissipation of surplus heat, this is very important. Four—the exhaust seat should be fairly broad and in good contact all the way round, this helps to get rid of the heat and cool the valve, but it must not be sunk into the head or shrouded at all. In this case you must study point Five—Care must be taken to ensure that the rockers clear the valve spring retaining caps when the valve is shut. This, in the case of cluster springs, is very important, as there is considerable side load applied if these foul and, should this occur, the valve will break across the stem. Six—Worn, and especially recessed, valve rockers can, too, cause trouble as they transmit side thrust and do not open the valve with as smooth an action as an unworn and correctly profiled tappet would.
As the only return springs on the valve gear are on the valve itself, and have to be of sufficient strength to return the valve, the rocker, the push rod and the tappet up to 2,250 times per minute at peak revs, it will be realized that there is some strain on the poor old valve. I have thought that to fit return springs on the rockers, as on the not very successful Silver Crest, and on the tappets as on the early 12/50 would enable weaker springs to be used on the valve itself, with beneficial results; but must admit—I have never tried this. I do not believe in heavily loading one component if more can be made to share the strain and the load more evenly distributed.

In practise I have found that good quality valves in good shape will stand up to very brutal treatment without failure, although the K.E965 does distort, which, when one considers the running temperatures they reach, and that they do resist the tendency of more common materials to burn out, is not surprising.

Now, may I make a suggestion? . . . There are other parts in your Alvis besides the engine . . . What about it?

RALLYE INDIVIDUALE—D.H.C.

Part 1.

As a prelude to this article, a continental rally was muted, and discussed, in the summer of 1951, when it was hoped that in 1952 a Continental Tour might be arranged, in which several of our members could take part; For divers reasons this did not materialise and no doubt the Chancellor’s decision to restrict foreign currency was just about the last straw.

We all know that Alvis cars demand a good deal of “food” and it is perhaps stretching the imagination to envisage such a tour. However, having made travel arrangements for my wife and two daughters and, of course, the car, late in December and long before the Chancellor made his momentous decision, we thought we might as well carry out our plan. It might mean that, although we were planning for a full two weeks on the continent, we might possibly have to return after one week, and enjoy the gastronomic ingenuity of our dearly beloved British Isles.

The first essential was of course to make sure that the car was in a reasonable state of dependability for this means everything, and so for the first 3 months of the year the car was laid-up whilst a good check was made and the car de-tuned to give as many miles per gallon as possible without too serious a drain on its power output. It was the writer’s intention, amongst other things, to fit an electrically driven fan, the idea being to switch on the fan when circumstances demanded and to switch off when on the open road. I had seen this device on a fellow Club member’s car and thought
The idea did not materialise due to the inability to obtain the required motor. The car had its first outing at the Easter Rally held at Ettington Park. This proved to be a good start, for the car met with an accident which necessitated it being sent to the factory for repair, and the consequence was that it was not returned until approximately two weeks before our departure.

Here I must say a good word for the Alvis Company. When making a continental tour in the past, the Company have always been good enough to make me up a kit of spare parts, detailing every item for Customs examination, and they were asked to do so again on this occasion; the fly in the ointment being that when I collected the car from the factory the kit of spare parts had been overlooked but the promise was forthcoming that this would be despatched within a day or so, or in any event well before my holiday started. To my surprise one morning, a telephone call was received at my office asking "had Mr.—left on his holiday?, and if so where would he be, at a given date, so that this kit of spare parts could be flown to him." They were very concerned about my welfare and considerably relieved to learn that I had not yet left. The kit was received the following morning by Passenger Train.

I have always, when driving on the continent, geared-up my car by the use of oversize tyres; The purpose being, of course, to relieve the stresses on the car when running over bad pave such as is appallingly evident in industrial France; and, at the same time, to lower my r.p.m. slightly on the long stretches of road, so we equipped ourselves with 600 x 19's all round.

We made up our minds that we were not going to sacrifice personal comfort for luggage, or bits and pieces of motor car; everything was to go in the boot with the boot lid shut, and the lock locked. The great day dawned and we motored to Dover without undue incident. We had read in different motoring journals of an excellent restaurant in Dover by name of The Crypt and thought this would be the ideal place to fortify ourselves for the channel crossing. Unfortunately, the Crypt was full. Without ado we made for the Hotel de France, where we enjoyed an excellent meal.

There has been much said in different motoring periodicals about the slowness and tedium of the Customs formalities preceding running on board, in our case, the Twickenham Ferry for Dunkerque. Here I must say in all fairness that we were treated very well and were passed through Customs with despatch and courtesy. The crossing to Dunkerque was extremely smooth; we all had a berth and arrived on French soil ready for a hard day's driving. Again we were passed through the French Customs easily and efficiently and, indeed, by 5 a.m. we were threading our way through the Docks en route for
Switzerland where we intended spending the first night. The first thing, of course, was to remember to drive on the right side of the road. This is important.

It was part of our policy to avoid spending money in France on our outward journey. With this intention we were carrying sufficient food to last us for the first day. Another important thing to remember was to conserve our petrol and get as many miles per gallon as possible. This means sensible speeds and careful driving habits, use the brakes only when necessary, accelerate gently and, for my part, two speeds only were necessary second and top. We all know that it is fluctuating engine speeds which disturbs carburation and, therefore, I decided to cruise at a steady speed rather than play tunes with the gear box. We cruised very smoothly at 60 m.p.h. and without exceeding it. I can think of nothing more delightful than a drophead coupe on a hot day in France.

Anyone who has traversed the road to the Juras must know that it is far from interesting and therefore the writer must be excused if he skimps over this part of the journey. We maintained an easy average of 45 m.p.h. with a little stop for a sandwich here and there, and our first glimpse of the truly magnificent scenery came when we arrived at Besancon. From thereon the scenery really started.
The climb up the gorge from Lods was really impressive. We decided at Pontarlier to make for Neuchatel, we had thought of spending the first night at Grindelwald but decided that as Neuchatel was a 'First visit' this should be our resting place. We arrived about 4-30 p.m. the same day. I have always found it advisable to arrive at one's night destination reasonably early as this enables one to look around for a hotel rather than take the first that meets the eye. In this case we stayed at the Hotel Soleil.

Berne, the capital of Switzerland, is a delightful city and we spent a very enjoyable afternoon at the Bear Pit. Visitors to Berne are recommended to visit the Bear Pit or in the local vernacular, "Bahrengarten," this is where the bears play and no-one can truly say he has visited Berne if he does not go there. It is significant at this stage to mention that no advance bookings of hotel accommodation had been made whatsoever. It was amazing how easy it was to find excellent accommodation.

The Hotel Belle Vue, Grindelwald is an excellent example, here we were received and treated magnificently. The food was plentiful and excellent. What a treat to sit down to asparagus cooked in butter, with a real steak next to it and with a platter of 7 or 8 cheeses, for choice, at about 25/-d. per day. This Hotel takes the form of a Swiss Chalet and it was here that I learnt the striking win of the Mercedes at Le Mans.

The D.H.C. at Grindelwald.
The effect that this win had on the Swiss was amazing for one could see by comparing visits of late years that the Mercedes were gaining popularity in a remarkable manner and, of course, to the exclusion of British cars.

Anyone visiting these parts would be well recommended to make a "purpose visit" up the Lauterbrunnen Valley if only to see the Trummelbach water falls. Anybody who can stand heights and have a little nerve could also take the chairlift to Firstbahn. The ride over this aerial roadway is good fun and gives constant amusement as it takes you over valleys, up mountain-sides, one moment a long drop behind you and the next minute you are brushing the tree tops. The views are magnificent.

Although I had climbed many Alpine passes I had never yet climbed the Susten Pass, I had heard that it was The Pass of Switzerland not to be missed which possesses the grandest scenery and the most skilfully engineered of the lot. I would not have missed this for anything, it lived up to its reputation in every respect. We have always taken our holidays in June for two reasons, one the weather is not too hot and the alpine roads are only just open after the winter, and secondly the flow of traffic is far from its peak. This makes it easy on the driver. I know from experience that Alpine motoring can have its difficulties (one being boiling and the other being vapour locks). I personally have never yet experienced either but then again I make it a rule in tackling an alpine pass never to exceed 2,500 revs. and third gear is always enough except on tight hairpins when one has to drop into second gear. It is worthy of note that to prevent water loss from the radiator the ball valve in the overflow pipe was a good fit and thus eliminated water loss.

There remains now the St. Gotthard Pass to be tackled and this was in about the worst condition I have ever known it. Gangs of men working on it, one way traffic, bad surfaces, mad Frenchmen insisting on passing at full speed, they were always on the inside of course! We were, without doubt, more than a little relieved when the top was reached and before us now was the swift drop into the Ticino Valley. Anyone who has crossed the St. Gotthard would understand what I mean for this consists of a series of steps, tight hairpins at each end. To our consternation, we found that the Italian side of the St. Gotthard was in fog due to the clouds being unable to pass over the top of the mountains and just trapped. Before leaving England, I had bought a pair of night glasses, these were quickly donned and proved to be very useful.

We decided to make Lugano our next stopping place for 3 nights and it was here that we experienced the only rain we saw, and luckily this occurred in the evening when it didn't matter. I like Lugano, its night life is interesting and enjoyable and a visit to
the local Casino is an experience which should not be missed. The speed of the croupiers is amazing, the rakes flashing from every conceivable angle leave one breathless.

To be continued.

**BAWTRY—“BULL,” “TRIAL,” “RALLY” or “WHAT HAVE YOU”**

by W. M. Potts.

Leaving home early on a blustery July day (typical English Summer) offers no tribulations when one has a son aged three years who delights in dragging all and sundry out of the “arms of Morpheus” at the unearthly hour of 5-30 am, Sunday, July 13th, was no exception, and with a blistering headache, not due to any Saturday night debauch, my wife and I dragged our weary carcases into the Alvis and set our compass for Bawtry, as the Editor places it midway between Edinburgh and Worthing, the child being left behind in the care of his doting Granny.

Arriving at Bawtry at approximately 12-15 we located the Crown Hotel and were amazed at the display of Alvis cars parked there, precisely nil. However we had not been parked long when we were pounced upon and heartily welcomed by our genial editor Mr. Birks who immediately ushered us into the Bar and stood the honours in the age old custom.

Before 'ere long various other members turned up and after partaking of a good lunch the fun started. The ladies, Bless 'em, were placed in complete charge and had to direct all drivers to do their will, second nature to them! After much racking of brain and chewing of pencil I was directed to the first check where it was a pleasure to sit and watch the antics of the female secton chasing each other around the village green and accosting all the wide-eyed locals for farthings. Eventually they seemed to sort themselves out and the Marshalls, bless them, were so charming. We then proceeded to the next check where once again the scene was that of the “weaker sex” dashing hither and thither searching for such things as Wills’ cigarettes, Capstan packets, hard boiled eggs, etc.

So we came to the last lap and after various excursions into fields searching for treasures we proceeded to Bawtry, the Crown Hotel and a well deserved tea.

After all results had been checked, I was amazed to find that my better half had attained second place so all the arguments and naggings of the afternoon had seemingly been worth while. Then came the prize giving which was in itself a good competition and most exciting. Even they who fell by the wayside were awarded
prizes—really most encouraging don’t you think! We were delighted with our presents and the Alvis plaques which commemorate for all time such a pleasant “get together.” After a welcome cup of tea, etc. followed a meeting high lighted by friend Birks' ability as custodian of the door to the detriment of all non-members seeking admission. The description of the meeting will be safer in more capable hands than mine.

Congratulations to the organizer of the Treasure Hunt (Encyclopedia Brittanica had nothing on him) and to the Marshalls who fulfilled their duties so capably. I feel sure a good time was had by all, so here’s to the next time.

W. M. Potts.

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TREASURE HUNTING AT BAWTRY, 1952.

When my husband first started to search for an Alvis I little realised how much it would involve me. When eventually he obtained a rather battered Speed Twenty-five he considered it imperative to mix with owners of steeds from the same stable—and then the fun began. I was pitchforked into navigating—a thing I had previously thought was only done at sea—and graduated through a couple of Midland rallies to the treasure hunt at Bawtry.

On previous occasions immediately on receiving instructions we departed in great haste, with the fullest co-operation from my husband, to our next check point. But this time there was conspiracy abroad!

Pity the poor navigator who climbed into the chariot and expected it to move. All she got from the driver was a rather fish-like stare, and not until full instructions were issued did we get under way; after one or two false starts as I’d forgotten to order the ‘release of handbrake.’ I was to discover that this was the kind of thing encountered from my normally sweet and helpful spouse, on this treasure (?) hunt. I don’t think it necessary to recount all the agonies involved in trying to satisfy the psychopathic instigator of this event—but I would like to mention a few of the highlights.

Where on a Sunday afternoon would you expect to find six farthings? How heart-breaking, after an enormous trot round the village green, to be told that all that was necessary was a pirouetting round another green, to wit, a sporting edition named the ‘Green Un’ kindly held in full view by a marshall—all this to the accompaniment of loud and heartless guffaws from the normally sweet and helpful one.

Many thanks to my guardian angel (not my husband) who led me to a lovely little cottage where a very sweet lady not only boiled me a tasty egg (I know because I had to prove edibility) but also
told me the way to Drakeholes, our next marshalling point. She had many interesting pieces of bric-a-brac not the least being a pair of candleabra made of the fore-feet of Tommy Tittlemouse, the last horse, Archer, the famous old-time jockey rode in 18—. Did you know that millionaire’s signatures were two-a-penny (I wish I could get one on a cheque) provided that you are willing to search the ground for grubby cigarette packets? Also I must try to remember that a finger-tip is as good as a coin-of-the-realm tip—I only hope that the waiter agrees with me.

Heading for ‘Home’ with tea as a bait the last clues had to be solved rapidly which may account for my mistaken notion that I needed to arrive wearing a nightcap, carrying a tree-trunk under my arm and hand in my lipstick to the waiting marshall (God knows what he would do with it)! I even got to the point of asking a very old farmer for the loan of a nightcap but with a twinkle in his eye he told me that he wasn’t, old enough to need one, so that fortunately this ‘crowning’ folly of the afternoon was prevented.

And so to tea, but how unfortunate after a strenuous day, an afternoon tea only fit for sparrows. But what bliss to sit down in a comfortable chair and relax!

I shall long remember the kindness and courtesy that I received from complete strangers when they were dealing with someone who was obviously an escaped lunatic—the sweet old boy who sawed off a piece of wood for me, his wife who couldn’t find an air-mail label for me but offered instead a Xmas card from her nephew in Sierre Leone—the landlord of the pub who had a seemingly inexhaustible supply of farthings—and last but not least, the unknown lady who provided the much sought after hard-boiled egg.

I must mention the prize-giving or rather taking. I picked something which I had nattered my husband for months to buy for me—a washleather—thank you Mr. and Mrs. Anonymous. My husband’s?—Well he got a box labelled ‘Aids to Rally Drivers’ which contained a water-bottle for the bed (NOT HOT).

This would not be complete without a reference to those patient marshalls who wait for the competitors to arrive and are thereby excluded from the real fun and the organising genius of such events without whom we should not be able to have such enjoyable meetings. THANK YOU.

ROAD MANNERS AND THE CAR
by Differential.

In a general way, most car drivers can be fitted into one of the following categories:—

1. The heavy brigade. Driving the stately carriages of the road, including Rolls-Royce, Big Alvis, Daimler and Bentley. Safe, unobtrusive and fairly fast.
2. Vintage and sports wallah. Usually a quick-witted character, who can cope with most situations. Often creates the impression, when driving, that he should have reached his destination yesterday.

3. "L" driver. Knows all the signals. But, if you are following, be prepared to see his car move sideways or vertically. Anything can happen.

4. The ladies. Unpredictable as ever. See note one group 3 above.

5. The bowler hat, 7 h.p., and a Sunday afternoon. Stay in bed on Sunday afternoons.

6. Same as Group 5, plus rocking birds on the rear window. Positively the very end.

7. The badly maintained old wreck. Citizen at the wheel probably in a similar condition. Change into third, down with the right foot, and get the hell out of his way.

8. The shiny new car. Usually driven with very great care. Unless it happens to be a Rover or a Jag, when it probably does not belong to the driver anyway.

Now there is not a solitary original observation included in that classification, but here is the point of the story. The various types are so constant that they form an interesting study in group psychology, and this writer holds the view that a driver can be taken out of one group and put into any other (excluding change of sex) and that his subsequent behaviour will resemble that of other members of his new group. It is suggested that one could take a Rolls-Royce limousine and an open Speed Twenty Alvis, and let the drivers change places. In very few miles, each car would be driven with the characteristics of the car, and not with characteristics previously associated with the individual driver. Reflect, for instance, on your local butcher's delivery van, which normally trundles round with due care and attention. Then, one day during the winter, most of the exhaust system rots off. At once the youth at the helm begins to drive with complete abandon, as he enjoys the roar of the open exhaust, muttering to himself "who is this cove Stirling Moss?".

Comparison was made recently in these columns between the performance of the Speed Twenty and that of the "4.3," and it was stated that the former would do a given journey in a shorter time. Now, this was largely due to the exhilarating effect of the high general level of noise, the scream of the gear-box in the indirect ratios, and the exhaust note like the Trumpet of Gabriel, which taken together, had an effect on the driver like a spoonful of Dexedrine tablets. The "4.3", on the other hand, had a quietness
and refinement which was reflected in one's driving.

If a solitary figure with straw in his hair is ever seen sitting in a field in the Midlands, trying to juggle with three S.U. carburetters, it will be Differential, after some research psychiatrist had tried the effect of fitting him out in a bowler hat, and loosing him off on a Sunday afternoon in a small car with dancing birds on the wind-screen. The snake-pit boys know just how much can be tolerated, and their stop-watches click when Psyche takes the wheel, and Ego, sitting in the back seat, reads from a driving manual.

As Jehu thought of saying to Moab, "show me his chariot and I will tell you the sort if man he is."

SPEED TWENTY-FIVE . . . . A.J.L.S.

I was now looking for a Speed Twenty-five, as this seemed to be the last word in motor cars and I proposed to acquire one and keep it for many years. Early in 1946, through the Autocar, I contacted the owner of a D/H Coupe and arranged to meet him in London. Had he arrived I should undoubtedly have purchased it but he went into, instead of over, a bridge at Maidenhead. When I saw the car in Reading, it was obvious that repair would be a very lengthy business and it was agreed that, should something better be found prior to its being ready, the projected deal would be off. During our search we inspected a Charlesworth Saloon in London, (Right price, wrong condition); a drop head in Bromley and yet another Charlesworth Saloon in Kenton. The D/Head gave me a turn, its oil pressure was correct at idling speed, but, on accelerating it went almost to zero. The car was tactfully returned to the owner. The 1937 Charlesworth at Kenton belonged to K. S. R. Rose, an enthusiast of long standing. He bought the car early in the war, and, being unable to run it, set about a complete restoration programme which took three years to complete. This included the raising of the compression ratio, Copperising the head, Fitting Harmonic camshaft, Servo Dewandre brakes, late type pump and control for the dampers, extra leaf in each rear spring and a 2in. exhaust pipe right through.

I still have this car and consider it a great improvement on the Speed 20s—Smother, faster, and larger (a good point for a family man.) It has been decoked twice and sundry other small detail works done, but has been almost trouble free. She revs freely up to 4,500 r.p.m. I particularly admire the multiple valve springs which contribute to this performance and would advise owners of the early speed twenty to fit them if possible.

Maximum speed I don't know, but I have seen an indicated 100 on the speedo several times. For a 3½ litre engine pulling 36 cwt. this is a remarkable feat. The "Motor" described the model as the fastest in the world in its horse power group.
On pool, pinking can be excessive, but the hand ignition control allows me to cope fairly well. Amongst my intriguing noises one that was most troublesome was tracked to its source when the window fillets were being removed, for polishing, from the rear doors. One of my small daughter's pencils was discovered, having been dropped down the crack and a discreet silence maintained. The fixing of the radiator is worthy of comment. This is simple to remove and replace and leaves the whole of the engine beautifully accessible. Though care is advised should you fit a replacement triangle on the cowl. The temptation is strong to tighten with a spanner. In which case you will be obliged to wait some days for the makers to send you yet another one down... they probably get a hearty laugh out of it for the thing is prone to split from top to bottom. I believe my views on the necessity for clean oil at all times for a high performance engine, necessitating frequent oil changes have already been put. Nevertheless it is a matter that cannot be too strongly emphasised, and I change my engine oil every twelve hundred miles. Gear box and rear axle are trouble free, and receive oil change annually.

Having had considerable tyre trouble, I fitted a set of Goodyear covers and obtained their advice. They advocate a pressure of 28 lb. per sq. inch for a 550 x 19 tyre with a load of 9 cwt. For every additional cwt. the pressure is increased by 4 lb. I give about 32 lb. per sq. inch in the rear wheels and have had no trouble since. In the holiday season, when heavy loads are carried my advice is to follow suit, even should it involve the weighing of one's luggage on the bathroom scales. Enclosed, in loose leaf form, are some reproductions of photographs of the vehicle which I hope will prove of interest. I'd be pleased to enter into discussion, through Alvistas, with any enthusiast who might so desire. But that's MY speed Twenty Five, and I love it.

Bill Blunt took a 12/50 to Silverstone recently for the Meeting of the V.S.C.C. The Scrutineers took exception to his general appearance (he looked sartorially elegant, as Betty says) and he was obliged to spectate. In a full and interesting account, which we are, unfortunately, unable to present in full, he mentions the good performance of Member L. S. Richards Speed 20. He was right on the spot when Clutton's 1923 ten litre Delage gave an impromptu cookery exhibition. However the bigger and better section of the motoring press gave all the other details he mentions, some time last month. Our thanks go out to Bill for his interest and his willingness to contribute to the magazine and he'll be with us in the OCTOBER issue.
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We apologise to our readers for our inability to completely foreare
the humble stencil. However, the lapse of time between issues, the state
of late news and the urgent need for copy and advertisements for our
new issue all help form the needs that must... etc.
LATE NEWS... AND LATER...

Mr Chevell of Goldhawk Rd, London is offering his famed 4.3 Sporta
racing Alvis for Sale. Club members who contest him in the matter will
find that he is prepared to listen to reasonable offers providing he
knows it will find a good home.

The Chilerton Car Club invite members to participate in their Fifth
Annual Concours D'Elégance at Amesham on Sunday September 7th. Full
details from Mr Critchett.

First Wednesday meeting at the Flouh grows in popularity... there is
room for many more cars in the park though, why not come along, Mr Brian
Connolly invites South Eastern Section members to their own "First
Wednesday Meeting" at the Osterley Hotel, Great West Road, Brentford
and wishes it pointing out that this type of social occasion benefits
from a somewhat larger attendance... Messrs James and Harbin at the
Harkstoe Park Rally, gave the Editor to understand that they would do
their best to be there. Presumably the General Secretary will be in
attendance to receive entry forms and new members etc. Come on folk...
free fun and free refreshments for all who have paid their 1954 subs!

Enclosed is a reply paid card which will enable those of you who desire
to secure regular copies of that most excellent magazine "AUTOSPORT"
This magazine gave the club an excellent write-up recently and are
always willing to allow space to section secretaries to publicise
their events. It would seem to be the best of the magazines for the Club
motorist, certainly it represents good value for money.

The Rally at Harkstone Park was a resounding success. Messrs
Russell, Collier, Picton and the other organiser are to be congratulated on
a really marvellous show. A full report is hoped for the next issue
but we can recall the following happy faces spotted during the day &
Messrs.Russell (2.3) Picton (25) Richards (20) Collier (Saloon ?)
Leadbeater, Blunt, James, Hammersley, Barks, Harbin, Correr (20s)
Lawrence (17) Watson-Smyth Tomlinson (7 As) Lees (4,3) Dickinson (Saloon ?) Miss
Tomlinson and two or three cars and faces unknown to the Editor... If you
were there and I missed you out... write in and I'll apologise etc...

Certainly was a sight for sore eyes..., but who kicked the Bucket ?.
A treasure hunt, Intelligence test, Competition and free for all
will be held at the Flouh hotel on Sunday September 21st. You know the
rules ?... every person in the competing car brings a small prize. Each
to be separatelet wrapped, everyone gets a prize. Start at 2.30 p.m.
own arrangements for lunch. Tea at 5:30 at the
destination and
finish. (Tea hooked through Dick Barks) Entry fee 2/6 per car. Plaques to
every car attending, free of charge. Details from Dick Barks...