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## Z MAGNETTE GROUP NEWSLETTER - SPRING 1998



THE M.G. MAGNETTE—"SAFETY FAST" IN AIR-SMOOTHED STYLE

Original BMG postcard submitted by Wayne & Dee Johnson

Dear Magnette Enthusiasts,

Spring us here in the Midwest. That means two things - getting the Magnette out on the road, and getting the newsletter mailed. Both are now accomplished.

Thank you to those who sent in corrections and updates to the member list. I suspect that there are a few phone area codes that still need to be brought up to date. The member list is now quite comprehensive as E-mail, fax #'s, member #'s and car model are all listed. The next step is to list all car serial #'s and engine #'s on a separate sheet. Jeff Arendas has been getting lots of E-mail activity, as he has added the ZMG to the MG club listings page on the Internet.

I have hit the bottom of the financial hat with this newsletter. It's now time to ask for donations to fund printing and mailing costs. We have had new members in the last year, so I have been able to go for awhile as the \$10.00 registration fee has been supporting the ZMG. For those of you who have been members for more than one year - I am passing the hat to you for a \$10.00 donation from each. Please support the ZMG!

While driving our Magnette this spring, I noticed a clunking sound coming from the front right side. I found the problem to be a worn shock absorber bushing. The bushing was oil soaked and deteriorated. I thought the shock was bad, but I found that the oil was hypoid gear oil that had leaked out of a torn rack boot and had apparently blew back on the shock while driving. I replaced the shock bushing and installed new boots. I refilled the steering rack by pouring 5 oz. of 90w gear oil into a trigger oil can and pumping half in each side of the rack just prior to fitting the boot on the rack housing. Using the oil can is easier than opening the plugs on the rack, and I cannot find a oil gun to service the fittings as the owners manual shows.

Happy Motoring!

JEAR

## CARS FOR SALE

1958 ZB Varitone with MGB 3-main engine. Solid body. \$1800.00

*Roland Young 20310 Michael Court Cupertino, CA. 95014*

*(408) 252-1834 E-mail - BRITISHIRON@AOL.COM*

1958 Magnette ZB - this is a solid auto with spare engine, transmission, doors, axles, hood, misc. parts. \$1500.00

*Bob George (757) 728-5655 or (757) 850-2962 fax (757) 850-0999*

1956 Magnette ZA - a very original two owner car from new. Some ZB production parts as this car was one of the last ZA's produced. Body is in excellent shape with NO RUST. Some good quality lead loading repair done probably in the 70's. Original engine with lead-free rebuilt head, new brakes, tires, and choice of final drive, interior is all original except for carpeting and in superb condition, paint (non-original iris blue) in fair condition. Perhaps the best unrestored ZA in North America. Located in Toronto. Asking price \$7,000 US - negotiable.

*Eric F. Wilson - Marchant Pereira 1050 - Depto 402, Santiago, Chile*  
*Tel: (56 2) 269 4538 E-mail - ewilson@finning.cl*

## PARTS FOR SALE

Steering wheel for ZB, without center motif. \$75.00

*Klaron Grigsby-Stevens (954) 946-5005 STEVENSAIF@aol.com*

Assorted collection of instrument panel switches, all in working order.

*Bob Mason (334) 928-5366*

Parting out ZB - call or write with your order.

*Arch Boston (502) 897-0717*

New ZA & ZB front & rear window seals. Made to original specs. \$80.00 front, \$60.00 rear - shipping included. Interior dome light with lens \$30.00. Tuned tubular exhaust header \$45.00.

*Jeff Powell (708) 344-2268*

## PARTS WANTED

Original-style radio knobs and facia plate for BMC AM radio. Also need a wiper arm.

*Tom Abbot (910) 764-0460 tdabbot@pol.net*

The inside surround for the back window on a varitone.

*Wayne & Isabel Hardy (409) 829-5427 gwhardy@icc.net*

Trunk latch & light assembly complete for 1958 ZB.

*Al Gresch (715) 359-9688*

Temp gauge sending unit (part that screws in cylinder head). Also, radio bracket (lower part of fresh air vent), front turn signal wiring harness ZB.

*Gene Simpson (209) 732-3997 / fax (209) 739-1440  
GSimp@aol.com*

One window winder handle, information on how to darken headliner to eliminate spots.

*Earle Genge (908) 369-5467*

MGA 4:11 rear axle differential. Also looking for a trunk lock latch (the small piece that rotates with lock & key inside of trunk). A sketch with dimensions would also help to fabricate latch.

*John Park (519) 797-5650*

One fog light lens for original Lucas light, also looking for information about having a headliner made. Does anyone have a pattern?

*Arch Boston (502) 897-0717*

ZB front fender & door side chrome trim.

*Mark Childers (757) 473-1757*

Photos of you and your Magnette, old magazine articles, and your stories of Magnettes for the newsletter.

*Jeff Powell (708) 344-2268*



## Z MAGNETTE GROUP POLO SHIRTS

**\$22.00 EACH**

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (     ) \_\_\_\_\_

Please include \$3.00 for postage when ordering 1-2 shirts, \$4.00 postage for 3 or more shirts.

QTY: \_\_\_\_\_ SIZE: L \_\_\_\_\_

XL \_\_\_\_\_

Embroidery Color: Green \_\_\_\_\_

Maroon \_\_\_\_\_

Navy Blue \_\_\_\_\_

## ZMG WINDOW STICKERS

White printing on a clear background that adheres to the inside of the window.  
Buy one for Mquette and one for the 'other' family car!

\$3.00 each or 2 for \$5.00  
(price includes shipping)

Send your check to: Jeff Powell  
910 Hirsch, Melrose Park, IL. 60160



Great Britain International stickers can be purchased from ZMG member Steve Howard 756 Regent Road Cincinnati, OH 45245 (513) 528-1941 **\$4.00**



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200 17th St., Monaca 728-5535 (End Of The Old Toll Bridge)

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- Complete Body or Body Parts
- Stainless Steel Fasteners:
- Nails - Deck Screws - Nuts - Bolts
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**Call For Details 728-5535**

Call ZMG member Jerry Fisher  
at (724) 728-5535 for all your  
specialty fasteners and body  
panel preparation needs.





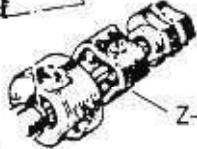



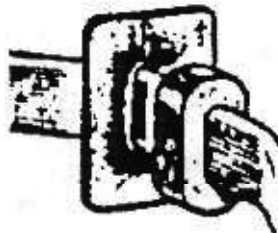



Marty Ray-4368 Bennett Place, Oakland, CA 94602 USA-510-530-4985  
email: martyray@leland.stanford.edu

**ZMG member**

## Rubber parts for the MG Z-type Midgette Saloon

All parts are Urethane-based RTV rubber, made one at a time by hand in molds I made myself. They vary in quality because I have improved my methods over time. Prices mainly reflect the cost of the materials. As far as I know, these are not available elsewhere, or I would have bought them rather than making them! If you don't recognize some of these parts, use the BMC part numbers and your parts book to see what they are. If you don't have a parts book, I strongly suggest you find one, they are invaluable for restoration of any car.

Part number BMC Zedco	Description	Picture (not to scale)	Price \$ £
ACA5300 Z-2	ZB Tunnel gearbox dipstick hole plug (OVAL)		\$12 £8
ACH8300 Z-1	ZB air filter grommet (new CNC mold!)		\$12 £8
185888 Z-3	Scuttle vent handle grip		\$9 £6
186727 Z-4	Front lower centering buffer (2 req.)		\$6 £4
184581 Z-5	Steering damper (this is the rubber portion inside the damper unit)		\$12 £8
ADH2492 Z-6	Grille to lower wing buffer (2 req.)		\$7 £5
ADH2600 Z-7	Bonnet to wing buffer (2 req.)		\$7 £5
184200 Z-8	Battery clamp rubber pad (2 req.)		\$6 £4
186060 + 186062 Z-9	Rear Bumper Grommet- a combination of two BMC parts, a Zedco design, works much better than the originals. Groove engages with rectangular hole in car body- cannot be installed without removing bumper.		\$18 £12
ADG1659 Z-10	3-hole Grommet for vacuum operated washer system (CNC mold!)		\$7 £5

MGCC - Z Magnette  
Register meet in  
Norwich, England  
Submitted by  
Mike Hickman



The Magnettes of Dave Wittmer  
(green) and Jeff Arendas (black)  
at a show in Ohio



From California,  
Jack Begley's ZB with  
a 3.8 Buick V6, auto  
transmission, MGB  
brakes w/booster,  
GM tilt steering,  
TR7 A/C





Richard Olsen's grey '55 ZA  
and Mark V Jaguar - Fargo N.D.



The MGA coupe and red '56 ZA  
of Martin "Jeff" Jeffries  
- Glendale, Az.



Wayne & Isabel Hardy's '58  
burgundy and red varitone - Diboll, TX.

Dan Shockey and parts  
car (grey primer and  
rust) - Albany, OR.







# Lonely Journey

Covering the Mille Miglia the Hard Way with an M.G. Magnette

By GREGOR GRANT

THERE cannot be much wrong with British automobile engineering, when one can take a motor-car used daily for business, titivate it up a little, drive it to Brescia, then do the Mille Miglia and finish well within the time limit—particularly as the sole attention the car received from the day it left Boulogne, was to fit a couple of new Dunlops R1 racing tyres, have all covers “pneugrippa-ed”, the chassis greased and the engine oil changed. What is more, the brakes, with their Mintex M20 linings, did several thousand miles afterwards before they were adjusted for the first time since the race.

When I suggested taking my modified M.G. Magnette, 414 BMD, on this marathon, without a co-driver, folk looked significantly at each other and solemnly tapped the sides of their heads. Perhaps it was a crazy idea, but I hated the idea of scaring someone else stiff—and perhaps being terrified myself into the bargain. So I decided to do it solo, and I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. Without the experience, I never could possibly have realized what this great race really means, unless I had actually competed. More than ever it has made me wonder how on earth people like Moss, Collins, Castellotti, Fangio and Co. can drive at the tremendous pace necessary to finish on top in the general classification. How many readers have ever been passed in a rainstorm, by a car doing about 160 m.p.h.? Well I have, and it gives one a completely different slant on motor-racing.

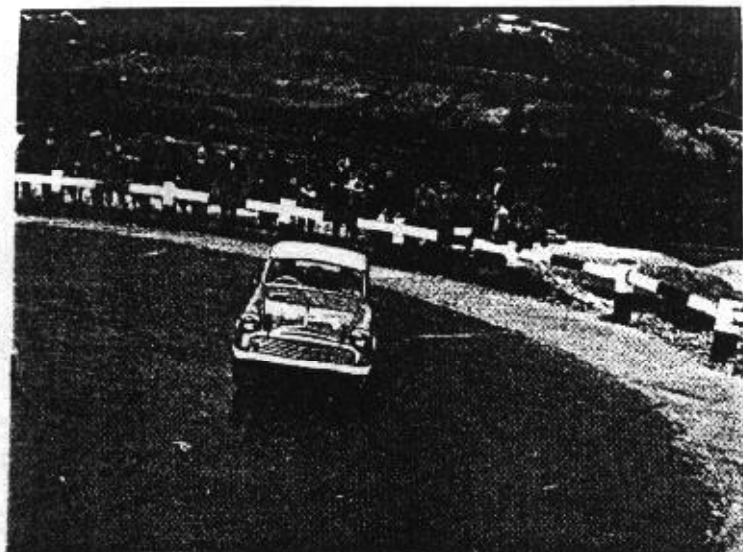
Prior to going across the Channel, the people at Abingdon gave the car a quick going-over. As the competitions dept. was busy with its own Mille Miglia commitments, all work had to be done in the normal service dept. The valves were ground, and a new rocker assembly fitted, but in the main, nothing in the way of special preparation was attempted, apart from the provision of a long-range fuel tank. On Alec Hounslow's suggestion, an oil-cooler was fitted, and the rear axle ratio raised to 4.55 to 1 in place of the standard ratio. For reasons of personal comfort, both radio and heating installations were retained. The Lucas people carefully checked all electrical equipment, adding a headlamp flick-switch as found on many Continental cars. I also borrowed

a TF-type dynamo from Dick Jacobs to drive the tachometer, and a Halda Speed Pilot was fitted.

I travelled over with the late Stan Asbury and Doug West, who were taking Leslie Brooke's Austin-Healey 100S to Brescia, and we embarked on the *Lord Warden*. The trip to Italy was anything but uneventful. We were joined by an American and his wife in an Austin-Healey, also bound for the Mille Miglia, but we succeeded in frightening them so much on the “Route de la Source de la Loue” between Besançon and Pontarlier, that they decided to take things more gently and we lost them. As we were in a hurry, perhaps we dived over this faster than we would have normally.

Near Sion, a couple of Swiss garage types told us that the Simplon was open to traffic, so we decided to try and get to Domodossola before dark. About 15 kilometres up it was nearly curtains for all of us; rounding a hairpin bend, I heard a deep rumbling sound; this was just about the whole side of a mountain rushing down on us. For several minutes huge boulders and trees bounced all over the place, completely blocking the narrow road. Anyway the three of us went to it in an attempt to clear the road. We did manage to clear a route through, but just as we started our engines, the rumbling noise started again, and down came another hundred tons or so of debris. An enormous boulder made straight for Stan, and he jumped—straight into several feet of half-frozen snow where he remained almost up to his neck. Doug and I had a tough time extricating him, and all the time stones and mud streamed down on to the road.

Finally we pulled Stan out with a loud “plunk”, and decided to get the heck out of it. The trip down was equally frightening, and how on earth both cars remained unscathed never ceases to amaze me. When we returned to Brig we saw a sign we should have seen before “SIMPLON—COI. FERMÉ”. Anyway we put the cars on the train to go through the tunnel. The less said about that journey the better. We travelled with a coach load of the queerest people I have ever seen—about a couple of dozen females with a priest in charge, all apparently suffering from severe mental disorders. Every now and then a bottle of red wine was passed round, and by the time



**RADICOFANE:** (Top) Peter Harper and Sheila van Damm in their class-winning Sunbeam Rapier.

**POPOLO:** (Above) Tommy Wisdom and Walter Monaco in their Austin-Healey, about 120 miles from Rome.

Domodossola was reached, the entire party seemed to be roaring tight.

On the autostrada, we let the cars out briefly, and the Magnette achieved close on 100 m.p.h. on several occasions, according to the evidence of the rev. counter, and to Doug West in the following Austin-Healey, which eventually developed a curious misfire, traced afterwards to loose inlet manifold nuts.

Brescia was more or less chaotic. The old city was plastered with every variety of advertising sign, with "Mille Miglia" all over the place. Vast crowds gathered round the cars in the Piazza Vittoria, where the scrutineering booths are laid out rather like an assembly line, but with a very definite fairground atmosphere. Every Italian driver appeared to think that it was essential to rev his motor up to peak revs when edging through the multitude. Naturally spivs were much in evidence, and also a few honourable vendors; the former would sell you back the paint off your car if they could have removed it! Apart from a slight panic about insurance, involving a payment of 25,000 lire, scrutineering went through smoothly. Under the wing of Denis Druitt and John Patara of B.P., I was delighted to receive petrol coupons from AGIP, and also an issue of oil. I had several offers from would-be co-drivers, all of which I politely turned down. However, Tommy Wisdom did not look forward to a 1,000 miles trip all on his own, and collected Walter Monaco of U.S.A. as passenger in the 100S Austin-Healey.

In Brescia it is extremely difficult to find people; the most likely spots to meet the British contingent, were either the bar

of the Moderne Gallo Hotel, or in Nino's famous Ristorante Horolgi, where the steaks are big and tender, and the vino is extraordinarily cheap and good. Stan and Co. went to stay in one of Count Maggi's guest houses, but I put up at the Grande Albergo Terme, Sirmione on Lake Garda, there to join Ronnie and Eileen Adams, Ernie and Alma McMillen, the Brian Turlls and Denis Druitt. Before the race I tried to get plenty of sleep, but the old butterflies kept me awake, and in the end I gave it up altogether and read detective stories.

Stirling Moss was not looking too happy about his Maserati on Saturday morning; he had been up testing it since 5 a.m., and mechanics had taken it away to strip it down, with promises that it would be ready by 6 p.m. The 3.5-litre Ferraris of Castellotti and Fangio were powerful-looking brutes; they had the latest V-12 engines.

No event can possibly attract such a variety of high-performance cars, from the very stark Italian and French 750 c.c. open one/two-seaters, to the almost luxurious *Gran Turismo* machines as exemplified by the 300SL Mercedes-Benz and Oliver Gendebien's 3-litre Ferrari. Variations on the Alfa Romeo theme were legion, but for sheer, wicked-looking efficiency, the Zagato G.T. versions were hard to beat. The appearance of the new Alfa Giulietta Sprint Veloce was welcome. These little 1,300 c.c. machines have 2-o.h.c. engines developing 90 b.h.p., and floor-mounted gear levers in place of the waggle-stick favoured on the standard Giulietta. The official Renault Dauphine team of Mlle. Thirion, Maurice Trintignant, Louis Rosier and Paul Frère had five-speed gear-boxes and very much "1063-ed" engines. Journalist-photographer Bernard Cahier had entered his perfectly standard Dauphine, newly delivered before the race. Both the works-entered M.G.As of Scott-Russell/Haig and Nancy Mitchell/Pat Faichney were painted Alfa red, possibly in the hope that they would be mistaken for Italian cars and given priority of passage, especially at level crossings. Both machines had oil coolers, racing screens and long-range petrol tanks with quick-filler caps. The Triumphs were originally down to run as G.T. cars, and were provided with hard-tops. However, as they were entered in the limited-price sports car category, they were made to run open; fortunately Ken Richardson had brought along aero screens.

"My" class comprised several Porsches, two beautifully prepared Sunbeam Rapiers, one of which was to be driven by Peter Harper and Sheila van Damm. Developed by E.R.A. these cars had several special features, including a new-type inlet manifold, and a clever method of directing cooling air on to dampers. They were immaculately turned out, as is always the case when Norman Garrad is in charge.

There was also a works-prepared Borgward, and a Spanish-entered modified Magnette. In all, this Grand Touring and Special Series class comprised 14 machines, of which nine were of Porsche manufacture. As I was due to start at 0301 hours, I didn't manage to get much sleep. You know how it is; one gets talking, and before one realizes it, zero hour is on one.

It is an eerie experience to be on the launching ramp awaiting the start. The arc lamps light up the scene, punctuated by brilliant flashes from photographers' bulbs. Wisniewski's Rapier shot off into the night, and just as the starter was about to drop his flag, Norman Garrad shouted "You won't get very far." "Why?", I yelled. He replied, "—unless you put on your lights!"

I went gently down the ramp to avoid hitting the tail, and was soon tearing down the road on the start of my thousand miles journey. It was dark, very dark, but there was no hint of the terrible conditions to come, although sailors on Lake Garda had forecast torrential rain. In front I could see the twin red lights of the Rapier. The crowds, even at this early hour in the morning, were immense. It was highly dangerous having to roar through villages, with the inhabitants crowded several deep on each side, leaving very little room to get through. I had set the Halda at 70 m.p.h., and at Verona the all-important red hand had gained over a minute. Near Vicenza, after about 110 kilometres, I managed to overtake the German-entered Rapier, in company with Guarnieri's 8V Fiat, and Ribaldi's Maserati. The Rapier driver was definitely blinded by the powerful headlights of the Italian cars coming up behind, and swerved violently entering a village.

The 2-litre cars rocketed past me as if the Magnette was standing still. Towards Padua, the road seemed to be full of 2-litre Alfas, all being driven flat out and with drivers making no attempt to dim their lights as they approached from behind. At Ferrara, the false dawn made visibility difficult.

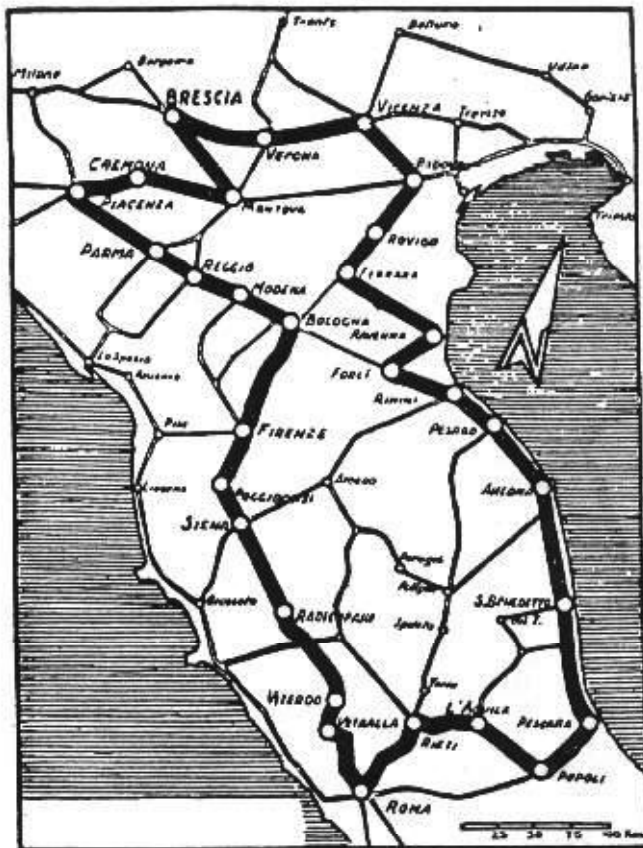


Behind came two cars, one of which passed at high speed, and the other more slowly. This, I thought, was the Rapier, and as we went through the town, I held on to third gear too long, and the engine suddenly went on to three cylinders. Imagine my chagrin when the car that hurtled past turned out to be a Sprint 2-litre Alfa. I stopped outside a garage, where the M.G. was immediately surrounded by gesticulating Italians. Quickly I discovered that No. 3 cylinder wasn't firing, and I changed a plug. The Rapier went past, sounding very healthy, to be followed much later by Nava's Magnette which I had passed comparatively early on—and then a string of 2-litre machines.

Still the engine was on three cylinders. Off came the rocker cover, and I found I could have put two fingers between the rocker and valve stem of No. 3 exhaust valve. Even with the adjusting nut screwed up tight, there was still a vast amount of tappet clearance. In desperation I put a screwdriver under the valve spring head and yanked: with a loud click the valve resented itself. I readjusted the tappet, and to my relief the engine fired again on all four. Resetting the Halda, the red hand of which had long ago dragged far behind the minute hand of the clock, I restarted, not forgetting to top up the 17-gallon tank with fuel, and to check the oil.

It was now daylight, and heavy grey clouds were looming up, with occasional splashes of rain. At Ravenna I clocked in at 0514.08 hours, having taken 2 hrs. 41 mins. for the 303 kilometres, including, of course, about 15 minutes lost fixing the valve. That'll teach me to over-rev, I thought, recalling that the r.p.m. needle had been around 6,500 on the open road, and may have gone off the clock when I foolishly tried to out-accelerate a 2-litre Alfa! Anyway, an average speed of over 80 m.p.h. was not bad going for my go-to-the-office saloon.

**UMBRELLAS EVERYWHERE:** The Magnette passing through a suburb of Rome, en route for Siena, Florence and then the dreaded Futa Pass.



Down came the rain, and ground mist added to visibility problems. I was most grateful for the wonderful warning sign system which is a feature of the Mille Miglia. In addition to static signs, officials are posted with flags on the approach to anything like a tricky bend. With very fast cars, these precautions must come as a godsend.

With broad daylight came some amazing scenes. Alfa Giuliettas seemed to be in the most peculiar places. One was facing oncoming traffic, and appeared to be minus its rear wheels. Another was parked in the middle of a public park, with no visible evidence of how it got there. Down a ravine I caught a glimpse of a green car; it was Brooke's Austin-Healey, but both Leslie and Stan Asbury appeared to be O.K. The bend where the car had gone over was terribly slippery, not shiny "Tarmac", but that treacherous surface which appears to be non-skid, but becomes like a skating rink whenever it rains.

All down the Adriatic coast the rain pelted down in torrents, but enormous crowds lined the route near every populated area. Standard wear seemed to be large green umbrellas, a feature which I shall always associate with the 1956 Mille Miglia. I clocked in at Pescara at 8 hrs. 42 mins. 46 secs., having taken exactly 5 hrs. 41½ mins. to cover 630 kilometres, never exceeding 5,500 r.p.m.—a lesson learned! In this pleasant town the sun shone—for the last time during the race, I might add.

Cabianca's 1½-litre Osca went past in a cloud of spray, at an incredible amount of knots. Not long afterwards, Von Trips went by in the 300SL, the occupants protected from the raging storm outside. I felt quite sorry for the open car folk, and thought of Annie Bousquet in her lone journey with the TR2, and of Nancy Mitchell and Pat Faichney in their M.G. Belucci's Maserati went past with a broken damper dangling down behind; Behra also seemed to have damper trouble in his 1½-litre car, and stopped near Aquila to have it fixed.

Still more crashes! I saw an extremely battered Mercedes 220A at the roadside, then a wrecked 300SL. A Giulietta lay on its side near a café, and two Porsches were mutely stationary in a village. The rain never let up, and during the passage to Rome I caught and repassed the other Magnette. At Rome, my time of arrival was 11 hrs. 26 mins. 54 secs. In other words, nearly 8 hrs. 26 mins. to cover 874 kilometres. While M.G.'s mechanics from the Rome agents refuelled the car and changed plugs, Castellotti came in with his Ferrari to the accompaniment of tremendous cheers. Before the reception committee, consisting mainly of Italian film stars, could get busy, the red Ferrari was off again. Their attention was then transferred to the Magnette, and I was presented with a woolly dog named "Floppie Cockie"—probably intended for Castellotti—and a bottle of Italian champagne. I can say that whatever is said about Italian film actresses—it is perfectly true! Reluctantly I restarted, wiping lipstick from my face. I chewed the chicken that Nino had prepared for me, and took several swigs of glucose. Oddly enough I didn't feel in the least tired. A hot swing band was playing on the Rome radio, and everything was fine and dandy.



On the approach to Radiocofane, Peter Collins and his intrepid passenger Louis Klementaski passed me in their Ferrari. Both took time to wave, and the next time I saw them, they were stopped to refuel, soaked from head to foot. The next time they went by, they shook their fists at the driver of an Alfa who just wouldn't pull over to let them through. I wondered why I hadn't seen either Stirling Moss or Pie Taruffi in their Maseratis, but guessed that they must have packed up. Oliver Gendebien streaked past in a cloud of spray in the G.T. Ferrari, obviously well up with the leaders. One or two of the Spyder Porsches were in trouble, and I saw Chiron's 750 c.c. Osca parked by the roadside. I also caught a glimpse of Ronnie Adams's TR2 in a side road; he and Ernie McMillen had the bonnet up.

On the Radiocofane Fangio swept past, and almost immediately broadsided on newly-gravelled road. He took it very carefully after this, and for at least 10 kilometres, I stayed not far behind. So soon as the gravel section finished, the Ferrari vanished from sight at a tremendous speed. Despite the dreadful weather, large crowds had congregated on the pass—green umbrellas being seen everywhere. On the steepest part of the climb, I had to drop to bottom gear, and the engine went on to three cylinders again. I plugged on, as it was dangerous to stop anywhere. At the first opportunity I halted, and once again the screwdriver trick worked. The Magnette arrived at Siena at nine minutes past two, having covered 1,101 kilometres, averaging about 60 m.p.h. with a duff valve.

Florence was reached without incident at five past three, and then came the Futa Pass. Conditions here were indescribable. Visibility was, in places, practically nil. Torrents poured down from the mountainsides, depositing glutinous mud on the road. All competitors were amazed to see a Giulietta jammed against some boulders, with a miniature waterfall running in through the broken rear window, and out of the smashed door. One of the Porsches in my class was having its front-end straightened out, after an excursion into the "rough", and a D.B.-Panhard looked as if it had met a steam-roller. Mesdames Frilloux and Pagot must have taken a wrong road somewhere, for I met their TR2 coming in from the right. They were very wet, but looked quite cheerful.

Coming down the Futa, there was a high wind, and one of my wiper blades disappeared—it would be the driver's one, of course. Anyway, I pressed on, more often than as not on three cylinders, expecting every moment to hear a loud clatter accompanied by the silence which would mean that the valve had dropped inside. At Bologna my time of arrival was 16 hrs. 8 mins. 28 secs. (1,278 kilometres). On the very fast road to Mantova, my three-cylinder engine would not propel me at more than 110 k.p.h. I had little hope of finishing within the time limit—if at all. I applied the screwdriver again, and the valve clicked back. However, anything over 5,000 r.p.m. made it stick again.

At the Mantova control I realized that I was well within the time limit, and I covered the final stage of 66 kilometres, not exceeding 100 k.p.h. The stands were thinly populated when I arrived in darkness at Brescia, after having driven the 1,597 kilometres in 16 hrs. 57 mins. 56 secs., 151st in general classification out of 315 starters and 182 finishers. The Magnette was also fourth in the special series class, which was won by Sheila Van Damm and Peter Harper in their Rapier. Only four of the G.T. Porsches finished, but the class winner averaged 117.874 k.p.h.

Altogether it was a thrilling experience. The cylinder head was removed afterwards, and the valve was found to be not only bent, but almost burnt away to nothing. Anyway, to have averaged nearly 95 k.p.h. for 1,000 miles, with a faulty valve, proves the remarkable stamina of the 1,500 c.c. B.M.C. engine. Fuel consumption was extremely good, the car averaging 26 m.p.g. About 4 litres of oil were required. Immediately afterwards the car was driven to Holland, and put up some quite prodigious averages on German *autobahn*.

So, here's to the next time. Tired? Not particularly. After all, one is at the wheel considerably less than in an event such as the Lyon-Charbonnières where almost all the mileage is covered in the mountains. Yet I cannot fail to marvel at the performance of Castellotti and Collins in averaging about 85 m.p.h. during the worst weather conditions ever experienced in a Mille Miglia.

**BRIEF GLIMPSE**—of sunshine: The Magnette sweeps through Popolo on the Adriatic coast, on the way to Aquila and Rome.