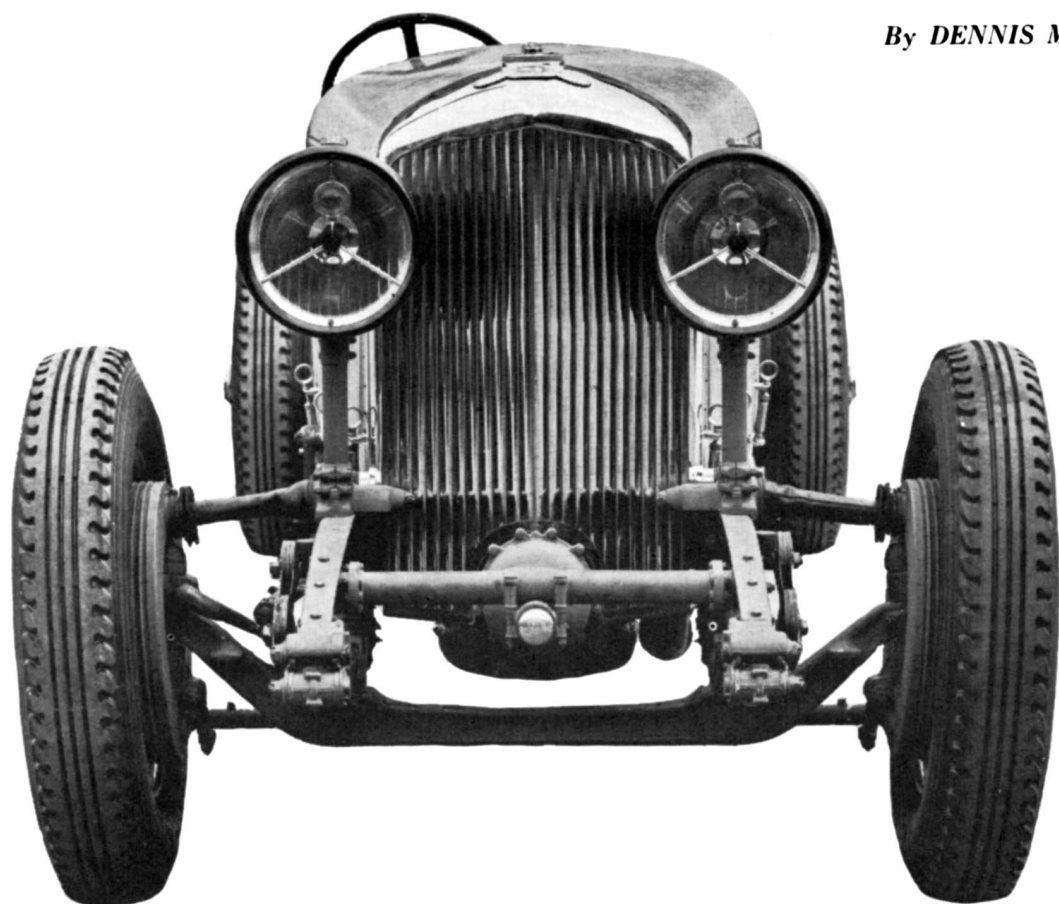


OLD RUMBLE GUTS

By DENNIS MAY



A distinguishing feature of the 8-litre was its thermostatically controlled radiator shutters in massive shell.

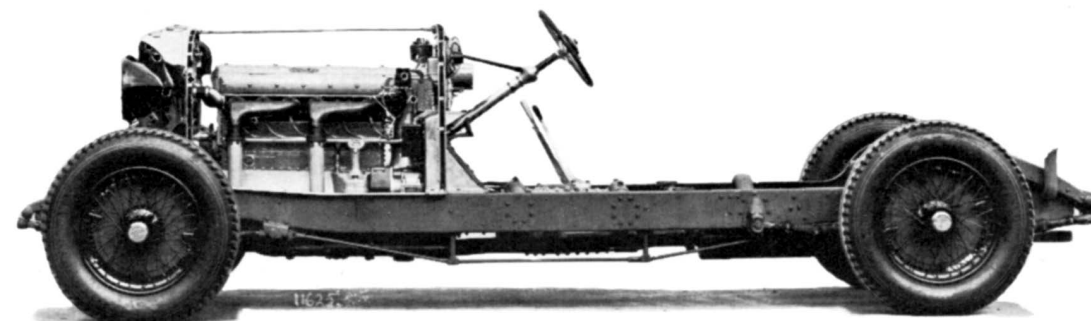
EXPERIENTA DOCET — or does it? An anthology of disproofs of this down-at-heel cliché could make plausible play with comparisons between the vintage Bentleys and the spawn of many a modern conveyor belt. In a lifetime of ten years flat, 1922 to '31 inclusive, the old Bentley factory at Cricklewood, London, sent 3061 cars out into the world. Today, among the several British plants that exceed that total every month, there are some that have never yet built a car to compare with the rumbleguts Bentleys for all-around roadability, easy maintenance, durability, fine workmanship and the classic symmetry of their engines and entire underhood installations.

Perhaps there was a seed of spiteful truth in Ettore Bugatti's gibe that "Monsieur Bentley builds the fastest

trucks in the world." Bentleys and Bugattis, according to the priesthood of the Bug cult, stood in about the same relationship as a poleax to a stiletto, a dray-horse to a quarter-horse, a bull fiddle to a lyre; and maybe these similes did have a vaguely credible basis. Nonetheless, under the Bentley's hulking exterior there lurked the evidence of much advanced thinking, plus an uncompromising integrity. Anything savoring of the *ersatz* or second-best was poison to Walter Owen Bentley and his design collaborators.

Every Bentley engine built at Cricklewood had a main bearing between each crank throw, an overhead camshaft and dual ignition. More than thirty years ago the hottest of the three-litre variants was sold with a certified maximum of 100 miles per hour. There never was a Bentley with

The early-day Bentleys were waspishly called "the fastest trucks in the world" by Ettore Bugatti and they were so high they made your ears pop climbing out but they managed to take nearly everything going for almost a full decade



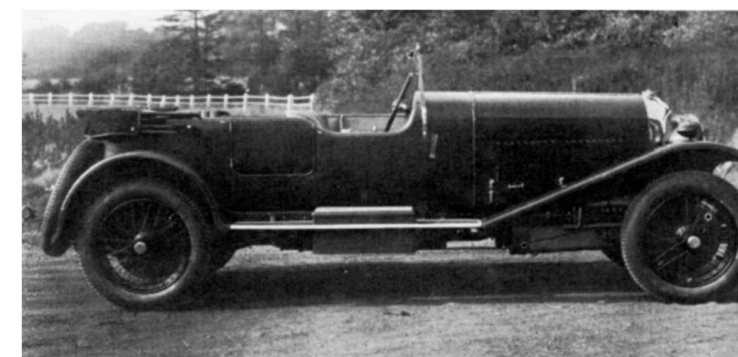
Last of W. O. Bentley's mightiest work, the 8-litre chassis had elektron crankcase and 4 valves per cylinder.

fewer than four speeds. From their debut in 1926 the six-cylinder models had power braking as regular equipment. Camshaft drive on all the sixes was of unique design, with triple coupling rods interposed between miniature crankshafts. Bentley marketed a reliable supercharged car as early as 1930, and the following year were among the pioneers of rubber engine mounting; this was featured on the mighty eight-litre, last of "W.O.'s" wonderful works at the sign of the Winged B.

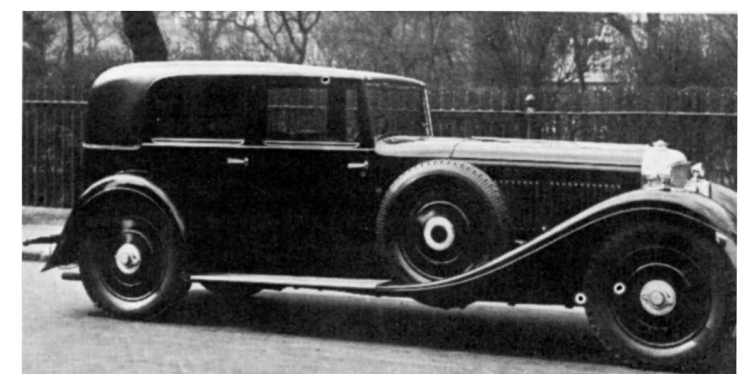
The character and true greatness of an automobile can fairly be measured by its long-term survival after manufacture has stopped. By this criterion, the Bentley is probably out on its own. Today, more than a quarter-century after the Cricklewood shutdown, roughly one third of the cars the old company built are still in healthful service on the highways of the world. The Bentley Drivers' Club has an all-in membership of 1155 at the time of writing, and about 80 percent of these enthusiasts own models with the W.O. hallmark. The rest operate the Silent Sports Cars, all with six-cylinder engines, produced since 1934 by the present company, an associate of Rolls Royce.

The B.D.C. *Review* has described its Beau Ideal as one who "will forfeit wife, home, food and drink to maintain his Bentley in that station of life to which it is accustomed." And indeed, as time goes by and available stocks of parts become progressively sparser, sacrifices of something like this order have to be seriously contemplated by those irrevocably plighted to pre-RR Bentleys. Supplies of factory-made crankshafts, for instance, have long since been exhausted, and although at least one specialist outfit forges replacement cranks that are an improvement on the original, the small production scope naturally gives prices a frightening hoist. An oldtime Bentley can be regarded as a mechanical Zombie, but with the important difference, compared with the organic sort, that there are limits to the pushing around it will take.

W.O., who had served his apprenticeship in locomotive engineering and built nine-cylinder radial engines for RAF planes during World War I, constructed the prototype Bentley car in 1919. Following a three-year proving and experimental period, the marque's unhurried production life began in 1922 with the launching of a three-litre job on a 117 inch wheelbase. Demand, by the standards of a



A typical sports four-seater Bentley of the flapper era. Spare on this Vanden Plas body could be had at side or rear.



A big six (6½ litres) Bentley with stately limousine body that was fitted to most of these chassis.

The Rose-Richards and Fiennes Bentley (No. 33) leading Tim Birkin's blown 2-seater. No. 33 finished 5th at 98.80 mph.



This rare super sports was difficult to handle especially on wet surfaces. Car had 108 inch wheelbase.



Old Number 7 charges through a rough turn at Le Mans in 1926. It was the first big race for this famous 9-ft. chassis Bentley. It won the following year.



day when the term sports car was only just edging its way into the motoring glossaries, was encouraging, and over 140 of these throaty cruisers rolled off the line during 1922.

The timing of W.O.'s venture was good, for one thing. It takes more than four years after a major war for returned servicemen to catch up on lost fun, and the Bentley, with its speed-suggestive lines and leniently muffled exhaust, held promise of great diversions. True, not one in a thousand worshippers could actually afford this expensive means of escape from down on the farm (the disembodied chassis alone cost the sterling equivalent of over \$3000 at today's exchange rates); but meanwhile, for kids of every age from ten to fifty, the Bentley came to be the epitome adventure awheel. A parked three-litre, back in the early twenties,

spent most of its time under seige by neighborhood school-boys, the heavily outnumbered owner being called upon to hold still for a stock catechism beginning with the basic "Wottle she do, mister?"

The three-litre in its various forms enjoyed the longest innings of any Cricklewood production (1922 to '29 inclusive), outsold all other types added together (1639 were built) founded the makers' remarkable racing reputation and launched many engineering features which were to recur all down the line.

High rpm gave Mr. Bentley a pain, and he certainly went the right way to work to achieve seemly moderation in turnover. Bore and stroke dimensions of his four-cylinder engine were 80 by 149 millimeters, making the ratio one

Walter Owen Bentley, in Homburg hat, tries prototype 3-litre on Brooklands Test Hill in 1921 before production.



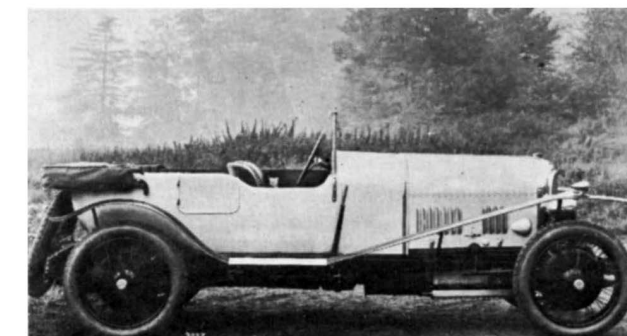
Tim Birkin passes pits late in afternoon at Le Mans 1929 in winning speed six. Woolf Barnato shared honors.



In the French Grand Prix of 1930, Tim Birkin wheels his stripped Blower Bentley through a corner. He placed 2nd.



This 3-litre speed model of '25 is a production model of car that established Le Mans lap record in 1923.



to 1.86. Reciprocating and rotating masses were heavy by modern thinking, and the compression ratio was as low as 4.3 to one. In the result, this imposingly lofty plant produced its 70 brake horsepower at only 3500 revolutions per minute. At 60 mph, which was about a comfortable cruising speed for the early three-litre, power beats seemed to occur with the leisured and measured frequency of a hiccup, albeit an aristocratic one. It was not, of course, a fast car off the mark; if you wanted to maintain a respectable cross-country average you took the fullest advantage of the Bentley's excellent high-speed cornering properties, because, as an owner once expressed it to me, "there is no such thing as *au revoir* to lost revs, only *adieu*."

The three-litre engine, like all its Winged B successors, had a monoblock cylinder casting, a nondetachable head, a single overhead camshaft, four valves and two spark plugs per cylinder and dual ignition by twin magnetos. The crankshaft ran in five whitmetal bearings and drove the camshaft at its front end through vertical spindles and spiral bevels. The tulip shaped valves carried two concentric springs per stem and were actuated by forked rockers on the intake side and separate ones opposite. A single Smith-Bentley five-jet carburetor was fitted originally but the majority of three-litres had twin "Sloper" SU's, the slope was an NE-K-SW incilination of the car bodies, viewed in side elevation, not a semidowndraft tilt.

The cone clutch used on early models was superseded by a single dry plate type after some years. The gearbox, with its four closely spaced ratios, was separate from the engine and operated by a right-hand shift (this form of control remained a family feature of all Bentleys right down to the recent time when the Rolls-wedded company went over to automatic transmission).

The chassis frame followed the educated bedstead layout that was practically universal in the 'twenties, the high level of its side girders determining the tall-in-the-saddle driving position which always distinguished W.C.'s clientele. Suspension was by friction-damped semielliptic springs front and back and the mechanically operated brakes incorporated a balanced beam compensator.

There was a big performance differential between the mildest and the hottest of the six three-litre models. Cricklewood's best-selling line, the 130-inch wheelbase Long Standard car, usually carried a four-seat tourer body and was guaranteed to do 75 mph. With slightly less *lebensraum* the Short Standard equivalent (117-inch w.b.) would galumph up to eighty if you gave it time. The 117-inch Light Tourer, short lived and a sluggish seller, had a maximum somewhere between these figures. Then for sportsmen who really wanted to cover ground and impress the peasantry, there was the classic Speed Model, alias the Red Label, which by 1926 was getting 90 an hour. Traditional body for this fast rig was a sports four-seater by Vanden Plas, famous British coachcraft specialists, distinguished by minute rear doors about as deep as an average tea caddy. When it first came out in 1924 the Speed Model developed 80 bhp; it was afterwards pushed up to 85 by raising the compression to 5.6 to one, a pretty radical figure for those days. A total of 506 Red Labels were built.

W.O.'s first venture into road racing, the 1922 Tourist Trophy in the Isle of Man, led to the standardizing of the T.T. Model Bentley, which was a cut above the Red Label in performance and a cut below it in habitability. Hairiest of all the three-litres, however, was the rare Super Sports, a stumpy little trolley with its axles only 108 inches apart, and 100 miles per hour guaranteed. The extensively souped engines fitted to the Super Sports had their serial numbers prefixed SS, and the symbol acquired such magical qualities

(Continued on page 57)

Old Rumbleguts

(Continued from page 41)

that counterfeiters were known to add it to Cricklewood's dimmer products with felonious intent to boost their secondhand value. Fast, though it was, a genuine Super Sports didn't take liberties from anyone. That priceless tome, *Technical Facts of the Vintage Bentley*, compiled with infinite love and labor by the Bentley Drivers' Club, allows that "This very short chassis was not to everyone's taste," and had a reputation for being "difficult to handle, particularly in the wet." When the B.D.C. — not the most impartial of authorities — admits that a Bentley was difficult to handle, you can reckon it was really a rogue.

WINNING A NAME

Bentley racing history predated the company's commercial debut. F. C. Clement, one of W.O.'s earliest collaborators in the car field, who was later to take a fifty-fifty driving share in the first of the marque's Le Mans victories, won a Brooklands sprint for Bentley in the spring of 1921. W.O. had raced motorcycles himself in his youth and it was his consistent belief that the way to sell fast cars — and to stay one technical jump ahead of the competition — was to race as often and as determinedly as you could afford. In pursuit of this policy, he entered a lone three-litre for the 1922 Indianapolis 500 and later that year ran a three-car team in Britain's own top classic, the Tourist Trophy. The Indianapolis essay, although it didn't exactly set the bricks on fire, satisfied the aspirations that were behind it; the car lasted the distance and placed thirteenth at somewhere around 80 mph average.

The T. T. was something else, though. In contrast with Sunbeam and Vauxhall, who put in undisguised racing cars, Bentley relied on stock chassis modified only to the extent of having high compression pistons. This apparently optimistic recipe was triumphantly vindicated. The Bentleys, manned by W. W., F. C. Clement and W. D. Hawkes, all survived the full 302 miles of mountainous roads and were the only make to do so. Clement finished second, behind Jean Chassagne on a straight-eight Sunbeam, W. O. Bentley was fourth and Hawkes fifth — a convincing demonstration of stamina that scored the London marque a coveted team prize in its very first production season.

(Continued on page 59)



Photos by Joseph E. Petrovec

The Day Man Beat A TR-2

IN 1936, Jesse Owens made a spectacular run against a race horse in a one hundred yard dash — and won. This long standing record was recently shattered at LISCA's auto cross and acceleration meet when another runner, stocking-footed and pebble-pricked, left ninety horses digging at the post. The sprinter was Kenneth Denston, president of the Long Island Sports Car Association, and the routed horses were part of Sandy Roggensburg's TR-2.

The contest, which began as a private bet between Ken and Sandy, developed into one of the major events of the day. Paul McDermott, racing chairman seized upon the opportunity to give the spectators some diversion and had a small dash plaque engraved, "Man versus TR-2." It was a case of winner take all — plaque, glory, and fame — what there was of it. But who would be the winner? After all, we all know that the TR-2 is capable machinery in its class, and with some slight coaxing can razz its exhaust at some pretty fast contenders. Where, then, did mere Man, who is easily winded drinking down a short beer, come off to place himself in a race with such superior company? Obviously, he'd lost his reason, or so it was thought. Then the odds were evened up. The distance for the run was set at twenty feet. Now the question was, who could get the better bite — TR-2 or Man?

This was the imponderable. True, Man cannot develop torque-power. And it's a good thing, too, for if he could, his grandmother might well have been the proverbial trolley car. But Man can attain his top speed in a split second, whereas a car may take several seconds. So, with the odds fairly on a par, speculation pervaded the air.

Sandy roared up to the starting line, slammed on his brakes and waited. When the dust had cleared, Ken, shoeless and confident, pawed out a mound upon which to back up his starting foot. There they stood, waiting upon the start.

The flag went up, the bets went down, and suddenly all hell exploded in all different directions. The magnificent machine raised its note, produced a very impressive roar, transferred its power from engine to wheels, beclouded the entire area with dust, and scratched, and scratched—and scratched. Kenneth, that poor two-legged animal, had no such tremendous power to push him, and, so, when the dust had cleared, was at the finish line first, modestly accepting both ovation and plaque.

Albert Prokop

(Continued from page 57)

Looking back over Bentley's fabulous record of Le Mans successes, which has yet to be equalled by any other make, a certain irony is discernible in the circumstances surrounding the entry which led to the Winged B's first victory on the Sarthe circuit. A mouthpiece of Bentley Motors Ltd., in an official chronicle of the company's Le Mans exploits published in 1930, had this to say: — "An enthusiastic owner, Captain John F. Duff, persuaded us to allow him to enter a three-litre, his own property, in the 1924 competition." This assumption of authority by the factory over a private owner obviously didn't strike the writer as needing a syllable of qualification, much less apology, though to a modern reader the whole deal seems analogous to asking some third party's permission to go to bed with one's own wife.

It is only fair to add, however, that as in the previous year's Grand Prix d'Endurance, Bentley not only gave Duff their gracious nod, but also lent him their professional race driver, F. C. Clement, to share the driving. Today, Clement holds a unique personal record: all of his eight Le Mans drivers were made on one make.

In 1923, when the historic series of French marathons was inaugurated, Duff and Clement had established the

first Le Mans lap record — 66.69 mph — and tied for fourth place after a chapter of misfortunes. This was not the only Le Mans *kampf* in which a homely pedal bike played an important part; during the Sunday morning a flying stone holed the three-litre's gas tank, and it emptied itself out in the country. Duff, who was driving at the time, ran three miles to the pits on foot, then Clement pedalled back to the scene of the trouble with two cans of fuel slung over his shoulders. The hole was immediately above the end of the exhaust pipe, and the subsequent make-do job took one and one-half hours.

If this enterprising independent could lose 150 minutes and *still* place fourth, there was little doubt that the makers made a wise concession in allowing him to run his own car again the following year. That time, of course, he and Clement won outright at the record speed of 53.78 mph, in spite of the fact that, in the words of the historian quoted above, the partners had "no pit organization." Learning a lesson from Duff's misadventures in the 1923 race, Bentley had fitted the car with four-wheel brakes and headlamp stoneguards for '24, but they weren't getting down off their high horse to the extent of setting up signalling and lap scoring machinery at the trackside.

Bentleys won outright five times at Le Mans — in 1924, '27, '28, '29 and '30, breaking the distance record on the last three occasions. Twice they made it a double, scooping the Rudge-Whitworth Cup, an "accumulator" handicap award, in addition to the scratch booty. Clement, as mentioned earlier, established the original lap record in 1923, and factory sponsored Bentleys scored fastest laps four years in a straight row — 1927 to '30 inclusive. The massive, swarthy Woolf Barnato, chairman of the company set a still-unbeaten personal record by turning a Sarthe hat-trick — he was number one driver of the first car home in 1928, '29 and '30. By filling all three top places in 1929, Bentley made a *coup* that had only one precedent (Lorraine Dietrich, 1926) and has only once been repeated since (Alfa Romeo, 1933).

LE MANS

At Le Mans, as in other race theatres, the spoils were fairly evenly shared between the three types that the Bentley factory harnessed to speed-work — the three-litre, the 4½ and the 6½-litre Speed Six. The one remaining basic model, the titanic eight-litre, did not come into being until 1931, when the sands were running out for

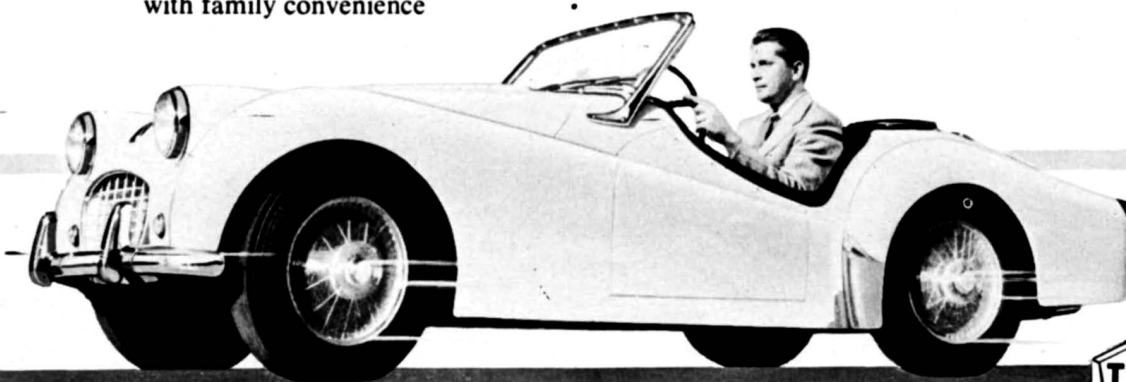
(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)

the old company, and never was raced in anything resembling stock shape or under the makers' auspices. Three-litres, as already described, won the big marathon in 1924 and 1927; next year it was the turn of the 4½, which was a direct development of the three-litre and resembled it in all important respects, except, of course, that it was faster and more powerful; finally, in 1929 and '30, the Speed Six stole the show, winning twice consecutively.

The 6½-litre Bentley had gained its introduction to racing in an entirely different way to the two four-cylinder types. Both the three and 4½-litre cars were raced as a prelude to production, but the big beast was a stock line for more than three years before W. O. decided to adapt the chassis for speed-work. Most of the 6½'s built prior to 1929 — in which year the title Speed Six was coined—were fitted with sedan bodies and sold to people who put comfort first and performance second. Something over 500 6½'s, about 170 of them of the Speed Six persuasion, were built in all.

In 1949, when regulations for the first postwar Le Mans were circulated, the Bentley D. C. prudently warned its members against the temptation of getting in and mixing it with the moderns. Sentiment was one thing, suicide another. An awful lot of metal crystallisation, invisible to the naked eye, could take place in twenty years and upwards, even though the metal in question had started life as the best ever yielded by ore. This warning, which the faithful grumblingly heeded, was probably justified; but the interesting fact later emerged that Barnato's 1930 winning speed would, if reproduced in 1949, have gained fourth place.

THE TRUCK

Strangely enough, an event in which the sole Bentley runner was beaten is remembered in Britain with more patriotic fervor than almost any contest the marque actually won. This was the French Grand Prix of 1930, staged at Pau. The Grands Prix of that era were run under *Formule Libre*, and Tim Birkin, with what the French spectators considered laughable temerity, entered a supercharged 4½ with a four-seater body. Alongside the lithe G. P. Bugattis present, weighing around 1800 pounds, Birkin's two-ton monster could have been the original inspiration of Ettore's crack about Monsieur Bentley's fast trucks.

Then the action started and the guffaws began to subside. One after another, Bugattis of assorted types blew themselves up. A Bug driver

crashed and was ejected from the wreckage into the path of old rumbler-guts from Cricklewood. Birkin, by superb driving, missed him, but so narrowly that blood from the man's wounds left red marks on the Bentley's tire walls. One leg of the long Pau course traversed narrow, tortuous and fiercely potholed country lanes. Even here, by a combination of almost superhuman strength and finesse, Birkin matched the pace of all but the fastest Bugs. And at the finish of this homeric engagement exactly one car, Etancelin's Bugatti, was still out ahead of the Englishman. Etancelin averaged 90.37 mph for the 245 miles, the Bentley 88.5. Third and fourth came further Bugs.

Charles Faroux, veteran motoring writer and a sort of prime minister of the sport of France, afterwards explained to Birkin why he, Faroux, had never seen cause to laugh at Tim's traveling gymnasium. "I have seen Bentleys at Le Mans," he said, "and I know. I am Faroux. I am not a bloody fool."

ENGINE

The majestic eight-litre, which many consider W. O.'s masterpiece, was a direct development of the 6½, the affinity being evident in such features as the coupling-rod camshaft drive. Stroke measurement was the same on both these big Sixes — 140 millimeters — but the bore on the eight-litre, 110 mm., was 10 millimeters up, making the displacement 7983 cc. Two alternative compression ratios were offered, 5 or 5½ to one, the lower one giving an output of 200 horsepower at 3500 rpm and the higher 225. The crankcase was cast in Elektron magnesium, and the marine type crankshaft, running in seven bearings, had no balance weights; it did have, however, a multi-plate vibration damper at its front end, and so had the camshaft.

One eight-litre, for instance, was fitted in Old No. 1 in place of its original 6½, and it was in this hybrid form that the two-time Le Mans winner crashed to destruction in the Brooklands 500. Another became the kernel of a famous single-seat track car, the Barnato Hassan Special, which held the lap record for this Surrey track at over 140 mph. And yet another eight-litre was made over at enormous expense into a sports two-seater of prodigious performance. A man named Forest Lycett was and is the owner. One morning in 1939, by prior arrangement with the Royal Automobile Club's official timekeepers, Lycett stopped off at Brooklands on the way to his office in London, broke the British record for a standing-start

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mile at 92.9 mph, then replaced his
derby on his head and his rolled um-
brella beside him and the seat and
Bentleyed unconcernedly to the big
town for a routine day at the desk.

Although Bentley owners hold the
Winged B in reverence, and most
other makes in varying degrees of dis-
esteem, it is a curious fact that they
never seem happier than when devis-
ing and effecting elaborate reworks.
The commonest form these take is the
fitting of the next-size-up engine into
whatever your chassis happens to be;
marriages between three-litre frames
and 4½ mills have been so numerous
that the symbol "3/4½" has become
virtually a legitimate type number in
its own right. Going a step further on
the same road, at least one experi-
menter has hung a Speed Six engine
in a three-litre chassis, thereby achiev-
ing a power-weight ratio auguring a
reasonable dig even by modern stand-
ards — say 180 bhp to a ton and a half
of dry weight.

Adding extra carburetors is another
favorite. There are several 6½'s on
record with six carbs, and one, believe
it or not, with five.

The cutting down of frames to drop
the C. of G. is a dodge with a multi-
tude of angles and approaches. Weight-
pruning in all its forms is another
widespread study. Brakes, too, come in
for their share of molestation, al-
though in the lighter sizes of Bentley
the braking has always been pretty
well up to the weight and speed of the
cars; the heavier-bodied sixes, on the
other hand, in spite of their servo-
boosted anchors, take some pinning
down at anything over eighty.

Modern readers of ancient Le Mans
history sometimes remark how seldom
partial or total brake failures were re-
ported on the massive 4½'s and Speed
Sixes. They forget two things, of
course: one, brakes could *breathe* back
then, stuck out there in the atmos-
phere; two, Bentley and their con-
temporaries were in a sense well over
a quarter-century ahead of Mercedes-
Benz with airbrakes at Le Mans; the
big green brutes, of unashamedly aero-
static shape and so high that your ears
practically popped when you de-
scended from the driving seat, took an
incalculable load of the wheel brakes
at places like the end of the Mulsanne
Straight.

One of Esquire's learned clerks, re-
porting a New York gathering of the
B.D.C.'s flourishing transatlantic cell,
wrote this some years ago: — "Bentley
people are a race apart, endowed with
a sort of mystic adoration for the
Bentley car." They are a race apart
because the Bentley is a car apart.
Only a truck with a soul could be such
an unconcionable time a-dying. #

MARION'S MEANDERINGS

By MARION WEBER



We've gone "Cover Crazy" this month, for no particular reason, and are featuring things to cover other things . . . like your head, tonneau, valves and other necessary items. We are also trying out a new idea. If you like any, or all, of these gadgets, mark same in its little square and slice out the entire column. Mail it to me with the loot, your name and address and it'll be posted to you posthaste. Calif. residents should add 4% sales tax . . . that's all there is to it. Happy snipping!



SPRING TIP by VERA

The three cornered wonder scarf that clings to your head. A removable plastic clip holds it snug. Assorted colors.....\$1.50

KEPPEY KAP

A must for summer sunning in open vehicles, races, and like that. Most attractive, light-weight.....\$4.95

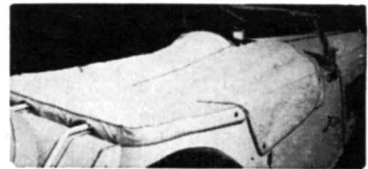
Keppy Kape keeps sun off nape.....\$1.00

KEPPEY STRAP
Extra straps, as-
sort. colors..\$1.00



TOP FABRIC TONNEAU COVERS

Tailored to fit your car and to protect interior from sun, dirt & dampness which lower its value. Invest a few \$ and save hundreds.



MG TC TD TF.....\$28.95
 MGA.....\$24.95
 MGA (Black or grey Vinyl).....\$19.95
 HEALEY.....\$37.95
 JAGUAR ROADSTER.....\$37.95
 JAGUAR CONVERTIBLE.....\$42.50
 PORSCHE SPEEDSTER.....\$42.50

These are 3-ply BLACK or TAN fabric. Finest quality. For WHITE mark here and ADD \$5.00

FOR THE ENGINE

These polished aluminum accessories make your car look several miles per hour faster. (If you are ashamed to lift your hood, buy now.)

MG HEAVY aluminum valve cover.....\$19.95
 MG Finned side plate.....\$12.95
 HEALEY Aluminum valve cover.....\$22.50

FOR THE ENTIRE CAR



MG Mitten } \$17.95 Lightweight Canvas
 Healey Hugger }
 Triumph Tunic } \$24.50 Butyl (Not Plastic)
 Jaguar Jacket } Water repellent
 Porsche Parka }
 VW Vest }
 Corvette Cap }
 Thunderbird Tepee } \$22.95 Canvas
 Benz Blanket } \$29.50 Butyl
 Ghia Gown }

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