

This Report of the 1931 Double Twelve appeared in The Autocar dated May 15th, 1931..

M.G. Midgets finish first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and win the team and class prizes. Aston-Martin sixth. Ramponi, with the supercharged Maserati, sets a record lap

Success of the M.G., Riley, Aston-Martin and Talbot in their respective classes, Talbot averages 79.29 m.p.h. Supercharged Austin covers greatest distance of any car under 1,500 c.c. classes.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but who could have foretold the sweeping victory of the M.G. Midgets on Saturday last? Everything seemed to be against them. The handicap was stiffer than last year. The model was a new one running its first long-distance race. And they were opposed by many of the best-known English and Italian sports cars. Yet they caught the handicappers napping for once and swept the board. All honour to them!

The Double-Twelve is a unique race. No one who has not watched it from the first hour to the last can appreciate the gigantic strain it imposes on both cars and drivers. Watch the machines thundering ceaselessly round the track for an hour or so. Go away and have lunch. Come back later in the day. They are still at it. Still averaging, it may be, as much as 85 m.p.h., for hundreds of miles with never a pause. Small wonder that, after two days at full throttle, with a mile-a-minute bend in every lap, that casualties should be high.

The lesson of the race is twofold. It has shown that engine design today is ahead of body design. Cars are too fast for their strength, and the continual strain of two days' racing brings out every weakness. The race has shown too that the private owner, handicapped though he always will be against a "works" entry can put up a magnificent show and struggle on to the end in spite of trouble and mechanical failure, with a pertinacity that is one of the best traditions of racing, even when there is no hope of an award. It is a lesson that not a few famous drivers might take to heart.

Self-obvious as the result of this year's event now seems, few races could have been more open at the start on Friday morning, when 10 to 1 was given on the Earl of March's M.G., and few would take it. Consider how things seem to one who watched the race from the beginning to the end.

BROOKLANDS, FRIDAY, MAY 8TH.

"Spotting the winner" is a fascinating pursuit, but anyone who attempts the task this morning must be an incurable optimist. Out of the fifty four entrants, forty-eight have appeared on the track, but the four absentees are sadly missed; for they include Earl Howe's Mercédès, which was to have given the lonely Bentley a run for its money.

Howe is down with tonsillitis, and the grey drizzle that envelops the track is no weather for a sick man to drive in even had his doctor allowed it. But it is particularly hard luck on Penn - Hughes who would have shared the Mercédès wheel.

Previous to the race some quick work has been going on behind the scenes. On the eve of the great day Black's Midget had engine trouble in practice. It was a case for heroic measures. A new power unit has been fitted complete, and through the night Cecil Kimber drove to Portsmouth and back to give it some semblance of a running in. Safety fast, in fact!

Sorry as one is to miss Sir Malcolm Campbell, he has a worthy substitute on the Aston-Martin in Clive Gallop, who thus takes over what would have S. C. H. Davis' mount. The latter, from his bed in Weybridge hospital - so near and yet so far - sends a telegram of good wishes for the drivers, and is to be kept informed by special messages of the progress of the race.

After a continuous spell of fine weather for practice, it was a disappointment to wake this morning to be met by grey skies and steady drizzle. "Rain before seven, fine before eleven," says the proverb; but never did it seem more dubious of fulfillment.

By seven-fifty most of the drivers and mechanics have taken up their stations beside their cars and in front of their pits. Last-minute orders and advice be being given. "Let me go aboard first, and then jump in beside me," one driver bids his mechanic mindful of a former occasion when excess of zeal had jammed them both immovably in the cockpit.

There is little of the dramatic tension that is normal in motor racing as one awaits the starting maroon. The driver's stand talking with their mechanics adjusting crash helmets and goggles. There is an air of subdued calm over the scene.

Punctually at 8 o'clock the starting maroon. In an instant the long line of drivers starts to life. Within three seconds the roar of an engine bursts out; another, and another - then a perfect babel. Leading the field by a fraction, the three Talbots shoot away almost in a bunch. But their lead is small. Within a quarter of a minute the pits are almost deserted and the whole pack is streaming away into the grey pall that veils the Byfleet banking. Two only remain; they are number 54 Austin - Miss Worsley's car - and Martin's Riley. The Austin was soon away, but a full minute and a half elapses before repeated pressure on the starter button can persuade the engine of Martin's car to fire.

Birkin First Round

There follows a short pause while the little gathering of enthusiasts who have left warm beds at unearthly hours to see the start crane their necks to see who will be the first to arrive. An increasing roar heralds the approach of a big car. It is Birkin's Bentley, carrying on the Bentley tradition, and he has taken only 2 min. 3 sec. from the fall of the flag. An average of 76 m.p.h., including leaping into the car and starting away from rest on the starter!

Next follow the three Talbots in team order - another tradition - then the Invicta, travelling beautifully, and the supercharged Lagonda, driven by Couper in his curious green crash helmet. After that it is impossible to keep track of the individual cars. They come past in shoals - if shoals is the correct expression - big and small, fast and slow, noisy and quiet - an amazing sight - so that the whole hundred-foot width of the track seems a narrow channel for their passing.

What will happen on the corner is an unknown quantity. The track is wet, streaming wet, and the number of the cars is far greater than at any time during practice. The loud speaker has

urged caution on the drivers, and the drivers seem disposed to follow the advice. One Aston-Martin is reported to have turned round at the sandbank but on the whole, cornering is steady rather than spectacular, the small cars keeping well down in accordance with the regulations.

The first prodigal to return is Lewns' Austin, which comes in only ten minutes after the start with a broken wing stay. Actually, this trouble seemed to dog the smaller cars all through the day, while a number of them, including several M.G. Midgets, had a tendency to drop their front number plates. It is a scant testimony to the buffeting they are receiving. A few minutes later Whitcroft's Riley puts in to change plugs, and thereafter an almost continuous procession of cars begins to arrive at the pits. Sometimes they drive in, braking fiercely; sometimes they coast in. Sometimes they appear propelled from a long distance by manual labour.

But, though pit stops are frequent, retirements are few. Pott's M.G. Midget, an 850 c.c. model of standard appearance, is the first to crack. An ominous knock has developed, audible from afar to all the spectators. The driver, with more pertinacity than consideration for his engine decides to continue with the inevitable result that the engine seizes and the car is pushed off the track.

The Fastest Cars

Meanwhile, interest centres on the performance of the faster cars. Once warmed up, Birkin's Bentley is lapping at 91 m.p.h., and that without appearing to hurry. Clearly, there is more speed on tap for use when the weather shall permit. Eyston, on the 2.50-litre Maserati, is getting round at 89 m.p.h. The fastest Talbot driven by Brian Lewis is traveling amazingly well and just as silently as last year's cars, to a schedule of 84 m.p.h..

But though whole position is rendered extraordinarily interesting by the unexpected speed of the unsupercharged Midgets. Dan Higgin's car is lapping at no less than 69 m.p.h., a figure which means that Birkin has to lap at the fantastic speed of 103 m.p.h. to keep pace with him. No class in the race has sufficient in hand to cope with the challenge, for the Midgets seem as fast as the supercharged Austins, and are capable of keeping pace even with some of the 1,100 c.c. cars.

But no race is won until it is over. There are two whole days of racing ahead, and there must be a doubt as to whether the M.G. entries can maintain the cracking pace at which they have started. At the end of the first hour Dan Higgin's Midget is in the lead, followed by those of Stisted, Hamilton, and R. R. Jackson, at a speed of 69 m.p.h..

Already Mrs Chetwynd's car is suffering ignition trouble, while both H. J. Aldington's Frazer Nash and Vernon Balls' Austin have had recourse to their pits.

During the second hour Stisted's car passes Higgin, only to suffer clutch trouble and be forced to retire just before eleven o'clock. Thereafter Higgins holds the lead unchallenged for many hours, his speed rising gradually hour after hour as the weather improved. Shortly before eleven o'clock the sun appears, the track is rapidly drying, and drivers are assuming a more cheerful expression.

The leader's speed rises from 66.6 to 68.6 and there remains. The lead being, for the moment, settled, one can turn to consider the activities of the class leaders. But here is a

disappointment. Birkin, from whose Bentley great things have been expected, is afflicted with oil pressure trouble. He tours in to the pits and sets to work, but nothing can rectify the fault, and at 10.46 a.m. he officially retires. In the other classes Talbot No. 10 leads the 3-litre cars on handicap though the supercharged Maserati has actually covered three more laps.

The duel between these makes is interesting to watch. Each increase of speed by Ramponi or Eyston is answered immediately by the leading Talbot, which occasionally reaches a lap speed of 90.5 m.p.h., which is sufficient to maintain its handicap lead until the end of the day. Among the "fifteen-hundreds" the Aston-Martin, driven by Bertelli and Bezzant, holds the lead, while Whitcroft's and Ashby's Rileys alternate in the lead of the 1,100 c.c. class.

With the lead remaining so constantly in the same hands the interest of the race lies rather in appreciating individual performances. Observations at the corner show that methods of taking the turn differ widely. The small cars, restricted to the right side of the white line are rounding the corner close and experiencing the full force of the bump where the finishing straight joins the main circuit. The Austins seem the least steady, often lifting their inner front wheel and going round the curve with squealing tyres. The Midgets are steadier but no slower. The bigger cars, in particular the Maserati, the Talbots and Farley's f.w.d. Alvis drive right to the top of the banking, sweep down, and take the corner almost straight, finishing well over to the left of the track. On the stop watch, the Invicta and the Maserati share honours for fastest time through the turn, but in general the extra distance involved in a wide sweep appears to outweigh its advantages.

The Aston-Martins, though running extraordinarily well, sound as if they are pinking on the corner, and that's although the revs are high. Couper's Lagonda, with a crackling exhaust note, started the day poorly, but is improving in speed and smoothness as time goes on. The 1,100 c.c. Maserati, another incredibly noisy car, is well worth watching. It seems to lack the acceleration and speed that its bark suggests, but it is running regularly and is suffering less trouble than its larger brother.

Now let us take a glance at the pits, a veritable hive of industry. Rose-Richard's Talbot comes in with engine trouble that necessitates removing the cylinder head. One of the Frazer Nash cars cracks its wing stay, which goes to Thomson and Taylors to be welded. Yet within an hour the fracture has recurred and another delay follows. Another Nash repairs a wing stay, as does the big Maserati. Hebler, in endeavouring to restart his Midget, runs down his battery and takes on another. Fifty minutes wasted.

Then, between eleven and twelve come two more retirements Jeffress' Alfa-Romeo with a broken connecting rod, and Chaplin's Austin with a fractured crankshaft. These are private entries competing with works' teams - an uphill task. Oetzmanm's Lea-Francis is pushed into the pits; the "blower" Frazer Nash, which has been travelling amazingly fast and lapping at 79 m.p.h., snaps a chain. This trouble dogs the make throughout the race, and shows how small a thing can ruin hours and days of preparation. The exhaust pipe had been set too near the transmission; the heat from it melted the lubricant and, inevitably chain after chain stiffened and snapped. Thus does the race test every car for faults, for every lesson is learnt and each weakness eliminated in turn.

The scrap between the Aston- Martins and the Frazer Nashes is worth watching. When they are going there is little to choose in speed between the two - but the Astons are more regular,

and regularity tells in the long run. Not that the Astons are trouble-free. Bertelli comes in to replace a broken valve rocker at midday.

So the race goes on. The Invicta meets its first trouble with valve springs and at 1.25 p.m. is again in with an elusive engine fault. Since it must maintain an average of 99 m.p.h. to keep up with the Midgets, this trouble practically destroys its chances.

By the middle of the afternoon the race has settled down. The Midgets' firm lead is being maintained. Behind them the official team of Austins is trying to make up the leeway.

Another Midget cracks under the strain - Hebelers' - and retires at a 2.35 with a broken piston. Higgin is still in the lead, but it seems impossible that he can maintain the pace. His cornering is spectacular, and the strain on the chassis must be terrific. His face is coal-black with grime and oil, and he looks pleased with himself - as well he may.

Behind him at a more moderate schedule, come two of the Earl of March's team of Midgets, and Hamilton's car, which he is driving alone for the full twenty-four hours. Any one of them is ready to take over the lead if Higgin fails. The whole race hangs upon the stamina of the car.

And then, late in the afternoon comes the dramatic news, Higgin's car has broken a valve spring. Fiercely, he and his mechanic get to work, hot and weary, but their lead is gone. Minute after minute passes and cars roar by, lap after lap, while No. 75 stands motionless before its pit. Hard luck on Higgin; but why - in the name of common sense - why lap at 72 m.p.h. when the race is in his pocket and not a soul to threaten him?

Patience is rewarded, and the Earl of March and Staniland take the lead.

Meanwhile, Oetzmann's Lea-Francis has finally given up; Whitcroft's Riley, after averaging 67.7 for ten hours and leading its class, is out of the race with big-end failure, while Gardner's has broken a piston.

Important news comes, too, of other cars. The fastest Talbot - No. 10 - is left with top gear only. The Invicta has burnt a hole through a piston crown and the crew is setting to work to change the whole set - a sporting effort. Higgin is reported to be taking the head from Hebelers' retired Midget for his own car. Then the Maserati, the fastest car in the race, after setting up a record lap of 100.19 m.p.h., breaks its back axle on the Byfleet banking. Yard by yard Ramponi and his mechanic push the car along the track. The strain is too great, and they cannot reach the pits by eight o'clock but they are allowed, by the rules, to complete their last lap after the maroon fires. Yet even this is in vain, for an examination of the car shows that repairs will take too long to effect, and to the general disappointment, the bigger Maserati is seen no more.

Thus the race ends for the first day in a position of real interest to the initiated. Can the Midgets keep going for another twelve hours? That is the question. Already four have failed. Will the others stick it?

When the maroon is fired at eight o'clock Midgets hold the first six places, followed by No. 10 Talbot, Hendy's Midget, No. 12 Talbot, Higgin's Midget, the two leading Aston's, and

Miss Worsley's Austin. Yet the official Press Secretary has taken on a bet that no Midget will finish in the first three!

Saturday

Very different from Friday is the scene at the pits on Saturday morning. The weather is fine and warm, a brisk breeze blowing down the finishing straight to help the cars - on Friday it had retarded their speed along the railway straight. And the cars themselves! Ichabod, Ichabod! which, being interpreted, means "The glory is departed." Was there ever such a muster of war-worn and dingy looking veterans? Covered with grime and bespattered with oil they stand, wings tied on with wire and rope, lamps cracked and broken, paintwork scratched and colours blackened by exhaust fumes.

The flag falls, and a few seconds later comes the boom of the starting maroon. But no car springs off the mark to vanish in a cloud of dust. Not a bit of it. There begins a scene of bustle. The mechanic of Widengren's 1,100 c.c. Maserati produces, like some magician a complete welding outfit and starts to repair a burst silencer. Some people think of everything! The crew of the Invicta are lying on their backs beneath the car inserting new pistons. The Talbot crews are industriously repairing wing stays. Martin is labouring to discover what has occurred to his Riley. When he finds it, it turns out to be a broken piston, which ends a laborious run full of trouble for this hard-working driver and mechanic.

The first away is Couper's supercharged Lagonda, followed at spasmodic intervals by a Talbot, an Aston-Martin, a Midget and another Aston.

Cecil Kimber is not the only man who can hustle when there is a race to be won. Number 44 Austin cracked a cylinder block, and in response to an urgent message from Waite, Sir Herbert Austin himself supervised the despatch of a new block complete. It arrived at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The bigger Maserati does not start, since the repairs to the back axle would involve removing the whole body and the prospect is hopeless. This is a bitter disappointment to Ramponi (whom the daily papers elevated to the rank of Count) and to Eyston but they have the satisfaction of having put up the fastest lap ever achieved on the Double-Twelve course 100.19 m.p.h. with an engine of only 2.5 litres.

For the first few laps all the cars are slow - advisedly slow. But once engines begin to warm to their work and oil pressures fall to normal one can take lap times and make a guess at tactics. The Talbots are at the moment the fastest machines although Lewis and Hindmarsh are left with top gear only.

The first interesting fact to emerge is that March's speed on the leading Midget has fallen from 69.7 to 62.7. He holds a commanding lead, and obviously he is not going to throw it away by driving his engine to death. The Austins on the other hand are travelling faster than ever as they have needed to do, for time is drawing on.

The supercharged Frazer Nash driven by Moore and Braidwood is giving trouble. The fracture of an oil pipe has caused two bigends to run, and the repairs will take a couple of hours.

Effects of the Bumps

On all sides cars are coming in to repair front wings. Never, according to the drivers, have the bumps on the track proved more destructive. The Talbots are in and out again continuously with this trouble. So are the Frazer Nash cars and the Austin Sevens. Another Midget, Mrs. Chetwynd's, gets away just before nine, having changed a valve spring. At five minutes past nine R. R. Jackson is still trying to start his M. G., now with a new battery, the old having been run completely down.

Then, amidst applause, Field roars away on the Invicta, having fitted six new pistons since four o'clock on Friday. But luck is against the car. Shortly after, it dashes past with a trail of mist behind it. A stone has punctured the fuel tank - it is amazing how the surface is torn up by the passage of the heavier cars. Lumps of concrete as large as cricket balls are being raked to the side of the track. One mechanic has been struck by a flying fragment and knocked unconscious.

At a quarter past nine comes the first retirement of the day - Horton's Midget. Another Midget gone! Would the doubters be justified after all? The second Lea-Francis gives up with engine trouble, and official news comes that Higgin has retired for good. There is also a report that he later discovered the trouble to be much less than was at first imagined. But then it was too late.

Some lap speeds at this period are interesting. The fastest car is number 11 Talbot, lapping at 89.6 m.p.h. The Invicta is giving its new pistons a chance to run themselves in, and its speed has fallen to 72.44 m.p.h. Cushman, on the second Aston-Martin, is getting round at nearly 80 m.p.h.

For about an hour there is a lull, followed by the retirement of yet another M.G. Midget, this time Mrs. Chetwynd's car, and of Byrom's Amilcar with a broken connecting rod. At this time apart from the M.G. performance, interest is centred on the Aston-Martins, which are in the running for the team prize, and the fastest of which, number 30, is creeping steadily up from eleventh to sixth position.

Poor Couper is having the worst of luck with his supercharged Lagonda, culminating in having to change the complete blower unit, after which the throttle sticks. Even the new supercharger does not effect a cure, and at a quarter past nine he paddles his car into the pits yet again.

While the leaders in each class remain unaffected by the efforts of those behind them there is plenty to watch at the pits. The Aston-Martin pitwork is quick and businesslike. The cars are fitted with twin fillers of large size in the tail - one acting as a vent and an inspection hole. As a result, refilling is carried out with a minimum of lost fuel and time wasted. The Talbots have an enormous filler mounted on legs which fits neatly over the tail of the cars and will accommodate two of the filling churns simultaneously.

At the corner some representative lap times can be taken once more. Each time as it slows for the bend flames shoot from the exhaust of the noisy little Maserati. The Talbots pass at high speed, well up on the banking, with a curious whistling note. Couper makes a beautiful change to third at precisely the same spot lap after lap. By contrast one cannot hear the Midget drivers change gear at all.

At about midday the Invicta is lapping at 84.8 m.p.h. - something like real speed once again; the new pistons are getting run in. But still the Talbots are quicker. Number 11 is averaging 86.4, and number 10, with Brian Lewis driving even faster, at 88 m.p.h. By one o'clock it is clear that all the Austins are putting on more speed. Vernon Balls is beating 70 m.p.h. for each lap in number 50. At 1.40 the Invicta's lap speed is approaching ninety - a really good example of careful driving.

Hard Luck

Aston-Martins are unlucky to-day. Benjafield's car has broken a valve, and repairs take nearly two hours and a half. As he stands painting the new gasket for his car "Benjy" remarks resignedly that he looks like an artist with brush and palette. At length, at 2.40, he gets away once more. Hamilton who must be getting dog-tired of driving by this time - is called in by the stewards and rebuked owing to complaints of baulking. One can forgive a driver much after nineteen hours alone at the wheel. And he is running third, too.

Excitement comes with the arrival of number 30 Aston-Martin, still class leader and slowly creeping up, on a flat tyre. Two wheels are changed, and away the car shoots in 1 min. 25 sec. Quick work! But disappointment follows. Just before four o'clock Benjafield's reconstructed engine "bursts" in a hearty manner on the railway straight and with its failure all hope of the team prize vanish. Still the leading Aston is running sixth, behind five Midgets and that is a feat in itself.

Meanwhile, trouble is beginning to dog the Talbot entry - trouble that must be the more bitter after the series of non-stop runs achieved last year. To begin with, it was wing breakages; now it is leaking radiators. First one then a second Talbot dashes in. There is nothing for it but to change the radiator bodily. In the second case a temporary repair with soap is attempted, but without avail. There is a cry for chewing gum - that powerful panacea for leaks - and the great sight is witnessed of the whole Talbot pit champing away like men possessed to provide supplies. But alas for Wrigley's, the leak will not be stopped, and once again the radiator is taken off entirely.

Shortly afterwards number 12, the third Talbot, begins to leak at the rear end instead of the front; the tank is removed, soldered cleverly, and refitted, which all takes time. The fact of the matter seems to be that the increased speed of the new and larger engined Talbots has subjected the chassis and its fittings to much greater stresses than ever before. Once again a valuable lesson is being learned, and so progress is made.

It was at this time that the supercharged Frazer Nash finally retired, the oil pipe having once again given trouble. Thus one more team is broken up, yet not before it has rendered a good account of itself in twenty-one hours running.

There is scarcely a car that is not suffering from some major or minor trouble. The smaller Masarati has been continually held back by the scrutineers for repairs to the exhaust system, to the despair of Oats and Widengren. The mechanic has lagged the pipe with tin and asbestos - which seems to burn away like string - and given himself a nasty cut in the process.

Mechanics seem to be getting all the knocks and none of the ha'pence to-day! Mrs. Wisdom's mechanic is still swathed in bandages about the head. Morris, the mechanic on number 53 Austin, has stopped a piece of flying concrete. Who would be a mechanic?

Time is drawing on. Nothing short of a tirade can prevent a Midget victory now but there is still the interest of the scrap between Parker's car and Hamilton's for third place. Until four o'clock Parker and Cox had been leading, but at that point Hamilton went to the front. At six o'clock they were running a dead-heat.

Shortly after this, Marriage's and Searle's Austin - one of Chaplin's team - came in to retire, but when it was found that only one and a quarter more laps were needed in order to cover the minimum distance the driver and mechanic manfully set out to push the remaining mileage. Slowly they disappeared towards the Byfleet banking, to return 44 minutes 15 sec. later. It was light relief for the spectators, but anything but light for the pushers. Their lap speed was 3.54 m.p.h.

One waits in vain for a last minute drama. Staniland laps steadily on the Midget. The privately entered Riley - not even a Brooklands model- which has been running steadily for twenty-three hours, has the wretched luck to break a chassis member, and receives special permission to crawl round at low speed until the finish. The Lagonda is pushed in. Lewns and Torry are trying to complete twenty laps with only three cylinders in order to qualify their Austin. The track seems full of pathetic remnants of once speedy cars. The unlucky Vernon Balls, whose Austin has run steadily and fast ever since 8.30 on Friday morning, is held up with the most curious of troubles. A ball from the clutch thrust race has fallen into the flywheel casing and jammed the flywheel. How could anyone foresee such a thing? It is just the luck of racing. Hamilton is running much faster than Cox and Parker and averaging 66.32 m.p.h. He seems sure of third place.

So the race draws to a close. The Midgets go on and on, silently and fast, secure from attack.

In vain do those in search of a "story" seek for a rival to the little cars. No big machine is thundering round the track in a dramatic last minute effort to win. The only big car by engine size left is the Invicta, and the Invicta is miles to the rear. As one works down the list it reads like a Midget catalogue. In vain, too, do still hopeful rivals calculate lap speeds. No one can do more than hold the 750 c.c. cars, even at their reduced and safe speed. And they have the team prize safe, too. Nothing but a crash can rob them of it.

The minutes tick by, and at last the chequered flag is prepared. Eight o'clock comes. The maroon is fired, and one by one the cars come in. The miracle has not happened; the M.G. Midgets have won - and the Press secretary has lost his half crown.

Yet think of the feat the winning cars have accomplished. They have finished first, second, third, fourth and fifth in England's premier event. They have averaged 65.6, 64.9, 63.2, 62.8, and 62.4 m.p.h. for twice twelve hours, and they are not even supercharged! Where others have been replacing wings, valves, cylinder blocks, brakes, fuel tanks - every conceivable part - these five have come through unscathed and running as well at the end as they were in the first hour. Small wonder that the spectators cheer them every one as they come in. And even the Press secretary did not greatly regret his lost half-crown!

RESULTS

Place	Car No.	Make of Car	Drivers	Laps	Distance (miles)	Figure of Merit	Speed (m.p.h.)	Class	Remarks
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Place	Car No.	Make of Car	Drivers	Laps	Distance (miles)	Figure of Merit	Speed (m.p.h.)	Class	Remarks
1	60	M.G. Midget	Earl of March and C. S. Staniland	601	1,574.9	1.381	65.62	H	S. M. M. T. Challenge Trophy; Rudge-Whitworth Trophy; Member of winning team; Winner of Mobiloil Trophy; First in Class H Second in Class H; Automobile Engineering Trainig College Trophy; J. C. C. Award
2	65	M.G. Midget	R. Gibson and L. Fell	595	1,558.5	1.367	64.94	H	Third in Class H; J. C. C. Award
3	66	M.G. Midget	H. C. Hamilton	579	1,516.9	1.331	63.21	H	Member of winning team
4	61	M.G. Midget	H. D. Parker and G. K. Cox	575	1,507.4	1.322	62.81	H	Member of winning team
5	62	M.G. Midget	N. Black and C. W. Fiennes	572	1,498.9	1.315	62.46	H	Member of winning team
6	30	Aston-Martin	A. C. Bertelli and J. Bezzant	683	1,791.7	1.265	74.65	F	First in Class F; B. A. R. C. Award
7 tie	54	Austin	Miss V. Worsley and R. Latham Boote	549	1,438.6	1.262	59.94	H	Sixth in Class H
7 tie	52	Austin	E. C. H. Randall and W. E. Harker	549	1,438.1	1.262	59.92	H	Seventh in Class H
9	45	Austin (S.)	G. Poppe and G. D. Barnes	625	1,637.7	1.241	68.24	H	Eighth in Class H
10	11	Talbot	T. E. Rose Richards and J. R. Cobb	727	1,902.9	1.211	79.29	D	First in Class D; J. C. C. Award
11	46	Austin (S.)	W. H. Green and	600	1,574.3	1.193	65.59	H	Ninth in Class H

Place	Car No.	Make of Car	Drivers	Laps	Distance (miles)	Figure of Merit	Speed (m.p.h.)	Class	Remarks
12	10	Talbot	S. F. Barnes B. E. Lewis and J. S. Hindmarsh	712	1,863.6	1.185	77.65	D	Second in Class D
13	63	M.G. Midget	T. V. G. Selby and G. Hendy	510	1,338.9	1.175	55.70	H	Tenth in Class H
14	50	Austin (S.)	V. S. Balls and A. B. Gilbert	591	1,547.3	1.172	64.47	H	Eleventh in Class H
15	40	Riley	A. F. Ashby and R. Pauling	588	1,539.2	1.164	64.14	G	First in Class G; K. L. G. Trophy
16	31	Aston- Martin	R. C. Gallop and L. Cushman	677	1,773.1	1.128	73.88	F	Second in Class F
17	35	Riley	W. A. Cuthbert and H. V. Frazer	554	1,448.5	1.098	60.35	G	Second in Class G
18	72	M.G. Midget	R. R. Jackson and F. H. B. Samuelson	474	1,242.1	1.089	51.75	H	Twelfth in Class H
19	34	Maserati (S.)	H. Widengren and R. F. Oats	587	1,539.5	1.087	64.14	G	Third in Class G
20	12	Talbot	A. O. Saunders- Davies and W. Y. Craig	639	1,672.0	1.064	69.67	D	Third in Class D
21	44	Austin (S.)	A. Frazer Nash and L. P. Driscoll	535	1,400.0	1.060	58.33	H	Thirteenth in Class H
22	56	Austin	J. Reeves and H. H. B. Beacon	460	1,205.8	1.058	50.24	H	Fourteenth in Class H
23	6	Talbot	E. Burt and S. J. Burt	615	1,608.9	1.024	67.04	D	Fourth in Class D
24	53	Austin	P. W. Marriage and H. J. Searle	436	1,140.6	1.001	47.54	H	Fifteenth in Class H

Place	Car No.	Make of Car	Drivers	Laps	Distance (miles)	Figure of Merit	Speed (m.p.h.)	Class	Remarks
-	3	Invicta	G. Field and D. Froy	455	1,190.8				
-	14	Lagonda (S.)	W. M. Couper and A. Bevan	568	1,462.0				
-	20	Alvis (S.)	E. Farley and P. F. Parker	588	1,279.3				Running at 8 p.m. Saturday, but did not complete distance
-	24	Frazer Nash	C. M. Harvey and H. J. Aldington	471	1,232.9				
-	55	Austin	M. C. Lewns and G. N. Torry	421	1,101.3				

Team prize: 60, 61, 62 (M.G. Midget)
(S.) Supercharged

CAUSES OF RETIREMENT

First Day

43 M.G. Midget (Pott and Macdonald) retired 9.30 a.m. Seized engine
74 M.G. Midget (Stisted and Kindell) retired 10.45 a.m. Clutch trouble
2 Bentley (Birken and B. O. Davis) retired 10.46 a.m. Oil pressure trouble
22 Alfa-Romeo (S.) (Jeffress and C. Paul) retired 11.25 a.m. Broken connecting rod and pistons
51 Austin (D'Ary Browne and Chaplin) retired 11.45 a.m. Broken crankshaft
64 M.G. Midget (Montgomery and Hebler) retired 2.35 p.m. Broken piston
10 Lea-Francis (S.) (Oetzman and Ivins) retired 4.15 p.m. Engine trouble
42 Riley (Whitcroft and W. B. Scott) retired 5.51 p.m. Big end
70 M.G. Midget (A. T. G. Gardner and Murton-Neale) retired 7.50 p.m. Piston trouble

Second Day

4 Maserati (S.) (Eyston and Ramponi) did not start, Broken rear axle
75 M.G. Midget (D. Higgin and J. F. Field) did not start, Broken valve and spring
41 Riley (Martin and "R. M. Meredith") retired 8.07 a.m. Broken piston
71 M.G. Midget (Hirton and Humphreys) retired 9.13 a.m. Engine bearing trouble
15 Lea-Francis (S.) (Dugdale and Delany) retired 9.35 a.m. Engine trouble
33 Amilcar (S.) (B. L. Byrom and J. C. Byrom) retired 11.16 a.m. Broken connecting rod
73 M.G. Midget (Hon. Mrs Chetwynd and Jameson) retired 11.33 a.m. Broken valve spring
32 Aston-Martin (Cook and Benjafield) abandoned in railway straight 3.40 p.m. Broken valves and piston

23 Frazer Nash (S.) (Moore and Braidwood) retired 4.55 p.m. Fractured oil pipe

25 Frazer Nash (D. A. Aldington and Mrs. Wisdom) retired 5.25 p.m. Engine trouble