

South India Motor Owner

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Dealers in Automobile Accessories, Wallajah Road, Madras

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The

SOUTH INDIA

MOTOR OWNER

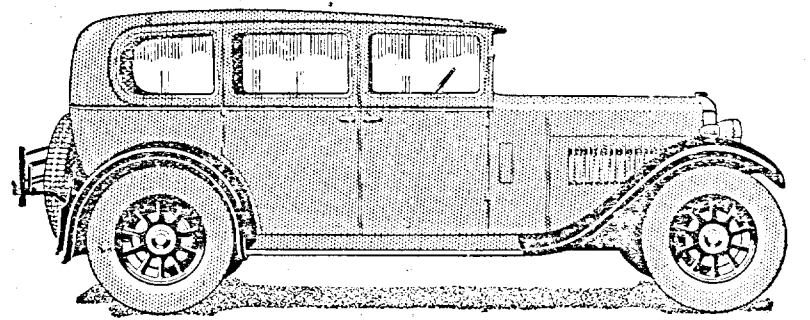
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October, 1929.
Vol. I. No. 3.

The House



SIMPSON'S



CANTONMENT
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WALLAJAH ROAD
MADRAS

WALLAJAH ROAD
OOTACAMUND

TIMES HAVE CHANGED -



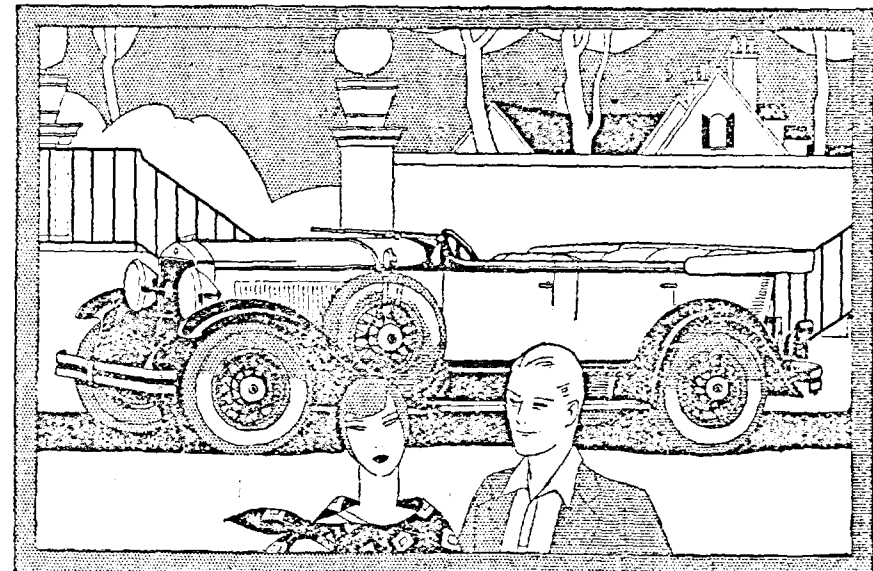
Haphazard methods of advertising, out of date sales system and inefficient organization will no longer sell cars to South India motor owners. Times have changed in company with the gradual improvement in the conditions of motor-ing in Southern India, and with the increased motorization of the people of this area.

Advertising methods and advertising media which served their purpose quite well years ago, now no longer appeal to the discriminating South India motor owner, and it is necessary therefore for Southern India automobile distributors to utilize the specialized trade press which is represented here by the SOUTH INDIA MOTOR OWNER. Only by using this journal can motor dealers hope thoroughly to cover the market for cars which is undoubtedly offered by Southern India.

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MONTHLY
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DEVOTED TO THE
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OF
SOUTH INDIA
MOTOR VEHICLE
OWNERS

THE
SOUTH INDIA
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OWNER**

Proprietors

EASTERN TECHNICAL PUBLICATIONS
VARADA BUILDINGS, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

A NEW
COMMERCIAL
TRUCK
BY
SINGER
PAGE 113

Vol. I, No. 3.

October, 1929

Price, As. 8

Jottings from this Issue

PAGE	CONTENTS	PAGE
A battery will deteriorate if allowed to lie idle for any length of time ... 129	With Car and Camera ... 102	A new field of activity enables the designer to start with a clean sheet ... 113
A well supposed to ward off malaria ... 129	What Constitutes Bad Riding ... 104	Buying road by the mile complete with spare parts ... 125
Advisable to raise the compression ratio if speed is required ... 105	Tuning a Motor Cycle for Speed ... 105	Sir Herbert Austin is to try to capture the light car market in America ... 127
Checking of wheel alignment is recommended if tyre life is to be preserved ... 106	Lining up a Sidecar ... 106	Local road news ... 127
Owners are apt to be a little disappointed in the performance of their cars ... 107	Owner Driver's Note Book ... 107	Compulsory insurance would be a tyrannous thing. A fine article on this subject on page 119
Day-dreaming produces awkward moments ... 107	The Commander Eight ... 109	What will the new year's models have to offer South India Motorists ... 100
	The Practical Side ... 111	Ravenous, man-eating mosquitoes ... 124
	Singer Enters Commercial Field ... 113	
	Testing an Austin Seven ... 116	
	Compulsory Insurance not Desirable ... 118	
	Motor Bathroom ... 119	
	A Motoring Pilgrim's Progress ... 122	
	This Road Transport Business... ... 125	
	News and Miscellany ... 127	
	Correspondence ... 129	
	Chota Flashes ... 131	
	From Ghent to Aix ... 134	
	Speedy Production ... 134	
The method employed in stopping an engine is important ... 108	John Bunion and Cecil encounter a tiger. Who conquers is told on page ... 123	
From Ghent to Aix—modern version ... 134	Indian Nawab's motoring luxury ... 119	

EDITORIAL

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Olympia and South India

N29, 1-3-3

It is customary at this time of the year for those who profess to be keen motorists to display a breathless expectancy as to the possibilities which the motor show at Olympia has in store. The trade and technical press is read with speculative wonder, and every small paragraph anent the new year's models comes in for its due perusal and mental digestion. The result is that Olympia becomes to the motorist what it has long been to the manufacturer—a fetish which, whilst it serves in many ways much useful purpose, is after all rarely productive of the surprises—pleasant and otherwise—usually attributed to it. Of recent years the progressive car manufacturer has paid less and less attention to the serving of Olympia, and has concentrated more upon service to his ultimate user. This seems to be the most reasonable policy which could be adopted, and we think that, as time goes on, Olympia will become just a simplified trade show without all the pomp and splendour, which nowadays, characterizes this greatest of all annual exhibitions.

If the opinions of prominent car makers were taken, there is no doubt that the majority would be in favour of a more logical policy than that dictated by Olympia—namely, that a whole year's manufacturing programme be arranged to begin on a specified date, thus laying on technical designers the probable task of having to finish a job right at the last moment when, of course, haste can least be afforded.

An industry which is so progressive as that engaged in the building of automobiles is always likely to bring surprises to expectant motordom. On the other hand, it must be remembered that an industry which is open to supply surprises for the ultimate user can also supply unpleasant surprises for the manufacturer. Thus, whilst all readers of the

English and American technical press are fully aware of the paper qualities of the models for 1930, there is still the test of usage to make or break a car for Southern India.

The general aim of present day motor builders generally speaking, has been to produce automobiles of, primarily, an attractive appearance combined with two further important characteristics: a minimum of maintenance work and ease of handling on the road. A difficulty, however, which persists is that the cars, which are built for use in America and England and constructed to the principles outlined above, rarely prove themselves hundred per cent efficient for use in Southern India, where roads and climatic conditions are such that a car never gives really ultra efficient service. Nevertheless, we believe that certain manufacturers in America and England have this year really taken up the question of providing a car suitable in every way for conditions such as exist in India, Africa and other parts of the world, where roads and road transport are yet in their infancy. Naturally one cannot expect any revolutionary designs in the vehicles to be produced, nor can changes of any importance take place in engine or chassis design, but there are however certain possibilities which, whilst not startling, definitely follow lines upon which development must move if a really effective car is to be produced for the market which undoubtedly exists here. The ultimate result however of these experiments which are taking place must assuredly lie yet many years ahead.

Putting aside for the moment all prophetic thoughts as to the far away future, it is still very interesting to examine in the light of known facts and half-guesses the subject as it concerns 1930. For us there is nothing interesting in superchargers, oil radiators, multi-cylinders

and other possibilities which are promised 'civilisation'. Our concern is with developments which are likely to take place in connection with body work, chassis work and prices.

It is difficult to point to any radical changes in chassis work which are likely to affect us, because such changes have in the past depended more upon the fickleness of fashion and the conservatism of the motor using community for their success. Body work moreover depends still more upon 'la mode' for its definite establishment, and is very easily proved or disproved under Southern India conditions. Style we like, colour we demand, but our primary concern is dependability and comfort. It is here that we can expect great improvements to be made in 1930, because most of the car manufacturers who provide cars within the price range popularly demanded in Southern India, have thoroughly taken up this matter, and luxurious, substantial and comfortable body work is to be more generally expected than has been the case in the past. It must be admitted however that the trend at Home and in America seems to be all in favour of closed cars and whilst, of course, sedans, coupés and saloons are more increasingly in favour in Southern India, the majority of motor owners still demand the open tourer. Which means that the makers will shortly have to cater specially for our particular market. It seems to be evident, however, that a compromise may shortly be effected—especially with cars of British manufacture—by providing closed cars (which are so admirably suited for social service in the evening) with sliding tops commonly known as the 'sunshine roof' for the hotter work of the day. This certainly seems to be the most reasonable solution to the problem, the method which appeals more to us being the pucca sliding roof, rather than the completely removable, top, for the latter solution to the difficulty presents further problems owing to its clumsiness.

Further provision for luggage on cars will

undoubtedly become more general as manufacturers realise how much touring is done by cars here in Southern India; and as the possibilities for the market are more fully realized, more adjuncts to the amenities of motoring will be more generally provided during 1930.

This then brings us to the one remaining point: that of price. It is here that motorists, having in previous years been led to expect substantial reductions after every Olympia show, are apt to be disappointed. The fact, of course, is that we expect all the comfort-adding and labour-saving devices as a matter of course; in fact we have demanded them, and though manufacturers have studied most diligently the matter of economical production, it can no longer be expected that all these additional accessories, which we take for granted, can be provided as standard together with a price reduction. When we consider fully how automobiles have been improved during the past two years, and consider too the remarkable reduction in prices which has taken place, we can only predict that 1930 models of both English and American manufacture will show little or no reduction in price. Nevertheless, to counterbalance this, all cars will be still better and more comfortable than those to which we have been accustomed. Just how far our opinion is correct remains to be seen, for no prices have yet been published, but it is improbable that 1930 will see any tendency for prices to increase to any marked degree, despite the improvements which the new models undoubtedly embody.

The best advice that we can offer to those contemplating car-ownership is to take the plunge. This is the ideal time to buy a car: important changes in design are most improbable, the 1930 programmes of important manufacturers are already being announced, and the prospect of price reductions at Olympia is extremely unlikely. Therefore, become a car-owner now, and enjoy to the full the finest recreation in the world.

With Car and Camera

Around Madras

A Red Hills Picnic

SWINGING out of Madras to the westward, one eventually comes, just a few miles out, to the old village of Perambur, now fast becoming an important railway centre, and already known as the Crewe of India. Past Perambur, past the toll-gate, and away up the winding road until the earth becomes red, and the passage of the car leaves a wake of red dust that may be traced back to the last turn, on and on, until the last of Madras dips below the horizon and the open road and adventure lies in front, go where you will.

On this occasion there had been a heavy fall of rain in the district a short while before we pulled out of Madras, and the red dust had been turned into a red mud. In places the road is bad—bad for an Indian road, that is to say—but under the gentle auspices of the P. W. D., it is now rapidly being turned into a good road again.

Our objective this time was the source of the water supply of Madras—Red Hills—one of the beauty spots around Madras, and one of the best places for a tiffin picnic that may be found for miles around.

Loading up the car with the tiffin hamper, the necessary component parts of a shandy, and completing the equipment with fishing rods, golf clubs and cameras, we swung out over the Egmore overbridge turning left into the Poonamallee High Road, and traversing this for a short distance until, nearing the Kilpauk police station, there is a turning to the right. Down this to the cross-roads, and then to the left, and a short distance along this we switch right into Kelly's Road. Straight through from here brings us along a winding road leading to the railway half of Perambur, which little town is a pleasant change with its well-ordered roads—wide and spacious—and imposing bungalows, truly a pleasing sight after the narrower and meaner streets through which we passed on the first part of our journey. Arrived at Perambur,



THROUGH A RED HILL'S WINDOW

we turn right and follow the car tracks through to the newly-constructed railway bridge, under which we pass. The roadway through this bridge, owing to the volume of traffic, is very rapidly breaking up, and at the time we passed through, was partly under water. A little way past the bridge, and there are four cross-roads: that to the right is the main road to Red Hills and beyond, and is the road usually taken. The road straight ahead is, however, a short cut across the country, and, although only a bullock-cart track, is, nevertheless, quite passable for cars and motor bikes. It is a dirt road hard packed and although at present it is somewhat broken up in places, it is being repaired. After passing through the long straggling village which adorns the road in its early stages, and all its conglomeration of wandering babies, goats, cows and dozing dogs, we eventually emerge into the open countryside, and it is here that we get the first evidence of the peculiar red rock and earth from which the district

gets its name. The passage of a car along this path raises clouds of the fine red clinging dust, so much so that it is advisable, if there is more than one car, to travel with a good distance between, although, should there be a side wind the air is very rapidly cleared. For the most part the ground is bare of vegetation, barring a few stunted and twisted trees, and the first impression that one gets is that a huge blasting fire had passed over the land, burning everything in its path, and leaving desolation behind. Indeed, in the dim and distant past, it was probably the scene of some volcanic upheaval that has left its mark through the ages. It is not advisable to take this path during the monsoon period, as the soft earth holds a great quantity of water, and an apparently good road develops into a mudflat into which the wheels sink with disquieting suddenness.

Following this track through, we came at last to



SHOWING THE FANTASTIC RUINS MENTIONED IN THE TEXT.

the main road, and turning left, travelled along for a furlong or so until we came to the signpost on the left of the road from Madras, with its lone arm pointing the way across the plain to the P.W.D. Rest Bungalow on the shores of the lake. Taking the path indicated, which winds about somewhat and which requires a certain amount of care in traversing, owing to the many traps which have been left by nature in humorous mood—watercourses cleaving the track at odd intervals, dry but needing a certain amount of care in negotiating; if taken too slow, it may cause wheelspin in climbing the opposite bank, and, if taken too fast, will result in a jump at the bottom—and sudden drops caused by red rock formations. The path, however, is well defined, and no hesitation need be felt if the old wheel-tracks are followed.

At the end one comes to the gates of the bungalow, which is well-appointed and in good condition, with an admirable staff of helpful servants, complete with cook-house and utensils. At the left of the bungalow is a smaller bungalow, also furnished, and serving as a pleasant abode for a week-end picnic. Although the bungalow is divided up and capable of catering for several parties at one time, if a stay over the week-end is contemplated, previous application to the P.W.D. Engineer is advisable in order that accommodation may be reserved, the charge being Rs. 2 per day, and Re. 1 per half-day. There is a telephone installed, by which communication with Madras is established. Although we were staying some hours, we did not use the bungalow, preferring rather to picnic in the shade of the trees by the lake.

Arrived at the bungalow, we parked the car at the shady side of the house, and partook of a little light, cool refreshment. At this time of the year, the level of the lake is very low

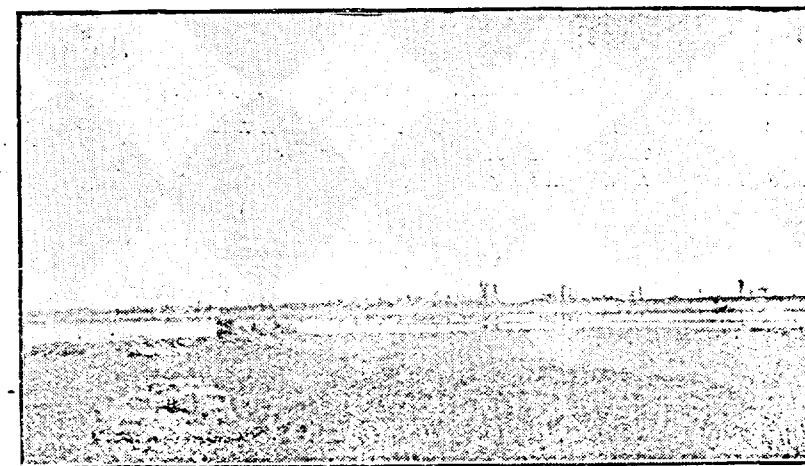
and, indeed, the waters which after the monsoon period reach very nearly up to the slopes of the bungalow site, were now some way off. As a matter of fact, it reminded one of the yarns told about the sea at much-maligned Southend!

There is a small sailing boat available for use on the lake, and although this time we did not use it, at other times we have found a sail on the lake very enjoyable. Bathing is not allowed, but the water is amply stocked with fish and those piscatorially minded may spend happy hours with rod and line. The local fishermen are full of information as to the best spots, and they may even be seen fishing from the bund with rod and line of the stick and bent pin variety. And they

succeed, as we have frequently observed, landing quite large specimens, while our efforts on the slippery slopes of the bund usually ended in merely giving the worms a bath, with tall tales as to those that we just missed! In midstream, however, there is ample reward.

To those with a taste for the sticks, there is splendid opportunity to practise the tee-shots that we dream about, the ground being level and free from shrubbery, so that the flight of the ball is easily discernible. And, moreover, the course not being marked, one can always say that one intended to drive in that direction when the pill had been super-pulled to the left! There is a subtle sort of fascination in letting off one's surplus energy on the inoffensive ball that is missed on the regular course, an effort, moreover, that might damn one for ever in the eyes of those who matter where tales are told at the nineteenth hole!

Camerically inclined, while there is not much in the way of historic interest, some splendid opportunities for scenic effects exist, with the far tree-studded shores

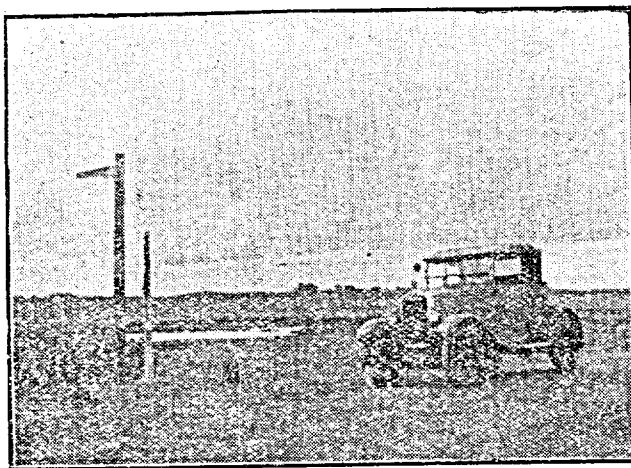


LOOKING OVER THE LAKE.

of the lake and in the background the blue haze of the distant hills, which, viewed through the field-glasses, seem to resemble huge masses of pumice-stone. From the top of the bungalow the countryside all round is very interesting, and the glasses discover beauty spots that the eye misses. Right at the far end of the tank the outfall is easily identified, and ranging nearer in the middle of the stretch of water is, on a high spot, the ruined walls of a bungalow. When the water is full, this patch of brickwork just appears

above the water, but at the time at which we visited it, the waters had receded until the foundations were left high and dry. We were, as a matter of fact, able to walk out to it and inspect it from close quarters, the intervening ground being fairly firm, providing one kept to the beaten path. One or two photographs were taken from this point with a focussing camera with the field glasses placed in front of the lens, and some wonderful views were obtained on the camera screen of the distant shores, but at the time of going to press the actual exposures are not available. We have at times secured very good shots of distant views in this way, but it is a subject for experiment, and not all the shots were successful.

The sun was by this time beginning to make itself felt, and we decided to move into the shade of the trees and have a practical discussion with tiffin. In



'THE LONE SIGNPOST POINTING ACROSS THE WASTE'

the meantime the drinks had been placed in the cool waters of the tank, and were withdrawn beautifully cool. Wherever possible, we find this method of cooling drinks much more practicable than carrying ice, and there is less equipment to carry.

And so we lazed away the afternoon, telling yarns, indulging in a little community singing to the strains of the ukelele, discussing sport in general and the forthcoming rugger matches in particular, and the soccer prospects of our favourite teams at home, until the waning sun drew forth our energies once more.

Dusk found us headed for home, and we took the main road back to Madras, just pausing at the signpost to take a last photograph of the lone signpost arm pointing across the desolate waste.

The main road is somewhat bad in places, there being veritable holes in the road, which, being full of water, were indistinguishable from the ordinary puddle, and by the time we reached Madras, the front of the car resembled the mad efforts of a freak painter indulging in an orgy of red!

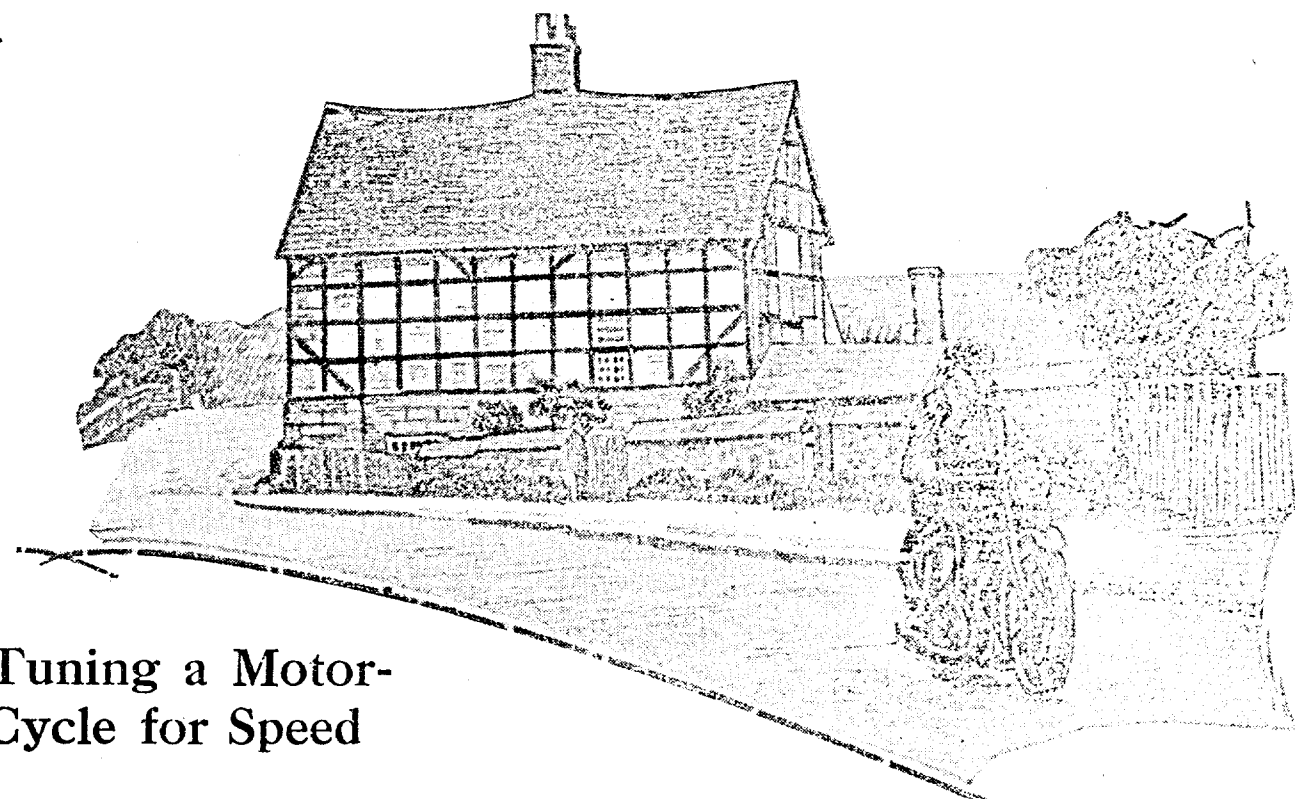
So ended a pleasant day, with happy memories, a collection of pictorial records, and something to discuss over the evening peg, what time we planned out further trips in the near future.

SCRIBENDI.

What Constitutes Bad Riding?

1. Racing the engine unnecessarily and letting the clutch in so quickly that the wheel skids or jerks the machine forward. *Take a pride in a neat 'getaway.'*
2. Jamming on the brakes at the last minute instead of slowing down steadily. *Brake early and drive on the throttle and not the brakes.*
3. Racing the engine or grinding the gears when changing gear. *A good driver is a neat driver.*
4. Applying the brakes when rounding corners instead of slowing down before reaching them. *Brake early and be neater, safer and faster.*
5. Remaining in top gear when the engine is obviously labouring instead of dropping down into a lower gear. *Never force an unwilling engine.*
6. Opening the throttle quickly when the machine is travelling slowly, thus causing the engine to 'pink.' *Change down for a quick 'getaway.'*
7. Running with the ignition too far retarded, causing overheating and loss of power. *Advance the ignition as far as the engine will stand.*
8. Using the exhaust lifter lever to slow down instead of shutting the throttle. *The exhaust lifter is for starting only.*
9. Holding the clutch 'out' too long instead of dropping into neutral. *Excessive slipping soon heats up the clutch.*
10. Interfering with the silencing system to obtain a heavy bark. *Silence is golden.*
11. Using the machine when out of adjustment. *Check everything over at frequent intervals.*
12. Taking unnecessary risks. *Obey the rules of the road scrupulously.*

Motor Cycling Topics



Tuning a Motor-Cycle for Speed

WITH the ever-increasing popularity of the motor cycle comes the desire of numerous riders to get more speed from their machines. Some particularly good performances can be put up by those 'in the know', but the average rider is unable to afford the expense of having his machine tuned by an expert.

A little advice, common sense, and a whole lot of patience can work wonders, however, and if the rider works on the following lines, he cannot go far wrong.

The art of tuning is actually in lessening air and bearing friction, and to give the explosion a greater propelling force. All parts must be thoroughly clean so as to remove all obstructions, such as casting irregularities, etc. Cut off part of the inlet valve guide, polish the remaining part thoroughly, then with emery cloth polish the inlet and exhaust valve heads until all tool marks are removed, finishing off with a mixture of metal polish and emery paste. Take care not to scrape the valve seats. Next treat the exhaust port in a similar manner. The cylinder head should also be polished, care being taken that the valve seats are not damaged in the polishing process. Treat the piston similarly, and in both cases finish off with metal polish and emery paste mixture.

If speed only is desired, it is advisable to raise the compression ratio, but under no circumstances must this be over 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ to one. For this purpose a high compression piston may be necessary, but a reasonably high compression ratio can be obtained by having the

cylinder base turned down. Should too much be cut away, the compression may be lowered by fitting a compression plate. It is necessary, when the compression is raised, to use a mixture of 50 per cent benzol and 50 per cent petrol. A larger size jet may be necessary.

In determining the compression ratio, it is necessary that a burette be obtained. This is actually a c.c. measure. First we have to obtain the piston displacement, which is arrived at by halving the bore of the cylinder, multiplying it by itself, then multiplying the result by 3-1/7, then by multiplying the product by the length of the stroke the piston displacement is ascertained.

It is next necessary to determine the displacement of the cylinder head when the piston is top dead-centre. This is a job for the burette. Fill the tube with a light oil, to about 100 c.c. (the engine is, of course, assembled), lean the motor over until the spark plug is perfectly upright, then prop up the machine, or engine, whichever the case may be, in that position (that is not necessary in the case of the side valve, as this is, of course, already perpendicular). Next remove the spark plug, and turning on the tap of the burette into the plug hole, allow it to run until the oil reaches halfway up the thread of the plug hole. Note then the quantity of oil remaining in the burette; subtract that from the 100 c.c. originally in it. The result will give you the capacity of the cylinder head.

Add this to the piston displacement previously arrived at to ascertain the combined cylinder and head capacity. Finally, to arrive at the compression ratio, divide the combined cylinder and head capacity by the cylinder head capacity only.

It will be found necessary on raising the compression to strengthen the valve springs. This may be simply done by placing a 1/16 in. washer underneath each valve spring. All reciprocating parts, such as overhead rockers, valves, tappets and cam rockers, should be lightened as much as possible. Care should be taken, however, that they are not lightened too much. Special attention should be given to the crankcase parts and flywheels, which should be polished thoroughly, and although this can be done by the rider himself, it is advisable to have the job done by a metal polisher. The cost would only amount to a few rupees. If, however, the job is to be done by the rider himself, first clean up the flywheels with a

file, exercising great care that no more than the tool corrugations are taken off. Next polish with emery paper, and finally with metal polish and emery paste mixture. The connecting rod also requires special attention, and it should be treated in a similar manner. The piston should be free in the cylinder to the extent of seven or eight thousandths at the top, tapering to about twenty-thousandths clearance at the bottom. This is a job, however, that the rider should not attempt himself.

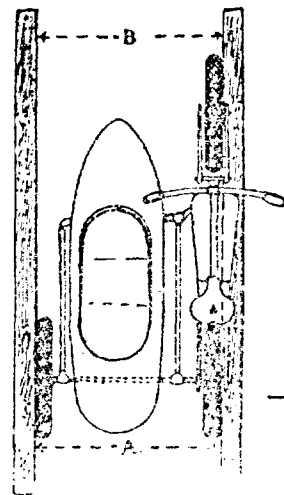
All bearings must be perfectly free. Gear box parts must be thoroughly cleaned, chains adjusted correctly, exhaust pipes thoroughly clean, and all irregularities removed. Wheels should be balanced perfectly true and in line with each other, and while the wheel bearings must be quite free, care should be taken that there is no play. For fast work the tyres should be pumped reasonably hard. Narrow section tyres are an aid to speed, but comfort, of course, is sacrificed.

How to line up a Side-car and Check Wheel Alignment

MANY motor-cyclists whose machines are fitted with a side-car are at a loss to understand the reason for the comparatively short life of their tyres. Similarly, solo riders are occasionally heard to complain that they have 'scrubbed' out a rear tyre after only one or two thousand miles running.

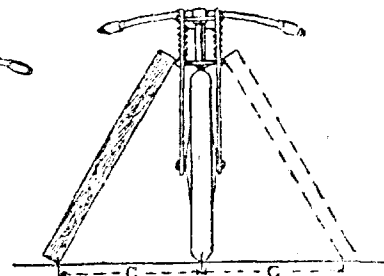
This is due almost invariably to faulty alignment of the wheels. Periodical checking of the wheel alignment is recommended to the rider who regards long life of tyres as desirable. In the case of a solo rider, the test may be made by the following method:—

Procure a plain board about 6 ft. long, 4 in. wide, and 1 in. thick. One edge must be planed perfectly straight and square, and in this edge a small recess about 1 in. deep and 3 in. long must be made to enable the straight edge to miss the rear stand. With the machine on the stand, place the straight edge of the board alongside the two wheels. By slightly turning the front wheel, if necessary, the board should touch each tyre front and back, on both wheels. If it does not do so, adjust the alignment of the back wheel by means of the adjusters provided. If this alignment cannot be obtained, the frame or forks are probably twisted.



Side-car Alignment

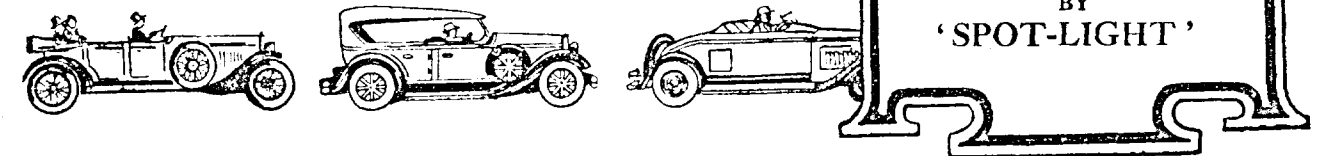
The combination must stand on a smooth, level floor. Place a board alongside the wheels of the machine; these must be in line as described above.



Procure a second board similar to the first one and place this with its edge touching the side-car tyre. Measure the distance 'A' in the diagram, which should be taken as near to the back tyre as possible. Similarly measure the distance 'B' taking this as close as possible to the front tyre. These two distances should be equal in running, but in practice it is permissible to have 'B' about 3/8" shorter than 'A', with the machine stationary. This ensures that the wheels are in correct alignment.

The next point is to see that the machine is standing perfectly upright. Without disturbing the boards, take a smaller one about 3 ft. 6 in. long, and rest one end on a given point towards the top of the front fork, the other end resting on the ground. Mark the ground where the board touches. Do this on the other side, placing the top end of the board in an exactly corresponding position, and again mark the ground. Then measure from each mark to the centre of the tyre where it touches the ground. These distances 'C' should be equal. If necessary, the setting of the machine must be altered so that this is obtained.

From an Owner Driver's Note Book



Performances Differ

WHENEVER I ask the owner of a speedy-looking car what speed he can do, ten to one he answers 'Well, she can do seventy easily, but I haven't let her out yet.' It is just the same with the owner of any old car when asked what his petrol consumption is. 'I haven't taken a real check, but it must be well over the twenty-five to the gallon mark.'

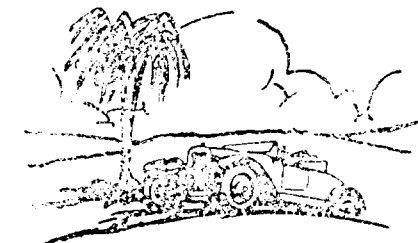
The truth is that both these owners are just a shade disappointed because their cars do not do all that the makers guaranteed—they fall short of expectations. The owners, of course, fail to realize that petrol consumption and speed vary within wide limits according to the conditions. It is expecting too much to think that a speed model will reach its absolute maximum speed every time it is asked to do so, because road conditions, wind and general tare of the car itself make a big difference in a fast car's speed—ten to fifteen miles an hour may easily be lost in this way. One must remember, too, that even where a maker guarantees a certain speed it is rarely stated whether the figure given is the car's speed in full touring trim, stripped for racing, or merely the theoretical figure calculated on engine revs and gear ratios.

Similarly petrol consumption depends to an enormous extent upon speed, road conditions and so forth. A car which does thirty miles per gallon at 25 m.p.h. may do twenty-five at 30 m.p.h. and perhaps twenty at 55 m.p.h. Frequent starting and stopping, gear work in hilly districts, or in traffic, and other similar factors all help to account for the varying results obtained by owners of cars of identical make and model as regards their performance and economy in petrol.

Dangerous Day-Dreaming

I am convinced that inattention to the business on hand is responsible for the majority of accidents on our roads to-day. And the fault is not always with the much maligned pedestrian. Within the last week I have seen two really excellent examples of wool-gathering on the part of motor owners.

The first was when I was rounding a blind but easy corner, when a fellow on a motor cycle met me head on, driving about forty-five on the wrong side of the road. I saw from his face



'IN FULL TOURING TRIM'

that he was actually day-dreaming—there is no other way to describe it—and it was amusing to watch him wake up as he executed a dexterous swerve and missed me by inches. He was so far over on his wrong side that he left me not the least inch of room to swerve, unless I had gone across to my wrong side—and I detest doing that.

The second case was one where I was driving behind a single occupant of another car. Both of us were going about the same speed on a perfectly straight, clear road. Suddenly I was amazed to see the driver in front head straight for the side of the road and it was not until his near front wheel bumped in the 'rough' that he woke up. So frightened was he that

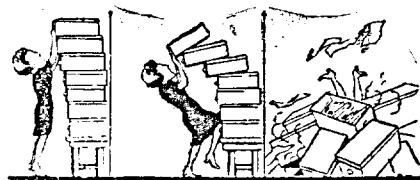
he jerked the wheel right over and nearly collided with a gate post on the other side of the road, in fact he only saved himself from a nasty crash by clever driving after he awakened.

When one is driving a car or riding the much more unstable motor cycle, day-dreaming even on a quiet road is asking for trouble. To be caught wool-gathering on a busy thoroughfare is assuredly suicide. And yet, I wonder how many of us really concentrate on the business of driving our cars as they should be driven—always?

By the way

A large stock of box files occupies a corner of my office and though rarely in use, it so happened that I had need of some papers from one of the topmost boxes the other day; so my typist-secretary was given the task of looking for the particular papers I required.

Now my typist is petite, and the file stack high—and—and—well, look at the picture.

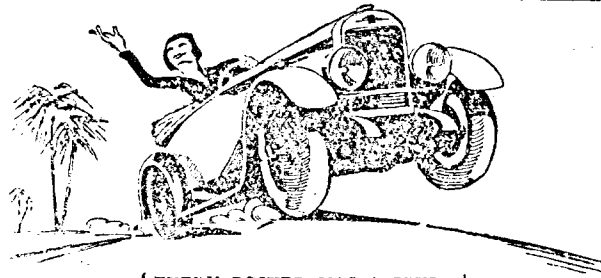


'A SAD ENDING'

Frankly, I regret the occurrence. I laughed so much that the wench hasn't yet forgiven me, and my correspondence is suffering accordingly. I may mention, however, that there are now two piles of file boxes—of half the height of the previous one!

After the show

I often wonder why it is that the authorities do not depute a squad of police to deal with the congestion of traffic which arises every evening in Madras when the picture theatre shows are over. Surely it should be a simple enough matter to superintend the parking of private cars in such a way that departure is orderly and speedy. At the present time the task of getting away is both dangerous and difficult owing to the number of taxis which block the road standing for fares. The police should rank the taxis temporarily for the quarter of an hour or so necessary.



'EVERY DRIVER HAS A STYLE'

Stopping your Engine

Motoring is like golf and cricket and billiards; every driver has a style of his own. That this is so was proved the other day when I found myself taking part in a hefty discussion concerning the best way of stopping an engine.

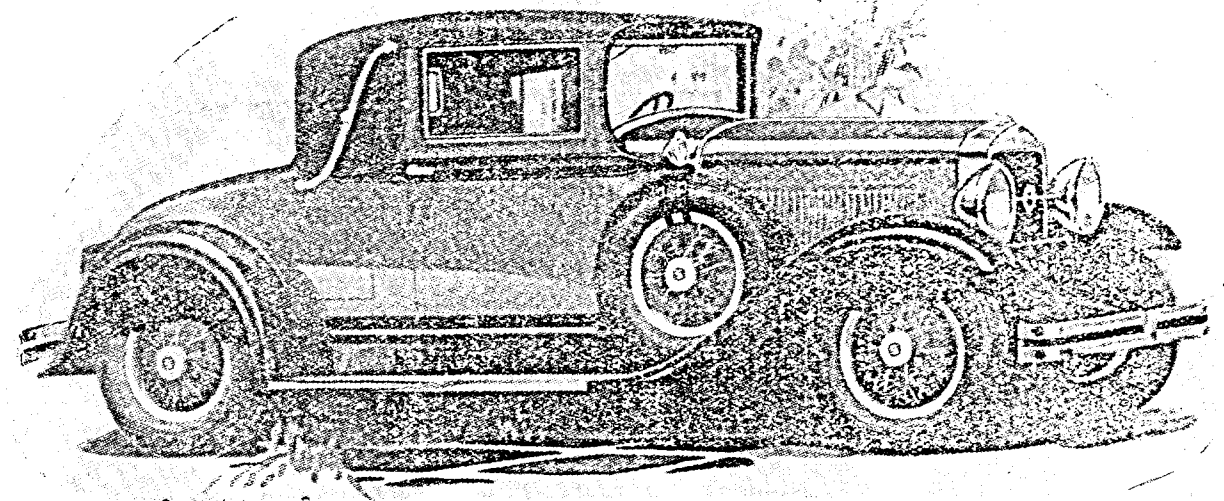
My own method has always been to accelerate the engine smartly, take my foot off the accelerator and switch off simultaneously—the idea being that a good splash of oil is spread over the cylinder walls which helps starting when next the engine is wanted. It was pointed out to me, however, that this method is not to be recommended as it also causes heavy suction on the pilot jet which negatives the first intention by causing oil dilution to a certain extent.

Most people believe the matter of little importance and consider there is nothing to be gained by tactics other than merely switching off. One old timer present at the discussion, however, said that his method when stopping was to run it up just over the tick-over point and then to switch off, simultaneously opening the throttle wide.

It is obvious that the method of stopping one's engine is more important than one would imagine and I would be pleased to hear from anyone who has studied the matter as to which is the best plan—and why?

All of them

It has been estimated that there are 32,000,000 cars in the world—and I have not the slightest doubt that at least half of them run up and down the road beside which my bungalow is situated just whenever I wish to do a little hard thinking. In fact, I'm sure the estimated 32,000,000 is a great way short of the mark, but, as the figure is official, I dare not dispute it—in any case I don't feel equal to the task of taking a census myself, I'm no statistician!



The Commander Eight

A Road Tests Showing Principal Characteristics of Studebaker New Line

IT would be extremely difficult to find a better example of the product of splendidly equipped workshops 16 h.p. de luxe Weymann saloon. The Commander Eight embodies the desirable features of the Sports car in so far as good performance, ease of control, good brakes, etc., are concerned, but such essential characteristics as refinement, smoothness and quietness in operation are also present. Further, the general appearance and 'finish' of both the chassis and bodywork are beyond reproach, so that the car must be considered to be right in the front rank of high-grade moderately sized vehicles.

Outstanding Features

The Commander Eight excels, if considered from a driver's point of view, but it does more than this, for the comfort of the seating accommodation and the excellent suspension combine with a general smoothness to give all the passengers a feeling of effortless travel. There is no rattling, rumbling or vibration to jar the nerves, even when travelling fast on bad roads.

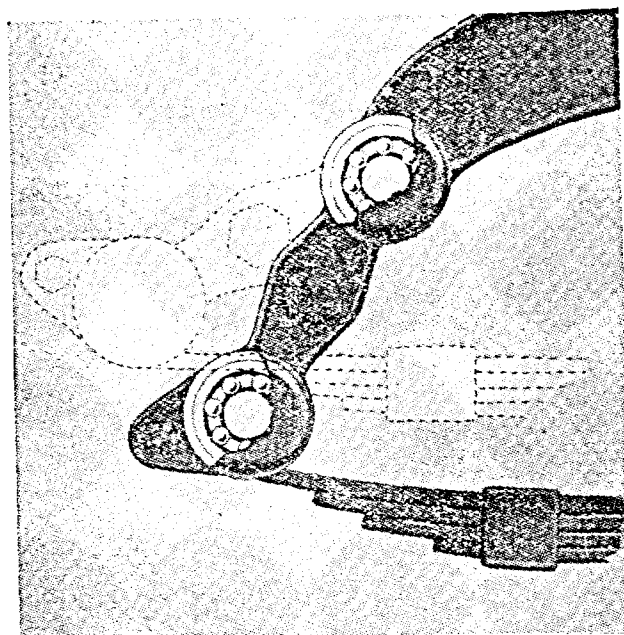
Having said this, we can deal with the various characteristics of the car in detail. In the first place, it would not seem to be out of place to say a few words anent the bodywork. As will be seen from the photographs, the appearance as a whole is particularly well balanced. A smooth outline has been obtained by carrying the doors down almost to the level of the running boards, thereby concealing the frame. Another small, but nevertheless important, point is the fact that panels are fitted in the doors to relieve any suspicion of plainness, and as they are picked out in a two-colour scheme the effect becomes impressive.

It would be difficult to imagine how a car selling for Rs. 7,500 could be better equipped. The windscreen, for instance, is of the Duplate type and comprises a single-panel screen, an adjustable ventilator and a sun vizor. Inside, the body equipment fully lives up to the claim of 'distinction' made by the manufacturers. The seating accommodation, for instance, is luxurious, of really sensible proportions; the squabs, too, fit the shoulders nicely, and as the front seat is adjustable for angle even when occupants are seated, the requirements of all types of passengers are effectively met. The interior work is beautifully finished. Studebaker engines are noteworthy for easy starting, and the 8-cylinder model is no exception.

Ease of Control

To the driver who appreciates sensitive and smoothly acting controls, this 8-cylinder Studebaker should at once make a distinct appeal, because the steering is light, dead accurate and steady, and the clutch is so smooth that it is difficult to distinguish the point of engagement—a fact which makes gear-changing almost a pleasure; further, the brakes are smooth, silent and powerful. In other words, the almost unique experience possessed by the Studebaker has been utilized to the full in the production of this model.

The car is in no sense of the word a racing model, despite the fact that it is possible to average over 40 m.p.h. over give-and-take roads without at any time taking the slightest risk in driving. On the level, without any favouring circumstances, the engine will pull a fully loaded car at a genuine mile-a-minute smoothly and without any suspicion of fussiness. At 50 m.p.h. to 55 m.p.h. the unit is as smooth as at any



A DIAGRAMMATIC SKETCH SHOWING HOW THE PATENT BALL BEARING SHACKLES FITTED TO THE COMMANDER EIGHT LEVEL OUT ROAD SHOCKS. THE SMOOTH RIDING OF THIS CAR IS ONE OF ITS OUTSTANDING FEATURES

other part of the speed range, but on full throttle there is a certain amount of roar, which, although not unpleasant, nevertheless obtrudes on the senses somewhat when compared with the exceptional quietness in operation when the throttle is not fully open.

As might be expected in such a high-grade vehicle, this Car is an excellent hill-climber, both in top and on the indirect gears. For all practical purposes, however, the direct ratio suffices for main-road work.

On the indirect ratios the engine shows a marked liveliness and a discriminating motorist quickly realizes that the whole car is a thoroughbred from stem to stern. The mere fact that 50 m.p.h. can be attained from rest in 25 secs. (using the gears in a reasonable manner) should be a convincing proof of the above statement.

The accelerating capabilities of the car, too, call for comment. There is one feature common to all indirect gears—the pinions themselves are quiet in operation at any speed, a characteristic which a seasoned motorist appreciates very greatly.

A word concerning the road-holding qualities may not here be out of place, for the car sits the road in a most convincing manner at all speeds of which it is capable and on all types of surface. Indeed, it can almost be described as a car suitable for a moody person. One can, for instance, drive as if in a race, tearing round corners at the utmost speed and braking violently while on the turns without either the driver or passengers feeling in any way insecure. On the other hand, by slacking off the shock absorbers a little a quiet run at 20 m.p.h. to 30 m.p.h. is equally enjoyable, the suspension being soft enough due to ball bearing spring shackles to give comfortable travel at

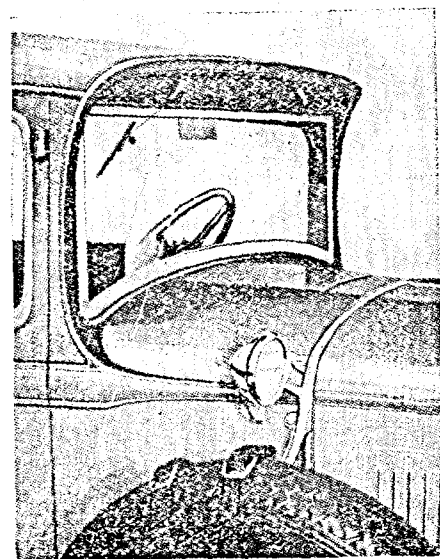
low speeds and sufficiently rigid to enable the sporting driver to indulge his taste merely by effecting an adjustment of the damping of the springs. These most desirable characteristics are the result of compromise between spring strength and damping effect, combined with a general lowness in build for both the chassis and body.

A car possessing the potentialities of this Commander Eight would be of little use if the brakes lacked in power or responsiveness; there is, however, no ground for complaint on this score. The pedal operation is very light indeed the system is very effective. Throughout our test, over very mixed going, the brakes did not on any occasion emit the slightest suspicion of shriek, nor was their characteristic sweetness in operation marred by harshness.

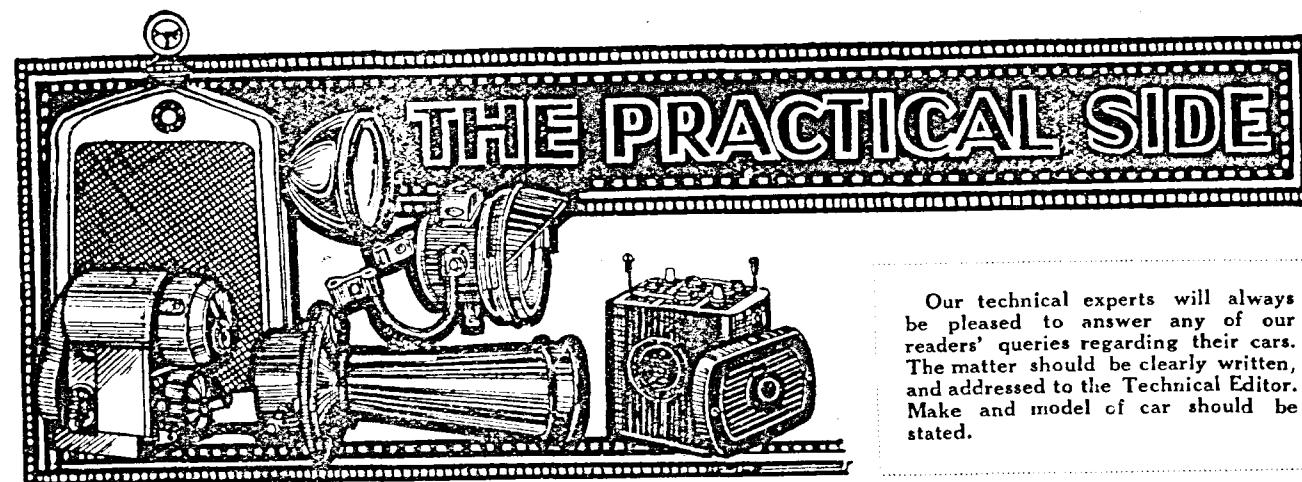
In passing, the front-seat location is worthy of note, because the seat can be slid backwards and forwards by moving a conveniently placed handle at the front of the seat. As the normal position of the seat is adjustable over a big range, the requirements of tall or short drivers are equally well catered for.

The 8-cylinder Commander is one of the few cars which, is right up to date, both from the point of view of design and general appearance.

Our prolonged test of this interesting car, therefore, leads us to conclude that for refinement, ease of control and general efficiency it would be difficult to find a better proposition for the owner-driver who has a taste for a good-quality vehicle. Although the car cannot be classed as a 'popularly priced' model, it possesses the great advantage that it will stand a lot of hard wear over a period of years. We hope in future issues to describe the other models—both sixes and eights—which comprise the Studebaker line.



THE NEAT CURVES OF THE COWL AND WINDSCREEN ENHANCE THE LINES OF THE COMMANDER COUPE AND FINISH OFF THIS PART OF THE CAR WHICH IS SO OFTEN, IN OTHER MAKES, THE ONE PLACE WHERE LINES CONFLICT AND SO DETRACT FROM GENERAL APPEARANCE



Our technical experts will always be pleased to answer any of our readers' queries regarding their cars. The matter should be clearly written, and addressed to the Technical Editor. Make and model of car should be stated.

Tuning Hints

A series of articles written entirely to aid motorists who are in the 'back of beyond' where technical advice is not available

BY

E. F. LOWMAN, A.M.I.A.E.

AFTER an engine reaches its maximum thermal efficiency, a certain amount of expansion takes place. It is therefore necessary, when adjusting tappets, to allow for this expansion by clearance between the valve stem and tappet head. The amount of clearance varies with the type of engine. The correct 'gap' is usually set down in the maker's hand book.

Correct tappet adjustment has a marked effect on the efficiency of any engine, and it is always advisable to check this occasionally. Should an exhaust valve be held slightly off its seating, this causes loss of compression and burning of the valve face.

The effect of wide tappet clearance can be seen in burred valve stems and damaged tappet heads. There is also a great risk of fracture below the heads as the valve naturally returns too quickly to its seating by not being able to follow the contour of the cam.

Incorrect valve lift has a marked effect on the valve timing—too wide a gap retards the opening. In the case of the exhaust valve, the result is felt especially at the point in the cycle of operations known as the 'scavenging top dead centre'. Burnt gases hinder the ignition of the fresh charge, and therefore we try to ensure their complete expulsion by leaving the exhaust valve open for a few degrees past the top of the stroke. The gases passing down the exhaust pipe act like the plunger of a pump, and so tend to draw out extra gas from the combustion head. This is called 'extractor action' and its effect is most noticeable at high speed and with a free exhaust, so that periodical attention to the silencer, to see that it is not choked with soot or carbon, is essential.

The Inlet Valve

The inlet, opening later and closing earlier than the correct setting, will not permit a full charge of fresh gas to be inspired, and thus the engine power falls off considerably, while fuel consumption increases.

Weak valve springs contribute extensively to poor efficiency by causing valves to bounce after closing and in some cases there is a blow-back in the induction system and re-inspiration of exhaust gases. The exhaust valve springs usually need renewing first and should be periodically examined.

(It is really surprising the amount of extra 'pep' that is given by fitting new valve springs).

Ignition

Ignition timing is equally important and has a very marked effect on all-round performance.

Most drivers know that the spark is always timed to occur slightly before the piston reaches the top dead centre of the compression stroke. This is because it takes an appreciable amount of time to ignite the petrol vapour, while the full driving force of the explosion is required immediately the piston is past the top dead centre.

The actual amount of 'advance' depends of course on engine design and the speed of running, but generally $\frac{1}{4}$ " to $\frac{5}{8}$ ". The exact timing is usually set down in the maker's handbook.

Late ignition timing causes overheating and loss of power, because under such conditions the useful pressure of the burning gases is not developed until late in the working stroke. Similarly, a weak spark at the plug points will cause incomplete or delayed combustion with the same result of overheating. It is as well, therefore, to give periodical attention to the magneto or coil ignition system—to ensure the provision of a good spark.

An instruction book on the ignition system can always be obtained from the makers, and the chief point is to see that the magneto slip ring and distributor brushes are free from grease and dirt. The make and break must also be kept clean, and the points set to the correct gap, generally .012". High tension leads should be renewed as soon as the rubber shows signs of perishing, in order to prevent electrical leakages.

Ignition of the petrol vapour in the cylinder head is effected by means of the sparking plug. Immense improvements in sparking plug design have been carried out in recent years. The older type of plug, with its then central electrode and porcelain insulation, would stand up for only a very short run in a modern high speed engine. The compression pressures and engine speeds of to-day necessitate a heavy electrode to carry away the heat from the point, a far better insulation, and a better design of body to ensure gas tightness.

For this reason, therefore, we may be sure that there is a plug available exactly suitable for your own engine, and that, if you are troubled with oiling up, or perhaps with knocking or labouring on hills, you have only to get advice from the makers of the car or sparking plugs to find a satisfactory type.

Lubrication of the engine is most important, and here a careful driver can make an enormous difference to the life of the bearings and of other parts. It is not enough simply to keep the oil level in the sump at its proper level. Every lubricant changes its nature somewhat at high temperatures—from freezing point in cold weather, when the car is in a garage, to a temperature of over 200° F.

Quite apart from the dangers of inefficient lubrication through the use of stale oil, it sometimes happens that through incorrect carburation a certain amount of unvaporized petrol is drawn into the cylinder head. This, finding its way down the cylinder bore, will tend to dilute the oil in the crankcase and rob it of its lubricating properties. The matter of correct carburation will be dealt with in a later article.

Drain the Sump

It is as well, in any case, to drain the sump completely after the first 500 miles, and an inspection of the oil will probably show minute particles of metal actually torn from the engine during its running-in process. Obviously, the retention of such particles in the oil is not to be recommended, and the sump, therefore,

should be filled with fresh oil. It is really beneficial to repeat this process every 1,000 miles, or even better every 500 miles, not because metal particles will again be found to any noticeable extent, but partly on account of the danger of the dilution with raw petrol mentioned previously, and partly because grit from the road will have entered through the air intake of the carburettor and possibly through the breather pipe.

(To be continued.)

For Chain Lubrication

The description of a wick-fed chain lubricator, as given below, has proved very successful. The body of the lubricator is made from an empty rubber-solution flask, enamelled black and fitted with a metal strap for fastening it to a frame tube. A narrow brass tube is soldered into the bottom after both ends have been cut off diagonally. Before soldering in position, however, knot a piece of whipcord at one end and pass it through the tube, leaving about 1 in. exposed, the strands being frayed out. The tube should be bent so that the wick touches and wipes the chain, and one filling of oil in the container should last for some 500 miles.

Those Small Screws

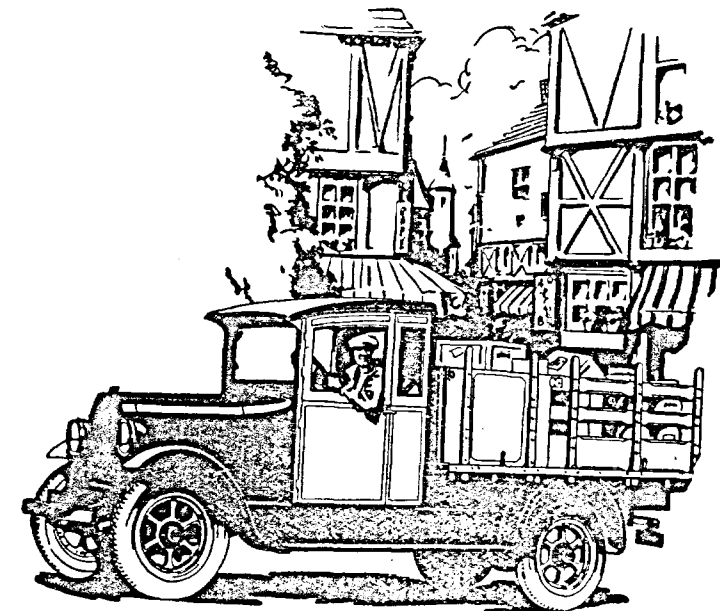
When replacing a small screw situated in an awkward or recessed position, one may experience trouble in starting the screw in its thread. To hold the screw in place at the right angle, take a small piece of gummed paper and press the threaded portion of the screw through the centre, leaving the head protruding on the gummed side. Next moisten the gum and place the end of the screwdriver blade in the screw slot, binding the gummed paper firmly round to hold it in position. The screw, it will be found, can then be manipulated with ease, and after it has been tightened up, the paper can easily be detached.

Fitting a New Chain

Many readers who are now engaged on their annual overhaul like to get this job done in as short a time as possible and with as little dismantling of the machine as can be arranged. In the case of fitting a new chain, either back or front, the job can be done quite easily without removing the chain-guards by unfastening the old chain and attaching the end of the new one to it by means of a connecting link. Pulling on the old chain then draws the new one into position on the sprockets, when the connecting link can be removed and the new chain coupled up in the ordinary way.

The Commercial Motor Owner

The Striking two-tonner, made by the Singer Company, Embodies Ingenious Features which will appeal to Critical Transport Operators



Singer Enters the Commercial Field

THE extraordinary success of Singer and Co., Ltd. during the past few years is such that, from a comparatively small beginning, the concern is now one of the largest in the British motor industry, and it appears certain that it will become even larger, for a special department is in course of formation to manufacture commercial vehicles, in addition to cars. During the past year or so, Singer delivery vans of relatively small capacity have been seen in increasing numbers on the road, and the latest product being a more ambitious machine, should, by its up-to-date design, at once attract the discriminating operator, who requires a heavier type of vehicle.

When any concern enters a new field of activity, it has one great asset—the designer starts with a clean sheet of paper and builds his vehicle, having regard only to what is the latest practice. There is no necessity to compromise the new design with any older ones; for the simple reason that none exists, consequently the resultant produce should represent all that is latest and best in automobile practice. This state of affairs has, of course, been obtained at the Singer works.

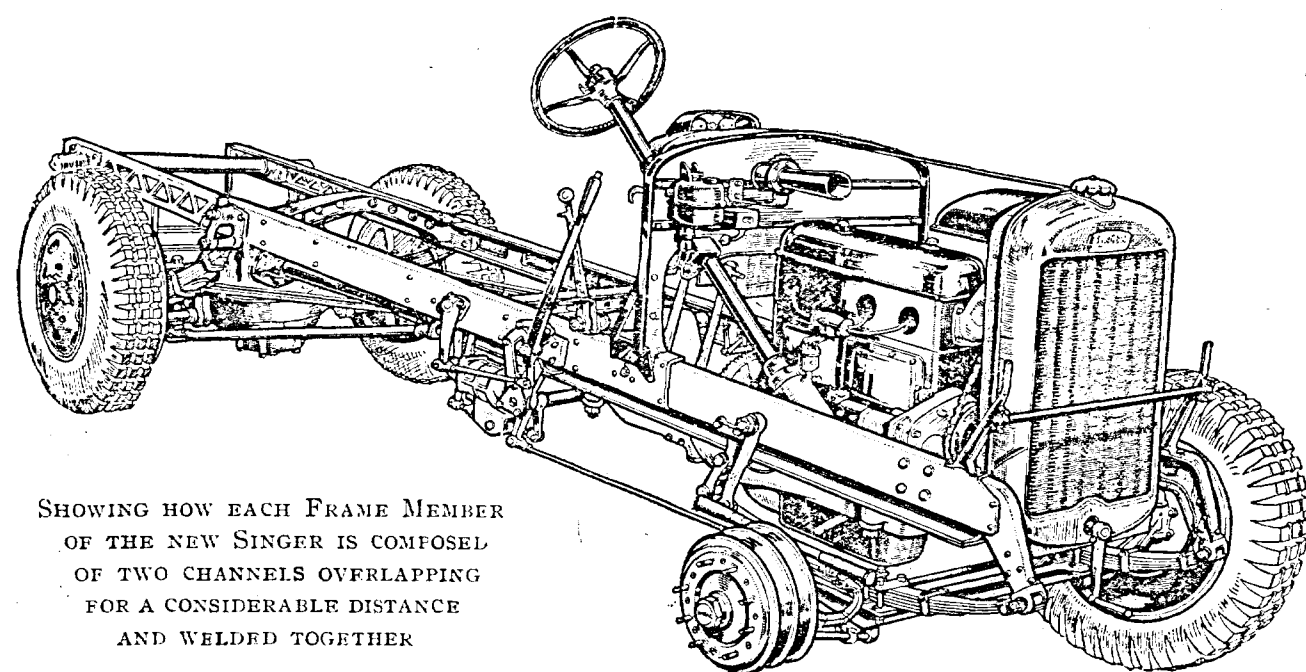
First, with regard to loading capacity.—The makers have, says *The Commercial Motor*, chosen a very sensible method of rating. It is actually styled the 'Singer Industrial Chassis capable of taking a maximum net load of two tons' (there is an 8-cwt. body allowance). It is clear that this nomenclature puts the

onus of the responsibility of overloading on to the operator. With wheelbase and track dimensions of 11 ft. 1½ in. and 4 ft. 11 in. respectively, there is plenty of room on the chassis for mounting a good sized body, without excessive overhang behind the rear axle. Actually, the body measures 9 ft. 1½ in. by 5 ft. 8 in. inside giving a total floor area of 52 sq. ft. Although these dimensions are quite generous, the overall size of the vehicle is not unduly large—a factor which many users who have to operate in small yards and narrow passages will appreciate. The precise overall measurements are: length 15 ft. 10 in. and width 6 ft.

Other dimensions which might be of interest are as follows:—

Height, to the top of the frame, 2 ft. 4½ in.; loading height, 3 ft. 4½ in.; from the dash to the end of the frame, 12 ft.; ground clearance 11½ in. under the front axle and 10½ in. under the rear axle. The weight of the complete vehicle, when prepared for taxation purposes, is 1 ton 19½ cwt.—just within the two-ton class.

We can now turn to a consideration of the structural details and, following our usual practice, we will first consider the general layout and then turn to the power unit, transmission, etc. The chassis itself is built up on somewhat original lines, with lightness in construction as the keynote. Actually each side-member is made in two parts, one running from the rear



SHOWING HOW EACH FRAME MEMBER OF THE NEW SINGER IS COMPOSED OF TWO CHANNELS OVERLAPPING FOR A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE AND WELDED TOGETHER

spring, and the other running from the rear to a position approximately in line with the forward anchorage for the rear spring, and the other running from the rear to a position approximately in line with the dash, the overlapping parts being welded together throughout their whole length. This form of construction has much to recommend it, for the greatest strength is provided at the place where it is most required, i.e., in the unsupported part between the axles where, of course, the bending forces, caused by the load, are greatest. Large diameter tubular cross-members are provided at each end to resist twisting forces, whilst additional pressed-steel cross-members are fitted at convenient intermediate points along the frame. The road-springs are semi-elliptics of considerable length.

The engine, clutch and gearbox unit is bolted to a sub-frame at six points, the two components—the unit and the sub-frame—being insulated from each other by means of rubber buffers. Three points are used for the attachment of the sub-frame to the chassis, the two rear ones being of the rigid type, whilst the front anchorage works in a trunnion through the starting-handle passes. In passing, it might be mentioned that by this form of construction maintenance work is facilitated, because either the engine or the gearbox can be removed separately.

As we have already indicated, the engine is laid out on efficient but simple lines. It has four cylinders of 9 mm. bore which, with a piston stroke of 120 mm., gives a total cylinder capacity of 3.053 c.c. Overhead valves are contained in a detachable cylinder head, the combustion chambers being completely machined, and of such shape as to promote turbulence; this arrangement enables a relatively high compression ratio to be used and high power to be obtained with low fuel

consumption. A particularly robust crankshaft is employed which is carried in five main bearings, all of which are fed with oil under pressure from a pump. Thanks to light reciprocating parts, i.e., the pistons—which are of aluminium—and the connecting rods, relatively high revolution speeds can be attained under load without excessive vibration; further, the power output is maintained up to over 3,000 r.p.m.

Particular interest attaches to the layout for the valve gear. The valves themselves are operated by push-rods from a camshaft contained in the crankcase; the overhead rockers, however, have what might be termed a 'geared-up' ratio for the arms. This arrangement brings down the inertia forces considerably, because the valves have a larger movement than the attendant operating gear. In turn, this means that light valve springs can be used. In the Singer design the cam faces are particularly large, likewise the area of the tappets, so that the whole mechanism should run for long periods without requiring attention.

As the oiling system is of more than passing interest, we will devote a little attention to a description of the various details. In the first place, it should be mentioned that there is not a solitary loose pipe in the whole engine. The pump is submerged in the oil in the sump and is driven by a vertical shaft, through the medium of skew gears, from the camshaft.

Lubricant is drawn through a suction filter and delivered to a main gallery via an Auto Klean filter, the housing for which is formed integral with the crankcase. From the gallery, leads are taken to the crankshaft main-bearing journals, thence by internally drilled passages in the crankshaft itself to the big-end bearings of the connecting rods. All four bearings of the camshaft are lubricated under pressure. Likewise the

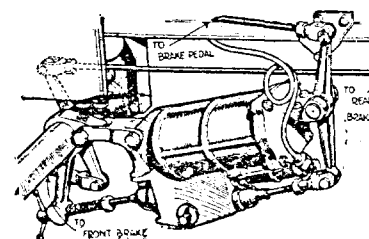
rocker-shaft and the cup and ball joints of the push-rods. This is achieved without the use of any internal or external piping. The thoroughness with which the oiling system has been planned will be realized when it is stated that a small quantity of oil is led through each of the overhead rockers on to the extremities in contact with the valve stems; the guides and valve stems, therefore, are fully lubricated all the time the engine is running.

Even in such a simple thing as the triangular form of drive, from the crankshaft to the camshaft and dynamo care has been taken to obtain the best possible results. A triple roller chain is used as the driving medium, the camshaft sprocket being rotated directly by the crankshaft sprocket with the steady pull of the dynamo immediately behind it; snatch therefore at low speeds is reduced so far as possible. The whole layout, incidentally, is fed by oil from one of the internal ducts in the lubrication system, care being taken not to give a perfectly free outlet to the fluid which would reduce the pressure; actually a spring-loaded piston-valve is used for regulation.

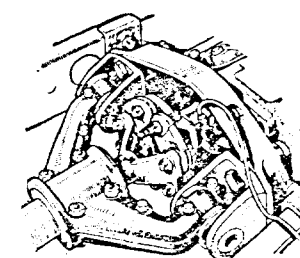
The transmission strikes something of a new note, for the forward end of the torque tube is mounted on a hinged point on the gearbox with a further joint (capable of oscillation, to take care of the criss-cross movement of the rear axle) at the junction of the torque tube proper with the gearbox hinged bracket. Rubber brushes are inserted at all the moving points and during ordinary movement of the torque tube the rubber only is distorted. This arrangement should do away with wear, obviate the necessity of lubrication and give complete freedom from transmission harshness.

The torque tube itself is strengthened up by two stays which run outwards from a point roughly midway along the tube (where there is a central-bearing), to positions adjacent to the spring pads. As will be realized from the illustrations, the layout for these tubes is such that structural triangulation is obtained in both vertical and horizontal planes.

Before going further, reference should be made to the design of the clutch and gearbox. The former component has a single dry plate with a large frictional area. This plate, incidentally, operates between friction rings attached to the flywheel and back plate, respectively. We are assured by the makers that the special steel employed for the plate makes the arrangement eminently satisfactory, for the clutch can be slipped almost indefinitely and although the plate it-



This sketch shows the floating mounting for the vacuum servo motor



The torque tube anchorage — a neat and effective arrangement

self becomes heated, the co-efficient of friction is not greatly reduced. The smoothness of operation we have verified ourselves. A three-point toggle system gives a light pedal action and serves the purpose of reducing the load on the thrust race.

Four forward speeds, with right-hand change, are provided by the gearbox; the shafts are short and of generous diameter, thereby providing the essential feature of rigidity which, of course, makes for quietness in operation. Provision is made for fitting a power-driven air pump from the off side of the constant mesh gear. The gearbox ratios are 5.36 to 1, 2.76 to 1 and 1.62 to 1 for the first, second and third speeds, respectively; top gear is, of course, direct.

It would be opportune now to consider these ratios in conjunction with the rear axle reduction. The standard reduction is 6.5 to 1, but an alternative gear of 7.25 to 1 is available for use in hilly districts. The overall standard ratios, therefore, become approximately 34.8 to 1, 17.9 to 1, and 10.5 to 1 for the indirect gears, whilst with the alternative rear-axle-reduction gear the ratios are in proportion. In passing it might be mentioned that the rear axle has overhead-worm gear and the loads from the wheels are transferred to the axle tubes directly through taper roller-bearings. No load, except driving torque, is taken by the shafts.

We now come to the brakes, and in this connection there is one important observation to make. A vacuum-servo motor is fitted in a special manner so that all reactionary forces are short circuited through the servo-motor itself merely by making the servo a floating entity. The principle upon which the arrangement is, is as follows:—The brake arm (not the pedal) is pivoted, a plain swivel action giving the movement to both front and rear brake rods. The pedal action which, of course, is boosted up through the motor, pulls on to this arm, the reaction being taken through an arm on the servo-motor itself which is hinged, as it were, to a point on the operating arm adjacent to the pivot. This, of course, sets up a couple in the motor which is controlled by a link attached to the chassis. One of the drawings shows this feature clearly. The hand-brake lever on the right of the driver operates internal shoes in the rear-wheel brake drums through a completely independent mechanism.

There is one other item to which reference should be made—the lubrication of all points of the chassis which require periodical attention is provided by the Luvax central foot-operated system.

Testing an Austin Seven

Through Mud and Sand in South India

IN this age of acute competition and endurance records in the motor world, the Austin 'Seven'—or the 'Baby Austin'—has proved its capabilities in many climes on more than one occasion.

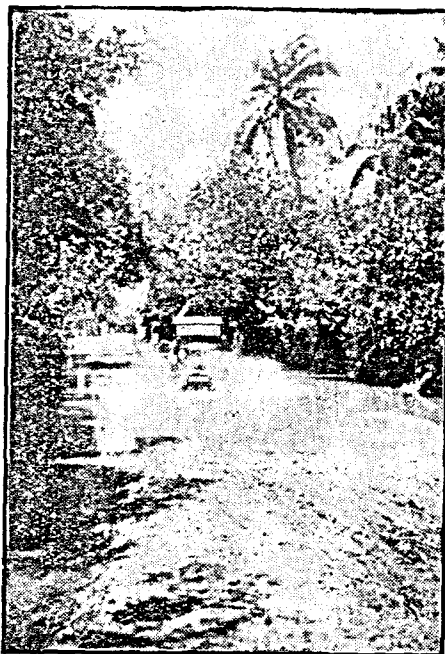
I, owner of one these little cars, decided on a tour over some of the difficult portions of South India, with a view to proving for myself its adaptability and efficiency.

Accompanied by a friend, I started on the night of September 7 from Egmore *en route* for Villupuram simultaneously with the departure of the Trivandrum Express. The night was clear and cloudless and, with the road comparatively free from heavy traffic, we had no great difficulty

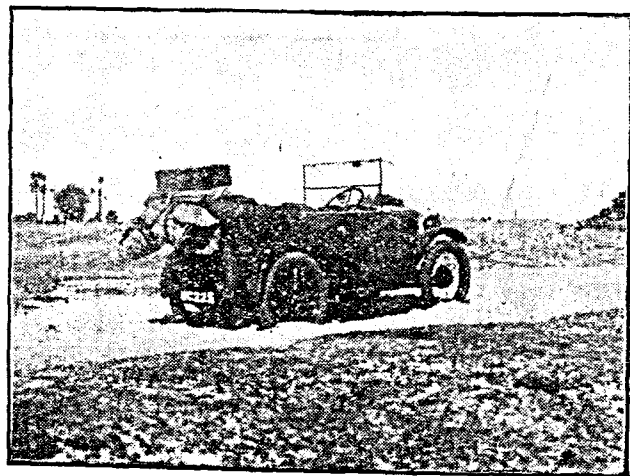
in reaching the big junction before the arrival of the express. This was to be our first stage.

Early next morning, we began the second portion of our journey to Virudachalam following the route of the newly opened loop line of the S.I.R.

The going was difficult, but not unduly so, till we reached the bund of the river Pennar. Here a batch of coolies working on a new causeway—experienced, no doubt, by precedent—voluntarily offered to push us across the sandy stretch extending about a mile, but, declining their well-meant offer, we decided to make the attempt under our own power—and did it successfully too!



THE AUSTIN SEVEN TAKES A WATER SPLASH NEAR TENPATHI. AN EXCELLENT SNAPSHOT.



HEAVILY LADEN AND DEEP IN SAND. A PHOTO SHOWING THE DIFFICULTIES TO BE OVERCOME.

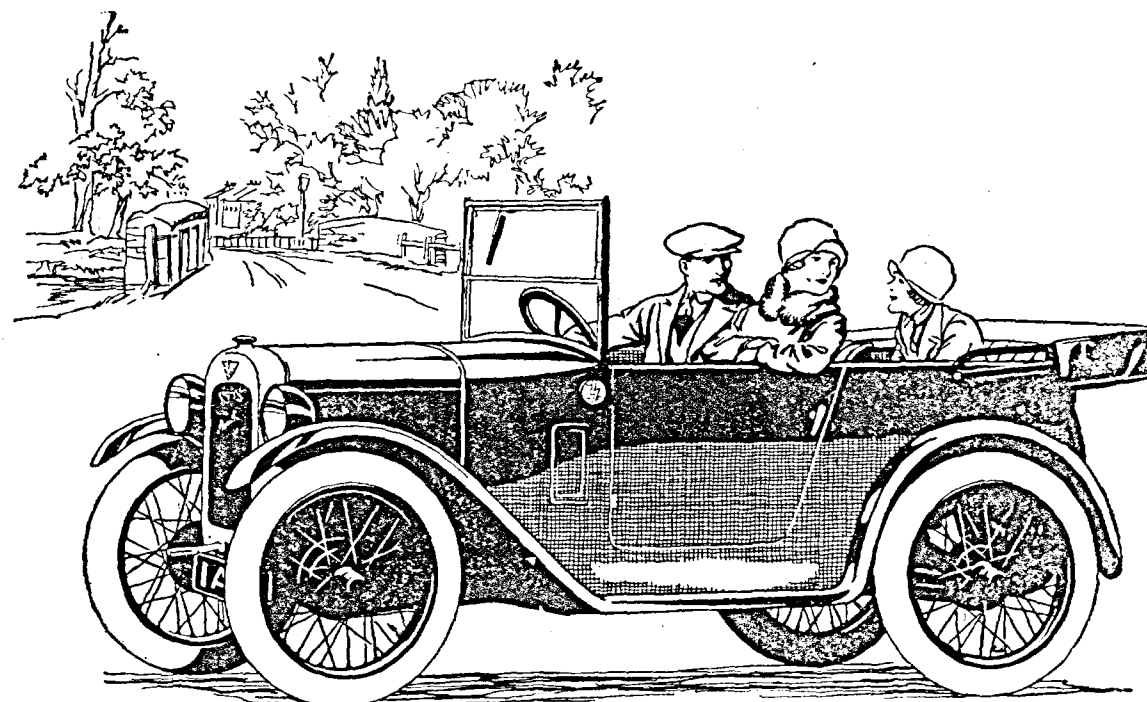
We unfortunately missed the regular road to Virudachalam after passing Ulunderpet and this mischance compelled us to follow the route to Trichinopoly—called a road by courtesy—*via* Veppur and Lalgudi. Our machine negotiated this difficult bit of road, which savoured of a miniature steeplechase course in parts, with commendable consistency and, passing Virudachalam, we encountered a fair road to Sathiyathope.

Then commenced the stiffest portion of the test, as, for practically 40 miles, we had to travel over what was little better than a back-track in the composition of which mud and sand predominated. The car behaved splendidly throughout this

stretch of 'no-car's land', but we were glad to run into Kumbakonam where we had a much-needed rest. A well-cared-for road made the journey through Nedamangalam and Mannargudi on to Tiruturaiundi a pleasant one.

Here many well-wishers attempted to dissuade us from continuing the trip over the appalling road existing to Vedaranyam pointing out the number of cars that had come to grief over this stretch. A supreme confidence in the prowess of our car, allied with a desire to attempt ground which celestial beings are reputedly said to fear, however, made us determined and we succeeded with a greater degree of ease than we dared to expect.

The Austin Seven



An Austin will take you anywhere, be it over kindly highways or long, give-and-take stretches of mofussil road. Anywhere—you can drive without a thought of trouble from start to finish. The secret of this is simply Austin *excellence* which ensures the best materials, expert

workmanship and exhaustive tests throughout the entire manufacturing process. Send to-day for full particulars of this wonderful little car, or better still, call upon us and ask us to demonstrate its merits to you. You will be under no obligation.

The South India Motor Co.
Mount Road, - - - - - MADRAS.

Compulsory Insurance Not Desirable

Some of the major objections to official insistence on third-party insurance

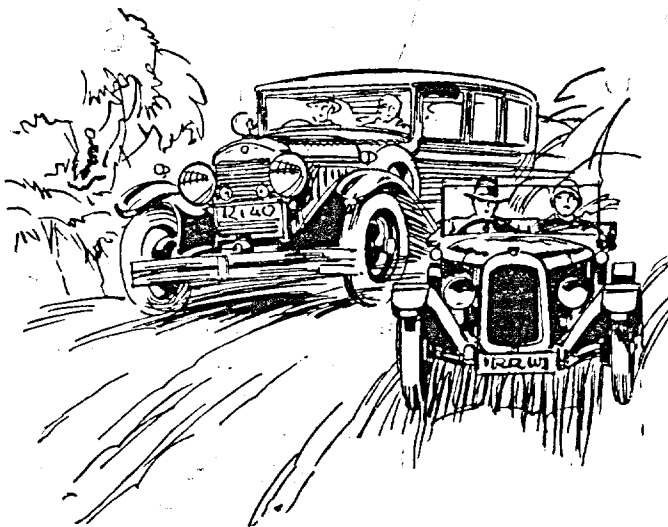
THERE are to be found solitary motorists here and there who will advocate examinations both technical and medical for the purpose of deciding which individual is fitted to drive a car. In just the same way there are a few motorists who, *prima facie*, are in favour of compulsory insurance. While the first is an old question, however, that has been raised from time to time chiefly by those people who have little or no practical knowledge of driving, the idea of compelling every motor owner to ensure against third-party risk is comparatively new. It behoves all motorists, therefore, to examine the subject very carefully from every angle lest they should allow themselves to be deceived by mere superficialities.

At the very outset, points out a writer in *The Motor*, this is a matter as to which motorists are the persons best able to judge. They would themselves have put forward a demand for compulsory driving examinations if they had had reason for supposing that beneficial results would accrue therefrom, and in like manner compulsory insurance would have been included as a plank in their programme if experience had revealed the existence of a widespread evil that required to be scotched and that process could be effected by compulsion of a specific kind.

Some people, by the way, have curiously short or convenient memories. It has been contended for years past by various people that 'third-party insurance' should be declared illegal. Duly armed with a protective policy, it has been declared again and again that the motorist does not care a rap whom or what he injures, but can drive roughshod over all and sundry because his insurance company will foot the bill. He should, therefore, be legally prevented from obtaining a third-party indemnity in order to secure that, willy-nilly, he would drive at a moderate speed!

There is nothing, of course, that a car owner loves more than an accident; he can at all times ensure that neither he nor his passengers will ever be hurt and that his car will not suffer the slightest damage, and if, by way of exception, he does break an axle or crumple a wing, he positively revels in the enforced delay while the car is in the workshop undergoing

repairs. Think, too, of the delights of being arraigned for manslaughter; our criminal procedure is so very expeditious, and the possession of an insurance policy naturally guards one against any mental worry during a trial and even against the possibility of a conviction. It is all so nice and easy, and on every count motorists should be debarred from securing these inestimable privileges by the simple medium of an insurance premium.



And now, in lieu of the entrancing picture of a vast array of reckless drivers brandishing 'third-party' policies, we are confronted with a tableau of the motoring world steadfastly refusing to take out policies at all! Why should these wicked people be allowed to inflict wholesale damage without having at least made sure in advance that their victims would be indemnified?

It would be nothing, if not diverting, if a pitched battle could be arranged between the abolitionists and the compulsionists,

with motorists as amused spectators. For the moment, however, it is the compulsionists who hold the stage and the subject of insurance is likely, therefore, to assume an exaggerated importance.

The simple truth of the matter, none the less, is that the need for compulsory insurance has in no sense been established. Will any sane person attempt to deny that the vast majority of motor vehicles are already voluntarily insured? The risks of road travel nowadays, owing to the volume of traffic and the maintenance of countless corners that ought to be rounded off, are so great that the car owner or motorcyclist, who does not protect himself, as far as is possible, against the result of accident, is an utter fool. No driver imagines that he himself is ever going to produce an accident, but if he is a sensible man, he is conscious of the possibility of being collided with by a driver or pedestrian of the careless type and insures himself accordingly. But where is the evidence to show that there is any appreciable number of drivers who do not take that precaution? Before a demand for compulsion can be justified, it must be shown that the roads are strewn with victims who can obtain no redress for injuries because the aggressors are uninsured and at the same time impecunious.

A Hateful Word!

Compulsion is a hateful word, and absolutely alien to the Englishman's ideas of personal responsibility. If he is to be compelled to insure his car instead of doing so of his own accord, why should he not be compelled to insure his life, his person against accident, his house against fire and his worldly goods against burglary? It is desirable that he should do all these things, but compelling him to do so is quite another matter. What is sauce for the goose, moreover, is proverbially sauce for the gander. If the motorist ought to be compelled to insure himself against every possible mischance while driving, whether due to his own fault or another's, why also should not the non-motorists of every class, including the sacrosanct pedestrian be required to carry a general accident policy? They are tempting providence, if uninsured, just as much as any car driver.

Let us now come, however, to an argument that has been put forward with airy irresponsibility. This is, that the majority of motorists are voluntarily insured; there is no reason why they should object to be made to insure themselves by law in order to rope in the malcontents. Putting aside the reason, as above defined, that this contention could equally be applied to life, fire, burglary and accident insurance, and to every imaginable form of voluntary observance down to eating peas with a fork, it may usefully be pointed out why compulsory insurance could be made a very tyrannous thing.

In the first place, it would put enormous power into the hands of the insurance companies, who would be free to advance their rates to an inordinate degree. Even under present conditions they have contrived by combination to become much too arbitrary in their methods, but would inevitably become even more so if vested with semi-official authority.

Secondly—and this is highly important—it may be taken for granted that any Government that would be foolish enough to pass a compulsory insurance measure would do so in that spirit of funk that has characterized all motoring legislation in the past. It would not be content with merely enacting that all motorists must insure against third-party risks; it would want to call the tune.

Another great objection to compulsory insurance of motorists is that which arises as the result of un-insurable risks. What is going to happen to the case which is resolutely declined by the insurance company? Perhaps the high-handed legislation which contemplates compulsory insurance will also compel insurance companies to take these risks, with the result that premiums will be enhanced all round. Another viewpoint may be that Government will themselves set up an insurance department to take the risks declined by the companies. In either event the motorist will have to pay—in higher general premiums, or in taxes to cover the losses made by the official insurance department, both prospects which the careful and thrifty motorist can hardly view with equanimity.

Everywhere and at all times there are people who are only content if they can make the many suffer for the sins of the few, leave nothing to the individual conscience and so hedge us round with restrictions that it is physically impossible to commit any species of crime. It is a wonder that they do not even seek to forbid the carrying of walking-sticks lest on occasion they might be used for purposes of attack. Motorists are especially in need of protesting against this inordinate thirst for compulsion at every point. For too long have they been looked upon as fair game for oppressive legislation. No longer, however, are they to be regarded as a class apart; they are the public, and it behoves them to resist, tooth and nail, any imposition upon their rights and liberties.

A Motor Bathroom

A clever effort in body building on a Morris-Commercial chassis to the order of an Indian Prince

PROBABLY the first bathroom on wheels, a handsome vehicle has recently been ordered by His Highness The Nawab of Bhopal, on a Morris-Commercial chassis. The interior, as well as a porcelain-lined bath, has a wash-hand basin, divan and dressing table, and is, of course, luxuriously appointed.

A cleverly designed apparatus, controlled by a thermostat, transfers the waste heat from the engine to the hot-water tap, ensuring a constant supply of hot water.

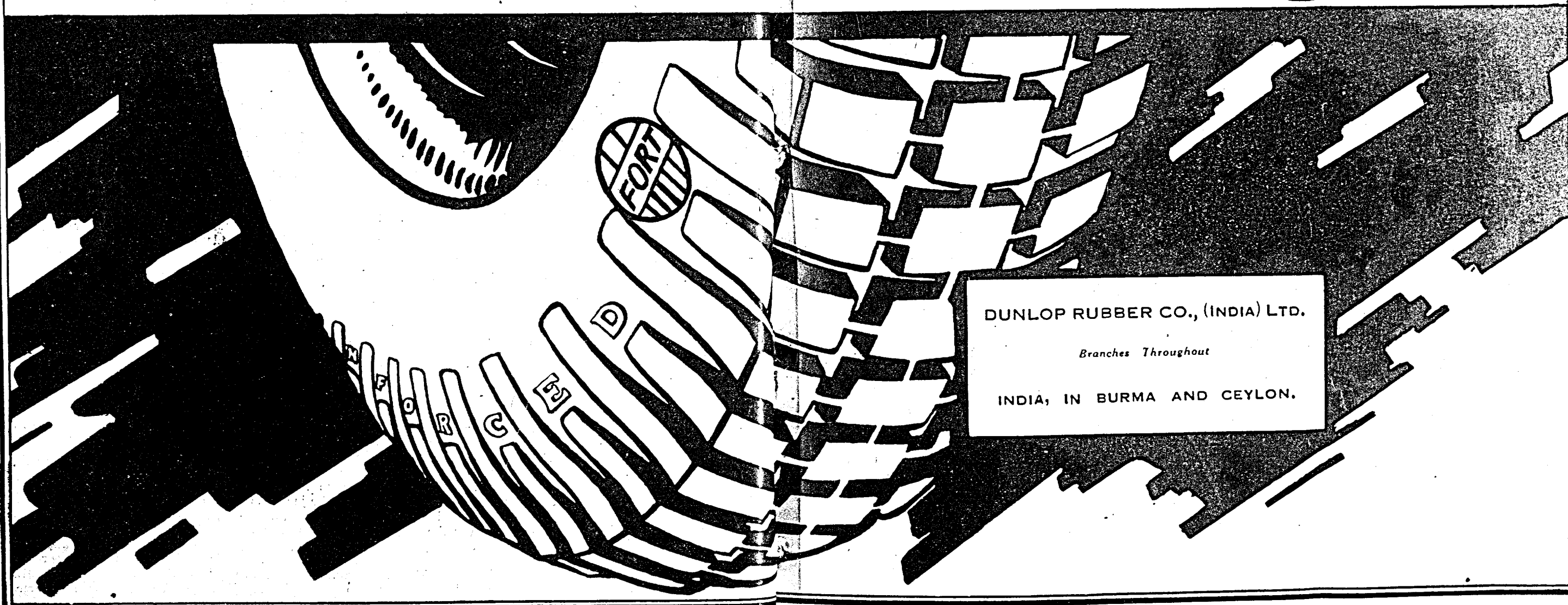
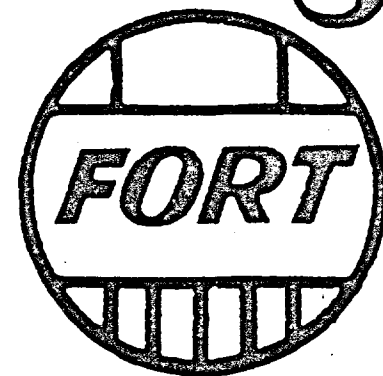
Provision is made for communication with the driver by a small microphone concealed in a neat fitting on the dressing table.

The bathroom is painted and upholstered in light blue and white. The windows are of special glass, which permits a clear view from the interior without the occupant being visible from the outside.

The Nawab is a keen sportsman and journeys far into the jungle in search of big game. It is on these journeys that he desires to have the amenities of a bathroom at hand.

His Highness has also purchased a specially-built Morris-Commercial six-wheeled sports car, for big game shooting in India, which can be driven on the roughest of roads, jungle and, indeed, practically any surface the earth's crust can offer.

Greater safety longer mileage on **FORT** DUNLOP

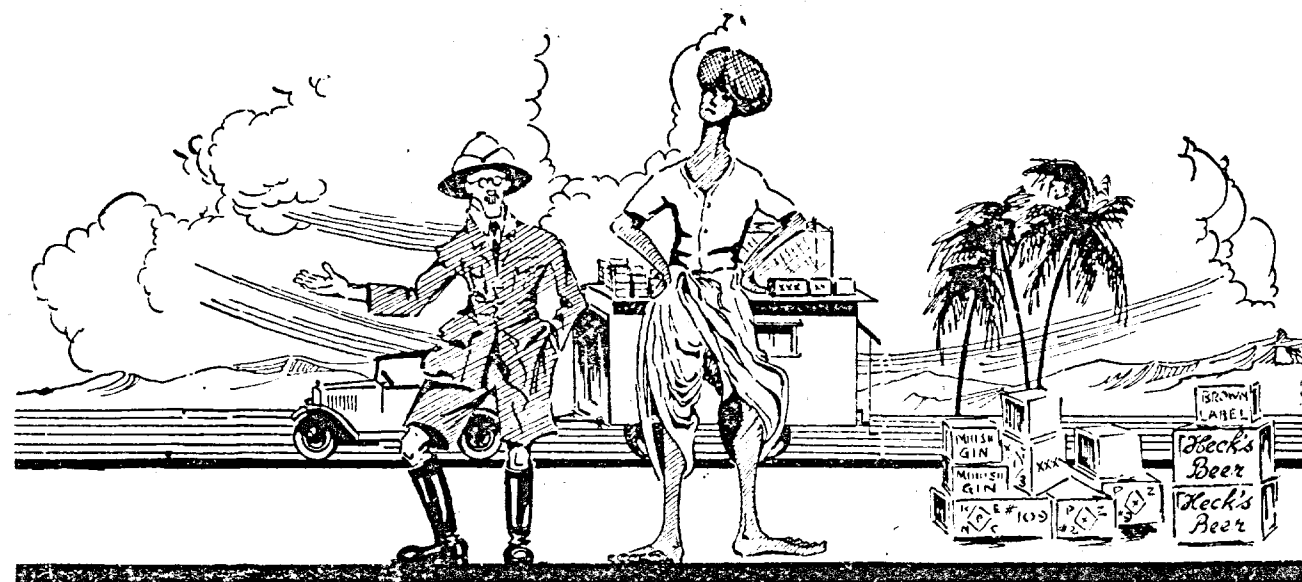


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INDIA, IN BURMA AND CEYLON.

A Motoring Pilgrim's Progress



Being a chronicle of his wanderings in the wilds

BY JOHN BUNION

III

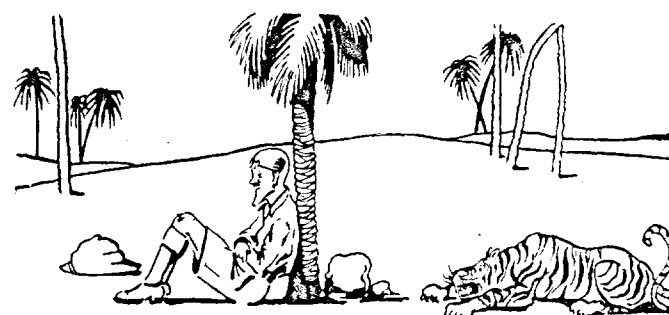
The old woman, who appeared to be the sole inhabitant of the oasis, or fertile spot, apparently believed that the spectacle of me drinking water was one staged especially for her entertainment, and she continued to give me pots of the liquid until I could drink no more. Seeing that the show was over, she picked up her withered form and reluctantly departed, to vanish into the dim interior of her hut, from which, after the elapse of a few moments, hoarse grating sounds issued. Concluding that these weird noises betokened the fact that the old woman was sleeping, I decided that a short rest beneath the shade of a neighbouring palm would help considerably towards counteracting the deleterious effects of the water I had taken. Flinging myself upon the ground, therefore, I closed my eyes and, lulled by the gentle buzzing sound of the old woman's distance-mellowed snores, I soon fell fast asleep.

After a short period of slumber during which I distinctly recollect dreaming, I was challenged by my mother-in-law to mortal combat, I

awakened suddenly with an unaccountable premonition of impending danger. Trembling in every limb and quivering like a dining-car *blanc mange*, I turned my head slowly in an anti-clock wise direction. Horror of horrors! There, crouched no more than five yards from my defenceless self, palpitated the largest tiger I had ever seen—which is quite understandable when you learn that I had fortunately never seen a tiger before, except once in a travelling menagerie.

The tiger, seeing my discomfiture, yawned lazily, snapped playfully at a fly, and licked his whiskers in a most suggestive manner, so much so that I had not the slightest doubt he would at any moment spring upon me and commence his meal.

The tiger, as most people know, is a really dangerous animal, very much like a well nourished cat, only striped like a humbug. Normally, the tiger, if left alone, will not attack a human being, but if annoyed or surprised it becomes at once a fierce and deadly foe—ininitely worse



'PREMONITION OF IMPENDING DANGER'

than the lion, or mosquito, and what not! In this instance the tiger was unfortunately surprised and annoyed simultaneously, for Cecil in cleaning up the caravan, inadvertently flung the remains of a can of pork and beans all over the tiger's left whisker. With a roar of rage it sprang to its feet—the tiger, not the whisker—and made for my unhappy servant who at that moment was standing upon the caravan steps with a broom in one hand and a tomato in the other. Cecil would undoubtedly have sustained severe punctures in most of his epidermis, had he not with great presence of mind thrown the tomato—a soft and juicy one—at the beast, hitting it a hearty clump abaft the binnacle. This served to distract its attention from Cecil to the car which was tethered to a nearby tree, and the tiger made a fearsome rush at the helpless vehicle.

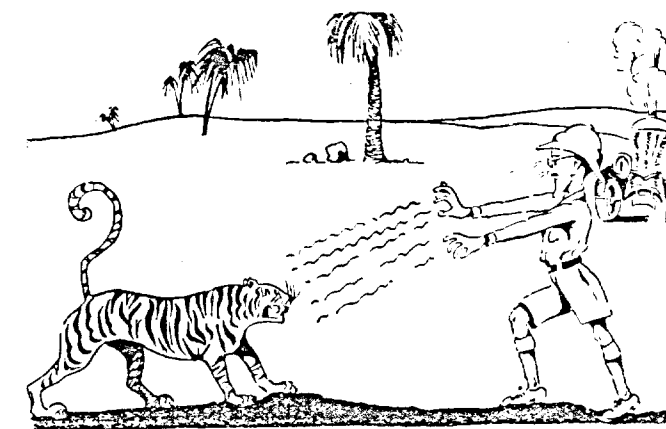
My staunch car, beyond rearing for an instant on its back wheels, yielded never an inch. With a super horse-power effort it broke the cord which held it to the tree, and rushed gallantly to battle with the infuriated tiger, attempting to trample it under its front wheels. But the tiger proved to be exceedingly agile, notwithstanding the hindrance which must surely have been caused by the lump abaft the binnacle, and always contrived to evade the attack of my plucky ally. Once, indeed, it tried to seize Clarice—the car—round the radiator, and would certainly have achieved its object, had I not stamped heavily upon its tail, a distraction which, together with the effect of another well aimed tomato flung by Cecil, served to check the tiger for an instant.

Cecil, perhaps because of the success of his shot, had by this time recovered his customary

native *sang-froid*, and stood awaiting a favourable opportunity to come into action. This came in an extraordinary manner. During one of its courageous rushes, my poor car slipped, sprained its differential, and fell over. Cecil at once dashed into the caravan to get my safety razor, whilst I, remembering having read of the power of the human eye, endeavoured to subdue the now furious and ravenous tiger by fixing my gaze upon it. Judge of my surprise when I found the tiger quiver perceptibly at my first direct and steely glance.

Slowly advancing towards the beast, I stared and stared it into gradual submission until Cecil returned with my razor. It was really most pathetic to hear the way the one time terror purred as we cut off his whiskers—a precaution equivalent to the more common bearding of a lion. Seeing how docile the tiger had now become, I formed a plan to keep this fine animal as a pet and also as a protection against other mauraders. I had reckoned, however, without fully realizing how powerful were the effects of my first efforts in hypnotism and I had to see my idea shattered by the untimely demise of the striped raider which occurred within an hour of his defeat, and we could do nothing except watch over the whiskerless feline as it purred its last. There was nothing further for Cecil and me to do after this except to bury the carcass. This we did as the last rays of the sun sank in glorious colour—something like a fried egg—behind the distant hills.

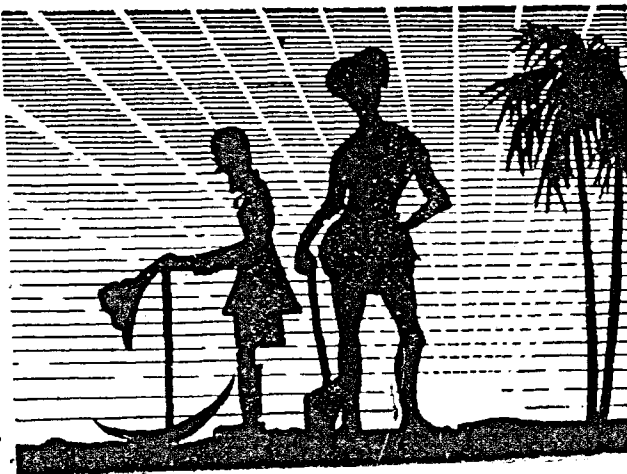
That evening, before turning in, I wrote a long report of the battle with the tiger to send



'FIRST EFFORTS IN HYPNOTISM'

to the Zoological Society, and I slipped out to post the letter just before bed time. The only reply to this communication I have so far received has been a terse letter to the effect that they are not interested in optical phenomena—a remark which appears grievously to slander a caligraphy which is the envy and admiration of every editor the world over.

After our exciting and arduous day we retired early to rest, I to the bunk within the caravan, Cecil to his dhotie couch which he spread next door to a mosquito warren. This is a strange habit of Cecil's—this sleeping near to livestock though, even now, his fondness for inviting cuticular irritation from the lesser carnivoria is an idiosyncrasy which I cannot pretend to understand.



'THE LAST RAYS OF SUN'

After our experience of the afternoon I composed myself to sleep wearily, but with a feeling of nervousness which was perhaps excusable under the circumstances. Sleep was a long time in coming. Believe me, it was not the possible raids of mosquitoes that I dreaded. The wild land, wherein we were contains many nocturnal animals which you can't slay simply by

smacking them against the wall with the back of your tooth brush, and whose bite is far more generous than that of the most ravenous man-eating mosquito. So, before turning over for the last time, I took particular care to draw my rhinoceros-curtains very, very carefully.

(To be continued.)

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This Road Transport Business

A few Remarks more or less to the Point on a Subject about which the Author knows nothing

ROADS and transport are as closely connected as a Scot and his money, whisky and soda, and prohibition and bootlegging. The two things can scarcely be contemplated other than as concomitant, so that when the Editor asked me to write a few notes on the subject, I was quite pleased. Roads, when one comes to think about the matter, are not really bad things. Indeed, were they able to exist solely for ornamental purposes, roads would be distinctly creditable, and a spick and span stretch of highway could stretch all the way from, say, Cannanore to Krishnarajapuram for years and years with unsullied reputation, were it kept merely as a road and not expected to carry traffic.

It is easy to see that the only thing wrong with roads is that traffic, the means of transport, must make use of them. Say what you will, the road is the avenue of transport. You may send goods through the Post Office if you are not concerned whether they arrive at their true destination or not; you may be content to send them by rail if you have been happily spared the sight of a gang of coolies demolishing a station platform with packages marked 'FRAGILE', but you will eventually arrive at the conclusion that for safe transport there is nothing like the road. That is, one must add, for other than personal transport. For those unaccustomed to having their lower interiors temporarily situated in the back of their throats, the road for personal transportation leaves much to be desired. Fault of the roads, of course! The fact emerges clear, however, that if you wish to transport a few tons of goods ranging from cambric to cocoanuts, there is nothing to surpass a road and truck.

What is Wrong with Roads?

But here I reiterate that roads would be alright if it were not for transport, a fact which raises a very complicated problem. These petrol lorries and buses—to say nothing of cars and auto scooters—are the curse and ruination of the most perfect road that was ever devised. The road building fraternity will agree with me whole-heartedly on this point. Here are these people, whose business it is to create a road out of a few miles of waste land and to keep the resulting

highway in good order, continually hindered in their work by road transport vehicles. It must be distinctly discouraging for an army of road makers to go out one morning with all their paraphernalia of poles, levels, theodolites, buckets, spades, tape measures, picks, tar and what not, only to have their work spoiled a few moments after completion.

Arriving at a given spot, they find that the road droops down at the sides like a semi-circular roof, and this defect they proceed to remedy. They dig down a little, then pile a lot of stones to a certain height, coat them with tar, put some confetti on the surface and pat it down with their spades. This done they fiddle about with their instruments for the benefit of the passers-by, and march back to headquarters with the pride of a job well done.

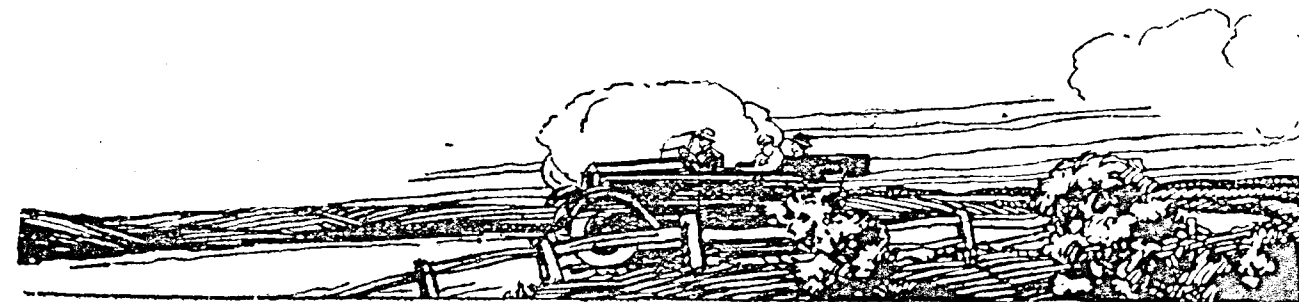
But what happens?

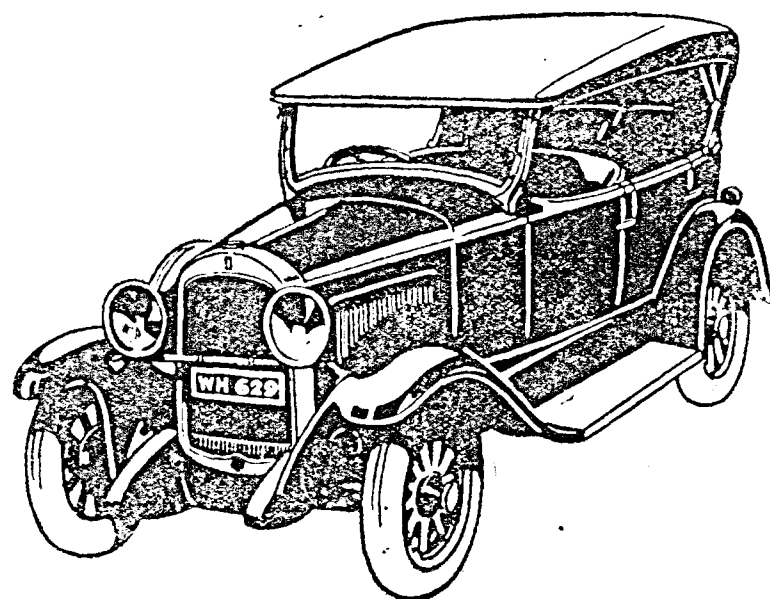
No sooner have the road repairers turned their backs than a thousand ton lorry slinks up and makes a dent in the road's middle so that it is now defectively concave instead of the previously defective convex. Following on this, arrive fleets of cars and motor cycles and, finally, if the whole work of the surveyors has not already been mutilated beyond hope, along comes a flock—or is it covey?—of hens to scratch the road to pieces. No wonder the suicide rate among surveyors is almost incredible!

Roads of to day in this, our land, are scarcely able to bear the burdens of any but the lightest traffic, and unless the heavier transport seeks to equip itself with wings and utilize the everlasting tarmac of the air, this vital problem will continue to engage the attention of myself and other distinguished experts for years and years.

But after all, the roads are perhaps at fault, and though I have given up hope of salvation from the road makers, the outlook is not by any means black, for I have every reason to believe that commercial vehicle manufacturers will soon turn their intelligence to the matter, and prove themselves as epoch making in the sphere of mass road making as in the production of mechanical road destroyers.

Won't it be fine when we can buy a road by the half mile, complete with all the necessary tools and a spare parts list?



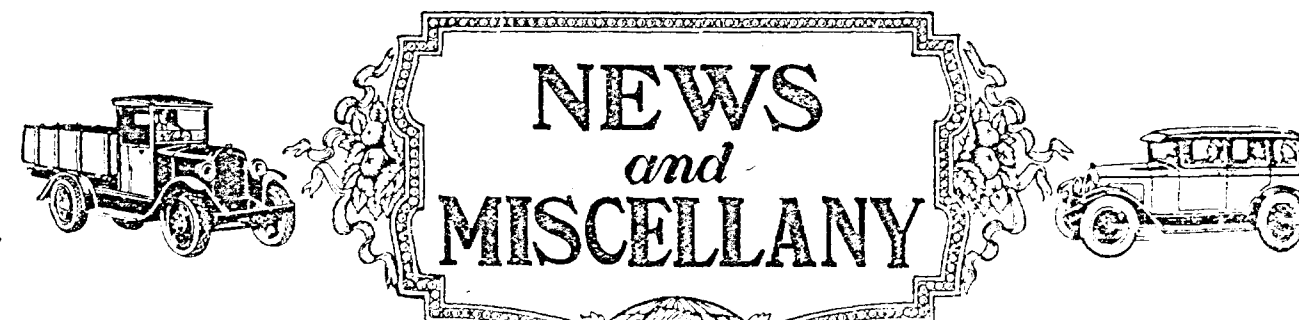


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At a remarkably low price, the New Superior Whippet four and six cylinder models offer many advantages found only in very much higher priced cars—silent timing chains, full force-feed lubrication, etc. With their greater beauty, larger bodies and 'Finger tip control' the New Whippets are enjoying world wide popularity.

The New Superior

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Presenting the News of the
Month together with Interesting
Notes from all Sections of
the Field.

CAPTAIN J. S. Irving, M.I.A.E., has been appointed technical director of the Humber-Hillman-Commer Car combine, the appointment dating from the beginning of this month.

He is looked upon universally as one of the cleverest designers of the day. He was responsible for the Sunbeam car which first exceeded a speed of 200 m.p.h. and later designed the Irving-Napier Special, perhaps better known as the 'Golden Arrow,' on which Sir Henry Segrave set up a speed record of 231.362 m.p.h., and for which achievement Captain Irving was awarded the highly prized medal of the Institution of Automobile Engineers.

In the fiscal year ended March, 1929, India imported 10,838 commercial motor chassis and 1,952 motor buses, vans and lorries. Of the total, Great Britain supplied 473 as compared with 447 in the previous year, Canada supplied 6,373 and America 5,809 vehicles or chassis.

It is interesting to note that the average value per chassis of the imports from Britain was £333 as compared with £391 in the previous year; the average value of the Canadian chassis was £98 and that of the American chassis £145.

Austin 'Seven' in America

It is announced by Sir Herbert Austin, head of the Austin Motor Works, that an American company has been formed to manufacture the Austin 'seven' in the United States.

This follows upon the successful manufacture under licence of the Austin 'seven' in Germany and France.

'Careful survey of the American market has convinced me,' Sir Herbert said, 'that the Austin

'seven' will prove a revelation to the United States, where it will meet with the largest and most discriminating motoring public in the world.

'The car will be manufactured in Butler, Pennsylvania, in a works which the American company has contracted to purchase from the Standard Steel Car Co.'

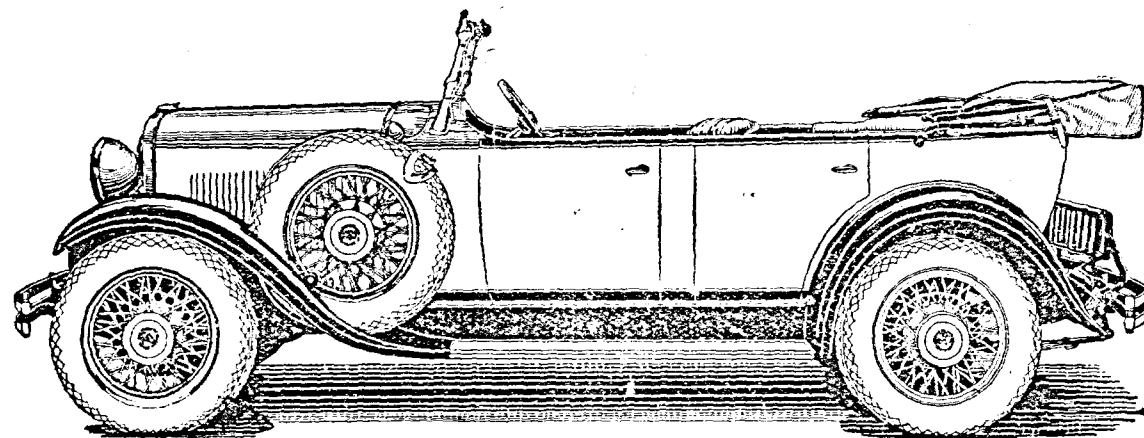
Sir Herbert added that the American car would be identical with the British product, except for the position of the steering wheel and certain other minor alterations necessary to conform with American practice.

Messrs. Simpson & Co., Ltd., the well-known South-India motor dealers and coach builders, have, from the first of this month obtained the franchise for Willys-Overland vehicles, including the Willys-Knight—the six cylinder car with the famous sleeve valve engine—and the Overland Whippet fours and sixes. The new Whippet is a really excellent car, and is probably the best value on the market in its particular price field. Messrs. Simpson inform us that they will be pleased to send full particulars of this new range of cars to any interested reader of *The South India Motor Owner*.

Motorists proceeding to or through Pondicherry are warned that *one way Traffic* (from East to West) has been adopted in the main bazaar street of that Town, i.e., RUE DUPLEIX, owing to extensive repairs to drains at the side of the road. In consequence of this, motorists from Madras and places between Madras and Pondicherry will have to use another route, turning to the *left* on arriving at a red signboard bearing the words 'SENS INTERDIT' and then taking the *second* turning on the *right* which will bring them out by the sea front. This by-route is in an indifferent condition; so motorists are advised to drive slowly.



World-wide favor



TOURER

Few cars have leaped into world-wide favor so quickly as the new Dodge Brothers Six. Few have attained so loyal a following in so short a time.

None other has so richly deserved the popularity the New Dodge Brothers Six has gained.

The new Dodge Brothers Six is modern in style and luxury, powerful and fast in action—and, as always, **DEPENDABLE**.

NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

ADDISON & CO., LTD., MADRAS.
Bangalore, Calcut, Kottayam and Trichinopoly.

Correspondence

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of his correspondents. All letters should be addressed to the Editor and must be accompanied by the writer's Name and Address.



Queries from Correspondents

GOPALPUR,
GANJAM DIST.

SIR,

I send you a snap which you might like to use. Although the subject looks like a well, it is in reality a very hot sulphur spring situated about forty miles from Berhampur, Ganjam District. All castes use it for bathing as it is supposed to keep malaria off and it is evident they also recognize its benefits for skin complaints.

The spring which is called Taptapani is situated in the midst of some thick scrub jungle and is only a few yards away from the roadside. This road is in first class condition for motoring and there is a very superior traveller's bungalow quite near by. Permission to occupy this however must be obtained from

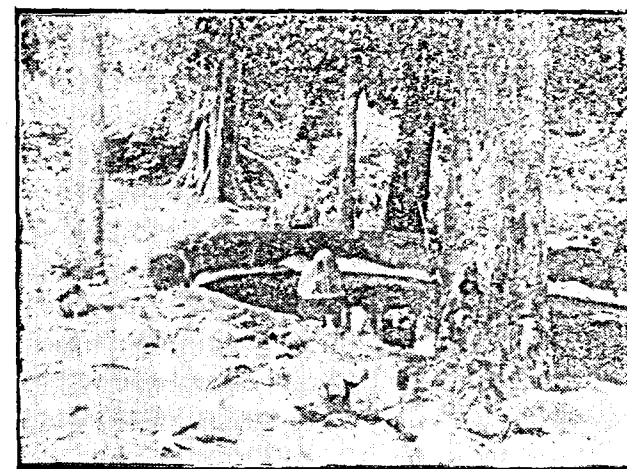
Query.—I propose to lay my car up for two or three months and shall be obliged if you will kindly inform me of any precautions that should be taken to keep it in good condition during the time that it is not in use.

J. B. W., COCHIN.

Answer.—In reply to your query, we have much pleasure in advising you as follows:—The bodywork, wheels, wings and chassis should be thoroughly cleaned and all bright parts coated with vaseline or thick grease. The tyres should be pumped up to the inflation pressure recommended by the makers, and if the car is likely to be out of use for a very long period, the walls of the covers should be treated with tyre paint. No great quantity of petrol should be allowed to remain in the tank, and all the water should be drained from the radiator and engine. Before this is done, however, the oil in the engine and clutch compartment should be renewed and the engine run for a short period to circulate the lubricant to all parts. The front and rear springs should be relieved completely of the weight of the car, for which purpose four suitable wooden chocks should be obtained, these being placed under the front and rear end of the chassis frame at each corner after the car has been jacked up.

In regard to the battery, this will deteriorate if allowed to lie idle for any length of time, and, if possible, should be removed and placed in the hands of a battery charging station for maintenance.

After the car has been prepared in this way, it should be covered completely with a dust sheet and suitable provision made for the airing of the garage in which it stands, since dampness will seriously affect the body finish.



TAPTAPANI—A SULPHUR SPRING IN GANJAM

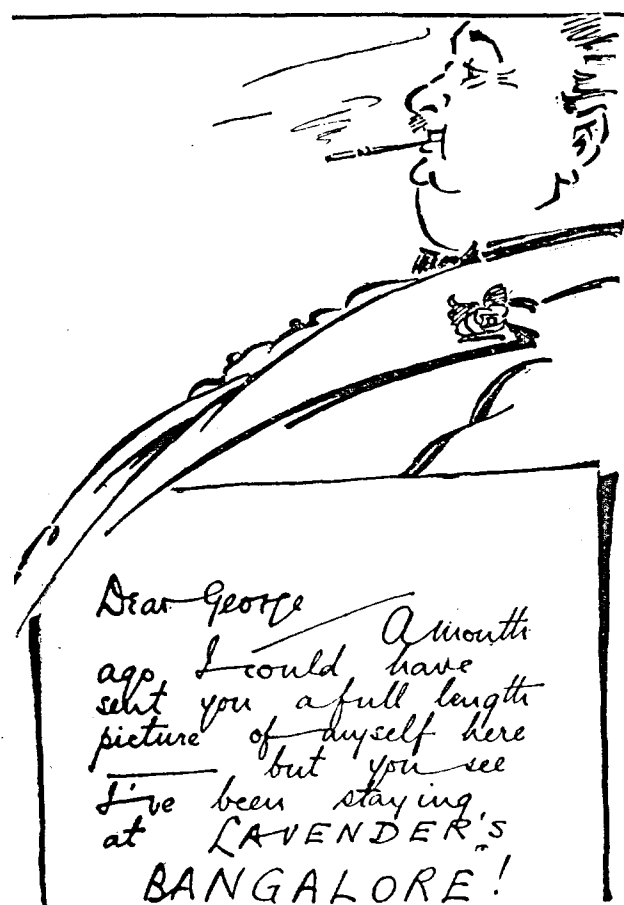
the Collector. The bungalow, by the way, is fenced in with barbed wire, as bears, which are numerous in the vicinity, are apt to pay unwelcome nocturnal visits.

There is one unbridged river a few miles before you get to Taptapani which may flood during the rains. There was about two feet of water here on September 1, but the bottom is fairly firm sand and I crossed it in bottom gear with a rush, the spark fully retarded.

Yours,
W. R. LAURENSEN,
MAJOR.

Increase of Power with Mileage

After completing 16,300 miles without being decarbonized, an Armstrong Siddeley engine was recently removed from the chassis and tested for power on the bench without any adjustment being made. The power given off after this twelve months' running was found to be 10 per cent greater under exactly the same circumstances as when the engine was passed for its bench tests before being installed in the chassis. The curious part of the story, however, is that despite this large increase of power, the car was not appreciably faster at the end of its 16,000 miles than it was at the start, the maximum speed in both cases being about 68 m.p.h.



For the small subscription of Rs. 3 the 'South India Motor Owner' will be sent to you post free for twelve months—there is a simple form on page 144 which is easily filled in.



BUY

BAR-LOCK TYPEWRITERS

THE BRITISH MADE TYPEWRITER

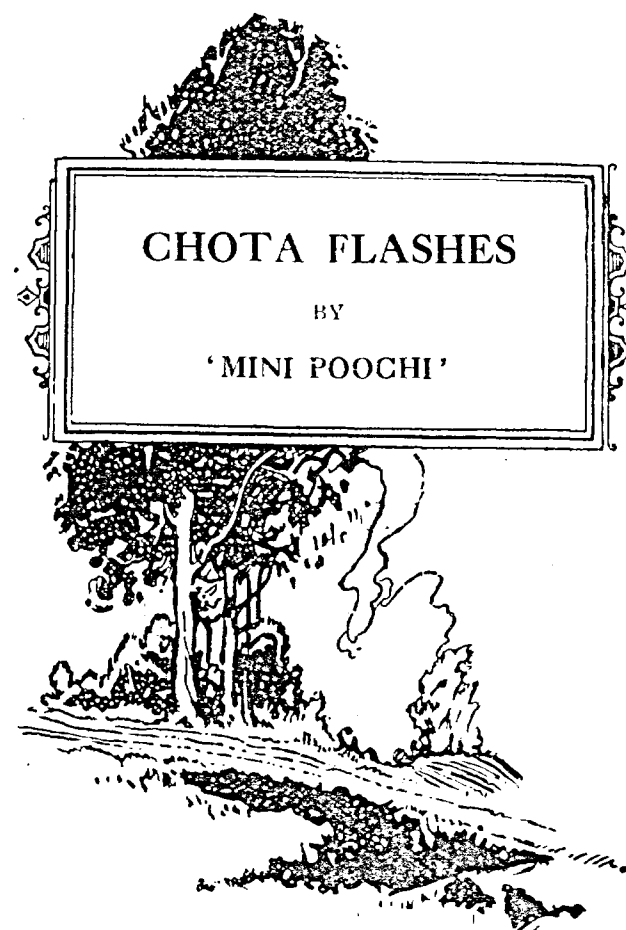
A Machine that Combines all the latest Improvements with many Special Features

The Government of Madras have placed an order this year for **150 BAR-LOCKS**

Sole Distributors for South India:

THE BAR-LOCK TYPEWRITER AGENCY
WOODS ROAD, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

(Post Box No. 302, Mount Road.)



Whenever I have to buy tyres I always grumble at the price—an idiosyncrasy which I imagine comes from my Glasgow ancestors. Now however I realize why tyres are so dear, because a fellow I know has explained all the intricacies of manufacture to me. And, believe me, it is amazing we can get tyres at all.

First, so I'm told, a round piece of air is taken and carefully machined to delicately adjusted dimensions; it is then enclosed in canvas, rubber, oil cloth, spent chewing-gum and grip-stick; after which the whole embryo tyre is placed in a 'congealorometer' which sets the whole thing hard and imprisons the round piece of air. Then, of course, treads have to be stuck on the outside and a valve inserted—I don't know very much more about it, but it soundest frightfully expensive.

A cinema going friend of mine is adamant in his opinion that no girl has IT if she is bow-legged.

Awful Tragedy

A mosquito which ventured onto my typewriter paper was fatally crushed by a full stop last night. There was no inquest.

Gone

A man who was once a friend of mine bought a car on the hire-purchase system.

His wife happened to ask the finance company's seizure officer to take a chair. He declined, but took the car.

Moral: Wait as long as you can without paying, then send the wife for a holiday.

The Descent of Man

Milk
Barley Water
Lemonade
Cider

A small port

A very small peg

A chota peg and soda

'Make it a big one.'

A couple of burra pegs

A boddie-a boddie-a boddie which
(I saw this in some home paper—forget which—so don't blame me).

'An acquaintance has an expensive saloon of an ordinary type and appearance, and has bought a new baby car with a special body and fittings. The latter attracts attention and the owner uses it quite a lot. Many cars are used for the attention they command rather than their strict utility. Many vehicles must be bought to gladden other people's eyes, and therefore let those who condemn motorists remember that they spend good money so that they may present a good appearance to the very folk who dislike them.'

We heard of someone who refused to go to church because 'She hadn't a decent car to go in.'

'Sandy, I dinna like the way ye drive so close to the car ahead. An' it's night too.'

'Whisht ye, woman. Dinna ye ken that I can turn off ma headlights that way an' save the battery?'

'How is the highway from here to Bunkport?'

'Finest I ever detoured around.'

'Who will drive this car away for Rs. 200?' read a sign on the old broken down vehicle parked in the dealer's window.

A man stopped at the window, read the sign and entered the shop. 'I'll take a chance,' he offered; 'where's the money?'

'The Egyptian Government has refused Mr. Henry Ford's offer to build a road from Cairo to Assuan free of charge in exchange for free entry of his cars into Egypt.'

There are not so many flies on these Egyptians as we thought.

We hear that a certain progressive State in the United States of America is now sending all its wrong-doers to prison in plain vans.

Some of the worst motoring roads in the South of Scotland are to be found in Selkirkshire despite the fact that the country has more than an even share so far as beauty spots go and has a special appeal to motorists. The authorities, however, have evidently awakened to the need for better road surfaces and the estimates for 1930 show that there will be an expenditure of over £20,000.

It is said that there will be many emigrants from this locality next year.

An extremely clever cabaret show formed the chief attraction of the Midland Automobile Club's recent dinner.

A cabriolet show would have been more suited to the occasion.

'Motorists in Spain.'
Judging by the Dictator's recently introduced law whereby a motorist who touches a pedestrian does six years' hard, I suggest that the 'S' in Spain is redundant.

At present motorists are actually running in the foundations of most arterial roads.

That is what motorists would like to do to some of those responsible for some new roads.

'Are four wheels enough?'

When paying for a new set of tyres, I find them ample.

Motorist: These chickens in the road cause a lot of accidents.

Farmer: But not as many as the chickens beside the driver.—*Allston Recorder*.

I'm wise to the ways of the traffic cop,
But not to the ways of Sue.
When her eyes say 'Go' and her lips
'Stop,'
What is a chap to do?

The scholarly appearing little man rushed into the police station. 'I wish to report,' he gasped, 'that my car has just been stolen!'

'See who did it?' queried the desk sergeant.
'Ye-yes.'



'YOUNG MAN, YOU ARE ON THE ROAD TO RUIN.'
'MEHBE SO, BUT I GOT MY EAR TRUMPET; SO I'LL NOT GET RUN DOWN.'

'What'd he look like?'

'I fear I could not describe him accurately,' replied the little man. 'But' (and he brightened up and produced a note book from his pocket) 'I succeeded in taking the number of the car.'

One of the easiest ways to treat a choked petrol pipe is to place a stick of dynamite in the vac-tank and apply a light.

Mary: I hear that the shy Mr. Ruddy was in an accident.

Jane: Yes; Betty Cuddle crowded him off a country road.

Mary: I didn't know she drove a car.

Jane: She doesn't. She went for a ride with him.

Mrs. Bloop: Does your car have a worm drive?

Mrs. Bleep: Yes, but I tell him where to drive.

'My wife has run away with a man in my car.'

'Good heavens! Not your new car?'

—*Keystone Motorist*.

'Now that you have two cars, I suppose you'll need a two-car garage.'

'No, my wife'll use it nights and my son'll use it daytimes.'

Timid Wife (to husband who has just fallen asleep at the wheel): I don't mean to dictate to you, George, but isn't that bullock cart coming at us awfully fast?

Interviewer: Now what is it that a woman values most in a car?

Salesman: A man who'll drive the way she tells him to.

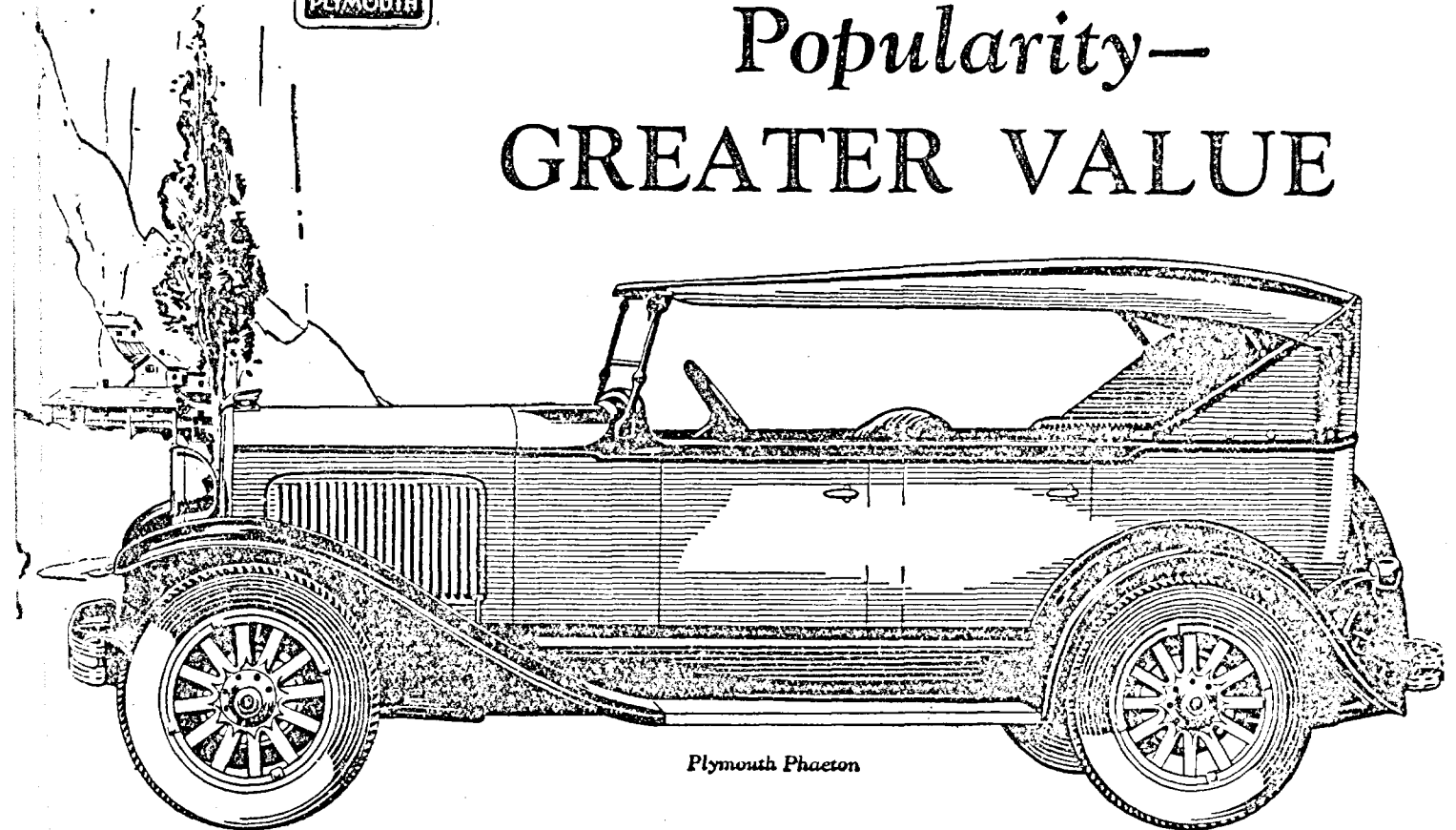
The T.T. Races in the Isle of Man are said to be the only good and substantial reason why Man cats have no tails.

T.T. riders are renowned for making short cuts.

'I wish, Matilda, you would agree not to talk when I'm driving in traffic.'

'We can discuss that as we go along, Adolphus.'—*Gaiety*.

The Secret of PLYMOUTH Popularity— GREATER VALUE



Plymouth Phaeton

GREATER value is the important difference which people at once recognise when comparing the new Chrysler-built Plymouth with the other cars of its price-class.

Its full size; its new styles; its luxury features; its performance qualities due to the Chrysler principle of Standardised Quality; the abundant power, speed and smoothness of its new "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine; the

safety of its four-wheel brakes—all are features which make you conscious of Plymouth superiority.

When you drive the Plymouth yourself we are confident you will declare it as unapproachable in performance as in value giving.

Distributors: **ADDISON & CO., LTD., Madras.**

How THEY might have BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS from GHENT to AIX (A Long Time after BROWNING)

I PRESSED the self-starter, with Joris next me;
I motored, Dick motored, we motored all three;
'Good speed,' said the Watch, as he held up his hand,
So Dick, who was leading, was brought to a stand.
And while he was talking, that minute's delay
Allowed me and Joris to get clean away.

'Twas I on my Morris, and Joris, who drove
His Quoque-Concursit. 'We travelled, by Jove!
'Twas bonnet to tail-light; the bonnet was mine,
But I passed him at last on a steepish incline,
For I meant to be first, and to show him the way
To take the good tidings by motor to Aix.

The telegraph poles, like a forest, grew dense,
The milestones resembled a wall or a fence,
So swift was our passing. Then something went wonk!
And Joris's car gave a kinkering konk.
His engine expired with a sob and a groan,
And left me to carry the good news alone.

Yes, there was my Morris to bear the whole weight
Of the news. And her ultimate effort was great.
There was scarcely a noggin of juice in the tank
As Aix came in sight, and my mind was a blank
As I drove through the High Street and parked on the Square.
I had managed to bring the good news and get there.

The Mayor and the burghers came out in a crowd
To hear the great news I had brought. But a cloud
Came over my brow as the Mayor explained,
'Yourself and your motor you need not have strained,
For the good news of Ghent we received, don't you know
By wireless from Daventry twelve hours ago.'

FRED GILLET
in the 'Morris Owner'

How Speedy Production is Assured

TWO machines, that are almost human in operation and that work with precision and regularity far more capably and efficiently than any human hands, are in operation at the Plymouth automobile plant in Detroit.

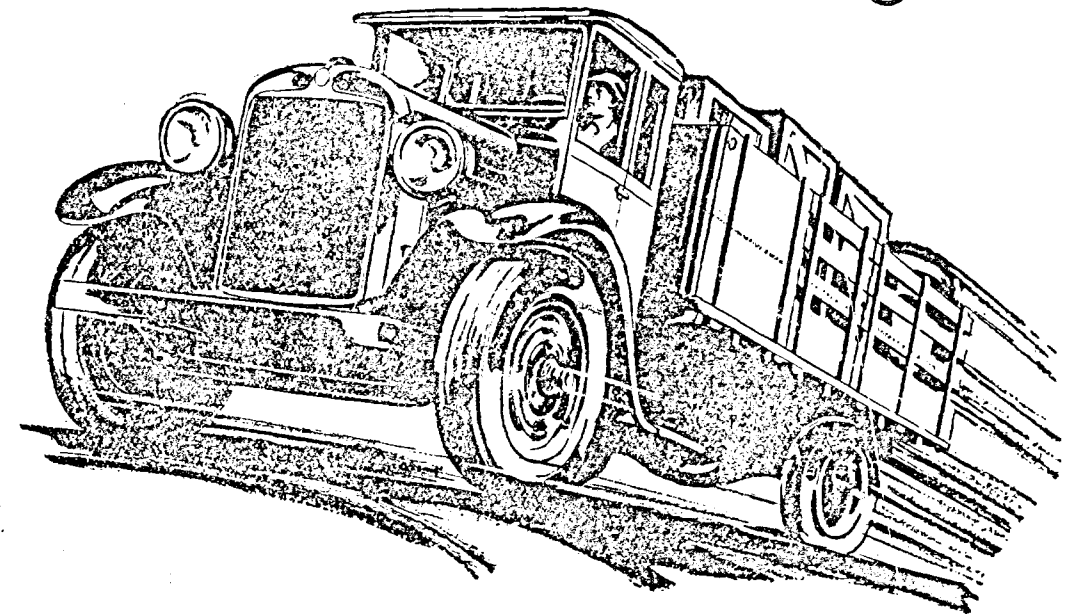
These are automatic piston turning machines which together turn out 200 completed pistons fully rough grooved and rough machined each hour.

On a shelf at one side of each of these machines are placed the pistons which have been cast and are ready to be machined. These pistons are fed by gravity down an incline to within reach of a mechanical hand which picks them up one at a time and places them into the machine, at the same time properly lining them up for the cutting operation. The piston then starts to revolve and blades and other cutting instruments are automatically moved into position to cut the grooves for the piston rings, and to machine the entire piston exactly to pre-arranged measurements. This process of machining and grooving takes but 32 seconds. The piston is then lifted from the machine by another mechanical hand which places it

on a conveyor table, where it proceeds to the finishing operations.

The entire operation—from the time the rough piston is placed upon the shelf next to the machine until it reaches the conveyor table—is automatic. Thus the possibility of error is reduced to a minimum.

'It is with machines such as these that we are able to maintain an enormous production without sacrificing quality in the making of Plymouth cars,' says P. C. Sauerbrey, Operating Manager of the Plymouth Motor Corporation. 'Throughout the entire plant may be found the very latest of time-saving and labour-saving precision machinery. Our plant is one of the newest and one of the most modern in the industry. It was built and laid out particularly for the purpose of providing facilities that would enable us to build a quality product in an enormous quantity on an efficient, economical basis. The automatic piston turning machines are only two of the many machines we have in operation that represent the very latest developments in the industry.'



For your Greater Profit

WORK is the sole function of any motor truck, as profit is the ultimate aim of any business. Work—its quality, its quantity, its cost—must be the true measure of motor truck value.

From drawing board through to factory gate, the experienced brains and skilled hands of the builders of Dodge Trucks are guided by consideration of the work each truck must do for an owner. And Dodge service is ready, always, to keep them at work.

For your greater profit—whatever your trucking needs—put Dodge Trucks to work for you.

DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS AND BUSES

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

Distributors: ADDISON & CO., LTD., Madras.



Bus and truck operators in South India now have the opportunity of putting to their service one of America's finest commercial vehicles. The Selden Truck—a vehicle designed by engineers with the experience of commercial vehicle design right from the early days behind them—is built to give unfailing service and reliable performance.

You, as one of South India's progressive commercial transport owners, must first inspect the Selden truck before deciding to buy your new vehicle.

Write for particulars to

MOTOR RECONDITIONING STATION
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

THE DIOCESAN PRESS,

Madras, invite applications to quote for the complete production of Books, Magazines, or Printing of any kind. The plants in Composing, Printing, and Binding are up-to-date and provide facilities to meet all demands of rapid production

Specimen page with dummies and
Estimates supplied without commitment to the prospective customer

THE DIOCESAN PRESS

Manager: George Kenneth

Post Box 455

Vepery, Madras.

L. MADAR SAIB & CO.

DEALERS IN
AUTOMOBILE
ACCESSORIES

104, MANADY STREET
GEORGE TOWN

WALLAJAH ROAD
MADRAS.

THE
SOUTH INDIA
**MOTOR
OWNER**

WHY DRIVE A SHABBY
CAR?

Hood Renovations
quickly and efficiently
carried out by

L. MADAR SAIB & Co.
104, Manady Street,
MADRAS.

Second-hand Cars for Sale and Wanted

NOTICES.

Prepaid Advertisements for Cars, Accessories, etc., may be inserted in this section at the following rate
Fifteen words for Rs. 3/- (minimum)
and 3 As. for each additional word.

All small paragraph advertisements whether of fifteen words or less will be charged for at a minimum rate of Rs. 3/- and all such advertisements are *strictly prepayable*.

Box Numbers are available for those advertisers who desire to utilise them, and a nominal charge of 4 As. will be made to cover cost of booking

and posting replies. The words Box No. XXX, c/o 'The S. I. Motor Owner', must be included in the advertisement and will be charged for.

The last day on which copy will be accepted for inclusion in this section is the 20th of the month preceding any issue. Whilst every care will be taken to ensure accuracy, the publishers will not be responsible for printer's errors or for non-inclusion. In this regard it should be noted that advertisement copy, received early will obtain closer attention than that rushed through for inclusion at the last moment. Other business and advertisement notes will be found on page 141.

For sale

BUICK 6-cylinder tourer. Bought 1926. Excellent condition. Most carefully used. Any trials in Madras. Fully insured. Rs. 2,500 or near offer.

Apply Box No. B3
c/o South India Motor Owner

MORRIS OXFORD five seater. Re-painted and overhauled. Model 1927. A real bargain for Rs. 2,000 nett.

Apply Box No. A
c/o South India Motor Owner

OVERLAND WHIPPET Tourer. 1927 model. In good all round condition. Is sacrificed for Rs. 1,500 nett. No brokers. Demonstration by appointment with.

Box No. B
c/o South India Motor Owner

FIAT TOURER. Old model. For sale at Rs. 2,000. Completely overhauled and reconditioned.

Apply Box No. C
c/o South India Motor Owner

When writing a small Advertisement

Imagine you are buying a car—and then put down all the facts *you* would want to know.

Give full particulars of the make, model and year of manufacture with any points about speciality fittings which may interest the buyer.

Use a box number: it insures privacy.

DODGE BARGAINS. Owner has Dodge Tourer for sale. 1927. Overhauled and reconditioned. Can be inspected in Madras. Price Rs. 1,800. No offers.

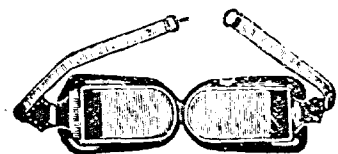
Apply Box No. D
c/o South India Motor Owner

HUPMOBILE Tourer. 1928 model. Five seater. In excellent condition. Is offered at Rs. 3,950. Trial and inspection in Madras.

Apply Box No. E
c/o South India Motor Owner

ESSEX two seater. English coach built body. In excellent condition all round. Latest fittings and devices. Will accept cash Rs. 2,650. Monthly payments arranged if necessary. Trial and inspection, Madras.

Apply Box No. F
c/o South India Motor Owner

MOTOR GOGGLES

In case complete Rs. 6
In card box „ 5

Spectacles or Pince-Nez
for Distance or Reading
from Rs. 6

H. A. V. MORDE
EXCLUSIVE OPTICIAN

KARDYL BUILDINGS
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

OVERLAND '4'. In real tip-top order.
Self-starter and lights. New hood.
Re-painted. No brokers. Cash Rs. 550.

Apply Box No. G
c/o South India Motor Owner

List of Second-hand Cars

A.C. two seater with dickey seat,
mechanically sound, paint, upholstery
and hood in perfect condition, new
battery, many spares. Rs. 1,750.

HUMBER five seater touring car,
mechanically sound, good tyres,
paint-work, upholstery and hood in good
condition. Rs. 1,750.

STANDARD four seater recently re-
painted and with new hood, tyres
good, mechanism sound. Rs. 1,500.

KILLS

White
Ants
Bugs
Mosqui-
toes

A most
Effective
Disinfectant



1 Gallon tin Rs. 4. ½ Gallon tin
Rs. 2. ½ Gallon tin Re. 1.

Sole Agents :-

METROPOLITAN & CO.
27, Mount Road, MADRAS

THE
SOUTH INDIA
**MOTOR
OWNER**

Sales and Service Guide

Arranged alphabetically under vehicle headings columns is charged for at the rate of Re. 1 per line, but no contract can be accepted for less than six consecutive insertions. Correspondence both from Dealers and Car Owners invited in order to make this section as useful as possible.

Armstrong-Siddeley.

BERHAMPORE ... K. M. Paul & Sons.
BEZWADA ... Motor & General
Engineering Co.
MADRAS ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
OOTACAMUND ... George Oakes.

Austin.

MADRAS ... South India Motor
Co.

Chevrolet.

TINNEVELLY ... Tinnevelly Petrol
Supply Agency.

Chrysler.

MADRAS ... Jones & Co.

Chrysler De Soto.

MADRAS ... Jones & Co.

Chrysler Plymouth.

BANGALORE ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
BERHAMPORE ... K. M. Paul & Sons.
BEZWADA ... Motor & General
Engineering Co.
CALICUT ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
KOTTAYAM ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
MADRAS ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
OOTACAMUND ... George Oakes

**Safety First and
Comfort too!**

You can add to the
comfort and safety of
your car by the addi-
tion of modern acces-
sories, safety devices
and spare parts of
proved make.

We have a vast stock
from which you can
choose just those
things you need for
your car.

CHAMPION AUTOMOBILES
KARDYL BUILDINGS
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

P. SIMON & CO.

Direct Importers and
Manufacturers' Representatives.
23, Errabalu Chetty Street.
Telegrams G.T., MADRAS. Telephone
'FAMILY' No. 3352

Dodge.

BANGALORE ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
BERHAMPORE ... K. M. Paul & Sons.
BEZWADA ... Motor & General
Engineering Co.
CALICUT ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
COIMBATORE ... United Motors.
KOTTAYAM ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
MADRAS ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
OOTACAMUND ... George Oakes.

Erskine.

MADRAS ... Romer Dan & Co.

Essex.

BEZWADA ... The Andhra Automobiles.

Ford.

BEZWADA ... Ford Stores and Service
Station.

CUDDALORE .. S. Gopala Iyer.
KATPADI ... V. M. Ratnavelu & Bros.
VELLORE ... V. M. Ratnavelu & Bros.

Hillman.

MADRAS ... Simpson & Co., Ltd.

Hupmobile.

BERHAMPORE ... K. M. Paul & Sons
BEZWADA ... Motor & General
Engineering Co.
MADRAS ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
OOTACAMUND ... George Oakes.

**A Satisfied Customer is
our best Salesman!**

We aim to satisfy our customers,
not only with the quality of the
things we sell, but also with the
service we give after a sale.

'I always come to you for all
my requirements for my buses
and car, as I find you most de-
pendable in quality and price.'

What one customer says you
too, will say if you deal with

V. S. Rajagopalan & Co.

Mount Road, Madras

Salem Conjeeveram

V. M. Ratnavelu & Bros.

AUTHORISED



North Arcot District

Genuine Ford Spare Parts
always in stock

at

Katpadi and Vellore

Always demand Genuine Ford Parts

Morris.

BANGALORE	...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
BERHAMPORE	...	K. M. Paul & Sons.
BEZWADA	...	Motor & General Engineering Co.
CALICUT	...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
COIMBATORE	...	United Motors.
KOTTAYAM	...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
MADRAS	...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
OOTACAMUND	...	George Oakes

Nash.

MADRAS	...	Motor Reconditioning Station.
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Overland.

MADRAS	...	Simpson & Co., Ltd.
OOTACAMUND	...	Simpson & Co., Ltd.
TRICHINOPOLY	...	Simpson & Co., Ltd.

Singer.

MADRAS	...	Simpson & Co., Ltd.
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Studebaker.

MADRAS	...	Romer Dan & Co.
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Willys-Knight.

MADRAS	...	Simpson & Co., Ltd.
OOTACAMUND	...	Simpson & Co., Ltd.
TRICHINOPOLY	...	Simpson & Co., Ltd.

TRUCKS.**Chevrolet Trucks.**

TINNEVELLY	...	Tinnevelly Petrol Supply Agency.
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Dodge Trucks.

BANGALORE	...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
BERHAMPORE	...	K. M. Paul & Sons.
BEZWADA	...	Motor & General Engineering Co.
CALICUT	...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
COIMBATORE	...	United Motors.
KOTTAYAM	...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
MADRAS	...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
OOTACAMUND	...	George Oakes.

Federal Trucks.

MADRAS	...	Simpson & Co., Ltd.
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Ford Trucks.

BEZWADA	...	Ford Stores and Service Station.
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SAVOY HOTEL OOTACAMUND

Unequalled situation
Perfect appointments

The ideal stopping place
for MOTORISTS.

On Main Road from Mysore to
Kotagiri and Mettupalayam.

PHONE:—3372

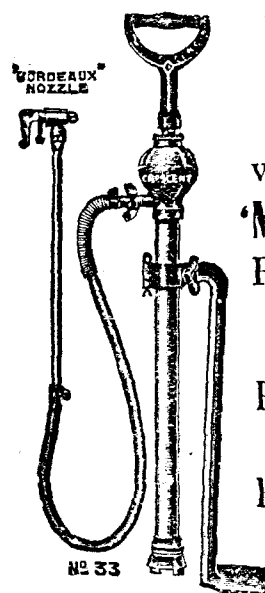
Hotel Metropole VICEROY ROAD, MYSORE.

A beautiful Hotel commanding
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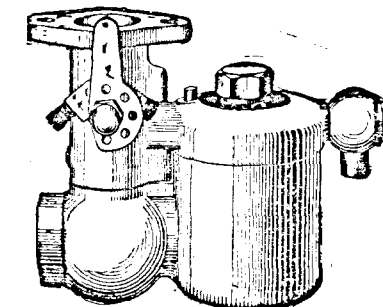
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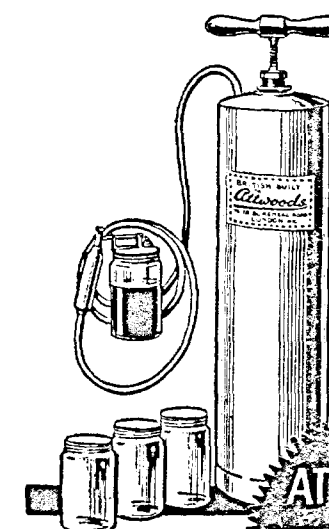
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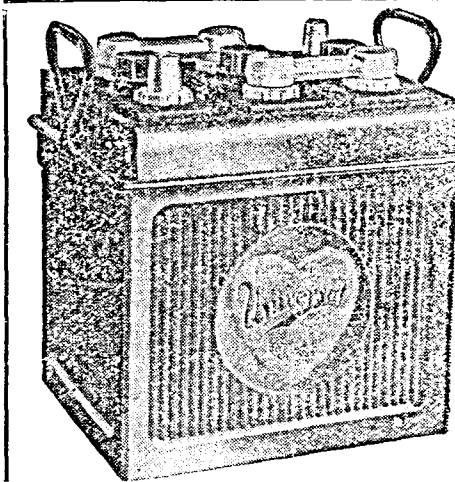
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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

	PAGE
Addison & Co., Ltd.	128, 133, 135
Andhra Engineering Co. ...	
Bar-lock Typewriter Agency ...	130
Champion Automobiles ...	139
Charles Morgan & Co., Ltd.	142
Continental Tyre Co., Ltd. iv cover	
Dhanalakshmi Motor Service ...	
Dhanam & Co., K. J. ...	
Diocesan Press ...	136
Dunlop Rubber Co. (India), Ltd. ...	120, 121
Hotel Metropole ...	140
Jones & Co. ...	
Krishna & Bros., B. ...	
Lavenders Hotels ...	130
Madar Saib & Co. ...	137
Madras Motor Sales Co. ...	
Metropolitan & Co.	140, 141, 143
Moorthy Bros., S. K. ...	
Morde, H. A. V. ...	138
Motor Reconditioning Station ...	136
Mutual Indemnity & Finance Corporation (India), Ltd.	

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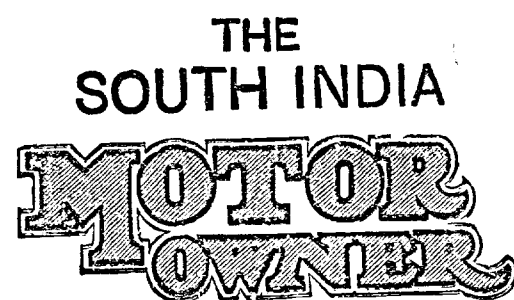
INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

	PAGE
Neo Auto Works ...	
Palany Andavar & Co. ...	124
Prasada Rao & Co., A. K. ...	
Rajagopalan & Co., V. S. ...	138
Ramanuja Iyengar, T. S. ...	
Rane, Ltd. ...	141
Ranga Transport Company.	
Ratnavelu & Bros., V. M. ...	138
Romer Dan & Co. ...	97
Row Bros. ...	
Salem Automobiles ...	
Savoy Hotel ...	140
Simon & Co., P. ...	139
Simpson & Co., Ltd.	
(Front cover)	98, 126
South India Motor Co. ...	117
Standard Motor Electric Works ...	143
Sunderasamy Iyer, M. ...	
Tinnevely Petrol Supply Agency ...	
Yelkur Elliah Chetty ...	
Zeckaria Sait & Sons ...	

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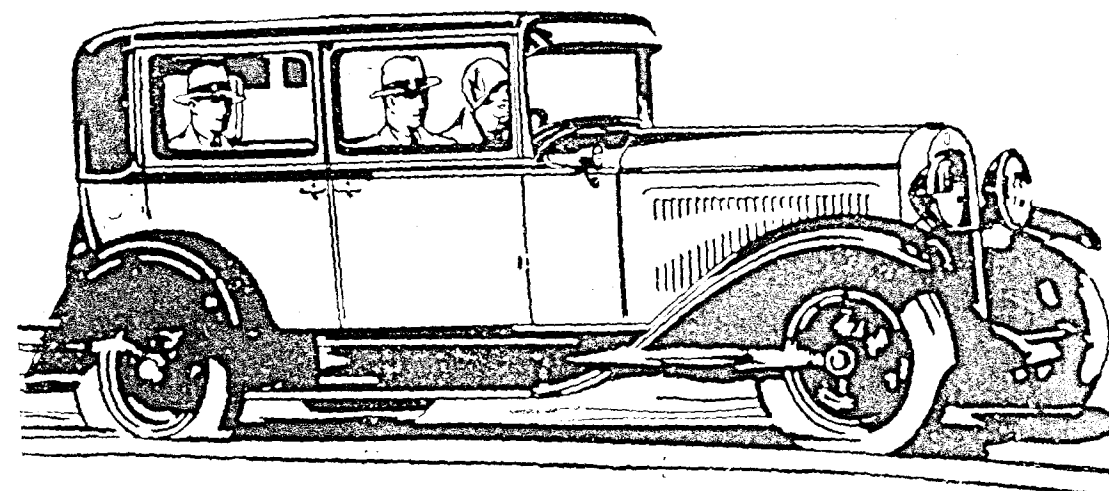
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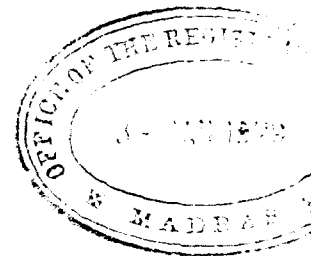
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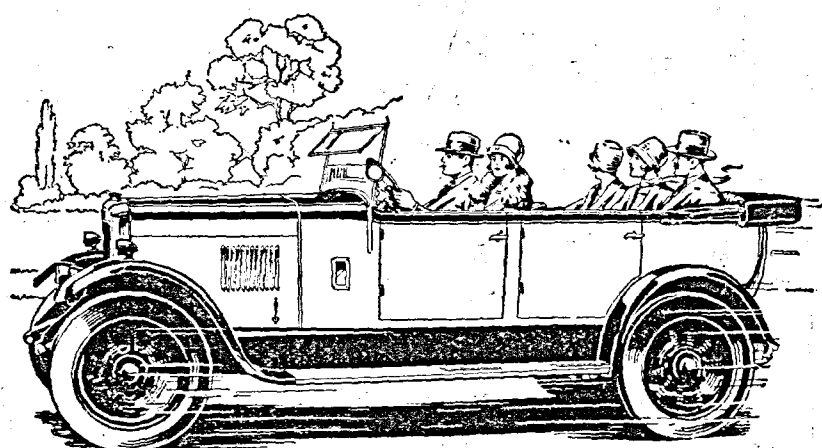
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TAKING
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TYRES
PAGE 152

Vol. I, No. 4.

November, 1929

Price, As. 8

Jottings from this Issue

PAGE	CONTENTS	PAGE
The why and wherefore of the Schrader valve ... 157	With Car and Camera ... 150	Nine times out of ten the car owner who bewails the fact that his tyres are no good has only himself to blame ... 156
A new model of a famous make acts as a magnet to motoring correspondents ... 159	Owner Driver's Note Book ... 153	Generosity in giving way-farers free lifts has led to 'the motoring tramp' nuisance at Home ... 165
Analysis of carbon proves it to be one-third road dust ... 160	Testing a Wheel ... 155	No reason why a garage hand should be tipped unless for some specific service ... 165
Simple explanation of the value of smooth surfaces within an engine ... 161	Taking care of your Tyres ... 156	Felt no ill effects save an abominable pain in the head. 169
Hard on the heels of racing cars and passing cars of much greater power ... 163	Catalogues Received ... 158	Madras to Ootacamund in 9 hours 10 minutes with Studebaker ... 171
Periodical cleaning of the petrol system is to be recommended ... 153	New Singer 'Six' Test ... 159	
	The Practical Side ... 160	
	Amazing Ford success in Ireland ... 162	
	Modern Highwaymen in England ... 165	
	Motor Cycling Topics ... 166	
	Life's Too Short for Groping ... 167	
	Renovating the Car in your Spare Time ... 170	
	Correspondence ... 171	
	A Motoring Pilgrim's Progress ... 172	
	A Record Breaking Run ... 175	
	A Few Hints and What Not. 176	
	£1,000,000 for Developing Expert of British Cars ... 178	
	News and Miscellany ... 180	
	Chota Flashes ... 181	
	Second-hand Cars for Sale ... 187	
	Index to Advertisers ... 188	
	Sales and Service Guide ... 189	
Old model cars are often responsible for seeming cases of bad driving ... 153	When the car has reached a state of convulsive laughter, tickling should cease ... 172	
Southern India motorists do not want too many rules and regulations, but they demand a simple code of understanding ... 155	A million sterling of the Prudential Assurance Co. to help British car industry ... 173	
	More wire wheels at Olympia ... 175	

EDITORIAL

Regaining Enthusiasm

WHILST it must be admitted that the possession of a car is now more of a necessity rather than a luxury, there are many motorists who fail to take any advantage whatsoever of the various entertainments and recreations opened up to them by their being in possession of a car, and who use their cars much in the same way as the average man uses a razor. He seems so unappreciative, this car owner, when he enters his car obviously with a feeling of boredom and with the mental attitude that his car is merely a means of transport, a means of 'getting there'!

There are, however, very many motorists who regularly take the wheel in this bored and resigned mood. The habit grows worse as time goes on, until, instead of deriving any pleasure from driving, the task becomes positively irksome.

The particular driving mood to cultivate is that which can best be induced by a deliberate contemplation and appreciation of the benefits which a car can confer; which is, of necessity, automatically achieved if the motorist is in the habit of philosophically making the best out of the good, bad and indifferent service meted out to him in other directions by the various beings with whom he is in close touch every day.

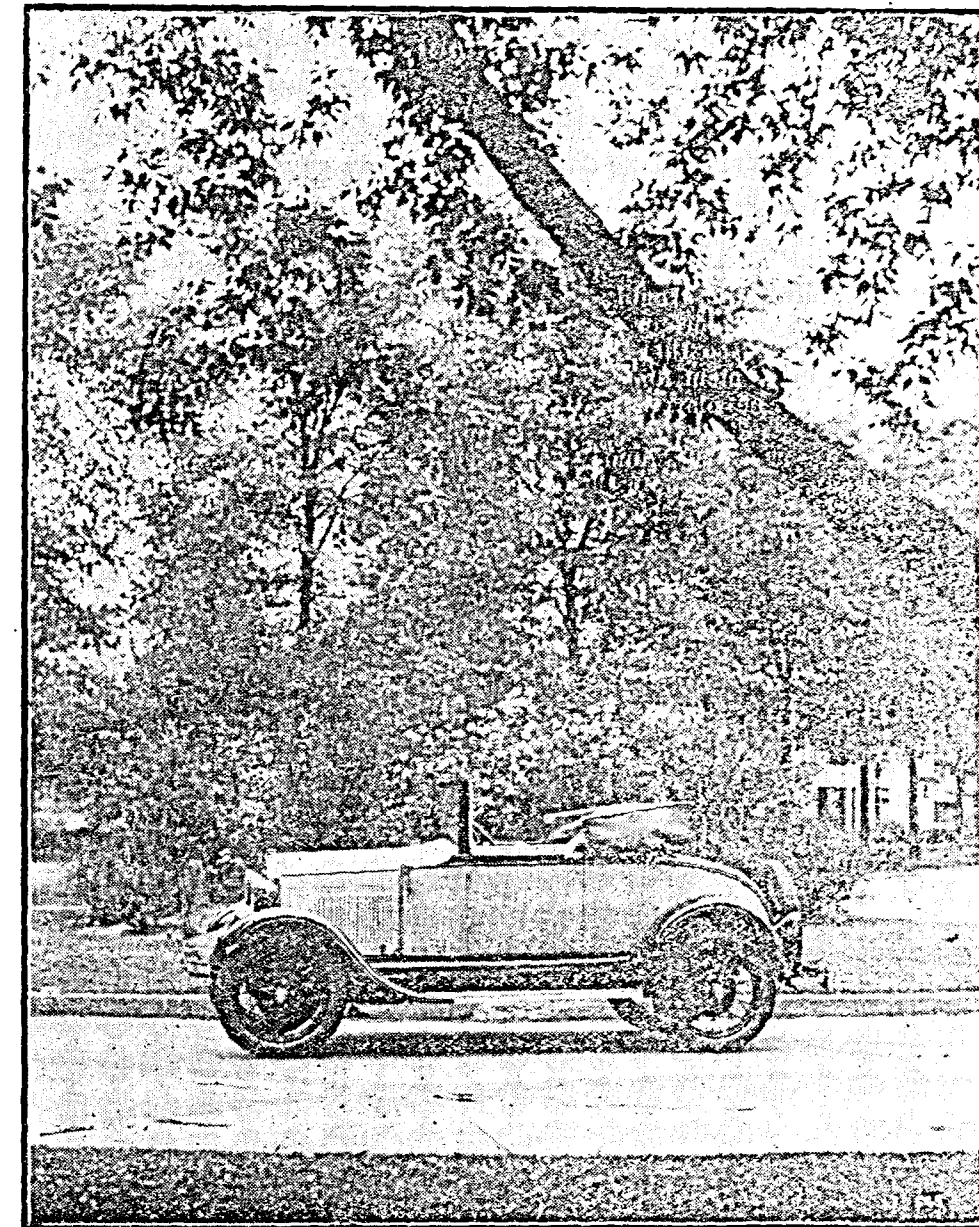
Apart from anything else, the bored driver is always likely to be an inefficient driver for the simple reason that his whole attention is not devoted to the work in hand. There must exist in every driver's consciousness a sense of personal responsibility not only towards himself and his car, but to all other road users and *their* cars. Other people demand that a motorist should drive unselfishly and conscientiously and it appears clear that he whose mind

is not concentrated upon driving, at some time or other seriously inconveniences other road users—and discourtesy invariably draws 'the retort discourteous' which to any sensitive individual may quite mar the slight enjoyment he may be deriving from the driving of his car. Another aspect of the case, too, is that car driving calls for sustained attention and common sense on the part of the driver. Considerate handling, careful nursing and a continued striving to tune one's mind in harmony with the machine, is the only way one can obtain the best from a car.

The cure, of course, for lack of driving enthusiasm is simple yet drastic: We have no doubt whatever that, if motorists who are heartily 'fed up' with motoring, gave up their cars for a week or two, they would return to the driver's seat once more, happy to feel the wheel between their fingers. It is a trying experience to deprive oneself of that which has become a habit, in order to regain full appreciation, but this probably is all the more reason why motorists should cultivate an interested and a business-like frame of mind whenever the driving of their car becomes a task rather than a pleasurable occupation.

It is essential, therefore, that all South India motor owners who desire to obtain the best enjoyment and keenest pleasure from motoring should, whenever that feeling of boredom becomes apparent, strive to the best of their ability to cultivate an appreciative frame of mind, not only for their own satisfaction, but because their wrong mental viewpoint affects other road users, probably to a greater extent than the bored driver can possibly be aware.

The New Ford Cabriolet



TAKEN IN PLEASANT SURROUNDINGS THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE GRACEFUL LINES AND DISTINCTIVE APPEARANCE OF THIS NEW FORD MODEL

With Car and Camera

Around Madras

A Run to Pondicherry

SLAP, bang, and off we go! Into first, into second and click into top a hundred yards further down the road. Four o'clock one Saturday afternoon and a hundred miles to go. Jimmy gave a few preliminary twangs on the uke and adjusted its gear box until it ceased moaning and gave out a semblance of tune. Bill had some engine trouble with his pipe—from its gurglings it seemed to be carburettor trouble—but a few prods from his patent gurgle eradicator soon had it ticking over properly once more, so that he felt at liberty to sit back with a sigh of content and threaten Jimmy with dire punishment if he played the same tune more than twice in any one mile.

Ambling along at an even thirty along Mount Road, we put the toll gate behind us, and headed for Chingleput. As far as Guindy, the road was in beautiful condition, and there we left the tarmac and ventured on to the metalled road. Up to Pallavaram the going was not too bad, but beyond that point there were patches of bad road that slung the car all over the place if any speed much over twenty was attempted. Further on, however the road began to improve somewhat, particularly where short stretches had been relaid, but following on these little opportunities for speed we usually got a patch of distinctly bad surface where the springs bottomed and the car lurched like a subchaser in an angry sea.

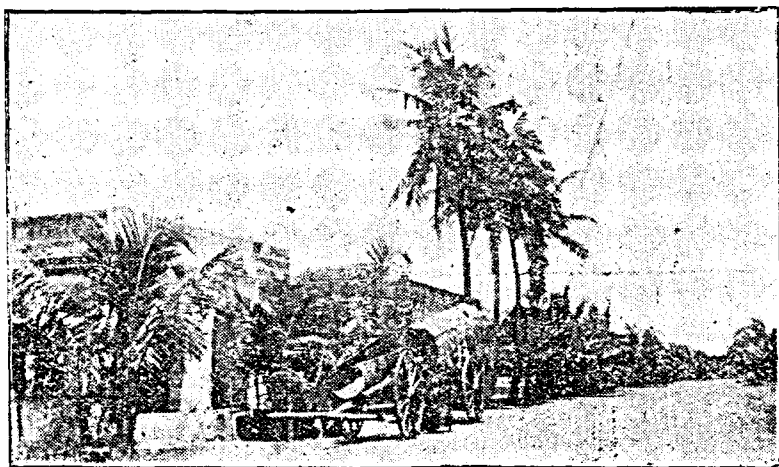
Jimmy gave up hopes of wangling a tune out of the uke, and devoted his attention to riding the pot-holes: he said it reminded him of the Wembley racer, except that one didn't quite get the same sensation in the tummy when the downhill gilde commenced! Bill told tales of journeys across Eastern deserts, where the road was a strip of wire netting loosely laid over the shifting sand, where the road went ever on, and yesterday's mountain was a valley to-day.

Fifteen miles from Madras the scenery began to change. Paddy fields took the place of scorched grass and stunted

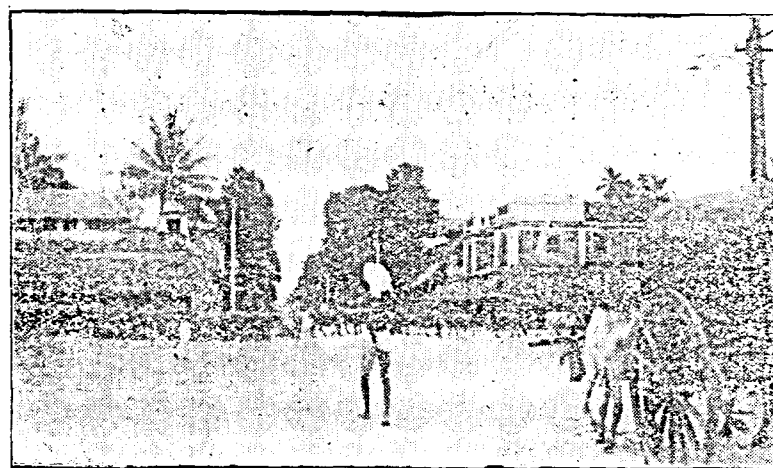
trees, and with their wonderful greenness would have made any Irishman think of home. Ryots were still at work in the fields as we swung along, and would pause to give us a glance and then bend down to their unending work again. Far ahead a low-lying blue haze betokened hills, while the beautiful colours of the setting sun were slowly lost behind a heavy cloud rising out of the horizon far ahead. Stray goats and cows and other homecoming Indian domesticated animals littered the road, and a wary eye was required for the inevitable bullock cart, the motive powers which were of an enquiring turn of mind—too turning, in fact, as they often turned the whole arrangement round in their endeavours to locate the source of the buzz behind. In Madras one can usually rely on the bullock keeping straight ahead, but, as everyone knows who has travelled, in the mofussil, bullocks are inclined to be of a more curious and nervous disposition, preferring to turn the back of their burden to the oncoming sound rather than the back of their bodies!

The indifferent light of the fast-gathering storm was too uncertain for photographic record, but as we swung along we made mental note of places of interest for photographic experiment in the future, and we confined our efforts to picking out likely spots for further investigation. For some way the road runs at the foot of some steep hillsides, loose stones littering the base, which together with the spiky vegetation makes climbing somewhat uncomfortable, as we had

previously discovered. We could hardly help a feeling of apprehension as we contemplated the masses of stone perched in threatening attitudes above the road, much as if they were placed there by some giant as ammunition with which to defend his stronghold from a foe passing on the road beneath. Undoubtedly, these little efforts of tortured Nature are awe-inspiring when viewed from the road below, and only those



A FINE SNAPSHOT TAKEN AS WE NEARED PONDICHERRY



HELD UP ON A LONG, STRAIGHT STRETCH

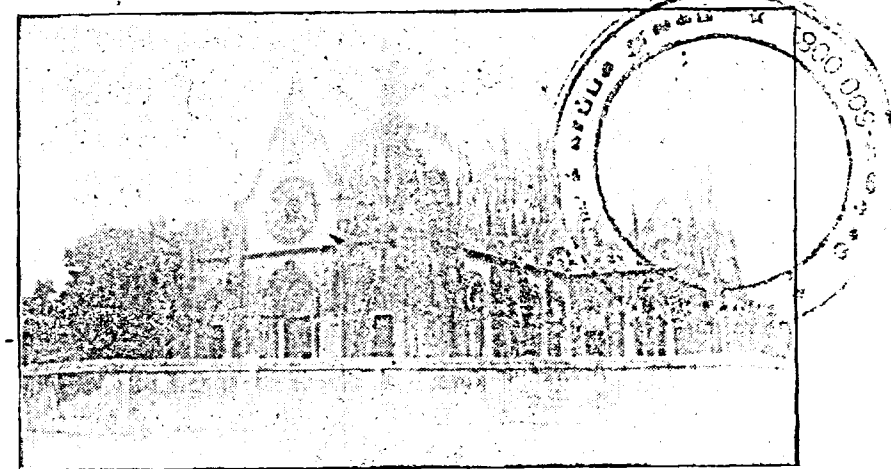
who constantly travel in the hill districts of India could pass below them with contempt for the seeming threat that lurks behind their lofty grandeur. In the half-light of the afternoon accentuated by the heavy storm-clouds above they looked particularly threatening, and we were glad when the country flattened out once more as the hills veered round in a line to the right:

Presently the road ran alongside the railway, and for a while we travelled pace for pace with a fast train proceeding in the same direction, until we came to a level-crossing whose closed gates gave us pause in which to light up cigarettes and take stock of our surroundings. By this time rain was falling rapidly away to the left, and so far as indications went it seemed that it would not be long before we would be in the thick of it. It therefore seemed a wise thing to loosen the hood fastenings in readiness for a heavy downpour. So far everything had been in our favour, and the bus was taking the bad patches of road in splendid style, in spite of being somewhat heavily loaded. This highway to Chingleput has been splendidly engineered, and the large trees that border its sides form a canopy of green that effectually shelters the wayfarer from the sun, nevertheless the shadows thrown on the road itself are somewhat trying to the eyes of the driver. However, on this occasion the gods were kind, and there were no highlights to trouble us. Soon the road ran beside a large tank, where sacred crocodiles bathe and bask in the slime and sun without fear. By this time we were thirty miles out of Madras, and nearing our first stop—Chingleput, where we intended to take tea. Signs of semi-civilization became more and more noticeable; particularly the kind that moves on four legs, and flocks of portable property in the way of goats, homeward bent, repeatedly put a comma in our progress. Jimmy and Bill began to develop thirst, and then

began a discussion on thirst quenchers singly and collectively. Jimmy was all for a dash of vermouth with an onion and an olive in alternate proportions as a kind of knocker on the door to let the quencher in; Bill was strong for beer and oysters on Sunday morning, and by the time we ran into the suburbs of Chingleput we were in fit mood to tackle anything in bottles.

Skirting a donkey basking in the dust of a pot-hole, and easily outdistancing a bevy of dogs welcoming our advent, we ambled under easy engine into the centre of the town towards the railway station, the buffet of which was our objective for the present. A policeman unfolded himself and braced up in the centre of the cross-roads and prepared to meet the oncoming stream of traffic with true

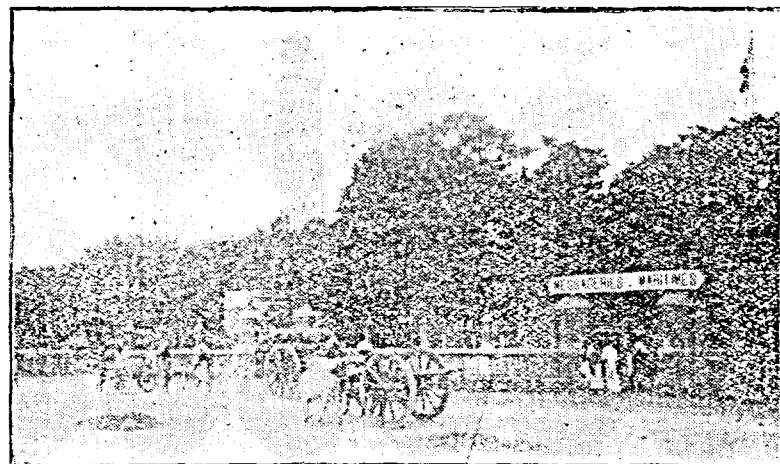
police fortitude, distending his arms regally in order to give us the right of way. Down a narrow street, through the gates, a long sweep in the open space in front of the station and a halt in stately outside the station doors. Leaving the car in the care of a station lounge, we drifted in, Jimmy with the uke at the trail, and Bill with his pipe at a jaunty angle. Half-an-hour was our allotted time, and with a revival in the shape of a huge shandy, we prepared for a battle with tea. Over the meal we discussed the further and longer part of our journey, and it was agreed that, as the resources of Pondicherry were to us an unknown quantity, and the map showed the distance to be about the same, whichever way we went, we decided it would be better to make for Villupuram, where we were at least certain of a meal, and the retiring rooms at the railway station offered rest for the night. We accordingly made arrangements with the authorities at Chingleput to order the dinner in advance, after which we settled down to high tea in earnest. Jimmy finished first, and, incidentally, everything else, as we found to our sorrow—for a



ONE OF THE PONDICHERRY'S INTERESTING BUILDINGS

growing lad his appetite is good to say the least of it—and worried out a tune from the long-suffering uke until we had dealt adequately with the inner man.

On the road again; snaking through narrow streets, dusty and becoming crowded with the noisy evening throng, until we were out on the open road once more, headed for Villupuram. Once out of



PONDICHERRY LIGHTHOUSE

Chingleput, we found the hard-packed dust road to be in good condition, and delightfully silky to travel upon. The storm that had been following us was now close on heels and indeed in places the road was flooded from the passage of a heavy shower just a short time before, so we decided to put up the hood of the car, as a premium against the suddenness with which such showers usually fall. However, we found that as long as the speed did not drop much below 39-35 m.p.h., we were safe, and as the warmth in the evening air made travelling under a hood a somewhat stuffy business, it was put down again. The beautiful colours of the dying sun against the dark background of the clouds above and the twinkling lights of the villages far ahead, made this part of the journey very fascinating, and gave rise to the thought that had the picture presented been put on canvas in all its glorious colouring, nine people out of ten would have dismissed it with a shrug and a pitying remark on the artist's gifted imagination. As we passed along on the swift wings of nine concentrated horse-power, southward bound, all out, we raised a huge bow-wave from the ruts—rain-filled and deep—made by the constant passage of bullock-carts, and which it was impossible to avoid on the narrow road. Apart from the ruts, the road is in splendid fettle, and free from that objectionable pot-hole surface that seems to be the prerogative of Indian dust roads, and, although narrow, may be taken at speed in safety, as we proved on more than one occasion.

Forty miles short—sixty milestones come and gone—and the purple ceiling above had turned into the deeper hues of approaching night; two more milestones past their sphere of usefulness and the black mantle of night was upon us, its solid blackness being only relieved in patches here and there where the stars peeped through rents in the low-hanging and racing clouds above us. Click! Two twin beams stabbed out into the darkness ahead, and in the light of the headlamps we raced on. Jimmy had lost interest in the countryside, and began to fiddle with the gear-box of the uke, while the throbbing beat of the engine

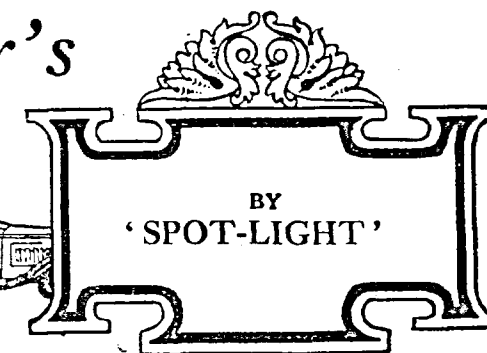
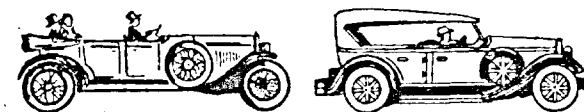
helped us to keep time to the soul, stirring strains of 'My Blue Heaven,' until a string of the uke broke under the strain, and we then carried on under difficulties and imprecations from Jimmy, with the uke missing on one cylinder. It was a noble attempt on Jimmy's part, and if there were occasional lapses from the original, which necessitated some excruciating voice-

changes, there was also no audience to hold up its various hands in horrofication (what a word! Shades of Edgar Wallace!)

Milestone succeeded milestone, with speedometer against clock. We had ordered dinner at Villupuram for eight o'clock, and it was now quarter to the hour, with twenty miles to go. The black pall of the storm clouds had swung away from our line route, and the moon—newly born—was rising in all its glory. Far ahead, the long beam of the headlamps picked up the road in a ribbon of white, when, phut! the road ahead no longer existed—the white ribbon had been rudely torn across and nothing but blackness lay in front. Thinking it was some trick of a rise in the ground, we carried on under nearly full throttle, but still nothing broke out of the void. The headlamps burst upon it in full, and in their glare the road utterly disappeared. With throttle closed, the car ran forward on a loose clutch under her own volition, and with the changing note of the engine, Jimmy and Bill awoke out of their songful reverie to the realities of the road, and were also mystified. Nearer still, and now the road appeared in the distance, but there was a black hyphen note in the line of the road that seemed to want some careful consideration. Nearer yet, and a thin bamboo pole across our path put the tin hat on progress. Dangling inconsequently from the wavy outlines of the anaemic bamboo pole was a weather-worn item of matchboarding, on which some words were to be seen, but as yet were undecipherable. 'Road up!' says Bill, breaking the monotony of the silence. And again, 'Road up. Stop.' said the board in that mute and apologetic manner which only a road-up board can convey. But they were both wrong; the road was down! Where the road should have been was simply a black hole, and after we had tumbled out of the car and advanced to the edge of the blackness we saw the silver pin-points of the stars reflected in inky water below.

Just how we overcame this difficulty will be described in the continuation of this account next month.

From an Owner Driver's Note Book



Where Does the Dirt Come from

WHATEVER grievance the aesthetically inclined may have against the petrol pump, one must give it its due portion of praise in that it supplies us with cleaner petrol than ever came out of the cans it has superseded. And yet in some mysterious manner of means our petrol tanks still become silted up, and mud, fluff and other substances still contrive to evade all the elaborate filters with which pumps, tanks and petrol systems in general are fitted. A periodical cleaning of the whole system puts the matter right easily enough, but there still remains the thought that if these things happen to the car (despite all elaborate precautions) what quantity of similar foreign matter must find its way into our drinking water, our soda, aye, and even into our whisky!!

Disturbing thought, what?

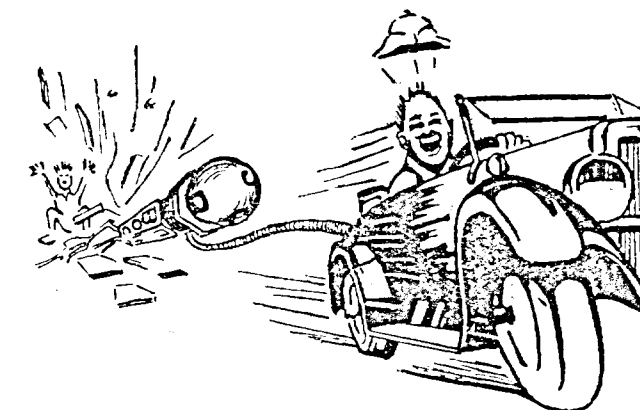
Use of the Engine Starter

I have been wasting my battery for years, and I have only just discovered the fact. It appears that the rate at which electric current is drawn from a car battery in starting the engine is from three to six times greater when the starter commences to move the engine from rest than while it is keeping it on the move. In other words, the hardest work of the starting equipment is overcoming the initial resistance to movement on the part of the pistons, bearings, etc., and the first compression pressure encountered. For this reason, far more current is used if the starter switch is repeatedly depressed and released, when the engine is reluctant to start, than when the switch is held depressed until the engine is obviously running under its own power.

Cars which cover their mileage in short spells naturally use the starter much more than others so that when frequently stopping and starting is practised it would be just as well to bear this matter in mind.

The Car often to Blame

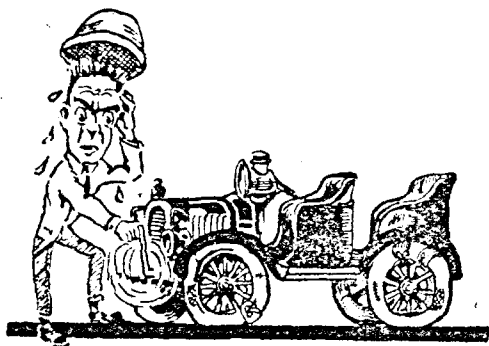
Recent experience at the wheel of a real old creak made me wonder whether many of the episodes one reads and hears about bad driving are due wholly to the carelessness of the man at the wheel. In fact, after a week driving the afore-mentioned car, I am of the opinion that the



car can very often be as much to blame as the driver.

The steering of an old car is very often so bad that it is impossible to steer it to fine limits, and this together with the fact that the brakes cannot always be relied upon, destroys utterly one's confidence. Another serious disadvantage, too, is that the acceleration of a nearly worn-out car is exceedingly poor, and this, I think, contributes largely to the toll of accidents in which old cars are invariably involved. What happens is that the driver seeks to overtake some slower vehicle and,

dropping behind, awaits his opportunity. As soon as the road ahead is clear he blows his horn and treads on the gas. The old car creeps up alongside and very slowly draws ahead, but instead of passing in a matter of seconds, the job takes quite an appreciable time and long before he is really 'out of the wood' another car looms in sight. Where there is time to do so the driver invariably drops behind again and starts the whole business over again, but human nature being what it is there is a great temptation to push on just a bit harder and take the consequence. Usually—for one is lucky more often than not—he gets through with about an inch to spare and another tale of ill-mannered driving starts upon its rounds.



'KEPT GOING BY ENTHUSIASM'

Which shows that one must not blame the man who is driving every time. If his car is obviously an old crock kept going largely by its owner's enthusiasm it is much better to blame the car and give the driver the benefit of the doubt and your knowledge of human nature. Agreed?

To Prevent Mud Splashing

One cannot drive far in a car to-day without realizing that rear mudguards are absolutely inadequate. If one drives fast and consequently does a lot of overtaking (or if slowly and is thus often overtaken) a great deal of inconvenience is caused by stones and grit flung up by the rear wheels of the car ahead. In wet weather the fault is even greater and mud spatters over the windscreen, often obscuring

vision to such an extent as to be not only annoying but distinctly dangerous.

It would be an easy matter for makers of cars to bear this in mind and to prevent its occurrence by making mudguards say four or five inches longer.

In any case a flap fitting could easily be marketed which could be attached readily to mudguards, and I have no doubt that owners would be only too pleased to use such a fitment as it would prevent annoyance to others and reduce at the same time the amount of mud which is thrown up on to the rear panels of their own cars.

A Good Samaritan

I recently left Madras for a week end in Bangalore and as usual went up by road. Unfortunately I had reckoned badly in my calculations as to how much petrol I should need—previously I have obtained a good 30 m. p. g. from my bus, but she had just been overhauled and tuned so that I calculated I should get about 25 or 27 out of her. However, I was just on the 'wrong side and I ran out of petrol running up the hill on the road as it enters Bangalore—the nearest all night pump being perhaps half a mile away. As it was raining I did not look forward to a mile tramp for juice, but decided to knock up one of the nearby Indian residents. Choosing a house where a light still glimmered—it was about midnight—I eventually aroused one of the occupants. Yes, he had some petrol in his workshop and this he went to bring. Into the tank went about half a gallon and I dived into the pockets of my shorts willing, nay eager, to pay anything for the petrol which I had so luckily found.

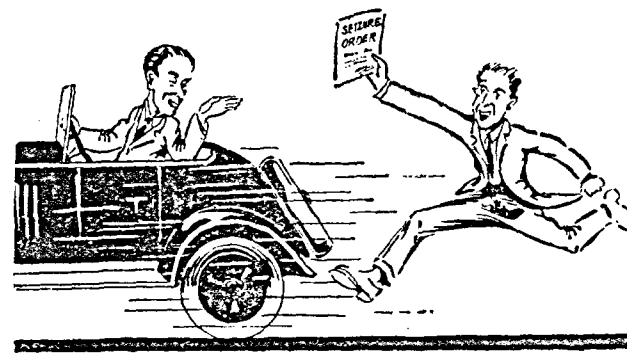
To cut a long story short, however, despite every persuasion and entreaty the owner of the petrol refused to take any money whatever—and he meant it!

I wonder how many other people one could find, anywhere, who could be aroused from sleep, sent some few hundred yards in the rain for petrol for a foolish motorist, almost refuse even thanks and then bid the creator of the disturbance a cheery good night? Not many, my liege lords, not many!

Testing a Wheel

IN order to prove the extraordinary strength of a welded steel spoke the wheel, wheel of a Ford Car that had been burnt practically to nothing was tested. Owing to the terrific heat to which it had been subjected, the metal had already lost all its temper. The rim also was somewhat warped.

Fifteen, that is, half the original total number of spokes, were filed through. The wheel as it was, was fitted to the rear driving side of a new Ford Car, and the car set out with the wheel in this terribly weak



'NUMEROUS DEMANDS FROM TIME TO TIME'

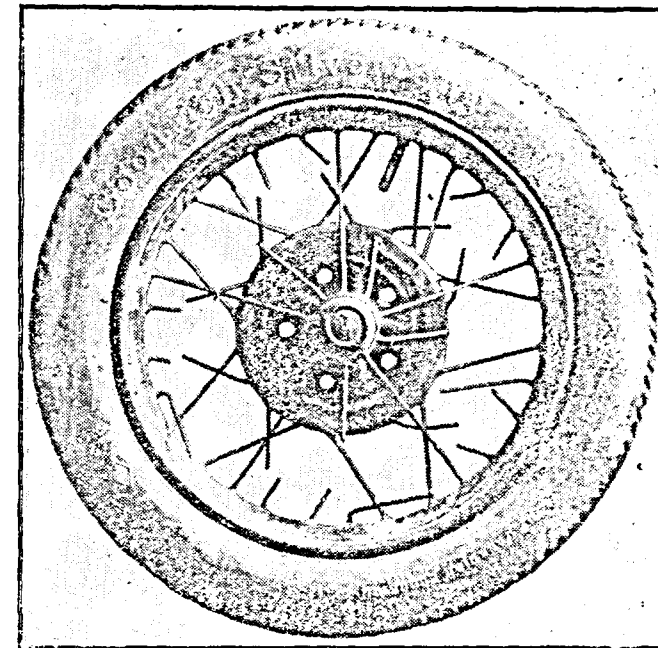
Of Vital Interest

Road safety is a question in which every self-respecting motorist has a great interest. Numerous demands and suggestions have been expressed from time to time, and it is hoped that this mention will not be likened to the last straw which fractured the camel's spine.

Just picture the common form of collision on the road. After the respective occupants of the two vehicles have extricated themselves, they proceed to exchange their views as to the cause of the accident. In a very short period the temperature rises rapidly, and one will say to the other, 'If you had . . .'; to which the other replies, 'If you had only . . .'; and in the end a state of excitement has been reached where neither is sufficiently steady even to write down the name and address of the other man. The debris is then solemnly piled on the side of the road and each owner makes his way home, only to reconstruct the accident with a view to showing that he was entirely in the right and the other man entirely in the wrong.

The case is investigated at length, and anyone who is left to decide who was in the wrong is merely confronted with a host of accusations, most of which cannot be substantiated. Bad feeling is engendered, and some time elapses before the two vehicles are spick and span again and ready for the road.

We in Southern India do not want to be smothered by rules and regulations, but we do want a simple and clear code of understanding. The wild motorist will always be found, and he must be ruthlessly suppressed, for there is no room on our roads for people who are not only a danger to themselves but to all with whom they come in contact, in more senses than one.

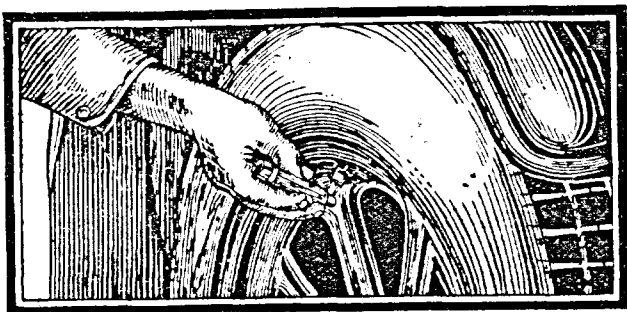


condition, a journey of 54 miles over hilly roads with the surface bad and bumpy in places. The wheel, or the remains of the wheel, had to stand not only the ordinary road shocks but also the driving and breaking strains on hills.

The car and the wheel accomplished the journey safely without a single involuntary stop, and the wheel appeared practically in the same condition as it was at the commencement of the journey. That in itself is good enough if the driver had driven very carefully and used every precaution to spare the wheel, but he did not do that by any means.

The running speed was ordinary touring speed or something slightly above that for the whole journey. The first half of the journey took one hour ten minutes, and the second part of the journey, took 55 minutes. The second part of the journey, too, at the present time is much the rougher section.

Taking Care of your Tyres



The Author Impresses upon Motorists the Necessity of Periodical Pressure Testing to Ensure Long Tyre Life.

THOSE of us who are new to the great motoring game have some sort of idea that within the past few years the car in general and its equipment in detail have considerably improved. But we cannot appreciate just to what extent things are better than they were, and in no respect is this truer than it is of tyres. When we get a puncture on a journey where time is important we are apt to say or think unkind things of the tyre maker, but the two or three minutes now required for the changing of a wheel do not give much time for recrimination, and if we are honest we must admit that punctures are pleasantly rare.

It was not always so. I can remember the time when a run of more than a hundred miles or so without tyre trouble was a rare event. When our tyres in those days were brand new we enjoyed a brief immunity from roadside troubles, but the period of newness was so very short. A total life of 4,000 miles from a tyre was a subject for a testimonial to the makers; to-day it would be just as naturally a subject for a letter of bitter complaint.

Nine times out of ten the modern owner who complains of unduly short tyre life has only himself to blame, for the precautions necessary to ensure satisfactory service from any tyre are simple in the extreme. These precautions may be divided into two main classes—on the road and in the garage—and, naturally, there is a fair amount of overlapping between the two.

Keep up the Pressure

Let it be said at the outset that, provided tyres are kept at their proper pressure, as recommended by the makers, it is only at very widely separated intervals that trouble will be encountered. It is an easily comprehended fact that a tyre running at too low a pressure is much more likely to be punctured than one which is fully inflated, for the simple reason that there is actually a bigger surface on the road, and, therefore, the possibility of running over a nail or other sharp instrument is correspondingly increased. The man who spends a quarter of an hour once a week

going round his tyres with a pressure gauge will seldom have to change a wheel.

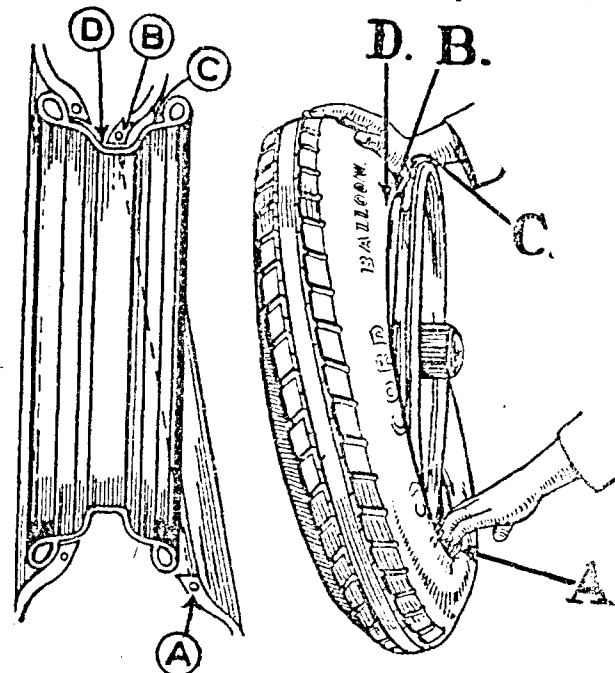
Not only does correct inflation ensure or contribute towards satisfactory life of the tyre itself, it also aids the riding and the roadworthiness of the car. Under-inflation is sometimes commended as a temporary measure for escaping from soft ground and even to reduce skidding on greasy roads, though the latter recommendation is controversial, but these extreme measures to meet special circumstances are very different from desirable regular practice.

Those who use their cars in districts where flint roads are encountered may prolong the life of their tyres considerably, especially after they have run seven or eight thousand miles, by going over them occasionally with a pocket knife and extracting the larger flints which may be found embedded in the tread. I will be honest and say that going over four tyres in this manner at all thoroughly will account for the best part of an hour, and, personally, I have never had the leisure to attempt the task. But for those who have the time and the keenness, the practice is sound economy.

It is surprising how few people really appreciate the ease with which the modern balloon tyre may be removed when a puncture occurs. The older form of beaded edge cover certainly could be troublesome, and I have before now seen three stalwart garagemen subdued and bereft of the power of speech by a really obstinate cover which was too good a fit on the rim for which it was intended.

The process of removal is simplicity itself. In all probability the punctured wheel is still on the spare wheel bracket. All that we have to do is to take off the valve nut, remove the 'inside' in order to release all the remaining air, press *both* the upper edges of the tyre into the well of the rim, after having previously pushed the edge of the tyre, which may be sticking to the sides of the rim, towards the centre all the way round. The pressure of the upper portion of the tyre will push the lower portion of the cover a corresponding

distance away from the centre of the rim, and we have merely to pull this released edge over the side of the rim. In the tool kit will be found a small tool which resembles the handle of a spoon at each end.



THE DIAGRAM SHOWS HOW EASILY A TYRE CAN BE REMOVED FROM A WHEEL-BASE RIM.

This is used to lever the tyre over the rim and save pressure on delicate fingers, but no professional repairer will resort to such a device.

Bad Luck

Those who happen to be so unfortunate as to encounter nails soon after taking delivery of their cars may find that the cover is somewhat hard, and a little additional pressure is necessary. Even so, the pressure on the upper edge of the tyre sufficient to push out the lower edge is quite a light task for a man of average strength.

We now have merely to take out the tube, taking great care that the nail which caused the puncture—and in nine cases out of ten it is a nail or piece of metal of some description—is not still holding the tube, and calculated to cause a tear.

The Actual Repair

With modern material the repair is quite a simple process. The old patch which required solution is dead. The only kind of patch to be considered nowadays is sold with a little piece of white paper or other material covering the specially prepared surface, and you do *not* have to solution it—the solution is *only* applied to the tube. A space of about an inch along the puncture is first of all cleaned with a very small quantity of petrol on a clean rag, after which the tube should be roughened, either with glass-paper or a

special rougher which is invariably included in the repair outfit. The solution is now applied to the tube. Use plenty of it, and rub it well into the surface.

There are still upon the market repair outfits bearing directions 'Leave the tube until it is tacky.' This beastly word 'tacky' has caused more failures with puncture mending than any other word in the language. What somebody originally meant to say was 'Leave the tube until it is dry.' This usually takes about five minutes. When the tube is ready to receive the patch it scarcely will stick to the fingers.

At this stage the patch is set well and truly on, and the job is done.

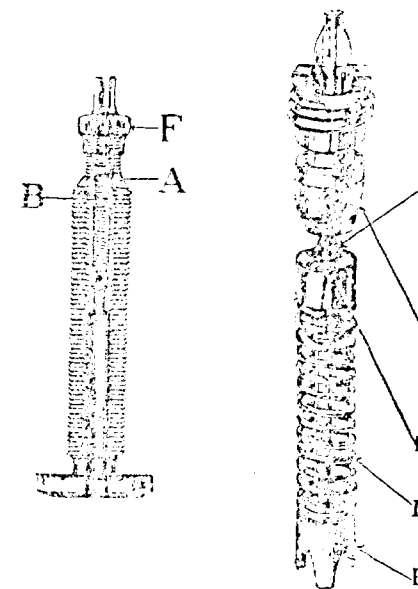
To return the tyre, the valve is first of all inserted in its hole in the rim. It is then given the benefit of two or three strokes of the pump, just sufficient to permit it to assume its natural form—this to prevent the risk of nipping.

Returning the cover is merely a reversal of the process already described in the taking off. The two edges once again are pushed into the rim and the *opposite* end of the cover pushed over the edge. The valve nut is now screwed on and the tyre is ready for inflation. As a precaution against nipping, it might be advisable to give the tyre one or two smart blows with the fist after the first few additional strokes of the pump.

Dealing with the Valve

Strange to relate, there are still folk to whom the Schrader valve fitted to Dunlop tyres is a mystery. Actually it is one of the simplest fittings on the car. It merely consists of a spring holding a rubber seating against a collar, which, when in position, is positively airproof. After long periods, however, this rubber may perish, and the valve fail to hold air, in which case a new 'inside' is indicated.

To replace an 'inside', an inverted valve cap is



SHOWING THE SCHRADER VALVE IN DETAIL.

inserted and the slotted end pushed down the valve stem until it engages with two corresponding flats. Rotation anti-clockwise will bring out the inside complete, and the new one is substituted.

Thousands of motorists have used the Schrader valve in their tubes for years but few realize that with a very little attention its usefulness can be increased over a far greater period than is generally the case.

From the sketch it is seen that the black rubber washer A is merely to make the screwed section air-tight, if tightly screwed into the valve stem at the shoulder A. The vital part of the valve is B a red rubber washer which is held up against C by the tension of the spring D. When air is pumped into a tube, B is pushed away from C and the spring is contracted. If the seating B has dust on it, then the valve will leak. Valves should be occasionally removed and the seating B brushed and kept clean. Petrol or oil should not be used. This slight attention will prolong the life of the valve inside for many months. E is slotted on three sides, the reason being that, when air has to be released from a tube, a freer passage is made inside the spring. E also acts as a retainer for the lower end of the spring.

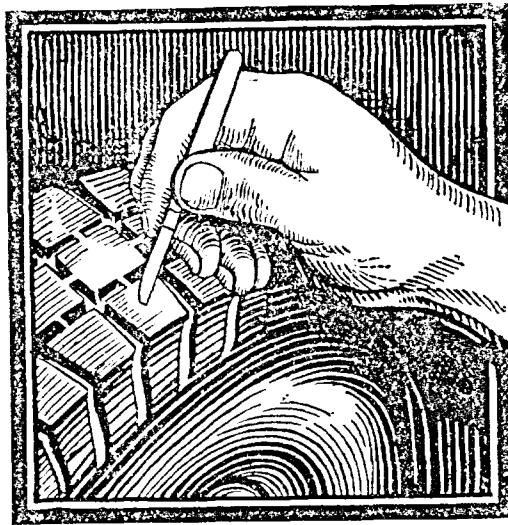
The valve cap F contains a concave washer and, when screwed to the top of the valve stem, makes the stem air-tight even if the valve seating B

is leaking. It further prevents dust and grit to enter the valve and clog under the seating B.

A simple equation to remember—

B clean and F on = Air tightness and longer life of valve.

A leaking valve can easily be detected by testing with an egg cup full of water. The end of the valve is immersed in the water—it seems unnecessary to add that this is effected quite easily when the valve is at the zenith of its travel—and bubbles will indicate a faulty inside. In rare cases a leakage occurs at the base of the valve, which is remedied by tightening up the large nut fastening it to the tube.



THE REMOVAL OF FLINTS AND STONES FROM A TYRE IS TIME WELL SPENT.

Watch the Wheels

Misalignment of wheels is one of the most frequent causes of excessive tyre wear, and if the treads of tyres show a sort of cross-grain in their wear marking, the wheel alignment should be suspected and checked immediately. It is possible for the amateur to do this simple job for himself, but

far better is it for him to take his car to a garage or tyre service station where there is a proper instrument on the reading of which reliance may be placed. The checking will generally be done free, though, of course, checking is not rectifying the fault.

Catalogues Received

MESSRS. STANDARD MOTOR ELECTRIC WORKS send us leaflets describing Universal Batteries which are marketed in Southern India by this firm. These describe in detail the reason why Universal Batteries have a long life and give unfailing service. Apparently Universal Batteries in company with others attribute their dependability to the hardness and capacity of the plates which, the Universal Battery people claim, have been fitted. Double insulation is used to prevent short circuiting within the cells and wood separators are of fine grained cedar and added insulation is gained by perforated rubber separators which prolong the life of the positive plates by acting as a retainer and preventing excessive dropping of active material or paste within the plates.

We understand also that Messrs. Standard Electric Motor Works are at all times willing to explain the advantages of this battery to any interested South India motor owners, and also to send their leaflets mentioned on receipt of a postcard, mentioning this journal.

Stewart Trucks

We have received from Messrs. Rajagopalan Motor Works the local Stewart truck distributors, full descriptive catalogue of Stewart trucks and buses which have proved so dependable under South India conditions.

The Stewart truck is a soundly built substantial job designed for hard work and speedy passenger carrying. The distributor informs us that $\frac{3}{4}$, 1 ton and $1\frac{1}{2}$ ton chassis are working very satisfactorily indeed all over Southern India, and that not only do these trucks ensure economy and reliability for their owners, but they also assist the production of business owing to their neat and powerful appearance.

In a subsequent issue of the *South India Motor Owner* we hope to describe fully the range of trucks marketed by Messrs. Rajagopalan Motor Works when readers interested in commercial transport will have the opportunity of reading how these trucks behave under the test conditions usually imposed by the *South India Motor Owner* drivers.

First Road Test of the New Singer 'Six'

Amazing Acceleration and Top Gear Performance; Excellent Suspension

WHEN a new car is introduced, the motoring public examines it mainly with regard to four important points: appearance, comfort, performance and price. The first and the last present no difficulty, but comfort and performance can only be judged by an actual trial run on the road.

Thus when details of the new six-cylinder Singer were published, I felt that so far as I was concerned the car was but 'half-born'. That its appearance left nothing to be desired I had judged from photographs and that its price was 'right' was only too obvious. But that its comfort and performance could be in keeping with its good looks, seemed almost too much to expect. Let me say at once that I have had a trial run of the new Singer, and that it more than fulfils the claims made for it.

A new model of a famous make always acts as a magnet to motoring correspondents and to obtain a trial run is sometimes a matter of real difficulty.

In company with a representative of the works, I set off in one of the new saloons. The engine was stone cold—I checked this before taking my seat—but it responded at once to the starter. There was perhaps nothing remarkable in this, but what was remarkable was the power which was at once developed.

Many expensive cars, of both the four and six-cylinder type, are very 'lumpy' when cold, and spit back in an unpleasant fashion if full throttle is offered them within the first few miles. Not so this new Singer Saloon which costs a very modest sum. Naturally the power from stone cold was not so great as when the engine was comfortably warmed up, but there was no choking whatever. Had it not been for the slight stiffness of the gear-lever, indicating cold oil in the box, I should have thought that everything had been warmed up nicely for me!

One of the claims made for this car is that it is a wonderful 'puller'. It is credited with speeds of from 5 to 55 m.p.h. in top gear. When but a mile from the works, therefore, I turned sharply from the main street up a steep hill on the left. I am not aware of the gradient, but it was a hill which would have caused most six-cylinder engines to knock in a most forceful manner. The Singer took it in top without demur, without a knock or a tinkle. Moreover it accelerated all the way, so that whilst we were doing

only 7 m.p.h. at the bottom we had reached nearly 20 m.p.h. in some 200 yards.

Next, on the level, I proceeded to test the 5 to 55 m.p.h. claim. Believe me, it is conservative. With every cylinder firing evenly, we travelled at well under 5 m.p.h. in top gear; in fact, the speed was so

low that the speedometer took no interest in it: Then I stepped hard on the pedal, and found that the engine knew all about the art of accelerating. In an amazingly short time we reached 55 m.p.h. and had road conditions allowed it, I feel sure that this could have been exceeded.

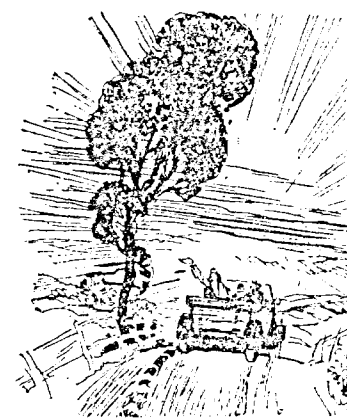
Later in the day I tested the car's speed in second gear, and found that 35 m.p.h. was easily attainable. There was little noise, too, from the gear-box and changes were easy to effect. But with a top gear performance such as this car possesses, the languid driver will find little need for gear-changing.

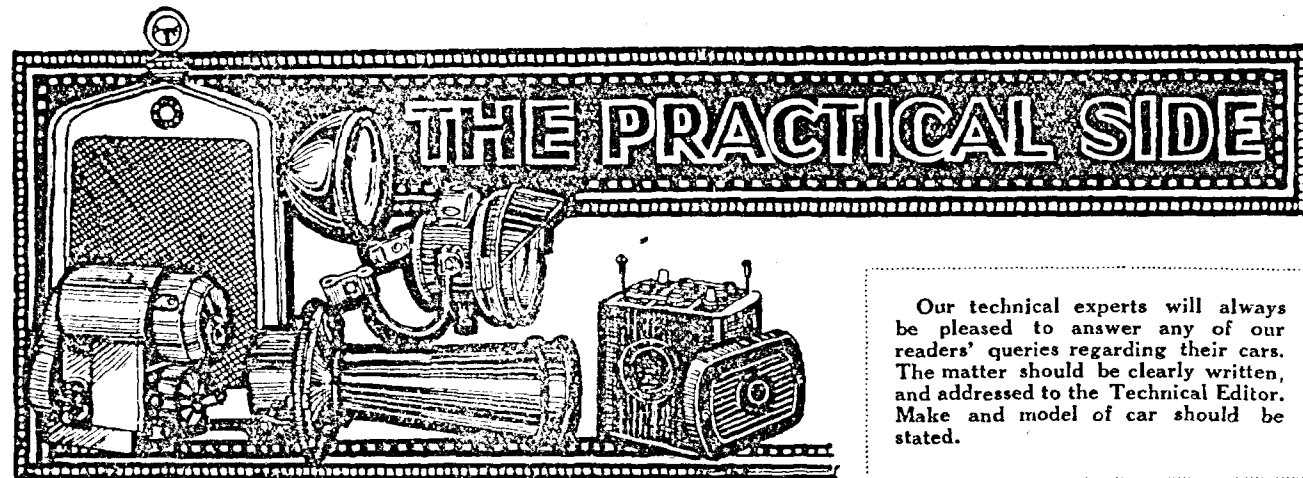
Throughout the range of speeds the engine ran sweetly and smoothly, there being no unpleasant periods. The transmission was silent and there were no body noises; the same cannot truthfully be said of many cars costing very much more.

The suspension I found to be excellent. The new Singer, compared with many six-cylinders, is a light car, yet it rode rough surfaces like a finely sprung heavy weight. This extreme comfort extends equally to the rear seat which, incidentally, provides more leg and elbow-room than one would expect in a car of this size. The brakes, too, proved to be most smooth and effective, and like other components of the car were silent in operation.

One last word as to the first and last of those four points so important to the motorist—appearance and price. Photographs are sometimes misleading, but that of the Singer is a true picture of the car. It is low built and of extremely pleasing lines. The car I tested was finished in light blue and dark blue, but other two-tone schemes, to suit the most fastidious tastes, are offered.

Prices and specification must be regarded hand in hand. I cannot go into details here, but I may mention that the equipment includes wire wheels, Triplex glass throughout, bumpers front and rear, hydraulic shock absorbers, leather upholstery and chromium plating. At its price of the new car obviously represents the last word in value for money.





Our technical experts will always be pleased to answer any of our readers' queries regarding their cars. The matter should be clearly written, and addressed to the Technical Editor. Make and model of car should be stated.

Tuning Hints

A series of articles written entirely to aid motorists who are in the 'back of beyond' where technical advice is not available

Carbonization

THE formation of carbon is again a matter where an intelligent driver can make a great difference. Carbon consists, among other things, of lubricating oil burnt up by the heat of the engine, and we shall see that the suggestions already made with regard to fit of pistons and piston rings, and the advisability of keeping the oil fresh in the crankcase, have two bearings on this. In the first place, oil, which has been in use for a long time, and which may have become to some extent diluted, has not the same lubricating value as fresh oil, and therefore does not keep the engine cool.

There is thus a greater liability of the formation of carbon; while slack-fitting pistons or rings allow excess oil to reach the combustion head, where, of course, maximum engine heat is developed. We can see, then, that an attentive driver can materially increase the mileage at which decarbonization becomes necessary. When decarbonizing, too much stress cannot be placed upon the importance of removing every particle of carbon, not only from the obvious places, but also from around the valve pockets and the grooves which contain the piston rings. Many owners, when decarbonizing, think it sufficient merely to remove the carbon from the tops of the pistons and from the cylinder heads. After every trace of carbon

has been removed, the surfaces should be thoroughly rubbed down with emery cloth (in the case of cast iron pistons only—for aluminium ordinary metal polish is best). Carbon adheres much more readily to a rough surface than to a polished one.

It is not possible to lay down any hard and fast rule as to when an engine requires 'de-coking'. This varies entirely with each car depending on the normal running temperature of the engine, the oil circulation, the loads carried, etc. Of course the cleaner an engine is kept, the better: and an owner who takes care in this respect will never suffer from knocking or 'pinking'. This is almost always a sign of the presence of carbon, which becomes incandescent, causing pre-ignition. I say 'almost' because some sports cars with a high compression ratio may need a benzol mixture, and may knock when run on ordinary fuels.

There is another important point to be remembered. I began by saying that carbon consists of a large portion of burnt lubricating oil. An analysis, however, would show that more than one-third actually consists of road dust and grit drawn into the engine through the air intake of the carburettor. An air cleaner fitted to the carburettor ensures that only clean air is used and would automatically reduce by one-third the amount of carbon formed.

Tuning for Speed

The main enemy to power and speed is friction, and to make an engine run with minimum friction is a costly process as regards time. It is, however, most interesting work, and the result will repay the labour, while no specialized knowledge is required, at least for a great part of it. We can assume that a careful running-in period has freed all the engine bearings and other frictional surfaces, so that there is very little resistance when the engine is turned over with the sparking plugs removed. If the engine is very stiff to turn, and oil drag is not the cause, it is as well to have an inspection carried out by an expert.

We know that the inlet and exhaust gases travel at very high velocities, and a little thought will show us that any sharp corners or roughness in the valve ports will offer considerable resistance, setting up eddies and friction. If we spend time in smoothing and polishing the inlet and exhaust ports, we shall obtain quite a noticeable increase in speed. More fresh gas, in a better state of vaporization, will be drawn into the cylinders, while back pressure on the exhaust gases will be reduced.

Getting a fine polish on carefully smoothed cylinder ports takes time. The work is best carried out with a selection of round and half-round files, bent to suit the curves of the ports. After rubbing down all the rough surfaces, and getting the port contours dead smooth, so that minimum resistance is offered to gas flow, a bright polish is obtained by rubbing with various grades of emery cloth, from coarse to very fine. At the same time we can carry out beneficial work on the inside of the cylinder head, smoothing and polishing it. This improves turbulence of the gases, and removes any rough projections which might cause pre-ignition.

The work now put in will be found to have given quite a noticeable addition to the speed, but it must be remembered that with every such gain we really come under a new set of conditions. The increased rate of maximum revolutions now attainable means that the magneto should be timed with a little extra advance beyond the maker's setting. Also the valves at highest speed have now a shorter time interval in which to open and close, so that stronger springs are advisable, to make them follow the cam contour properly.

Lightness Essential

These two alterations will be found to have caused a further slight increase in speed, and we are now beginning actually to leave the realms of owner-driver tuning, so that further work comes rather under the heading of tuning for amateur racing. At high engine speed much power is absorbed in moving even small reciprocating parts like tappets. Lightness everywhere is essential; and, if we desire to embark on such alterations, it will be found necessary to hollow out the valve heads, lighten the pistons and connecting rods, and make other considerable alterations from standard. We assume, however, that the ordinary owner driver will stop short of this stage, and probably his only alteration from standard, not counting extra magneto advance and stronger valve springs already mentioned, would be the fitting of a set of sparking plugs better suited to high speed. The carburettor might also need alteration: but if the instrument already on the car can deliver in sufficient quantity what practically amounts to a perfect gas, no change would be necessary for road work. If the carburettor is too small to pass the full quantity of gas required for maximum speed, a very marked improvement will be noticed by fitting a larger carburettor.

A Matter of Adjustment

Certain good makes of carburettors, such as the Zenith and Solex are quite capable of being adjusted to give a larger quantity of gas to cope with an increased engine speed.

After such modifications have been made to the engine as suggested in the foregoing, a larger choke tube should be fitted in the carburettor (should one be available), and correspondingly larger jets in addition. This will ensure the cylinders being filled as completely as possible at the maximum speed.

In this respect the Zenith has one very important advantage, as one can easily test at small expense, if want of speed is due to carburation. By fitting a larger choke tube with the necessary suitable jets, there should be an immediate increase in speed. If there is not, the carburettor is not at fault. To this point we shall return again.

(To be continued)

Ford Cars in the Ulster T. T.

STANDARD TOURING CARS VERSUS FAMOUS SPEED MODELS

The New Ford entries in the Ulster T. T. were practically the only completely-equipped standard Touring Cars in a field of racing models, and therefore their achievement has aroused unusual interest. How they put up their wonderful average speed, is described below.

MANY successes have been scored by the New Ford in the last few months, but perhaps never before has it put up so splendid a performance, as that of the two Ford touring cars that ran in the Ulster T. T. Race.

The race provided remarkable evidence of the speed, stability, and staying powers of the New Ford. So severe were the conditions that every other car in the same class as the Fords—and they included racing cars bearing some of the most famous names in the automobile racing world—retired before the end of the race, but both the Ford cars were still running at the finish. Not only so, but these ordinary touring cars, completely equipped even to their bumpers, put up the wonderful average speeds of 54.7 m.p.h. and 52.4 m.p.h. respectively, on a course abounding in hills and hairpin bends, with the roads and streets often wet and treacherous.

As a demonstration of what the ordinary standard model, as sold to the public and displayed in every dealer's showrooms, can do, the Ford performance was undoubtedly unique. It is for this reason that it has aroused unusual interest. Competitive events will always be thrilling, but from the viewpoint of the average motorist, races have little practical interest if important adaptations are made to obtain much better performance than can be expected from standard models. Hence the decision to enter tourers differing in no way from those sold to the public. It was

recognized that they were in competition with cars built essentially for speed, or adapted to give high speeds, but it was thought that the result would be infinitely more interesting to Ford owners.

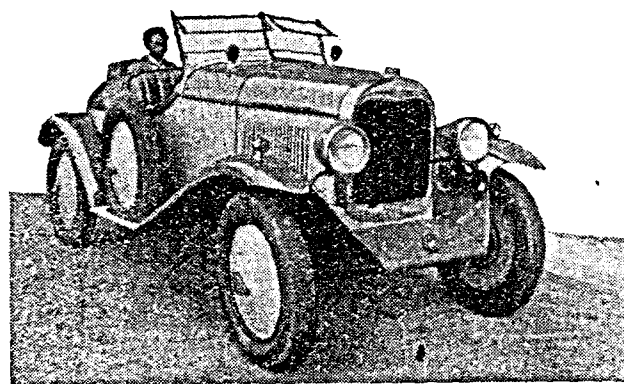
Two New Fords were entered for the race. The nominated drivers of one were A. S. Wright (who drove so finely in last year's Ulster T.T.) and W. Waugh, and of the other G. F. Masterson and J. R. Cuthbertson. They were entered in Class D, for cars over 2,000 c.c. and up 3,000 c.c. which included well-known racing cars such as the Bugatti (6 entries), and an Austro-Daimler.

On the Tuesday before the race, it was learned with some concern that G. F. Masterson, who was to drive No. 58, was indisposed. The car was

actually driven, by F. McDowell, who had never driven a Ford car until the Tuesday on which the nominated driver fell ill.

As soon as the flag dropped at the start of the race, it was clear that the Ford drivers were going to lose no seconds if the loss was avoidable. At the signal drivers and mechanics had to run across the road, lower the hood (in the case of the Ford cars, put on a dust cover as well) get into their cars, start the engine with the self-starter, and get away. In the case of one of the Fords, all this was done and the car was away from the pit in 20 seconds.

The pace was hot from the start, and quite early in the race, well-known names began to fall out. The Fords earned a special share of applause as they flashed



THE 'OAKESFORD SPECIAL,' A MADRAS BUILT MODEL
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by, often hard on the heels of one of the famous racing cars, and frequently passing cars of much greater power. Their cornering was one of their most outstanding achievements, and those who had the good fortune to be at the bad corners marvelled at the way in which the Fords were able to negotiate difficulties that were responsible for many failures.

It was when the rain came that the real thrills of the race began. Drivers were taking corners at the highest possible speed, well knowing that, if they were met by an unexpected obstacle, such as a crashed car, their brakes would be of little use to them. Cars were skidding in all directions, and, naturally, the Fords frequently seemed to be involved in almost inextricable difficulties. Thanks to their remarkable road-holding powers, and the skill of the drivers, they were brought into control again, and the disasters that overtook many other cars from this cause were avoided.

Hundreds of people in the crowd yelled their astonishment at the speed with which the Ford drivers were taking corners and other difficult stretches of the course. In other places their speed was scarcely less astonishing. On some of the slight inclines both cars reached a speed of 75 m.p.h., and down Bradshaw's Brae they were seen to be passing most cars except the big Mercedes.

Particularly cheering to those in the Ford pits, however, was the magnificent way in which the cars were standing up to their work without fuss or bother. News came of this and that retirement from a variety of causes, mechanical failure prominent among them, but the Ford cars went on and on without a single hitch. Apart from replenishing them with oil and petrol, nothing was done to either car throughout the run. Despite the high speeds being obtained, it was not even necessary to add water to the radiators.

The applause won by the Fords was redoubled as lap succeeded lap, and Nos. 58 and 59 were still to be seen among the fast diminishing number of cars. As the end of the race became nearer, every other car in Class D had found the pace too hot and had left the Fords as sole representatives of the 2,000 c.c. category. Some of the cars thus outrun were expensive 8-cylindered supercharged models, and all of them, of course, were far more costly cars than the Ford.

So well were the cars running, even toward the end of the race, that little anxiety was felt as to their ability to finish. There was great jubilation, however, when both cars finally completed the 25 laps, and one of the aims with which they were entered

was achieved. It had been shown that a standard touring car could stay the course in competition with some of the most expensive racing cars in the world.

Later, the official times showed that the second aim had also been accomplished, both cars having increased the average put up by the New Ford in last year's race. The car driven by Mr. Wright completed the 25 laps at an average speed of 54.7 m.p.h., and that driven by Mr. McDowell at an average speed of 52.4 m.p.h. Both drivers are to be congratulated on putting up these notable speeds, that of Mr. McDowell being remarkable in view of the short time he had driven a Ford.

At the conclusion of the race, many people were intrigued to see car No. 59 being driven away to Belfast, carrying seven passengers and 264 lbs. of ballast.

There is little doubt that the achievement of the Ford entries in this year's race made a deep impression on those who saw it, and that thousands more motorists will welcome this practical way of showing the capabilities of the car. It will be agreed that such a performance would be remarkable in far more expensive cars not specially prepared for racing, and the result proved once again that the price of the New Ford is no gauge of its remarkable qualities.

Motoring in America

When an American oil magnate finds himself hard pressed to get rid of his surplus, says a writer in 'THE AUTOCAR', he simply builds a few filling stations, much in the manner of Versailles or the Taj Mahal. Most motorists would swoon away at such an affair as, for instance, a station at Colorado Springs.

Here is a vast corner, with velvet turf and immaculate drives, occupied by what looks like a Georgian manor house. Eight glittering glass pumps, dozens of varlets rushing to fill the radiator, inspect the oil and test the tyres. Like bottles in a royal nursery, long rows of speckless jars, each with its particular grade of oil, await Lorenzo in his Ford or Chevrolet. Water is rushed into radiators by magnificent trigger-nozzled hose, wielded by a flunkey in dazzling 'whites'. Free road maps, a lavatory of blinding cleanliness—and Ritz-Carlton dimensions, ice water—let me see, have I left out anything? No, there was no orchestra and no fountains.

And while I took aboard ten gallons there, I was the only customer in the place.

NINE SOLID REASONS

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THE NEW MODEL "A"

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COMFORT

FLEXIBILITY

POWER

PERFORMANCE

**EASE OF
CONTROL**

SAFETY

AND

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Other cars are priced slightly higher than FORD, but is the same in built quality there? We say no! Let us prove it. The equipment furnished with FORDS, and not obtainable on other cars, would cost you nearly Rs. 300 to buy. FORD is therefore approximately Rs. 400 lower in price than a six cylinder car sold at the price of a four.

RUNNING COSTS LESS THAN ANY SIX

It costs much less to maintain a four-roomed house than it does a six-roomed house and the same applies in a like manner to cars. The FORD four cylinder has two pistons and four valves less than a six. It has 50 per cent less working parts, 50 per cent less friction and 50 per cent less wear than any six cylinder car—therefore it is more economical in petrol and oil.

RESALE VALUE HIGHEST

If you buy a new car to-day and the makers turn out a new model next year, the resale value of your car is materially affected. FORD does not change models annually. Ford parts are always available and as improvements are so arranged that parts are interchangeable your car can always be up-to-date and a head of the times.

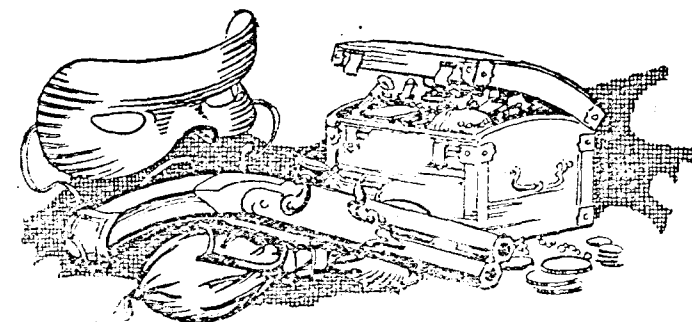
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MADRAS.

Modern Highwaymen in England



The motorist home on leave is often troubled by the types described in this article

SOUTH INDIA MOTORISTS home on leave usually take every advantage of the almost perfect road conditions and probably the greater part of their holiday is spent behind the wheel. Motoring in England, however, has reached the stage of perfection when it is inevitable that abuse of the average motorists' hospitality is quite a common occurrence, and many South India motor owners recently returned from leave report sadly on their experiences with undesirable passengers.

No one objects to giving a wayfarer a lift. If a motorist has seats to spare and has the time to stop and take a passenger aboard, he is usually only too pleased to offer the hospitality of his car to any pedestrian he may overtake, irrespective of his station in life. We think we are right in saying that the majority of car owners, from time to time, do their good deed for the day by giving a seat to a less fortunate individual.

This generosity has led to the creation of a sort of luxury tramp. Many of these unfortunate gentry disdain to walk from one workhouse to another and demand, almost as a right, a lift from any motorist they may hold up upon the road. And if for any reason it is refused—as might easily happen if a motorist were going to pick up friends farther along the road—a torrent of abuse is not uncommonly forthcoming.

As already stated, no one who can conveniently do so would wish to deny a lift to these unhappy outcasts, although a father of a family would be justified in considering the possibilities of contagion. Moreover, the motorist must not forget that if he gives a lift to persons on the road he (or his insurance company) is responsible for any injury they might sustain as the result of a collision absolutely beyond his control.

It is regrettable, too, that in a large number of instances the request for a lift is followed by a demand for money, and if this is not complied with the passenger is likely to express his disapproval in no uncertain manner.

It might be a good thing if an example were made of one or two of these latter-day highwaymen, both for the benefit of motorists and also for the decently conducted down-and-out wayfarer to whom everybody wishes to extend his sympathy in practical fashion.

The Tipping Nuisance

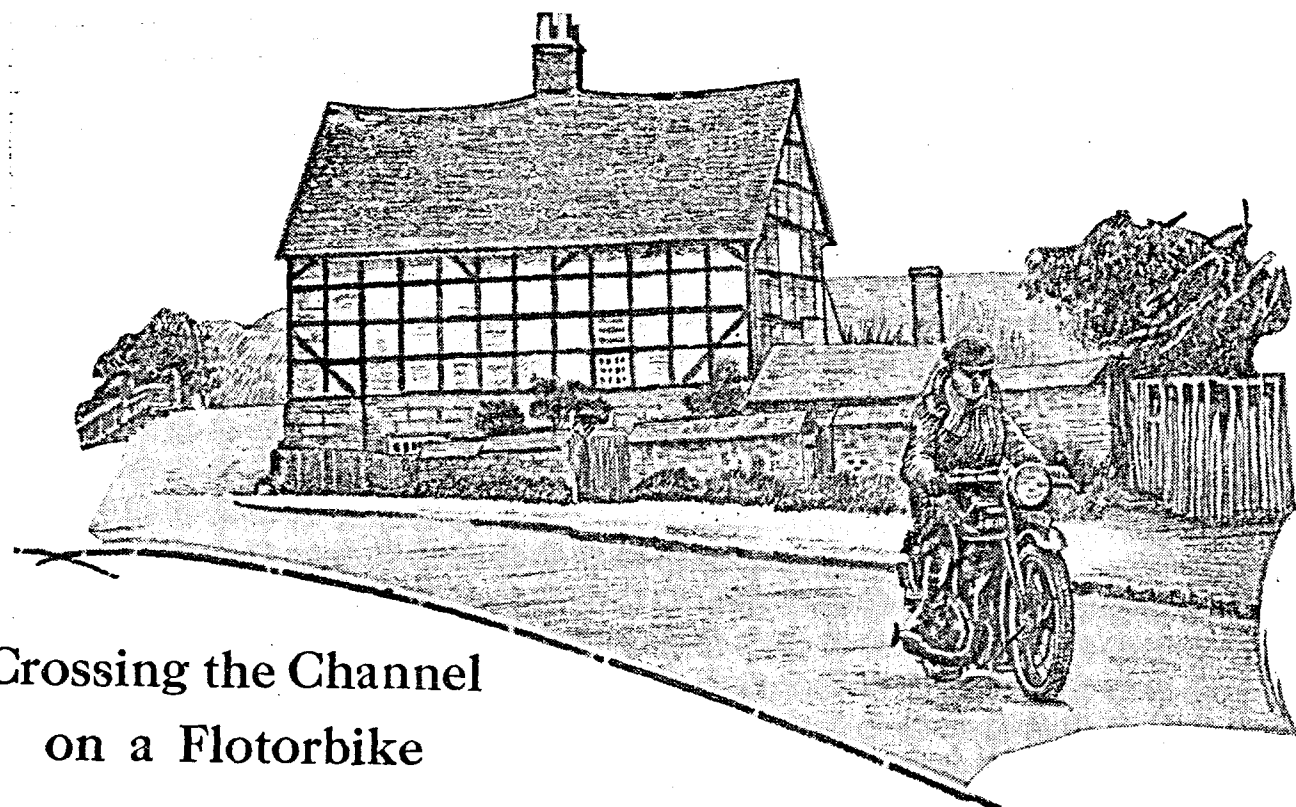
We often hear complaints raised against the practice of tipping garage hands and parking attendants, but the fact is that men home on leave are largely responsible for the practice in the first place. There are employees the world over who are never averse to taking that which they have not earned, but it must be admitted that they receive perpetual encouragement.

The garage company which has resolutely set its face against the tipping nuisance is undoubtedly bestowing a blessing on the motoring movement long overdue. For some reason or other, although one can go into any town in the country and garage a car without being expected to hand a gratuity to one or more of the hands, in London, especially at the theatre rush hours, it has long been a custom to distribute largess to employees if one wants to get either civility or attention.

This means that the individual who can afford the biggest tip can frequently get his car away out of his turn, and the not too affluent car owner who encounters a number of men better off as regards worldly goods than in the matter of a sense of good form, may be the victim of exasperating delay.

There is really no reason why a garage attendant should be tipped, unless he has performed some specific service for the donor. Moreover, there is always the uncertainty in a strange garage that a proffered tip may be resented by a man who—quite rightly—considers himself above the menial classes who accept tips as a matter of course, although in London garages such men are very much the exception.

Motor Cycling Topics



Crossing the Channel on a Flotorbike

Mr. H. S. Perrey recounts some of the more amusing and interesting
Episodes of his recent Motor Cycle ride from Dover to Calais and back

SOME months ago, the growing popularity of out-board motor-boating attracted my attention and it occurred to me that I might be able to construct a craft which would enable me to use my motor cycle on the water.

Resisting the temptation to rush in where angels fear to tread, I consulted people who are expert in the matter of hulls, propellers, transmission systems, and, in fact, boats in general, with the result that I finally obtained what I wanted. Incidentally, this was not all done simply for fun, but largely because I thought that running an air-cooled engine on half-throttle or so for several hours at a speed of only 8-10 m.p.h. would constitute a severe test and would be likely to teach various valuable lessons. But that is another story.

After testing my novel craft on the Thames, I took it down to Dover, having made up my mind to cross to Calais and back in it. That may sound pretty simple, but the deeper one delves into the project, the more he realizes that this cross-channel business is not entirely a tea party!

For one thing, although the distance is not much over twenty miles as measured on any self-respecting map, it is in practice very much greater because of

the very strong currents which are set up in this narrow strip of water by the action of the tides and the winds. And it is by no means imagination only which causes one to believe that at any moment the sea in one's immediate neighbourhood is travelling in the wrong direction at an almost incredible velocity.

Then again, there is the fact that, even when the sea off Dover looks calm and smooth, it isn't really! Those same currents cause very choppy patches to be scattered about here and there indiscriminately all over the Channel, and it is not for nothing that this journey even in a passenger vessel has an evil reputation.

Fortunately for me, my expert advisers had served me well and the 'Ariel' flotorbike, as someone promptly christened it, behaved magnificently. The motor boat which accompanied me, on the other hand, was very 'lively' and its occupants had to hold on pretty tight. Standing up in it was almost impossible, but I and my passenger could walk about the two floats of our machine with ease and comfort.

In fact, on one occasion during the return journey, when we were passing through one of the many floating masses of sea-weed which we encountered,

I sent 'the crew' aft to keep the propeller clear of weed. To do this, he had to recline on one of the floats and when his job was finished for the moment, finding the recumbent position to his liking, he passed gently into a deep slumber! Possibly because the exhaust of my engine drowned his snores, I did not realize what had happened until the occupants of the pilot boat drew my attention to this gross dereliction of duty!

Feeling that his action amounted almost to mutiny on the high seas, I proceeded to kick him into the scuppers, but owing to the fact that we had no scuppers and that the deck of the float was only three feet wide, my brutal assault nearly sent him overboard!

Apart from keeping an eye on 'the crew,' that pilot boat was very useful. For one thing, nobody

yet seems to have bothered to put down white lines, sign posts and lovely flashing red lamps in the Channel at all the cross roads—which seem to be particularly numerous. And I was not at all sure whether I ought to change over at half-time from the left hand rule of the road, which persists in England, to the right hand habit which is the vogue in France! So it was very useful to have someone about who understood these things.

Even so, the 'Ariel' nearly got into trouble owing entirely to the curiosity of a large Latvian yacht which got quite excited about us. Apparently some person or persons aboard here wanted to have a good close look at us, so they nearly ran us down in the process and I am still wondering if they understood the good plain English with which, severally and jointly, we greeted them.

Life's Too Short for Groping

Choose an objective and go after it!

IT is a fact that the world makes way for the man who knows where he is going! I made it a point to ask one hundred men during the past few months a very pointed question, namely, 'Where will you be five years from to-day?' If I remember correctly, only two out of the hundred had the slightest idea! They were merely in the world, figuratively speaking, without knowing where they were going or at what time they would arrive!

Isn't it true that accomplishment and recognition are two things of which any man may be justly proud? Let's stop for a moment and analyse their requisites. Most successful men and most successful organizations have a clearcut definite working policy. They impress that fact so firmly on the mind of the public that when we are in the market for something they have to offer, we instinctively turn to them for our needs. It is an easy matter for anyone to stand on the sidelines and determine just what they are doing because their policy and their course of action are so plainly discernible that their methods are easily followed! The Law of Success is like the Law of Mathematics—two plus two equals four—and you may easily determine from an analysis of your assets and liabilities what has to be added to, and what has to be subtracted from, your present qualifications to enable you to succeed!

Nine men out of ten fail to reach an objective because they are too easily stampeded! They cringe under the fire of the first resistance they meet and immediately begin to sell themselves ideas on how it can't be done instead of figuring a way to do it!

It is said that when George Westinghouse presented his air-brake to the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he was severely ridiculed. But later, the

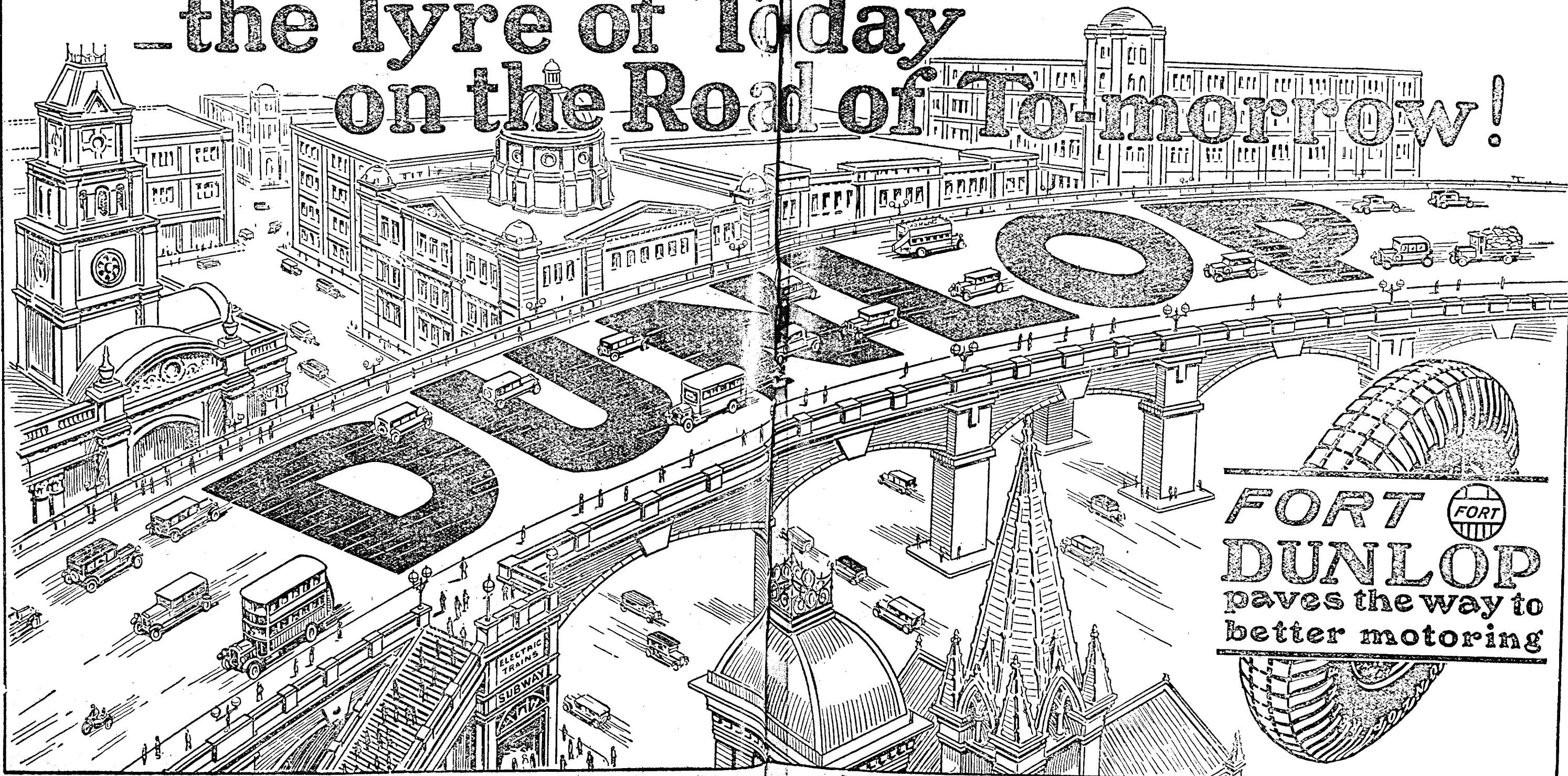
story goes, the officials came to him and asked permission to buy his air-brake. There are always plenty of people who will give you a lot of advice as to how it can't be done. It is said that on the day Fulton was to give the demonstration of his steam boat on the Hudson River, a group of old timers gathered on the bank to see what was going to happen. A lot of the old boys unanimously agreed that he'd never start her. When the boat finally was under way, they turned to each other and began to say, 'He'll never stop her; he'll never stop her.' And to-day, as you know, steam boat travel is universal.

Do not allow any influence of any sort or description deter you from your purpose or your goal! Definitely determine where you are going and how you are going to get there; and refuse to allow any obstacle of any kind to swerve you from your purpose—because life's too short for groping! Choose an objective and go after it!

Let no motorist imagine that when his licence is demanded by a policeman, he has twenty-four hours to produce it. The law takes no account of this period of grace, and, although in most districts the common-sense idea is honoured, in others there will be the liability of a summons, and a fine, for 'failing to produce'.

Several accidents have recently occurred which were directly attributed to the fact that the driver of a saloon car could not see a tail-lamp perched upon the top of a high van. The position of tail-lamps, within reasonable limits, should be standardized. So also should the height above the ground of bumpers. One is glad to see that more and more owners of old type vans and trucks are adopting these excellent fittings. They are a first class investment.

-the Tyre of Today on the Road of To-morrow!



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better motoring

Renovating the Car in your Spare Time

A few tips by one who has tried them out

IT is apparent, of course, that before one thinks of renovating the car in any way it must be given a thoroughly good hosing down and washing generally. Then will be revealed the sundry odd patches from which paint has chipped away, leaving a rusted surface and similar blemishes which one should make serious endeavours to hide up as far as possible in order that the old car should have a presentable appearance.

Although washing sounds a very simple procedure, it is not, in fact, always carried out with the degree of care and efficiency that one might give it. It is preferable, of course, to have a hose with which to spray the water all over the car, but we would suggest that a small spray pump be used in conjunction with a fairly large pail of water. On the under-carriage and under the wings a fairly forceful jet is necessary to get rid of the excessive amount of mud and dirt which generally accumulates thereon. Sponges and leathers are needed as well, together with brushes—not too stiff, however—for the wheels and chassis. On no account is it wise to use a brush on the bodywork.

The process of cleaning can be carried out in the following order:—Spray the water freely to get rid of the mud and heavy dirt. Any greasy accumulation on the chassis can be removed with the aid of a paraffin-soaked rag, but here, again, you must take care not to let it get into contact with the more delicate paintwork of the body. Having sprayed the lower part of the car well, before doing any more on this, the coachwork should be hosed over, then sponged down, and finally leathered, after which one can complete the work entailed on the lower parts.

So far, so good. Before polishing the car, it is preferable to carry out what touching-up will be necessary. As to what preparation you use, namely, enamel or cellulose, depends upon the existing finish of the car. If it be an ordinary finish, then, of course, one would use enamel, and cellulose paints in the case of cellulose finishes. Invariably you will find that, after a car has been in use for a year or two, the paint will have chipped away from the edges of the wings and on the valances.

Touching up Paintwork

It is of no use to attempt to apply fresh paint over a rusted surface. In fact, it is purely waste of time, for within a very short period, the fresh stuff will have chipped away again, leaving the same glaring and ugly blemishes. You must rub down the rust with a piece of emery cloth until a bright metal surface has been obtained, quite free from rust; then clean the affected part, finishing with petrol or turpentine to remove any grease, and apply the first coat. When thoroughly dry, this should be rubbed down a little and a second coat applied, and a third in due course, to bring the level of the paint up to approximately that of the old surface. It is no use, of course, to expect that this touching-up will produce the same appearance as an

undamaged surface if the original paintwork is ordinary varnish-finished. It will not, but it will certainly be far more attractive than a surface with which is mingled a lot of rusty patches. With cellulose, of course, the touching-up, if carried out carefully, can be made almost undiscernible, which is a great advantage of this finish.

With regard to the edges of the wing, for example, if this be badly chipped, you could rub it down for the whole length and then touch it up, and this would, of course, have a better effect than a series of small re-painted parts. It is interesting to mention that parts rubbed down to the bare metal can be brought up to the level of the old paint by the use of stopping pastes readily obtainable. It should be applied with a knife until it is just above the level of the surrounding surface and then rubbed down.

The hood on a touring car and the fabric roof of some types of saloon lose their colour after a year or two of use, and quite possibly mar the appearance of an otherwise neat-looking car. The deft use of a brush and suitable hood paints will soon make up this deficiency and, additionally, make them rainproof. It is not at all a bad plan to give the chassis frame, axles and under carriage a coat of black paint or enamel. It certainly gives a considerably fresher appearance to the car.

So much for the touching-up process. Do not forget, however, that there is quite a lot to clean up under the bonnet, and this can best be done with the aid of a paraffin-soaked rag to remove any surplus oil which may have condensed from the oil fumes on to the sides of the engine or leaked from the valve-gear covering.

The interior is an important part that should receive attention. If the upholstery has become shabby to any extent, the fitting of new upholstery covers will greatly improve the general appearance, whilst torn and ragged floor mats should be replaced by new ones—they are not very expensive. Cloth upholstery of the Bedford cord type can be greatly improved and cleaned with ordinary cloth ball. This should be rubbed in and then brushed off. Incidentally, remember, to do this before you clean up the exterior of the car, as otherwise it will be simply a matter of transferring the dirt to the clean exterior parts. Celluloid side screens should be washed and then well polished with a metal polish to restore their transparency and rid them of any yellow tint which develops with age.

Now is the time to obtain the final best effect by the use of a good polish, whichever is the most suitable for the type of finish; remember that there are special polishes expressly for the purpose of brightening up coachwork. Naturally, if the car has been neglected for a time, the best results will only be obtained by the exertion of a fair amount of work, but, more often than not, the appearance of the car afterwards more than justifies the effort.

Correspondence

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of his correspondents. All letters should be addressed to the Editor and must be accompanied by the writer's Name and Address.



GOPALPUR,
GANJAM DISTRICT.

October 26, 1929.

SIR,

Some little time ago I wrote to you regarding the trouble my New Ford gave as to stalling and engine knocking whilst slowing up on turning corners, in traffic, etc. I should like to inform you that owing to battery troubles I have recently fitted the Bosch magneto and the troubles above referred to have practically vanished.

I presume an electrical expert could fit up a system of switches to enable me to start on coil and then to switch over to the mag. I also think that a good many Ford owners who live in out of the way districts might like to know that a Bosch magnetos can be fitted to their cars in about an hour, thus obviating all starting troubles if their battery completely fails as mine did.

W. R. LAWRENSON,
Major.

Is this offer really worth while?

SIR,

One often sees in the 'smalls' advertisement columns of trade journals and newspapers under the heading devoted to second-hand cars, an announcement such as 'Will drive any reasonable distance to prospective customer', or words to that effect.

It is doubtful whether this is any incentive to the prospective buyer, and it certainly entails a big obligation on the part of the seller. Nevertheless, if a second-hand car is to be sold, it is of course obvious that no reasonable inducement should be neglected in order to reach prospective buyers. It can be well understood that, if an advertiser resides in a district where car owners are few and far between, it is difficult for him to effect the sale in his own particular district, whereas, if he is prepared to drive his car 20 or 30 miles in order that it may be viewed by prospective customers in a more populous district, then a sale may be effected.

Creating Confidence

There is one aspect of the case which must not be overlooked, and that is the offer to drive a car 30 miles or so tends to prove that the vehicle is in good mechanical condition and the owner is not afraid to

use it over reasonable distances. On the other hand, a prospective buyer may hesitate before communicating with the advertiser regarding a car, because he may feel under some obligation when he has brought the advertiser some miles away. It is obvious, therefore, that it is wise to offer to drive a car some distance without obligation to a potential customer and in this case a sale may be effected to a buyer who would otherwise never consider the purchase.

A man residing, say, in Ranipet is not likely to consider purchasing a used car from Bangalore or Madras without first seeing it, and again he is not likely to spend money in going up to Madras or Bangalore to view a number of second-hand cars—particularly if they are privately owned.

What are your readers' opinions on the matter, I wonder?

J. M. W.
Bangalore.

Queries from Correspondents

(101) My motor cycle has one fault: the brake pedal is at an awkward angle and I can see no means for adjusting it.

The rear brake pedal of an Ariel can be mounted in many positions on the tapered shaft, and the relative angle between the rest and the pedal can be set in this way. Be sure that the pedal is located so that the toe can fall naturally on to it without being raised off the rest.

(107) To settle an argument, could you please describe the peculiarities of the exhaust valves as fitted to the Packard aviation engine.

F. W. B., DELHI.

Model 3 A. exhaust valve stems are hollow and fitted with a $\frac{3}{16}$ in. steel tube. The horizontal holes are drilled near lower end of tube and the valve stem proper is provided with two horizontal holes just below the necked down portion. Oil introduced under pressure at the upper end of the valve stem flows down inside the tube, out through the holes at the base, and up around the outside of the tube to the two outlet holes in valve stem. When the camshaft revolves, the exhaust cam depresses the cam follower and the oil which is trapped in the cam follower guide is forced through the exhaust valves thus cooling them and greatly prolonging their life.

A Motoring Pilgrim's Progress



Being a chronicle of his wanderings in the wilds

BY JOHN BUNION

IV

AFTER we had been travelling for nearly a fortnight without seeing so much as a finger post to tell us in what direction we were journeying, adventures seemed to occur every day. Some were comparatively harmless—such as that, for example, which overtook my servant, Cecil. It will be remembered that this individual had early in the trip displayed an extreme fondness for petrol as a beverage, and on the particular day in question he had imbibed rather too freely during the tiffin interval. Early in the afternoon he complained of seeing things, and wasted the remainder of the day in an earnest but misguided effort to catch a complicated species of crocodile. According to Cecil, this peculiar reptile persisted in perching on his left ear and played continually upon a saxophone. This crocodile had (alleged Cecil) a striped skin picked out in pink stars, wore a green topee, carried an umbrella with its tail, and when asked to depart, would open its mouth and recite Tamilian poetry.

Naturally, I formulated my own conclusions based on past personal experience and I may say with a certain amount of pride that every sign of the reptile vanished completely after I had put Cecil on a drastic course of plain water. This cold water cure was first recommended to me by the local agent for a firm of distillers who often used to see similar and stranger specimens after ascertaining the quality of his samples.

Sometimes, however, we encountered more hazardous adventures—as when I was preparing for sleep one evening. I was in the act of removing my shoes and socks, when I felt a sharp pain in my big toe, following which—I shudder even now to say—I was horror-stricken to see a snake crawl from the boot I had just removed, a horror engendered by my knowledge of snakes and their bites—and I happened to remember something about the speedy effects of the bite of these South Indian snakes,

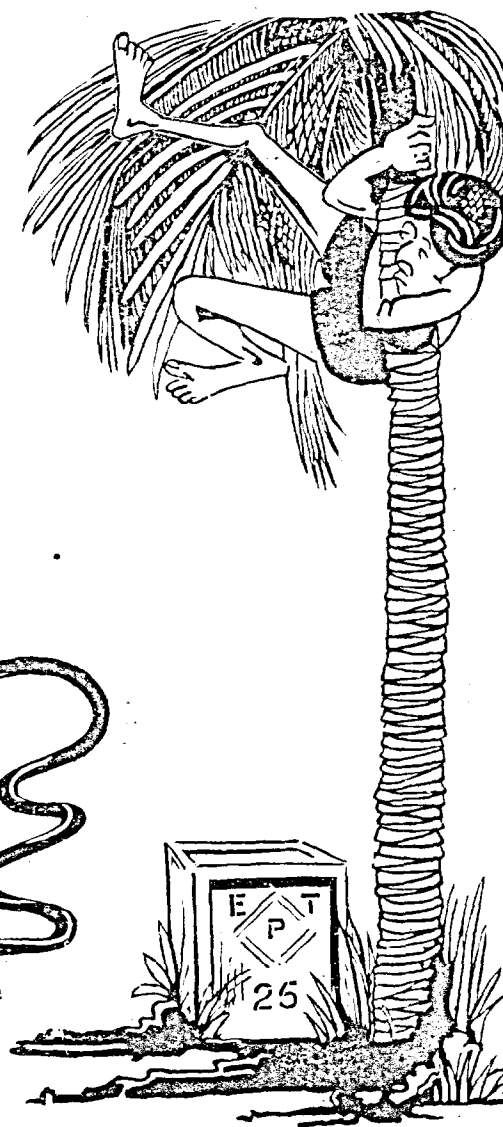
Pausing only to revenge myself upon the evil reptile by hitting it heavily behind the ear with my suspender, I shrieked for Cecil whom I immediately ordered to kneel and suck the wound. This he at first flatly refused to do, putting forward as an excuse that he had got a cracked lip, but after some persuasion (including the promise of an all-day licence for the petrol store) he eventually got busy. He first stipulated, however, that in the event of his perishing during the performance, I should grant a small life annuity to his near and dear relations and dependents—about 83 of them. As I had anticipated that the least he would ask for was that I should permanently keep the lot, I willingly acceded to his demands.

Unfortunately his suction efforts proved of little avail, the venom worked even more rapidly than I had imagined, and I soon began to show symptoms of early collapse. Suddenly I had an inspiration. Somewhere I remembered reading that the effect of one virulent poison may be counteracted by the administration of another. I hobbled into the caravan and searched feverishly among my stores. Many bottles were unfortunately broken in my eager haste, but I quickly found what I was searching for—a bottle of gin made in the U.S.A. I drew the cork and drank deeply from the bottle. . . .

When I awoke I felt few ill effects save an abominable pain in the head, and an ache in my

big toe—this latter being caused by the wound Cecil made when he bit me in his haste to obtain that petrol licence. I felt hungry—so hungry that I went immediately and drank my simple meal standing in the caravan. The crisis was undoubtedly over. . . .

It was difficult at this stage of the journey to know exactly where we were. For miles around was a vast luxuriant plain which, it was easy to see, was lavishly upholstered with the most expensive sorts of vegetation. There were acres of well-kept fields all around as far as the eye could see, which were planted with such crops, as bran, sawdust, cement and other things utilized in the chupatti factories for which this



'HORROR-STRICKEN TO SEE A SNAKE'

district is famous. There were spacious plantations, too, where grew in great abundance such delicious vegetables as turkey rhubarb; and the fruits of the mango, tango and fandango all vied with one another in their zeal to ripen into chutney.

After travelling through this verdant district all day, we eventually came to a fairly big village from which even at a distance one could descry smoke and a frightful uproar rising simultaneously. As we advanced, a party of villagers came forward to meet us, and it was clear that they came to welcome rather than repulse. There was a refined air of gaiety about their deportment which obviously betokened that their big idea was fun without vulgarity, which, of course reassured me immensely. Some of the procession were blowing trumpet things, whilst others were blowing their noses; yet more were beating tom-toms, belabouring tam-tams, and patting tum-tums—this last ominous, but due, I later learned, to indigestion.

When the leader of the procession was within a few yards of me, I advanced to meet him, murmuring a few appropriate phrases in Tamil. There was no response, so I tried Telugu, Urdu, Hindustani and Esperanto, but all with no reply.

'What does the chap know?' I murmured aloud. The vernaculars mentioned were the only ones I knew, and it was disconcerting to get no response to any of them.

'English' exclaimed the leader, much to my amazement. (It subsequently transpired that he had taken a complete correspondence course in the language.)

'Morning,' I began. 'Have a drink?'

'Well, just a spot,' he replied, and I at once took him to the caravan. Here he stood wonderstruck and motionless whilst I brought him a glass of Eau de Cologne, but when I eventually offered him the refreshment he would

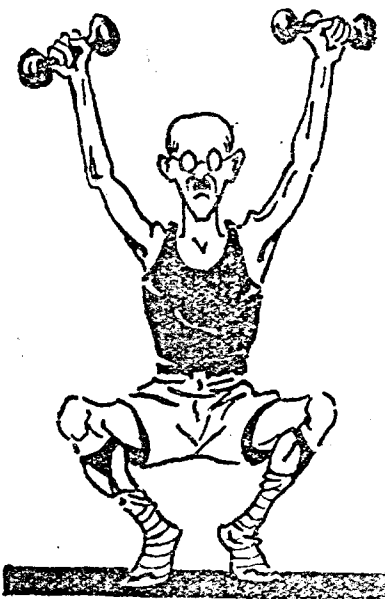
not touch the drink. Instead he poured it over the engine and shouted something to his followers. A few moments later a party of maidens, covered with confusion and precious little else, appeared bringing dishes heaped with fruit, rice, eggs, fish manure and other agricultural produce. These they deposited before Clarice—the car—and departed with every sign of haste. Circumstances seemed to indicate a short sojourn in this verdant place and I decided closely to consider the matter.

The bodily fatigues which we had undergone during the last few weeks had been considerable, despite the fact that we were well equipped with every labour-saving appliances. More than once, however, we had to hew our way with picks and shovels through huge ant-hills as big as the Victoria Memorial which often rendered our road impassable. Once I had to blow up with T.N.T. a mighty banyan tree which blocked our way, though, on thinking the matter over now, I cannot help thinking that Cecil was right when he advised me to drive round the tree instead of through it.

Our nerves, too, had been put to a constant strain over the perils to which we were continually exposed. Cecil would jump out of his skin (which he wore, in my opinion, unnecessarily loose) at the least sound and even Clarice would missfire and judder every time a buffalo wandered before her headlights.

In these circumstances of jaded bodies and ragged nerves, I felt it would be wise to recoup our enfeebled faculties before proceeding further. I determined therefore to rest for a week in the charming spot to which good fortune had chanced to bring us as described above—a resolve which was made easier by the fact that the natives showed every indication of being only too eager to offer us their hospitality.

(To be continued.)



A Record Breaking Run

STUDEBAKER'S FINE FEAT

Describing how Studebaker President Eight accomplished the trip from Madras to Ooty in 9 hours and 10 minutes

READERS of the *South India Motor Owner* from time to time read descriptions of records broken on land, sea and in the air, but whilst these tests are of scientific interest they fail to thrill because there is no local interest attached to them. It thus comes about that the recent record breaking run of the Studebaker President Eight between Madras and Ooty made a big impression upon South India motor owners, more particularly as the previous record of 13 hours, was considered to be good. It follows that when the Studebaker accomplished the trip in 9 hours and 10 minutes all South India motorists, naturally, were both interested and surprised.

The car left Madras on October 27, at 6 a.m., and arrived in Ooty, 408 miles distant, 9 hours and 10 minutes later, which means that an average of 45 m.p.h. was maintained over the Madras-Ooty road which, as all motorists know, is not so good as it might be.

Records of this description are useless unless they are accomplished by purely stock cars: we inspected the Studebaker prior to the run and there is no doubt that the only variation from stock specification is that an auxiliary tank of 45 gallon capacity has been fitted, and we feel that the driver Mr. A. Sreenivasa Rao Sahib (son of the Jaghirdar of Arni) is to be congratulated on handling a high-powered, heavy car of this description over roads in the condition they must have been during time of the run.

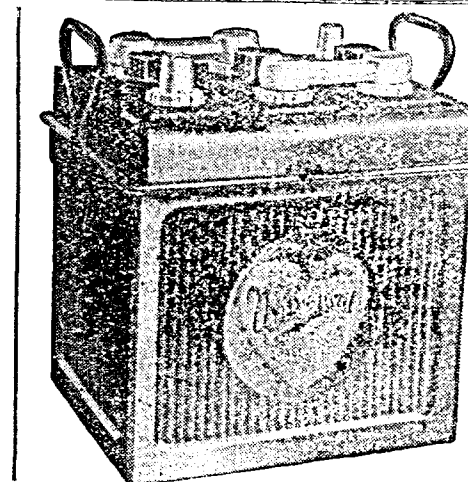
The official timing of the trip is as follows:—

Madras	... 6 a.m.
Bangalore	... 10.25 a.m.
Ooty	... 3.10 p.m.

The car on its arrival in Ooty was checked in by the Editor of the *South Indian Observer* who reported that the car was in good condition and the driver was apparently feeling no ill effects after what, when all is said and done, must have been a very arduous day's work. The times given include all stoppages for tolls, meals, etc., which stoppages the driver estimates at 20 minutes altogether.

It is interesting to note that the car which successfully accomplished this run is the car which recently ran a record trip from Calcutta to Bombay, 1,446 miles, in 41 hours 30 minutes under official observation. It is anticipated during the next few weeks further records will be attempted by this record breaking Studebaker President Eight.

The local distributors for Studebaker cars are Messrs. Romer Dan & Co., who will at all times be pleased to give interested motorists full particulars—about the complete range of Studebaker products.—The President, Commander, Director and Erskine Six which between them, it is illuminating to note, hold every American record for fully equipped stock cars. Judging by the way that the President Eight appears to be breaking local records it is probable that Studebaker will soon hold every stock car record in India.



THE BEST

Reputed for over 27 years for unfailing and satisfactory service.

Cars equipped with Universal Batteries roll along merrily. Does yours too? If not, call on us. Our service is just as close as your phone.

UNIVERSAL BATTERIES

Sole Distributors:—

Standard Motor Electric Works

Auto Electrical Engineers

33, Mount Road, Madras.

Phone 3840.

A Few Hints and What Not

BEING frightfully enthusiastic myself, and also rather experienced in this and that, and what not, in fact, really expert, it has occurred to me that some valuable information which I have unearthed in recent years would be of some use to fellow-motorists less gifted and observant than I am. Not that I would suggest for a moment that I am cleverer than most other lads, but when one is possessed of such a vast fund of knowledge and the highest quality of the jolly old grey matter, it is only generous to give useful advice to others less magnificently equipped.

About cars: I have been respectfully requested to offer some words of counsel to stranded motorists, and this I shall, with charitable benevolence, proceed to do.

In the first place, when stuck by the roadside, the first thing to do is to see that nothing is missing. I mean I once had some trouble with a car that had one cylinder missing and it was ages before I found the wretched thing again. However, items such as engine, carburetter, pocket flask and four wheels (one at each corner) should, if possible, be more or less present and correct. Presuming that they are all there, the next thing to do is to have a look at the engine. I mean, everybody does. Somewhere between the roof of the engine and the basement or sump, is a funny sort of thing, full of bits and corners and attached to the engine at one side or the other—never both. This is the carburetter; it should be tickled.

When the radiator and engine block have reached a state of convulsive laughter and twitchings, the tickling should cease. It will now be found that the valve sofa or seating is badly worn. This is apt to cause backfires. Backfires are quite different from coal, gas or electric fires, but are equally dangerous. On no account leave one lying about anywhere, or some frightful damage may be done, such as popping back, a sort of rickets which attacks carburetters with great intensity.

Having dealt with the carburetter, the next thing is the magneto.

This is an instrument which makes electricity. Now, of course, every one knows what electricity is; it's the, well, as a matter of fact, it originates . . . you see, it's, well, anyway, it's the stuff that rushes [around inside wires, gets mixed up in the sparking plugs and when at rest lives in the battery.

Electricity is an enormously useful thing. Not only does it explode

the plug that lives in the head, that fires the gas, that drives the car, that stays in the house that Jack built, but it has all sorts of other good habits as well. Oh, goodness, yes!

After the electrical system, the place to look for trouble is in the propeller shaft. This is a big pole which turns round all the time the car is going. If the car stops the pole stops. Have a look at this and if it is not turning you will know for certain that you have stopped.

Sometimes the pole gets tired of turning and breaks away from its pals, the gearbox and the differential, in which case it usually shoves itself through the floorboards. This is called starting up, the idea being if you happen to be in the path of the pole you start up, p.d.q.

Changing down, on the other hand, means that instead of coming through the floorboards, the pole has buried itself in the roadway. This is also known as earthing the circuit.

Tyres can be a source of worry. To explain my meaning more clearly, it would be as well to describe how a tyre is made. This is a most frightfully intricate process. First of all, a piece of round air is taken. This is hollowed out in the middle and bound round with strips of canvas, rubber, linoleum, cotton waste, white chalk and stickphast. The whole picnic is then placed in an oven and heated to a temperature of about 3,000 degrees centigrade. The oven is then opened by what is generally known as a 'dynamiteic detonator.'

When the bits have been picked off the roof, they are laid on the floor and kneaded by the simple process of walking over them barefoot. This is called re-treading. They are then heated by hot air or gas, and this explains why most tyre factories are situated near House of Parliament.

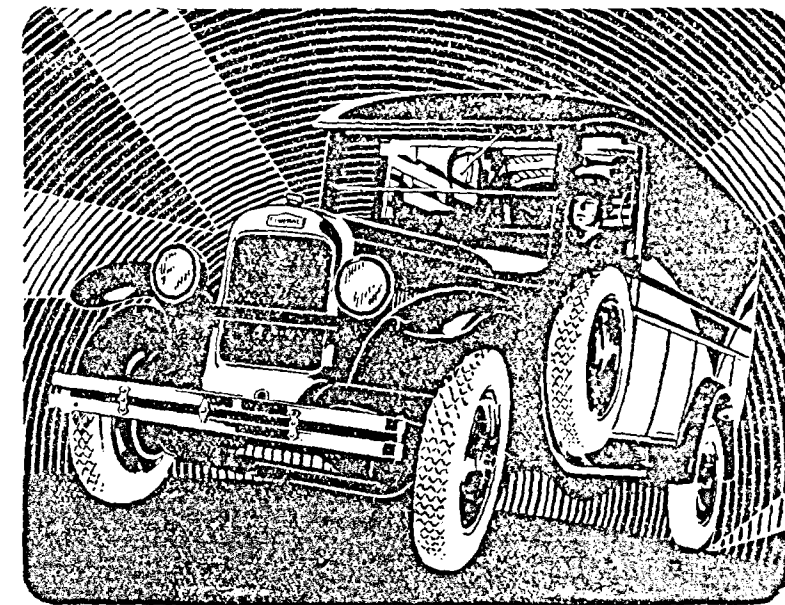
The next thing to look at is the dickey. This must not be confused with the types found in cages, or under bank clerks' waistcoats, or even in ladies' drawing rooms, but is a most essential part of every modern car. If the dickey is not working properly the whole joy of a trip may be spoiled. You will not be able to get your knees in comfortably, or she may sit away at the far side of the seat—but what I mean to say is that the dickey simply must be functioning in the 'ancient and approved' way to get the best out of any car.



AN AUSTIN SEVEN MUD-PLUGGING IN TRAVANCORE

The Light Car and Cyclecar.

ANALYSE Your Bus and Haulage Costs



Let's go over the books. Let's dig deeply into your bus, delivery or haulage situation if your present vehicles are eating into your profits. We may be able to find a way out—there generally is.

There is such a thing as moving people

and merchandise at a cost that carries no worry. It has been done in your business. If we can't show you *how* it is done, you lose nothing but your time. You may save a lot on your costs. We shall be very pleased to discuss the problem with you.

SIMPSON & CO., LTD.

MADRAS, OOTACAMUND AND TRICHINOPOLY

FEDERAL TRUCKS

"Leading Specialists in Commercial Transportation"

(224-5)

Million Sterling for Developing Export of British Cars

WE have just received some very important information which will be welcomed by all motorists interested in the development of the British car industry throughout the East.

Mr. H. H. Lilley, Messrs. Rootes' representative for India and Ceylon sends us the following:

'Have just received from London cabled information to the effect that the Prudential Insurance Co. have invested a million sterling in Messrs. Rootes Ltd., this new capital will be used for the express purpose of developing the manufacturing and export divisions of the Hill Humber and Commer cars and increased activities can be immediately looked for in the development of the distribution of these well-known British cars in India, Burma and Ceylon.'

This makes it apparent that this important section of the British motor car industry has advanced to a tremendous degree and through increased sales are able to make continual advance in spite of all foreign competition. Mr. Lilley is visiting Ceylon at present. He is one of the best known men in the export world having been interested in the export side of motor car

activities over the past 15 years. In conversation with Mr. Lilley he said the reason why the Hillman, Humber and Commer combine is bound to succeed, was because of the type of officials behind it all of whom are men who have had many years of experience of domestic and foreign competition and have been able to develop cars which meet the demand of the automotive public.

A Rugby message of October 25 stated: it is now confirmed that the Prudential Assurance Company, one of the wealthiest organizations of its kind in the world, has arranged to invest £1 million in Rootes Limited, the largest British firm of motor car distributors, for the express purpose of developing the British automobile industry throughout the Empire. This will be done by expanding the shipment of British cars and establishing additional officers and service centres overseas. Many large British automobile firms have this year produced cars designed specially with a view to the needs of the Dominions and Colonies, and Rootes Limited believe that the new development will speedily double the number of exported British cars.

Palany Andavar & Co.

Bus Body Builders & Commission Agents

8, General Patters Road, Mount Road P.O.

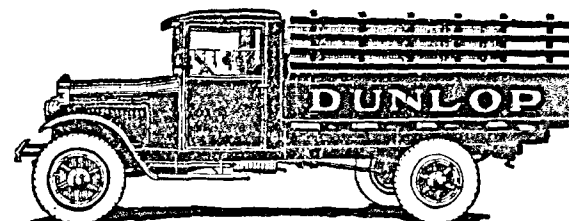
MADRAS.

Branch at:

No. 112, Thayar Sahib Street
General Patters Road
Mount Road, MADRAS.

Manager,
M. G. SAWMY.

For passenger & goods transport

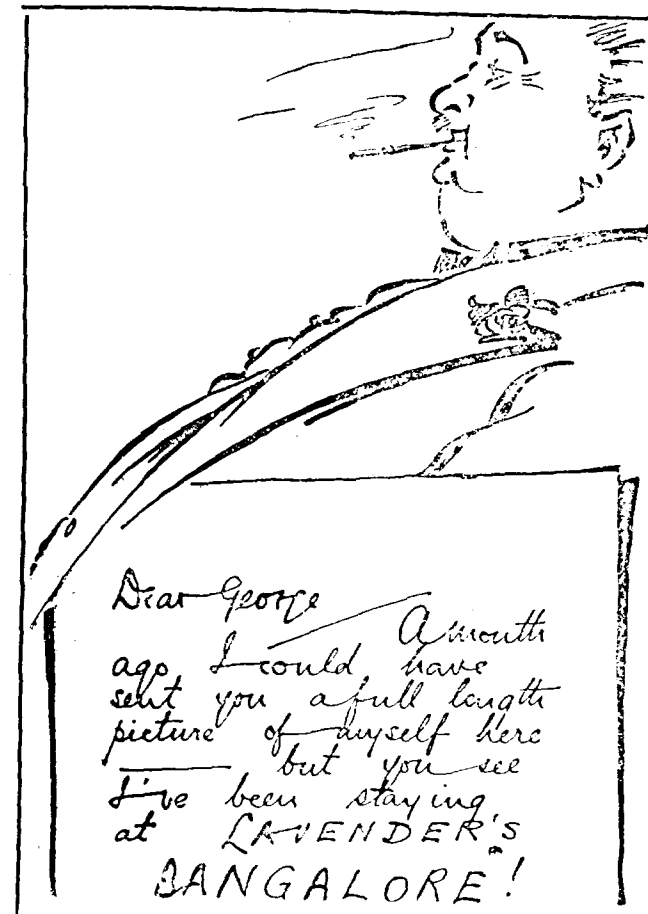


STEWART trucks are slowly but surely becoming the standard for South Indian commercial work. For 16 years Stewarts have been known as quality trucks, dependable and economical, yet moderately priced; and to-day Stewarts are undoubtedly the outstanding commercial transport value of the age. These trucks have all the latest worthwhile features which clever engineers can build into them and you must if you are eager to improve your transport service specify

Stewart

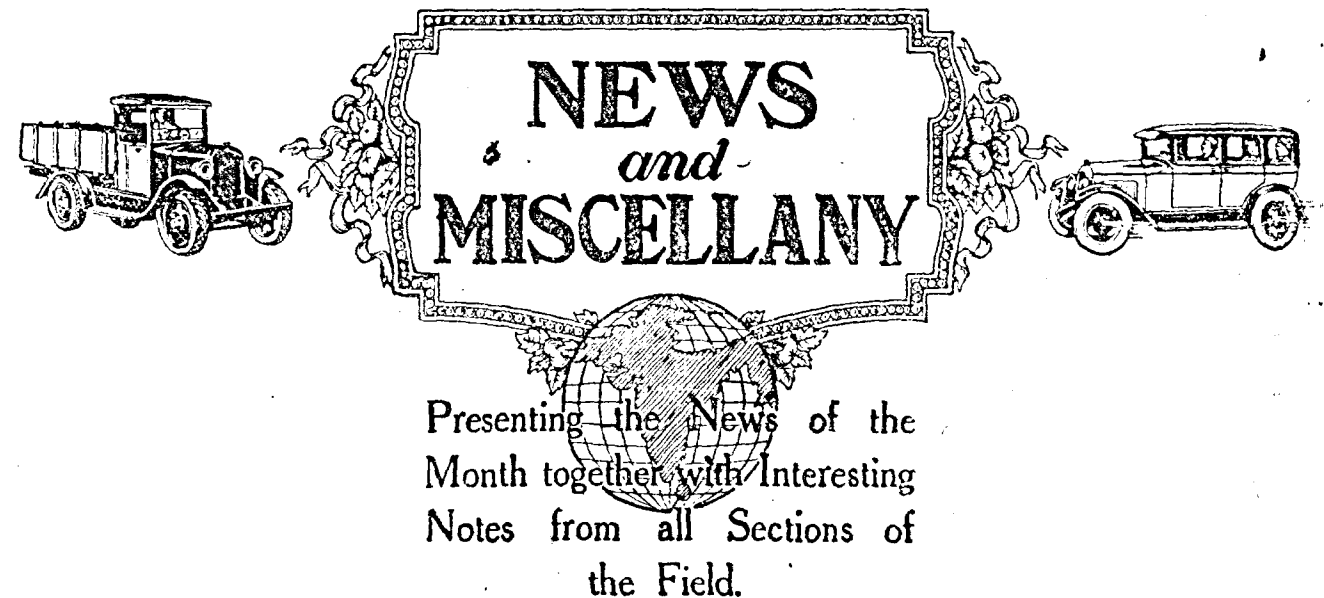
MOTOR TRUCKS

RAJAGOPAL MOTOR WORKS
MADRAS



For three rupees you can obtain the **South India Motor Owner** post free for twelve months.

Turn to page 191



SIR WILLIAM MORRIS, the well-known British motor manufacturer, has reconditioned and equipped at New Birmingham a large factory to produce lorries from 50 cwt. to 10 tons capacity, at a rate of from 50 to 100 per week. The factory covers 28 acres and has been equipped at a cost of £250,000. When the vehicles are in full production, it will employ 5,000 men.

The Olympia Show just concluded has proved to be one of the most successful for many years, orders for cars of British manufacture totalling many millions of pounds sterling. A correspondent assures us that British automobile makers are at last really concentrating on the problem of supplying a British car of the right type for colonial conditions at the right price.

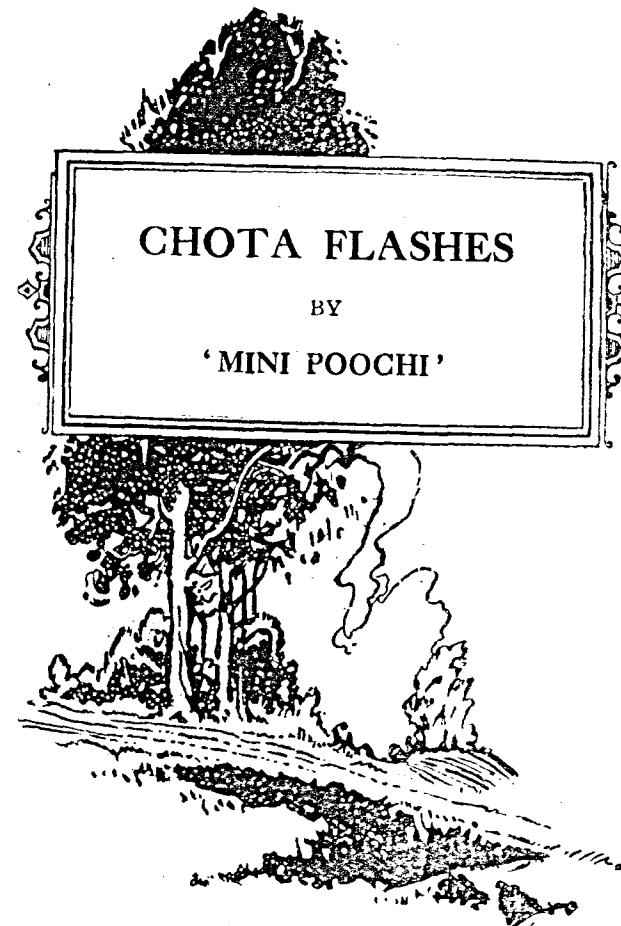
We wonder how many owners are taking advantage of the 'built-to-measure cars' Studebaker is now manufacturing. On Studebaker President and Commander models the brake and clutch pedals and steering wheels can be adjusted to suit the convenience of the driver. On Director models the steering wheel is adjustable. And front seats are adjustable to the most comfortable driving position in all Studebaker models. No matter how large or how small a person may be he can get complete driving comfort in his Studebaker.

Motor cyclists whose machines are lubricated by the dry-sump method are advised to change the oil periodically even though the oil level seems all in order. With a new engine the oil level will remain fairly constant for a long time, but the oil should be changed nevertheless, because the 'oiliness' or lubricating qualities of an oil deteriorate considerably in use.

It was interesting to observe, writes a correspondent apropos Olympia that wire wheels were much more generally used than last year. Steel wheels are dropping out, whilst they are still a few cars on which disc wheels are fitted. It has always been recognized that a properly made wire wheel was the strongest construction obtainable, and it has to be conceded also that the wire wheel is the better looking wheel. It was also the most expensive wheel, but directly the demand for anything of this kind gets big the output increases, and the price can be brought down, which is the case to-day. The chief objection against the wire wheel has been the difficulty of keeping it clean, but even this has largely disappeared since the high pressure spray washing device came into being.

In connection with figures that have recently been published relating to production in the British motor industry during 1929, it has been stated that the total up to October 1, 1929, was 206,677 vehicles, and, further that the figure was below the estimate made at the commencement of the year. We have it on authority that definite figures cannot yet be obtained, and the total given, in so far as cars are concerned—165,352—is the figure officially estimated for 1928.

Such figures as are quoted should be treated with the greatest reserve. The fact that the registration returns for the first two quarters showed an increase of 2,000 vehicles over the corresponding period of last year, and, further, that the value of our motor exports for the first eight months is £1,500,000 in excess of the similar period of 1928, gives every reason to assume that the actual production figures for 1929 will show that progress has been made by the British motor industry both in the Home and in the Overseas markets.



A SENSATION has been caused in Bukharest owing to an incident in which one of the princes is concerned. It appears that the prince was motoring at high speed along the main street of Bukharest when his car came into collision with a private car—both cars were badly damaged—and the prince being rather annoyed beat the chauffeur of the private car so that he had to go to hospital. The chauffeur ought to feel highly honoured, I think.

Sandy: How much to the station?

Taximan: Two shillings, sir.

Sandy: Does that include my luggage?

Taximan: I'll take that for nothing.

Sandy: Grand! I'll walk!

'Is your auto a pleasure car?'

'No, there's room for my wife's mother in it.'

Jock: Mon, these lower taxi fares will make a serious deference tae us. We'll no' be able to save sae much by walkin'.

Fred: How long will it take you to fix that car?

Mechanic: I'm afraid it will take a long time, sir. That's the only job we have at present.

This Repair Business

'Shall I tell you why the thing won't roll?' he asks, glancing around him in the proud way foreman do at such times.

'Yes do' reply his mates eagerly, 'for it is a complete enigma to us.'

'Well, this is for why,' says the foreman. 'Some perishing crow has laid an egg in the toggle tube!'

Then he takes it out and after that the engine rolls beautifully.

Promptly the head-book-keeper makes out the bill. This is a most imposing document and reads like this;

To taking apart second-hand engine and thoroughly cleaning all baffle plates, poppet pipes, garble-floats, and crank compressors.

To grinding in existing bivalves, tightening up all loose warple nuts, and securing with counter-sunk, double-locking marlin pins.

To dredging sump and relining with best quality three-ply sheet steel throughout.

To making and fitting one new high-speed scroget grice, 3 new biffin bars, 4 milled gudgeon braces, and one clutch reversing thrust.

To putting together all the above pieces most carefully and generally testing, tuning, oil and greasing same in a workman like manner.

Rs. 1,631-14-3.

Why Diet?

*Methuselah ate what he found on his plate,
And never, as people do now,*

Did he note the amount of the caloric count—

He ate it because it was chow.

He wasn't disturbed, as at dinner he sat,

Destroying a roast or a pie,

To think it was lacking in granular fat,

Or a couple of vitamins shy.

He cheerfully chewed every species of food,

Untroubled by worries or fears,

Lest his health might be hurt by some fancy dessert,

And he lived over nine hundred years!

—LESTER C. NAGLEY.

Lawyer: Then you say that this man was drunk?

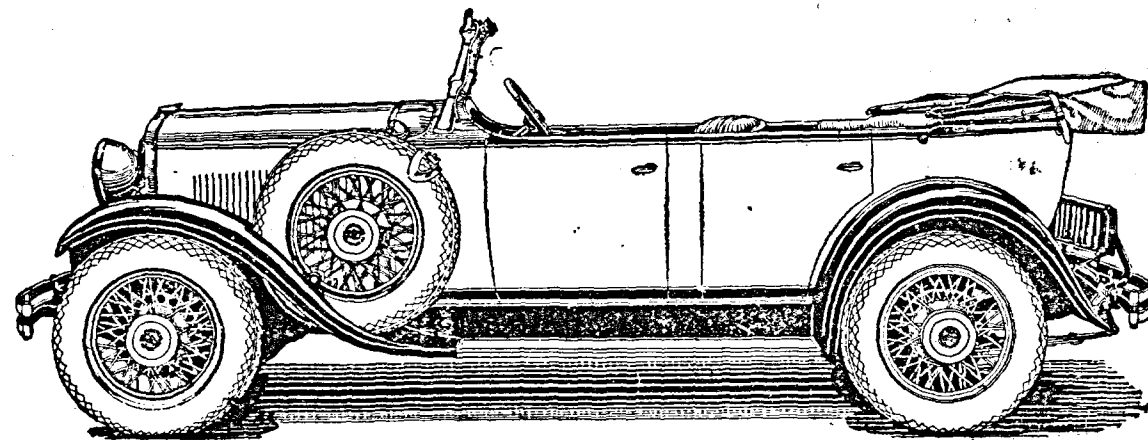
Witness: I do not. I simply said that he sat in his car for three hours in front of an excavation waiting for the light to turn green.

'What? The main road to Bangalore is open all the way?'

'Yes, we had to open it until we get the detour made.'



World-wide favor



TOURER

Few cars have leaped into world-wide favor so quickly as the new Dodge Brothers Six. Few have attained so loyal a following in so short a time.

None other has so richly deserved the popularity the New Dodge Brothers Six has gained.

The new Dodge Brothers Six is modern in style and luxury, powerful and fast in action—and, as always, **DEPENDABLE**.

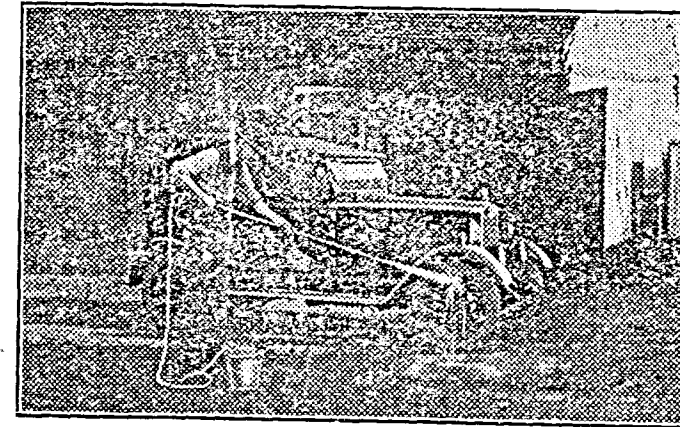
NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

ADDISON & CO., LTD., MADRAS.
Bangalore, Calcut, Kottayam, and Trichinopoly.

The 'Ladywood' Spraying Pump



This double action pump gives a continuous spray and will throw a solid stream of water 30 to 40 feet, and if necessary draw some through a suction hose over 200 feet long with a lift of 25 feet.

It is an ideal all purpose hand sprayer with practically an unlimited field of utility.

AGENTS:

THE METROPOLITAN & CO.,
27, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

THE DIOCESAN PRESS,

Madras, invite applications to quote for the complete production of Books, Magazines, or Printing of any kind. The plants in Composing, Printing, and Binding are up-to-date and provide facilities to meet all demands of rapid production

Specimen page with dummies and
Estimates supplied without commitment to the prospective customer

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Manager: George Kenneth

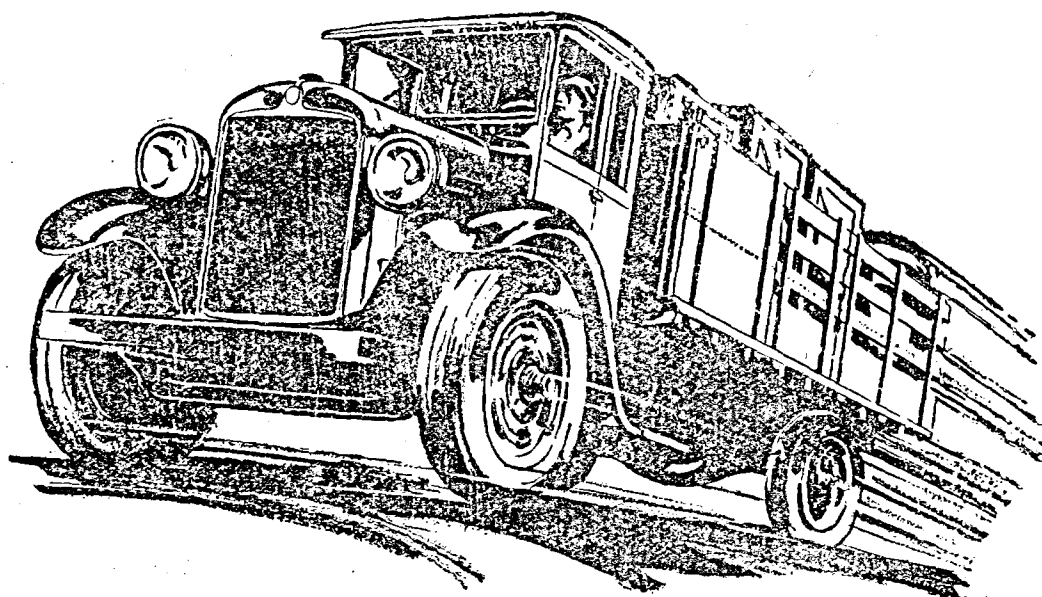
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Vepery, Madras.

In all countries, in all seasons . . .

Dodge Trucks

Haul Loads Profitably



In all countries, in all seasons, on all roads, with all loads—you will find Dodge Trucks working and earning.

Swiftly, dependably, at low cost, Dodge Trucks year after year have been hauling an impressive share of the world's tonnage. With power to spare they pull their loads wherever wheels can get a footing—over soft fields, up

hills, through mud or snow. You will sense the solid worth in any Dodge Truck. You will like the way it drives and rides as well as the way it performs.

You can buy one with full assurance that it is a modern truck for modern needs. See your Dodge Brothers dealer. Select the size you want, and put it to work. It will serve you ably and well.

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CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCTS

ADDISON & CO. LIMITED

Distributors:

Mount Road, Madras

V. M. Ratnavelu & Bros.

AUTHORISED



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Genuine Ford Spare Parts
always in stock

at
Katpadi and Vellore

Always demand Genuine Ford Parts

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We have always sold—and bought, too—with two rules in mind. One is that our customers buy the best that is obtainable for the money they spend, and that with this quality they buy also dependability and Service.

That is why our business is growing on repeat orders.

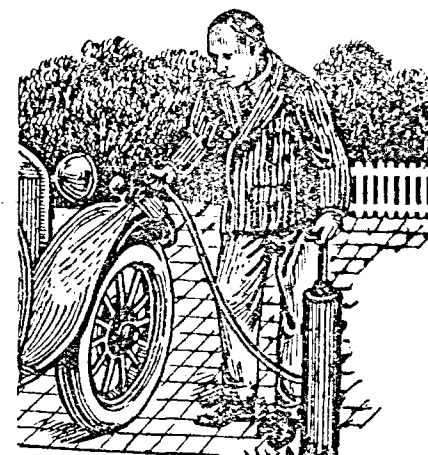
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ACCESSORIES AND SPARES

Mount Road, Madras

Salem

Conjeeveram



HAND

Spraying -
Enamelling
Machine -

By which
you can
enamel
YOUR
OWN car,
furniture,
etc.
yourself!

Price
Rs. 40

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METROPOLITAN & CO.

27 MOUNT ROAD

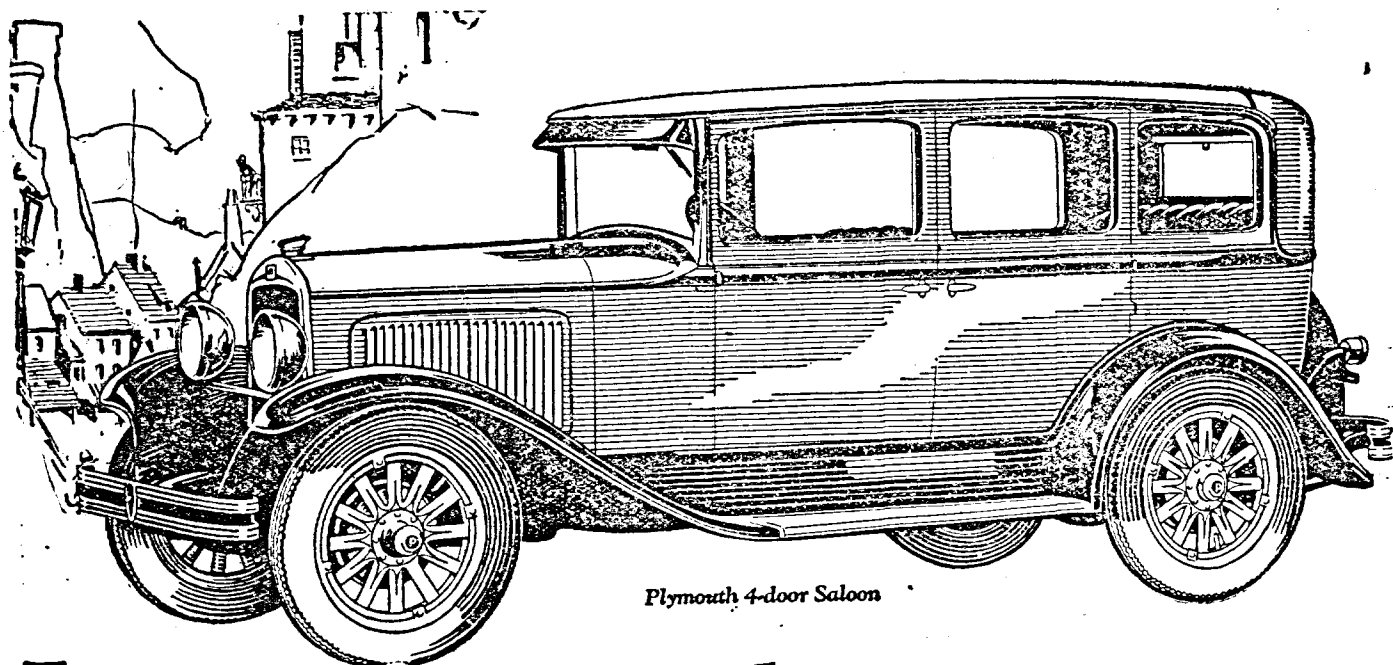
MADRAS.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The first shipment of the New Model T103 Willys-Knight Truck is expected before the end of November. All interested in commercial transport should make a point of inspecting this fine chassis when calling at our showroom

MADRAS AUTOMOBILES

MOUNT ROAD
MADRAS



Plymouth 4-door Saloon

Its full size makes
PLYMOUTH
loom far above all
others IN VALUE



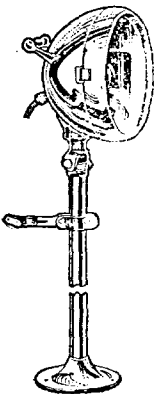
richness of upholstery and of interior appointments—speed, power, acceleration with quietness and smoothness you never expected for so little money; and the

WHEN you realise that the new Plymouth is the only full-sized car in the lowest-priced field you see at once the reason for its immediate and overwhelming acceptance.

In addition you obtain distinctive style and smartness—unprecedented

safety of Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes, sure in any weather. With such obvious advantages it is not surprising that the millions who count the cost of motoring, have instantly recognised the new Chrysler-built Plymouth as the greatest value in the lowest-priced field.

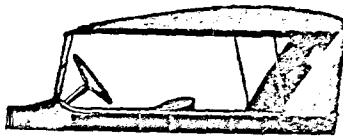
ADDISON & CO., LTD., MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.



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Search Light
for
Sportsmen,
Hunters,
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Best for
Night Game
Shooting.

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SECOND-HAND CARS FOR SALE AND WANTED



MOTOR-CAR Hood Cloths.

Accessories, Upholstery,
Hoods re-covered. Re-
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Satisfaction guaranteed.
Motor-oils, Tyres, Tubes,
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NOTICES.

Prepaid Advertisements for Cars, Accessories, etc., may be inserted in this section at the following rate

Fifteen words for Rs. 3/- (minimum) and 3 As. for each additional word.

All small paragraph advertisements whether of fifteen words or less will be charged for at a minimum rate of Rs. 3/- and all such advertisements are strictly prepayable.

Box Numbers are available for those advertisers who desire to utilize them, and a nominal charge of 4 As. will be made to cover cost of booking

and posting replies. The words Box No. XXX, c/o 'The S. I. Motor Owner', must be included in the advertisement and will be charged for.

The last day on which copy will be accepted for inclusion in this section is the 10th of the month. Whilst every care will be taken to ensure accuracy, the publishers will not be responsible for printer's errors or for non-inclusion. In this regard it should be noted that advertisement copy, received early will obtain closer attention than that rushed through for inclusion at the last moment. Other business and advertisement notes will be found on page 191.

ONE CITROEN 1927 model M.C. 3392.

Run only 10,000 miles, in perfect order with two sets of cushion covers etc., good paint. Rs. 2,100.

Box No. N.H.,

c/o The South India Motor Owner.

ONE HUMBER Tourer. A good

English car, self starter, completely equipped, repainted, new hood, good tyres, back windscreen, etc., in order, yielding 24 m. p. gallon of good petrol. Rs. 1,400.

Box No. M.R.,

c/o The South India Motor Owner.

ONE STUDEBAKER Tourer, 1927

model, in good running order, overhauled, repainted, and new hood complete. Rs. 2,400.

Box No. 18,

c/o The South India Motor Owner.

Madras Motor Directory

A full Directory of car owners in South India. This publication is invaluable to motor dealers and all who sell to South India motor owners.

With this Directory by your side your motor owners' mailing list is always right up-to-date by reason of the correction slips mailed to you each month.

Rs. 10 per copy.

Chakravarthi & Co.
Mount Road, Madras.

ONE NASH Tourer, Standard model, 1928, overhauled, repainted in duco paint, fitted with new hood, cushion covers, etc. Rs. 2,600.

Box No. 19,

c/o The South India Motor Owner.

MORRIS OXFORD, 1927. In perfect running order and good appearance. Owner driver. Rs. 1,650.

Box No. M.A.,

c/o The South India Motor Owner.

FIAT '509' newly painted and in good order. Rs. 1,250.

Box No. 20,

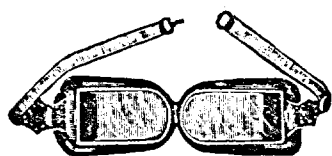
c/o The South India Motor Owner

A.C. 2 SEATER in perfect condition. A sporting car for the driver who demands appearance and hipness. Rs. 1,500.

Box No. 21,

c/o The South India Motor Owner.

MOTOR GOGGLES



In case complete Rs. 6
In card box „ 5

Spectacles or Pince-Nez
for Distance or Reading
from Rs. 6

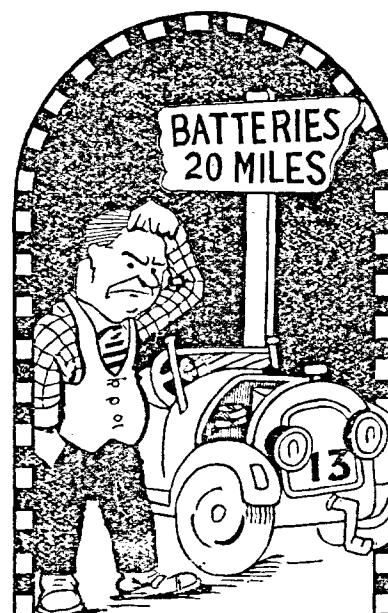
H. A. V. MORDE

EXCLUSIVE OPTICIAN

KARDYL BUILDINGS
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

	PAGE
Addison & Co., Ltd.	182, 184, 186
Andhra Engineering Co. ...	
Bar-lock Typewriter Agency ...	
Chakravarti & Co. ...	187
Champion Automobiles ...	188
Charles Morgan & Co., Ltd.	
Continental Tyre Co., Ltd. iv cover	
Dhanalakshmi Motor Service ...	
Dhanam & Co., K. J. ...	
Diocesan Press ...	183
Dunlop Rubber Co. (India), Ltd. ...	168, 169
Hotel Metropole ...	190
Jones & Co. ...	
Krishna & Bros., B. ...	
Lavender's Hotels ...	179
Madar Saib & Co. ...	187
Madras Automobiles ...	185
Madras Motor Sales Co. ...	
Metropolitan & Co. 183, 185, 188	
Moorthy Bros., S. K. ...	
Morde, H. A. V. ...	188
Motor Reconditioning Station ...	145
Mutual Indemnity & Finance Corporation (India), Ltd.	



When you are a long way from home and your battery goes 'phat' you realize fully how much you have to depend upon this vital item of automobile equipment.

It pays—both in time and temper—to use U.S.L. batteries because with the services we give they will stand up to all the hard work asked of them.

CHAMPION AUTOMOBILES
Kardyl Buildings
Mount Road, Madras

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P. SIMON & CO.

Direct Importers and
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Telegrams G.T., MADRAS. Telephone
'FAMILY' No. 3352

KILLS

White
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Bugs
Mosquitoes

A most
Effective
Disinfectant



1 Gallon tin Rs. 4. ½ Gallon tin
Rs. 2. ¼ Gallon tin Re. 1.

Sole Agents:—

METROPOLITAN & CO.
27, Mount Road, MADRAS

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

	PAGE
Neo Auto Works ...	
Oakes & Co., Ltd. ...	164
Palany Andavar & Co. ...	178
Prasada Rao & Co., A. K. ...	
Rajagopalan & Co., V. S. ...	185
Rajagopal Motor Works ...	179
Ramanuja Iyengar, T. S. ...	
Rane, Ltd. ...	189
Ranga Transport Company.	
Ratnavelu & Bros., V. M. ...	185
Romer Dan & Co. ii cover	
Row Bros. ...	
Salem Automobiles ...	
Savoy Hotel ...	190
Simon & Co., P. ...	188
Simpson & Co., Ltd.	
(Front cover) 146, 177	
South India Motor Co. ...	
Standard Motor Electric Works ...	175
Sunderasamy Iyer, M. ...	
Tinnevelly Petrol Supply Agency ...	
Yelkur Elliah Chetty ...	
Zeckaria Sait & Sons ...	

FOR YOUR CAR . . .

Whether your car is a Morris, Essex, Austin or a Rolls-Royce—no matter what make—there is an accessory for every need ready for immediate use.

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Premier Auto-Accessory House
in India

THE
SOUTH INDIA
MOTOR OWNER

DON'T FAIL
TO CONSULT
US

FOR YOUR
MOTORING NEEDS
Varied and Extensive Stocks
Highest Quality. Moderate Prices

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Premier Auto-Accessory House
in India

Sales and Service Guide

Arranged alphabetically under vehicle headings this guide should prove extremely useful to motor owners throughout Southern India. The up-to-date Service Station and Sub-Dealer will find entries in this section to be a profitable method of inexpensive advertisement. Each entry in these columns is charged for at the rate of Re. 1 per line, but no contract can be accepted for less than six consecutive insertions. Correspondence both from Dealers and Car Owners invited in order to make this section as useful as possible.

Armstrong-Siddeley.

BERHAMPORE ...	K. M. Paul & Sons.
BEZWADA ...	Motor & General Engineering Co.
MADRAS ...	Addison & Co., Ltd.

Austin.

MADRAS ...	South India Motor Co.
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Chevrolet.

TINNEVELLY ...	Tinnevelly Petrol Supply Agency.
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Chrysler.

MADRAS ...	Jones & Co.
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Chrysler De Soto.

MADRAS ...	Jones & Co.
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Chrysler Plymouth.

BANGALORE ...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
BERHAMPORE ...	K. M. Paul & Sons.
BEZWADA ...	Motor & General Engineering Co.
CALICUT ...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
KOTTAYAM ...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
MADRAS ...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
TRICHINOPOLY ...	Carter & Co.

Dodge.

BANGALORE ...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
BERHAMPORE ...	K. M. Paul & Sons.
BEZWADA ...	Motor & General Engineering Co.

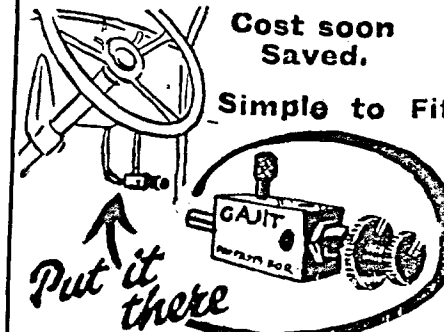
IT'S ALL BRITISH
and made to outlast the car

GAJIT
TRADE MARK

PETROL SAVER

Cost soon
Saved.

Simple to Fit.



Cost Rs. 15/- only
(Postage Extra)

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27, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

CALICUT ...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
COIMBATORE ...	United Motors.
KOTTAYAM ...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
MADRAS ...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
TRICHINOPOLY ...	Carter & Co.

Erskine.

MADRAS ...	Romer Dan & Co.
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Essex.

BEZWADA ...	The Andhra Automobiles.
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Ford.

BEZWADA ...	Ford Stores and Service Station.
CUDDALORE ...	S. Gopala Iyer.
KATPADI ...	V. M. Ratnavelu & Bros.
MADRAS ...	Oakes & Co.
VELLORE ...	V. M. Ratnavelu & Bros.

Hillman.

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OOTACAMUND ...	Simpson & Co., Ltd.
TRICHINOPOLY ...	Simpson & Co., Ltd.

Hupmobile.

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BEZWADA ...	Motor & General Engineering Co.
MADRAS ...	Addison & Co., Ltd.

Morris.

BANGALORE ...	Addison & Co., Ltd.
BERHAMPORE ...	K. M. Paul & Sons.
BEZWADA ...	Motor & General Engineering Co.

CALICUT ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
 COIMBATORE ... United Motors.
 KOTTAYAM ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
 MADRAS ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
 TRICHINOPOLY ... Carter & Co.

Nash.

MADRAS ... Motor Reconditioning Station.

Overland.

MADRAS ... Simpson & Co., Ltd.
 OOTACAMUND ... Simpson & Co., Ltd.
 TRICHINOPOLY ... Simpson & Co., Ltd.

Singer.

MADRAS ... Simpson & Co., Ltd.
 OOTACAMUND ... Simpson & Co., Ltd.
 TRICHINOPOLY ... Simpson & Co., Ltd.

Studebaker.

MADRAS ... Romer Dan & Co.

Willys-Knight.

MADRAS ... Simpson & Co., Ltd.
 OOTACAMUND ... Simpson & Co., Ltd.
 TRICHINOPOLY ... Simpson & Co., Ltd.

TRUCKS.**Chevrolet Trucks.**

TINNEVELLY ... Tinnevely Petrol Supply Agency.

Dodge Trucks.

BANGALORE ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
 BERHAMPORE ... K. M. Paul & Sons.
 BEZWADA ... Motor & General Engineering Co.
 CALICUT ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
 COIMBATORE ... United Motors.
 KOTTAYAM ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
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 TRICHINOPOLY ... Carter & Co.

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MADRAS ... Madras Motor Sales.

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Unequalled situation
 Perfect appointments

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 for MOTORISTS.

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**Hotel Metropole
VICEROY ROAD, MYSORE.**

A palatial Hotel commanding
 a lovely view. Replete
 with every comfort.

English Sanitation and Baths.
 First Class Catering.

SAME MANAGEMENT
 A. PALAZZI.

Grams. 'Hotel Metropole.'

WASH

down
 your
 CAR
 with a
 'MYSTO'
 PUMP

Prices
 Rs. 25
 and
 Rs. 20

Sole Agents :-

Metropolitan & Co.,
 27, Mount Road, MADRAS

Morris Commercial.

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 BERHAMPORE ... K. M. Paul & Sons.
 BEZWADA ... Motor & General Engineering Co.
 CALICUT ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
 KOTTAYAM ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
 MADRAS ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
 TRICHINOPOLY ... Carter & Co.

Overland Buses.

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 OOTACAMUND ... Simpson & Co., Ltd.
 TRICHINOPOLY ... Simpson & Co., Ltd.

Selden Trucks.

MADRAS ... Motor Reconditioning Station.

Stewart Trucks

MADRAS ... Rajagopal Motor Works.
 COIMBATORE ... Lakshmi Motor Works.
 MADURA ... A. Tajudin & Co.
 BEZWADA ... General Automobiles.

Studebaker Trucks.

MADRAS ... Romer Dan & Co.

Willys-Knight Trucks

MADRAS ... Madras Automobiles.

MOTOR CYCLES.**Ariel.**

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 BERHAMPORE ... K. M. Paul & Sons.
 CALICUT ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
 KOTTAYAM ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
 MADRAS ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
 TRICHINOPOLY ... Carter & Co.

Triumph.

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 CALICUT ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
 KOTTAYAM ... Addison & Co., Ltd.
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 TRICHINOPOLY ... Carter & Co.

MOTOR ACCESSORIES.

MADRAS ... Rane, Ltd.
 MADRAS ... Champion Automobiles.
 MADRAS ... Madar Saib & Co.
 MADRAS ... Metropolitan & Co.
 MADRAS ... V. S. Rajagopalan & Co.

Publisher's Notices**The South India Motor Owner**

Published monthly by

Eastern Technical Publications,

Varada Buildings, Mount Road, Madras

'THE South India Motor Owner' is issued on the 15th of each month. It aims to furnish the latest and most authoritative information on all matters relating to motors and motoring under South India conditions. Contributions and correspondence on all matters coming within the scope of this journal are solicited and prompt remittance will be made for all acceptable matter. Contributions should preferably be illustrated.

Subscription Rates

One year ... Rs. 3 postage free payable in advance or recoverable by V.P.P. with the first issue mailed. Sample copies annas eight each plus postage. All remittances for subscriptions should be made payable to the Eastern Technical Publications, Madras.

When subscriptions expire, unless previous notification has been received from the subscriber the first issue following the expiry will be sent to the subscriber V.P.P. for a further twelve months' subscription. It is therefore advisable, if any subscriber wishes to discontinue *The South India Motor Owner*, to notify the publishers a month in advance.

Advertising Rates

Rates for display space will be furnished on application. For small advertisements and entries under 'Sales and Service Guide,' see pages 189 and 190.

Advertisements to secure insertion in any month's issue should reach this office not later than the 20th of the month preceding. The publishers of *The South India Motor Owner* reserve the right to reject any advertisement for any cause.

**Disapproval**

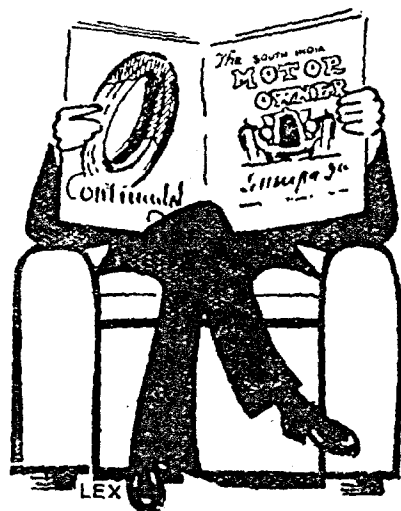
If you heard of a competitor indenting on his tailor for his printing or asking his printer to build a house for him you would surely shake your head and tap your forehead significantly. Yet many clever businessmen expect a ledger clerk efficiently to conduct their advertising, and when such advertising fails to produce results advertising is blamed instead of the method employed to produce it.

Those businessmen who really think there is more in advertising than just space buying, and more in publicity than a paragraph in the newspapers, may now obtain the services of artists and copy writers with a real knowledge of advertising who can fill advertising space with good copy and effective illustrations.

Why not write to me now whilst the matter is in mind for full particulars of the service I can offer.

E. FIELD PHILLIPS
 193, Mount Road, MADRAS

FILL IN THIS FORM



Motorists throughout Southern India will find the **South India Motor Owner** a valuable aid to them in all matters connected with motoring, and at the same time will find its pages entertaining and instructive every month. Three rupees per annum will bring this journal to you by post month by month. Fill in the form below and post it on to us.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER.

To EASTERN TECHNICAL PUBLICATIONS,
VARADA BUILDINGS,
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

Please place my name on the subscription list of the **South India Motor Owner**
for twelve months commencing.....19 .

I enclose Rs. being the post-free subscription for the period.

Name

Address

Post-free Subscription Rates:

India, Burma and Ceylon, Rs. 3 per annum.

Foreign: Rs. 10 per annum.

(Block letters are preferable.)

Subscribers may, if they wish, have the first issue sent to them V.P.P. for the full twelve months' subscription. Unless therefore cash or cheque accompanies this form, the V.P.P. method will be followed.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED -



Haphazard methods of advertising, out of date sales system and inefficient organization will no longer sell cars to South India motor owners. Times have changed in company with the gradual improvement in the conditions of motoring in this area.

Advertising methods and advertising media which served their purpose quite well years ago, now no longer appeal to the discriminating South India motor owner, and it is necessary therefore for Southern India automobile distributors to utilize the specialized trade press which is represented here by the **SOUTH INDIA MOTOR OWNER**. Only by using this journal can motor dealers hope thoroughly to cover the market for cars which is undoubtedly offered by Southern India.

Rates for advertisements will be furnished gladly on application to the Advertisement Manager.

Eastern Technical Publications
VARADA BUILDINGS, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.



#90

L. MADAR SAIB & CO.
Dealers in every kind of Automobile Accessory

Mannady Street, Georgetown
Wallajah Road, Madras

Registered
No. M. 2515

The SOUTH INDIA MOTOR OWNER

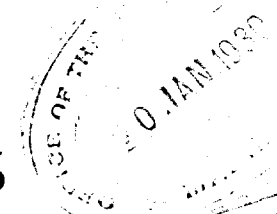
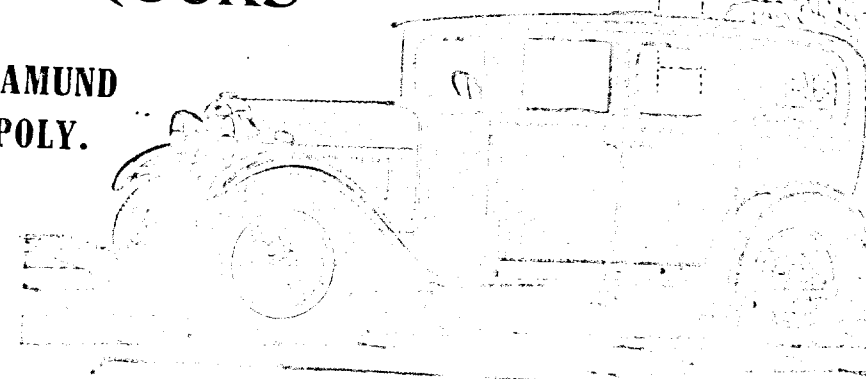
SINGLE COPIES
As. 8.
December, 1929.
Vol. I. No. 5.

Simpson & Co., Ltd.

for
QUALITY CARS & TRUCKS
OVERLAND WHIPPET
WILLYS-KNIGHT
HILLMAN, SINGER CARS
FEDERAL & OVERLAND
TRUCKS

MADRAS, OOTACAMUND
AND TRICHINOPOLY.

Write, 'phone or call
for further
particulars.



WILLYS-KNIGHT

(SIX CYLINDER)

TRUCKS

In designing and building the Willys-Knight Truck, the men who developed the Knight motor to its present high efficiency have collaborated with truck engineers of more than twenty-five years' experience. The Willys-Knight Truck is new only in that it brings together a new combination of proved units long and successfully tested.

To meet the strenuous competition of to-day, equipment for commercial transport must be as fine as can be obtained. The Willys-Knight Truck is winning high favour by reason of its efficiency, dependability and economy.

For lower cost per ton mile, for fast, safe, profitable haulage, you too must turn to the Willys-Knight. It will pay you to see this truck and try its service in your own business.

Dependable and
Economical Commercial Transport

MADRAS AUTOMOBILES
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.



The World Has a New and Finer Motor Car —the Nash "400"

SUCCESSOR to a long line of dependable motor cars—the new Nash "400" adds still more prestige to an already famous name. For, in addition to the modern charm of its style and exquisite appointments, it has that newest and finest development of the motor world—the Twin-Ignition motor.

The Twin-Ignition, high-compression, valve-in-head motor already has proved its high efficiency in racing and aero motors. Now Nash has perfected this same superior power plant for the motor car.

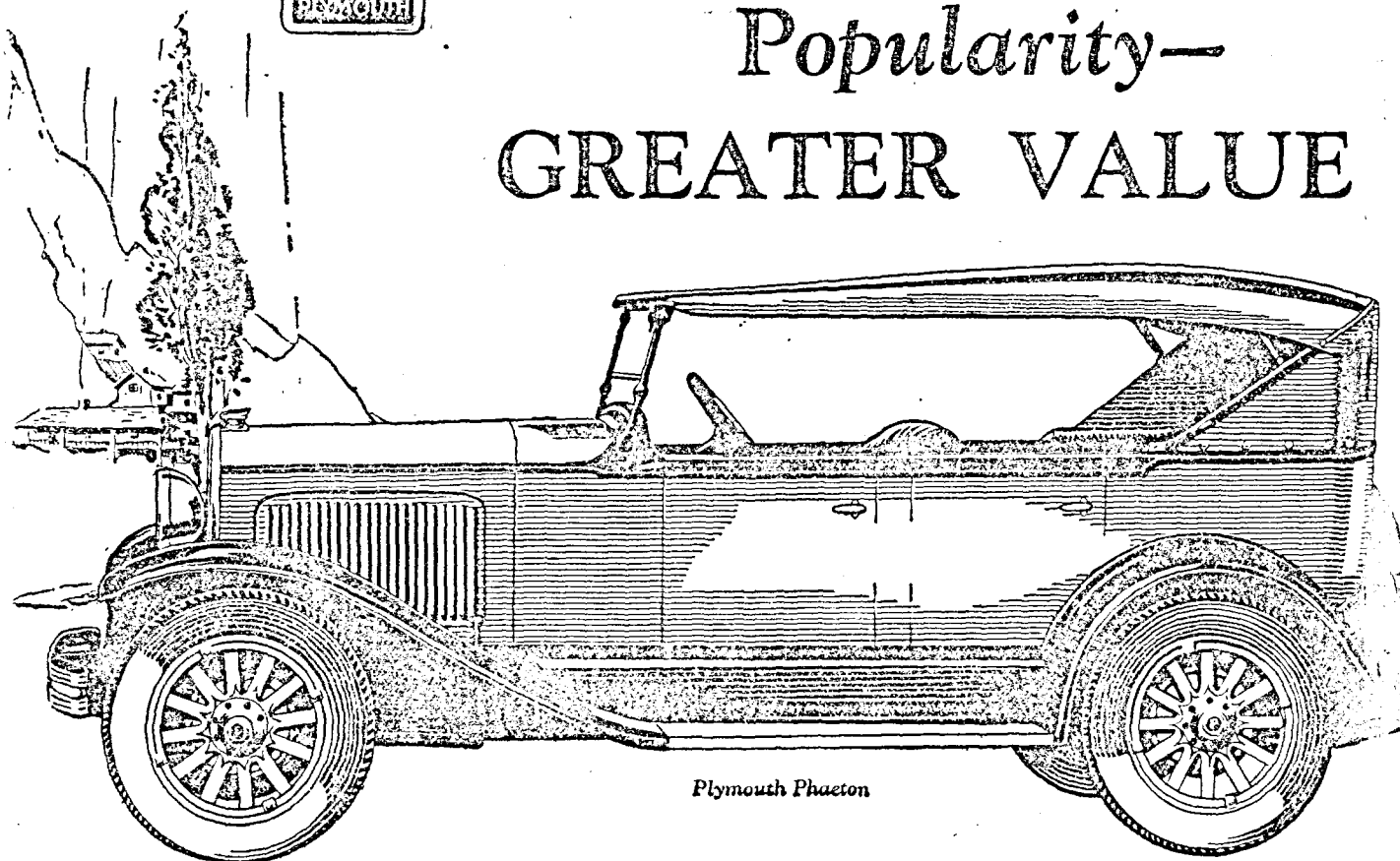
Drive the "400" and you will never again be satisfied with older types of motors.

THE NEW
NASH "400"

Sole Distributors for Madras Presidency
MOTOR RECONDITIONING STATION
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The Secret of PLYMOUTH Popularity— GREATER VALUE



Plymouth Phaeton

GREATER value is the important difference which people at once recognise when comparing the new Chrysler-built Plymouth with the other cars of its price-class.

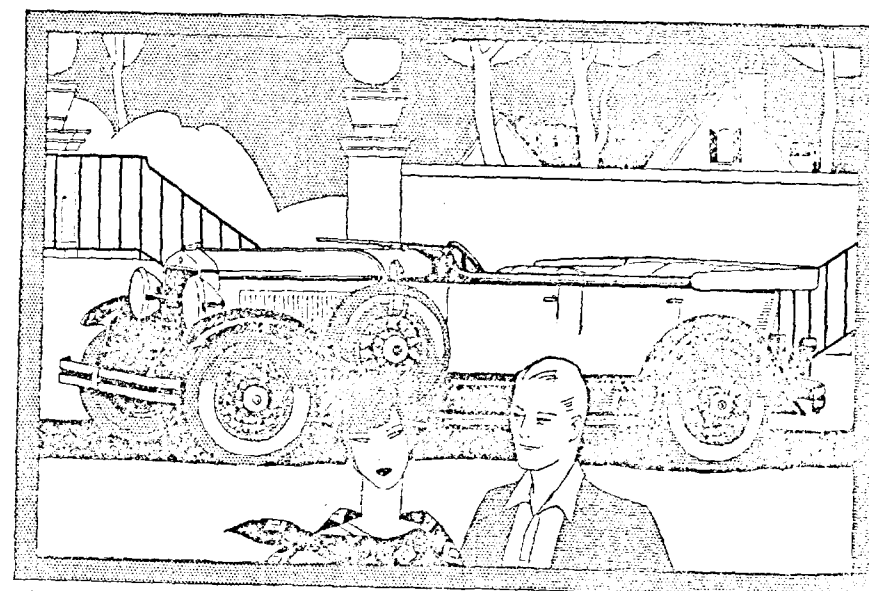
Its full size; its new styles; its luxury features; its performance qualities due to the Chrysler principle of Standardised Quality; the abundant power, speed and smoothness of its new "Silver-Dome" high-compression engine; the

safety of its four-wheel brakes—all are features which make you conscious of Plymouth superiority.

When you drive the Plymouth yourself we are confident you will declare it as unapproachable in performance as in value giving.

Distributors: **ADDISON & CO., LTD., Madras.**

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C32

COMMANDER REGAL TOURER — Five or seven-seater with your choice of six or eight cylinder power. Six wire wheels, folding luggage grid and folding windscreen of nonshatterable glass, standard equipment.

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A
MONTHLY
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DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS
OF
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MOTOR VEHICLE
OWNERS

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WILL
MOTORISTS
LEARN
TO
FLY?
PAGE 208

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Jottings from this Issue

To all our Readers—A Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year.

	PAGE	CONTENTS	PAGE
Anomalies caused by local interpretation of rules and regulations in Southern India are numerous, and in many cases absurd ...	214	With Car and Camera ...	200
The difficulties and humours of getting past Pondicherry Customs ...	201	Owner-driver's Note Book. ...	205
Systematically hunting for causes of sudden engine stoppage simplifies the task enormously ...	217	Flying Club for South India Motorists ...	208
For every 10 lbs. petrol which is burnt in an engine more than 13 lbs. of steam is produced ...	223	Ceylon Reliability Trial ...	210
Presented with a magnificent carved crocodile's egg mounted as a tie pin ...	227	Hillman Straight-Eight Saloon ...	211
Figures which would have turned the hair of an astronomer gray are given in an account of the Continental Co.'s fluctuating fortunes ...	232	Resolutions ...	213
		Correspondence ...	214
		Tracing the Trouble ...	216
		The Importance of Clean Lubrication ...	219
		Motoring Pilgrim's Progress ...	226
		The Rise of the Continental ...	231
		Chota Flashes ...	234
		News and Miscellany ...	238
		Cars which are haunted by a mischievous sprite ...	207
		Progress along any line of thought or activity demands luck, pluck and sound common sense ...	198
		Progress of aviation and the light aeroplane movement can be safely assumed as having reached a stage comparable to that reached by motoring in 1906 ...	208
		Oil diluted with only 5% of fuel loses 35% of its viscosity ...	219
		Thought concerning the frailty of mankind ...	234
		Plenty of fuel yet for 50,000 years to come say American scientists ...	238
		The practice of insisting that drivers run right round the constable on cross road duty produces no great advantage ...	205

EDITORIAL

Prospect and Retrospect

THIS is the time of the year when we all feel in that particular retrospective frame of mind invariably induced when the old year is passing and plans for the future are still sketchy and unformed. It is a time when we look back over the old year and think of all we have failed to accomplish; when we glance over the road we have come and realise how badly we have loitered on the way; above all it is the time when we feel we can be of more use to ourselves if only we can concentrate.

It is a pleasant time, this, when we are on the point of turning over to a clean white page with all its possibilities, and is perhaps one of the reasons why all of us—though scoffing outwardly at the idea of good resolutions—do really attempt to plan things better for the coming year. In fact, we all grin rather good-naturedly when any mention of this resolution business is made because we know that good resolutions are invariably broken—sometimes ere they are made. Granted. But then the very fact of having made an attempt to do something better indicates clearly that we are aware of our shortcomings. It also shows that we are prepared to make some effort towards an improvement, and indicates that we are in that particular mood when we are prepared for overhaul, and seriously reconsider putting ourselves in the repair shop.

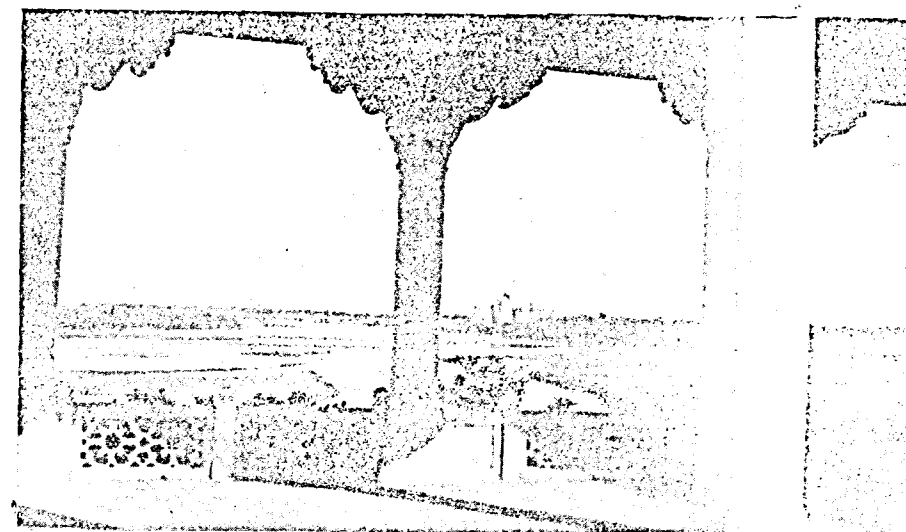
There is a great deal of wisdom in the custom of mankind which, with every revolution of the earth round the sun, marks a fresh and definite period of time. If we did not parcel time in this fashion, we should find ourselves held back by the failures of the past from which we could no more escape than if we were tied by invisible elastic. By utilizing a method of distinctly apportioning time we are able every twelve months to start, as it were, afresh; to

turn down the old page with all its entries, erasures, alterations and blots, and to say to ourselves 'This year I will write more neatly.'

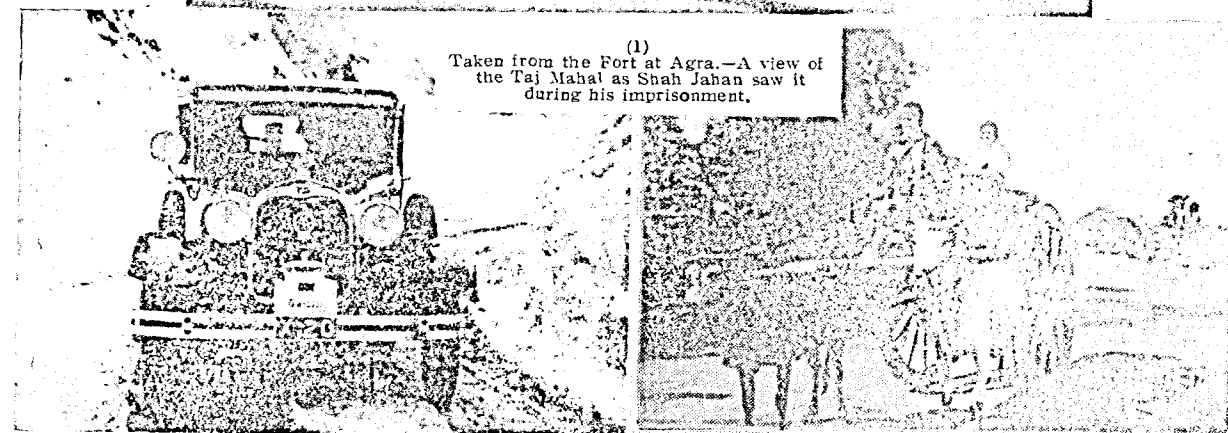
If, of course, we have decided we have nothing to learn and nothing to improve, then it would be useless to make resolutions and Time has no further use for us. If this is the case, the coming year will have nothing to offer us and we shall have nothing to offer it, and we might just as well drift away into a very lonely place where the world and those to whom the world offers something could forget us. It is an incontrovertible fact that the world has no more use for the man who has no more use for it. On the other hand, if we think that there is something to learn in this coming year and we realise that we can, all of us, do with a thorough overhauling, then there is every hope of squeezing more than a mere existence out of 1930.

Human nature is proverbially weak and it takes a long time and a great deal of persuasion to be forced towards one particular goal, and that is why every resolution we make at this time of the year is a definite step, however small, in the right direction. The man who makes no resolutions makes nothing, but the man who makes resolutions even though he breaks them immediately afterwards has at least made an attempt to grapple with his own fate.

Progress along any line of thought or activity is a mixture of luck, pluck and sound common sense—three very excellent ingredients. The luck, of course, is beyond our control, but the pluck and good sense we can acquire if we can screw up our courage to the crucial point. If everyone succeeded just one wee bit in keeping the spirit of this ideal before them, this old world of ours would be a very much more pleasant place for human beings to live in.

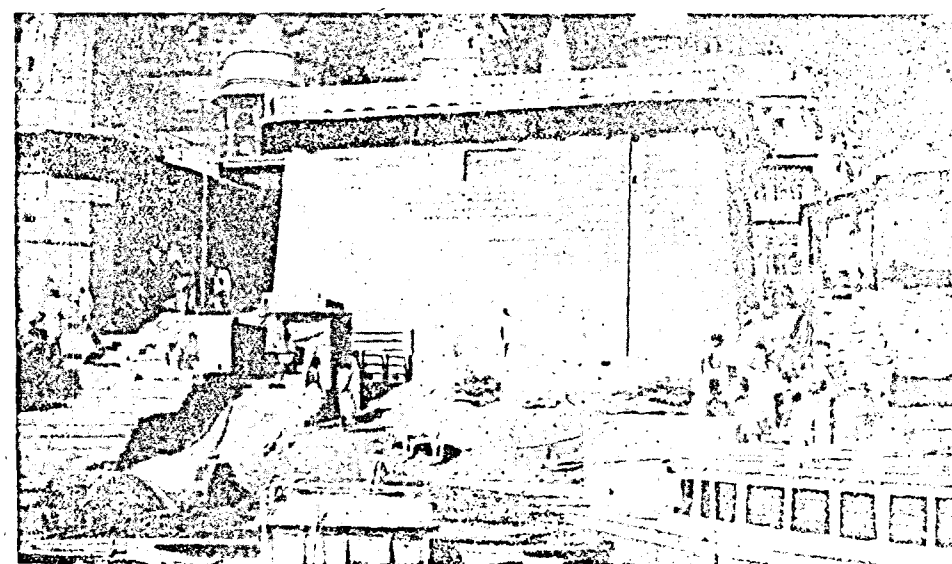


(1)
Taken from the Fort at Agra.—A view of the Taj Mahal as Shah Jahan saw it during his imprisonment.



(2)
With icebox and overcoats—Touring in Kashmir.

(3)
The unspeakable bullock cart—Touring anywhere in S. India.



(4)
Showing a burning ghat along the sacred river at Benares

With Car and Camera

Around Madras

A Run to Pondicherry

THE road to Pondicherry was hazardous and uncertain—and the portion we were now travelling held unpleasant possibilities owing to a large black gap in the distance which didn't somehow seem normal. Nearer still, and now the road appeared in the distance, but there was a black hyphen note in the line of the road that seemed to want some careful consideration. Nearer yet, and a thin bamboo pole across our path put the tin hat on progress. Dangling inconsequently from the wavy outlines of the anaemic bamboo pole was a weather-worn item of matchboarding, on which some words were to be seen, but as yet were undecipherable. 'Road up!' says Bill, breaking the monotony of the silence. And again, 'Road up. Stop.' said the board in that mute and apologetic manner which only a road-up board can convey. But they were both wrong; the road was down! Where the road should have been was simply a black hole, and after we had tumbled out of the car and advanced to the edge of the blackness we saw the silver pin-points of the stars reflected in inky water below.

Neither to left nor right was there a sign of river or tank; yet here was a road with a hole in it and water—still and forbidding—five or more feet below. We meditated a while on the story hidden under the chapter-heading of 'Road up. Stop,' but there was no kindly old watchman sucking his pipe and gazing into the glowing embers of his fire to give us the story of the road's undoing, or the tale of the tragedy that may have occurred. Only the P.W.D. could tell us that and they were not there. But there it was; and as far as we could see, there was no getting round the fact! A ditch arrangement ran on either side like a pair of parentheses round the hole, and beyond the ditch we got sight of gently-swaying rice in the glimmer of the soft starlight. As we backed reverently from the scene, Bill casually mentioned the fate of a steam-roller he had once observed amid the ruins of a collapsed gas-main, and of a crack which appeared in a



A CAMERA STUDY.

mountain-side road in Wales, avariciously swallowed cart complete with horse and driver and then contentedly closed up again. By the time he had finished, we began to think there was a lot to be said for Madras at that time of the night! Anyway there did not seem to be much else to do but turn round again and fish for a side road, and as but a short while before we had passed a string of bullock carts travelling in the opposite direction, there must perforce be some way round. But where? That was the question. After a while our now very observant eyes described a more or less (but chiefly less) kind of pathway leading off the road, and turning round into it we went steeplechasing off into the unknown, which eventually proved to be across paddy-fields, ditches and dykes in regular order. The Providence that looks after distressed mariners kept us from sinking into the boggy ground, while we sailed on gracefully like a duck swimming through tar, our course mapped out by the down-trodden aspect of the paddy in front. Sudden racings of the engine; squelching in the

vicinity of the bows, and a heaving of the car as an entity; one moment the headlights pleading to the callous grin of the man in the moon, and the next moment boring into the very roots of the rice itself: such was our progress round the black hole on the road to Villapuram. Quarter past eight, sang the clock, and the speedometer needle cuddled closer to zero. 'Urk, urk,' sang the differential, as it discussed the possibilities of low gear with the road wheels, while the clutch pedal played a game of hide-and-seek with the accelerator and the foot-brake.

The road regained and nine horses laid back their ears and let her go, until a signpost appeared on our right, which proved to be the turning for Pondicherry. Here we stopped for a while, and debated the chances of making Pondicherry in time for dinner, against the certain meal at Villapuram minus the longer journey. Villapuram took the vote. We were now sixteen

miles off, with a good road underneath, free from traffic and fairly straight. Ten miles to go and the sky ahead began to lighten with the glare from the lights of a large town; further still, and the road began to change with evidences of semi-civilization. Presently a red light appeared, and developed into the riding light of a toll-gate bar, where we paused to pay our dues and make enquiries.

Immediately past the toll-gate, there is a level-crossing, and thence the way to the station lies through narrow and indifferent streets to one side of the town. The bazaars were in full swing, with their smoky oil lamps and chattering throng, and we would surely have been lost among the maze, were it not for the good services of a guide who jumped on to the running-board and showed us the way.

The dinner was a great success, and never were there three more enthusiastic musketeers than the trio who sat down to the table there and did full justice to the drink and meat. A little harmony over a last peg, and heigh-ho for the road again.

Feeling at peace with the world, we pulled out, Pondicherry 24 miles to go by map. Two miles and we were away from the confines of the town, and travelling easy on a good road; three miles and still going strong, with the speedometer needle playing toyfully among the little black lines at forty, and then suddenly we ran on to the worst road in India. Half-an-hour passed and the road was just the same: up and down one pot-hole after another, with deep drifts of sand to break the monotony. These drifts required very careful navigating, as the road wheels had a tendency to dig into the ground. Here the road is very deserted, and for the most part runs through a sandy desert which appears to be flood country in the rainy season, as was evidenced by the numerous watercourses which ran unashamedly across the track. These watercourses had cut deep into the road, so that, even when any straight stretches appeared, they were mostly formed of silted sand in the midst of which was generally to be found a miniature ravine.

Wheelspin was getting a nuisance and Jimmy, who was counting the milestones against the speedometer reading, found that we were losing one mile in three due to this cause. Not a soul was to be seen, and had it not been for the milestones, we should have doubted whether we were on the right road. Four green eyes appeared once out of the darkness, and the first living beings we had seen for an hour lumbered past, and shortly afterwards there arose from the ground a little red spot of light, which later turned out to be the Customs barrier. Here we had perforce to wait while the Customs office was opened, which necessitated an old and decrepit inhabitant going for a long walk down the road with a hurricane lantern. We were feeling cramped after the long jolting journey, and getting out of the car, we draped ourselves along the bar, to discuss further the possibilities of the road improving later on. Curiosity drew several of the villagers round us, and we tried to extract some

information. The manner of it was somewhat as follows:—

'What sort of road is it in front?'

'Ama.'

'Yes, I know; but is it good or bad?'

The reply appeared to be in Portuguese Dutch. Recognising the futility of English, we tried to dust our Tamil.

'What is the Tamil for "road," Jimmy?'

Jimmy didn't know, but he had a very good knowledge of the English for this one. We let Jimmy try.

'Road,' pointing to it.

'Ama.'

'Beaucoup good or like this (waving his arms up and down in wild sweeps).'

'Ama.' Which was when you come to think of it, non-incriminating.

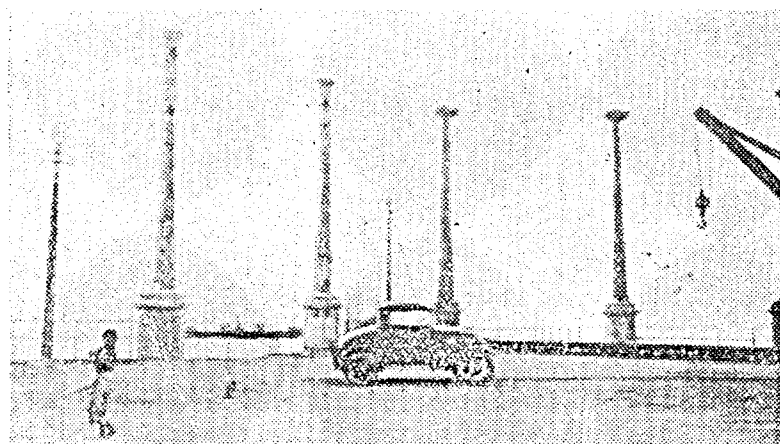
'Pondicherry yevvalo duren?'

'Ahhh; twenty-four miles!'

'Ye gods,' said Bill, 'it was twenty-four when we started, and I know we've done nearly fifty!' (As a matter of fact we had done eight).

By this time a second light appeared far down the road, and after one or two further attempts to extract information, we gave it up for a bad job, but it had whiled away the time.

The Customs office opened, we started on the formalities of getting through. It appeared that one had to make an inventory of all the dutiable goods that were taken through, in order to avoid the duty coming out. First of all there was the car; engine number and chassis numbers had to be stated. We seemed to remember that the makers had stated in their book of instructions that the engine number was stamped on the cylinder block underneath the head, with thirteen good bolts holding it down. No; must have engine number. We had visions of dismantling the engine by the roadside. Jimmy invented a number, but it didn't sound plausible. We dug in the side-pockets of the car, and found the little red book, where it was discovered that the engine number was also stamped on the steering wheel. We all trooped out and it was so. Everybody happy. Item two: Spare parts. Enumerated, with a racking of brains, add everybody still happy. After the sheet had been filled up and a new one started and well on the way, it seemed that our troubles had just begun, for we had to go over the items one by one and value them. Jimmy did that; he is a great stickler for the truth, and put it down to the last anna and pie. It was a fearsome total to add up, but Jimmy had not anticipated that. However, he is nothing if not brave, and the deed was accomplished. We all signed our several signatures, and the papers were handed to us with instructions to hand them in again at another barrier seven miles further on! Resignedly, we enquired after the health of the road, only to be told that it was still the same old bumpy affair to the next post. After that he had no information. We nearly gave up the ghost then; another seven miles of that torture was getting near the last straw. With cheerful



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE PIER

goodnights the office was shut, and we drooped back to the car. It was then we discovered that we had left the uke out, and being a dutiable article within the meaning of the law, it must go down on the list. Office opened again. Bill tried to play it to prove that it was not a musical instrument, and in our opinion he succeeded. But as it made a noise, it became an article of importance. And down it went.

Seven miles further on, and no barrier. A little way further, and we saw a dim red light ahead, and we knew the second barrier was not far off.

On arrival, this proved to be a much more imposing place than the first, but we waited some time for signs of life. We had removed ourselves from the car, as relief from the cramped positions we had had to adopt against the bumpy road, and we were sitting on the top edge of the barrier, discussing supper! After a long interval a light came hurrying down the road, a train puff-puffed away into the distance, and the level-crossing gates beyond the barrier swung open. The hurrying light neared and resolved itself into the guiding star of a small procession—and the Customs office became open. Another delay while the books were brought from the station, and then the preliminaries started. Papers were produced, signed, sealed and delivered, and with a final flourish we were bade on our way, the custodian of the gate flinging open his charges with the regal air of a king opening wide the gates of an empire.

The road, we had been assured, was fairly good, but experience soon showed it was the same old road, full of ups and downs, and as far as we could see there was no hope of it ever improving. Suddenly the road disappeared again. Bearing our previous experience in mind, we slowed up, but the gap turned out to be merely a deep dip in the contour, where it sunk down to the level of a wide river-bed—a flood channel by the look of it. The surface was of level sand and not too bad going. Now and again a causeway of sorts would appear beneath the layer of sand, the sides of which were marked by little posts, on either edge at intervals, which enabled us to keep

to the appointed path. Were it not for these posts we might easily have lost the road in the darkness, for the surrounding country was barren of any vegetation to mark the confines of the road. Gaining confidence, the gas was pushed down still further, and barring an occasional spot of wheelspin, the car was going well on the loose surface, when for some reason or other the steering wheels were pulled out of straight and from then the car refused to travel other than in a straight line. With the wheels locked hard round, she ploughed forward and no effort on the steering wheel would pull her out of straight. We had left the road, and were heading goodness knows where, in deep sand. We did not dare to stop or she would have been sanded, the only

thing to do was to keep on going in the hope of eventually swinging round.

By this time, Jimmy and Bill, who had been indulging in a little chat which had taken away their attention from the road, sensed that something was wrong. A few tense moments of straining into the darkness ahead, then without any warning, the front wheels gripped a harder surface, and with that foothold she turned in her own length with a lurch that threw us on top of each other as she shuddered to a stop with the brakes hard on. Nobody spoke for a few seconds—we were busy pulling ourselves together; a glance in front showed that we were on grass-bound sand, beyond which gleamed the silver shimmer of water. We were on the river bank over which we might have headed into the water below. Commonsense told us that the road would be picked up at some point along the bank, and as the firm sand persisted, we travelled on, until we again struck the causeway. At this point the fairway appeared to be a single track, consisting of long stones laid lengthwise with boulders filling the gaps, so that the going over this portion was very rough indeed. Praying fervently to the god of back-axes and rear springs in particular, we eased forward, climbing miniature mountains and glancing right and left, where in the darkness it seemed that the black waters were but an inch away from the slithering wheels. Fortunately for our peace of mind, this agony did not endure long, the end being reached when two or three hundred yards had been traversed, a steep climb up a rock-strewn roadway bringing us to a more familiar level again.

From now on, the road had appreciably improved the needle of the speedometer reaching twenty-five—a position it had not occupied for hours. Up to thirty and it hovered there; the road, although bumpy—after our past experience, we were beyond troubling about ordinary pot-holes—bearing some signs of coming habitation. A bullock cart appeared and a couple of dogs barked a welcome to us out of the night. Out in the distance the sky lightened from the glare of a large town and we felt we were nearing home. It seemed

that we had been weeks upon the road, until it was realised that Madras was but eight hours behind.

Still the road kept going on, first this way and then that, twisting and turning, until all sense of direction was lost. A village blocked our path, and enquiry of a sleepy-eyed shopkeeper elicited information that Pondicherry was "over there." There seemed nothing to do but to keep on carrying on. Pedestrians were becoming more numerous, but a mutual understanding was not possible between us—different attempts had resulted in different directions being given to our enquiries, so that we headed forward.

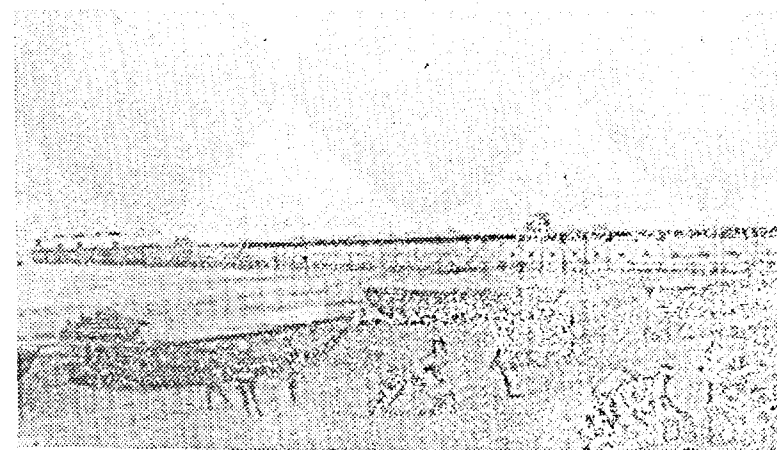
We ran into what seemed a large town which, we fondly hoped, was the outskirts of Pondicherry, but enquiries showed that we were still five miles—or kilometres—from port.

The railway appeared on our left, and later we crossed it, the track then running parallel on our right, only to deviate away a little later, where we saw the twinkling lights of a station. We were almost on the point of stopping again, for the petrol was getting low in the tank, and random scouting about might mean a night on the road, when far down the road we saw a cluster of lights that could be nothing more than street lamps, and thus heartened, we hurried on, the street lamps became an actuality, and we were in the outskirts of Pondicherry.

It was too dark to receive any real impressions of the place, the time being nearly one o'clock in the morning, our immediate objective now being to find some hotel wherein to roost for the night. A friendly late stroller directed us to a nearby hotel, and it was with some trepidation we pulled at the night bell to awaken the echoes within. The novelty of seeing and hearing a bell in India spurred us to further efforts and we each had a pull. Under the hanging lamp above, we examined the old-fashioned door, with its heavy iron knocker, the first of its kind we had seen since leaving the Western hemisphere. The whole appearance of the place forcibly reminded us of many such other places in old France, and it seemed out of keeping somehow in India.

Shuffling footsteps within, a rattle of bolts and chains, and the door opened to disclose the maitre d'hotel, newly awakened from sleep. Yes; he had room: would we step inside. We almost fell in! A lusty bawl brought forth Jose, who cleared our belongings from the bus and forthwith pushed her into the stable yard, and our cares for the day were over. Dog-tired and stiff in our joints, we made a most welcome supper of beer and biscuits and tumbled into our cots, in full fighting trim for one long sleep.

Seven o'clock on a bright and sunny Sunday morning. A rattle at the door awoke us to early morning tea, and thus refreshed, we took stock of our surroundings. People are early risers at Pondicherry. A



WHERE THE SURF BOATS RIDE--THE PIER IN THE BACKGROUND

constant chatter of children's voices emboldened us to peep out of the latticed windows, to see a Sunday school on parade with teachers marshalling their charges into some semblance of order. The chatter died away, little feet quick-marched into school, and shortly afterwards came the swelling chorus of the opening hymn in the high-pitched treble of care-free childhood. Over the whole town was that sense of Sunday peace common to any English or Continental village; two priests passed by, head downward bent, fingers at rosaries. Pondicherry on a Sunday morning—any town in provincial France if you will.

In the lull before breakfast, we went out to inspect the car, and found her indeed a sight. Smothered all over in grey dust, thick patches of dried mud where the few heavy rain-drops had caught her, any chance beholder would have been pardoned for thinking she had travelled thousands of miles instead of one hundred. Nothing seemed amiss, however, and giving instructions for her toilet, we tumbled into breakfast with an air of having been up early with the lark!

During breakfast we made some sort of plans for the day. One must, we were told, visit the cemetery as one of the sights of the town. Nor were we disappointed; packed as it is with the monuments of ancient history, it bade fair to take up much of our meagre time, and with many pauses here and there we dawdled through. Unfortunately, the camera case only had been put in the car by our zealous porter, and a quick return to the hotel was indicated.

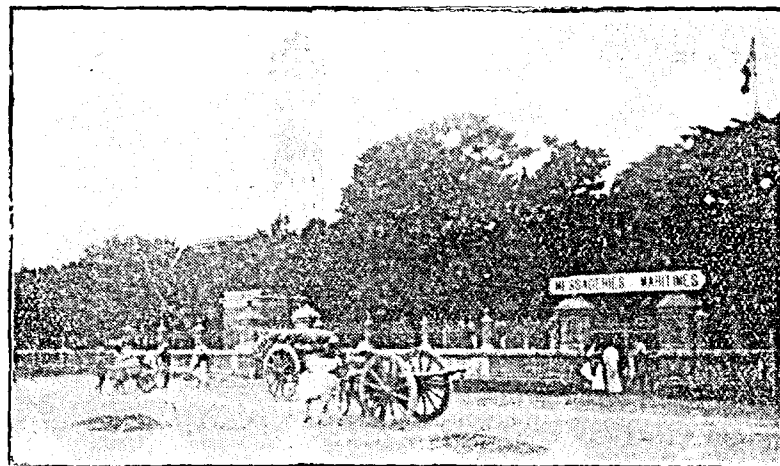
The camera regained, we took the road to the beach, but by this time the sky had become overcast by storm-clouds, which threatened to break any minute. Our first stop was by the pier, and for a while we were much interested spectators of the unloading of cotton bales from a ship inshore. There is no harbour at Pondicherry, and boats have to tranship their cargo into surf-boats. The tall pylons of the pier entrance seemed to warrant investigation, but we could gather no information as to their purpose or meaning, and a photograph, taken from the only vantage point possible, does not do justice to their general

beauty. Opposite the pier, and at the main park entrance, is a statue to General Dupliex, sometime Governor of Pondicherry, whose military feats against the forces of Clive retained for France for all time the town of Pondicherry. In front of the statue is the bandstand, and over to the right, en-

sclosed behind the trees, is the lighthouse. Behind the memorial is the park, with its broad walks and orderly grass. This beautiful little park is the favourite Sunday walk of the inhabitants of the town, a place to exchange the gossip of the day. One or two photographs were taken here, but owing to the bad light, they are not very suitable for reproduction.

Pondicherry is not a large town, and beyond the interesting little shops—of which more than one interior was explored—there was little enough to warrant an extended tour, and we passed through to the outer edges, where, in our passing of the night before, several fine temples had been noticed.

Motor-cars are an unknown quantity in Pondicherry. Indeed, as far as we could discover, there is only one petrol pump in the place, so that we were not surprised at one toll gate to find that the last occasion of the passage of a car was in 1927. Our first stop was to inspect some juggernaut cars at the side of the road, towering up to the skies and dwarfing the surrounding houses. With their fine carving, these are beautiful examples of Indian art, and although a guide endeavoured to explain their story, much of it was lost on us. Back of the bazaar was a particularly fine temple, which at the time of our visit had been newly decorated, and stood forth in all its vivid colours a monument of age-old religion. It was undoubtedly one of the finest of its kind that we had seen in India so far. It was in a fine state of preservation, its huge intricate carvings standing out in bold relief, decked out in the brightest colours of the rainbow. We reluctantly declined an offer to inspect its inner glories,



PONDICHERRY LIGHTHOUSE

machines here. As a pier proper Jimmy considered it a failure. From here a good view of the town is obtained, now twinkling in the twilight with the first lights of the evening. Back to the entrance, where underneath the statue we indulged in the musical treat offered by the military band. During a pause, we made some light enquiries regarding an evening's entertainment:—

'What does one do in Pondicherry of an evening?'

'Go to church.'

'And then?'

'I don't know. We hold dances here.'

We mentally preened ourselves, and pricked up our ears in rapt attention.

'Where?'

'Over there'; 'There' being some sort of hall, apparently.

And then like a bomb:

'But that was last Thursday!'

At that moment the flag of the British Consulate came down with a run, and the band, stirred to their finest efforts, broke out with the 'Marseillaise,' and Pondicherry went home to tea.

Fifteen hours later, homeward bent (we had explored every exit of the town to avoid taking our incoming route). We arrived at the Customs barrier, and were met with the same old smile. Then came the bitter truth: we were on the same road. With that knowledge, we subsided gently into our seats, resigned but happy.

For they keep good champagne in Pondicherry.

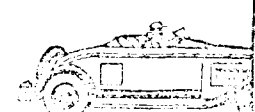
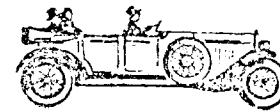
as time was pressing.

Further progress brought us back to the park, just as evening shadows were falling, and we came to rest at the entrance of the pier, parked the car, and followed Mr. Everyman and his wife along the broad wood walk out to sea. Unlike Southend, there are no penny-in-the slot



SCRIBENDI

From an Owner Driver's Note Book



A Small Complaint

WHILST motorists in Madras are sincerely thankful for the good work daily performed by the police in traffic regulation, there is just one point which could be improved, and it is an improvement which would be welcomed by the vast majority of local car drivers.

The practice of insisting that drivers must run right round the constable on 'cross-roads' duty seems in many cases to be productive of no great advantage; in fact, there are certain points in the city where such a manoeuvre is absolutely unnecessary, and almost dangerous. When all is said and done, the traffic policeman's duty is to give one or two lines of traffic right of way, and this being so, no useful purpose is served by enforcing traffic to make a sharp right hand turn at a cross-road.

What is more incomprehensible still is that, whilst I am sometimes made to 'ride the roundabout' at many places I frequently pass, another policeman is just as annoyed if I attempt to do so. This lack of system is undoubtedly dangerous and tends to lead car drivers into awkward positions. When I am accustomed to doing a certain thing at a certain point during my daily journeys, it is annoying to be suddenly pulled up by someone who cannot even understand my protests and explanations. I just wish someone would write about this matter—if we could have expert opinion, we may be able to achieve standardization.

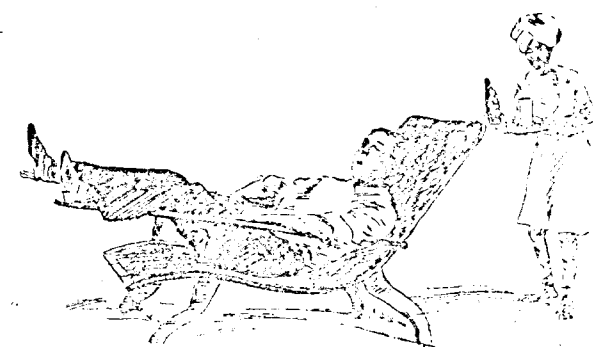
What's in a Name?

I think, if I were a car manufacturer, I could not resist the temptation to give an entirely new name to every model I built. It is strange, by the way, that the names of British cars appear to be considered all important, whilst in America they appear to carry so little weight that it is an exception nowadays rather than the rule for new models to bear the same name as their forerunners and stable companions.

An example of my meaning is provided by the General Motors range, which includes Cadillac, La Salle, Buick, Marquette and Chevrolet. If these cars were made in England, they would all be called 'Generals' and we would consider it very right and proper, but in America they think differently.

Even Morris, who has cut away from the name cult a little with Cowley, Oxford Minor and Isis, still persists in retaining the name Morris.

I have often wondered, too, why many manufacturers seem afraid to break away from some name characteristic of their competitors' products. Take unsplinterable glass for instance—all these glasses have trade names with 'ex' in them—Triplex, Splintex, Newtex, etc.—such evidences of unoriginality seem incomprehensible to the average man.



'ACCUSTOMED TO CERTAIN THINGS AT CERTAIN TIMES'

Advertisers! Beware

In last month's issue of the *Motor Owner* one of my brother contributors warned us against the motoring tramp's system of highway robbery back Home. With this article fresh in my mind, I was more than interested to hear from one of my old time friends in England of modern highway robbery in another guise. As this is a more serious form of imposition, and played only on people who are eager to sell their cars, it is sure to interest all



TWISTING . . .

our readers who may have sold or contemplated selling their cars before returning to South India, particularly if they employed the telephone form of address so popular now at Home.

In the words of my correspondent, this is what happens:

'Are you 2342?' asked the operator as I lifted off the receiver. 'Wait a minute, call office wants you.' Then a man's voice said, 'We are Smith & Sons, Putney. When can

I see that car you advertised

in last night's paper? Could you meet me half-way from here to my office, say, opposite So-and-So's, at 3.30. Bring the registration book, and if I like the car, I will give you bank notes.'

I agreed, but, being a trifle suspicious as to why he should ring from a call office, I looked up the directory and found that it gave no such name. However, always seeing the funny side of life, I decided to see what the idea was.

Prompt to time I turned up with the car and Mr. Smith came soon after. A trial run up with the car was suggested, to which I naturally agreed. We went about a mile, when he suggested a drink. Being thirsty, we did, and he paid for both. I did not offer to return the compliment and I did not give him the chance

for a confederate to run off with the car. Getting back to business he decided that the car was his, but I was to drive him to his office for the bank notes.

Half-way there, he suddenly thought that he had a parcel waiting for him at Victoria Station. Would I turn off and pick it up? We could put it in the rear of the car as it had to go to his office. Leaving me with the car, he went into the station and was gone about 10 minutes. He returned with a railway consignment note all duly and apparently officially made out. The parcel arrived c.o.d. and there was £8 odd to pay. As he had only £3 with him (which he had showed me) would I lend him the £5 to clear the parcel? He would give it back to me when paying for the car. Naturally he didn't get it! I was with this man from 3.0 to about 4.30 discovering what the trick was to be, and I enjoyed it.

The same evening I ran through the small car advertisements in an evening paper and noticed another car advertised by a phone number only, so I rang the advertiser up and told him to be ready for this rogue, but I was too late, for 'Smith' had already caught him for a few shillings a week before, and, the car not having been sold after the first advertisement, was being advertised again. The tale was exactly the same and the man leaves no flaw. He dressed the part and is well educated, but he makes the mistake of ringing from a call office.'

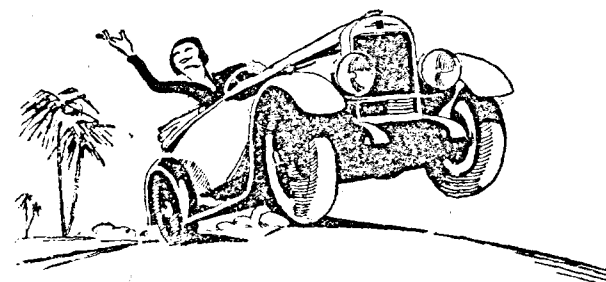
And I suppose the game pays.



ONE OF MY BROTHER CONTRIBUTORS

Is there any Real Reason?

Seamen tell strange tales of ships that were ill-wished on the slips. One such there was which one day out from Liverpool on her maiden trip thrust her bows into another vessel and sank it with all hands besides crushing to death two men who lay asleep in her own fore-castle. They repaired her, and on her second trip she went to the bottom herself.



'MOST INCONVENIENT MOMENTS'

Between these tragedies a dozen men or so came to grief aboard her in various ways.

There are cars, also, assembled beneath some unlucky star. A writer in the *Autocar* tells of one which killed a tramp in her first month, and was sold because her owner lost his nerve. A few weeks later she slipped off the jacks in a garage whilst her axle was off, and crushed a mechanic. Then her second owner skidded her down a bank, and she turned turtle with five people inside her. Fortunately it was never my evil fate to own a car of that kidney.

But I have owned one which was the habitation of some small mischievous sprite. Petty trouble was her *forte*. There were three separate filters between her petrol filler cap and her pilot jet, but she was for ever silting up that important orifice. Her tyres were of the finest, but there was always a pest on their valves, which leaked consistently.

All her four inlet valves would stick at the most inconvenient moments, but never when one was testing them in the warm shelter of a garage. A magneto expert assured me that her contact breaker was non-hygroscopic, but the sprite who haunted her was only encouraged by that resounding word; he made the rocker arm stick up any morning when I was in a special hurry.

No one would care to imagine that such behaviour is more than accident—but when it happens regularly just when one is in a real hurry, it certainly seems like pure 'cussedness.'

What is dirt?

I happened to read in a well-known British motor-cycling paper the other day that the 'Surfaces of dirt tracks are cleaned periodically', which somehow does not seem to be put as neatly as it could be, and also lays bare once more the strangeness of our English language.

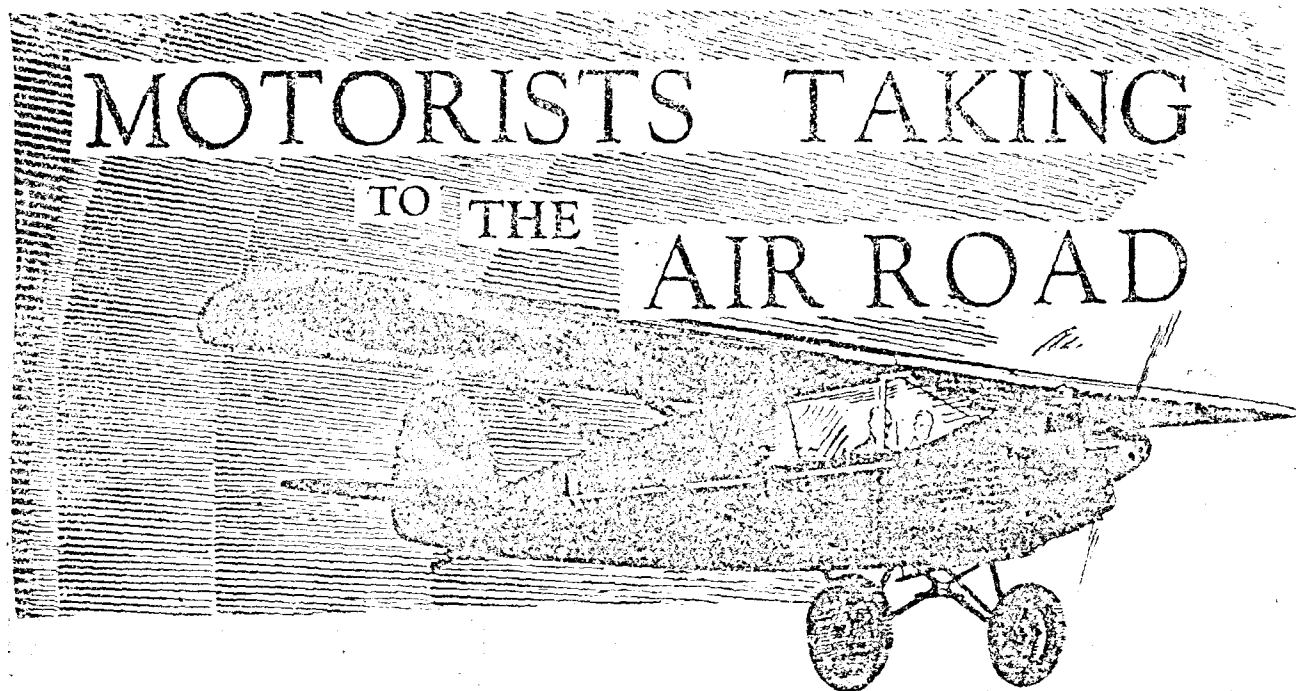
'What is Dirt?' I thought. Scientists tell us that Dirt is matter in the wrong place, but under the circumstances they will surely reconsider this definition, for nobody will deny that Dirt is an essential constituent of a Dirt-Track, so that it cannot possibly, in this case, be in the wrong place. The mere conception of an object, an essential part of which must of necessity be in the wrong place, would involve a mental effort of which I am not capable.

Again, one cannot define Dirt as 'The matter of which Dirt-Tracks are made', because this is not the whole truth. Obviously, there must be something beneath the Dirt which holds it up, just as the latter holds down the former, and below again there are perhaps intermediate strata—not very clean—not very dirty.

At any rate cleaning the surface of a Dirt-Track must be a highly skilled job. But it seems to me that 'cleaning' is a gross misnomer, because 'dirtying' seems better to convey the rather complicated idea. If, for instance, a piece of Dirt from the Dirt-Track happens to be flung into the face of a spectator, then ordinarily undistinguished Dirt-track Dirt becomes scientific Dirt. Carrying this still further, it must be admitted that the spectator's face should not have been there—was in fact in the wrong place when the Dirt arrived, so that the face being 'matter in the wrong place' becomes Dirt. As far as I can see, it does not matter who it is that stops the Dirt to substantiate my theory. If he does so, he is in the wrong place, and must be Dirt.

Dirt—Dirt—Dirt. The whole world's Dirt.

Bless my soul—it's time I turned in!!



[With the establishment of a Madras Flying Club there may be many South India motorists who will become interested in this new means of transport]

WITHOUT hesitation one could affirm that every motorist is interested in aviation, largely perhaps because the power unit of a motor car and of an aeroplane are similar. There are, however, many far-sighted motorists who are sufficiently keen and progressive and who have the habit of looking ahead a few years, who realise that we are on the threshold of serious private flying, not only from a business point of view, but also as a means of pleasure for the private individual.

During the past ten years the progress of aviation has paralleled closely that of motoring in the early days, until one could safely assume that the light aeroplane movement has now reached a stage comparable to that reached by motoring in 1906. The aeroplane, even as the motor car, has developed from just a daredevil's hobby, then a rich man's toy, until to-day it is nearing the stage when it becomes a recognised means of general transport. The stages of development have been counterparted one with another and just as motoring from a commercial aspect gained with development, so also is flying looming large as a commercial proposition. The genius and initiative responsible for the success of the automobile industry is also pushing forward aggressively the progress of aviation.

History does repeat itself. The horseless carriage of the old days was predicted as but a passing fancy, but the passing fancy has striven to become one of the world's greatest industries. The aeroplane has, however, passed the sceptic stage and the industry, throwing off its adolescence, is growing up and getting down to business.

India is an ideal country for the exploitation of private and commercial aviation, and that there are keen individuals is proved by the fact that light aeroplane clubs are being established all over the Peninsula.

What of Marketing?

Just as in the early days of the motor industry motorists had to deal direct with the manufacturers, so have those who desire to own a plane to-day to deal direct with the aeroplane makers. There is no doubt, however, that firms responsible for the manufacturing of aeroplanes are gradually realizing the necessity of putting their machines on the market in a way similar to that employed for the marketing of automobiles; and the day is not far hence when authorised plane distributors will be responsible for selling planes in their area, just as motor dealers at the present time have a franchise for cars over certain

territories. The growth of the industry has made it more difficult for aircraft manufacturers to sell direct to the ultimate user; the market has expanded and the problem of distributing has become more complex, until, as time goes on, it will be found that aeroplane dealers will have to be appointed having an adequate selling and service organization, for dealing with planes, just as motordealers to-day service cars. That this is realized by the large manufacturers is evinced by the fact that they are well ahead with organization for the establishment of proper distribution channels.

Looking at the subject, therefore, from a dealer's viewpoint, it must be kept in mind that, as the aeroplane industry is following closely the lead given by automobiles, dealers who have an eye to the not very distant future will realize the fact that a repair shop equipped for the servicing of cars needs but little adaptation to cover also the servicing of light planes.

Flying for the Individual

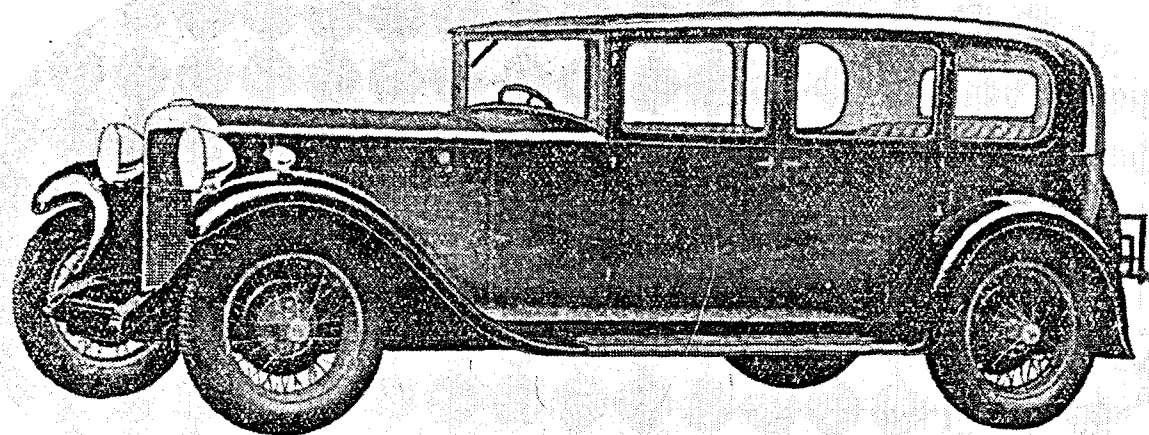
With every convenience offered in the way of subsidy from Government and organizations in the way of flying clubs it is, nowadays, easy for the private individual to take up flying as a hobby, and even where it is not possible for him to afford a plane of his own, he can always regularly fly the club 'hacks'. The prices, however, of handy light two-seaters are gradually falling and it will be possible for manufacturers, owing to the ever-increasing number of private owners, to reduce prices still further as the demand increases. In fact one could almost be assured that ere long a Ford or Morris of aviation will come along and market a plane comparable in price and running economy to that given by the two cars which have popularised motoring for the million.

The art of flying is not perhaps so difficult to acquire as is generally imagined. Perfection of design and sound, substantial construction of machines ensures anyone of average mechanical ability full safety—a task which is learnt at any rate just as easily as that of learning to drive a car. To the motorist of average ability, normal sight and sense of judgment of speed and distance, this fascinating mode of travel will be easily acquired.

The method of obtaining a pilot's ticket differs from the usual form of obtaining a driving licence in that the applicant must first give real proofs of his ability to handle an aeroplane before he is allowed to fly by himself. It is usual for the pupil aviator to put in a definite number of hours of tuition with a qualified instructor, and in most cases 10 hours' instruction proves ample time in which to become accustomed to flying conditions. The pupil is gradually taught to perform normal manoeuvres in the air after which instruction in landing is given. The majority of budding flying men find that landing is the most difficult of all preliminary movements, because accurate judgment of speed and height is essential in order to master the difficult three point landing which is demanded. After this has been done and the instructor is fairly certain that there is every prospect of the pupil who is flying above returning with plane intact, he is then permitted to take the 'kite' out alone.

Proficiency of course comes with practice as in all other things. The vast majority of private airplane owners find flying infinitely easier than learning to drive a car, and with the gradual lowering in price of light aeroplanes there seems little doubt that very many South Indian motorists will take up this new form of transport which is, when all is said and done, very little more expensive than running a big car.





AN EXCELLENT PHOTOGRAPH CLEARLY SHOWING THE BEAUTY OF LINE WHICH CHARACTERISES THE HILLMAN EIGHT

Excellent Acceleration

To give some idea of the capacity for acceleration it may be mentioned that to reach 40 m.p.h. from 5 m.p.h. (in top) occupies but 17 seconds, while to reach 50 m.p.h. from rest, starting away in top gear, requires 26 seconds only. This is an extremely good performance. Not all cars will start away sweetly on the level in top gear, but to do so against the stop-watch is even more creditable. Using the gears, a mile a minute can be reached from rest in 25 seconds.

The foregoing figures speak for themselves, for, despite the fact that the car tested was fitted with a roomy and comfortable body, the road performance savoured much of the sporting car. The real charm of the straight-eight Hillman, however, lies in its main-road performance. The open road suits the Hillman, for one can indulge in high speed touring to the heart's content without at any time feeling that the car is being overdriven. It is difficult to say which is the best cruising speed, because the engine is unobtrusive throughout its whole range and appears to be as silent at 60 m. p. h. and over as it is when the speedometer only registers in the neighbourhood of 30 m. p. h. One is tempted very much to drive all-out all the time, due to this smooth running characteristic, and if the speedometer is not consulted at fairly frequent intervals the speed gradually climbs from any predetermined level. At 50 m. p. h. there is remarkably little movement due to road inequalities and the engine has a fair amount of power

in reserve for acceleration and hill-climbing, so that one would imagine that on a long run an average running speed of 50 m. p. h. could be maintained without the driver becoming tired or feeling that he is 'pushing' the car in any way.

Mention should be made of the controls. The clutch and brake pedals are very light to the feet and both operate with extreme smoothness. We have already referred to the fact that the car can be started from rest in top gear which, in itself, is significant as to the behaviour of the clutch, so that there is no need to elaborate upon it now. Suffice it to say that, when using the gears in a rational manner, the drive take-up is very silky. The gear change, too, calls for comment, because it is not only easy to effect, but the upward changes can be made in rapid succession, thanks largely to a light spinning member. This, of course, considerably assists the performance in traffic.

As the outstanding feature of the Hillman straight-eight is unquestionably its top-gear performance, it would have been advisable to find a hill which the Hillman could climb in top, and which at the same time would be a well-known gradient, so that the performance could be compared with that of other cars by South Indian motor owners who are familiar with the gradient. This, however, is difficult in and around Madras, so we have to quote *The Motor*, one of England's leading motoring journals, which says of Hillman climbing that 'The particular hill chosen was the Fish, Broadway, a long climb with an average gradient of about 1 in 10. The difficulty in making

a top-gear ascent of this hill is that bends on the lower reaches prevent the car being driven all-out at points immediately preceding the stiffest parts.

With the driver only aboard the early reaches were taken at 40 m.p.h. to 45 m.p.h., but a sharp left-hand corner located at about the middle of the climb brought the speed down to 31 m.p.h., the rate of travel thereafter falling gradually to a minimum of 26 m.p.h. as the gradient stiffened beyond the turn. Once past the next bend, however, the speed gradually increased until the summit was breasted at over 30 m.p.h.—truly an excellent performance and one which should create a very favourable impression upon the vast number of 'top-gear' drivers. On a subsequent climb on third the ease with which the engine tackled the gradient came as quite a pleasant surprise, for the speedometer needle seldom fell below 35 m.p.h. even on the worst sections and for the most part



remained steadily on the 40 m.p.h. mark.

A word anent the general riding qualities of the car may not be out of place. Although the suspension is not at all harsh at low speeds, there is remarkably little rolling when indulging in fast cornering. The car sits the road very well indeed, and even on rough going no violent shocks are felt by the passengers of either the front or rear seats. In other words, the designers of this Hillman have hit upon a very happy combination of road spring strength and damping effect. So far as the

actual accommodation of the body is concerned, there is little to be desired in either roominess or comfort, and it is sufficient to say that both seats and squabs are of ample proportions.

Altogether, this new Hillman straight-eight must be welcomed, for it provides luxurious travel at moderate cost.

Resolution

AT New Year's time we hoist our slacks
And think of resolution,
We tilt our chins and square our backs
For this old institution
We know that on the first of Jan
We've got to pull our socks up,
That every sinful wicked man
Has got to boost his stocks up.

We will not drink, we will not swear
We'll always come home early,
It's strange, but we would never dare
To call the typist 'girlie'.
On New Year's morn we'll write 'resolved'
Upon three reams paper
Until Dame Virtue's code's evolved
So that we can't escape her.

Resolved that in the bright New Year
We'll reprimand most sweetly,
And boys who put their thumbs in beer
Will just be told discreetly.
Resolved that dhobies, cleaners, cooks
Will never see us heated;

Resolved that those who borrow books
Can have the gift repeated.
Resolved that when we drive the car
We'll treat it very gently:
There'll never be a crash or jar
From Whippet, Nash or Bentley.
Resolved we'll never sign a chit
Or back a Guindy stumour,
And, though it hurts a little bit,
We'll never start a rumour.

Unhappily, when this is done,
And written out so neatly,
We shelve the papers one by one
Till they're forgot completely.
We know that on the first of Jan
We started on repentance,
Resolved to be a better man
With every written sentence;
But when the Christmas headaches fade
And livers get in order
We find Dame Virtue—fickle jade—
A temporary boarder!

E.F.P.

Tracing the Trouble

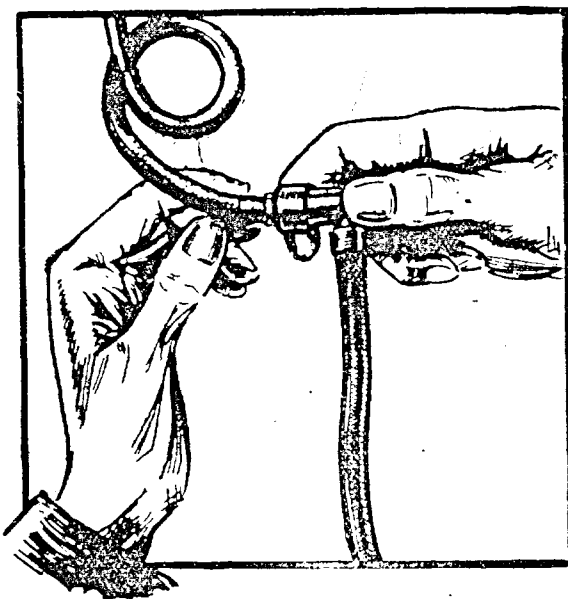
How causes of sudden engine stoppage can easily be found if a systematic series of tests be made

WHEN an engine that has been running quite well comes suddenly to an unexpected stop, the average motorist is very apt to be puzzled and to waste much valuable time in making guesses as to the reason for the 'conk-out'.

It is obvious however that no engine dies suddenly without some serious cause, and a consideration of the various faults to which this may be due demands a logical sequence of tests by which the trouble may be traced by a process of elimination. Taken by and large the subject can be divided into two main categories—fuel and ignition—because the remote possibility of a seizure or some internal engine fracture need no diagnosing; these causes being very evident to the motorist who is unfortunate enough to have them visited upon him. There are, of course, innumerable faults which can cause the engine to run irregularly, to lack power, but we are concerned only with those faults which can cause sudden and complete stoppage.

The first thing to do when this happens is, of course, to make sure that there is no shortage of petrol in the tank and, furthermore, that petrol is reaching the carburetter. Both these conditions can be verified by depressing or lifting (as the case may be) the float-chamber needle. The carburetter should flood immediately, but if no petrol issues, or if there is a considerable delay, it means either that there is no petrol in the tank or that the feed pipe is blocked.

Whether there is a shortage of petrol or not in the tank can be verified by the obvious means of removing the filler cap and looking. When the cap is removed it is just as well to make sure that the vent hole is clear,



SHOWING HOW TO USE THE TYRE PUMP TO CLEAR A BLOCKED PETROL CONNECTION

as should it be blocked a partial vacuum will develop in the tank and prevent petrol from flowing to the carburetter. It is just possible, of course, that the tap may have been shaken to the closed position, or—when it is under the scuttle to the rear of the dash—that the passenger may have inadvertently turned it off with his feet.

A blockage in the feed to the carburetter is most likely to be due to the filter becoming choked, and it should accordingly be removed and cleaned. The best method of cleaning a gauze filter is to pour petrol through it in the reverse direction to normal, so that particles

of dirt will be carried away from the meshes instead of being washed into them. Holding the gauze close to the lips and blowing is another fairly satisfactory means of cleaning, but on no account should any attempt be made to poke out dirt with a pin, as it is very easy to damage fine gauze in this manner.

If the filter is not at fault there remains only the possibility of the pipe being blocked, either by dirt and fluff or by an air-lock; an attempt may first be made to clear the obstruction by wiping the filler cap with a clean rag and blowing as hard as possible through the vent-hole; when the trouble is merely an air-lock this will generally prove successful, but solid matter in the pipe may not be so easy to move.

If a tyre pump having a quick-acting connection with a rubber inside is available, a plan which will often have the desired result is to press the connection hard against the nipple on the end of the pipe—an action requiring two hands—whilst a friend operates the pump. Alternatively, the obstruction may be cleared by means of a length of wire, but this is possible only when the pipe has no abrupt bends.

Cars fitted with a rear tank, the supply to the carburetter being by means of a vacuum tank under the shuttle are more difficult to doctor.

With this type of fuel supply engine suction is relied upon to draw petrol from the rear tank to the vacuum tank, and the pipe connecting the latter with the induction manifold should therefore be examined carefully to make sure that it is sound; any air leaks would, of course, seriously interfere with the supply or stop it entirely. Similarly, all other connections should be inspected.

So far we have assumed that the carburetter will not flood and have dealt with the possible causes. Let us now consider what has to be done if the fuel supply is in order. The remaining possibilities are a defect in the carburetter—probably a choked jet—or ignition failure.

Before going to the trouble of dismantling the carburetter it is as well to make a rough-and-ready test of the ignition. If assistance is available to press the starter-button or turn the engine, the most simple plan is to place a screwdriver across one of the terminals, the tip of the blade being almost, but not quite, touching the cylinder block; when the engine is turned a very pronounced spark should be produced.

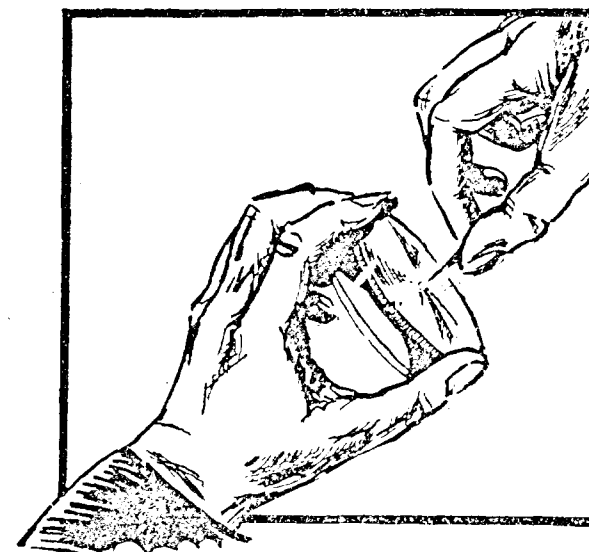
Should the driver be alone, a sparking plug can be removed and laid on a cylinder block, the high-tension lead being, of course, left attached to the terminal. The engine can then be turned whilst the plug points are watched. If a healthy spark appears the carburetter should be attended to before going farther.

The method of removing jets varies with different makes of instrument and need not be considered here. So far as clearing an obstruction in a jet is concerned, the usual method is to blow through it. No attempt should ever be made to push a pin or length of wire through the orifice, as the jet being of brass, which is a comparatively soft metal, there is a risk of enlarging the hole or burring over the edge. In an emergency, however, it is allowable to use a piece of copper wire.

With the exception of that very rare trouble—a breakage in the throttle-operating mechanism which would prevent the butterfly from opening when the accelerator pedal is depressed—this exhausts practically all possible fuel troubles that would bring an engine to a definite standstill.

We will now assume that the fuel supply and carburetter have been found to be O. K. and that a test of the ignition has shown the sparking plugs to be 'dead.'

Owing to the fact that the engine has come to a complete stop, it is extremely unlikely that the sparking plugs or their high-tension leads are in any way to blame, as there being several of them, it would be an extremely strange coincidence were they all to develop defects simultaneously. It is safe, therefore, to consider them as being in order. The logical procedure to be followed up naturally depends upon whether the ignition is by magneto or coil; we will consider the former first.



A STOPPED VENT HOLE IN THE FILLER CAP CAN PREVENT PETROL FLOWING FREELY TO THE CARBURETTER

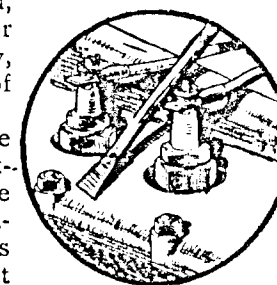
Magneto Troubles

A magneto is switched off by earthing the primary circuit, and it will be

obvious, therefore that if the switch lead in some way manages to make electrical contact with a metal part of the car, the effect will be exactly the same as turning the switch to the off position. The lead should accordingly be examined, and if any doubts whatever exist, it is best to disconnect it from the contact breaker cover and then to attempt to start the engine. If the engine fires, it is obvious that the lead or switch is at fault, and the car can quite well be driven to its destination with the lead left disconnected.

This, of course, will make it impossible to switch off the engine in the usual way, and the driver will have to stop it by the simple plan of taking his foot off the accelerator pedal, declutching, engaging top gear, and then gently letting in the clutch, the brakes, naturally, being applied at the same time. Another plan, of course, is to earth the magneto by replacing the switch wire and touching the frame with the bared part, but this entails lifting the bonnet and most drivers prefer the more simple plan of bringing the engine to rest by letting in the clutch with top gear engaged; no harm will be done by this if the engine is ticking over slowly.

If, however, the switch wire is not at fault, the distributor should be inspected. If it is of the jump-spark type it is scarcely possible for anything to have gone wrong, but with a wipe contact distributor the insulation between the metal segments may have become coated with carbon dust worn from the brush. This, of course,



TESTING PLUGS WITH A SCREWDRIVER

acts as a conductor and shorts the current from one segment to another. It is improbable that this would cause a sudden and unexpected engine stop, because the first effect of carbon dust would be irregular running, followed, as the amount of dust became greater, by spitting in the carburettor or explosions in the silencer.

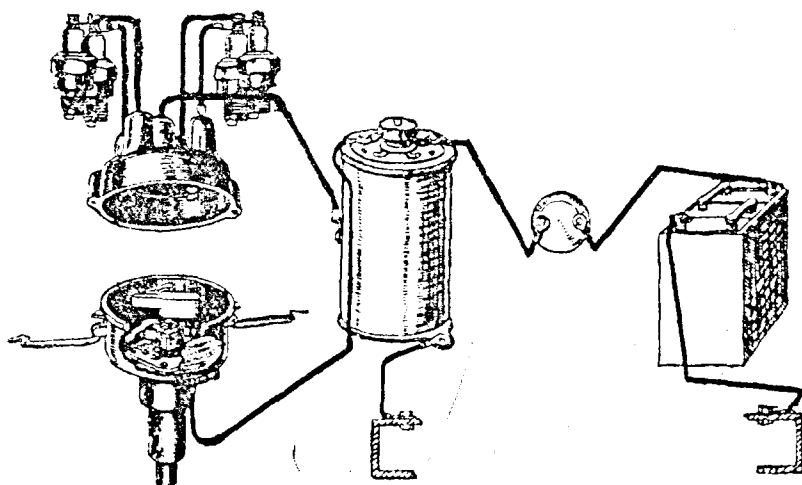
Should any carbon dust be present, however, it should be removed by wiping the inside surface of the distributor with a clean rag.

A frequent source of trouble in the past was the contact breaker, fracture of the spring which keeps the rocking arm in contact with the cam ring not being uncommon. A broken spring will, of course, be quite obvious so soon as the cover is removed, and if a spare spring is not available, an elastic band can often be made to serve the purpose.

Should the trouble still remain undiscovered, the slip-ring, together with the carbon brush which bears upon it, should be inspected. Access to this part can usually be gained by removing the cover at the opposite end of the magneto to the distributor. When the cover is removed, a further carbon brush will be found; this makes contact with the slip-ring. Should the brush be at all greasy or dirty, it should be cleaned with petrol, whilst it is also wise to make sure that it is working freely in its guide and that the spring which presses it outwards is not fractured.

There is the somewhat remote possibility that the failure may be due to dampness within the magneto or even to beads of water bridging the gap between the armature and the pole pieces. This defect can, of course, be remedied by the roadside, but such a course cannot be recommended, therefore the foregoing just about exhausts the various troubles which can be discovered and put right whilst on the road. Should the magneto still refuse to function, the only thing to do is to have the car towed to a service station for professional attention.

With coil ignition it is a fairly easy matter to trace a defect, as an examination can be carried out on a more logical plan. The first thing to do is to switch on the ignition, press the starter button and watch the needle



A DIAGRAMMATIC SKETCH OF A TYPICAL COIL IGNITION CIRCUIT. THE COIL ITSELF IS SHOWN IN THE CENTRE WITH THE DISTRIBUTOR AND PLUGS ON THE LEFT AND THE BATTERY ON THE RIGHT

of the ammeter. If it registers a discharge which fluctuates, it may be taken that the low-tension wiring is in order. If, on the other hand, the ammeter needle shows a steady discharge, a broken or loose connection in the low-tension circuit is indicated, or the make and break is not functioning properly.

Incidentally, if the battery is known to be in a low state of charge, these tests should not be made by using the electric starter, but by turning the engine over by

hand; this will, of course, entail assistance, as it is impossible to turn the starting handle and at the same time observe the ammeter.

It is just possible that the battery has become exhausted, but this, of course, can easily be verified by switching on the lamps, the possibility of a discharged battery being dismissed if they burn fairly brightly. Should the battery prove to be charged but the ammeter register no discharge, the cables from the switch box to the coil, from the coil to the distributor, and from the distributor to the chassis should all be carefully examined for defects, whilst the battery terminals should also be inspected to make sure that they are tight.

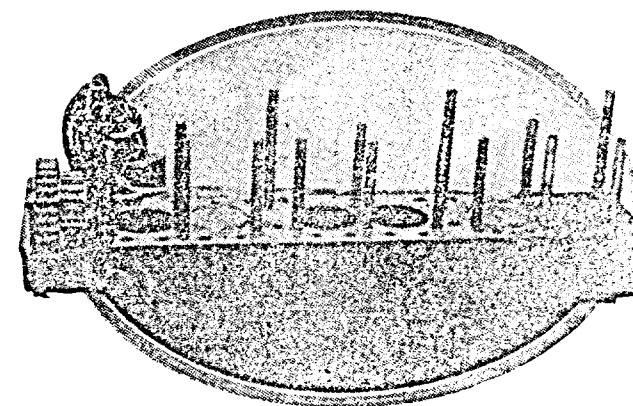
If all appears to be in order in the low-tension circuit, the cables from the coil to the distributor and from the distributor to the plugs should be gone over carefully to see that they are all properly connected, and that the insulation is not chafed, or in any other way faulty. Any doubtful spots can be bound with insulation tape.

So far as the coil itself is concerned, this can be tested by removing the cable from the centre of the distributor casing and holding it about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from some metal part of the chassis. When the engine is turned a strong and regular spark should be produced. Should the coil prove defective, there is nothing for it but to have the car towed to a garage for a replacement to be fitted, or for the original coil to be repaired by electrical experts.

From the foregoing it will be seen that an engine stoppage need not be so baffling as many imagine if a search for the cause is made in a logical way, as step by step the various possible troubles can be tested for and the defect found by a process of elimination.

The Importance of Clean Lubrication

An article proving that internal engine cleanliness has a marked effect on the life of an engine



AFTER 16,000 MILES—THE RESULT OF EFFICIENT LUBRICATION.

READERS of motoring journals must by this time be aware of the necessity for constant attention to lubrication of motor car engines. Articles concerning this important matter have appeared so frequently in pages of technical journals—varying from the highly technical to the absolutely simple—that, when dealing once more with this important subject, it is difficult to approach the matter without the feeling that the subject has been previously dealt with very adequately. Yet there are many South India motor owners who will appreciate the reminders which I propose to give, but which have all been given both in instruction books and contemporary journals before.

It is possible that in the early days of possession car owners obey implicitly the instructions drawn up by the maker of their particular cars regarding lubrication, but a negligent attitude later tends to take precedence, perhaps because of the important reason which is covered by the old adage 'What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over'. This state of affairs is, of course, due to the fact that all the parts affected by lubrication are out of sight. Even when the motorist takes a keen and practical interest in his car and personally examines all the parts exposed when the engine is down for overhaul, he seldom has the technical knowledge to read the indications clearly revealed to an expert by the condition of these parts. It is, therefore, the subject of this article to describe the effects of good and bad lubrication on a car engine and its influence on the performance and service to be expected from the car; and at the same time to point out how motorists themselves may judge whether the lubrication system is all that it should be.

In the first place, oil, however good its quality may be, cannot be expected to possess an indefinite life under the particular conditions under which it has to work within an internal combustion engine. Visualise for one moment just what happens to every drop of oil sucked up by the oil pump (probably when it is thick and sluggish) and very forcibly propelled through small and narrow passages to the hot bear-

ings, where it is squeezed by enormous moving pressure into a thin film of microscopic thickness. From here it is splashed against the cylinder walls, where it is again squeezed between quickly moving pistons and the cylinder walls, either to fall into the engine sump, only to be filtered and almost immediately put through the same process, or, in an old engine, it is forced past the piston rings into the combustion chamber where it is consumed by the burning gases at terrific temperatures.

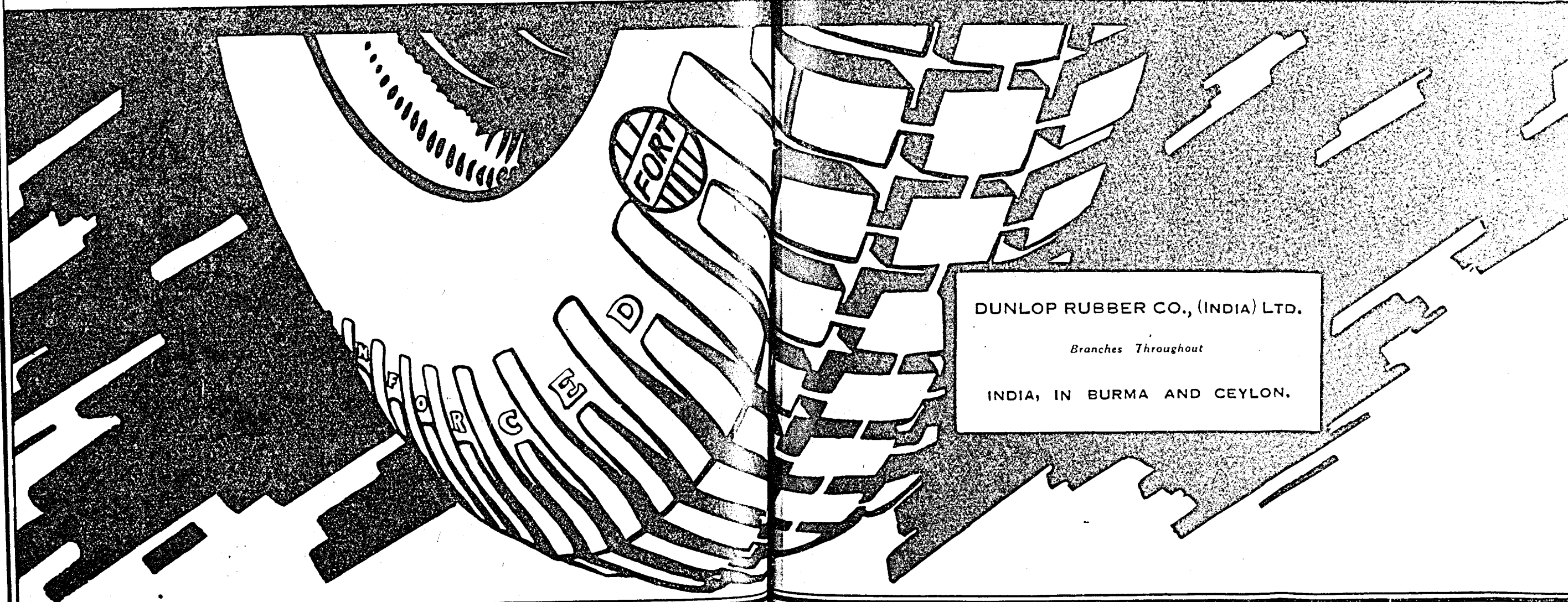
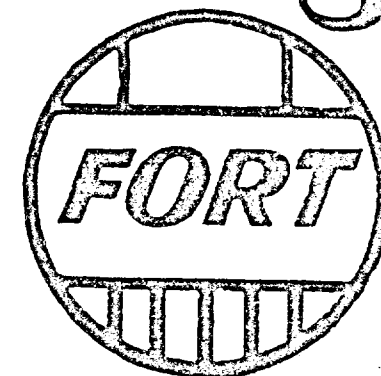
In addition to this, it must be remembered that oil not finding its way to destruction is subject to extreme changes in temperature, being at one moment in the relatively cool region of the oil sump, and at the next on the cylinder wall, where it is played upon by the explosive gases in the neighbourhood of 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Small wonder that it continues to lubricate at all under these conditions.

It must also be remembered that during its travels round the engine the oil comes into contact with numerous minute particles of dirt, metal, and other solid matter, which it carries along with it. While the larger particles of this foreign matter are arrested by the fine gauze filter provided in the lubrication circuit, the smaller elements (many of which are of a highly abrasive nature) remain suspended in the oil, producing visible discoloration, and greatly reducing the efficiency of the oil as a lubricant.

The oil is yet further weakened by dilution with the heavier fractions of the petrol which are not readily burnt, and which somehow or another succeed in finding their way past the piston rings into the oil. Dilution of the lubricating oil in this way results in a more extensive reduction of what is referred to as the 'body' of the oil than is usually appreciated. Oil which has become diluted with only five per cent of fuel loses no less than 35 per cent of its viscosity or 'body', so that even with so small a dilution it no longer possesses anything like the same ability to carry out the work expected from it. It may be mentioned that it is not infrequent in cases of bad driving

(Continued on page 223)

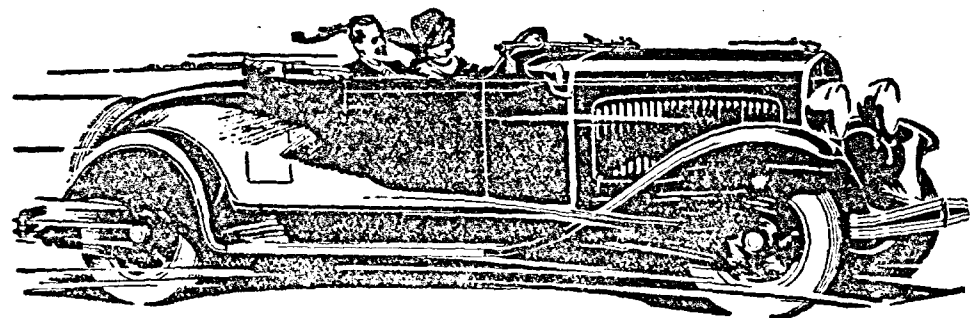
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to result in a dilution approaching 10 per cent with consequent ill effects.

The usual cause of deposits of unburnt fuel in the combustion space is the excessive and unnecessary use of a rich carburettor mixture.

A good driver will progressively move the mixture control to the weak position as fast as the rising temperature of the engine will allow, or, better still, even anticipating the rise—though he may lose power thereby—in order to guard against over-richness and its attendant evils.

The Cause of 'Sludge'

A common lubrication trouble, about which even the experienced mechanic seems to know but little, is the formation of that black glutinous deposit known as 'sludge'. Investigation has definitely proved that the nucleus of this deposit is water which has found its way into the crankcase, either as the result of condensation, careless car washing, or the leakage of water vapour past the piston rings. The quantity of water which may find its way into the crankcase from the latter cause, if the piston rings are at all faulty, will be realized when it is pointed out that for every 10 lb. of petrol which is burnt in the engine nearly 13 lb. of steam is produced. Obviously, if the piston rings are at all leaky, an appreciable proportion of this steam finds its way into the crankcase, where it condenses and mixes with other impurities in the oil, eventually forming the undesirable deposit referred to. The condensation of moisture in the interior of the crankcase is usually due to running the engine at too low a working temperature and to insufficient crankcase ventilation.

So much for the work the oil has to do and the conditions under which it does it. There remains the question of carbon deposits and their relation to lubrication. As it is essential for the whole of the working face of the cylinder to be covered with a sufficient film of lubricant and during an appreciable period in each stroke of the piston a large proportion of this film is above the piston, it is obviously impossible entirely to prevent oil from finding its way on to the piston crown. Here it encounters the gases ignited of each successive explosion, where its lighter elements are consumed and passed down the exhaust with the residual gases. The heavier fractions, however, are more difficult to consume and require a high working temperature such as that attained in engines working continuously under heavy load.

Now the average car does not work constantly at full load, with the result that the oil in the combustion

chamber is not fully consumed, but some of it remains to form the charred deposit so detrimental to the proper functioning of the engine. The nature and quality of the oil used in the engine is consequently of vital importance. For instance, if oil which is of poor quality or too thick in "body" is used, the temperature of the burning gases will not be sufficient appreciably to consume it, with the result that its charred remains will be deposited in the combustion space at a rapid rate, producing excessive deposits of carbon.

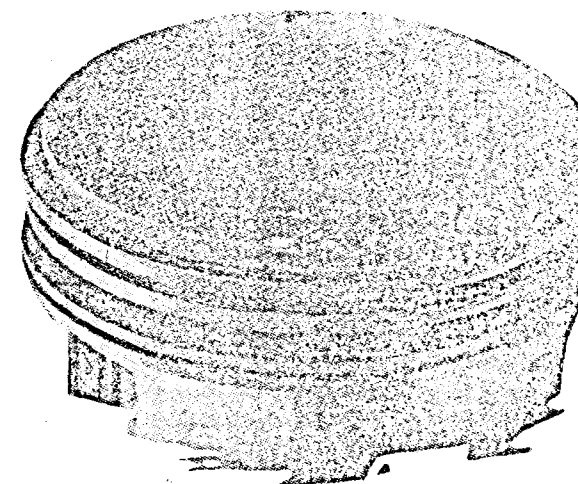
Obviously, any foreign matter of a solid nature present in the oil cannot be consumed by the combustion of the fuel, and it is therefore left behind to augment the carbon which is normally deposited. The use of clean oil with a low carbon content in the engine is therefore of paramount importance if carbon deposits are to be kept down to a minimum. It is also of importance in keeping the deposits soft in nature, since the effect of the addition of solid matter is to harden the deposit and make its removal increasingly difficult.

Carbon is a particularly good heat insulator, with the result that, when an appreciable layer of this substance covers the piston crown and surfaces of the combustion chamber, it seriously affects the transfer of the excess heat generated during the combustion of the gases, to the cooling agents via the cylinder walls and piston crown. This results in a rapid rise in the temperature generated in the combustion chamber, which in turn produces too rapid fuel combustion and demonstrates its existence by the 'pinking' noise, which is the unmistakable sign that it is time to decarbonise the engine.

A complete remedy for these evils does not exist, since many of them are

inherent to the internal combustion engine. But if these troubles cannot be entirely eliminated, they can at least be restrained and their bad effects very appreciably postponed by conscientious care on the part of the owner on the lines indicated and frequent draining (say, every 1,000 miles) of the contaminated oil from the sump.

It is the importance of the latter which is so seldom appreciated and so frequently neglected most probably on account of its messiness. It is in order to avoid this possible objection and to encourage the owner to give his car this all important attention that South India motor dealers have recently introduced a free crankcase service scheme whereby owners can get sumps drained free of charge. There is therefore no longer any excuse remaining why the owner should leave this important item unattended.



NOTE THE SMALL AMOUNT OF CARBON
ON THIS PISTON.

In these pages are clearly illustrated the beneficial effects of correct attention to lubrication. These untouched photographs are of various parts of a Morris six car which has covered no less than 16,000 miles, without dismantling, in the hands of a conscientious owner-driver who has paid the necessary attention to the points enumerated in this article. They represent the results of every-day running under average conditions, and should easily be reproduced by all owners.

One illustration shows the crown of one of the pistons. Even this, the worst of the six, shows a commendably small accumulation of carbon. The piston on the exhaust valve side is almost entirely free from deposit, and the piston rings are perfectly free in their grooves.

In the other photo is shown the top of the cylinder block. The small quantity of carbon is again manifest, and the perfect condition of the cylinder bores can be observed.

From the evidence of these photographs, it is clear that this car could comfortably have covered 25,000 miles before decarbonisation was really necessary, and such a mileage should surely satisfy the most exacting owner.

In conclusion there is a little story with a moral,

which will perhaps appeal to all readers of *The South India Motor Owner*.

An oil salesman walked into a garage one day and, producing half-a-dozen little bottles, placed them in front of the proprietor.

'You told me that you could pick out good oil by sight alone,' he said. 'Here are six samples. Which is the best oil amongst them?'

Without hesitation the garage man indicated a bottle containing a beautifully clear amber liquid.

'This is far the best oil,' he replied.

In silence the salesman pulled out the cork and drank the contents.

'Golden syrup,' he remarked. 'You see, you cannot judge oil by appearances.'

We have told this little story because it emphasizes a point which should be brought out very strongly, namely, that although two oils may *look* alike, it does not follow that they *are* alike or that they are both suitable for any particular purpose. Oils cannot be judged by appearance alone. They require to be subjected to very careful physical tests and to long practical trials before they can be said to be suitable or unsuitable for any given work.

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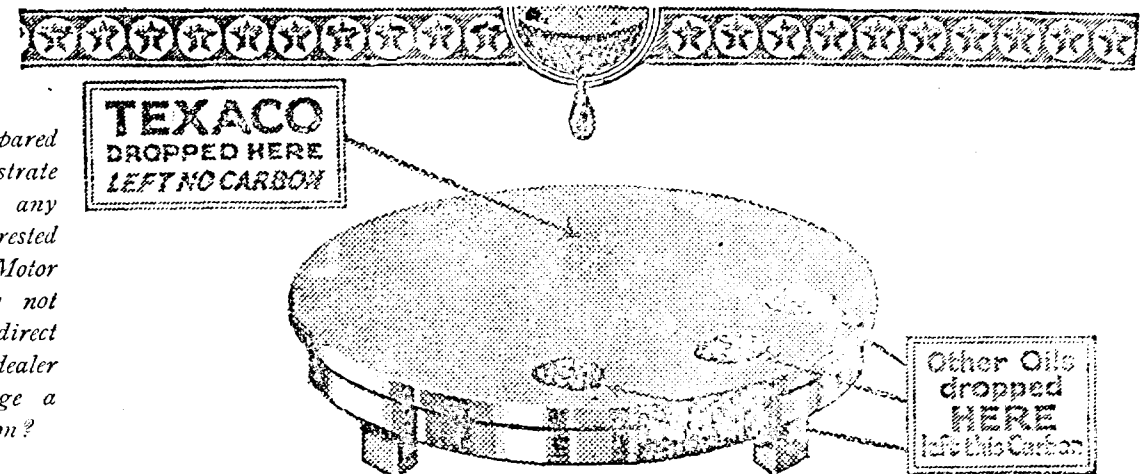
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Other oils leave a sooty circle. Carbon!

With every stroke of your engine a little oil is burned away. With every stroke a

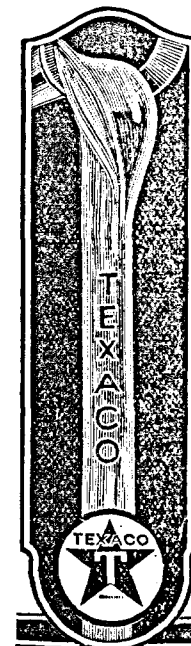
little hard carbon is deposited—unless you use Golden Texaco. Texaco is oil and nothing but oil. Full bodied—with no foreign bodies. It contains no impurities—nothing that can deposit hard carbon.

The hot-plate test is simple proof of what we say. The final proof is in your engine. Change to golden Texaco and notice its value in months of better running and seasons of reduced repair bills. There's a Texaco oil for your car. Ask for it.

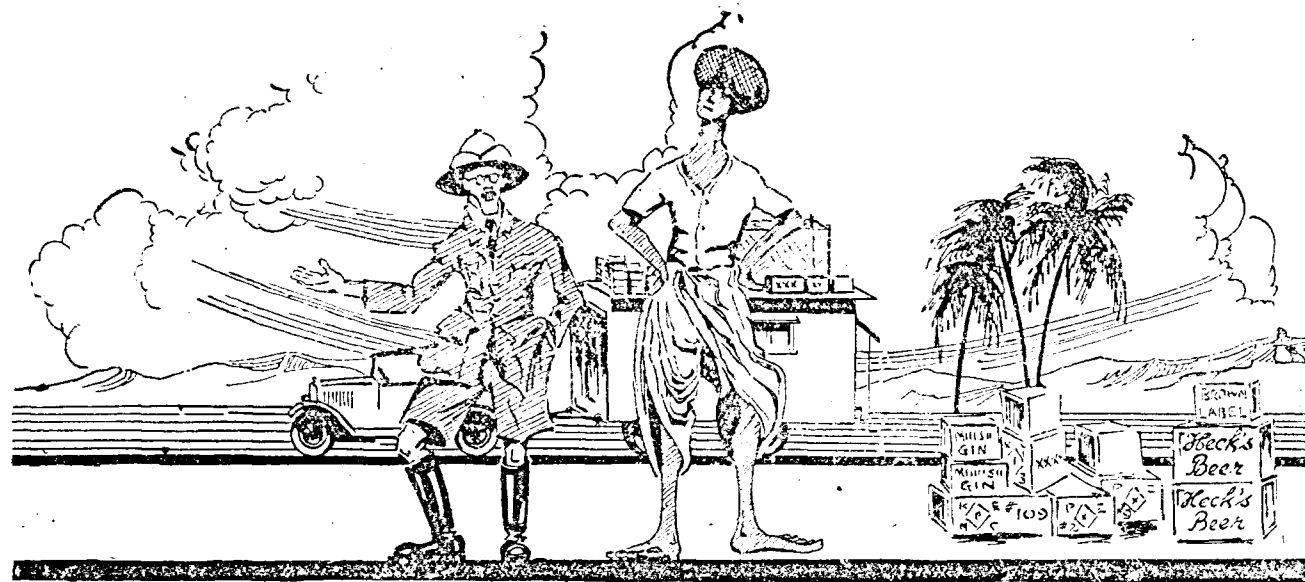
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A Motoring Pilgrim's Progress



Being a chronicle of his wanderings in the wilds

BY JOHN BUNION

V

THAT my decision to sojourn awhile in the salubrious village we had reached was justified, was proved by the fact that our period of convalescence extended over three weeks, five nights and a few odd minutes. At the end of the first fortnight I intimated to our host, the President, that we ought to be starting out once more on our way, but his spirit of hospitality was so pronounced that he seemed quite hurt at the suggestion, particularly, he said, as he had not up to that time had the pleasure of showing me over his private distillery. Naturally, after such a pressing invitation, I could do no other thing but stay, and whilst I must admit I was perhaps unduly influenced by my host's mention of his private still, there was no other alternative but to do as he wished.

As I have explained, the President spoke quite good correspondence school English and had made a close study of Prof. Rubinoes' famous work *Alcohol and the Human Frame*—so close indeed, that he had for some years been conducting an entirely new series of experiments upon his own robust frame during the course of which he had invented and

perfected a beverage named in the vernacular 'binj'. This is a kind of native wine drunk only by the President and, upon a few special occasions, by the general populace. Its manufacture was the prerogative of our host who had perfected the process until the product reached the requisite state of quality—this being characterized by a smell like a soap-works and a taste like a tannery. The drink is one to which one has to become accustomed, for it possesses the disconcerting property, when imbibed too freely, of making the swallower see upside-down—a fact which caused me no small inconvenience one evening when I happened to be dressing for dinner, my tie positively refusing to stay around my ankle.

The preparation of this bizarre beverage, which I was later as a special favour permitted to witness, is as interesting as it is unique. The tail feathers of a mongoose are extracted and set to steep for twenty-four hours in a mixture of bitumen and cold cream, which mixture is stirred vigorously the while with the jaw bone of an ass. As the liquid begins to thin, the following ingredients (amongst others) are slowly added—ink, ghee, sawdust, curry

stuffs and iron filings. The resultant fluid is then strained through gunny sacks to ferment, from which it is afterwards drained off into washtubs and placed in a dark cellar to mature.

Despite, however, the pleasant days of rest and entertainment which were provided for me in this village, I had at last reluctantly to announce my intention of continuing my journey the following morning—news which, I could see, affected the President greatly. It quite spoilt his enjoyment of the quick one for which he had made his usual mid-day call, though how much of his sorrow was really due to disappointment and how much to gin and bitters was a matter difficult to gauge. It was necessary, however, that I returned to Madras before Christmas, so that I had to stifle all sentiment in the matter and instruct Cecil to tidy up the caravan, bury the empties and give Clarice her usual once over preparatory to continuing her journey. That afternoon I engaged myself in seeing that our CO₂ plant, corkscrews, refrigerator, tumblers and other scientific instruments were in working order for our journey. The following morning, therefore, Clarice ticking over and eager to start, caravan spick-and-span with its scientific instruments twinkling and jingling on the special shelves I had constructed for them, and myself clean shaven and ready for departure, we assembled in the public square to receive what was obviously the President's idea of a civic *bon voyage*.

One unfortunate incident, however, marred the pleasure of this leave-taking, and this was when our host arrived on the scene with a bevy of dusky maidens who, he informed me, were to accompany me to Madras; in fact, he has as good as said that I had no need whatever to return them, and even when I promised to send them to him *V.P.*, he was sufficiently *au fait* with the usual custom to inform me that he would refuse them on delivery. Never having previously been given fifteen wives all at once, I was at some pains to know how to refuse them without hurting the President's feelings and without appearing to slight the maidens who had been chosen. One in particular, whom I was able to distinguish by reason of a large wart on her left ear, was well known to be a particularly headstrong and accomplished wench and would undoubtedly consider it a personal insult if I could find no reasonable

excuse for not attaching her to my expedition. To say I was uncomfortable would be to understate the case. I was so overcome with bewilderment that you could have knocked me down with a pole-axe—and what to do I did not know. It was useless my striving to convince the President that I had a rooted objection to polygamy, or that I had no intention or desire to convert my scientific expedition into a kind of strolling nigger minstrel troupe. It was only at the last moment that I thought of a brilliant excuse. I promptly told the President that I was unfortunately of the Cognac or Benedictine order and, therefore, could not accept his gift, as I was forbidden to marry. Being a married man himself, the President saw the force of my argument and consented, though reluctantly, to give me instead his favourite mule in exchange for a tube of toothpaste. Before we eventually managed to get away, however, there was a final exchange of presents. Our host presented me with a magnificently carved crocodile's egg tastefully mounted as a tie pin, and I handed him in exchange a pair of old suspenders, a safety pin and an empty sardine tin, which latter he at once placed in the lobe of his left ear. To each of my rejected wives, I handed a couple of whisky corks—easy payment for escaping from circumstances which would have been disastrous for a man of my temperament. . . .

It was with a light heart I ordered Cecil to step on the gas and make tracks with all speed for home.

We travelled through luxuriantly vegetated districts for many many miles, still encountering difficulties similar to those of previous weeks—such as large ant hills, fallen trees and wild animals, but thanks to our previous experience of these dangers, we were able to overcome them without much difficulty. It was nevertheless extremely difficult at this stage of the journey to know exactly where we were, as I had up to that time found no means of correcting my compass, which, as I mentioned before, would only point North. Yet, judging by the atmosphere, it was obvious that we could not be very far from Ranipet, for I recognized the characteristic effluvia mentioned by all travellers throughout Southern India who learn to use the scent factory for which this town is famous as a guide during their wanderings. It



TOBOGGANED GRACEFULLY DOWN HER NECK..

was shortly after I first picked up the characteristic odour of Eau-de-Ranipet that an incident of note occurred. Right in the middle of our path we came across the body of a defunct elephant and we had great difficulty in negotiating this unique obstacle. Only after digging a deep hole into which the remains subsided were we able to proceed.

Shortly after this, catastrophe befell us! Driving along the ill-defined track at a normal pace, I was horrified to see ahead a deep chasm in the road and I hastily implored Cecil to apply the brakes, but, alas, it was too late and we only saved our own lives by leaping at the last moment from Clarice's comfortable seats. Picking ourselves from the ground, we were able to obtain only a momentary glimpse of Clarice and the caravan disappearing over the precipice to fall shattered upon the rocks below.

Needless to say, I was trembling in every limb and heart-broken to think that all my valuable geological specimens, scientific instruments, souvenirs and even the priceless receipt of 'binj' were lost for ever. Cecil's expression, too, was one of intense grief, but I could not sympathise with him to any great extent, because it was obvious that he was more concerned at the loss of his beloved beverage, petrol, than over my more irreplaceable losses. As a man steeled to deal with any emergency, I kicked Cecil very heavily and sat myself down to think of some solution to the problem.

Our condition, to say the least of it, was precarious; for we were many miles from our ultimate destination, without food or glasses from which to drink it, without means of transportation, and without definite knowledge of where we were at the moment. Finding that the administration of kicks to Cecil stimulated my mental faculties, I proceeded to stimulate them to some good purpose, desisting only when Maud, the mule, evidently feeling a desire to think also proceeded to kick me in turn. I decided, therefore, that discretion was the better part of valour, and so climbed a tree in order better to view the surrounding country. Cecil, with more brains than I gave him credit for, approached the foot of the tree and put forward a suggestion that Maud could no doubt carry us both to safety and civilization; but, Cecil added, it was hardly fair to ask her to

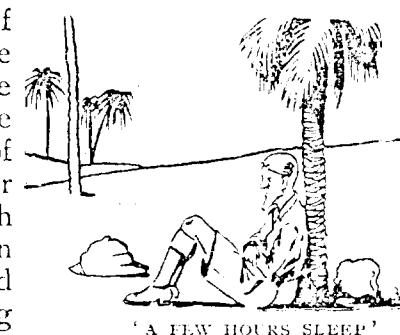
carry the two of us, and therefore suggested that he should find some other means of transport in order that we could both reach Madras in comfort and safety. Feeling that something had to be done immediately, I descended from the tree and ordered Cecil into the jungle to find that which was required.

During his absence I snatched a few hours of sleep, during which I dreamt that the maiden of the village—she with a wart on her ear—volunteered to convey me on her back from Bangalore to Canning Town. Unfortunately she dropped me half way, and I wakened thus with a start to find Cecil standing by my side holding an enormous elephant by the trunk, which he informed me he had captured (the elephant—not the trunk) by means of an improvised mouse-trap some two miles from our camp. Not being in a position to question the veracity of his story and being in too big a hurry to argue with him, I accepted his explanation of the capture. I must admit, however, I suspected he stole the animal from some circus, but under the circumstances I could do no less than congratulate him upon his achievement.

Unfortunately, I have never ridden an elephant, so that, whilst this larger animal appeared to me to be a more suitable medium of transport than the mule, I could but elect to ride Maud.

A few minutes later, a strange cavalcade could have been seen advancing over the trackless waste. In the lead, myself clutching frantically at Maud's ears in order to retain my seat, and at the rear Cecil, Seated, apparently comfortable, on the neck of the elephant. I proceeded in this fashion for some distance, my only difficulty being in making pleasing noises to attempt to restrain the mule from cropping grass, because, whenever she did this, I tobogganed gracefully down her neck. Cecil's task was hard in that he had to restrain the elephant from uprooting trees, which boisterous occupation often seriously imperilled the life of Maud

(Continued on page 236)



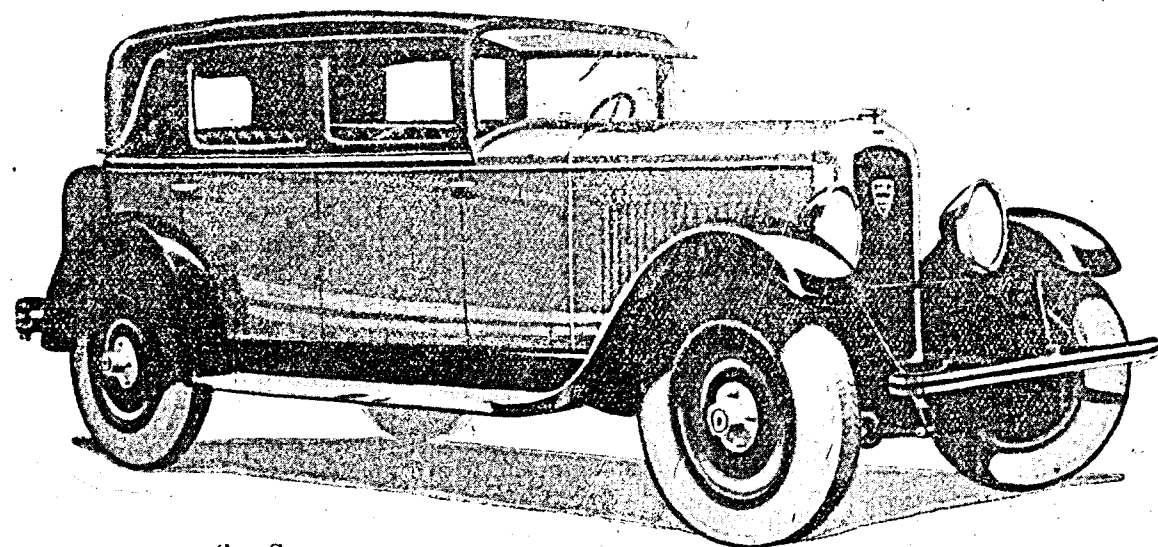
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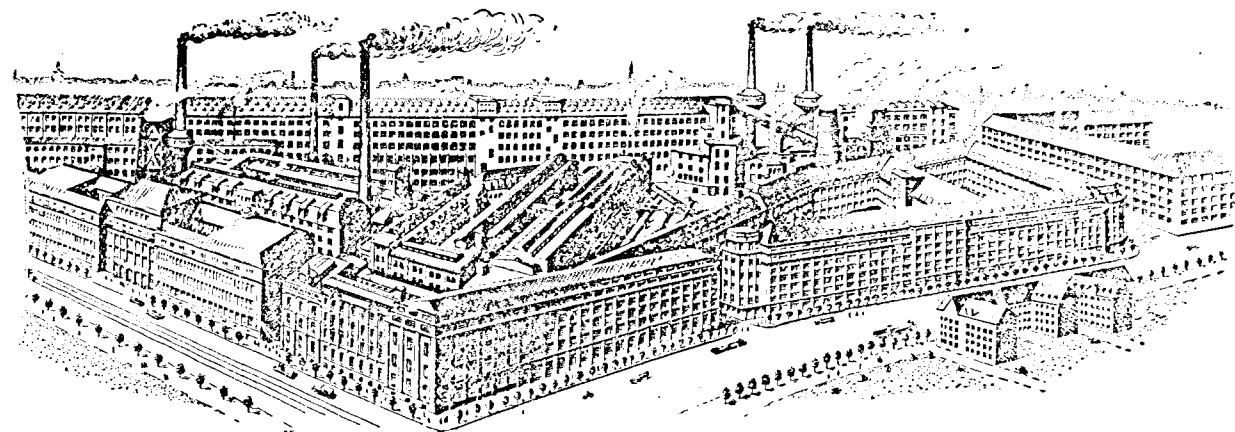
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PEUGEOT SIX SALOON

The Rise of the Continental

A brief history of the manufacturers of Continental Tyres



IN 1871 a small ebonite factory in Hanover was put up for auction and the buyer, a local banker with no experience whatever of running a rubber factory engaged a technical man who decided that the factory should produce rubber articles rather than ebonite ones—the former seeming to offer considerably better prospects. It was decided that the works should be enlarged in order to cope with this new business and this was finally completed in 1873 when manufacture began. The first year showed a big loss, but the following year showed a small profit which enabled the directors to declare a dividend of 5 per cent. The situation was far from encouraging, the working capital had fallen extraordinarily low and this increased difficulties as the bank refused further advances unless the financial situation was examined by an expert. A clerk in the firm's employ, Seigmund Seligmann, was commissioned to report on the undertaking, and when his report was passed finally, it showed matters to be very unsatisfactory indeed. If the Continental was not rescued, the bank would suffer serious loss, but Seligmann, whose examination of the works had thoroughly familiarised him with them, believed that the works would be capable of carrying on successfully if working capital was produced quickly and in adequate measure. In 1876 Seligmann became a partner in the firm, and a chemist Adolf Prinzhorn was appointed director a month later.

Seligmann as man of business, and Prinzhorn as technical director paved the way by their admirable co-operation for the unique progress of the Continental. The number of workers was 246 in 1875, 261 in 1879 and 450 in 1884. Not only were the number of workers employed by the firm increasing, but the firm showed increasing profits of 9 per cent in 1879 to 16 per cent on the ordinary shares in 1882.

An important step in further development was the

beginning of tyre manufacture in 1880. The management realized the importance of the new invention and began manufacture immediately. So successful was this line that, in its annual report in 1894, the Continental gave proofs that their pneumatic tyres had won first rank and owing to their quality in regard to material and workmanship, Continental tyres for motor cars and cycles became known all over the world. Branches of the Continental were set up abroad and subsidiary companies founded, and these signs of prosperity and splendid development were matched by the firm's dividend payments. From 1896 to 1898 the Continental was able to pay dividends of 55 per cent, or more than half the whole share capital, each year. Big increases in capital brought dividends down a little, but in spite of all, they remained up to 45 per cent per annum till 1913.

The war naturally put an end to development for the time being, but in 1914 the works in Hanover employed over 8,000 people and the total number of people in the service of the Continental at Home and abroad reached 13,000.

Following the war the Continental worked incessantly to make good the damage of the war years, and to catch up with other countries in so far as technicalities are concerned. Nevertheless, difficulties and confusion still followed after the peace of 1918, but these were gradually overcome and Continental continued to make great progress, so that in 1921 the number of workers had increased to 10,000. Then came 1922, when the depreciation in German currency brought with it disaster and general business instability, until in 1923 the occupation of the Rhur brought the mark virtually to zero. The Continental had been busy with further extensions of its manufacturing premises, and it was compelled to resort to several share issues in rapid succession until its capital had

reached the gigantic sum of 600,000,000 marks. But what was this compared with the fantastic sums in which every day calculations went on at that moment. The Continental had to work with figures which would have turned the hair of an astronomer grey; thus the annual report for 1923 showed working capital of 10,809,998,509,794,103,204 marks (10 quadrillions, 809 trillions, 998 billions, 509 millions, 794 millions, 103 thousand, 204 marks) while the net profit was 'only' 353,356,926,952,024,064 marks.

The export business was ceded by the Continental Co. in 1924 to the International Continental Caoutchouc Co., a company that had been constituted at Amsterdam, with a branch office at Hanover. It was arranged that the branches and agencies of this concern should cater for the requirements of the motorist and engineer in all countries of the world and, by carefully studying the individual markets, and by its untiring efforts to satisfy all its customers, this export company has built up a wide circle of business friends.

The year 1924 brought the longed-for stabilisation of German currency, and the share capital of the Continental was converted into 40,000,000 marks. The years that have followed have not been easy ones for the Continental or for the German rubber industry in general. Buying has been made difficult by fluctuations in the raw rubber market, but despite all difficulties the Continental have pursued their course actively and prudently.

The gigantic factories of the Continental are in every respect constructed on the most modern plan. In every branch of manufacture the latest and best machinery for rubber working is employed, and is being continually extended in accordance with the latest technical achievements. The power plant produces energy exceeding in the aggregate 30,000 h.p. Everywhere the latest improvements in the organization of manufacture are put into application. The administrative buildings are a model of architectural perfection, built according to the plans of Professor Peter Behrens and under his general supervision. They fitly represent the Continental. Every visitor will retain the striking impression made by the splendid reception hall, which is executed in white marble. The work-rooms are big and bright. Lifts, automatic lifts, pneumatic transmission tube apparatus and the house telephone connecting every point in the factory and offices, complete the outward picture of a really efficient and administrative system.

This brief history of the rise of Continental to the foremost rank of rubber manufacturers in the world shows definitely what organization and genius of individuals can achieve. On looking over the factors responsible for Continental's phenomenal success, it would seem that a kind fate has always brought to Continental men who recognized the signs of the times and knew how to interpret them and act accordingly.

Palany Andavar & Co.

Bus Body Builders & Commission Agents

8, General Patters Road, Mount Road P.O.

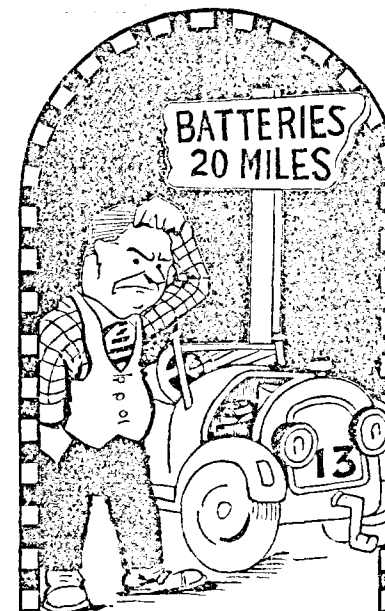
MADRAS.

Branch at:

No. 112, Thayar Sahib Street
General Patters Road
Mount Road, MADRAS.

Manager,

M. G. SAWMY.



When you are a long way from home and your battery goes 'flat' you realize fully how much you have to depend upon this vital item of automobile equipment.

It pays—both in time and temper—to use U.S.L. batteries, because with the services we give they will stand up to all the hard work asked of them.

CHAMPION AUTOMOBILES
Kardyi Buildings
Mount Road, Madras.

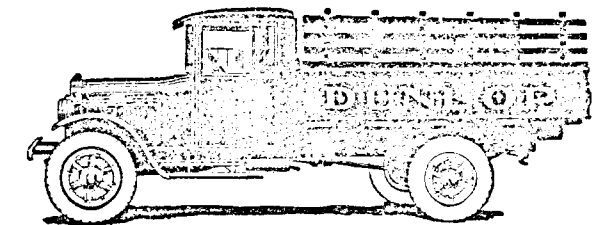
USL
BATTERIES

P. SIMON & CO.

Direct Importers and
Manufacturers' Representatives.

23, Errabalu Chetty Street
Telegrams G.T., MADRAS. Telephone
'FAMILY' No. 3352

For
*Passenger and
goods transport*



STEWART trucks are slowly but surely becoming the standard for South Indian commercial work. For 16 years Stewarts have been known as quality trucks, dependable and economical, yet moderately priced; and to-day Stewarts are undoubtedly the outstanding commercial transport value of the age. These trucks have all the latest worthwhile features which clever engineers can build into them and you must, if you are eager to improve your transport service, specify

Stewart

MOTOR TRUCKS

RAJAGOPAL MOTOR WORKS
MADRAS

CHOTA FLASHES

BY

'MINI POOCHI'



TWO Scotsmen were taking a walk, and were hot and tired. 'Hae ye got any food wi' ye, Dougal?' asked one. 'A've a bottle of whusky. What hae ye, Angus?' 'Dried tongue,' was the reply. 'Guid! Then we'll gae halves wi' oor proveesions.' The whisky was duly divided and drunk. Angus wiped his lips. 'Noo for yer dried tongue, Dougal.' 'Mon,' said Dougal, 'it's no dry the noo!'

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
As he stubbed his toe against the bed
*** !!! */@* @* = * = !!!

Tourist: I'm almost certain that I must have run across your face sometime or other.

Grumpy Waiter: No, sir; it's always been like this.

The Sentence

The proprietor of a small cinema had just completed the insurance of his hall and as he signed his name he turned to the agent and said:

'Now tell me, vot would I get if my cinema vos burned down to-morrow?'

'Oh, I should think about 10 years,' replied the man carelessly.

The Dud Driver

I'm the pitiable chap who is known as a dud—
I'm the driver whose name amongst drivers is mud—

On the road I am slow
And I get in the way,
There is lots I don't know
About cars, so they say.

I'm supposed to turn left when I ought to turn right

And drivers behind in their fury and fright
Growl, 'What are you doing, you gear grinding ass?'

'Get off the road and let decent folks pass!'
I'm laughed at by youngsters who drive sporty cars

I'm jeered at by chauffeurs, and women because
I'm a dud at the game

And I just chug along,
But I'll add just the same
That I'm one of a throng.

I may not be good in the gear changing line,
I may take all my corners a whole lot too fine;
I probably am a 'So-and-So'd ass.'

When I tread on the brake instead of the gas
But there's many good drivers make far worse mistakes

When they tread on the gas instead of the brakes.

Overheard: 'My wife wants a —, because it's what she calls 'so pretty,' and costs more than our neighbour's —; my son's mad on the —, because it does goodness knows what per hour; my daughter will hear of nothing but a —, being engaged to a draughtsman in that firm, and my chauffeur tells me he'll leave unless it's a —. Personally, I'd like —, but, as my father's paying for it, it'll probably be a —, because he's on their board!'

'Thinking of buying a —, sonny?' enquired the facetious fellow on the stand.

'No,' replied the diminutive telegraph messenger, who, having delivered his message, from taking a look round, 'I've got to travel *fast* on my job.'

Sports Model: 'Pooh! You're only a family car, and families are as *demode* as oil lamps'

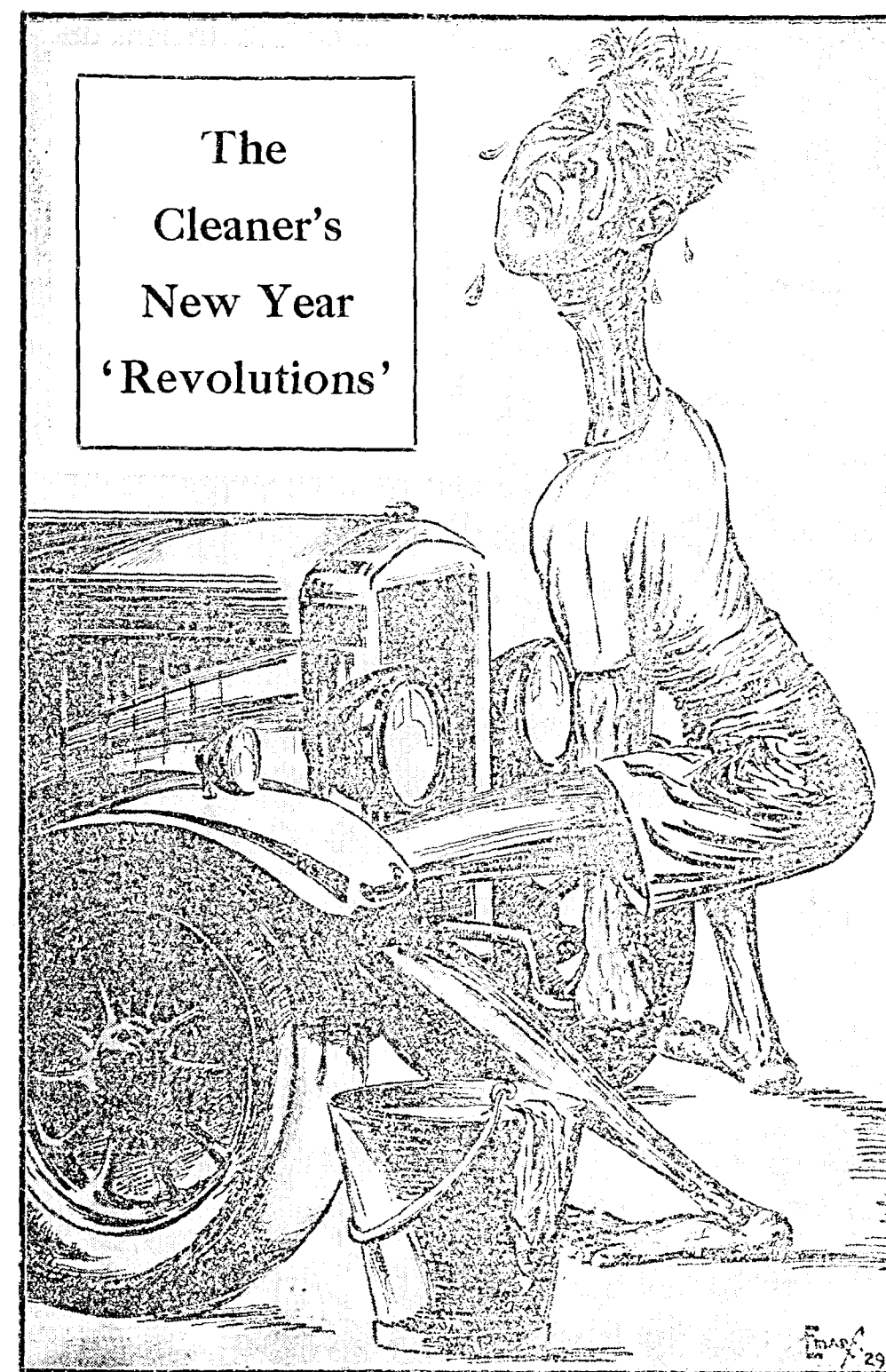
Roomy Saloon: 'Well, I'd rather be a family car than a selfish, stuck-up, fast two-seater—all chassis and no body!'

Taxi use Forbidden.

It is reported from Paris that a well-known French car manufacturer is inserting in his conditions of sale a clause prohibiting buyers from disposing of his products, even as a used car, for taxicab purposes.

Such kindness is unprecedented.

The Cleaner's New Year 'Revolutions'



A Motoring Pilgrim's Progress

[Continued from page 229]

and myself. Having eventually grown accustomed to riding my animal, I permitted myself to drop into a retrospective reverie during which I contemplated sadly the accident which had deprived us of our faithful car, Clarice; and the good fortune which had attended our efforts in other directions; yet at the time I could not help but think that we had escaped dire misfortunes on many occasions only by very narrow margins. In the midst of my dreaming I had a rude awakening, for Maud, apparently considering she had travelled far enough, sat down in the middle of the road, pitching me from her back into a heap of cactus. After muttering the words customary and applicable in cases such as this, I tried boldly to persuade the mule to continue her journey, but without avail. Luckily I remembered having read in some scientific work or other that dry grass set alight under an obstinate animal very often proves effective. So I scoured the locality for the necessary dry vegetation.

It was just as I was going to apply a light to the heap I had collected that I heard a strange sound at my back, and on turning round I was amazed to see a bus, the destination board of which bore the almost incredible inscription 'Parry's Corner.'

However it got there I shall never know. The driver, questioned by Cecil in his native tongue, maintained a stubborn silence, and I can only infer that the man had come by the

bus in some illegal manner and was fleeing to the jungle there to ply for hire far from Mount Road and its policemen. Anyway, there the bus was, and the fact proved a very pleasant help in our immediate trouble, as we had nothing further to do except commandeer the vehicle to our use. It would necessitate our abandoning Maud and the elephant, but there was no help for it.

Naturally I was disappointed that we had to obtain this outside assistance ere we could complete our momentous journey, but I deemed it wiser to become one of the World's Splendid Failures rather than risk being marooned so near and yet so far from the club. 'To fail is better than never to have tried', as the trainer of the 'also ran' said when he pocketed his winnings, and inasmuch as I am the only man who has ever, as far as I am aware, done this journey, it necessarily follows that I have done more than anyone else, and that I'm a better man than any other, including you, Gunga Din!

In conclusion, I would add that, since my arrival in Madras, Cecil has unfortunately died as the result of the hardships of the journey and a naked light after an evening's imbibing of his favourite beverage. I have, however, had him stuffed and suitably mounted and he may be inspected at the office of *The South India Motor Owner* on presentation of a visiting card during the month of January 1930, after which he will be sold to defray expenses.

[Note.—We regret that the exhibit has been mislaid and could not be found under any circumstances.—EDR., S.I.M.O.]

CHOTA FLASHES—(Continued).

This Licence Business.

Policeman: 'Let me see your licence.'

Driver: 'Which one—marriage, driver's, car, fishing, dog, gun, wireless, or third-party insurance? George, reach me the licence file under the back seat.'

—B.E.N. Bulletin.

A Fable

Once upon a time there was a man who committed bigamy five times because he said he *liked* married life.

Little Miss Muffet

Sat on a tuffet

Flaunting her art-silk knees.

Said her conscience inside her,

A girl mustn't hide her

Knees if she wants to please.

In reply to the query of 'DISHEARTENED', Chetput:

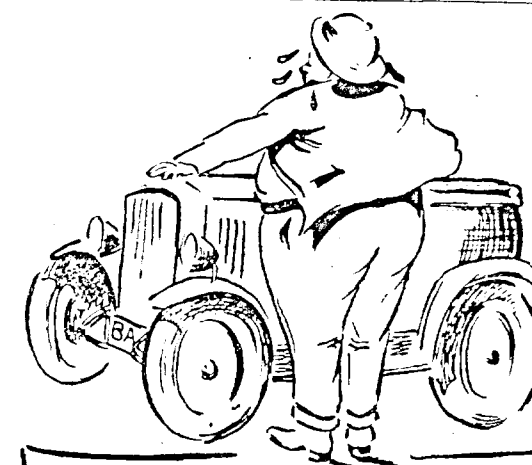
I have no hesitation in stating that it is exceedingly ill-advised to allow the child to wipe its nose on a broken bottle. Sardine tins are worse. They are positively dangerous.

Unlikely Interviews

Interviewed to-day by our Speckled Correspondent, the Chief Constable of Nunkant aukim on the subject of one way traffic, stated "The one way traffic which I instituted has proved an unmitigated nuisance, and instead of easing the traffic problem has, undoubtedly, intensified it. The same may be said of the light system of point control. It has led to many collisions and is thoroughly inefficient and costly. It is all my fault. It is not the Traffic Committee's."

Topical

Once upon a time there was a Firm which made a practice of presenting its customers with a small neatly-bound pocket diary at the beginning of every year. Now, among the many recipients of these diaries, was a man who had never done more business with the firm than once writing for an illustrated catalogue. No matter for this, the firm regularly sent him his diary. Years rolled by, and then one year, in place of the neatly-bound leather diary, there came a neat little packet containing a refill for the leather case of the previous year's diary. The man gazed at it for many minutes in tense silence. Then: "The blooming swindlers!" and wrote to the papers about it.



URGENT

The — Motor Co.

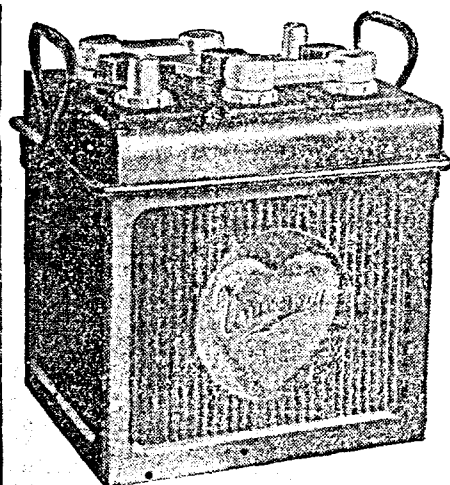
Please send a man at once. Unable to get into my car as had tiffin at LAVENDER'S BANGALORE!

Wardwell



For three rupees you can obtain the **South India Motor Owner** post free for twelve months.

Turn to page 243

**THE BEST**

Reputed for over 27 years for unfailing and satisfactory service.

Cars equipped with Universal Batteries roll along merrily. Does yours too? If not, call on us. Our service is just as close as your phone.



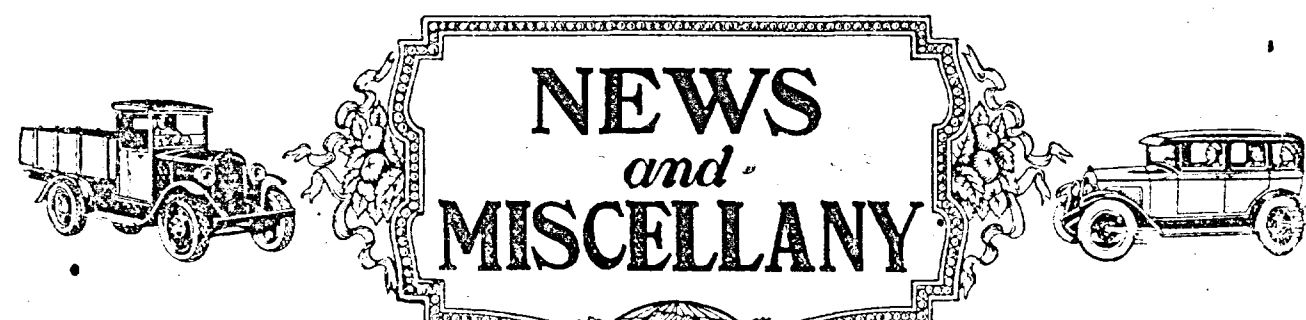
Sole Distributors:—

Standard Motor Electric Works

Auto Electrical Engineers

33, Mount Road, Madras.

Phone 3840.



NEWS and MISCELLANY

Presenting the News of the
Month together with Interesting
Notes from all Sections of
the Field.

It is not commonly known that really serious experiments are being made to produce a flexible 'glass.' Two groups of scientists, one in Germany and the other in Czecho-Slovakia, are at work and blocks of this synthetic glass are already being manufactured. It is said on good authority that a few years' time will see this new 'glass' taking the place of unsplinterable glass on all cars.

Fuel for 50,000 years.

THE fuel technologist of the General Motors Corporation has stated that motorists need not fear a shortage of fuel for internal-combustion engines for 50,000 years to come. Surely this is an argument in favour of stabilized prices!

THE rear brake pedal of an Ariel can be mounted in many positions on the tapered shaft, and the relative angle between the rest and the pedal can be set in this way. Be sure that the pedal is located so that the toe can fall naturally on to it without being raised off the rest.

Climbing Powers of Cars and Aircraft

The tremendous climbing powers of the modern fighting aircraft are illustrated by the following comparisons.

The Shelsley Walsh record which stands at 45 m.p.h., represents a vertical speed of a little over 3 m.p.h., whereas the speed of the latest Armstrong Siddeley fighting aircraft varies between 14 and 20

m.p.h. The average gradient on Shelsley Walsh is one in eight but the average gradient climbed by the aircraft is one in six, its climbing speed being from 75 to 80 m.p.h.

It is a good plan to carry a wire brush in the tool box as this comes in very handy for numerous little jobs, the chief of which is usually plug cleaning. If you have a car the plugs of which are easily sooted up it is quite a simple matter to clean them with this wire brush.

Co-operation Wanted

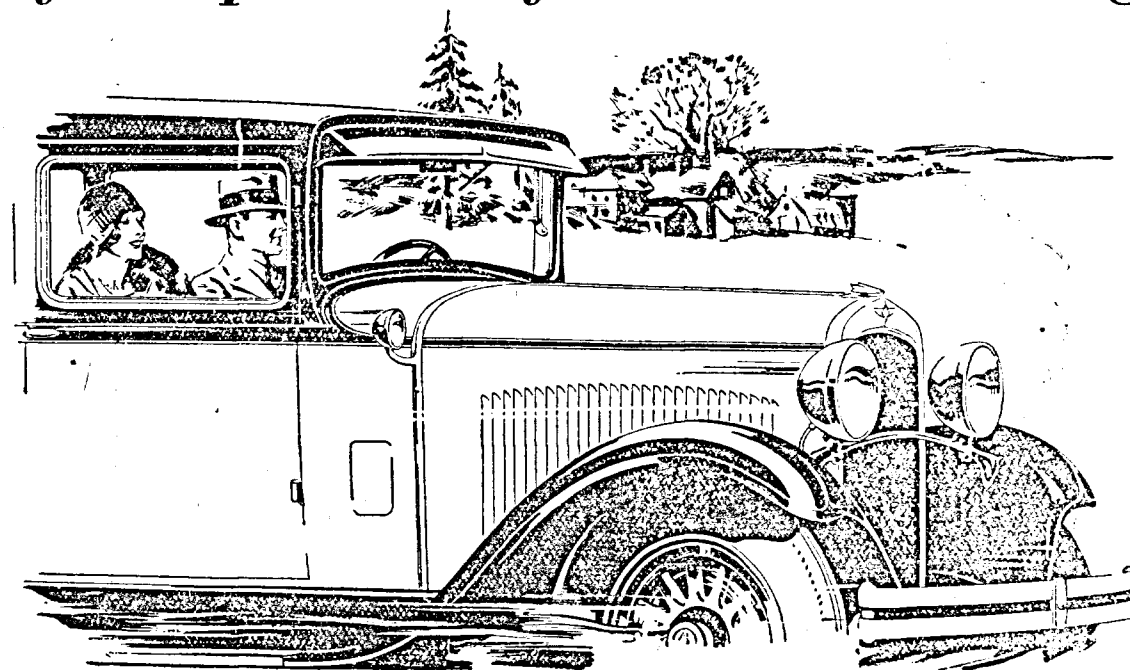
The man who deliberately loiters across a road with a view to compelling a motorist to pull up, is as much a road-hog as the car driver who travels at a reckless speed. Both are examples of the unreasonable road user, and both are refusing to display that spirit of give and take which is the essence of reasonableness and the foundation of the decisions of the Court as to the respective rights of road users.

Modern traffic problems will never be solved in a spirit of recrimination and constant bickering between the various classes of road users serves no purpose other than the generation of bad feeling. It is high time says *The Motor* that this internecine warfare was abandoned and the respective combatants agreed to bury the hatchet in a spirit of general compromise.

Note

We have unavoidably to hold over this month the continuation of the article on 'Tuning' owing to great pressure on space. This interesting series will however be continued in our January issue.

The final PLEDGE of complete satisfaction in motoring



TO EVERY MOTORIST of experience, the mere statement: "a new Dodge Brothers Six inspired by Walter P. Chrysler," conveys the instant impression of the maximum quality and value for the money.

It assures an engineering structure as advanced and dependable as modern automobile science can offer.

It is the final pledge of complete motoring satisfaction whenever, wherever you ride and drive.

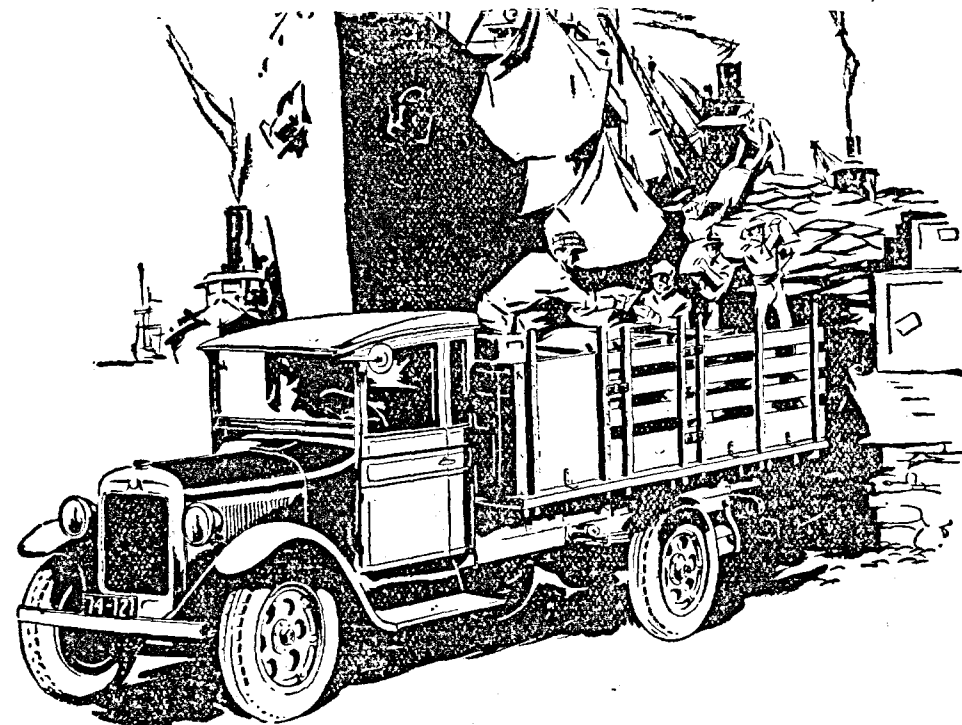
NEW
170
DODGE BROTHERS SIX



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

ADDISON & CO., LTD.

Madras, Bangalore, Calcut, Trichinopoly.



SAFE—SOUND—SIMPLE

THE money-making performance of a truck or bus can be no better than its mechanical excellence. Quality begins on the drawing board of the designer.

Design of Dodge Brothers Trucks and Buses is safe, sound and simple. Safety calls for careful selection of finest materials and use of them in liberal measure. Soundness means that each mechanical principle must be a proved contributor to economical performance—that each part is at maximum efficiency as its work relates to every other part. Simplicity assures infrequent necessity of repair or replacement and its easy accomplishment when it is necessary.

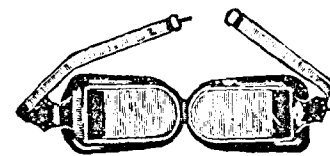
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS AND BUSES



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

ADDISON & CO., LTD., Madras.

MOTOR GOGGLES



In case complete Rs. 6
In card box „ 5

Spectacles or Pince-Nez
for Distance or Reading
from Rs. 6

H. A. V. MORDE

EXCLUSIVE OPTICIAN

KARDYL BUILDINGS
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

	PAGE
Addison & Co., Ltd.	194, 239, 240
Andhra Engineering Co. ...	
Bar-Lock Typewriter Agency ...	
Chakravarthi & Co. ...	242
Champion Automobiles ...	233
Charles Morgan & Co., Ltd.	
Continental Tyre Co., Ltd.	iv cover
Dhanalakshmi Motor Service ...	
Dhanam & Co., K. J. ...	
Diocesan Press ...	247
Dunlop Rubber Co. (India), Ltd. ...	196, 220, 221
Hotel Metropole ...	245
Jones & Co. ...	
Krishna & Bros., B. ...	
Lavender's Hotels ...	237
Madar Saib & Co. ...	242
Madras Automobiles ...	ii cover
Madras Motor Sales Co. ...	
Metropolitan & Co.	241, 244, 247
Moorthy Bros., S. K. ...	
Morde, H. A. V. ...	241
Motor Reconditioning Station ...	193, 224
Mutual Indemnity & Finance Corporation (India), Ltd.	

Advertising CARTOONS

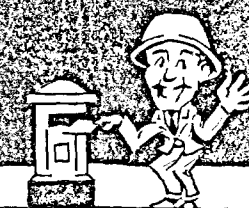
by
LEX

and others

Illustrate your
advertisements
with cartoons
and sketches
sparkling with
life and action

Write for
specimen paper
sketches to—

LEX
193, Mount Road,
MADRAS



Have you sent us
your New Year's
Subscription Yet?

Turn to page 248

KILLS

White
Ants
Bugs
Mosqui-
toes

A most
Effective
Disinfectant



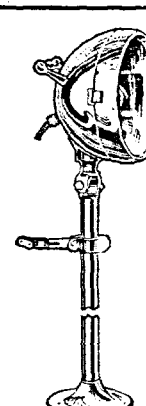
1 Gallon tin Rs. 4. ½ Gallon tin
Rs. 2. ¼ Gallon tin Re. 1.

Sole Agents:—

METROPOLITAN & CO.
27, Mount Road, MADRAS

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS (Continued)

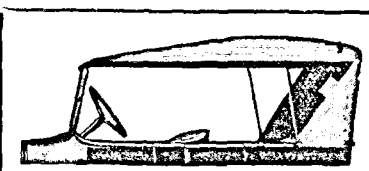
	PAGE
Neo Auto Works ...	
Oakes & Co., Ltd. ...	
Palany Andavar & Co. ...	232
Prasada Rao & Co., A. K. ...	
Rajagopalan & Co., V. S. ...	243
Rajagopal Motor Works ...	233
Ramanuja Iyengar, T. S. ...	
Rane, Ltd. ...	244
Ranga Transport Company.	
Ratnavelu & Bros., V. M. ...	246
Romer Dan & Co. ...	195, 230
Row & Bros. ...	
Salem Automobiles ...	
Savoy Hotel ...	245
Simon & Co., P. ...	233
Simpson & Co., Ltd.	
(Front cover)	
South India Motor Co. ...	
Standard Motor Electric Works ...	236
Sunderasamy Iyer, M. ...	
Tinnevely Petrol Supply Agency ...	
Texas Oil & Co. ...	225
Vacuum Oil Co. ...	222
Yelkur Elliah Chetty ...	
Zeckaria Sajt & Sons ...	



JUNGLE
Search Light
for
Sportsmen,
Hunters,
Shikari.
Best for
Night Game
Shooting.

L. MADAR SAIB & CO.
104, Mannady Street MADRAS 80, Walajah Road

SECOND-HAND CARS FOR SALE AND WANTED



MOTOR-CAR Hood Cloths.

Accessories, Upholstery,
Hoods re-covered. Re-
lining best materials.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Motor-oils, Tyres, Tubes,
Valspar Enamel, etc.

L. MADAR SAIB & CO.
104, Mannady Street MADRAS 80, Walajah Road

NOTICES.

Prepaid Advertisements for Cars, Accessories, etc., may be inserted in this section at the following rate

Fifteen words for Rs. 3/- (minimum)
and 3 As. for each additional word.

All small paragraph advertisements whether of fifteen words or less will be charged for at a minimum rate of Rs. 3/- and all such advertisements are strictly prepayable.

Box Numbers are available for those advertisers who desire to utilize them, and a nominal charge of 4 As. will be made to cover cost of booking

and posting replies. The words Box No. XXX, c/o 'The S. I. Motor Owner', must be included in the advertisement and will be charged for.

The last day on which copy will be accepted for inclusion in this section is the 10th of the month. Whilst every care will be taken to ensure accuracy, the publishers will not be responsible for printer's errors or for non-inclusion. In this regard it should be noted that advertisement copy, received early will obtain closer attention than that rushed through for inclusion at the last moment. Other business and advertisement notes will be found on page 243.

ONE CITROEN 1927 model. Run only 10,000 miles, in perfect order with two sets of cushion covers, etc., good paint. Rs. 2,100.

Box No. N.H.,
c/o The South India Motor Owner.

ONE ESSEX Tourer. A good car, self starter, completely equipped, repainted, new hood, good tyres, and spares, etc., in excellent order, yielding 24 m. p. gallon of petrol. Rs. 1,800.

Box No. A.W.,
c/o The South India Motor Owner.

ONE STUDEBAKER Tourer, 1927 model, in good running order, overhauled, repainted, and new hood complete. Rs. 2,400.

Box No. 18,
c/o The South India Motor Owner.

Madras Motor Directory

A full Directory of car owners in South India. This publication is invaluable to motor dealers and all who sell to South India motor owners.

With this Directory by your side your motor owners' mailing list is always right up-to-date by reason of the correction slips mailed to you each month.

Rs. 10 per copy.

Chakravarthi & Co.
Mount Road, Madras.

ONE NASH Tourer, Standard model, 1928, overhauled, repainted in duco paint, fitted with new hood, cushion covers, etc. Rs. 2,600.

Box No. 19,
c/o The South India Motor Owner.

ALL interested in Second-Hand Cars should first send for our list of models. All makes on hand in first class running order.

Box No. 47,
c/o The South India Motor Owner.

FIAT '509' newly painted and in good order. Rs. 1,250.

Box No. 20,
c/o The South India Motor Owner.

MORRIS 2 SEATER in perfect condition. A sporting car for the driver who demands appearance and nippiness. Rs. 1,500.

Box No. 31,
c/o The South India Motor Owner.

Dependable Quality

We have always sold—and bought, too—with two rules in mind. One is that our customers buy the best that is obtainable for the money they spend, and that with this quality they buy also dependability and Service.

That is why our business is growing on repeat orders.

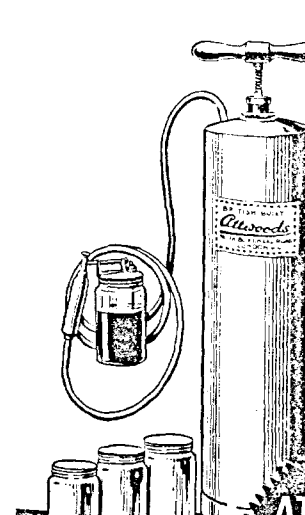
V. S. Rajagopalan & Co.

ACCESSORIES AND SPARES

Mount Road, Madras

Salem

Conjeeveram



HAND Spraying Enamelling Machine

By which you can enamel YOUR OWN car, furniture, etc. yourself!

ATTWOOD'S HOME SPRAYING OUTFIT

Price
Rs. 40

SOLE AGENTS

METROPOLITAN & CO.
27 MOUNT ROAD MADRAS

Publisher's Notices

The South India Motor Owner

Published monthly by

Eastern Technical Publications,

Varada Buildings, Mount Road, Madras

'THE South India Motor Owner' is issued on the 15th of each month. It aims to furnish the latest and most authoritative information on all matters relating to motors and motoring under South India conditions. Contributions and correspondence on all matters coming within the scope of this journal are solicited and prompt remittance will be made for all acceptable matter. Contributions should preferably be illustrated.

Subscription Rates

One year . . . Rs. 3 postage free payable in advance or recoverable by V.P.P. with the first issue mailed. Sample copies annas eight each plus postage. All remittances for subscriptions should be made payable to the Eastern Technical Publications, Madras.

When subscriptions expire, unless previous notification has been received from the subscriber the first issue following the expiry will be sent to the subscriber V.P.P. for a further twelve months' subscription. It is therefore advisable, if any subscriber wishes to discontinue *The South India Motor Owner*, to notify the publishers a month in advance.

Advertising Rates

Rates for display space will be furnished on application. For small advertisements and entries under 'Sales and Service Guide,' see pages 242 and 244.

Advertisements to secure insertion in any month's issue should reach this office not later than the 20th of the month preceding. The publishers of *The South India Motor Owner* reserve the right to reject any advertisement for any cause.

FOR YOUR CAR - - -

Whether your car is a Morris, Essex, Austin or a Rolls-Royce —no matter what make—there is an accessory for every need ready for immediate use.

Write, call or phone:

RANE LIMITED
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS
Phone: 3595. Grams: AUTOWORKS

Premier Auto-Accessory House
in India

THE SOUTH INDIA MOTOR OWNER

**DON'T FAIL,
TO CONSULT
US
FOR YOUR
MOTORING NEEDS**
Varied and Extensive Stocks
Highest Quality. Moderate Prices
RANE LIMITED
Phone: 3595. Grams: AUTOWORKS
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS
Premier Auto-Accessory House
in India

Sales and Service Guide

Arranged alphabetically under vehicle headings this guide should prove extremely useful to motor owners throughout Southern India. The up-to-date Service Station and Sub-Dealer will find entries in this section to be a profitable method of inexpensive advertisement. Each entry in these columns is charged for at the rate of Re. 1 per line, but no contract can be accepted for less than six consecutive insertions. Correspondence both from Dealers and Car Owners invited in order to make this section as useful as possible.

Armstrong-Siddeley.

BERHAMPORE ... K. M. Paul & Sons.
BEZWADA ... Motor & General Engineering Co.
MADRAS ... Addison & Co., Ltd.

Austin.

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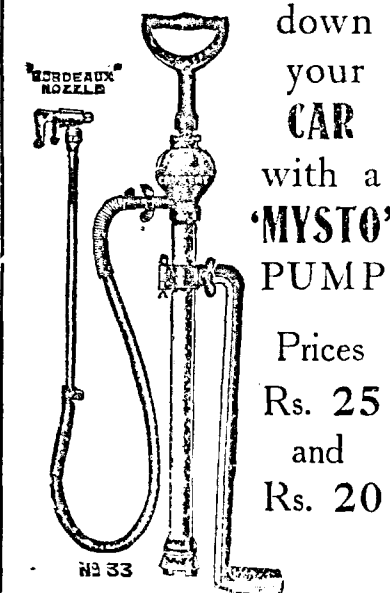
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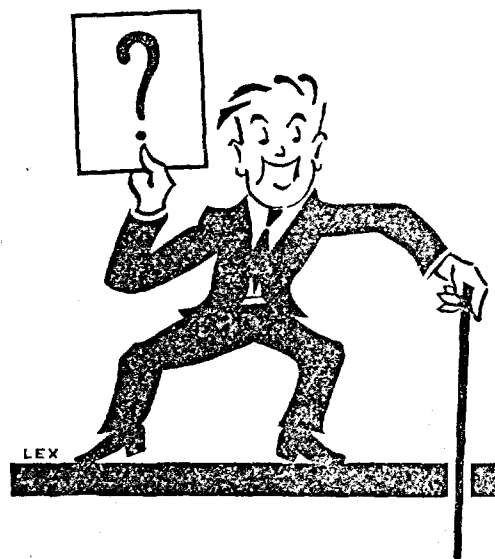
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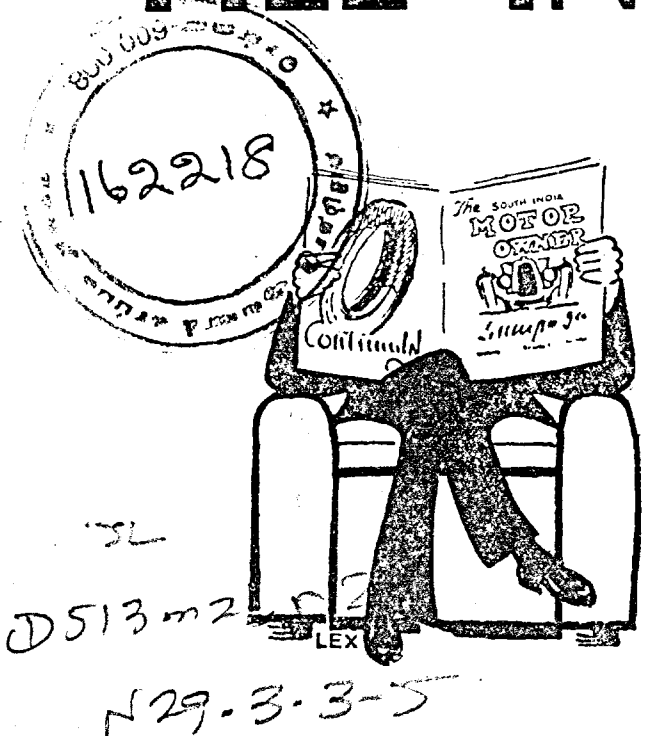
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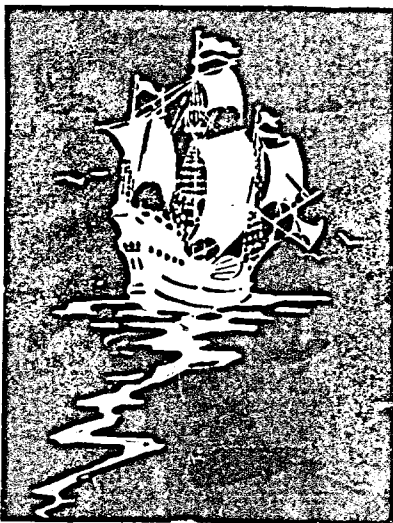
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