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Daimler

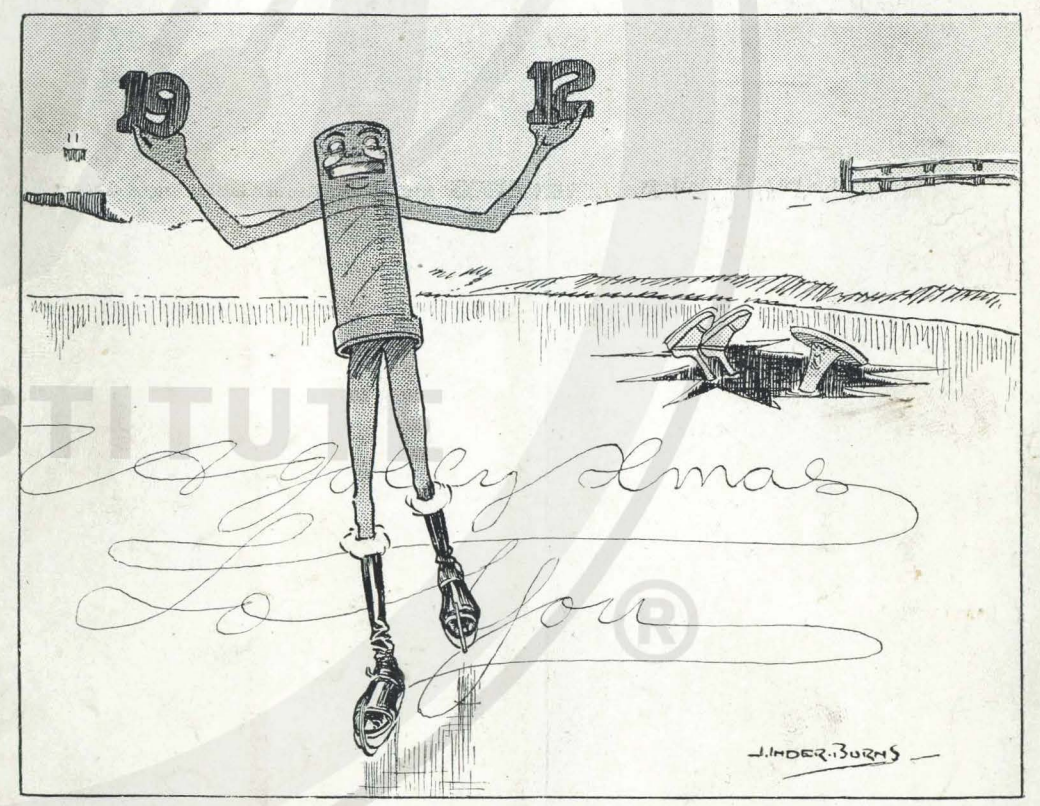
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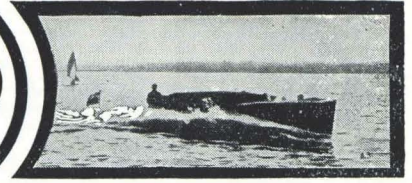
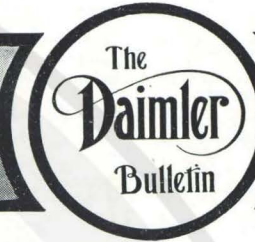
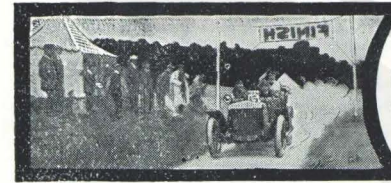
Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1911.

No. 9

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No. 4

THE DAIMLER BULLETIN

**Editorial Offices: Daimler Works,
Coventry.**

Edited by **ATHERTON FLEMING.**

Contributions, both literary and artistic, are invited, and will receive every consideration. In all cases stamped addressed envelopes must be enclosed for their return if unsuitable.

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EDITORIAL.

IN presenting this, the Christmas Number of the *Daimler Bulletin*, we take the opportunity of wishing our many readers the Compliments of the Season. With this issue the *Bulletin* enters into the fourth year of its existence, an existence which, we flatter ourselves, is justified by the amount of interest aroused by our humble efforts to provide a maximum amount of amusing and instructive matter, with a minimum of advertisement.

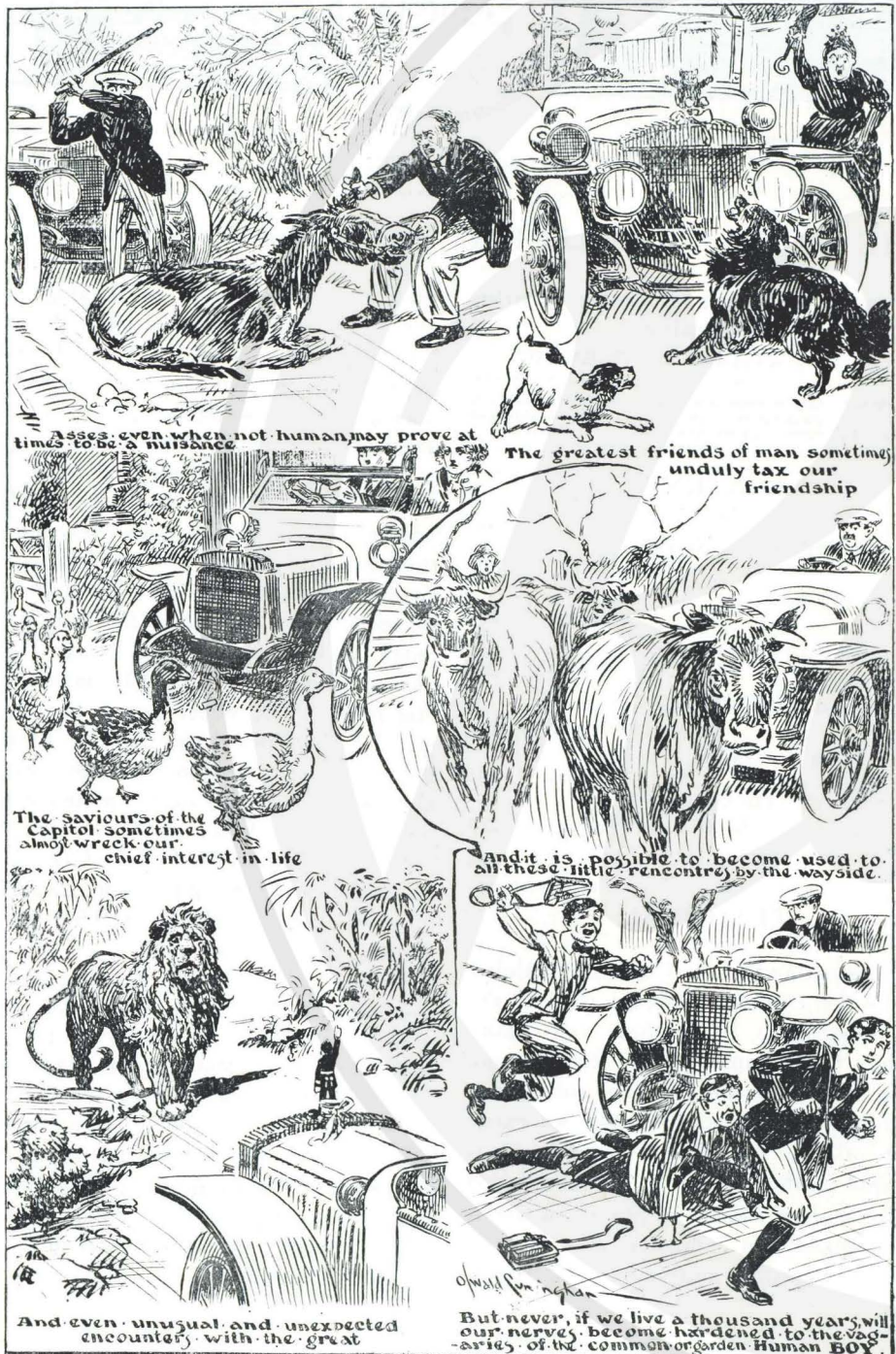
We do not believe in constantly ramming home the fact that we manufacture the best car on earth, or in making other superlative statements of a similar nature. The motorist of to-day is not the same type of man—or woman—as he—or she—was a few years back. In many cases the man who owns a car to-day is quite a good amateur engineer, and if he does not actually soil his hands by making adjustments or repairs personally, he still understands "why the wheels go round." Such being the case he is competent to choose his own car out of his own knowledge, and if a salesman or any other person calmly and seriously makes this statement, "The finest car in the world, sir!" "The best design in the show!" etc., etc., our modern motorist doesn't always believe it, his own experience tells him that it is indeed a clever man who can indicate such a car from out of the large number of well designed and beautifully finished motor carriages which may be seen at Olympia each year.

Once more we would ask our readers to send along short articles and photographs which may be of interest to Daimler motorists. Our best thanks are due to those of our readers who have during 1911 been so kind as to send on, from time to time, many very interesting snapshots, etc., which have all appeared in our pages, and we hope that in the coming year the *Daimler Bulletin* may continue to benefit by their good nature.

A. F.

THE STRAIN OF THE ROAD.

A contemporary complains of the fondness asses in the South and West of Ireland show for a mid-day nap in the middle of the road. Very often these roads are so narrow that it is impossible for motorists to pass and considerable trouble is experienced removing the obstinate beasts out of the way.



Asses, even when not human, may prove at times to be a nuisance.

The greatest friends of man sometimes unduly tax our friendship.

The saviours of the Capitol sometimes almost wreck our chief interest in life.

and it is possible to become used to all these little encounters by the wayside.

And even unusual and unexpected encounters with the great.

But never, if we live a thousand years, will our nerves become hardened to the vagaries of the common or garden Human BOY.

WEEK-END AND TOURING NOTES

Where Hills Abound. The Worst Main Road in the South of England.

By "T.R.X."

Reprinted from THE AUTOCAR, September 2nd and 9th, 1911.

THERE is always an attraction in superlatives whichever way they may be, and one morning, when idly turning over the Contour Book of England, I chanced on route No. 791, which begins its somewhat pessimistic description of the road between Ilfracombe and Minehead, or vice versa, by stating that it is "The worst main road in the South of England." This was sufficient to make me keen on trying it, and at the first available opportunity I ordered round my big

after leaving this charming coast town the scenery and the hills begin. With a gradual ascent of 400 ft. in about two miles, Headon Cross is reached, and then the road sinks almost to sea level at Porlock village. It is a lovely little place, nestling calmly at the foot of the great hills which surround it on every side, while gorgeous flowers grow everywhere in the utmost profusion. There is a little Early English church with a quaintly-shaped tower, but nothing much of any interest excepting the famous hill.

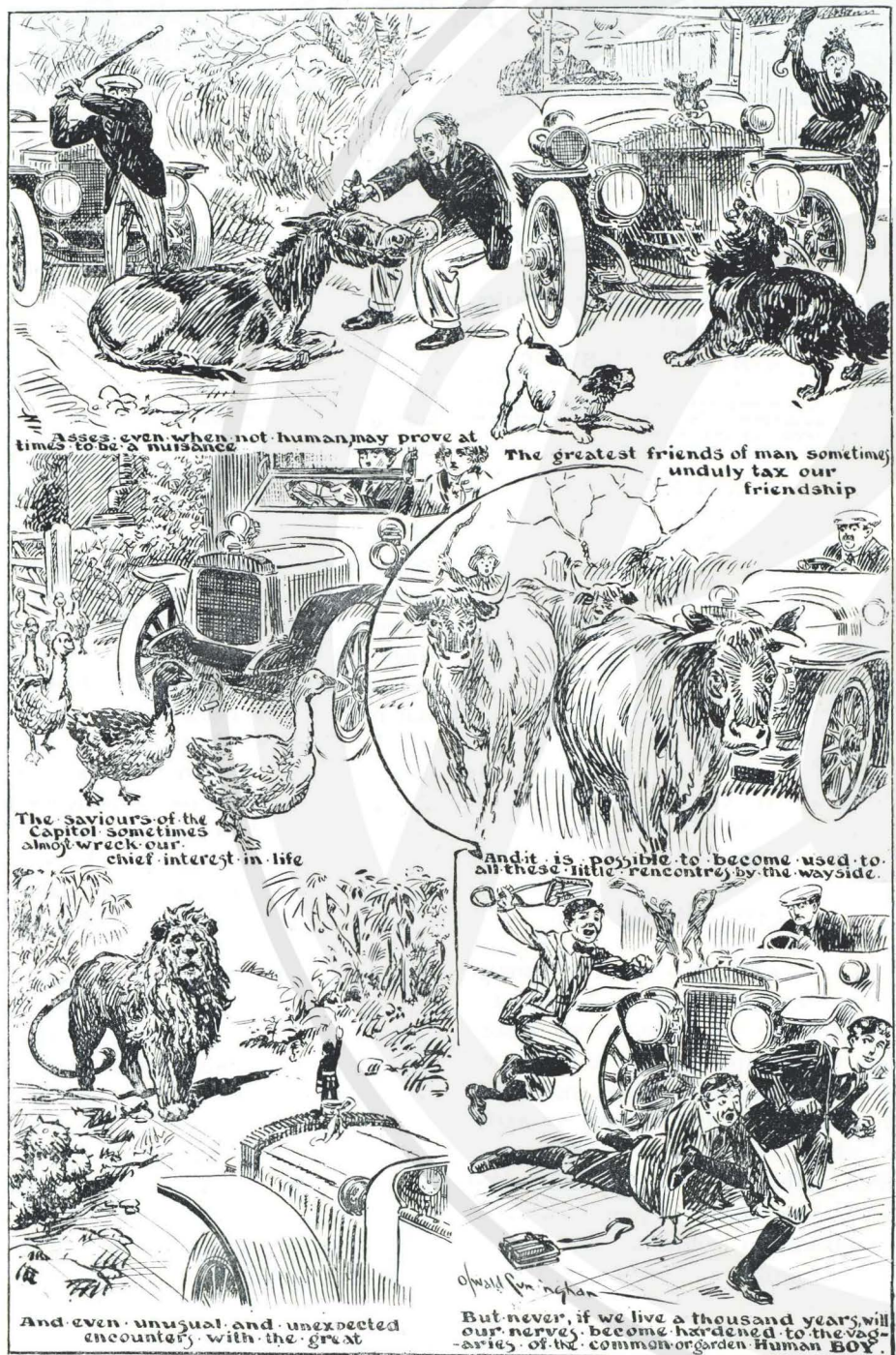


Daimler and started out for adventures. From Bridgwater we ran out into the open country and made for Minehead. Along rather rough roads, for Somerset was not famed for its highways at that time, we passed through Stringston and Williton, missed the turn to Cleeve, and to my everlasting regret its fine ruined abbey also, and arrived in the old world town of Dunster, where Conegar Tower and Dunster Castle are conspicuous objects. Two-and-a-half miles further on is Minehead, a pleasant seaside resort, and soon

Porlock Hill lies on the direct road to Lynmouth, and is, without doubt, one of the worst hills in England. It is one steady pull straight up the face of the cliff for three miles and a clear rise of 1,365 ft. There are two extremely sharp curves in about the first thousand yards, where the ascent is at its steepest, and then the road is straight, though with perhaps not quite so stiff a gradient. The first corner is quite the worst, and it is here that in the sudden flurry of getting a big car round a hair-pin bend, and of

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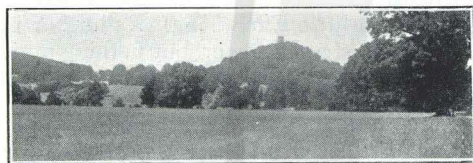


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changing gear down for the tremendous gradient that is facing them, that the great majority of drivers fail to distinguish themselves. The second curve has a wider sweep, and, as the road is certainly no steeper than at the first one, and possibly a little less so, if one has got securely round the first turn, and up the short piece which comes immediately after it, there ought to be no difficulty whatever in reaching the summit of the hill. The long straight piece from the second curve to the top is certainly very steep, but nothing like the portions which immediately precede it.

Of course, if one gets stopped on the road by one of the many coaches or charrs-à-bancs which are so frequently encountered, it may become awkward, but a good car fitted with a sprag ought to be

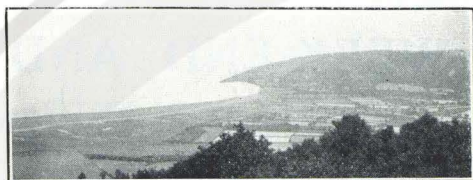


Conegar Tower, Dunster.

able to restart on the gradient, although I will own that it is asking a good deal of it. The only alternative is to back to where the gradient is less severe, but few drivers who have seen the hill and its surroundings will be keen on running back for a fresh start.

When the coaches reach the bottom of the hill all the passengers are turned off to walk, and four more horses are attached, making eight equines in all to pull the empty coach up the hill. They are not pleasant things to overtake, as the road is none too wide, and what with the big coach and its eight horses wandering up snail-wise, and the numerous walkers behind, to get past is not always easy, while to follow at the pace of the procession in front of one is enough to stop any car.

Despite countless assertions to the contrary, and the usual local garage talk of cars ascending on third (perhaps even top) at 25 m.p.h., there is no doubt whatever



A View from Porlock Hill.

that a very large number of cars do fail on the ascent, and generally somewhere near the bottom, this being the worst part.

I went up the hill twice in my Daimler—the first time straight up to see how it would go, and the second time with several stops for the purpose of photography, etc.

But for the owner of a car not too much blessed with horse-power it might easily be a different matter, and if one has sufficient confidence in the hill-climbing powers of one's car and wants to run no risk of being placed in an awkward fix, it is better to pocket one's pride and ascend by the new private road (fee 1s.), which starts almost opposite the pretty little inn at the foot of the great hill. This, unlike Porlock Hill, which has no surface worth mentioning, is a well metalled road of quite easy gradient all the way.

For a great part of the time one drives almost overhanging the sea, and as the road is rather narrow it is advisable to be careful.

There are two bad curves where reversing with anything but a very short wheel-base car will probably be necessary, and



On Porlock Hill.



Lynton (White Houses on top) and Lynmouth (level of sands at bottom) photographed when descending Countisbury Hill.

then one rejoins the main road four miles from Porlock village at Pittcombe Head. The scenery is fine, and one obtains splendid open panoramic views, but it is not nearly so impressive as by the old steep coach road.

Once on the summit one has reached that romantic home of the red deer—Exmoor—and about a mile or so further on the road crosses its highest point—1,378 feet.

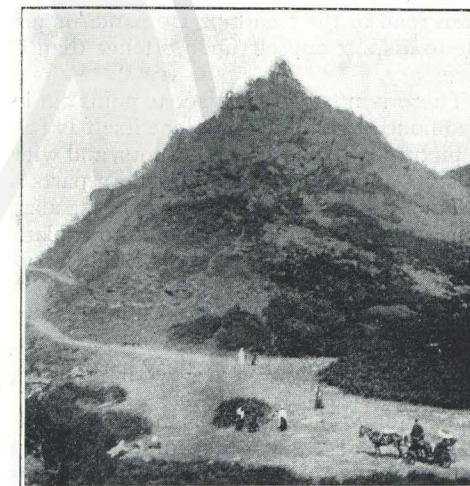
Dunkery Beacon, the highest hill of all the moors (1,707 ft.), is just distinguishable on the left if one glances somewhat backwards, while all around is the utter wildness and desolation of the great moor. Nothing can be seen except the vast bare expanse of earth and sky, and not a sound except the whistling of the wind and the crashing of the great Atlantic rollers as they dash on the jagged rocks fourteen hundred feet sheer beneath us.



A Car on the Hill between Lynmouth and Lynton. Note the surface of the road, which is much worse higher up.

Crossing the division from Somerset into Devonshire we see in front an opening in the cliffs, far away at the bottom of which is nestling a little town, while on the summit of the tree-covered precipice above is a group of houses and hotels. They are Lynmouth and Lynton, and our route runs through both, so there is clearly nothing very flat in store.

Lynmouth is situated at the bottom of a "V," formed by the hills rising abruptly on each side of it, and a thousand foot drop in two miles very soon begins on Countisbury Hill.



Lynton. Valley of Rocks; the Cheesewring.

After the ascent, so often touching 1 in 4 at Porlock, the 1 in 5 at Countisbury seems comparatively easy, but the surface of the road is in a terrible condition, and it is a very stiff hill to climb. The views of the coast scenery are magnificent, as the road is cut out on the very edge of the cliff, and the quaint little fishing town of Lynmouth far below has a delightfully foreign appearance.

Half-way down the hill on our left is the Torrs Hotel, the front drive of which, being an ascent, is a favourite haven for runaway motors which, sad to say, occasionally appear; it is a pity that on some of the other hills like Porlock, Lynton, and

Parracombe, an equally convenient landing place is not provided.

Towards the bottom Countisbury gains in steepness, and after the last bad pitch of this straightaway slide has been negotiated one arrives in Lynmouth like a rat in a trap, for the one great difficulty is to drive out (or rather up) again.

However, once one is down there, it is better to try and see the town, for however powerful one's car may be and however easy it may be to get down and up, it is a drive which spells ruination to tyres, and in these days pneumatics are expensive, while it stands to reason that "the worst main road in the South of England" is not one to disport oneself upon oftener than is necessary.

There is no special object to point out in Lynmouth itself, but the place itself is full of picturesque nooks and corners, and with its stupendous cliff scenery, it is in parts a dream of beauty. In others, it is, alas, a nightmare of ugliness, thanks to esplanades, electric light standards, and jerry-built villas.

Its neighbour Lynton is immediately above, and can be reached either by a river bed—termed by courtesy a road—or also by Sir George Newnes's cliff railway. The latter will, when it is not too much rushed by passengers, take motor cars up to Lynmouth for 7s. 6d. or 10s.—I forget which—and if one does not want to knock a few sovereigns off one's tyres and to undergo experiences somewhat similar to those obtained on Porlock Hill, it is better to harden one's heart and entrain the car, which will soon be safely landed at the top. I watched one go up, and having admired the ease with which it was taken, went round to see and ascend Lynton Hill itself.

The first short bit one takes at a rush, despite its terrific steepness. Then comes a wicked left-handed curve from where an imposing view of the approaching horrors is to be obtained. Stopping a moment for photographic purposes we easily restarted and continued our adventurous and, I must own, unpleasant ascent. The gradient is terrific, and seeing the scene I could well believe the stories I had been told of how

the coaches locked their wheels with their brakes and slid downwards. It is really not a road at all, but a perfect mass of boulders and loose shingle with apparently no foundation to speak of. It is fairly straight, which is perhaps a good thing, although the corner near the bottom is quite bad enough to make up for any lack of others above. There is many a river bed with a far better surface than Lynton Hill.

With the wheels of the car ploughing through the shingle and boulders and the tyres cut to ribbons, we finally reached the summit, and were not sorry. Porlock is bad, and Honister in the Lake District terrible, but unless one visits Zirl on the Bavarian-Austrain frontier one will have some considerable difficulty in finding out a worse all-round example of a hill than the river bed which connects Lynton and Lynmouth.

Lynton itself is a pretty little place with many hotels, and anyone near there should on no account miss going to see the Valley of Rocks. Here are to be found great masses of rocks and slabs of granite scattered about in the wildest confusion, while further on rise the precipitous masses of the Castle Rock and Cheesewring. The former is well worth ascending for the sake of the magnificent panoramic view of the famous valley to be obtained from it, while hundreds of feet sheer below, the waves dash for ever on the bare gaunt cliffs.

Returning to Lynton we make for Parracombe and Ilfracombe. At Barbrook Mill, if one has a taste for hill-climbing, there is every opportunity to indulge, for if you turn off the main road to the left by intention, or accident as I did, you will find a veritable precipice awaiting you, and having once surmounted its ever increasing terrors, you will probably find, as I did also, that it does not lead anywhere near Ilfracombe, and the only thing to do is to come down again, a decidedly more unnerving experience than the going up. What the gradient is, the local surveyors only know, but if Porlock and Lynton touch 1 in 4, this lengthy hill from Barbrook Mill must be 1 in 3.5 at least. I may be wrong—probably I am—but I have a suspicion



Lynton. The Valley of Rocks: a View from the Summit of Castle Rock.

that it is known as Beggar's Roost. However, this little climb is quite unnecessary, and after leaving Lynton behind us there is nothing very striking until we reach Parracombe, or rather the cliff above that little village.

An absolutely straight and perfectly precipitous slide down the cliff-side lands one in the village at the bottom, only immediately to have to climb out again by a similar gradient. A few more hills, all more or less bad, and then after a very long, winding descent with a heavy gradient and an indifferent surface, Combe Martin is reached. A few more steep hills, but nothing compared to what we have already met, and the most famous coach drive in all Southern England is ended by the sighting of Ilfracombe.

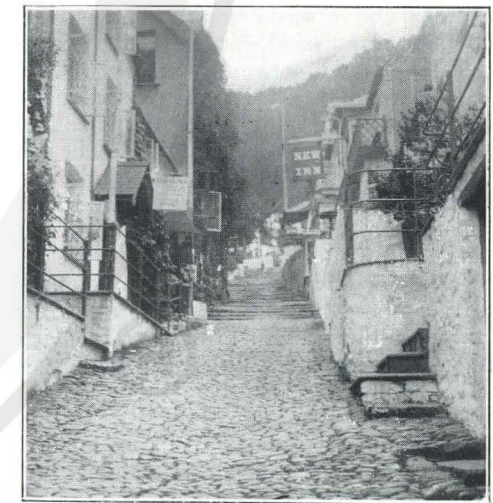
It is a drive well worth undertaking if you care for scenery, but if your car is not a good hill-climber or you mind getting your tyres ruined, or at any rate considerably damaged, it is better left alone, although by taking the private 1s. road at Porlock and the cliff railway at Lynmouth the worst portions of the road are avoided.

I believe, however, there is no way of avoiding Countisbury, but once in Lynmouth it would probably be possible to get on the Lynton-Ilfracombe Road, if one went round by Watersmeet, although this would probably entail a few bad hills, though, of course, nothing like the Lynmouth to Lynton example. The cliff rail-

way seems by far the best means of transport, and if I were going a second time I should be inclined to use it—even though it were only to save tyres.

Before any car attempts this drive a careful examination should be made of its brakes, as they will be tested to their utmost *en route*, and any failure on their part will lead to a sure and certain disaster, with the consequent increased circulation next day of certain halfpenny newspapers. Neither is it a route I could confidently recommend to very nervous motorists, or people taking their first drive, as the effect on those unused to rapid transit would probably be that they would hesitate again to entrust themselves to be driven in a motor car for some considerable time. However, for those who enjoy a run possessing a little of the spice of excitement, and which is out of the ordinary routine, this route affords a most enjoyable experience, and while the excursion may probably not be repeated it will certainly not be forgotten.

Now that we have taken so much trouble to reach Ilfracombe we may as well see a little of the town and its environs. Being, unfortunately, delightfully laid out for trippers, it is much frequented by that



The main street, Clovelly.

class, and on Saturday afternoons is inundated by them to the effacement of all else.

The parish church is worth going to see for the sake of the centenarian stone, outside it, giving particulars of all those centenarians who have lived and died in the bracing ozone of Ilfracombe, and a goodly list they make—in fact, two tombstones have to be used to hold all their names and dates. Cliff walks are numerous, and from some of them fine sea views can be obtained.

The Torrs Walk gives grand rock views, as does Capstone Hill, but to obtain the best bird's-eye view of the town one should ascend half-way up Hillsborough.

Excursions in the neighbourhood are numerous, and amongst them may be mentioned Chambercombe, Watermouth Caves, Wooda Bay, Hunter's Inn, Bideford, Barnstaple, and Westward Ho! with its Pebble Ridge so well known in connection with Kingsley, but the one great run is to Clovelly. It is an uninteresting drive, but well worth such a glorious objective.

One stops one's car at the top of the little street, or rather path, that winds narrowly and crookedly down the face of the cliff to the sea, for the whole town is built on the cliff-side with every house on a different level from that of its neighbour. The street is paved and formed of long, irregular steps, so that progression for anything except pedestrians and donkeys is impossible, and as one wanders slowly downwards to the pretty little harbour at the bottom on a fine summer day, it is hard to imagine one is in England. Everything seems to take one back to one of those delightful little Italian villages on the Adriatic where all is sunshine and winters are unknown.

There are two roads from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe—the old and the new. The former, although seldom used now, is just as good as the latter, although perhaps not quite so pretty.

Tintagel with King Arthur's Castle could be visited in a day run of about one hundred and forty miles, but this, together with many other excursions, does not come within the scope of the present article.

When leaving Ilfracombe you will probably wish to explore other parts of Devon, but if your object be to get back to Bridgwater, and you do not care to take the Lynton-Porlock-Minehead Road, the following route will be convenient: Barnstaple, Swimbridge, South Molton, Bampton, Wiveliscombe, Milverton, Taunton, and Bridgwater—seventy-three miles; only fourteen miles longer than Porlock. There are no bad hills, the scenery is uninteresting, and the road is fair.

I hear that in a few years time there will probably be a good road with very slight gradients from Minehead to Ilfracombe. It is badly needed, as it is not everybody who cares for hills like those to be found on the present road, and if the famous old coach road be still kept open for those who prefer it for the sake of its glorious scenery, no one need complain.



Messrs. Dalgety & Co.'s Exhibit,
Sydney R.S.A. Show.

LIKE CURES LIKE

By A. J. McKINNEY.

THE King of Zyte, a child of night, of
Polynesian strain,
Reigned in content, o'er vast extent,
of Amazonian plain;
No cares had he, in amity he lived for
forty years,
And, like his *pères*, enjoyed as theirs a
life devoid of fears.

But, sad to say, alas! Oh, Hè! his
equanimity
Was sore upset, to his regret, by a
calamity—
It was this way, there came one day a
hunter bold and keen,
With skin so fair and eyes so rare as to
attract the Queen.

Why haven't you skin of this hue? the
Royal Lady cried,
My love grows cold, this warrior bold
must take me for his bride;
He is sublime! in all this clime I know
none such as he,
Were you but white 'twould be all right,
but now I'm sore at sea.

The King of Zyte, that child of night, grew
very sad at this,
And what to do he little knew in this
wrecking of his bliss;
So, full of woe, he turned to go, to seek a
Seer wise,
And in his ear, pour out his fear, of loss of
wifely ties.

The Holy Seer, grave and austere, gave
him attentive ear;
He pondered long, the right, the wrong, the
story was so queer:
A man all white! 'twas marv'ulous, quite!
A troubl'ous problem sure,
And to suggest that which was best
caused headaches hard to cure.

While pondering this vexèd thing the
King to him had put,
His eye by chance, Oh, happy glance!
fell on a little book;
Of cars and things, on wheels and wings,
that found its way to him,
In hope of light, its pages bright, he
scanned with interest keen.

Then, suddenly, so one tells me, that Seer
grave and learned,
Cried, Eureka, Rodeelmoira, the King's
reward I've earned!
Your Majesty, he said with glee, unseemly
in a friar,
Your trouble's o'er and never more will
it return again.

'Tis a maxim wise, from Western skies,
that "like is cured by like,"
Oh, King of Zyte, thou child of Night!
I now the cure can strike;
Here, here, is light, the Daimler-Knight,
a car of rank and power,
Will transform thee, from ebony, to white
within an hour.

On hearing him, the King so grim re-
solved at once to buy
This car, confessed to be the best that
runs beneath the sky;
Twas clear, indeed, as said that screeed,
that pleasure lay that way,
So, true enow, cheques for a thou, to
Coventry went that day.

Now whether it was, of the car because,
his colour changed its tint,
Or that the might of the Daimler-Knight
excelled that of the Mint;
The fact remains, the King retains to-day
his former sway,
And every trouble, to automobile prowess,
now gives way.

"ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS"

By E. N. D.

"*Bright Idea*," *Kensington Gore*.—No; we do not call the *Bulletin* the *Daimler Advocate*, for the reason that the New Daimler pleads its own cause with all who are open to conviction by well-recognised fact. We might perhaps in an early issue commence a series of biographical sketches, leading off with one of the gentlemen in charge of the Works weigh-bridge (who incidentally plays a very dexterous game of Halma). Many thanks, all the same, for the suggestion.

"*Big Styx*," *Eton*.—There is much to be said for your idea. Six is a lucky number for some people. For example, we have long since sold our six thousandth New Daimler, but if all those six thousand cars had been single-cylindered New Daimlers their owners would still have been just as much better off than all other one-lunger owners as they are than the users of other four-cylindered and six-cylindered cars. For our part, we think 6,000 a *much* nicer number than 6!

"*John o' Groats*," *Penzance*.—It had not occurred to us. Do you remember a little performance of the early New Daimler, in 1907? It is still talked about by the people who said "Humph! Special cars; you see what happens to the standard machines." They have seen, and we have conquered!

"*Smith Tertius*," *Harrow*.—Your discrimination does you credit, Tertius, but somehow our Sales Manager seems to think that he must supply cars to people who pay for them in common, sordid sovereigns, before he seriously considers your proposition to swap a 15 h.p. two-seater for the whole of the members of your 1912 litters of silkworms, despite the fact that—as you assure us—"blight hardly exists this year, and your stud worms are going stronger than ever just now."

"*Remington*," *Clapham Common*.—To save time is to lengthen life, Sir, as you

say. Let us retort that you cannot afford to do your motoring in the old poppet-valve way. Be in with the flowing tide, buy a New Daimler, and you will live to bless the consequences.

"*Rex et Imperator*," *Buckingham Gate*.—His Majesty would be complimented, we are sure, but to advertise the New Daimler as "A Car for a Sovereign" might lead to complications over the Border. Think of the train of Caledonians, winding down the hills with their newly Globe-Polished quidlets, all anxious to get a car for twenty shillings. They are a grand race, but very literal people. We fear that "stern and wild" would hardly meet the case, when they heard that we were merely adopting your notion of "cute advertising blended with unspeakable loyalty!"

"*Invincible*," *Paddington*.—No; we liked the bull-dog, and admired the cars, but you should have added, in small italic, "*P.S. Barring the New Daimler*." Invincible among the mushroom-valvers, by all means, if you like!

"*Ex Pede*," *Westcliff-on-Sea*.—Rather a happy conceit, that of walking around the world, with a New Daimler to carry your grub and dress clothes, but even at your best average pace of five miles an hour we fear that any model of the New Daimler would freeze-up on the way on top speed. You must use a poppet-valve-engined car, which will keep nice and warm on the job—one of those "North Pole on Top Gear" six-cylindered beauties would suit you right down to the nails!

"*Blase Bill*," *Pall Mall*.—Yes; it *must* be annoying for you to have to put your thumb on the flywheel to know whether your engine is running or not, but then you can always slip your change-lever into first, and see if the car rolls forward, can't you? Some people really dislike what you call a "healthy old hum," which may account for the fact that our deliveries

aren't quite so previous as they useter, just before Olympia, mamma.

"*Vacuous One*," *Lambeth Walk*. Lubricating oil? Certainly! You have to use shaving soap, even with the best of safety razors. But we can show a greater mileage-per-gallon of oil, or drum of grease, than anybody else who is building a car selling at the rate of twenty per week, you see, and even our most optimistic purchasers never aspire to running their engines without petrol, water, and—a *leetle* drop of—oil.

"*Anxious Listener*," *Birdcage Walk*.—No, dear Sir! There is nothing wrong with your auditory nerve. If in addition to being "apparently dead silent" it was a car which "ran like a moonbeam, was fitted with a body which reached the last note of chaste elegance, and was occupied by our most renowned judge," as you say, it was probably a New Daimler. To be "dead silent" it must have been either a New Daimler or one of the other more or less admirable cars fitted with an engine manufactured under our patents.

"*Purple Socks*," *Weybridge*.—No; as you say, very little at Brooklands since the great performance of 1907. You see, we sort of cherish a conviction that there must be more people in the world who want a really unsurpassable motor-carriage, reasonably priced and economically maintained, than there are fierce bloods who want to get among Major Lindsay Lloyd's

list of hot stuff. When somebody else is building a car that even *approximates* the excellence of the New Daimler, we may have to take to the Track to boost things up a few, but meanwhile we are keeping our hands quite warm trying to race the smartest cashier our local Bank can put on to the window we use to pay in. Much obliged for the tip, nathless!

"*Ardent Collector*," *Paper Buildings*.—You should have asked our Publicity Manager, Sir! He'd have sent you on a complete set of catalogues, from the days when we started the British automobile industry by building the first really commercial cars. We have got so accustomed to giving satisfaction to mere car-buyers that we can't refuse even bibliophiles, especially in view of the recent discovery by a Viennese scientist that art paper at 4d. per pound makes ideal bed-clothing even in small sheets, and the fact that the nights are beginning to get parky.

"*Poeta Nascitur*," *Peckham*.—Really scintillating, that wrinkle of working "*Off in the Stilly Knight*" into our advertising, but merely to describe the New Daimler as "stilly" is rather like saying that The Bank of England's paper is good at three months, when you come to try the car. We shall be delighted to give you a run, if you won't let your ambrosial locks dangle over the side so that they catch in the Rudge-Whitworths. That would spoil your appearance, wouldn't it?



®



OLYMPIA—FROM INSIDE

By A. J. McKINNEY.

Olympia Loq.

The hair was strained to breaking point, and a few days ago the sword of Damocles—the curtain, I mean, fell.

For another twelvemonths I am to enjoy a well-earned rest, to which, I think, I am really entitled.

A short life mine, i' faith! but a merry one! Nothing but bustle, animation and crush—particularly crush!

One hears of Americans talking of strenuousness, but they should stand in MY shoes! Even on this side of the "Herring Pond" we can do marvellous things, and I flatter myself I have put up a fair record.

And the people who cultivated me, dear souls! How they will miss me! and this will be my chief consolation during my lengthy slumber.

On the whole, my patrons have been most amusing. Some were in dead earnest; fully aware of the exceptional facilities which I provide for them, and, loaded heavily with catalogues and journals, they haunted my portals for twelve hours daily all the time I held my reception, and even then they did not seem satisfied!

Then there were others known as "Catalogue Hunters," who made it their business to collect as many brochures from each of my 300 stands as their arms could carry or the *bonhomme* of the attendants permitted. What they do with them is for you, gentle reader, to say; I can't.

But what I liked especially were the ladies, dainty impersonations of femininity, who came in their thousands and were nearly always *au fait* with my exhibits. I noticed, too, that they invariably made for THE stand of which I am always abnormally proud—that whereon the sterling Daimlers were to be seen; and these fair enthusiasts so incommoded other people as to make it imperative that this premier product should in future have accommodation that befits

the prestige of these magnificent British automobiles.

Invariably they discussed sleeves, which would naturally appeal to them, and bonnets, which, ditto, while their knowledge of desirable points in carrosserie—good word—astounded me. And not infrequently my fair visitors literally took away the breath of a confiding salesman who flattered himself he had an easy fish to angle, and more than once, from my point of vantage, I saw downing on his countenance a look of wonder gradually merging into admiration and respect. Yes! I have not lived in vain, if it is only that I have enabled our sisters to reveal themselves in new colours.

But particularly was I interested in the exhibitors—kindly fellows these, who resuscitated me from my somnolence and decked me out with chassis and automobiles de luxe till I even began to feel vain-glorious. Of a truth this race is vastly improved, methinks, and one and all have learnt to treat me with respect. Carefully I kept watch for him of the parted hair with line bisecting his cranium, who last year voiced as follows:—

"Beastly fag, dontcherknow, these shows, no good at all! Simply an advertising dodge to get our money."

But apparently he, like the Dodo, is extinct.

And there were yet other friends of mine who came down in a full battalion, planning through my assistance a campaign that will extend the interests I have so much at heart throughout the wide world. Of a truth the Agents are friends indeed, and without them not even my prestige would avail the public.

Nor must I omit a reference to my promoters, for apart from them I should never have seen the light, and it is to their efforts, often protracted into the small hours, that I have risen a star of the first magnitude. Moreover, my last moments are comforted

with hints of future glories when I shall be able to expand to the full and turn away none hungry from my doors.

And especially am I grateful for their stern repression of the inevitable "Crank," who lies dormant between whiles, Heaven knows where to come forth in his millions each November. For such as he I have no use and I still bear wounds that he once perpetrated.

The Genius and Inventor are friends of mine always, warmly welcomed and encouraged, and always ready to avail themselves of my assistance. And that my choice was wise the interesting novelties of which I made so much are witness.

I have other friends also in the mighty engine of the Press, who by dint of much midnight oil, fortified with cherry trade dinners, have spread abroad through the civilised world the fame of my doings. To them sincere congratulations.

There is one fly in my cup, however. My sister in Paris is jealous. Resting womanfully on her oars she has drifted along at leisure for two years at a stretch, till, roused by a weapon mightier than the sword, she deals out pin-pricks right and left.

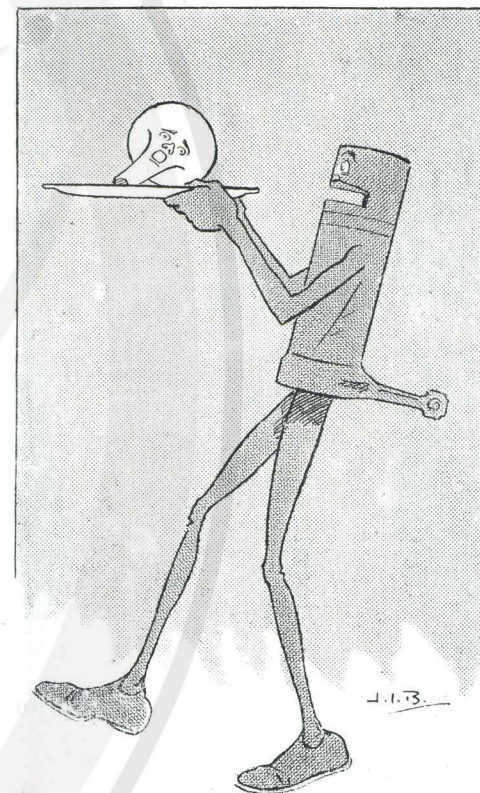
In the words of one of her admirers, as expressed in a Parisian journal, I am decorated, forsooth! in a manner "More startling than graceful!" and, what is an even unkind cut, "M. Rives would flee from them!"

But the lot of the Great was ever thus, and this contumely is, after all, a cause for congratulation.

As I sank to rest my last thoughts were on the resplendent constellation that adorned my horizon, the Daimlers; cars in enormous demand with the Haut Monde

in both hemispheres and of such superlative worth, magnificence and reputation as to make me long for the time of my resuscitation in order to gaze upon their inimitable qualities afresh.

And with this last consolation my somnolent fingers lose their grasp of my pen. Vale!



HILL CLIMBING IN LAKELAND

An Exciting Experience on Honister Pass.

(Reprinted from THE MOTOR, October 17th, 1911.)

THE occasion was Whitsuntide of this year, at the conclusion of a Scottish tour, during which all the well-known hill-climbs had been attempted and vanquished. The energetic condition of the car (one of the old 35 h.p. chain-driven Daimlers, of hill-climbing fame) suggested the idea of trying the ascent of the Honister Pass, the worst mountain road in the whole of Lakeland.

Those motorists who, like Alexander, thirst for fresh worlds to conquer, seem invariably to cast their longing eyes on inaccessible hills in North-Western Scotland; so lengthy a journey is quite unnecessary, for at Honister, some 25 miles this side of Carlisle, there is an open and straight road up which not half-a-dozen cars have yet mounted, and these—if local testimony is to be believed—have all received external assistance. The "35" is the first car to have made a clean straightaway ascent; if anyone else cares to issue a challenge, there will be a grand opportunity for a sporting competition.

However, to come back to the story of the climb; it was after lunch on a warm spring day that Keswick was left behind, and the car's bonnet headed for Newlands House and Buttermere. This road, narrow and winding, is hardly the one to be chosen for a pleasure jaunt, for the roughness of the surface, combined with the coaching traffic (*i.e.*, effect and cause) necessitates incessant attention on the part of the driver.

From the passenger's point of view, the run affords some excellent scenery, as the road gradually climbs through the mountain pass which leads to the next valley, that of Buttermere. It is while crossing from the head of this latter valley over to Seatoller that the Honister climb opposes progress. Before Buttermere is reached, however, a hill, not to be sneered at, is encountered just by Newlands House. Ac-

ording to a Keswick motorist (who made and lost several bets with us on the afternoon's journey) a 45 h.p. Mercedes had just failed to climb the hill on account of the roughness of the surface, and it was quite the exception for cars to get to the top. But the Daimler had lately been having good practice in Scotland, and it roared up on first speed at a good 20 m.p.h.

The drop down to Buttermere Lake is rendered somewhat unpleasant by reason of the many watercourses which run across the road on the steepest pitches, requiring almost a dead stop at each of these places. At the foot, a short halt was made to allow the afternoon coaches to finish their tour over the pass. Here, it may be remarked that one looks in vain for any display of courtesy or road-manners on the part of coach and wagonette drivers in the Lake district. Invariably, they race along the narrow roads, galloping down the final pitch of a hill at a pace which is more than alarming to the motorist who is coming round the corner below. The fact is that these horse drivers have come to look upon the district as a Tom Tiddler's ground open to themselves alone, and they



MOTORIST Oh! Help That's done it!
I'm off to find a Miss Daimler.



Honister Pass—the beginning of the climb.

lose no opportunity of showing their objection to the ubiquitous motor car.

It is, of course, the passage of the coaches which has made the climb of Honister from the Buttermere side so difficult a proceeding. The grade is quite severe—about 1 in 4 for over 200 yards of the top pitch—but this, with a reasonable surface, would be a possible accomplishment for the average modern car. As it is, however, the road has no surface whatever, and simply resembles a river bed, with this further difficulty, that the coaches, in skidding down the top portion, have dug two 12-in. grooves right into the loose stones. It is on account of these combined difficulties that Honister has always proved such an impassable barrier for cars, for even when the power is sufficient to propel the vehicle up the steep grade, the wheels usually fail to find a hold in the loose earth and the car slithers backwards again.

After three previous attempts on various cars, the first try dating back to five years ago, the writer was well alive to the difficulties of the task, but unlimited confidence in the old Daimler suggested that victory was ahead. The climb of the two mile ascent to the final bridge was soon made, and here the passengers were disembarked, not that their absence was an advantage to the car—quite the reverse, in fact, since there was less weight on the rear wheels—but simply to reduce the chance of personal accident if the car were to slide off the road. Just as the Daimler was about to start off again, much to the surprise of everyone a car was seen slowly descending the pass, after the easier ascent of the Seatoller climb on the other side of the mountain. When the driver had got half-way down and indicated—or apparently indicated—that there was room to pass, off we started, and quickly roared up the first portion of the climb, skidding round the acute corners, with the back wheels racing round in the loose stones, and throwing up showers of pebbles.

Approaching the straight climb which leads to the last ascent, we were dismayed to find the other car slowly sliding down—out of control, as the driver afterwards ex-

plained. Then followed an anxious half-minute. The Clement—for such was the car—slowly slithered down sideways against the cliff, the Daimler jumped out to the rocky edge with not six inches between the near side wheels and a fifty foot drop. The mudguards of the two cars grazed each other for their whole length, and, with not an inch to spare, the cars bumped past—but it was a tight squeeze.

Now came the worst portion of the climb—the slope which marks the abandonment of nearly every attempt. The Daimler slewed round sideways on the loose stones, time after time, but, with a convulsive haul at the steering wheel, its head was pulled straight again. With the rear wheels spinning round, first on one side and then on the other, and the engine roaring out with all its might, the final steep slope was at last mounted, and Honister conquered.

Congratulations from the quarrymen who had been watching the ascent, and then a welcome rest while the passengers slowly climbed the pass. It was from the foreman of the slate quarry that we learnt of the various attempts that had previously been made, and we had his assurance that the Daimler was the first car to make a straightaway and unassisted climb.

On examining the rear tyres, we were more than surprised to observe what a small amount of damage had been done. Before the present tour, the covers had done at least 3,000 miles, then came 800 miles of rough Scottish roads and hills, and now, after such a severe gruelling, there was still considerable life ahead.

Half-an-hour later, with the passengers aboard (incidentally, they were still suffering from the shock which they had experienced when the two cars passed on the hill), the car was headed for Seatoller, proceeding down the new road, which has been constructed for the benefit of the coaching traffic. Keswick at last, mutual felicitations, and an expressed determination to take the old car up to Scotland again next holiday, to vanquish every mountain climb, from Applecross to Ben Nevis.

J. A. MACKLE.

THE GHOSTS OF "THE SINGLE GULP"

By WILL. H. PRITCHARD.

(Author of "Christopher Cubbin's Question," "Bill Bailey's Yarns," etc., etc.)

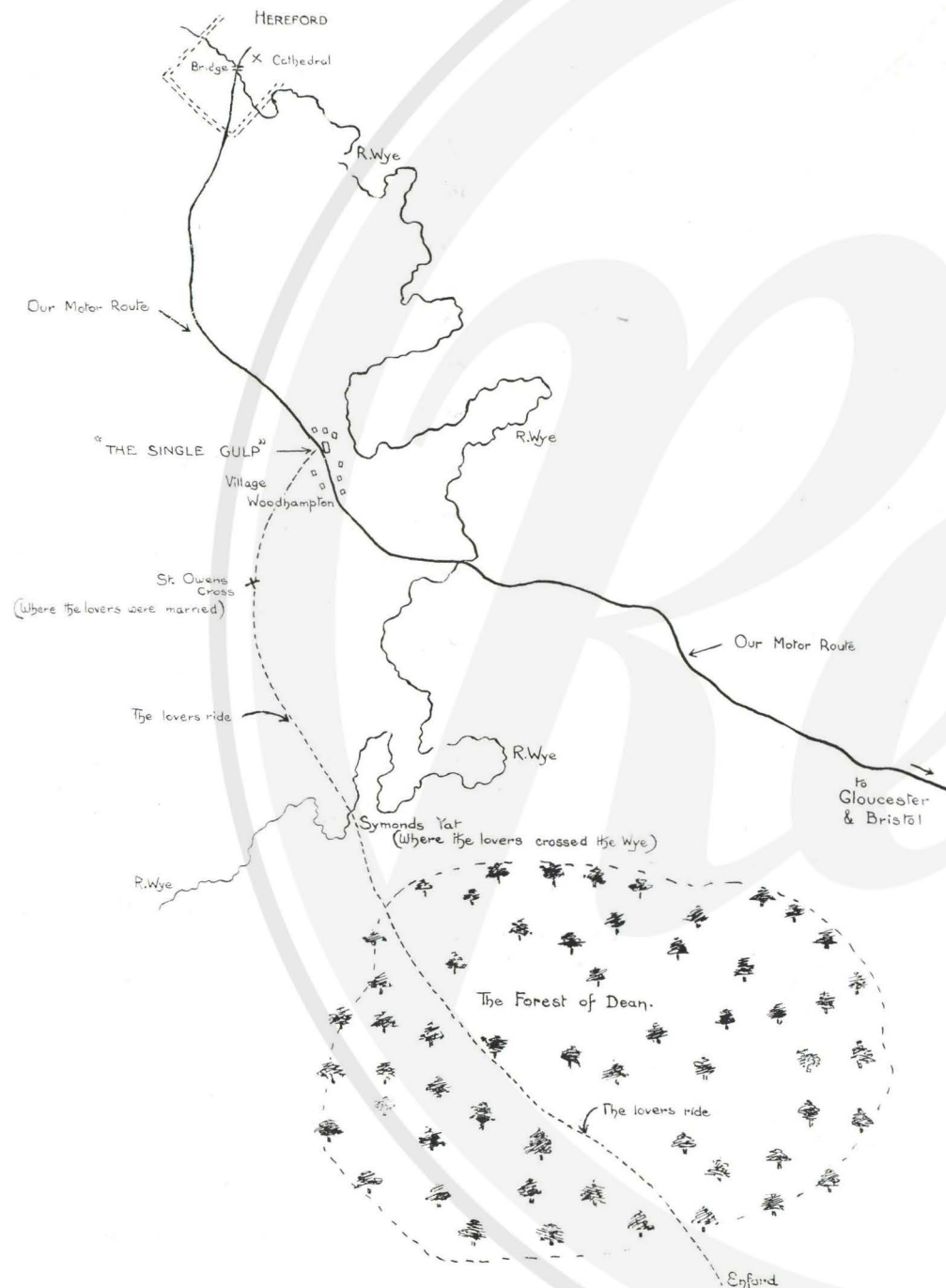
IT is now just five years ago since the mysterious affair happened, but I recall every detail of the occurrence as if it had passed before me but yesternight, so vividly is it all impressed upon my mind. I reckon the effect of the business took at least half-a-dozen years out of me, and I fancy that if you asked Jimmy Cochrane his opinion he would tell you that he has not recovered from the shock to this day. We had always been close chums, Harold Wilson, Jimmy Cochrane, and I; for many years we had been inseparable companions at all times and all seasons, but some while before the time of which I write our friendly trio had been broken up and the bonds of our close fellowship severed by that most drastic of all changes in the life of a Bohemian, and Harold Wilson had become a Benedict. Six months before, Jimmy and I had taken our old pal down to St. Mary's by the water in greater style than either of us had ever travelled previously and from the time, a few hours later, when pretty Muriel Annasdale had run away with him *en route* for Ostend, we had never set eyes on poor old Harold again.

Wilson however had not forgotten us, and so it happened that a week or two before Christmas both Cochrane and myself received a pressing invitation to spend the festive season with the recently married couple at their new home in Hereford. "Come as soon as you like and stay as long as you like," wrote Harold, in his frank, easy way. "You will, I daresay, find things very slow down in this part of the world, but Muriel says she will be as pleased as myself to see you both, and will not only allow me to assume the rôle of a single young man for the duration of the visit only, but will also endeavour for your especial benefit to transform herself into a bachelor girl as well."

Such a combination as the pretty little Muriel, who had enslaved all our hearts just two short summers before, as a bachelor girl again, together with the prospect of dear old Harold's genial company, was irresistible. What wonder then that Jimmy went straightway to borrow



Frank Sanderson's automobile for the run down to Hereford, which, generous old dog that he is, Frank allowed him to have, making one condition only, that being that we took his own chauffeur along and faithfully promised not to attempt to drive the car ourselves or let anyone—saving only



The district where the adventure occurred.

Phillips, the aforesaid worthy, his trusty man—grapple with the steering wheel.

So many and various had been Sander-son's experiences in the matter of compensa-tion required for dead poultry, pigs, and piccaninnies, that on the question of driving he was adamant. Nor was this really any-thing but a great relief to Cochrane and myself who were both equally and hope-lessly ignorant of such infernal machines as motors, aeroplanes, and the like; in fact, it was solely on Jimmy's sugges-tion that we contemplated travelling in that fashion, he thinking that the car could be made very useful during our stay, in making daily trips with Wilson and his wife in the charming and picturesque country for which we were bound.

And thus it came about that we started early on the morning of Christmas Eve for our motor spin across to Herefordshire, a place of which we had heard but little—save for its cider and cattle—where neither of us had ever been before but which we were prepared to accept, plus Wilson's hospitality, as one of the best of places in the country for a jolly Christmas time.

As I wanted to make a brief call on some business friends of mine in Bristol, I took advantage of the opportunity which presented itself, so that we went by way of that historic western port, and as Jimmy said afterwards "Irvines confounded"; it was a stronger adjective than that which Jimmy employed, "money grabbing busi-ness as usual was the cause of the wretched affair from beginning to end." This was really a most unfair assertion for my friend to make, but though I tried to point out to him that my innocent detour was not the cause, neither had it anything to do with the drama of that terrible night, Jimmy was obdurate and would not retract, and though I said and said rightly, as I think, that it was due to Frank Sanderson's dilatoriness in getting rid of his old car and substituting for it the New up-to-date Daimler that he had talked about and promised himself for months, yet I was compelled reluctantly to admit that if it had not been for our halt at Bristol we should never have had to stay the night at

"The Single Gulp" at Woodhampton, and consequently would not have encountered the uncanny visitors of that picturesque hostelry.

We lunched rather late at Bristol, my friends having detained me somewhat longer than I had anticipated, and started out on the capital stretch of road that runs towards Gloucester as the city clocks were striking four. "Left it rather late, gentle-men," exclaimed Phillips, as we boarded the car, "but we shall get there, I should think, in about four hours if the road keeps as good as this one promises to be."

We apologized most humbly to our chauffeur—for be it known unto you who have not yet motored, that you, poor creature of clay as you are, are entirely at the mercy of the man at the wheel, and who were we to admonish such an autocrat of the car as Phillips. We proffered him something warm, and sincerely trusted in as mild and tactful a manner as possible that there would be no unnecessary delay and that all would go well—for the make and speed of even the best of automobiles (and Sander-son's, as I have said, was far from being a Daimler) were not five years ago what they are to-day, with all the many improve-ments of recent invention.

It had been rather a dull day with heavy lowering clouds about, and darkness came on so early that we had to pull up and light the lamps when only a very few miles out of Bristol.

To add to our discomfort an unpleasant drizzle, half rain half snow, began, and as the car was not a cover one, Jimmy began to swear most bitterly in his regret that he had ever suggested a motor ride at all. Despite these inconveniences, we sailed along fairly well, occasionally slackening speed to avoid side slips and skidding, and passed through Gloucester and out on to the Hereford road beyond without mishap or appreciable delay.

The night, however, grew gradually worse, and a dozen miles out of Gloucester found us in a blinding snowstorm, with a wind blowing against our faces from the north-east like a razor edge for keenness and penetration. Slowing up, we held a

council of war. Jimmy was anxious to go back to Gloucester and from thence forward by train, but I was of opinion that we could manage to struggle along somehow, if not very fast, and so save a great deal of trouble, and also the inconvenience of stowing the car away in a Gloucester garage over Christmas day.

Our friends, too, were even then expecting us, and we may by returning—I was afraid—upset the arrangements they had already made.

After ten minutes or so wasted in useless argument and discussion of this kind we at last decided to move onwards, and Phillips—agreeing with me that it was better to make our destination, if possible, rather than return almost to a corresponding distance—for we were, we believed, practically half way between the sister cities—we instructed him to proceed. So releasing the brakes, and with a turn of the wheel, he took us swiftly down the unseen and greasy track that stretched far away toward the haven where we would be.

We went well; the car was going splendidly: the lamps shone brightly, lighting up the road before us as we sped along, revealing now and again a mud-spattered wayfarer, and yet more rarely still a passing vehicle, an old lumbering farm-house wagon, a carrier's trap, or a donkey cart laden with holly and mistletoe, making their way wearily through the wretched night.

Then, when we least expected any such occurrence, an ominous grating sound came from underneath. The engine ceased firing and the motor came to a standstill.

We looked with wild eyes into each other's faces. Then at Phillips, who, after spending some time in pulling first one lever and then another, at last gave the job up in despair.

"I told you so," cried Cochrane. "I knew how it would be; if you had listened to me we should never have been in this dilemma."

This, with much more to the same purpose, relevant and irrelevant, served rather to irritate than help, while we, with

combined effort, dragged the car to the roadside and Phillips proceeded to investigate while we stood uselessly by and shivered.

I think I never felt *quite* so miserable as I did during the next few minutes when standing there with coat collars up, muffled throats and hats drawn down over our eyes, we patiently awaited his report.

At last, after twenty minutes or so, the chauffeur gave it up. The something or other had, on account of something else, got jammed into the other thing, and there it was, and he couldn't alter it then or there at all.

There we were and likely to be and that was all he knew. When we realised that we were some miles from Hereford (how far we had no idea), without the faintest knowledge of the surrounding district or the nearest assistance, I spent some minutes thinking wildly, and Jimmy, in putting my thoughts—without endeavouring to restrain himself—into words, I will not, I cannot repeat what he said.

The strength and the flow and the warmth of my friend's varied vocabulary made even the temperature of that chill winter's night appear soft and balmy.

What were we to do? That was the all-important question. Leaving Phillips with the car, Cochrane and I plodded on through the mud, hoping to find a cottage where information could be obtained.

Five minutes brought us to some rising ground, and never was shipwrecked mariner more delighted at catching sight of the coast lights than were we at seeing from that eminence the yellow flickering beams from several houses, evidently a small hamlet, barely a quarter of a mile away.

In haste we rushed on and procured the help of a couple of sturdy villagers. Then returning to the driver with a combination of united forces, with many a wearying effort, many a strain and many a rest, pushed our derelict as best we could toward the welcome spot.

Thus it came to pass that after a couple of hours or so we found ourselves (instead of being entertained in the home of our friends, the Wilsons) seated in the com-

fortable parlour of "The Single Gulp" in the village of Woodhampton before a blazing fire and with our disabled car safely housed in Landlord Hodges' commodious barn at the rear of the inn.

A cheerful host, a sumptuous repast (for being Christmas time there was abundance of good fare) and the cosiness of the fire-side rooks, soon put us in good humour and we forthwith cross-examined our newly-found friend as to our whereabouts.

Ten miles from Hereford, three-and-a-half from the nearest railway station, a cold, wild, wintry night outside, a pleasant refuge secure; all this soon settled in our minds what had been really a foregone conclusion, that "The Single Gulp" must be our camping place that night.

Landlord Hodges was an out-and-out good sort, a type of the old-fashioned innkeeper, alas! now rapidly dying out. We plied him with questions; he told us many a good story.

Hadn't seen a stranger for weeks; few motors passed that kind of weather. Summer was the time; had swarms of visitors then, and many stayed at the inn and in the village. Angling parties came nearly all the year round, for the beautiful Wye—the Rhine of England—ran swiftly over its rocky bed barely half a mile away. Artists, too? Yes, for weeks together.

Cyclists? Yes, by dozens.

Why "The Single Gulp"? Couldn't say. His father had kept it before him and *he* had never known; always had been "The Single Gulp," supposed it always would be.

Funny name? Perhaps so, hadn't noticed anything funny about it himself, and so on and so forth. We filled our pipes; he filled our mugs with prime good old Staffordshire cider, and we, being the only visitors, save three farm labourers who were in the tap-room, sat together talking and smoking until the near approach of closing time.

Then it was that we noticed some little hesitation on the part of our host.

In an awkward manner, he hoped that we were not nervous. He believed, nay, he knew that we were not. But if we had

any objection, that was to say if we preferred to have a shakedown in that room, he would be pleased if we would only say the word.

Why? we asked.

Well, unfortunately, the only room that was at that time at liberty for occupation was one about which village gossips told many tales, in fact he himself was bound to confess there may be something in it—if he may suggest, a comfortable bed could easily be prepared in the room where we were, more especially as the tale of the Bride's Chamber was connected, again unfortunately, with Christmas Eve. And thus with many apologies and washing of hands with invisible soap, our worthy host sought to break the news of an uncanny position to us.

Now I had always had a kind of hankering, if not an ambition, to be connected with a ghost story, and this appearing to me to be just the sort of thing I had often thought of, if not exactly sought after, I laughingly replied to friend Hodges' fears by telling him that this was precisely what we were longing for to make our Christmas fully enjoyable, and assuring him that for a twentieth century landlord to be the fortunate possessor of a real, live, up-to-date, and still active ghost, was to be a lucky man indeed.

My friend Cochrane, who mellowed by the genial warmth, a fragrant pipe and copious draughts of cider, was now in far better temper than a couple of hours before, apparently agreed fully with my remarks, but all the same seemed in no hurry to retire.

"What's the story, landlord?" I asked.

"Well, gentlemen," said Hodges, "the legend goes that how, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, there lived at a place called Enford, away on the other side of the Forest of Dean, an old gentleman with a very handsome and fascinating daughter, who had many suitors for her hand, coming from miles around, and one of these gentlemen—a crusty old chap with heaps of money—was much favoured by the father, who particularly, for his own reasons, wished the girl to accept his advances.



"However, woman-like, her fancy inclined to the most dissolute fellow of the whole lot—a handsome young man—much given to wine, and cards and horses, and so, being madly in love with each other, they decided to elope and marry.

"It happened, so the tale runs, that one winter midnight, they having made previous arrangement, rode away together through the Forest, and crossing the Wye near a place called Symond's Yat, determined to make northwards and stay with friends until such time as the storm should blow over.

"The young fellow had made careful plans and had acquainted an old school friend of his, who was priest at a place called Saint Owen's Cross—not many miles from here—of their intention, and there they were married very hurriedly on the morning of that memorable Christmas Eve a couple of hundred years ago. So it happened that towards nightfall they found themselves here at Woodhampton, and this inn being a comfortable house, as I trust you find it now, gentlemen, and their horses being tired, they put up for the night.

"Now it came about that the girl's old father at home had no knowledge of the elopement until the morning came, when, noting his daughter's disappearance, and hearing first one tale then another, and putting two and two together as we say in this part of the country, came to the very obvious conclusion that she had gone with her lover, and calling his son—his only other child—accompanied by him, set out on horse, swords at side, in pursuit of the fugitives.

"Hard riding and many inquiries, after following and retracing several faulty tracks, brought them to Woodhampton in the small hours of Christmas morning, and without more ado the old gentleman made straight for this inn. In spite of protests and struggles he got to the bedroom door where the newly wedded pair were resting, and there and then, so the story goes, made his daughter's husband fight him, giving him but a moment's notice, taking the sword from his son's

hand—who had followed him—and forcing the young lover clad only as he was in night attire and sleepy withal, to fight him with it.

"His daughter, with tears and entreaties, tried her best to separate them and protect her husband, but in vain. Ignoring the marriage lines she produced he called them a forgery, and denouncing her husband as a drunken gambler who had dishonoured his house and his daughter, pushed the frail woman aside and thrust at him straightway.

"The duel was short and sharp, the old man was struck in the throat, yet had strength enough in a great and final effort to make a last desperate lunge and stab the young husband to the heart. Horrified beyond expression or recovery at the shock of seeing her lover killed before her eyes and her father bleeding to death at her feet from the gaping wound in his neck—with her hands and arms cut and bleeding, with nightdress torn and blood bespattered in her fruitless efforts to separate the combatants, the poor young bride gave one long shriek of agony and fell dead across them. And that, gentleman," finished our friendly host, "that, so far as I know, is the legend of the Bride's Chamber. You can see the graves of all three of them in the little churchyard as you go down the hill side towards the river below."

"Well," said I to Cochrane, who looked rather uneasy, "what d'ye think of it?"

"Not much, goodness knows," he replied. "But is that all? Is there any ghost in it?"

"I'm afraid, sir," said the landlord, and all the old hesitancy of manner came back again, "that the people about here say as the old duel is refought in the Bride's Chamber every Christmas morning."

"The devil they do!" ejaculated my friend, impetuously.

"There you are, Jimmy," I chimed in. "What more can you want, a well told tale and a good old ghost."

"More like half-a-dozen of 'em by all accounts," he muttered dismally, "if that's the only room in this great house that we can have, I'd rather sit here by the fire all night."

"Most pleased, gentlemen," exclaimed the innkeeper, evidently relieved. "I could bring a second sofa in here if you wish and make up two shake-down beds."

"Don't funk the first ghost you've been introduced to!" I bantered. "It's the chance of a lifetime; you may never have such an opportunity again."

"It's all very well to talk like that, Irvine," replied Jimmy testily, "but I don't care about the monkey tricks usually connected with these spook businesses."

However, I wheedled, and teased, and joked him, and we talked and argued and tried to scientifically discuss the problem until we ultimately decided that not only would we brave the mysteries of the haunted room, but would endeavour to lay the ghosts—practical jokers, as I really thought, who were perpetuating some old fable—who were candidly speaking some thing of a nuisance to the worthy publican, regularly at this festive season, and in whose existence we found he firmly believed.

Little did I think then how soon I should be converted to our host's views.

It was past midnight when we followed Hodges up the wide old fashioned stairway and along a passage or two to the door of our room, the rubicund old chap leading the procession, candle in hand, I coming next, bearing in a large bag all the flour in the house that could be conveniently spared to me for a little project that Cochrane and I had reasoned out and were about to put into operation for the elucidation of the mystery, while my faint hearted friend brought up the rear, carrying four large brass candlesticks, holding good sized candles, where with to illuminate our eerie vigil Phillips, whom it had been arranged should sleep downstairs on a couch before the fire, had instructions to rush up to us instantly upon hearing the slightest sound or call, Jimmy, at great length, taking most elaborate precaution that this should be firmly established in our chauffeur's mind.

"Good night, gentlemen, and may it be a pleasant one," said our host jocularly and somewhat ironically as he closed the door on us, and we were left alone.

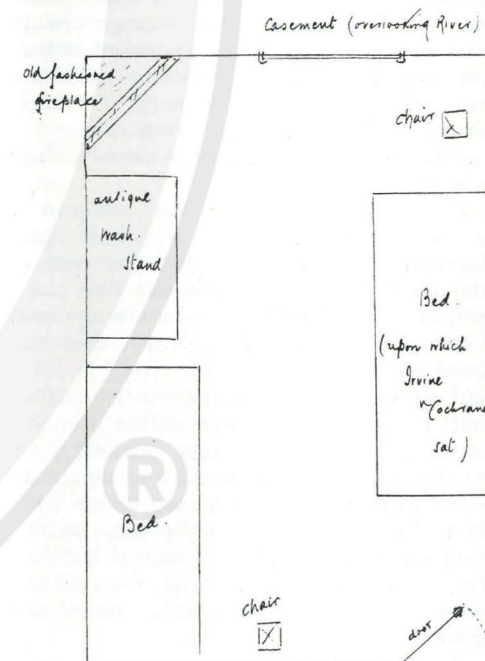
We found ourselves in a large room of oblong shape, low ceilinged, and oak panelled.

At one of the narrower ends was the doorway, at the opposite end a lead latticed casement with diamond panes looked out over a coppice on to the beautiful Wye which ran through the fertile valley beneath.

Across the one corner by the window was a hearth with cheerful fire burning, two beds were placed against the other sides of the room, and an antiquated washstand and a couple of old oaken chairs completed the scanty yet sufficient furniture of the apartment.

"Here we are," I cried cheerfully, as I deposited my burden on the floor, "and now for a comfortable snooze."

"I wish I'd never seen the rotten place," said Jimmy savagely. "After coming through an abominable night like this, stuck in that beastly car and starved to death, to be landed in this infernal hole. It's just like all your confounded arrangements, absolutely damnable."





"Steady up, old chap," said I, soothingly, "if you talk like that we'll go down again."

"You can go to the devil, Irvine," exclaimed Jimmy, "I've had enough of it. Now I'm here I'll stay here, but that fellow spins such a ghastly yarn that it sets one's teeth on edge and positively makes one's flesh creep."

"Well, in for a penn'orth in for a pound," said I, as I spread the flour carefully over the floor. "We've promised the old chap to solve the mystery for him, and if there's any trick being played here the players must leave some mark on this flour if they come inside—anyway, Jimmy Cochrane isn't the man to back out of a job he's promised to see through any more than I am, I'll warrant my life."

"Oh! now I'm here I'll see the business through," said he, "none the less though do I like it."

We sat before the fire for a long time and smoked our pipes in silence until I—feeling somewhat drowsy—took my boots off and lay dressed upon one of the beds. Jimmy sat on by the fireside, and as I lay resting myself and looking at him I could not but reflect upon the strange chance that had brought us to that quaint out-of-the-way spot, with its gruesome legend and baulked us of our long anticipated Christmas with Wilson and his wife.

"Irvine," called Jimmy anxiously, "are you asleep?"

"No," I replied, laughing, "are you?" "I hope these candles will hold out," he replied, "I'm not going to stay here in the dark. It's a rum idea, but I've got a sort of feeling that there's something about here now. Don't get sleepy, there's a good fellow."

I smiled at my friend's nervousness, but I am afraid it was rather a sickly smile, for my thoughts kept straying away to that other Christmas Eve so long ago when at this time two young lovers were lying locked in each other's arms in this very room, happy in their mutual love and the first ecstasies of married bliss, all unconscious of the rude awakening of the later morning hours.

I must have dozed off, but only for a

moment, when I was awakened by Jimmy rushing across the room and throwing himself on my bed. "What's up?" I exclaimed. "Good heavens," he cried, "I could swear I heard horses hoofs below. Listen!"

I sat up on the bed by Jimmy, listening intently, and surely enough I could feel rather than hear that someone was coming upstairs.

Suddenly the footmarks of a man showed in the flour on the floor near the door, followed at once by a second pair of impressions, the door however remaining closed.

I sat as if frozen, while Jimmy grasped my arm with a grip like a drowning man.

The next moment a third pair of marks showed over by the fireplace and immediately afterwards a fourth pair appeared there too.

A horrible shiver ran through me and I shook as I noticed that the last two pairs of prints were the marks of *naked* feet.

Then the positions of the foremost pairs changed.

They were nearer to each other, while the pair remaining visible in the doorway was motionless.

Now the most peculiar thing about the whole matter was that as the positions of the marks altered, so the former impressions disappeared, as often as a new position was taken up, the old traces vanished.

Well, we watched with straining eyes and pale faces the progress of that awful duel, and I pray heaven that I may never look upon its like again. The advances and retreat of those two pairs of ghostly feet, the frequent interpositions of that smaller pair of naked marks, while always there remained at the doorway the impression of the watching brother's foot-prints.

It was soon over—we often remarked afterwards what a blessing even that much was—brief as was the silent encounter, we seemed to have passed a lifetime in that accursed place. For, I suppose, about seven minutes we watched the dreadful spectacle from our position on the bed, and save for the marks in the flour, we could not see or hear anything; there was nothing

but an uncomfortable, inexplicable feeling that innumerable swift movements were in the air all about us, and that was all.

The light of the candles shewed the quickly changing impressions on the flour covered floor, and the fire flickered as it burned slowly out. Suddenly there appeared a large vague mark near the washstand, followed in less than a minute by another, nearer to us, and finally by the slight impression as of a third and much lighter body.

It was then that we heard the only sound during that dreadful night's weird experience—one long, piercing shriek—but it might have been emitted a mile away or through a hundred blankets, so peculiarly modified was the intensity of it.

We realized at once that the tragedy was over, that the curious shriek we had heard was the dying cry of the heart-broken girl and I looked quickly towards the door for the marks of the waiting pair of feet.

They were gone.

I looked back immediately to the large vague impressions of the fallen bodies for such we then knew them to be—in the centre of the room.

They had disappeared too.

The marks only of Jimmy Cochrane's feet where he had rushed across to me from the fireside alone remained, and the candles spluttered as they burned low in their sockets.

Wild-looking and haggard we faced each other.

Cochrane found his voice first.

"Phillips!" he yelled "Phillips!! Phillips!!!"

By the time that worthy individual had aroused we were half way down the stairs, our genial landlord also rushing to us scantily clad as he came straight from his bed.

With copious draughts of brandy, more soothing tobacco and a comfortable lounge before the fire where our chauffeur had been sleeping we managed, to pass the rest of the night away until day dawned and brought to us, as daylight only can, relief from the haunting memory of that awful hour.

A short troubled sleep, followed by an invigorating bath and a good breakfast, pulled us together somewhat, and we went for a stiff walk while Phillips looked over or rather under the disabled motor.

Later, after spending the greater portion of the morning on his back beneath that vehicle, he had so patched it up that we were able to resume our journey by half-past eleven. Host Hodges, whose sympathy and regrets in our experience were without limit or qualification, could not be persuaded to make any charge whatever for our accommodation at his house, and Jimmy, while pressing a sovereign into his reluctant palm at parting, assured him that not only was he quite right in not doing so, but that he owed us more than he could ever pay, for—as my friend was pleased to call it—"trapping us into his infernal ghost show."

With a cheery good-day from myself and a fervent prayer by Jimmy, that he should "never set eyes on that damned house again," we glided off in our temporarily repaired car toward the county town, leaving behind us a score or more of wide-eyed, open-mouthed, awe-struck rustics, who knowing of our ghostly adventure had congregated round the inn door to witness our departure.

Seven miles careful driving brought us within sight of the ancient city of Hereford.

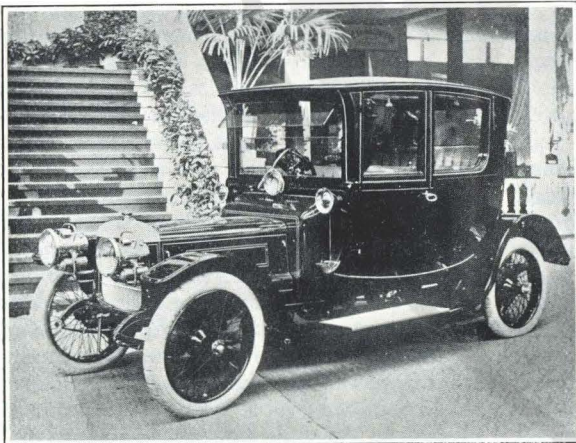
At that point we came to the top of a high ridge overlooking a large and fertile plain, and from there in the distance we could see—three miles away or so—the historic pile of St. Ethelbert's cathedral and some two or three tall spires, which marked for us the goal of our journey.

A keen wind was fast drying up the roads after the sleet and the slush of the night before, and though we went but slowly and looked but sorry tourists in our mud-stained car, we crossed the old stone bridge that spans the winding Wye and into the streets of Hereford beyond, as the bells were ringing out their joyful Christmas peals after morning service, arriving at Harold Wilson's in time for his mid-day spread.

Harold and his pretty wife—who looked, if anything, more charming than ever—had almost given us up as lost, so were correspondingly delighted when we turned up, and that evening as we sat around the Yule log and talked of happy times and jolly bygone days, we were able to add—

THE ART OF THE COACH-BUILDER.

IT is only a few years since the motor car was an engineering production pure and simple; the chassis was the all-important part upon which the energies of everyone concerned were concentrated, and the bodywork a mere appendage hurriedly thrown together and dismissed as unworthy of mature consideration. When certain advanced motorists found their tastes rising above such inelegant structures and placed orders with carriage-building firms for the design and supply of more refined bodies, they usually concluded their experiments with the decision that the last state was much worse than the first, for, in place of having good chassis and inferior bodies, they found themselves the possessors of heavy and clumsy vehicles, of good appearance, but hopelessly inefficient in regard to perform-



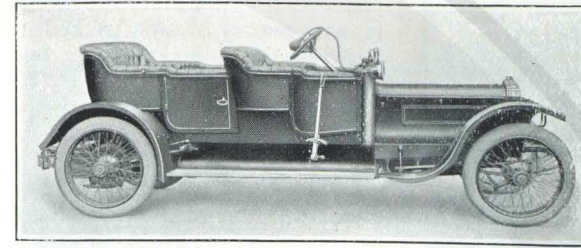
An artistic Daimler enclosed driving limousine.

ance on the road. Undue weight and inability to withstand the stress of rough road travelling were the chief characteristics of coach-builders' productions.

The recognition of this fact has led to the establishment of the motor carriage building department as a definite and necessary branch of the chassis maker's business; hence the remarkable developments of the past few years. The chassis, in consequence of the close attention paid to its improvement during the past decade, has arrived at a stage where it is reasonably satisfactory for all normal requirements. More attention has therefore been available for the perfection of the bodywork, and the results of the combined labours of the motor carriage-builder and of the chassis designer are prominently in evidence to-day. And it will be agreed

that the present examples of motor carriages are sufficiently artistic and refined to please the most critical temperaments, while the necessary comfort has been secured in the fullest degree by dint of careful experiment.

The readers of the *Bulletin* will be well aware of the extent and equipment of the Daimler body-building department. In point of size, this is one of the largest sections of the works, and, as regards its lay-out and organisation, it ranks as the finest of its kind in the country. As a natural result, the Daimler bodies are universally admitted to be the very best possible examples of the carriage-builder's art, and, at the recent



Standard open type of Daimler Car.

Show many were the congratulations offered to the firm, both by the general motoring public and by trade experts.

In these pages, illustrations are given of the leading types of the 1912 Daimler cars; there are other styles of bodywork designed to suit the various chassis models, and our patrons can always rely on having their special requirements fully satisfied.

In the covered-carriage section, there are two new types of Daimler bodies of novel design, and these promise to become extremely popular. As will be agreed after a glance at the illustrations, these bodies, respectively styled the low landaulette and the low limousine, are of elegant construction and entirely free from that top-heavy appearance which one usually associates with the covered body. Seating accommodation is provided for four people inside and for one person in front, alongside the driver. The upholstery, the various fittings, and the general workmanship and finish are of the highest quality, and it may be said, without hesitation, that a better town carriage could not possibly be purchased, whatever price might be paid. A notable feature of the low landaulette is the enclosing of the rear extension arms within the hood, a proceeding which greatly enhances the appearance of the car.

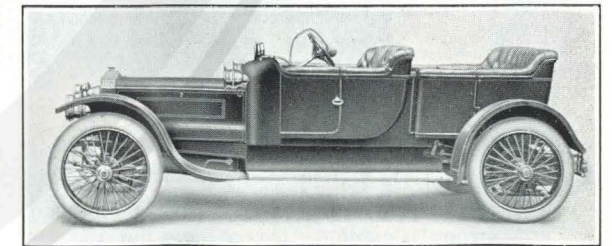
Another typical Daimler body is the coupé, intended for the user of a covered carriage who wishes to drive himself. The arrangement of the body and of the seats will be clear from the accompanying illustrations.

The coupé is an excellent type of sociable body and it is also well adapted for the use of medical and professional men. In addition to these three covered cars, the Daimler Works also produces the standard forms of landaulette and limousine bodies.

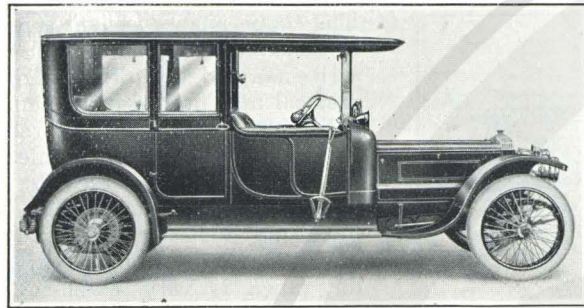
With regard to open cars, the range is very extensive. Bodies are made to carry from

two to seven persons and both in the standard and torpedo styles. In every case, the springing is carefully adjusted to suit the weight of the particular body which is being used, and hence there is no fear of a light car proving to be badly sprung when on the road, or of a seven seater settling down on its springs. A feature of all Daimler cars is the way they hold down to the road; much of this is to be attributed to the efficiency of the suspension arrangements, but the correct distribution of the body weight is also an important factor.

Another detail which is of great importance to the user is the method employed for attaching the Daimler bodies to the chassis. It is the usual coach-building practice to affix the body rigidly to the chassis frame, with the result that when the frame is distorted during the passage of the car over a rough road, the body becomes strained, and creaks and rattles are set up. But the Daimler method entirely obviates this trouble. The body is hinged to the frame at the rear, and at the front end it is bolted down on to rubber buffers.



Neat open body supplied on Daimler six-cylinder Chassis.

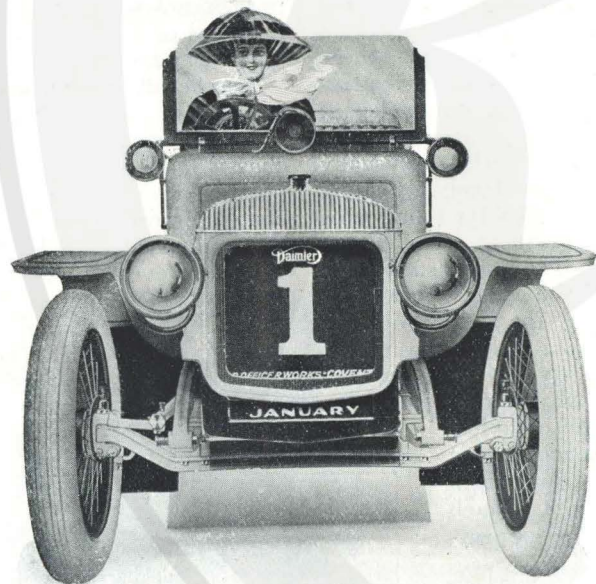


One of the new Daimler limousines.

The dashboard is part of the chassis; the front of the body fits into place over this dashboard, but without having any fixed

connection with it. Felt lining is, as a matter of fact, packed in between the adjacent parts, but this does not prevent relative motion. Hence, if the frame becomes deflected by the passage of the road wheels over obstacles, the body is not affected at all, and, consequently, all troubles in the way of rattles or of doors becoming tight are quite obviated. This method of construction marks a very important advance on previous practice, and it constitutes one of the marked features wherein the Daimler cars stand out pre-eminently above all others.

practice, and it constitutes one of the marked features wherein the Daimler cars stand out pre-eminently above all others.



This is an illustration of the useful little calendar we have recently issued. It is printed in colours, neatly cut out, and strongly made. If you have not yet received a copy please apply at once, as owing to the popularity of these calendars, our previous experience tells us that the supply will soon be exhausted.



Another dastardly attempt to disturb the Silent (K)night.