

As you return to your motorcar, engage first gear and retain it for the road is steep, one in three and the bends severe. Despite this the descent is glorious with widening views for your passenger, until at last you come down into this lovely wooded valley, the head of Eskdale. Crossing over the River Esk, tumbling down from the high slopes of Scafell Pike away to your right, the road continues until you come upon the little Railway station at Dalegarth. This is the terminus of the Ravenglass and Eskdale Railway. The carpark is spacious, boarded by trees and the lovely Whilan Beck, its clear waters tumbling down over moss covered stones. The homely wooden Station building offers a pleasant refuge and friendly staff will soon provide a fine pot of tea and toast too if you have the will for it. So in this pleasant setting let us rest for a while and if the Editor allows, later resume this journey through just a part of Beautiful Britain. If I may a final note of caution, never attempt this journey in inclement weather.

ECLETIC ECURIAM

I have noticed the many and various modifications club members have made to improve the handling and comfort of their Naylor cars, an operation the majority of us would not be interested in doing to what I call our "bread and butter" transport. Naylor cars like most sports cars are similar to motorcycles, one has great pleasure in playing about in the garage adding this and taking away that. The long-legged, big footed brigade are cutting holes in the floor, angling pedals, lowering seats etc, which brings me to how guilty I have been in the same direction.

Upon obtaining my Naylor I found it ran hotter than any other car I have owned. Changing all thermostats made no difference as it seems to be a characteristic of these cars but does not appear to harm them in any way. However, one owner on arrival at Gaydon could only stop his engine by putting the car in gear. As the radiator fan thermostat on my model did not cut in unless one was in stationary traffic on a hot summers day I have fitted an over-riding switch in the cab which one must remember to isolate if work is to be carried out beneath the bonnet as the fan could be accidentally energized by a third party.

The brake, clutch and accelerator pedals on No. 85 have been lengthened and angled to suit my frame and a return spring fitted to the accelerator as apart from the one on the carburettor there appears to be no other. These modifications have greatly improved the braking and accelerator control. I wonder if other owners have had their wrists gashed by the bonnet coming down when working on the engine. This has happened twice to me, firstly caused by a wind and secondly by accidentally pushing the webbing strap. I have prevented a recurrence of this by carrying a piece of $\frac{1}{2}$ " dowling approx. 16" in length with a Terry spring clip held at one end by a jubilee clip. The rod is placed between the fixed lower half of the front bonnet catch and the top half attached to the bonnet into which the Terry clip snaps.

When at Gaydon mileage had the leading edge of the independent modern wider beyond the wheel fitted mud flaps been fitted a bumper.

As most members a boot for ja but I still leather strap from making far as I have and exit is

TEN DA

In any other wet weather things. On tight these dry 8500 mi

Our journey home and a almost 2000 between sta Clermont Fe slipping sp continuous became more of thick f Ardeche.

Actually, standard M 'manifique' dropped do roads were sun shone La Ciotat coast road was, on s of Toulon

As you ma Autoroute virtues quite a f Nellie ra mph when

When at Gaydon I noticed the cars that had covered a reasonably high mileage had the paintwork badly chipped along the running boards and the leading edge of the rear mudguards. I think the reason for this is due to the independent suspension creating wider front tracking plus the modern wider tyres. The result is to cause the tyres to protrude $\frac{3}{4}$ " beyond the wings so I have slightly widened the front mudguards and fitted mud flaps in the hope of preventing damage. Mud flaps have also been fitted at the rear to protect the reversing light, fog light and bumper.

As most members would have noticed, I carry an old trunk which acts as a boot for jacks, additional tools etc. This is bolted permanently on but I still found it necessary to fit, but not needed, holding on leather straps, otherwise it looks as if it is about to fall off. Apart from making side and top wind deflecting perspex screens that is as far as I have come. Oh yes, a passenger grab handle to assist entry and exit is next to be fitted.

TEN DAYS TO St TROPEZ

BY JANE AND SID GIBSON

In any other car the holiday would have been a disaster but given the appalling wet weather, driving across France in our Naylor-Nellie proved at least two things. One, it's still great fun to drive. Two, it shows how superbly water-tight these little sports cars are, mind you, it did blow Nellie's mainly dry 8500 miles reputation to bits.

Our journey began from Portsmouth after a very wet drive down from our Cotswold home and a cold grey ferry crossing on the Sunday morning. We were to cover almost 2000 miles in ten days down to St. Tropez with approximately 200 miles between stages. Caen; Le Mans (including 'the straight') Tours; Montlucon; Clermont Ferrand; St. Etienne; Aix-en-Provence. Famous names and places slipping sportingly by. In the first three days we experienced virtually continuous torrential rain and what was to have been a "hood down scenic tour" became more of a "hood up rally style adventure", with the added complication of thick fog to add to our wondrous views from the mountain tops of the Ardeche.

Actually, we were travelling in tandem with friends driving a concours standard MGB (a what?). But guess what took the "OO LA LA's" and "le voiture manifique" (or words to that effect-my French is terrible). By the time we dropped down into Provence (The Hotel Mirail has much to recommend it) the roads were definitely showing signs of flooding but, heaven be praised, the sun shone the next morning for our final leg, hood down, to the coast at La Ciotat. So at least we could enjoy some open air motoring and on the coast road along to St. Tropez the Gallic version of le neck twist syndrome was, on several occasions, observed not least through the rush hour traffic of Toulon.

As you may anticipate, Nellie attracted lots of attention and even held up Autoroute traffic for a few moments when the Peage attendant extolled the virtues of our "beautiful leetle car" and where were we going etc! We took quite a few unnecessary spares, bulbs, fan belt, breaker set, hoses, but Nellie ran perfectly the whole trip and cruised smoothly all day at 55-60 mph when we used a bit more Autoroute on the way home. However, we learned