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*Home Again*

HOW certain well-loved cars assume a personality! Years ago, the late Cecil Kimber lent me a 1½-litre M.G. "to play around with" for a week or two (you could do it in those days), and since then I have followed the M.G. range with maternal interest. The 1¼-litre met with my full approval and the other night I renewed acquaintance with it.

The experience was like going home after a long absence. I settled in the seat, groped unfamiliarly for the light switch, found it and immediately the rest of the knobs became instinctive. There was a moment's hesitation when I wanted reverse; left or right? Memory plumped for right, and sure enough it was. Before many miles were gone the little saloon was zipping round the bends in the



Backward progress to youth.

well-remembered fashion and a few more years had been passed in The Scribe's backward progress to youth again. I always feel that the 1¼-litre is a *young* car. There is an elasticity about its progress along the road that humans lose as the joints stiffen.

