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ALL ROADS HAVE END.

To keep roads in trim, till they've reached the end, is the new high-speed road surfacing unit, demonstrated by the Military Engineering Experimental Establishment. It simultaneously lays tar and grit, to form a new surface, at 15 miles an hour. The Army wanted something like it, to repair roads in wartime, damaged by bomb and shell, so that convoys could move up with minimum delay. Evidently experts have made sure that the Army's prayer has been answered.

With this useful vehicle the Army's got in first. Perhaps civil road authorities will adopt it before long. But not only roads come to an end, the end of the road is reached by cars. So Vehicle Testing Stations have been set up in more than 12,000 garages, and probably before the end of the year all cars ten years old and more will have to submit to the test. It's in the brakes that far too many ancient autos are found wanting.

Now it's the turn of the steering, another common fault in veteran cars. At present, testing is voluntary, though the Ministry of Transport does hope that owners won't wait till it's compulsory; a lot of damage could be done by unreliable cars before the end of the year. Those not passing the test haven't necessarily reached the end; it just means that they must be made road worthy before being used again. Of course, it's a logical step for what's the use of testing drivers and leaving dangerous cars to do their worst?

Here's the way they test for anti-dazzle and headlight dipping.

Testing over, the car moves on to make way for another, while the owner goes to the office to hear the verdict. The breakers' yard, inevitably, is the end of the road for thousands. And very sad it is to see vehicles that used to be the pride and joy of the owners (often run with such a strain on the family budget) now being turned into scrap.

Sledge hammers do the work of the small breaker; the big concerns use mechanical crushers. And that really is the end. In a matter of minutes the beautiful car of yesterday takes a terrible beating and comes out as no more than a large cube of metal. The dealers live on the difference between what they pay for the old cars and what they get for the scrap, so they have to be very careful not to let their generosity run away with them, and pay far too much. For this one two pounds.

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Rather than take that sort of price, jalopy owners are going in more and more, for stock car racing. And that's a glorious way for any car to come to the end of the road. The driver has to see that he doesn't.

A good stock-car driver is a man who knows every sin in the bad driver's book, and can put them all into practice. And if he's had one or two, take more water with it.