

ON THE ROAD AGAIN!

"OLD CROCKS" RUN TO BRIGHTON.

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Picture.:- The Old Crocks go to Brighton for the weekend. They would, the Old Crocks ! After being dug out

of their retreats for the aged and infirm, they start from London on a 52-miles run, and 52 miles

is a lot, when

you have got wheezy cylinders, a cough in the carburettor, and a weakness in your petrol pipe.

Over Westminster Bridge they dash on this lovely November Sunday morning, with the rain pelting down in sheets, a cold

nippy wind, and nothing to keep it out until certain doors open at 12.30.

One gets all hot up in the cold, and gives up horse power for man power. Some of these ancients were once preceded by a man with a red flag. To-day, modern cars are followed by funerals. Quite a number of the Crocks reach Brighton,

although some fail by the

way-side. Every driver and

passenger was soaked, because most

of the cars were

built before wind screens and saloons

were dreamt of. Fancy Victorians looking at stream-lined bodies. Those who

completed the wet course got gold medals from the Mayoress of Brighton. The others got awfully rusty !