



# The Humber Pedigree

On Great Occasions, Humber takes Pride of Place

For several brides their wedding day is the only day when maybe they ever travel in a stunning classic or vintage car. At Macphersons' Chauffeured Cars we offer much more than a 'nice old car'. Humber Cars have a rich heritage and were built for special occasions. No matter what your occasion, Humber will be ready with their chauffeurs for official duty!

*Humbers  
& Racing*

In 1954, a Mk4 Humber Super Snipe set the world record for a car travelling all the way from London to Capetown, down through the deserts and jungles of Africa. It was also raced through 15 European countries in 90 hours by the eminent Stirling Moss (an unmatched feat in the day). Further testament to this car's rugged reliability was the fact that it took second place in the gruelling Redex Trials in outback Australia; This was such a harsh race that half the field did not finish - but all 5 Humber entrants completed the course in flying colours!, and one was almost the outright winner (it came a close second!). The Mk2 Super Snipe took second place in the Monte Carlo Rally 1950, another model which features prominently in the Macpherson collection.

*Triple Success*

## Oslo to Lisbon in 90 hrs

*Humber Super Snipe establishes new record—  
beats time and weather in midwinter dash*

This was a sensational trial of speed and endurance. A Humber Super Snipe—straight off the production line—raced from Oslo to Lisbon, through 15 countries, in 90 hours, including time for frontier stops. 3,280 miles, through winter blizzards, over ice-covered roads and mountain passes, the last 1,200 miles at an average speed of 50 miles per hour!

\* \* \*

The Humber Super Snipe in this trial was driven by racing drivers Stirling Moss and Leslie Johnson, with John Cutts as navigator. They set off from Oslo at 02.00 hours on December 2, 1952. Their route lay from Norway through Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria, Italy, Yugoslavia, Monaco and Spain to Lisbon, in Portugal. The target set was 5 days at an average speed of 40 m.p.h. They finished by knocking 30 hours off this time and added 10 m.p.h. to the average speed. In face of all the difficulties and abnormal weather.

\* \* \*

It was freezing hard when the Humber Super Snipe left Oslo at 02.00 hours on December 2. By 08.23 hours the same day they were in Gothenburg, Sweden. By 07.00 hours the next day they were in Germany and arrived in Dusseldorf at 09.40 hours on December 3.

The drivers had completed the first 1,000 miles on schedule, although the weather had gone from bad to worse. In Sweden, Denmark and Germany they battled with icy and fog-bound roads—even blizzards. The Humber Super Snipe behaved magnificently all the time, tirelessly kept up the set average of 40 m.p.h.

By 11.20 hours on December 3, the car arrived in Holland. Here, and through Belgium, visibility was better but roads were still ice-bound. Luxembourg was reached on schedule at 11.55 hours and the north-west corner of France swiftly traversed. The Swiss frontier was crossed at 20.45 hours and the car arrived in Zurich, the half-way point, at the scheduled time of 22.40 hours. 1,656 miles had been eaten up without the slightest trouble or fault developing in the Humber Super Snipe.

At 19.35 hours on December 4, the Humber Super Snipe arrived in Brescia, Italy, after a triumphant battle against appalling weather in the snow-covered mountain passes. Stopping only for the essential frontier formalities, the drivers, with endurance equal to the car, pressed on to Trieste. From Trieste into Yugoslavia, then back to Italy, through Milan and Genoa into Southern France.

\* \* \*

At 08.30 hours on December 5, the car reached Monte Carlo. This was the last day of the epic drive. Despite the formidable strain of the trial, the Humber Super Snipe was still on schedule and on the top of its form.

From Monte Carlo the route was still arduous, winding through the dust of Southern France and the serpentine valleys of the Pyrenees. But the Spanish frontier was reached, Spain crossed and the car entered into Portugal. It arrived at Villar Formoso, the objective, at 19.59 hours. The Humber Super Snipe had travelled through 15 countries in 90 hours less one minute. The last 1,200 miles were covered in 24 hours, including all frontier and formality stops—an average speed of over 50 m.p.h. There remained only a routine drive of 271 miles to Lisbon to round off the trip, and for the drivers to get some well-earned sleep.

\* \* \*

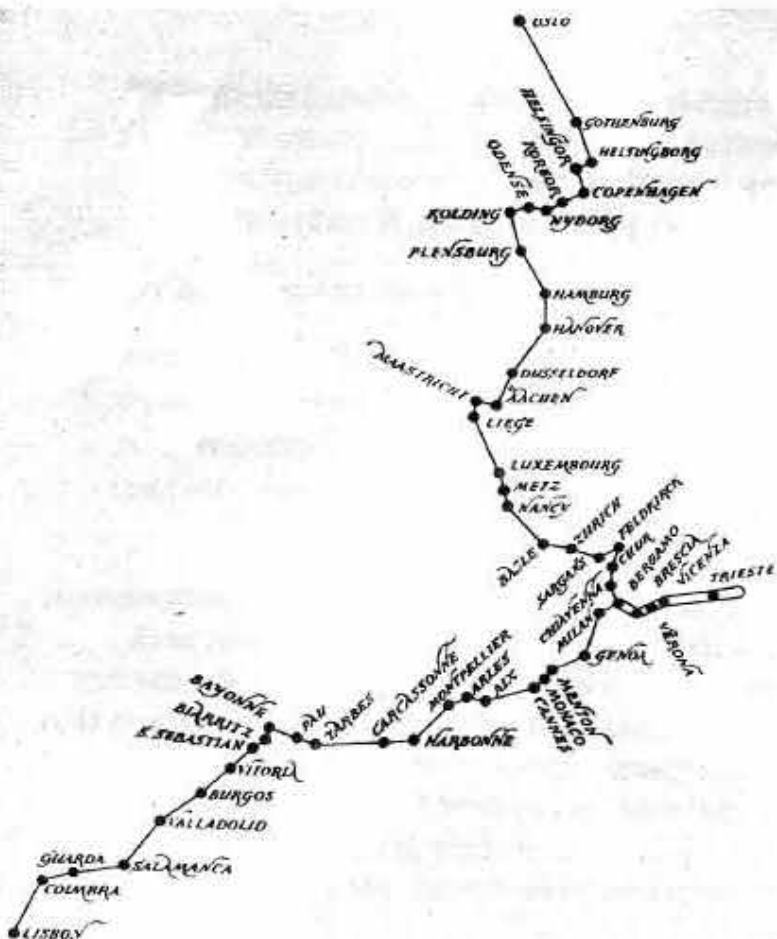
On arrival in Portugal, Stirling Moss telegraphed to Rootes: 'The car performed magnificently under dreadful conditions which made it tougher than the Monte Carlo rally.'

This was, indeed, a tribute to the Humber Super Snipe coming from such an experienced driving ace. It amply justified Rootes' optimism in planning the trial and graphically demonstrated the toughness and reliability of the Humber Super Snipe.

The owner of a Humber Super Snipe can be confident that the same qualities will serve him well in everyday service or in the most exceptional circumstances. Such a quiet, elegant, comfortable car—yet, how tough it is!

*So quiet . . . So elegant . . . So comfortable*





*Snow, ice and hail. Freeing a mudguard of frozen snow.*

The trip to Lisbon started in severe winter weather. Snow blizzards often obscured the route but did not deter Stirling Moss and his crew. Quick stops were made to free the wheels from caked, frozen snow.



*Nearly there. Fixing another flag at the Portuguese frontier.*

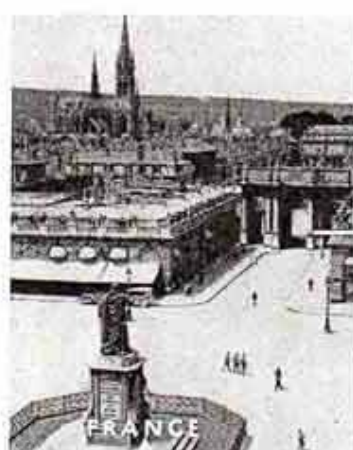
Nearing the end of their record-making trip, Stirling Moss and his crew fix the final flag to the Humber Super Snipe as they enter Portugal at Villar Formosa. They beat their own target of 5 days by 30 hours.



*A typical scene. Northern Europe was covered with snow.*

Wintry weather dogged the Humber Super Snipe over most of Europe. Despite adverse conditions, snow and ice-bound roads, the team continued to average 40 m.p.h. without a single stop for overhaul or repair.





## "Fifteen Countries in Five days" was better by 30 hours! Epic Oslo-Lisbon non-stop

**T**HE object? To give proof positive, if any be necessary, to the all-round road worthiness of the new Humber Super Snipe with its remarkable "Blue Riband" power unit.

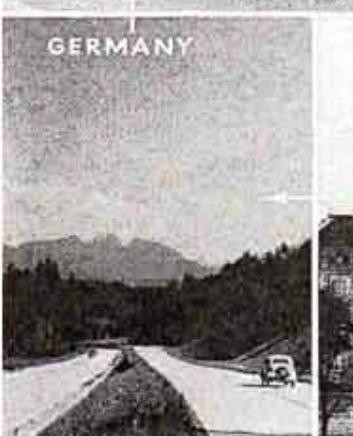
As Sir Reginald Rootes said at a Press Conference prior to the start, "There are those who would question the purpose, even the sanity, of an exploit of the kind, particularly at this time of the year."

"To these I would reply, it is to give practical demonstration, beyond all possible doubt, of our faith in the product, our confidence in a car designed and built for world-wide usage and this in relation to every variety of terrain and under all climatic conditions, as well as our trust in the drivers."

climes did perhaps inspire brighter thoughts though eating up the miles was the more imperative condition of the still arduous going was ahead, the and dust of Southern France, the snake-like, rise-and-fall going in of the Pyrenees en route to Spain, the leg to the Portuguese border at Villar and thence to Lisbon.

**FIFTEEN** countries in five days was the target set, or 3,280 miles at an average speed of just under 40 m.p.h.

Well, something attempted something and done well, with no fewer than 30 hours knocked off the basic time schedule.



**S**O it was—at Oslo, at below freezing point, the start was made at 02.00 hours on Tuesday, December 2.

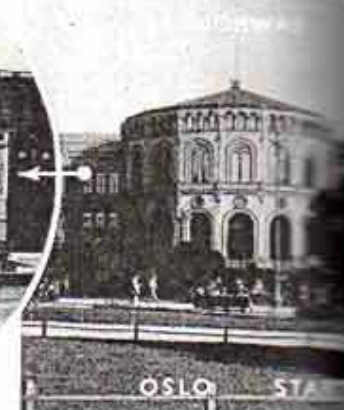
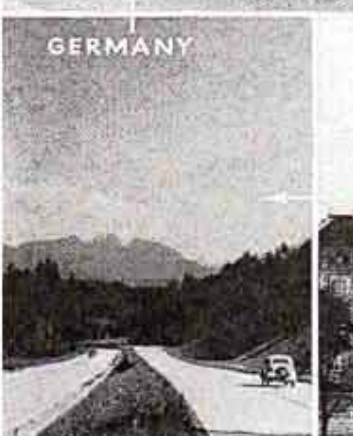
Conditions worsened all the way through Sweden and Denmark and Germany—icy and fogbound roads, even blizzards—yet the set average of 40 m.p.h. was rigidly maintained.

Not until they reached Holland and Belgium did conditions show any improvement—if sheet ice and crystallised *pavé* is any improvement!—to press on across France for Switzerland (the half-way point) and Italy, where progress was still maintained in spite of the now appalling conditions in the snow-covered passes, and so on for Trieste and Yugoslavia.

Due west again the prospects of sunnier



Sir Reginald Rootes discusses the journey with the drivers, Stirling Moss, Leslie Johnson, John Cutts and David Humphrey at the start.





## ● FIFTEEN COUNTRIES IN 90 HOURS

The Story of the Humber Super Snipe Run, told by

*Stirling Moss.*

**A**BOUT a month before the actual run, Sir William Rootes asked Norman Garrad\* and me how we proposed to "prove" the Super Snipe; so we hadn't got very much time!

It was decided that the run should embody all types of weather, preferably in Europe. Among the many suggestions was a run from Paris to Moscow, or back; fortunately, it was shelved. One thing decided was that we would not use any aircraft. This ruled out a London start because one loses so much time getting to Norway, which is about the only "possible" for really bad conditions and fifteen countries. Oslo it was, the aim being fifteen countries in five days. Norman Garrad started on his usual organization, laying on what is now known as the Rootes Group Umbrella, to cover us from Norway to Lisbon. It appeared that the weather was very, very bad right down to Italy.

Garrad and I decided upon a team consisting of Leslie Johnson, John Cutts, of the Rootes Group, master navigator, timekeeper and a generally good man with a car, and David Humphrey, one of the Rootes men who was originally an instructor in the Rootes school, and has a wide knowledge of all the products. This was the first run that the car had ever done, apart from preliminary tests, and I believe no cars had been delivered to the public. It was a standard Super Snipe with 4-litre engine—the entirely new version which made its debut at the London Show. The only special equipment was a recording machine, powered by the car battery, which was used throughout the run to record



Tired but happy on arrival at Villar Formoso, on the Spanish-Portuguese border; (left to right) David Humphrey, Leslie Johnson, Stirling Moss and John Cutts.

Bad weather, but we managed to keep our food down.

We pressed on to Odense, Kolding and Flensburg, by which time we had been through Norway, Sweden and Denmark. In Germany the weather was still very bad, lots of black ice and the going extremely difficult. We ran into heavy snowstorms, particularly towards the Tuesday evening. On the autobahn conditions were very, very bad. There were loads of black ice, and lorries were having great difficulty keeping on the road at all, owing to the camber. At one point, when David Humphrey was driving, lorries completely blocked our side of the dual carriageway, where-

## "We just fed it with oil, water and

experiences and the speeches of various people. We also had a rug and a couple of pillows. Apart from these and windscreen washers the car was absolutely "off the line."

We decided not to use chains unless absolutely necessary for getting the car over passes, and we found out beforehand that the most likely difficulty would arise on the Julier pass, in Switzerland. Chains are not too good on tyres and they do restrict speed on snow and ice. The agents in Oslo fixed us up with some super-chains, similar to the English type except that they are fitted quite slack, very easily and with only an outside adjustment; the chain across the tyre has little spikes welded to it, so that the car runs on the spikes rather than on the chain.

We spent one day in Oslo getting final preparations done; the car was filled and greased, the oil was changed, and we were ready to leave at 3 o'clock (2 a.m. English time) on Tuesday morning, December 2. The temperature was 18 degrees below freezing point. One of the officials of the Norwegian automobile club sent us off into the cold night, with somebody just to guide us out of the town.

We got to the Swedish frontier in about two hours, having traversed very icy roads with snow banked steeply at the sides; but we did not have to use chains. The roads were quite clear, although they were hard, beaten snow, deeply rutted. Through Sweden we had much the same sort of weather—plenty of snow and ice, and the temperature still well below freezing point.

Down to Helsingborg, where we caught the ferry across to Helsingor, taking about twenty minutes. Then on through Copenhagen, and then another ferry, a considerably longer crossing this time, from Korsør—1 hr 15 min—to Nyborg.

upon David nipped smartly across the centre strip on to the wrong side, pressed on regardless for about a mile, and so got past the blocks.

We arrived at Aachen late that evening, to find the German Rootes agents ready to help us through customs. The German automobile club had sent a representative down to help with the language, and we got through very quickly. Thence to Maastricht, just inside Holland, and out again into Belgium. All this time the weather was extremely severe; very cold, much snow and ice, difficult conditions for driving. There had been many snowstorms.

It was Wednesday. We left Belgium and arrived in Luxembourg, where we were greeted by Monsieur Pétin, of the R.A.C. of Luxembourg. We had a bite of lunch.

Until this time we were running behind schedule, but were within the five-day limit. The weather had been so bad that our average had dropped down to not very much over 30 m.p.h. We telephoned from Luxembourg to Rome to try to get the Italian authorities to keep the pass open at Chiavenna; although the Swiss customs on the other side of the Julier pass stays open, the Italians close down at night. In fact, we got to Chiavenna just after they had opened, at 6.10 on Thursday morning.

Through industrial France—Metz, Nancy and down to Basle, right on the edge of Germany, Switzerland and France. The weather was much the same, perhaps a fraction warmer, but there were still snow and ice about, and it was well below freezing. In Zurich we had a fantastic reception. We were met by Rudi Fischer, the Swiss champion racing driver, and Willy Daetwyler, who drives a very fast Alfa Romeo, as well as by the Rootes organization. We shot into the garage and were met by a bank of floodlights

\* Competitions Manager of the Rootes Group.



on one side and a bank of Press photographers on the other. The car was refuelled and washed, while the team were rushed out and given a hot meal and food to take on the rest of the journey. We were given garlands of flowers by girls in the national costume, and it was with great regret that about half an hour later we left a happy throng about midnight (Wednesday), to face the coming Julier Pass, on which we expected trouble, for the snowplough would have been through only very much earlier that day.

After Sargans we crossed into Austria, passed through little Feldkirch and into the tiny principality of Liechtenstein. On arrival we went to get our carnet stamped, because we wanted a record of all the countries. The customs post was also the local police station, which was also the bank. When John Cutts went to try to get the stamp at two or three in the morning, two little men looked very apprehensively through the barred windows and wouldn't let him in. But in the end, with much sign language from outside, they let us in and stamped the carnet; we carried on.

Back into Switzerland to Chur. It was here that we decided that we must definitely fit the chains. So we visited a Rootes garage virtually at the bottom of the Julier pass.

There had been much argument as to who was going to drive over the Julier; everyone wanted to. In the end it came to the spin of a coin, and I was lucky.

### Over the Julier

The pass is about 7,300ft above sea level, and is kept open, if possible, by snowplough. But the plough had not been through for many hours. Owing to the fairly high wind on the mountainside the road was buried in places with deep drifts of snow. Many times we had to engage bottom gear to force our way through snow up to 18in deep. We found the chains a necessity. Anyway, we managed to keep going steadily, crossed the summit and tried to make up a bit of time going down the other side and then over the Maloja pass to Ghiavenna, at the Italian border.

We went through the frontier without trouble, in spite of the early hour, and were now on our way to Bergamo.

From here the weather was a complete contrast; the sky

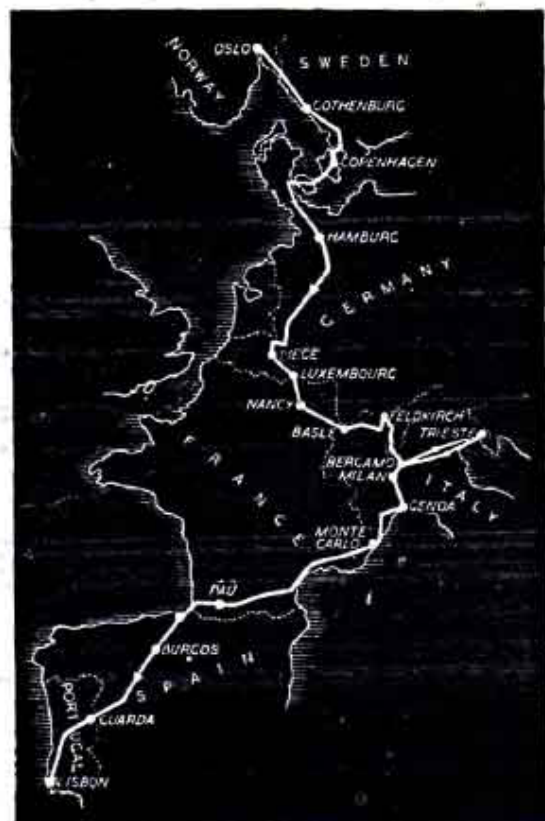
was fairly clear and we lost all the snow, although it was still fairly brisk, especially in the early morning. The roads were ice-free and we looked forward to being able to make up the time we had lost on our higher, four-day schedule. We were still in time for the five-day schedule, but we wanted to get to bed!

At Bergamo we joined the autostrada and made up a little time; not very much because we had been going for two days, and to make up even one mile an hour takes a considerable time after such a long period. From Brescia we went on the very fast but cycle-infested road through Verona, Vicenza, and along to Trieste. When we reached Trieste, we were again met by Rootes agents, and they helped us through the many customs formalities. We entered the International Zone. A motor cycle escort accompanied us through part of the territory, and then we entered on a very fast, very wide, and beautifully metalled road, which went high in the landscape so that we caught the wind that comes up the Adriatic. This was really quite troublesome, as we were pushing the car now, at well over 90 m.p.h. But we arrived safely at the Yugoslav border. It was here that I had my first glimpse of the red—or perhaps pink—territory, and we went along to the customs frontier; I wanted to take a picture of the customs officer standing beside the car, but he wouldn't play.

We just rolled the car into Yugoslavia, decided we had seen quite enough, and backed out again smartly. We then had a quick lunch in Trieste—this was still Thursday—because they had laid on so much that we felt we just couldn't leave it, although we were very late. Then away, retracing our steps through Vicenza and Bergamo, then into Milan, to the most fantastic service station that I have seen, with every type of washmobile machine, rubber-floored workshops, and everything that goes to make a really efficient depot.

It was now evening, and already dark, and they had prepared for us a large supper, which, unfortunately, we just could not stop to eat, for we were now five and a half hours late on our "high" schedule. We were, of course, well within the five-day schedule. Just as we were leaving a great parcel was thrust into the car. When we felt it, it was quite

# petrol, and pressed on . . ."



The route was snow- and ice-bound all the way from Norway to Italy. Here the Super Snipe is seen in wintry conditions during the early part of the run, over which it averaged about 30 m.p.h.



# FIFTEEN COUNTRIES IN NINETY HOURS..... continued

A rapid stop for refuelling, and the Super Snipe is away again through Sweden. Stirling Moss scratches his head as he talks with the garage attendant.



hot. We wondered what they had put into it; and what should it be but a wonderful hot roast chicken. This was soon torn into bits, devoured and the bones thrown out. At the same time they had given us packed meals, as we had decided that from now on it would be impossible to leave the car if we were to get to Villar Formoso, just over the Portuguese border, in the time we had set ourselves on our "high" average.

From Milan to the Portuguese border is about 1,200 miles, and we left ourselves just under 24 hours in which to cover them. This was to include the very difficult Milan-Genoa-Nice road, and then through the south of France into Spain.

Well, Leslie Johnson set off at a cracking pace, and we got to the start of the autostrada for Genoa in just under an hour, having averaged well over 60 m.p.h. We pressed on through that great city, and along the Côte d'Azur—or the Italian Riviera, I should say—and across into France at Ventimiglia. The customs were very co-operative and let us through rapidly. We came into Monaco late at night. There was nobody around at all, but we had once again to get our stamp. We managed to find the police station, and met quite a few enthusiastic motor racing people connected with the police force there, who stamped our carnet after finding keys to get the stamp from the safe. And we lost only ten minutes.

## Diversion Avoided

Just before Aix-en-Provence, we came to a diversion where the road was up. We had had previous information, but it would take us over about 60 kilometres as a diversion. So far were we behind time that we decided unanimously to force our way through the obstruction and see what lay ahead. We went through—and it was just as well that we did. After about three or four miles, we came to a little village where the road was completely up. The Super Snipe managed to get past this, with much jolting, and then there came a crossing. The road ahead was completely blocked with cement mixers and heaps of stones; so we took the left turn, did about 500 yards, and were back on the road again without losing more than five minutes.

We pressed on through Arles and Montpellier, virtually following the coastline, and then came to Narbonne, where we struck out into the northern slope of the Pyrenees. We ran right along the side of these mountains, not on a mountainous road, but on our left were the beautiful slopes covered in snow and on our right the lower lands of France.

Through Tarbes and Pau to Bayonne we were hurrying; at Bayonne we met the Atlantic and turned down through Biarritz and across the border into Spain. At the Spanish customs, where there are always a lot of formalities, we unfortunately lost a good fifteen minutes.

After San Sebastian we had to cover a bit of hilly and twisty road through Vitoria. But gradually the road got better. We were on the N1 of Spain, from Biarritz to Madrid. We followed this for quite a long way—a very good road, wide and fairly straight. But then suddenly it stops and narrows into a country-type twisty lane winding up over the hills.

The traffic in Spain was sparse, but we did have great difficulty with lorries, because they would get in the middle of the road, and just wouldn't move over. Between Valladolid and Salamanca—a fast stretch—Leslie Johnson was driving, and we were clocking between 90 and 95 miles an hour. Suddenly two donkeys came out from behind a few rocks by the side of the road, with men with them, and went straight across the road at about one mile an hour. This caused slight consternation in the car, but we just managed to avoid an accident and pressed on again through the wonderful little town of Salamanca.

John Cutts had been working out our average all this time. We had dropped down a bit on the 50 m.p.h. schedule, owing to the twisty bits of country, and we were faced with the necessity of having to average 64 m.p.h. for the last three hours—which Leslie Johnson proceeded to do, bringing us in with precisely one minute to spare.

It was Friday night. Our total run, 3,280 miles, from Oslo to Villar Formoso (the Spanish-Portuguese border) had taken 3 days 17 hours and 59 minutes.

We had only one tiny piece of trouble with the car throughout the whole run—and that was a puncture, which was just one of those unfortunate things. Apart from that, we never had one single involuntary stop with the car. In fact, I think it is proof enough to say that, the Super Snipe having averaged 36½ m.p.h. for 90 hours, no time could possibly have been spent doing anything to the car. We just fed it with oil, water and petrol, and pressed on very fast. Many times we kept the speedometer over ninety for a quarter of an hour at a stretch, and sometimes even more. I think that the Rootes Group are to be congratulated on many things over this run, but I think it was brave of them to announce it beforehand, especially bearing in mind that this model is absolutely new. They put this car out, and



we thrashed it through all the countries under conditions that were just as arduous as the Alpine and Monte Carlo rallies put together. The car came through with flying colours. The suspension is quite one of the best I have ever experienced. It is very smooth, and had no pitch or roll—which was a great help to us in trying to snatch the few occasional hours or minutes of sleep that we did get.

The team of four was split up as follows: Leslie Johnson semi-paired himself with David Humphrey, and John Cutts and I were also together. But later on, of course, this went by the board, and we found that I was with Leslie, or David was with John Cutts. We just went as we felt we would. We all agreed on one point: if we felt the slightest bit tired we would immediately hand over to another driver, and get in the passenger's seat or in the back and sleep as far as was

possible. It is very difficult to sleep on this sort of run, and if ever one has the feeling that one can sleep then it's best to take the opportunity there and then, and not wait for an off-spell. The car has a bench front seat, with an arm rest in the centre, which we normally kept down, so that the driver had a seat of his own, and the passenger was in a comfortable position; it was thus possible to doze off.

We had a heater, which was extremely efficient, but we found it better to use only the defrosters and as little heat as possible; too much heat is inclined to make one's eyes sore. Therefore, we wore rather more clothing than was perhaps necessary, so that we could manage with the least possible heat. When one has been going for 60 or 70 hours with perhaps only a couple of hours' sleep, bodily resistance is very low, and one feels the cold considerably.



Carefree and happy now that journey's end is reached; the car and its crew at Villar Formoso.

## 10,000 MILES IN 14 DAYS

WHILE the Humber Super Snipe driven by Moss, Johnson, Cutts and Humphrey was traversing fifteen countries of Europe in 90 hours, Mr. George Hinchliffe, 41-year-old Bradford garage owner, was speeding from London to The Cape in a similar car. With him were Mr. R. Walshaw and Mr. C. A. Longman. They covered the 10,000 miles in 13 days 9 hours 6 minutes, thereby reducing by 8 days 10 hours 39 minutes the time taken by the Hillman Minx captained by Mr. Hinchliffe in January of this year. The Super Snipe left Hyde Park Corner at 10.15 a.m. on Wednesday, November 26, and arrived at Cape Town at 7.21 p.m. on December 9.

The Super Snipe was a normal production model, one of the first of the new version introduced at the recent London Show, and apart from a luggage rack, two extra head lamps and an extra 30-gallon petrol tank no alterations had been made to it.

### Spur of the Moment

Mr. Hinchliffe has the spirit of the true adventurer. "I was getting restless again," he said, "and one day at the Motor Show in October I decided there and then to have another go." In keeping with this spirit, he was reported to have left Cape Town for the return journey to London in the early hours of December 11.

Grimmest moment of the trip south was when the additional petrol tank was punctured by loose equipment within the car, four hundred miles from anywhere in the Sahara Desert. The only remedy was to transfer the petrol to another container, and the only other container was the drinking tank. This was drained and the petrol was transferred.



The trans-African travellers at Cape Town on arrival from London. Left to right, Walshaw, Hinchliffe and Longman. Not long after this radio photograph was taken they were on their way back.





## PROGRESS REPORTS

DECEMBER 4th :  
19.35 hrs.—Arrived Brescia, Italy, after Trieste  
—all going well—three-quarters  
completed.

DECEMBER 5th :  
08.30 hrs.—Arrived Monte Carlo, on schedule,  
despite new and more appalling  
conditions.

19.59 hrs.—Arrived Villar Formoso, Portuguese  
objective reached—15 countries in  
1 minute under 90 hours. Distance  
now 3,280 miles—heading for  
Lisbon. Covered last 1,200 miles  
in 24 hours including all stops for  
frontier and other formalities,  
averaging 50 m.p.h. Lisbon 271  
further on—"all well—but very  
sleepy."

time being one minute under 90 hours of faultless performance throughout, and show, and one deserving the possible commendation. Best of congratulations, therefore, to Mrs—Stirling Moss, Leslie Johnson, Watts and David Humphrey in up- in determined and outstanding the sponsors' convictions placed both and the new Humber Super Snipe.



*Through fog and sleet, over icy roads, to  
mountain passes and the Sunnier South*





*The crew of the "Women's Weekly" sponsored Humber Super Snipe were presented with sprays of flowers from three*

For a number of years, Melbourne motorists (and soon those in Adelaide) have contended with those silent sentinels guarding a number of intersections - the Red Light Camera. Some 150 sets of housings dot the suburbs with the 15 cameras and flashes rotated at random - hence the term "Red Light Roulette"

Look closely and the name "Gatso" can be seen on the front. This is an abbreviation of Gatsonides, the Dutch manufacturer of the cameras. For a number of years Maurice Gatsonides and his son Tom have been manufacturing a range of radar and red light cameras and associated equipment.

Last October "Humberette" mentioned Gatso's previous career as a rally driver, in particular the 1950 Monte Carlo Rally. This article is Maurice Gatsonide's story of that rally, in which he and his team came in second in a Super Snipe. It is from a book by William Leonard recounting the famous Dutch driver's career behind the wheel.

Graham Hardy.



**XX<sup>me</sup> RALLYE AUTOMOBILE MONTE-CARLO**

JANVIER 1950



# Triple Success

## London to Cape Town in 13 days 9 hrs. 6 mins. Humber Super Snipe breaks world records— 10,500 miles over world's worst roads

At the time Stirling Moss was making his epic dash across Europe, another Humber Super Snipe was smashing the world record for London to Cape Town.

This Humber Super Snipe was also a standard model—the third off the production line and delivered to the owner only a few days before the drive.

The previous London-Cape Town record was slashed by 8 days 10 hours 39 minutes. For 10,500 miles the Humber Super Snipe was driven over the world's worst roads in 13 days 9 hours 6 minutes. Despite abnormal conditions, desert tracts, frontier delays, stops for meals and re-fuelling, the Humber Super Snipe maintained an average speed of over 32 m.p.h.—an amazing performance as any overseas motorist will readily appreciate. A remarkable tribute to the rugged stamina and sustained power of this unbeatable car.

\* \* \*

The Humber Super Snipe which established the new London-Cape Town record was driven by its owner, Mr. G. C. Hinchcliffe with Mr. R. Walshaw and Mr. C. A. Longman as co-drivers.

The car left Hyde Park Corner, London, at 10.15 G.M.T. on November 26, 1952. A time schedule had been worked out. The route lay through France, Algeria, the Sahara desert, French West Africa, Nigeria, French Equatorial Africa, the Belgian Congo, North Rhodesia, South Rhodesia and so into the Union of South Africa and Cape Town. The schedule allowed for essential stops only, drivers to sleep *en route*.

Almost immediately after leaving England, the expedition met bad weather. Motoring conditions in France were appalling—blizzards, snow-storms and roads completely ice-bound. However, much worse was to come.

\* \* \*

After passing through Algeria, the car arrived in the Sahara desert. This has been described as the world's worse road, but road is a courtesy title for an arid, sandy waste 2,337 miles in extent. Often the car wheels would sink into 8 or 9 inches of yielding sand. To counter the effect, the car was kept going hard at it in top and third

gear, mile after mile. The drivers agree that only the sheer power and brilliant performance of the Humber Super Snipe pulled them through.

Sometimes they were forced to stop in a difficult section of the desert to lay wire netting strips for grip—an exhausting job in the glare and heat. Yet the Sahara was crossed in 75 hours 25 minutes—one of the fastest crossings ever made.

\* \* \*

Following the Sahara came the rough African routes, the steaming jungles and swamps of Equatorial Africa, rivers to be forded, nightmare tracks. In these primitive conditions, the Humber Super Snipe proved its inherent toughness and forged ahead.

The windscreen had been smashed by the branch of a huge tree, paintwork had been scratched when travelling along narrow pony tracks, the body was covered with a thick layer of dust and mud. But the car itself was in fine form, running smoothly, responding immediately to all the exacting demands.

\* \* \*

The arrival in Rhodesia was a relief. Here were more-civilised roads and once in South Africa the car made faster time: on the last 900 miles from Johannesburg to Cape Town, the Humber Super Snipe often exceeded 90 m.p.h. on good roads, proof that it was in good health.

\* \* \*

On December 9, a cable was received: '... Arrived Cape Town 19.21 G.M.T., December 9. Elapsed time thirteen days nine hours six minutes. Car and crew in fine fettle.'

So ended the record-breaking trip from London to Cape Town. It proved again that the Humber Super Snipe, the quietest, the most elegant, the most comfortable of cars, can also stand up to the roughest and toughest conditions, the most gruelling tests.

*So quiet . . . So elegant . . . So comfortable*





*Blizzard at Lyon. A quick stop to check direction sign.*  
The record-making run to Cape Town also started in wintry weather. France was covered with snow storms and blizzards—roads were ice-bound. Stops were made to clean direction signs and check the destination.



*In mid-Sahara. Laying wire-netting on the yielding sand.*  
In the Sahara, the wheels of the Humber Super Snipe would often sink 8 to 9 in. in the yielding sand. Sometimes it was necessary to lay wire netting strips for purchase—an exhausting process in that desert heat.



*Across Africa. Making up time on a relatively 'good' road.*  
After the Sahara, came the rough African routes. These were often no more than jungle tracks through steaming jungles and across swamps. Here the Humber Super Snipe makes up time on a relatively 'good' road.





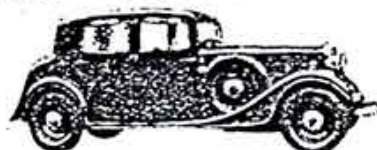


## THE KING IN FRANCE.

H.M. King Edward **VIII** arriving for the unveiling of the memorial to Canadian soldiers who were killed in the Great War, on Vimy Ridge, France. The two great pillars of the memorial can be seen in the background. His Majesty used his Humber car for this occasion.

1936.

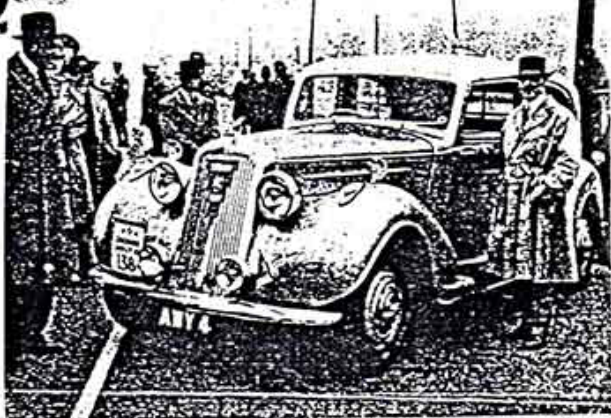
## 1936. HUMBER



1936 HUMBER Snipe "88," four-door Sports Saloon. Finished in fawn throughout. Extras include wheel discs and spare wheel covers. Chauffeur maintained and factory serviced. £375

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1936



(3) Col. Reginald Rippon's Humber Pullman, with Rippon coachwork, which gained the Premier Award for 4-door closed cars irrespective of price, in addition to winning Class 7C.

April 7, 1936.

# 1st. at the Torquay Rally

1st. Prize Class 7c for Coachwork and Premier Award for R.A.C. Coachwork Competition.

This Rippon-bodied Humber Pullman received the premier award for four-door closed cars. There could be no more convincing substantiation of our claims that Rippon Coachwork leads the way in modern bodywork design, combining good taste with sensible originality.

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