

## Terry Grogan's Nashes (Source Michael Bowler)

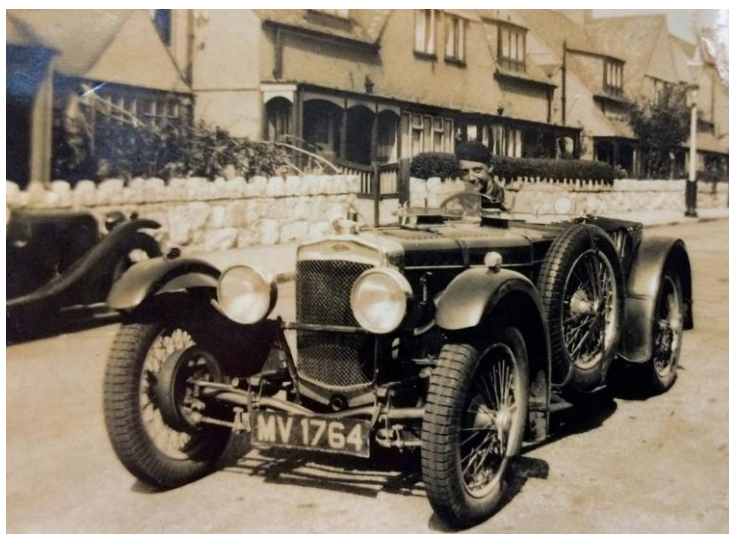


Grogan bought FN Exeter (Corsica bodywork as above) on March 10 1932 chassis 2047 registered MV 1764. He was just embarking on 15 months of on-shore posting, so probably needed sporting wheels in a hurry.

On Sept 24<sup>th</sup> 1932 he apparently acquired FN Exeter chassis 2064 registered MV 3575. While Jenkinson (1984) has this down as first owned by Grogan, Thirlby & Bancroft (published in 2000) has this down as 'AFN for Grogan'.

Given Grogan's ode – Mixed Moans and Priceless Prospects – was written on 25th June 1932, he obviously had used the Exeter-bodied car, meaning there is no doubt that he was indeed the first owner. The ode shows he patently disliked the Exeter's body, and was looking forward to getting another Nash – the perfect Frazer Nash. So what happened could only have been that Aldy persuaded him to buy a TT Rep so they could intercept its body and install the Exeter body on 2064 ready for its first owner FB Robinson, which is the entry in original Thirlby (1965). He apparently used it in trials in 1933 while Grogan was busy racing MV 1764.

Grogan raced the now TT Rep-bodied MV 1764 throughout 1933 but naval duties took him abroad from 1934-6, so the car would have been sold. Given the close association between Aldy and Grogan the car must have come back through AFN. The photograph of David Johnson in the car shows it with its TT Rep bodywork, so must have been taken in at least 1934 which casts doubt on whether Peter Williams (see Thirlby) also had the car in 1934.



In theory Grogan/Aldy could just have switched chassis plates, but that would have involved AFN selling a second-hand Exeter. Better to retain a new chassis and polish the body; and from the ode, I think Grogan was happy with his engine (full of lovely horses). It would be interesting to check the entry for 2064 for any mention of body change.

## MIXED MOANS AND

Again I bought a Frazer Nash  
Which means a tale of woe.  
For though I haven't had a crash  
The damned old tub must go.

A really idiotic car  
On which to set your gaze  
Upon my nerves it seemed to jar  
In millions of ways.

Perhaps 'ere writing any more  
I ought to here explain.  
It's just its looks I so deplore  
And give me such a pain.

The front is like a big black boy,  
The middle's merely space,  
The back provides still further shocks,  
The whole's a damned disgrace.

If only I could wield my pen  
More like the late Charles Dickens,  
You'd see why sitting in it, men  
Resemble two trussed chickens.

The engine on the other hand  
Is full of lovely horses  
And all the claims for speed you make  
It certainly endorses.

## PRICELESS PROSPECTS

And so at last I'm going to own  
The perfect Frazer Nash.  
And then I never ought to moan  
(Except from lack of cash).

A symphony in steel and chrom-  
-ium it ought to be  
'twill make them swoon with joy at home  
And shriek with ecstasy.

One detail that I quite forgot  
(Please note it in my William) .... Bill  
Again I want the dash of mott-  
-led high grade aluminium.

A hood should always please the eye  
(I never wear a topper)  
So if you think it's rather high  
Don't hesitate, just drop 'er.

Enough of all this silly muck  
(To send it's rather tall)  
So here's the very best of luck  
To brothers Aldy all.

R.T.G 25/6/32