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THE SPORTING WORLD.

To the White City, London come horses and riders from almost every country in the world. This is a German entry, Alpenjager, ridden by H.G. Winkler - one of the challengers in the Mr. Jorrocks Stakes. A beautiful performance, but it only takes third place - that indicates the standard at such a meeting as this. Next to try his skill is the Spanish rider, Figueras, mounted on Gracieux. Plus the task of making clean jumps, contestants are carefully timed for the circuit.

And that ride means Gracieux and his rider tie for second place. The most popular entry of the day is that gallant horse, Foxhunter with his famous rider Colonel Llewellyn in the saddle. Now twelve years old, Foxhunter hasn't quite recovered his confidence following a bad fall last year.

A great effort by the British rider, but - bad luck - Colonel Llewellyn took the wrong fence on his way round, and he retires. Anyway Foxhunter seems right back in form again. A visitor from across the Channel is Voulette, ridden by M. D'Orsola.

A faultless performance, plus a time of only 61 and two-fifths seconds, wins the Mr. Jorrocks Stakes - and a rosette - for M. D'Orsola from France. Another international event held in Britain takes us at Silverstone. The two Mercedes-Benz start as favourites for the R.A.C. British Grand Prix. Likely rivals for the German cars are the Italian-built Maseratis. Blonde Mike Hawthorn gets set in his Ferrari. Britain's hopes rest mainly on the Vanwall Special.

90,000 people pack the pits and stands (among them the Duke of Kent) as the time nears for the start of the Grand Prix, the classic race of this Daily Express meeting.

And away they go! 90 laps, totalling 270 miles lie ahead of them.

Straightaway, Gonzalez takes his Ferrari, number 9 into the lead. Hawthorn, number 11 is hot on his heels.

Fangio tries to bring his Mercedes up with the leaders. Number three is Schell in a Maserati. Fangio's going to lap him! Now the Mercedes is in second place. German team manager, Alfred Neubauer, times Fangio, who's got a long way to go to catch Gonzalez. Then to the crowd's delight, Sterling Moss brings his Maserati (number 7) into second place. The Mercedes are falling back. The twisty Silverstone track, doesn't suit the big, heavy German cars.

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Several fall by the wayside, including a Cooper-Bristol. Then comes the biggest disappointment of the race. Stirling Moss, is in trouble. His power shaft has gone. Tough luck on the British ace, who's been driving magnificently. But now Mike Hawthorn takes over. He's back in second place again.

Out goes the chequered flag, and Gonzalez has won. It's a bitter blow for the German team. Freilan Gonzalez from the Argentine, receives the British Grand Prix trophy.

At Great Hucklow in Derbyshire, there's yet another International meeting, this time for gliding enthusiasts. Twenty nations are taking part in the International Gliding Championships. Despite all hopes, there are no competitors from behind the Soviet Iron Curtain.

The last gliding championships were held in Spain in 1952. Britain's team was victorious. This time they expect a tougher fight on their hands. The winch begins to race - and away goes one of the competitors. The wheels, followed by the cable and its small parachute drop to earth. World gliding champion Philip Wills, an Englishman, is given the signal for take-off.

About them rise mountain ranges of white clouds. The gentle whisper of wind is all that breaks the complete silence. Like gigantic hawks they drift, wheeling and diving as their fancy takes them in their own, strange lonely world above the earth.
