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WORLD OF SPORT:

Seventy seven crack riders from nine countries, including the greatest of all, Geoff Duke No. 50, are keyed up for the Senior International T.T. Race on the Isle of Man. 264 miles of twisting mountain road ahead of them demanding the utmost from man and machine.

Duke is away on his Italian Gilera. A strange race this, with foreign bikes specially made for the event competing against British factory-line models. Duke, Armstrong, Kavanagh and other British aces ride Italian mounts because Britain's are not fast enough for them.

The British machines are doing valiant work, but in the first lap Geoff Duke is already leading. Everyone wishes him well, because since his last Senior T.T. win in 1951 bad luck has persistently robbed him of victory.

Duke and team-mate Armstrong roar down from the mountains to take first and second place. Armstrong crosses the line first, but Duke's the winner because of the staggered start. So for a great rider it's congratulations from Mrs. Duke and from all of us.

From miles per hour to inches per bicep, Mr. Universe for 1955 is being selected in London - superman physiques from all over the world. Muscles that seem to be able to go for walks on their own. This chest, belonging to Monchar Aich of India, uses 47 inches of tape measure.

But this one reaches 51 1/2, which should be enough for anyone - it belongs to America's 31 year old Glancy Ross. And the judges declare Mr. Ross the winner of the professional class.

You can't argue with the figures - especially with figures like Mr. Universe.

American Universities Yale and West Point meet Oxford and Cambridge at the White City. In the 440 yards from a staggered start British skipper D. Johnson of Oxford forges ahead to overtake Orrell-Jones of Cambridge, Karn Van Horn of Yale, and Bob Skerritt of Yale.

And with plenty to spare, England's skipper comes home for a tidy win at forty-eight point three seconds.

On their marks for the hundred yards - they're away. Two Americans, two British, with no time for tactics, no time for anything but one fantastic burst of speed - and Kyanky of West Point streaks to the tape in ten point one seconds.

But the big surprise is yet to come, in the special 2000 metres invitation event. Chris Chattaway takes it fairly easily to start with, and soon settles down into fourth place to bide his time. No official British record is recognised for this distance, but till now the best British time is held by Gordon Pirie at 5 minutes 9.8 seconds. No signs yet of any attempt to beat that unofficial record.

But 23-year-old Finchley Harrier Eric Shirley is setting a cracking pace, which inspires Chattaway to let rip.

A supreme effort puts Chattaway in the lead, with Shirley second and the rest nowhere. Sixty yards ahead, Chris Chattaway breaks the tape and he's smashed Pirie's British record by four tenths of a second.

For Chris's friend Roger Bannister (the world's first four-minute miler), a great occasion of another kind - his marriage to Swedish artist Moyra Jacobsson in Basle, Switzerland.

Basle athletes form a guard of honour as a compliment to the town's distinguished visitor and his bride. Earlier in the day, the 26 year old couple had a civil wedding in Basle's 17th century register office.

From the church, Dr. and Mrs. Bannister drive to the hotel of the Three Kings for the reception.

The cake is four feet high, but there are 300 guests waiting for some - not to mention all the absent friends who would like a piece to put under their pillows.

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LE MANS DISASTER:

When the greatest sports car event of the year, the Le Mans 24 hour race opens in brilliant sunshine, none of the quarter million crowd suspect the tragedy that lies ahead. The 60 starters are in their stride, thundering away to gain that early lead which can mean so much in a mass-start race such as this.

Favourites among the big machines are the Mercedes team, led by Fangio, with Stirling Moss, Karl Kling, and Pierre Levegh. But the fans eyes are also on Mike Hawthorn, Tony Rolt, and the other Jaguar drivers. Fangio's Mercedes is well away and the smaller machines are battling for supremacy in their own categories.

The leaders streak past the grand stand after the early laps, with Mercedes, Jaguars, and Ferraris well to the fore. Into the pits comes Reg Parnells Lagonda, while the field roars on.

Peter Collins, Aston Martin No. 23 is among the British cars which are holding their own. Now Parnell's away again.

All seems to be going smoothly when disaster strikes at 125 miles an hour. Levegh's Mercedes collides and blows up. In a few ghastly seconds, death wipes out whole families. Levegh is killed before his wifes eyes, and some 70 spectators with him. Among the bodies frantic survivors seek their friends.

The Mercedes was made partly of magnesium alloy, which blazes like a furnace. Lance Macklins Austin-Healey, hit by the doomed car before it crashed, is wrecked, but miraculously Macklin is unhurt. While firemen fight the blaze, the race goes on. Most of the vast crowd know nothing of the tragedy.

.. Track marshalls flag-down drivers as they pass the holocaust.

Doctors, priests, uninjured survivors do their best, but 79 men, women and children are dead or dying in the worst disaster in motor racing history. The Mercedes team, with a strong chance of victory withdrew from the race, and Mike Hawthorns Jaguar wins by five laps. Thirteen of the finishers are British cars. A fine achievement overshadowed by an appalling tragedy.