Uffiger P. P.

Brivers sprint for their cars at the start of the R.A.C. International T.T. race. Stirling Mess, in a Merceles, is one of the first away on the 72-mile Dundred Circuit. Righty-four lags to go - that's over 600,miles, at speeds which only a mater can handle!

2-8F000

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Told in a Triumph, Fangie (Mercodes), Herthern(Jaguar) and here's Von Tripps in the third works Mercodes.

Forty-five is Dick Mainmaring's Elva.

This is a siz-class race, with cars ranging from 740 cc. to 31 litres. That makes for danger, and the spectators are well protected. Mike Hawthern bringing his Jaguar into the pits gives us a chance to watch the incredible speed at which the mechanics can work.

Mike Hawthern's away again, and Merdedes manager Alfred Neuhausr keeps an eye open for his team. Yes, here's Stirling Moss in for a new wheel. His rear wing is badly damaged - and how many drivers could come in safely on a type like this?

Stirling's on his way, straining to make up every lost second. But ahead at Bour's Losp, the fastest part of the course; stewards flags warm drivers that tragedy has struck.

At this spot, in a few ghastly seconds, two drivers last their lives. Jim Mayer's Gopper hit a consrete pillar and burst into flamos; Bill Smith's Commanysh crashed into the blase. Mayer died instantly, and Smith soon after. Five others, including ace drivers Ken Wharton and Lance Machlin were lucky to survive the pile-up. Dick Mainmaring died later ine second frash.

Stirling Moss and other drivers still in the race den't yet know the full embent of the disaster.

Mike Hawthern has to retire after his Jaguar has skidded. In the pits, Newbauer has a word with the Jaguar manager. And it's a Mercedes ene-two-three victory, Mess, Fangi and Ven Tripps, in that order. Later, Mess commented that their were too many inexperienced drivers in this race which cost three lives. Coming from such a man, these words deserve serieus tought if tragedies like this are to be avoided in the future.