

PATHE NEWS JOINS AIR
RACE

It was all eyes on the Marble Arch, starting point in Britain of the Bleriot Commemoration Race. Timed out at eight A.M. was Captain "Red Rory" Walker, off like a shot, on the pillion of Bernard Barne's motor bike. Then away went Stirling Moss, making for Lydd Airport.

Hoping to put the skids under the fast man was roller skating Lieut. Commander Bill Boaks. He only got as far as the Thames. Maybe it was too cold to swim. Another optimist started in a bubble car. In fact there were optimists galore.

George Eyles clocked out. His attempt sponsored by radio taxis. His first objective was the Battersea Heliport. With him went our cameraman Ken Goddard, to film the whole trip. Every second counted. The Radio Taxi lost no time to the river.

The Helicopter was already warming up as Eyles and Goddard arrived and lost no time in getting in. Their destination was the famous war-time airfield of Fighter Command, Biggin Hill. Excellent views of London on the way. This helicopter and plane method looks like the best bet on the air race. Anyway, the next few days will show. Ready and waiting was a Prentice aircraft. Destination, Toussus, which is about fourteen miles outside Paris.

The Prentice is a nice little aircraft, but of course, it hasn't got the speed over the Channel or anywhere else, of the jet that Captain Walker was using. Still, it wasn't long before Eyles and Goddard were over France. Meanwhile, at the Arch De Triomphe, again on the back of a motor bike came Rory Walker, so excited he hit the deck as he rushed to clock in. His time was fifty seven minutes forty seven. He'd set a standard only the fastest could hope to beat.

It was an almost incredible time, from the heart of London to the Arch de Triomphe. Nearly two hours later Goddard was filming Paris, and then Eyles and he touched down at Toussus, the end of another stage of an exciting trip. Formalities of Customs waived they got into a French radio taxi; only fourteen miles to go.

Now came the real excitement; a French driver on his mettle; hens, chickens, pedestrians well advised to stay indoors.

The crowd at the check point thought the brakes had failed and took evasive action.

Eyles's time two hours, forty-five minutes. That was forty two seconds faster than Stirling Moss, and very few men ever beat him by that much.

Stirling, of course, went a lot of the way by car, which shows what you can do when you can really drive. Well, our cameraman was in Paris. Will anyone who sees him just say we'd like to see him back sometime!