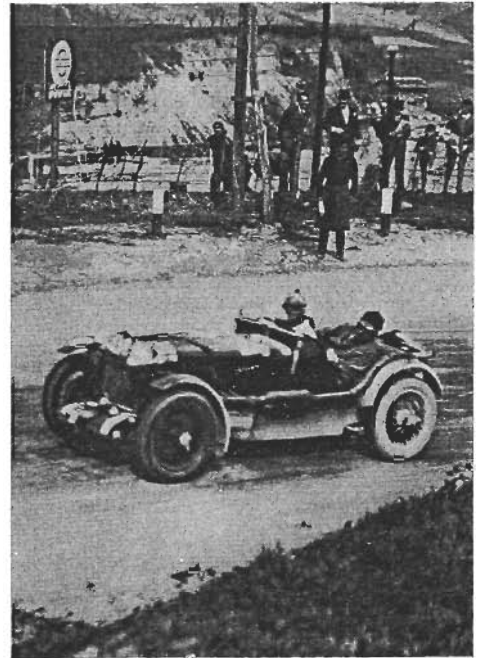


SET against a background of hazardous Continental racing circuits, this book deals with the creation of a new racing car, and its romantic rise to fame in a single season. . . . The reader is introduced to famous drivers of equally famous cars and is able, through the skill of the author, to appreciate the thrill of high-speed driving. **CIRCUIT DUST** tells of exciting and unusual incidents which are part of modern racing, and its chapters form an intimate record of hard-fought events and dangerous hill-climbs in Italy, France, Germany, at Brooklands and in Ireland. . . . Excellent plans of racing circuits and numerous action photographs enhance the value of **CIRCUIT DUST**—one of the most vivid and interesting books yet written on modern speed.

by *Barré Lyndon*



"Birkin came into sight, with his car a dark blur at the head of a swirling trail of thin dust . . . visible only for a moment as a shifting shape of green, then was gone."

"The Bugatti driver remained in his seat, and a stretch of canvas was flung over him in order to guard against his being splashed by the fuel as it was poured into the tank."

"It was raining when he collected the car from the railway station and drove to the hill, and it continued to rain. . . . The course proved to be seven and a half miles long, and the road contained an official total of one hundred and seventy corners, including six true hairpin bends. Trees masked most of the turns, so that a driver approached them completely blind to what lay beyond; at some parts of the course the road was edged by distinctly ugly drops, many of which fell sheer for hundreds of feet, giving no chance to a driver if he should lose control."

"The prize-giving ceremony took place in the grounds at the back of the village, where a huge bandstand, constructed from rustic work, did duty as a platform, and the prizes consisted entirely of bowls, supplied by a local glass factory.

"As each driver received the bowl that he had won, the band—seated at the back—struck a deafening and triumphant chord, the crowd applauded again, the German drivers clicked their heels and bowed once more. When Hamilton's turn came he was awarded a huge, dark-green bowl mounted on a glass plinth. It was a beautiful piece of craftsmanship, but he found it enormously heavy, and it was a difficult thing to carry back to England."

"The checkered flag fell for him as he coasted on to his depot, and the only sound which broke the quiet was the humming of his tyres and the dry hissing of his brake-shoes in their drums. The crowd was completely silent, hardly realising that the Magnette had won.

"The only applause was that from the mechanics in Straight's pit. The crowd could not believe that the green machine had beaten the Maseratis. A glass of champagne had been pressed into Straight's hand and he was drinking it before Barbiéri

crossed the line—and by that time the crowd had found its voice.

"Their enthusiasm was extraordinary, and long before the remaining machines came in, officials were struggling to prevent the crowd dashing across the road to obtain a closer view of the M.G."

"Nuvolari was now fairly in his stride, breaking his own record again and again. Never had a Magnette been handled as he now drove the car, using all his experience, side-slipping into the corners and employing methods very different from those of any other driver."

"In the one moment left to him, he realised that disaster was unavoidable. Twice before he had been involved in a smash—once at Brooklands and once in the Tourist Trophy—and the only thought in his mind now was the question of how much he would be hurt.

"He was helpless, and found the machine dashing at concrete fence-posts on the far side of the turn. The car struck one, bounced off and shot on over the edge of the road, where ground dropped abruptly. The car pitched outwards, turning a complete somersault as it fell ten feet to the field below."

"They roared over the patched concrete, swinging high on the banking and streaking past the pits, glancing in turn at their depots as they passed, hoping each time to see a signal telling them that they could slow a little. But that signal never came."



By the courtesy of "The Autocar"

LE MANS, 1933. Tracta passing wreckage of Mme. Siko's Alfa Romeo. The driver was lucky to escape without a scratch.