



*"The two Millers were both smoking badly, and this smoke drifted in heavy clouds full across the starting-point. Rain now began to fall again, so that the road shone wetly, its edges muddy."*

THE tram, the excited crowd, the magnificent figure of the starter, the racing machines waiting in line, and the yelling boys in the trees formed a spectacle to no other event could produce. The music of a band came above the screeching of the tram's brakes, blurring the voices of the spectators—then the flag fell. . . . The green car surged away, skidding a little as the rear wheels slid against the slippery posters pasted on the road. It crossed the tram-lines and swooped around the first corner of the long course, the crackle of the car's exhaust drowning a cheer from the crowd."

"In his enthusiasm, he had started a unique personal museum, in which he preserved the sparking plugs from any car on which he had gained some success, and he always kept as a souvenir anything which formed an outstanding incident in a race."

"Merz had been chauffeur to the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whose assassination opened the Great War. He ran in the 1928 T.T., where his extraordinary strength fascinated British racing men; he was able to drive a nail into a plank of wood with his bare hands, and a mechanic scarred his palm for life as a result of trying to emulate the German driver."

"Varzi held his position for the remainder of that circuit, breaking the lap-speed record, and when they started the final lap Czakowski did his utmost to pass. Their speed down the straight, as they ran to the south turn for the last time, was above 150 m.p.h., and it was repeated on the dash down the east road to the finish. Varzi clocked an average speed of 136 m.p.h. over his last two laps, and he came towards the finishing flag

EXTRACTS FROM— **CIRCUIT DUST**

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with Czakowski so close behind him that it was almost impossible to judge the time lapse between them. All but together they shot over the line, with Varzi holding the lead by one-tenth of a second—the narrowest margin ever recorded in motor-racing, and ending one of the fastest events ever run."

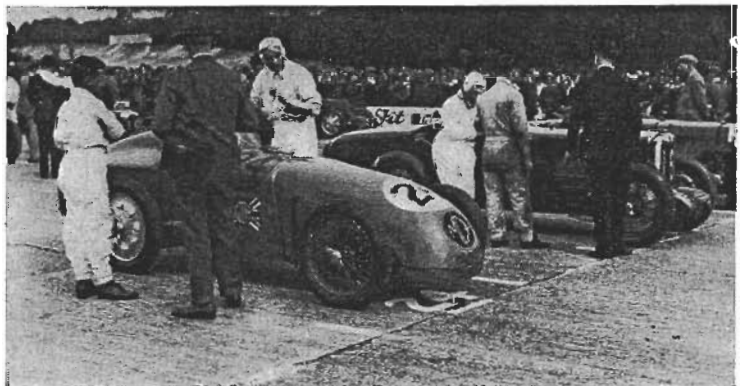
"With the passing of the three Alfa-Romeos he decided to find out if he could hold their speed. They were all 2336 c.c. machines, but the 746 c.c. M.G. sat on their tails during the wild rush by sudden curves and short straights, abrupt dips, and long turns to the concrete bridge at Adenau, and so fast was Hamilton in the bends that more than once he had to ease the throttle pedal to avoid overrunning the cars ahead."

"As the darkness deepened, the line of pits suddenly became brilliantly illuminated, lamps in the grand stand were switched on, completely changing the whole scene, the glare of the powerful electrics appearing a little eerie against the faint after-glow which hung in the sky. Sidelights appeared on the competing cars, but no lights showed on Ford's M.G., and officials soon observed this. It was not long before the loud-speakers broadcast a warning to his pit personnel, ordering that Ford must switch on his lights. The pit crew signalled desperately when the car approached again, but Ford went past unheeding, upon which the pit was officially warned that, unless the driver immediately obeyed orders, the machine would be disqualified."

"Nervously, they waited, borrowing flashlamps and electric torches. When the machine appeared once more they leaned over the pit counter, flashing the torches, striking matches, shouting and waving at the dark mass of the M.G. as it came up and went by, to disappear once more, still with the sidelamps dead and with no ruby glow at the car's tail. . . . If he came round without lights again the machine would be put out of the race, and they listened anxiously for the crackling roar of the car's open exhaust. They heard it, and breathed in relief when they saw that Ford had at last switched on his sidelamps, but they did not know that he turned them off again the moment he was clear of the area where officials were clustered."

"He used his brakes, but they failed to pull him up in time, and he did the only thing possible; he drew his machine to the side of the road, almost on to the grass, then drove it straight at the upper branches of the fallen tree. The car burst through them, twigs and pine-needles scattering, then shot safely into the bends ahead and raced on."

"Every point around the circuit was crowded by the time that the course was closed. Spectators gathered at the corners, in the doorways of houses, behind the railings of small front gardens, on balconies and at windows, on the entrance steps of buildings, in temporary grand stands, on roofs and wall-tops, with small boys clustered wherever the branches of a tree offered a view of the road."



*"May sunshine shone warmly, and an unusually large crowd lined the railings by the straight. Almost every British race driver of real note was in the event, and some of the fastest of Brooklands cars were on the concrete."*