



With their hair somewhat askew, the English winners, Noel Cunningham-Reid and C.A.S. (Tony) Brooks receive smiling congratulations from the World Champion, Juan Manuel Fangio, for their well-earned victory.

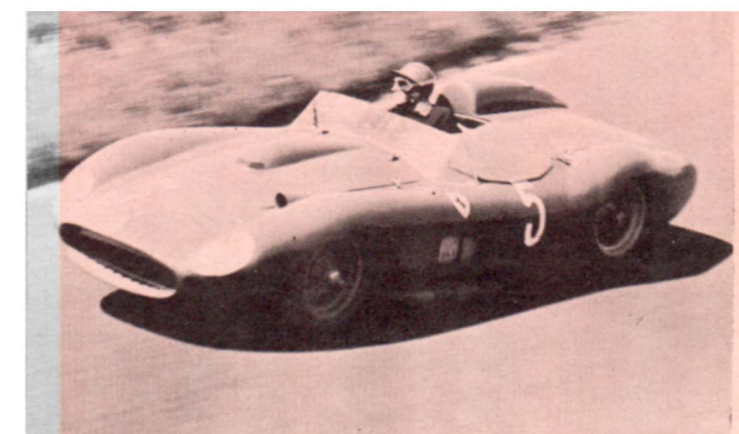
Brooks, victorious against the full opposition of the Italian factories, receives checkered flag after 1000 kilometers of drivingest circuit in world.



Gran Turismo cars run simultaneously with more sporting equipment, so the latter often pass awkwardly.



Fangio on the 4.5 Maserati overtakes Koecher's Testa Rosa, but the rough circuit soon broke up his too-powerful car and he changed to a 300S.



Peter Collins, who shared his 4.1 liter V-12 Ferrari with Oliver Gendebien, was unable to catch Brooks in the Aston despite greater power and experience.

YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW THE 'RING!

BY JESSE ALEXANDER

QUITE honestly, a win on the Nürburgring means an awful lot more to motor racing, per se, than does a win anywhere else, and this includes Le Mans and Sebring. There's no point in going into detail as to why, because the 'Ring's reputation as a car buster is legendary. From the driver, it demands countless hours of practice before he can safely turn a fast lap in anything, whether it be an Alfa Giulietta Veloce or a 4.5 liter Maserati.

Take Archie Scott-Brown for instance. This spunky Englishman drives a mean sports car in addition to Formula machinery. His race was scheduled for Sunday, so Archie arrived on Tuesday and began to circulate. It was his first time on the 'Ring so he knew perfectly well that to get anywhere on Saturday—to turn a good lap in official training and thus get a good starting position—he'd have to practice. And practice he did. He ran his Ford Zephyr around that Nürburgring so much that the car literally was a mechanical wreck by Thursday when we got there—brakes gone, exhaust shot, gear box out; but Archie knew the Nürburgring so well that when his privately-owned D type arrived he could turn the fastest official lap for any of the Jaguars, including the Ecosse Jags with Sanderson and Flockhart. Archie turned 10 minutes,

23 seconds in this rather embarrassed looking Jag while the Ecurie Ecosse cars couldn't approach 10 minutes, 30 seconds. What I'm trying to put across is that you don't treat the Nürburgring lightly.

Now, Aston-Martin knew this, perhaps better than anyone; John Wyer and Reg Parnell are too smart not to. Coming from a win two weeks before at Spa, in which the 1957 DBR1 cars made their debut, Astons were at the 'Ring "a'purpose", as Allen Dakers, their PRO told me. Aston-Martins are always in their element on the Nürburgring, in exactly the same way that a Jaguar D type is at home on the Mulsanne straight or in the same way that a Kurtis Indy car is at home on the Speedway or Monza. They brought two of the new DBR1's—plus one of last year's DB3S cars—fitted with wishbone front suspension, and another DB3S to be thrashed around as a practice car. To watch the team operate as a unit you'd almost think that the cars should be silver instead of green and that a big fat man, with two stop watches hung on a piece of string around his neck as he carried a flag, should be in the pits in place of John Wyer and Reg Parnell!

They had the best drivers they could find. There was Tony Brooks, fresh from his terrific second-place drive behind

Fangio in the Vanwall at Monaco the week before. There was Roy Salvadori, one of England's leading men. Backing them up were the two Whitehead brothers, consistent and reliable; then Les Leston; and last but not least a virtually unknown English boy—so unknown that he's not even listed in the 1957 "Motor Racing" directory—Noel Cunningham-Reid, with one of those British names that the Continental race announcers abhor.

Cunningham-Reid and Brooks were teamed on #14 Aston-Martin, the DBR1. During practice on Friday, Tony went out and calmly shattered everyone by putting in a lap at 9 minutes, 48.2 seconds—only 5 seconds slower than that recorded by Fangio and Moss in the Maserati 4.5 V-8. The hand writing was on the wall, but still no one really thought the Aston could do it—certainly not with Juan Fangio and Stirling Moss driving the big Maser in the same race.

The sound of the Maserati reverberating around the hills of Nürburg was fantastic. Moss sounded as if he were backing off more than he was standing on it, for the 4.5 is a handful on the 'Ring. It's a handful anywhere, but unbelievably so on the Nürburgring. If rain came on Sunday the car would be plain unmanageable. Everybody in the team had been out

in the new 3.5 twelve; but in the end it was garaged, as Maestro Ugolini decided to lead off with the heavy artillery. Fangio-Moss were teamed on one of the 4.5's, while Harry Schell and Hans Herrmann were given the other V-8. Bonnier-Scarlatti and Godia-Gould were each given a 300S. As it turned out later this was Ugolini's tactical error, as the 300S is perfect for the 'Ring. Moss likes the car very much—feels at home in it—and with him and Fangio up on a 3 liter from the very beginning, the outcome of the race probably could have been different.

Ferraris were thrashing about quite extensively on Friday. They had brought one 3.8 and one 4.1, as well as the 3 liter GT coupe that Gendebien had driven so nobly in the Mille Miglia. Mike Hawthorne got his 3.8 around in 9 minutes, 57.6 seconds, while the 4 liter did it just a hair slower. On Saturday, von Tripps took out the coupe for a trial lap. As he came blasting into Wehrseifen, he began to change down into second, but he momentarily hesitated (the car had the gas pedal in the middle, between the clutch and the brake) then he plunged his foot down on what instinct told him

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to be the brake. Horribly, it turned out to be the gas. The car shot like a bullet straight off the road and down a steep bank. Fortunately, von Tripps suffered only a misplaced vertebrae, but he will have to be on his back for at least a month. This little incident scratched one race that would have been extremely interesting—the 3 liter Ferrari vs. a horde of well-driven 300SL's, a car that the Nürburgring attracts like bees to honey.

Porsche Carreras were storming around the 'Ring during practice in 11'15". Straehle, the man who won his class in the Mille Miglia, did 11'14.4"—an average of 75.4 mph. This is really moving when one considers that the fastest SL's were averaging only 77.3 mph.

The race itself got off to a fantastic start. Brooks, dashing across the concrete in the Le Mans start, was the first one to get his car rolling, and by the time the rest of the boys were under way he was darn near half way into the South Curve. Moss had a bad start, as did Hawthorn. Thrashing after the flying dentist was Peter Collins in the 4.1 Ferrari and Harry Schell in the 4.5 Maser. One lap around the Nürburgring takes the better part of 10 minutes in a quick car, and as the mass of roaring iron came barrelling down the straight past the pits after two laps it was still Brooks out in front. Harry, however, had managed to close the gap down to ten seconds. But the real sensation was Maglioli in the RS Porsche. Leading all the Jags, the Italian was averaging 78.7 mph right from the beginning!

Now it was Moss moving up—as was Hawthorn—passing everybody on the right, on the left, climbing over them if necessary to get by. On his eighth lap, Stirling went by the pits with a lead of just two seconds on Brooks. The order was: Moss; Brooks; Schell; Collins. Then Maglioli did it again the announcer gave out the word that on his 7th lap he had averaged 81.4 mph.

Moss managed to stay in front of the Aston for two laps. On his third time around in the lead, the 4.5 decided that it had had enough. As Stirling flew through the fast left hander coming out of Schealbenschwanz, a rear wheel came off—half shaft and all. The car spun, following the curve of the road, and ended up in the ditch. Chalk one four-five; only one left—in the hands of Harry Schell.

Brooks got his "steady" signal from the pits, as he was now running with a comfortable margin over Schell. Parnell and Wyer, both guiding the Aston team, were in close touch with the situation. Ugolini decided that he'd better get Fangio into that remaining 4.5, but quick; Schell was called in, and the two men switched. Meanwhile, Moss had gotten a lift back to the pits and was waiting around for another car. The order then, two hours after the start: Brooks; Collins; Hawthorn; Fangio.

The two Ferraris made no impression on the Aston. This was on the twelfth lap, and Fangio had 2'42" to make up on the leading car. On the seventeenth lap, Fangio

pulled into the pits, with oil dripping out the back. The oil tank mounting had come adrift, ending any further threat from Maserati.

The four-fives had literally torn themselves apart on the Nürburgring; only two three-liters were left, and one of these was having suspension difficulties. The other was called in and Moss took it over.

Noel Cunningham-Reid was now driving #14 Aston. The Jaguars were circulating at a very reduced pace, David Murray having told them to finish. Archie Scott-Brown never did get into the seat of his Jag, as the owner crashed it early in the race.

At halfway point the order was: Brooks-Cunningham-Reid; Hawthorn-Trintignant; Collins-Gendebien; and Maglioli-Barth in the storming Porsche. After completion of the 29th lap, Cunningham-Reid stopped for a few seconds in the pits to let Brooks take over till the end; the Aston had a lead of over 4 minutes. Brooks got in and continued, holding his lap times to a quiet 10'17" or thereabouts despite the fact that Moss, back in eleventh place in the 3 liter, was turning a steady 9'50". But he had no hope in catching the big cars—even after letting Fangio have a go.

And so it ended—the Aston-Martin crossed the finish line 4 minutes 13.7 seconds before the Collins-Gendebien Ferrari. It had been Aston-Martin's race from the very outset, and a win that everybody was sincerely happy to see—even the losers. As Moss said after the race, "if anyone is going to beat us, I want it to be Brooks."

Aston #14 was as clean as when she started; nary a drop of excess oil and both drivers were spotless. The other DBR1 had been giving Salvadori and Leston gear box trouble, accounting for its sixth place position. The winning DBR1 had never really been extended except in the early laps. After establishing his lead, Brooks slacked off considerably, his race average dropping from 85 mph in the beginning to an overall average of 82 mph. The 4.5 Maseratis were a dead loss, as they pounded themselves to death. Fantastic brakes and gobbs of torque just didn't make any impression on the 3 liter cars. The DBR1, incidentally, is a dramatically noisy machine—almost as harsh to the ear drums as the Formula I Ferrari-Lancia.

Many of the 300SL's and smaller Gran Turismo "also rans" got in the way of the big cars, and several D Jag drivers voiced heavy criticism against the SL's in particular. In all fairness, however, in a relatively narrow course such as the Nürburgring, where taking the right line for a given corner is a matter of plain survival, overtaking troubles are unavoidable. The one troublesome SL, driven by Riess and Schock, was the fastest Merc of all. In fact, Riess is the boy who led the Mille Miglia last year for a good bit. He obviously thought to himself, "I should move over for a Jaguar, huh?"

The race was a success in every way: splendid organization, no one got hurt, and a popular and brilliant young driver won, showing the Italians for once how to prepare for, how to run, and how to win an endurance sports car grind. The overall results are not really so surprising when analyzed.

Jesse Alexander