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**TIFF
NEDELL**
"I said yes to anything
and everything"

**NIGEL
ROEBUCK** ON...
"THE VILLENEUVE
OF THE '30s"

PLUS Our man
on F1 2013 so far

**DOUG
NYE** ON...
TEAM ORDERS

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SPOT THE REAL MOTOR race: first, there's a Grand Prix in Shanghai, in which we hear a driver ask his team on the radio whether he should defend against a closing rival, or let him go without a fight in the long-term interests of tyre preservation.

Later that day, there's a six-hour sports car race at Silverstone, the opening round of an FIA world championship with the word 'endurance' in its title, but one that is in fact run at a sprint, from lights to flag. The eventual victor spins, comes in for new tyres, reels in a gap of nearly half a minute to his team-mate and makes the decisive pass on the penultimate lap. Oh, and there's never a question of team orders spoiling the duel.

You can see where I'm going with this, can't you?

Nigel Roebuck discusses the current state of Formula 1 at length on page 52. Regular readers won't be surprised to learn he's left cold – or more accurately frozen to the bone – by the influence of Pirelli's control tyres on modern Grand Prix racing. This company hopes to convince us to buy more of its products for everyday cars, right? We assume that's the point of all the billboards and the multi-million dollar investment. Yet it appears content to present rubber that 'falls off a cliff' after just six laps, and that inspires Red Bull strategists to bring Mark Webber in for new tyres – at the end of the very first lap.

Forgive us. We don't quite comprehend.

Now, we concede it's not easy to find the right balance between 'the show' and a sport worthy to be called Grand Prix racing. It must be said that the (ironically) gripping climax which left



DAMIEN SMITH
EDITOR

Lewis Hamilton clinging to third place in China as Sebastian Vettel tore into his advantage was a direct result of Pirelli's brief to make 'rubbish' tyres, and yes, the preservation game is indeed the same for everyone.

Our complaint is not even a case of the best drivers not being allowed to shine (they still do) or of us longing for past glories: fuel and tyre conservation has forever been intrinsic to F1. Grand Prix racing has rarely ever been about pure speed alone.

But for anyone with a sense of perspective, it's clear that the balance F1 has struggled to maintain since 2011, when the Pirelli era began, was more out of kilter in Malaysia and China than ever before. It must be redressed, for the sake of the sport's integrity.

The current 'high-deg' philosophy is a direct reaction to how the 2012 season ended, when tyre performance swung back the other way and compounds proved more durable. The 'entertainment' of drivers immediately losing three or four seconds a lap when tyres suddenly go past their shelf life was replaced by the sort of cat-and-mouse battle we witnessed between Vettel and Hamilton in the US GP. This was F1 in its more classic sense.

True, Lewis needed traffic and the unfair advantage of DRS to make his pass. But at least it was a fight we could believe in; it offered genuine tension that lasted the majority of the race. For most people who read this magazine, I'd wager this was the type of battle they'd prefer to watch.

Then again, Formula 1 isn't for you! It caters for a mass market that is much less discerning. Forget the quality, feel the width and, as long as the TV figures

hold up, what we think doesn't count. On with the show.



SPEAKING OF ENTERTAINMENT, there isn't much on offer during Fridays and Saturdays at Grands Prix these days – again because of tyre-saving. Tumbleweeds are all too common in free practice and, most alarmingly, in the final part of qualifying – which should be one of the most thrilling few minutes of any given weekend.


Pirelli has at least come up with some sort of solution for the dearth of action on Fridays. It hasn't been rubber-stamped as I write, but from the Spanish GP an extra set of tyres could be made available to teams in free practice, but only if they run a reserve driver. It's a good idea. The fans and TV cameras have more to watch and young aces, starved as they are of F1 track time these days by the limitations on testing, get a chance to shine.

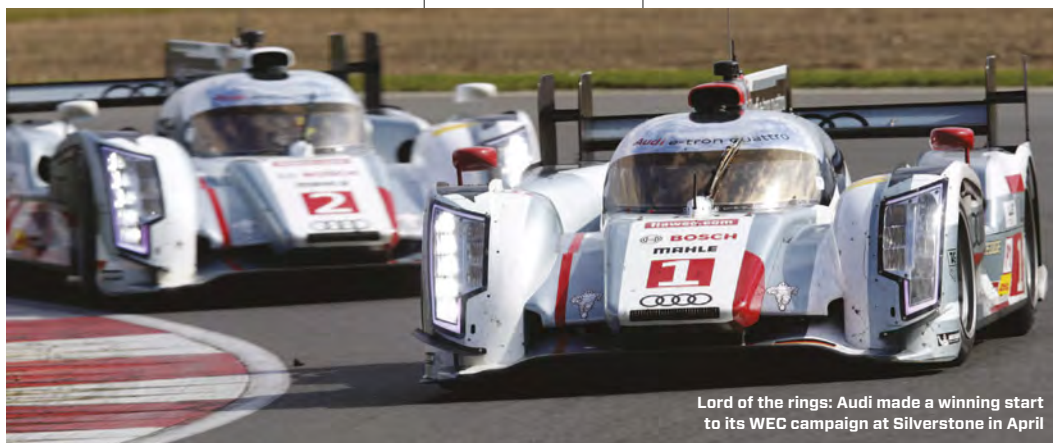
Now for that qualifying conundrum. Not so easy. But given that entertainment is the name of the game, how odd that F1 has backed itself into a corner when Saturday comes.



WHILE WE WRING OUR HANDS over F1 (what's new?), there's plenty to be cheerful about elsewhere in the motor sport world. For starters, that Silverstone FIA World Endurance Championship opener really does bode well for the rest of the year, including of course the Le Mans 24 Hours, to which we'll be looking forward in more detail next month.

Toyota's petrol-powered hybrid ended last season on top in its battle with Audi, but the revised R18 e-tron quattro turned the tables at Silverstone. Then again, the Japanese giant hasn't yet played its 2013 card. Will the new evolution of the TS030 prove faster than its diesel rival at Spa in May, and then Le Mans? It's all beautifully poised.

In GT racing, grids are booming in Britain's national series and Stéphane Ratel's pan-European Blancpain championship. The ace promoter has even kept alive his beloved premier FIA series, beyond the sad death of the GT World Championship last year. As our events section on p125 shows, the diversity of modern motor sport remains as rich and rewarding as ever. 



Lord of the rings: Audi made a winning start to its WEC campaign at Silverstone in April

MATTERS OF MOMENT

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/dsmith

Then there's MotoGP. What a first race of the season, in Qatar. As our motorcycle man Mat Oxley wrote on our website, Valentino Rossi is officially back after his sorry sojourn at Ducati. Yamaha team-mate and world number one Jorge Lorenzo will be looking over his shoulder for the rest of the season – and perhaps even on occasion glowering ahead at those multi-coloured letters spelling out 'The Doctor', on the most famous leather-clad posterior this side of Tom Jones.

Add in the phenomenon that is Marc Márquez, the top-division rookie who was clearly born to be a GP star, and the promise of a classic season is in store.

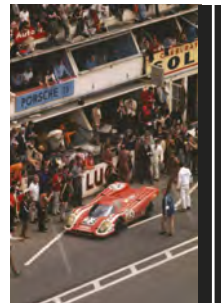


THANK YOU TO THOSE WHO offered constructive thoughts on the changes introduced in the May issue.

As ever, when one revises something that is well-loved, strong reactions are inevitable and of the small number of complaints we received some even managed to be civil... To those who kept some perspective and remembered their manners, we will listen and consider your thoughts.

Motor Sport is widening its scope ever more. The website and forum are growing in size and popularity, while the magazine can now be experienced on Android as well as iPad.

More reader events are in the pipeline, too, so watch this space. As always, subscribers enjoy discounts on ticket prices – turn to page 88 to take advantage. There you'll find a special Fathers Day offer, which includes a free gift of a classic racing DVDs box set. A viewing experience free of 'Multi 21' and heavy tyre graining is guaranteed.



IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE 90 years of the Le Mans 24 Hrs ON SALE MAY 31



CONTRIBUTORS

You already know how versatile **'Quick Vic' Elford** is: rallies, sports cars, F1, Can-Am, rallycross – a list garlanded with laurels. He turns a neat phrase, too: you'll be gripped by his tale of how he persuaded Porsche that its new 911 model might just win a rally and race or two... And no ghost-writers involved. After inflicting his rusty Italian on poor Gian Carlo Minardi, **Ed Foster** e-mailed us a few ripe phrases from the Chinese GP – mainly about taxi drivers. Luckily, old Shanghai hand **Simon Arron** could reassure him: they're all like that. Simon got back from the Melbourne and Sepang races in time for chilly Thruxton. Oh, the glamour... We're in awe of **Richard Heseltine** this month: he's managed to sell his 250,000-mile Fiat Barchetta. Also he drove a *competizione* Ferrari around Hyde Park Corner, in rush hour, in the wet, without bending his NCB. Respect.

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THE MOTOR SPORT MONTH

IN PICTURES

APRIL 14, 2013

Chinese Grand Prix

SHANGHAI

Fernando Alonso scores his first Formula 1 victory since Hockenheim, last July, to become the third winner in as many Grands Prix in 2013. The Ferrari driver's resounding success passed almost unnoticed as the debate about tyre life (or, rather, a lack thereof) dominated weekend headlines.



APRIL 7, 2013

Qatar Grand Prix

LOSAIL, QATAR

Valentino Rossi was back on form when the MotoGP season opened, finishing a fighting second behind Yamaha team-mate Jorge Lorenzo. And the following Marc Márquez underlined that he's a man of the present, never mind the future...





THE MOTOR SPORT MONTH IN PICTURES

APRIL 15, 2013

Peugeot 208 T16

PIKES PEAK, USA

Peugeot announces that 25 years after its 405 T16 scored the first of two back-to-back victories on the epic Colorado hillclimb, the French company will be back there on June 25-30 with Sébastien Loeb in a car derived from the humble 208.

PEUGEOT



MARCH 30, 2013

Historic Formula 2

THRUXTON, UK

The decisive moment from the Easter Revival's first HSCC F2 race, when Nick Fleming (Ralt RT1) and Martin O'Connell (Chevron B40) tangled. O'Connell recovered to take an aggregate win in the Jochen Rindt Trophy.

EFFENDHAM



Time for last orders?

Another F1 season, another political minefield... | BY ADAM COOPER

SHOULD TEAM ORDERS BE PART of Formula 1? It's a debate that's been going on for years and one that was brought back into sharp focus after the Malaysian Grand Prix.

Everyone wants to see drivers race, but the decisions made by Christian Horner and Ross Brawn on the pit wall at Sepang were perfectly logical. It has long been standard practice that teams allow drivers to race until the last stop, at which point they take stock of the points available and try to guarantee that they get the cars safely home.

Avoiding unnecessary incidents between team-mates is the main driving force, but in an era when preserving tyres is absolutely key there's extra pressure to stop drivers pushing each other too hard. And in the case of Mercedes in Malaysia, the additional factor was fuel consumption.

It's easy to forget that both teams' drivers did race, and fiercely so, up to and immediately after the final stops. It was only when the wheel-to-wheel action became a little too fraught that Brawn and Horner made the calls.

Certainly most would agree that

asking drivers to hold station in such circumstances is a lot more palatable than asking them to swap places well before a championship climax, as Ferrari did in such crass fashion in Austria in 2002 and Germany 2010 – and in the latter case when orders were still officially banned.

The unfortunate thing for Horner was that he was trying to do the right thing in ensuring a safe passage to victory for Mark Webber, and thus in effect giving a public sign that Red Bull is not all about Vettel. The German's decision to pursue his own ends, while applauded by some as a sign of his racer's attitude, served only to stoke the fire.

David Coulthard, who was involved in a tense relationship with Mika Häkkinen at McLaren, believes such issues are inevitable. "It's natural for teams to want drivers who cause problems," he told *Motor Sport*. "They don't want 'yes men', nice guys who turn up and do a good job. People should not be at all confused. Team principals want problems, because no problem means no success. Success carries problems because there are expectations.

"What Malaysia did was get the inevitable pressure point of the season out of the way very early, and it will be even clearer now. I think it was a good thing for the team and a good thing for Mark, because he's got a credit."

Nevertheless, like other former drivers Coulthard thinks team instructions are sacrosanct. The key is proper communication – Nico Rosberg revealed that his obvious frustration in Malaysia stemmed from the fact that the scenario had not properly been discussed in advance. But still he held station.

"In my case I did receive team orders at times when I wasn't expecting them or it hadn't previously been discussed," says Coulthard. "It took a few laps of negotiation before I responded to the team's instruction. I didn't ignore it, I negotiated to understand the full story.

"In the case of 'Multi 21', when it has been discussed it's not optional. If your buddy and you are standing above a rock pool and you say, 'We'll jump on three,' but your buddy doesn't jump, next time you don't trust him..."

See Nigel Roebuck, page 52

Dodging rubber bullets

THE OPENING RACES OF THE season indicated that Pirelli has succeeded in its objective of spicing up the racing by modifying its tyres for 2013, but whether the Italian firm has gone too far remains a subject of debate.

Early on during its first season, 2011, Pirelli came under fire for making tyres that were too fragile, especially after a Turkish GP featuring a record number of pitstops. By late 2012, however, there were races when teams found that tyres could in effect run a full distance, and strategy options were limited. That led to calls for Pirelli to create a little more excitement for this season.

Above: Sebastian Vettel and Mark Webber struggle to celebrate in Malaysia; tyre durability was under scrutiny again in China, below



The Chinese GP certainly provided that, thanks to the soft tyre lasting for just a handful of laps and opening up the possibility of using it in the first or final stint, but the race also fired up the debate about whether the current rules encourage real motor racing. As Mark Webber noted, "It's a little bit WWF at the moment."

Getting a car to work with its tyres has always been a key element of the racing art, but the downside is that cars are running a long way from their full potential in 2013.

"I don't think it's great for the drivers to be cruising at 70 per cent for a large percentage of the race," said Christian Horner. "They want to push, they want to drive as hard as they can and they don't want to drive percentages."

It remains the case that F1 rules are the same for everyone and it's a question of drivers and engineers making the most of them. One of the most intriguing aspects of the Shanghai race was the fact that the five World Champions emerged from a chaotic afternoon at the top of the field.

Concorde stalemate

THE 2013 SEASON IS WELL underway, but there is no sign of a new Concorde Agreement – the document everyone has always been told was essential to the sport's running.

By the end of last year all the teams – bar the curiously excluded Marussia outfit – had provisionally agreed deals with Bernie Ecclestone and CVC. While there were always going to be further details to sort out, many teams have since been frustrated by learning exactly what their rivals were offered, and that has contributed to stalemate on further progress.

Ferrari has always been a special case under its formal status as the sport's oldest team, but rivals feel strongly that Red Bull and to a lesser extent McLaren have been unfairly rewarded by their new deals, while Williams was also able to secure favourable terms given its recent lack of winning form. The issue of governance is also key, as the power to make decisions has been focused on the leading teams.

Intriguingly, those with most to lose appear to be Ecclestone and CVC, whose plans to sell the sport are in limbo pending a new Concorde.



Sir Frank Williams has promoted daughter Claire to the role of deputy team principal. She had previously held media and commercial roles with the company. Although Claire now has wider responsibilities, she said: "My primary focus has always been the commercial side – to get the budget in, to keep us racing. That will remain my primary concern."

TechnoFile

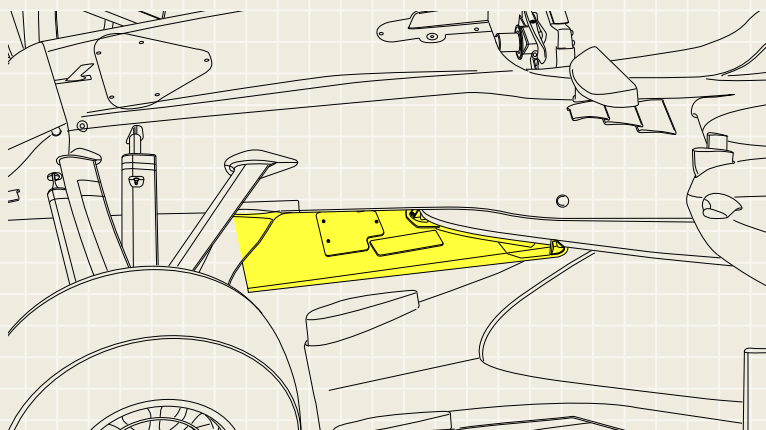
A glance at developments from the Formula 1 pitlane



MERCEDES SPLITTER

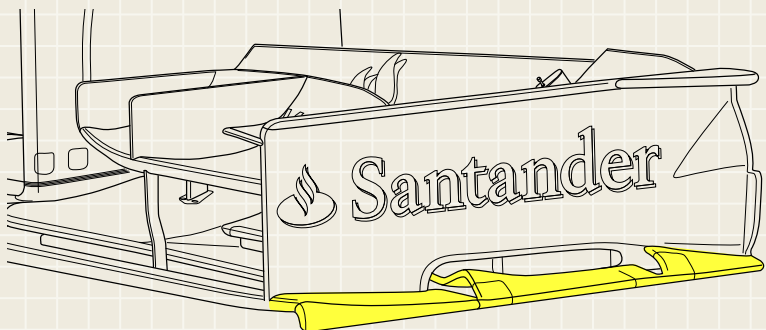
As teams try to lower the front of the car and raise the rear, increasing rake for more downforce, the splitter gets in the way, risking wearing away the legality plank under the car. Some teams previously allowed the splitter to flex to let the front run lower, so the FIA now tests this.

After Malaysia, Italian media suggested three teams had illegal splitters. This proved untrue, but highlighted the severity of splitter deflection tests, which apply a 200kg load vertically under the leading edge of the floor. This must not deflect more than 5mm. To meet this, teams fit a reinforcing piece (highlighted) inside the carbon-fibre floor section, typically a metal plate that acts in both torsion and cantilever to resist the test loads. This must be rigidly attached; in the early 2000s teams had a spring set-up to allow the floor to bend when the splitter hit the track, although the real reason was to ease plank wear.



FERRARI ENDPLATES

In China Ferrari raced a new front wing endplate, unique for having slots along its bottom edge. Normally the horizontal lip running along the lower edge of the endplate (known as the footplate) is one piece. This exists partly to help seal low pressure under the wing, but also because the rules demand a specific surface area. Ferrari tried one slot during testing and a second slot appeared in the race. The slots take higher pressure above the wing and pass it underneath to help flick air around the front tyre, so are less about sealing the front wing and more to do with downstream airflow.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CRAIG SCARBOROUGH



Brawn in the USA?
Potent DTM tin-tops
could spread their wings
within the next few years

DTM set for America

Could fresh initiative attract Japanese firms? | BY GARY WATKINS

PLANS TO EXPORT THE DTM TO North America are on course to happen within the next three years after a new partnership deal was agreed in March.

US sports car promotor Grand-Am, owned by NASCAR's France family, has signed a licensing and co-operation agreement with the ITR, which runs DTM. It is intended that this will result in the long-rumoured DTM America becoming a reality in either 2015 or 2016.

The three German DTM manufacturers, Audi, Mercedes and BMW, were all represented at the announcement of the joint venture and each pledged support to the series. But Grand-Am, which next year is effectively taking over the American Le Mans Series under the United SportsCar Racing banner, stopped short of saying that DTM America would definitely happen.

It appears that this is linked to attempts to try to attract the manufacturers from the Super GT Series in Japan, which has also signed a rules accord with the ITR. Grand-Am wants Toyota, Honda and Nissan, which are

all major players in the US automotive market, to take part.

Super GT's top class, GT500, will adopt chassis rules based on those of DTM for next year, but rather than 4-litre V8s, its cars will be powered by 2-litre, direct-injection turbos based on the Global Race Engine concept.

Audi research and development boss Wolfgang Durheimer, whose remit covers motor sport, suggested that a move to the smaller-capacity powerplants was likely for DTM America.

"It's most likely that we will not have the same engines," he said. "There is still a big discussion going on about whether we use V8s or 2-litre turbos."

It remains unclear if this would persuade the Japanese manufacturers to join the series. Nissan has a "wait and see approach", according to the manufacturer's global motor sport director Darren Cox. He suggested that its focus would be on endurance sports car racing when it launches its first major US motor sport programme since the end of its stint in IndyCars with the Infiniti brand.



Aston Martin made a winning start to its World Endurance Championship campaign at Silverstone. From left, Bruno Senna, Stefan Mücke and Darren Turner claimed the GTE Pro class, while Aston Martin Racing took the GTE Am division with Danes Allan Simonsen, Christoffer Nygaard and Kristian Poulsen.

Toyota, meanwhile, participates in NASCAR's Sprint Cup to make itself appear "more American", according to leading motor sport sponsor broker Zak Brown. "Racing in the DTM would run counter to that," he said, "because it is a European import."

Grand-Am also let it be known that it has had contact with the domestic US motor manufacturers about DTM America. An entry into the series by one of Ford, General Motors or Chrysler also appears unlikely in the short-term.

The reason for that is simple, according to a senior figure in a manufacturer's motor sport department in the US: "The US already has a successful silhouette touring car formula — and it is called NASCAR."

Tinkering with the show

THE GERMAN DTM TOURING CAR series is following the lead of Formula 1 by introducing DRS and option tyres for the coming season.

The DTM has announced the new rules in an attempt to spice up the racing. The DRS (drag reduction system) will involve the rear wing lying down by 15 degrees to boost straight-line speed, while the option tyre supplied by Hankook will offer a one-second a lap advantage over a short period.

Former DTM champion Gary Paffett welcomed the moves. "Changes were needed to make the show a bit more interesting," he said. "The racing was always very close, to the extent that some of the races were a bit professional."

The DTM DRS system will be allowed to be operated when a car is within two seconds of the car in front. Unlike Formula 1 there will be no designated DRS zones, but a driver will only be allowed to activate the system once per lap.

The option tyre will offer an advantage over the standard Hankook for approximately three to four laps before its performance drops away.

Electric proving ground

THE NEW FIA FORMULA E Championship for electric vehicles will be an open formula design to allow manufacturers to showcase their technology in the series, the new promoter has revealed.

GP2 team owner Alejandro Agag, who became promoter of Formula E last year, stressed that the one-make single-seater it has commissioned for the first year of the series in 2014 is planned only as a stop-gap before the arrival of the manufacturers in a series that will bring electric racing to city-centre circuits around the world.

“We want to encourage different manufacturers to participate with different technologies,” Agag said. “We want an open championship; the spirit of the championship is to be open to innovation and technologies of the future.

“We might work with hydrogen fuel cells and super-capacitors, as well as with batteries.”

To get Formula E off the ground in the short term, Agag has commissioned a new chassis developed by Spark Racing Technology with a McLaren electrical powertrain.

These cars are an evolution of the Spark design that has been testing for the past year, and 42 have so far have been ordered by the promoter.

Agag has revealed that it is likely that Formula E will run as a winter championship, which would give it “a unique appeal”.

He also explained that he hoped the first races would take place in September next year.

Alpine's firm commitment

ALPINE HAS A LONG-TERM future in motor sport, according to the boss of the historic French car maker.

Bernard Olivier, CEO of Alpine, stated that the marque's return to motor sport, with a branding and sponsorship deal with the French Signatech team at the Le Mans 24 Hours and in the European Le Mans Series, was a glimpse of things to come. He described the deal that has resulted in Signatech's ORECA-Nissan 03 running in French racing blue as “only the beginning”.

“We are just restarting in motor sport and we will not stop,” he said. “Alpine is a sporting brand and motor sport is in our blood.”

Olivier wouldn't be drawn on Alpine's future plans and whether it intended to race the new-for-2016 sports car that was announced last November, following Caterham's acquisition of a 50 per cent stake in the company.



■ The 991-model Porsche 911 made its international competition debut at the Silverstone WEC meeting. The factory Manthey squad fielded two of the new 911 RSRs in the ultra-competitive GTE Pro class and came away with a best result of fourth.



GORDON KIRBY

GANASSI'S FUTURE VISION

CHIP GANASSI'S TEAM HAS WON 89 RACES and nine CART, IRL or IndyCar championships over the past 17 years. Ganassi has established himself as one of IndyCar's top team owners and is deeply concerned about the state of the IndyCar series. “Something needs to happen soon or we're all in trouble,” he said just before the season began. “We need multiple car builders and competition to bring the price down, get better service and to generate more excitement and interest from fans and media.”

Ganassi believes a radical approach is required to revive the chassis part of IndyCar's equation. When he was involved with Ben Bowlby in the creation of the Delta Wing concept, Ganassi became a big believer in open-source methodology and is convinced it's the best way forward for the sport.

“We've got to change the approach to the way the cars are built and the way the formula works,” he said. “I believe a more radical approach is required to bring us into the 21st century. I've said it before and I'll say it again. I believe open source is the future.”

“Ben and I talked a lot about the idea of adopting the open-source concept in racing. They need to have a network where one guy is developing the suspension, another developing the gearbox, another developing the aero, another developing the drive line and so on, and you lay the costs off on that. That's the future.”

Chip outlined how he believes such a system would work. “You put a price tag on the car and say that's the car of today. On day one, the new car is a spec car. You say here's the car and here's all the pieces and you publish it on the web. You also publish a parts price list.

“Then in year one, you say you can develop the suspension and driveline, but can't touch anything else. We're going to start slow, and the goal for prospective suppliers is to beat the

existing price for that part or component.

“By February 1 you would announce your intent to be a possible supplier of suspension and driveline. By March 1 you would submit a drawing and by May 1 you would have a working prototype. You have to show your design has the wherewithal to pass the safety committee's tests and by July 1 two people will be selected to develop the suspension and the driveline.”

Ganassi thinks the real fun would begin in the second year of an open-source formula. “In year two we open up more of the car,” he said. “Maybe we open up the wings or the topside aerodynamics. We look for more areas of development and allow it to unfold year by year. The open-source system would attract smart young engineers and interest from engineering schools around the world. It would make the sport relevant again, particularly to young people. It would bring in new ideas and new thinking and the competition among young engineers and prospective suppliers would lower the price and improve supply and service.

“This could be done with maybe six engineers overseeing the open-source system and the supplier approval and development process. It could be done very efficiently and it would put the sport on a new, relevant, exciting platform.”

I applaud Chip for pushing a radical concept. He's suggesting a whole new way of running and regulating the sport, and to make it happen would require a considerable leap of faith. It would change the way sanctioning bodies do business and require them to adopt a higher level of in-house engineering.

Like any revolution it would be fraught with peril, but I share Ganassi's worries that IndyCar is doomed to an irrelevant future if it doesn't act. IndyCar is resistant to change, trapped in the plague of spec-car racing. Does it have the courage to embrace Ganassi's radical idea?

—OBITUARY—

Ralph Sanchez

US-based race promoter Sanchez has died, aged 63, after a long illness. He took sports car racing to downtown Miami, built the Homestead oval and helped persuade Emerson Fittipaldi to get back behind the wheel ahead of his fruitful CART career. Sanchez was an economic refugee from Cuba and an amateur sports car driver who had a dream to create a race in Miami. He made it happen against the odds and helped transform the city's image. His Miami-Homestead Speedway hosted CART, NASCAR and sports car events from 1995. He also revived and promoted the Trans-Am silhouette series in the early 2000s.

WEB SPIN

Nigel Roebuck

ON WHY THE CURRENT FORMULA 1 TYRES ARE NOT ACCEPTABLE

For the first time in history we have had tyres in F1 built specifically to 'spice up the show' – in other words, tyres designed to 'go off', to be quite intentionally way less efficient than they could be. However much Denis Jenkinson might have professed disinterest in tyres *per se*, I guarantee he would have reacted vigorously against the very idea of any aspect of a car's performance being *deliberately* compromised for the sole purpose of entertainment.

No one – least of all I – needs to be reminded of those dull years of Schumacher domination, when you knew the result of a Grand Prix even before you boarded your flight to attend it. For a long time Michael had in place a set of circumstances – Jean Todt, Ross Brawn, Rory Byrne, a massive budget, a slave team-mate, unlimited testing, bespoke tyres from Bridgestone – which will never be seen again, and he was able to convert Grand Prix racing

What we're all talking about

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Comments in response

STEVE SHORT I've been of the opinion for several years that what passes for Formula 1 is no longer really motor sport but simply a motor sport-based entertainment show.

CHRIS FOSKETT Why not return to tyres lasting the whole race? The teams would save money with a smaller pit crew and we could have a rerun of the Sennas tearing off into the distance to be later overhauled by the more wily Prosts.

ROB ELWELL Well isn't that the truth? It's like expecting a ballerina to dance *Swan Lake* in a pair of Dr Martens.

BILL Ah, another 'in the past everything used to be better' column. I guess we have to turn a blind eye to the turbo era of the '80s, when they all went into fuel-saving mode, trundling round at a ridiculously slow pace.

STE I agree with much of this argument, but it is worth examining the alternatives. If the regulations were 'pure' and teams could do as they want then the tyres would last all race and aero wake would prevent any form of overtaking at all. Ultimately this would be a pure form of racing but we would rarely see an actual *race*.

The full version of this article is available to anyone who has registered on the website. If you haven't registered your details then go to www.motorsportmagazine.com and click on the 'register' button on the top left of the screen. It's free and won't take more than two minutes.

into a series of demonstrations, racking up statistics that might never be beaten.

That said, those races – however professional – were unquestionably real, in the sense that Schumacher and Ferrari were winning constantly because they were doing an essentially flawless job. The best driver was in the best car, and most of the time, frankly, the rest weren't putting up much of a fight.

Now, it seems to me, in the quest to make Formula 1 more of 'a show' we have gone to the other extreme. For one thing, the artifice of DRS – introduced to disguise the inability of the powers-that-be to come up with a set of aerodynamic regulations that allowed cars to pass each other – has proved so effective that overtaking is now very often too easy. And for another, we have tyres that increasingly play an over-important role during the scenario of a Grand Prix.

That seemed to me more apparent in Malaysia than ever before, and while the glib response is always that 'it's the same for everyone', my feeling is that it's bad for everyone when paranoia about tyre wear means that the drivers are running, as Mark Webber put it, 'at about 80 per cent', and the team principals are thinking overwhelmingly in terms of 'getting the cars home'.

TOP TWEETS

@matoxley Quite like the 15m qualifying session in MotoGP. If you aren't bang on it straight out of the box, you're out of it. Stoner would've been good at new format!

@Ed_Foster "McLaren is going to struggle at the start of the season," said Pat Symonds a week ago in the @Motor_Sport podcast.... (March 15)

@paulpunter (Paul Fearnley) If ever I feel down I think of Chris Amon – and smile.

@paulpunter Got to love old *Motor Sport* mags! Dec 1989: Prost/Senna Suzuka Showdown. Front cover pic? 1903 Gardner-Serpollet steam car.

@dariofranchitti Sorry to all the IndyCar fans in the UK, just found out this weekend's race isn't live on ESPN... Come on @indycar, sort it out.



@olivergavin In local Apple store today, saw this picture... We must be coming around to lap the field... :-)

@LeeMcKenzieF1 Congratulations to @TheDeanStoneman winning on his racing comeback @Brands_Hatch (in the Porsche Carrera Cup). Greatly deserved.

@LeeMcKenzieF1 Really enjoyed being the guest on @Motor_Sport podcast. A lot of motor sport grey cells around the table, which was daunting but fun.

LATEST POLL

What was Ayrton Senna's greatest drive?

1993 European GP	48.18%
1985 Portuguese GP	16.01%
1984 Monaco GP	14.9%
1991 Brazilian GP	11.89%
1988 Japanese GP	5.55%
Other races	3.47%

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MAT OXLEY

THE DARKEST DAY

JARNO SAARINEN WAS SO GOOD AT motorcycle racing that he taught 'King' Kenny Roberts to road race without even knowing it. When the Finn went racing in the States – in March 1973 he became the first European to win the Daytona 200 – he was watched all the way by Roberts, then a young dirt track champ with Tarmac aspirations.

Saarinen was one of the first racers to hang off his motorcycle, shifting his weight to the inside to force the machine through the turns and reduce lean angle, which increased cornering speed. He won the 1972 250 World Championship for Yamaha, who promoted him to the 500 class. Saارينen dominated the first two races of 1973, at Paul Ricard and the Salzburgring, so by the time the circus arrived at Monza he was firm favourite to win the title.

This should have been history in the making. Not only would Yamaha's success have ended MV Agusta's 17-year reign as premier-class king, it would also have been the first time Japan and the two-stroke had conquered the category.

Instead, Saارينen's brilliance was snuffed out at the first corner of the Monza 250 Grand Prix. Ironically, it was the curse of the two-stroke that ended his life. Hurling into the 140mph Curva Grande for the first time, Renzo Pasolini's Harley-Davidson seized, causing the Italian to fall into Saارينen's path. The Finn too went down, bike and rider ricocheting off the Armco, triggering a domino effect among the pack. By the time the accident was over, the track was a raging inferno, a further dozen riders had fallen and Saارينen and Pasolini were dead.

The death of two of bike racing's best riders – Pasolini had chased Saارينen all the way to the 1972 250 crown – still stands out as the sport's darkest day. Anyone who followed motorcycling at the time remembers exactly where they were when they heard the news.

Saarinen was undoubtedly a genius and destined for all-time greatness. People who knew him ranked him with Mike Hailwood and Giacomo Agostini. He was Finnish ice-racing champion before he moved into Grands Prix, so he could slide a road race bike, even before Roberts. And because he had studied mechanical engineering at university he had a more technical approach to racing than other riders of his era. His death prompted Yamaha's stunned management to withdraw from the 500 championship, delaying its takeover of the class until Ago made history with them in 1975.

The Monza pile-up caused huge controversy at a time when riders were waking up to the fact that something needed to be done about safety. Not only were street circuits highly dangerous, but the new trend for installing guardrails at purpose-built tracks increased the risks for bike racers. Most people in F1 believed steel barriers would improve safety for car racers and spectators, but they had the opposite effect for bikers who christened the installations "death rails". Certainly, most riders believed Saارينen and Pasolini (the pair are pictured above, at the Salzburgring) might have survived if they had instead tumbled into undergrowth.

When he arrived at Monza, Saارينen had complained about the Armco, but it stayed. His fear that a fallen rider would bounce into the path of traffic proved tragically prophetic.

Seven weeks later bikes raced again at Monza in a junior national meeting. No changes had been made and three riders lost their lives in another pile-up. Incredibly, it took some years before most circuits underwent major changes, with barriers pushed back behind run-off areas.

They did things differently in the 1970s. Some sections of the industry regarded riders as disposable and safety was often overlooked. In many ways, they weren't the good old days.



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Friends reunited: John Cleland will soon be racing this 1997 Vectra once again

Cleland back in Vectra

BTCC champ joins Super Touring revival racers | BY PAUL LAWRENCE

JOHN CLELAND WILL RETURN TO the wheel of his 1997 Vauxhall Vectra to contest the new Super Touring Trophy this season.

The 60-year-old double BTCC champion has bought the Triple Eight-built Vectra, after being inspired to join the series when it was launched at Autosport International in January.

Cleland hopes to have the car ready for the Brands Hatch Historic Super Prix and Silverstone Classic in July. "I think the series has got all the legs to fly and become something really special," he said. "I'm right up for doing it and it would be great to tempt out some of the other old champions. Bring back all the good old boys! I have to drive a Vauxhall because that's what I spent my life doing."

The new series got off to a quiet start at Thruxton at Easter, but with a big gap until the next two races, many more cars are expected to join the field.

Meanwhile, experienced historic racer John Pearson will also join the Super Touring Trophy this year after acquiring the 1998 Alfa Romeo 156 used by Fabrizio Giovanardi to win both the Italian Supertourismo and European Super Touring titles.

The Silverstone Classic weekend will include Historic Formula Ford 1600 for



Murray Walker, who commentated at the very earliest motorbike meetings on the original circuit at Thruxton in 1950, returned to his local track for the inaugural Easter Revival Meeting. He presented the famous Jochen Rindt Trophy to Historic F2 winner Martin O'Connell (above). The trophy was first presented to Graham Hill, for winning the 1971 Thruxton F2 race.

the first time in more than a decade. The category for pre-72 FF1600s is already riding a wave of popularity with bumper grids of immaculate cars and fierce competition, and a double-header at Silverstone is another boost for the HSCC series.

Goodwood celebrations

THE 'MINI FESTIVAL OF SPEED' that is the annual Goodwood media day took place in March, featuring a larger gathering of great racing cars than were at the first Festival proper back in 1993.

This year's festival on July 12-14 will celebrate the 'best of the first 20 years', with the traditional sculpture in front of Goodwood House marking the 50th birthday of the Porsche 911. Other themes will include the 90th anniversary of the Le Mans 24 Hours, 60 years of the sports car world championship and 40 years of the World Rally Championship.

At the Goodwood Revival on September 13-15, a parade of cars marking the 50th anniversary of Jim Clark's first Formula 1 World Championship is expected to be a highlight, along with the Whitsun Trophy – a 45-minute two-driver race for Ford GT40s.

Pageant promotes Rally GB

A NEW PARTNERSHIP WILL PUT cars from the World and British Rally Championships into action at the sixth Cholmondeley Pageant of Power on June 14-16.

Wales Rally GB and Cholmondeley's organisers have joined forces to promote Britain's round of the WRC, which takes place on November 14-17 this year. A range of rally cars will tackle the 1.2-mile sprint course at the Cheshire event, while a new dedicated Rally Village will give the public a chance to get close to a collection of machinery, plus past and present stars.

"We are delighted to be bringing some of the thrills of world-class rallying to the Pageant of Power," said rally organiser Andrew Coe. "It's no secret that we are looking to refresh the Wales Rally GB. We have lots of exciting new plans aimed at benefiting the traditional hardcore rally fan, but also designed to attract a wider audience. We want to show them what they've been missing."



CHARLIE WOODING

Historic F1 entries boosted

THE RATIONALISATION OF racing for 1970s Formula 1 has rejuvenated the category, with an outstanding entry of 26 cars for the opening round of the new FIA Masters Historic Formula One Championship at Barcelona in mid-April.

The revised Grand Prix Masters series took over the FIA tag for 2013, after the former FIA championship run by Thoroughbred Grand Prix was dropped due to dwindling grids throughout the 2012 season.

The entry at Barcelona was one of the biggest in recent seasons for GP cars of this era. Joaquin Folch (Brabham BT49C) and Bobby Verdon-Roe (McLaren MP4-1B) won the two races.

Freeze hits UK events

HEAVY SPRING SNOW ACROSS much of Britain forced the cancellation of three major historic events, starting with the Masters historic race meeting planned for Oulton Park on March 23.

Two weeks later, conditions in Wales were still bad enough to force the postponement of Rally North Wales, the second round of the British Historic Rally Championship and the RAC historic series, and the first round of the contemporary British Rally Championship.

On-going freezing conditions and snow drifts of up to 10 feet forced the postponement, but the organisers are trying to find a new date.

The Donington Historic Festival press day was also cancelled due to the freeze.

Where there's a Willhire...

JULIUS THURGOOD OF THE Historic Racing Drivers' Club is planning a reunion race for cars that originally competed in the Willhire 24 Hours, Britain's first such race.

The Willhire 24 Hours ran 15 times at Snetterton between 1980 and 1994 and was initially for production sports and saloon cars. Now, Thurgood is keen to recreate the atmosphere of the event, perhaps starting with a shorter six-hour race.

"A full 24-hour race might just be a step too far, but I can see that a six-hour enduro is perfectly feasible," said Thurgood, who contested the first three races in an MGB.

Elva returns after 48 years

THE RADIO CAROLINE-BACKED Elva Mk7S, raced by Keith St John when new, returns to racing in Britain this summer – the first time it will have been seen here for 48 years.

The 1965 sports-racer was sold to Australian Michael Henderson in 1966 and remained in Australia until last year, when Bruce Bartell bought it from Henderson.

Classic F3 Chevron racer Bartell and his son Maxim plan to campaign it in Guards Trophy races, following a rebuild by WDK Engineering.

"The car has not been used in the UK since 1965 and we're very excited about racing it," said Bartell Sr.

■ Saudi Arabia-based Kiwi David Mitchell has bought the ex-David Good McLaren M10B Formula 5000 car from Simon Hadfield and plans to race the car in the UK this summer. Good hillclimbed chassis 400-07 from new in 1970 and it spent much of its life as a hillclimb car. Mitchell sold a Brabham BT21 to Australia to make way for the McLaren.



■ BTCC team owner Mike Jordan enjoyed his recent run in a 1959 Morris Minor during an HRDC event at Silverstone. Some 34 years after making his race debut in a Minor, Jordan tried Mark Cross's similar car. Sadly, a broken halfshaft sidelined it during Cross's first stint. "I loved every minute of qualifying," said Jordan. "With one more lap I think I could have taken Copse flat in fourth – and I've never done that before in any car."



ROBYN GANE

ROB WIDDOWS

A LIFE ON THE OPEN ROAD

DRIVING A HIGH-PERFORMANCE CAR IN Britain can be a frustrating experience. We are not supposed to do more than 70mph, and we spend a lot of time in traffic or, worse still, crawling along between miles of cones while the road is dug up around us.

One solution is to put the car on a ferry to Spain and roll off the other side into a land of open, empty roads that swoop through some stunning scenery. Even then, however, there are speed traps to catch those who imagine they are immune to the laws of the land they visit. But a bit of sunshine helps, the roads are better and there is a greater feeling of freedom, an elusive elixir for drivers of rapid machines.

Drive España, established in 2004 and run by Jasper Gilder, provides a popular service to owners of exotic cars, organising European tours for the TVR, Aston Martin, Ferrari and AC Owners Clubs, to name but four.

These tours pause for refreshment at numerous vineyards, allow time for some sightseeing and are punctuated by dinners and nights in comfortable hotels. In short, fun in the sun, roof down, flat in fifth. Not much wrong with that, except you cannot drink the wine and drive the car. Perhaps the afternoon shift could be passed to a trusty friend. I do not own a supercar, but last month joined the 10th anniversary of the TVR Owners Tour of Spain and Portugal in the breathtaking scenery of the Sierra Nevada, Granada. This included a track day at Clive Greenhalgh's impressive Circuito de Guadix. Those who felt disinclined to fling a TVR around all day could opt instead for a leisurely look at the sensational Alhambra Palace, just down the road.

TVR owners, like their cars, come in all shapes and sizes. But they share a singular passion. They are a breed apart, a very patriotic brigade, proud to own a British sports car that

makes a rather American sound. Making a noise, and they do quite a lot of that, is all part of the fun as the throaty burble of TVR's own straight sixes and V8s ricochets off walls that were built way before cars were invented. Old men in sleepy cafés shake their heads as the cars wind their way south to the sun.

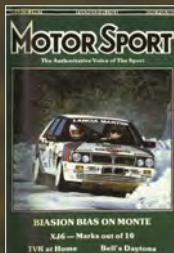
These are social events, a time to share a mutual passion for the cars, especially since the company's Russian owner stopped production in 2006. Until 2005, the year in which it last produced a new model, the Sagaris, TVR was based in the very English seaside town of Blackpool. Not quite Maranello or Stuttgart, but then the folk I met in Granada last month didn't want Italian drama or German precision, but a proper British sports car. And why not?

Colin McRae's TVR came along for the 10th anniversary tour. This was the fun car the late rally legend kept in Monaco and no doubt became used to motoring sideways. Its new owner told me that the car showed signs of contact with various solid objects during its life with Mr McRae.

Also along for the ride was the Gibraltar TVR Owners Club, all two of them, driving virtually identical purple Chimeras. Richard Roberts, a doctor, and James Elliott, a Bwin executive, met at a party, discovered their mutual love of the TVR and, hey presto, they had an owners club.

Loudest of the loud was Simon Grimshaw's 4-litre Chimera, complete with 'Mega Squirt' ECU, supercharger, straight-through exhaust and more than 300bhp. In the tunnels of Granada this machine makes very raucous music.

In October Gilder will take an all-marques Drive España tour to the Algarve Historic Festival at Portimão. Time to polish up your passion, book your slot and head for some Portuguese sunshine. Your car will appreciate the exercise on those empty, open roads.



WHEN THEY WERE NEW Ferrari 328

An original road test taken from the *Motor Sport* archives, March 1987 | BY ALAN HENRY



LIKE MEETING AN OLD FRIEND after a long absence, an encounter with the Ferrari 328 was a comfortable occasion. You find yourself regarding the car with relaxed familiarity. Previous experience with 308s has taught you the ropes, so it's just a question of picking up the business of Ferrari enjoyment where we left off with the 308GTB Quattrovalvole. However, when the 328 arrived at our offices late one winter evening, the process of re-acquaintance was a little on the painful side. It is *not* a heavy traffic car. The clutch is not unduly heavy, but is weighty enough to make life unpleasant. As we joined the rush-hour crawl, I was instantly reminded just what a fish out of water the 328 was in the bumper-to-bumper evening procession.

Twenty-four hours later those trials and tribulations had been blown away, amid the joys of a day's motoring on deserted country roads through north Essex and south Suffolk. The chassis is just fantastic. All the superlatives have

been trotted out time and again, but its impeccable balance, terrific grip and uncanny stability rouse the taste buds of even the most jaded motoring palate.

According to factory sources, this is almost certainly the final derivative of the magnificent Pininfarina-bodied two-seater coupé that made its bow back in 1975. The transverse-mounted V8, enlarged by 200cc, now produces 30bhp more than its 3-litre predecessor and also develops a worthwhile amount of additional torque that enhances the engine's already impressive flexibility and docile character.

As far as interior trim is concerned, the 328's fascia is now best described as 'right-hand-drive GTO', the dials being the same as those in Maranello's now sold-out run of turbo supercars.

Snuggling into the cockpit, the driver is faced by a 185mph speedometer and rev counter red-lined at 7700rpm. When working the engine hard the oil pressure remains constant at 85psi with water temperature never climbing above 170

degrees. The door handles, interior pockets and arm rests are all new, as are the controls for the heating and demisting system, which are still mounted between the seats. Personally I preferred the old sliding-lever system to the current colour-coded illuminated touch-sensitive controls on the 328, but the new layout is quite logical, even if the new demisting system is every bit as slow to produce results as the 308's.

The front and rear bumpers are now colour-coded to match the body's paintwork and the alloy wheels have been restyled. Previously, the 308 was offered with alternative shallow or deep spoilers, but the 328's standard kit represents a compromise between the choices offered on the earlier car.

Living with a Ferrari requires a few days of acclimatisation, and then you suddenly wonder how you ever got along without it. In fact, the 328's driveability, lack of temperament and overall blend of performance and docility tends, by strange paradox, to work against it. However well one is acquainted with their qualities, there is still a subconscious tendency to approach a Ferrari expecting it to be temperamental and slightly difficult to manage on anything but an open road. When you are reminded that they are as tractable and usable as any high-performance saloon, you run the danger of comparing them with products of BMW and Mercedes.

But to itemise the awkward aspects of living with a 328 in the light of how it stacks up against such rivals is totally unfair, albeit highlighting just how well Maranello has done its job in recent years. Close examination of trim standards, paintwork and general build underlines just what a high-quality product is on offer. The paint on our test car was of a lustrous quality with no flaws; similarly the leather-trimmed cockpit had no signs of compromise.

Firing up the transverse V8 from cold is one of the great motoring treats of the decade. A touch on the key and the Bosch K-Jetronic-injected jewel bursts into life, ticking over with a gruff exhaust note that belies its smoothness once on the move. Engaging first gear when the box is cold can be a bit of a pain, but the transmission warms up quite quickly and the whole package has a taut, unified feeling at speed, making the 328 feel smaller than its outward



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dimensions. Unquestionably it is difficult to handle in crowded conditions, reversing into tight spaces being a complex enough business without the added frustration of absurdly small rear-view mirrors. The noise level inside is fairly high, a degree of resonance and boom from the neatly packaged V8 proving to be another wearing aspect in slow-moving traffic. But at speed on the open road you lose much of it behind you, drowned by the willing wail of 270 Prancing Horses.

There is still a reassuring touch of roll when the 328 is cornered hard, sufficient to impart a welcome degree of "feel" to the driver, although it could certainly never be accused of being sloppy. As on the 308, I felt the steering a trifle low-g geared for my taste, so life can be



FERRARI 328 GTB FACTFILE

Production: 1986-89
Power: 270bhp
0-60mph: 5.7sec
Max speed: 151mph
Economy: 18mpg

Last and best of the small, transverse Ferraris that started with the 206 Dino. Attractive styling incorporated subtle smoothing of Pininfarina's previous 308 shape; small boot in tail. Final 3.2-litre version of 90-degree quad-cam V8 benefited from Bosch mechanical fuel injection and four-valve heads to deliver 270bhp. All-round double wishbone suspension and rack-and-pinion steering made for agile handling.

a little nerve-wracking darting through country lanes. But on more open B or C roads, this brand of Ferrari motoring is nothing less than a supreme joy. Of course, in terms of pure straight-line acceleration the 328 is certainly no slouch. It sprints up to 60mph from rest in a shade under six seconds, reaching 100mph in 14.7 sec, by which time it is pulling strongly in fourth gear. A final upchange to fifth at 117mph and the surge of acceleration continues steadily towards its 151mph maximum.

Ferrari's progressive refinement of the V8 two-seater coupé has been unrelenting over the past five years, more than compensating for the original loss of performance prompted by the switch from carburettors to fuel injection on the old 16-valve 308 at the turn of the 1980s.

The four-valve (QV) heads redressed the balance even further, but the 3.2-litre model has polished the Maranello veneer to fresh standards of excellence. It might well be the last of its line, but, unquestionably, it is the best.

AUCTIONS



A round-up of classic and racing auctions from around the world - in numbers | BY ED FOSTER

"Classic cars are the best performing investment that money can buy, second only to gold." KNIGHT FRANK LUXURY INVESTMENT INDEX

Bonhams

@ GOODWOOD FESTIVAL OF SPEED JULY 12

£1.4-£1.8 million

The estimate for a 1934 Alfa Romeo 8C-2300 'Le Mans' Tourer. Although the original coachwork is unknown, the car spent time as a saloon before being rebodied in the Le Mans style in the 1970s.

1965 LOTUS CORTINA

This car won that year's European Touring Car Championship for Alan Mann Racing with Sir John Whitmore behind the wheel
ESTIMATE: £90-120,000

NOJ 393

The 1953 Austin-Healey 100 Special Test Car that was the works entry for that year's Mille Miglia and Le Mans 24 Hours
Results: 2nd in class and 12th overall at Le Mans
ESTIMATE: £500-700,000

Maserati 300S Spider

1955 Sebring 12 Hours: 3rd place behind Phil Hill
Ferrari and Mike Hawthorn Jaguar
ESTIMATE: £3.5-4.5M

"The Maserati 300S is up there among the great sports racers. A car equally at home on road or track."

JAMES KNIGHT, Bonhams Group Motoring Director

RM Auctions

@ CONCORSO D'ELEGANZA VILLA D'ESTE MAY 25

1933 MG K3 Ex-Earl Howe Mille Miglia car
ESTIMATE: £470-510,000

4 Bugattis in the sale

1927 Type 37 Grand Prix: **£640-850,000**
1929 Type 40 Roadster: **£210-255,000**
1930 Type 46 Coupé Superprofilée: **£725-940,000**
1937 Type 57 Ventoux: **£245-340,000**

108 years

The time since the 1905 Fiat 60HP Five-Passenger Touring was last sold publicly. Second of 20 chassis built.

It cost **\$20,000** in 1905 – the equivalent of more than half a million today. **ESTIMATE: £1.2M**

Auctions America

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OF THE LOTS SOLD

£11.5m
WORTH OF LOTS SOLD

Steve McQueen

The ex-owner of a 1951 Chevrolet Styleline DeLuxe Convertible, which sold for £57,536

SOLD 1955 MERCEDES-BENZ 300SL GULLWING **£575,291**

APRIL/MAY AUCTION CALENDAR

- 25/26 **AUCTIONS AMERICA** Spring Carlisle Sale, Carlisle Expo Center, Pennsylvania, USA
- 25-27 **MECUM** Muscle Cars & More, Kansas City Convention Center, Missouri, USA
- 29 **BONHAMS** Collectors' Motor Cars and Automobilia, RAF Museum, Hendon
- 29 **SHANNONS** Melbourne Autumn Classic, Cheltenham, Melbourne, Australia
- 4 **WORLDWIDE AUCTIONEERS** Houston Classic, Montgomery, Texas, USA
- 9-11 **AUCTIONS AMERICA** Auburn Spring Sale, Auburn Auction Park, Auburn, Indiana, USA
- 14-19 **MECUM** Muscle Cars & More, Indiana State Fairgrounds, Indianapolis, Indiana, USA
- 15 **BRIGHTWELLS** Classic Cars and Motorcycles, Easters Court, Leominster, Herefordshire
- 18 **SILVERSTONE AUCTIONS** HSCC International Trophy Sale, Silverstone Circuit
- 18 **BONHAMS** Aston Martin Works Sale, Aston Martin Works Service, Newport Pagnell
- 25 **RM AUCTIONS** Villa d'Este, Cernobbio, Italy



Tesla S is attracting more sales than expected, but Fisker has stopped making the Karma, below

Electric storm brewing

Technology pioneers face contrasting fortunes | BY ANDREW FRANKEL

IN RECENT WEEKS, TWO VERY different fortunes have visited America's two main players in the premium all-electric car market.

For Fisker, the news appears bad to the point of being potentially terminal. Fisker, you may remember, is the company started by former BMW and Aston Martin designer Henrik Fisker. The idea of the man who brought you the current Aston Vantage and BMW Z8 was to produce a four-door car styled like a coupé and powered by electricity, backed by an internal combustion engine acting as a generator when the batteries ran dry. The result was the fine looking Fisker Karma. I drove it a couple of years ago and, despite its weight and the curious noise made by the petrol engine when it cut in, found myself pleasantly surprised by its performance, refinement and build.

Of course the Karma was built largely with other people's money – including that of the American taxpayer – but orders rolled in and all seemed in order until last year. Indeed at the New York Auto Show Fisker showed its new saloon, the Atlantic, volume sales of



which held the key to the company's long-term prosperity. But then the battery company that supplied Fisker, A123 Systems, filed for bankruptcy, stopping production of the Karma back in July.

The situation was salvageable but only by doing a deal with another car company to buy Fisker in whole or in part. For a while it looked like the Chinese giant Geely (which also owns Volvo) was going to step into the breach, but it apparently balked at the terms of an almost \$200 million loan from the US Department of Energy.

Next, Henrik Fisker himself left the

company, though it's not clear whether it was due to his unhappiness at the prospect of being pushed aside in the ultimately abandoned Chinese deal or because of other unspecified disagreements with his fellow directors. It depends who you talk to.

Then in April Fisker announced it was laying off 75 per cent of its staff at its headquarters in Anaheim, California, in what many now see as a prelude to filing for bankruptcy.

A few hundred miles away in Palo Alto, the situation for Tesla could hardly look more different. Within the last month it has announced that demand for its all-electric Model S saloon is running ahead of target and that in the first quarter it delivered some 4750 vehicles compared to the 4500 estimated. Far more importantly, it has also indicated that, for the first time ever, the business is now profitable.

How has one company done so well while the other stumbled and, I fear, is on the brink of falling? There's no doubt that some of the reason is simple bad luck and another part is that Tesla is owned by Elon Musk, a South African billionaire entrepreneur with the resources to get such an ambitious project underway and then keep it there. It's worth noting also that Tesla has succeeded in getting an electric saloon on sale and is reaping the volume rewards it has brought, while Fisker's equivalent, the fine-looking Atlantic, has yet to look like going on sale.

If Fisker made a mistake, however, it was by choosing a brand-new venture to supply its batteries, exposing the company to a level of risk that Tesla, whose batteries come from good old Panasonic, was never likely to face.

What inferences can be drawn from these two distinctly different tales about the likely future success of the more affordable electric cars currently on sale or about to be sold in the UK? Not much, I fear. Progress on this front is still painfully slow as buyers shy away from high asking prices (even with government loans) and remain panicked by the idea not only of running out of current but also the many hours still required to replace it. Even Tesla's achievements would barely register on the sales charts of a large maker of conventional cars. In short, the case for electric cars, big, small, expensive or cheap is as yet far from being made.



Big changes at Maserati

MASERATI HAS CHOSEN A GREAT name from its past to usher in the most radical business transformation of its 99-year history. If all goes according to plan by the middle of this decade, the new Ghibli saloon (above) and its Levante SUV counterpart will be the principal drivers behind an increase in annual sales from a little more than 6000 units per year today (fewer even than Ferrari) to about 50,000 – and all within the next two to three years.

The Ghibli comes first and has its sights set firmly on removing at least some sales from the established mid-sized German premium players such as the BMW 5-series, Mercedes E-class and Audi A6. Based on a shortened version of the platform already used by the full-sized Quattroporte, the Ghibli will be the first Maserati to come with the option of four-wheel drive. And while the all-wheel-drive option will probably not be available on UK cars, the diesel certainly will. And if you blanch at the idea of a diesel-powered Maserati, you're doing no more than imitating Porsche purists at the idea of a Stuttgart SUV 10 years ago: the resulting Cayenne was the most successful product launch in Porsche's history.

The diesel will be a 3-litre V6 and will certainly take the lion's share of sales in Europe and the UK. But Maserati's eyes will be focused on the lucrative sales grounds of China and America, where a similarly sized, turbocharged petrol V6 will account for almost all sales.

In time we can expect high-performance versions featuring the V8

engine already under the bonnet of the Quattroporte, while logic suggests a sleek estate in the style of a shooting brake would prove popular too.

Maserati's move is bold but could well succeed. The purists might hate the idea of a diesel Maserati saloon, but there are likely to be many more who need such a car in their lives and would be delighted for it to come with the cachet of having a trident on its nose. If it fails however, Maserati's next move is extremely hard to see.



Range Rover Sport arrives

LAND ROVER'S NEW PRODUCT offensive shows no sign of easing. After the runaway freight train success of the launches of the Evoque and new Range Rover, Land Rover will be aiming for a hat trick with its new Range Rover Sport unveiled at the New York Auto Show in March.

With styling that subscribes closely to Land Rover's new design language, the new Sport aims to pick up where its predecessor left off as the brand's most profitable car.

Unlike the old Sport, however, it is not based on the heavy Discovery platform but the lightweight aluminium



If you're visiting the Bond in Motion exhibition at the National Motor Museum in Beaulieu, featuring the world's largest collection of Bondobilia, aim for May 26. You'll be able to meet Richard Kiel, also known as Jaws and star of both *The Spy Who Loved Me* and *Moonraker*. People recall the Lotus Esprit car chase from the former, but Kiel reduced the global population of Leyland Sherpa vans by one – a feat rarely acknowledged.

underpinnings of the new Range Rover.

Land Rover's aim was to broaden the Sport's abilities in every area. Crucially it will be marketed as by far the most sporting model in the line-up to put clear air between it and the more luxury-orientated Range Rover. So while powertrain choice will be similar once the range is fully established, the Sport will be set up to prioritise maximum handling prowess rather than outright ride and refinement. But it will be more practical too, offering the option of two occasional seats in the boot to make it the first seven-seat Range Rover officially to go on sale.

Sales are due to start this summer, with prices ranging from £59,995 for an entry-level 3-litre V6 diesel (the same engine in a Range Rover costs £71,295) extending up to £81,550 for a top-of-the-range model with a supercharged 5-litre V8.



Boost for Cowley's future

WHEN WILLIAM MORRIS BUILT his first car at a new facility at Cowley, Oxford, he could hardly have imagined that a century later it would have built 11,650,000 cars wearing the badges of 14 different marques.

Of course today it is known as Plant Oxford and a measure of its success is that of those cars, more than 2.25 million are Minis that have been built there in the last 12 years.

Today the factory churns out 225,000 Minis per year and supports 3700 jobs on site and thousands more in the supply chain. BMW has already committed £750 million to the next generation of Mini, the majority to be invested in production facilities at Cowley including the installation of 1000 new robots.

To read more about the Cowley plant's illustrious past, turn to Gordon Cruickshank's column on page 141



JAGUAR F-TYPE V8 S

At long last, the Cat is out of the bag... | BY ANDREW FRANKEL

TO ME IT SHOULD BE A matter of indifference whether the Jaguar F-type is a good or bad car. As an objective observer of fact, I should be able to approach Jaguar's third attempt to replace the E-type (the first two never made production) with an entirely dispassionate eye.

But I can't. It didn't just matter to me that F was a letter worthy of following Types C, D and E: it was essential.

By lunch on day one of its launch, my hopes lay strewn across a circuitous route from Pamplona airport to the new Navarra race track. My greatest fear had been that the F-type would feel not

like a true sports car, but a four-fifths scale XK. A tourer, not a roadster.

And so it had proved. The Jaguar looked great parked in the Spanish sunshine and I understand the commerce behind the decision to launch the convertible ahead of the forthcoming coupé. But it soon became apparent that something was substantially wrong. The 335bhp supercharged 3-litre V6 made a suitably invigorating noise and provided convincing if not exceptional performance, but on some of Europe's greatest roads it had failed to invigorate to any great extent, let alone inspire. The car felt imprecise, the steering seemed vague about the straight-ahead and the suspension surprisingly

FACTFILE

£79,985

ENGINE
5.0 litres, eight cylinders,
supercharged

POWER
488bhp @6500rpm,

TORQUE
461lb ft @2500-
5500rpm

TRANSMISSION
eight-speed automatic,
rear-wheel drive

0-62MPH 4.3sec
TOP SPEED 186mph
(limited)

ECONOMY 25.5mpg
CO2 259g/km

under-damped. Vertical movements over long-wave undulations were merely mitigated rather than resisted, so you were diffident about committing to quick curves. You felt the car likely to roll not too much but too quickly, then lurch over the surface changes that pepper roads in this part of the world.

Worse, around the lunch table no one seemed to be talking about the car, a sure sign of a bunch of hacks not wanting to be drawn into a tricky conversation with the manufacturer.

Things improved afterwards, not just because I was able to head out onto the track and behave like an idiot for a few laps, but because I was now driving the F-type S, with a 375bhp version of the

same engine. In fact it was splendid fun. On a smooth circuit with none of the surface issues that so upset the standard car on the road, and with the added bonus of a standard limited-slip differential, it drifted around quite amiably until I felt sorry for the next person who'd have to use its tyres, but gave no great hope for the afternoon run back to Pamplona. The extra power was welcome, but I feared would only highlight the chassis' inadequacies.

Within five miles my passenger and I were exchanging quizzical glances. Something about the car had changed – and so significantly you didn't even need a steering wheel in your hand to sense it.

I knew already that, diff and additional power aside, the F-Type S came with adaptive damping, but I'd not attached much significance to the information. The spring and roll bar rates were unchanged as was the suspension geometry. True, the S came with 19in wheels as standard, but they were hardly going to transform the car.

But transformed it was. The F-type was now close to the car I'd hoped it might be from the start. All the heave and wallow that had so affected the earlier car was notable only by its absence. Instead the car felt taut, poised, ready for anything.

In turn that meant I was ready to throw everything I could at it. Indeed I felt obliged to discover how deep this new talent ran because it wouldn't be the first time electronic damper control had created a skin of sophistication for an allegedly sporting car, only for it to be sloughed away by the first set of sharp and tricky corners it encountered. So I tried and tried, as hard as was sensible on deserted but still public roads. And yes, you could still make it struggle for composure, but only by first identifying a particularly difficult sequence of curves and then deliberately unsettling the car. In anything even the most die-hard of road warriors might identify as remotely normal driving, the car was unshakeable.

Then I could enjoy its other attributes. The engine sounds fine, even if the pops and bangs on the overrun are clearly arranged rather than inherent. Supercharging might be unfashionable these days, because of the parasitic losses at maximum effort (the F-type's requires 60bhp just to function), but if you can put up with the thirst then the



The E-type's spiritual heir definitely looks the part – and Frankel believes it becomes ever better as you factor in extra power

noise, lag-free throttle response and torque spread beat even the cleverest modern turbos hands down. I didn't even mind the eight-speed auto gearbox; true, I'd have preferred a manual and probably even a double-clutch arrangement, but the ZF unit locks its torque converter the moment speeds rise above a crawl and will shift in less than 200 milliseconds. That's quick enough for most. I was heartened, not least because I knew the best was to come.

That's the job of the 488bhp, 5-litre supercharged V8 S F-type. Some Jaguar people had suggested its handling might be blunted by an extra 45kg, but that was not my experience. The extra weight of the engine is almost entirely offset at the back by the additional mass of an electronically controlled differential. Unlike the standard LSD in the V6 S, this can operate anywhere between fully open and fully locked according to need.

Predictably, performance is on another level to either V6 car, but you no longer feel any need to wring it out to the redline between shifts. Because it accelerates like an artillery shell from idle, by the time you hit 4500rpm your fingers are itching to throw another gear at it and feel that kick again.

“WE NOW KNOW THOSE LOOKS DID NOT FLATTER TO DECEIVE. JAGUAR HAS DESIGNED A SUCCESSOR TO THE E-TYPE IN MORE THAN MERELY NAME”

Later there was much talk about which F-type was preferable. So often with expensive sports cars, the cheapest is the best. That's certainly the case with the F-type's closest rivals, the Porsche 911 and Audi R8. Here, however, this is emphatically not so. The standard F-type is a disappointment, a car for people more interested in being seen in an F-type than actually driving one.

At £67,520 the S is £9000 more expensive and worth every penny. Forget the extra power, it's the chassis that counts. It's still a little too pliant to convince as an outright sports car, but there's no shame in that. In fact the hybrid role of super-sporting GT car is precisely that performed by the E-type in 1961. The V8 costs another £12,465 but it takes the F-type to another level. Unlike the majority of the press pack, who favoured the V6 S, if I'd determined to buy an F-type I'd now not settle for less than a V8.

Even at its very best the F-type is not a landmark car and does not today approach the standards of performance and value that so shocked the world when the E-type was unveiled 52 years ago. But that world has become a very different, more highly regulated place. Just ensuring the car complies with all the safety and emissions legislation probably removes 90 per cent of freedom to design a car any damn way you choose.

But within the bounds of what was achievable, Jaguar has done a fine job with this car. Most hearteningly, we now know those looks did not flatter to deceive. Jaguar has designed a successor to the E-type in more than merely name. And I'll not disguise that, from where I'm sitting, that's a relief. □



DACIA SANDERO ACCESS

Welcome to the cheap seats - Romania drives a hard bargain

“**T**HAT’LL GET ’EM writing,” said the editor of you, his trusty readership, when I told him I planned to write about a Romanian hatchback that wouldn’t know a decent road from a traffic jam in downtown Chennai, where it is built.

And maybe it will. This is not the kind of car that traditionally graces these pages. I’ll even admit to having no plans to write about it here until I drove it. But then I did and realised that it would be arrogant and out of touch to ignore it – and for one very simple reason.

The Dacia Sandero is a perfectly acceptable means of transport. For almost any other car this faintest of praise could rightly be construed as grounds to turn the page. For the Sandero, however, it is a notable achievement. The reason? At £5995, it is the cheapest new car you can buy.

I come from an era when cheap cars were Eastern Bloc escapees with names like FSO, Wartburg, Yugo and Zastava. Even then, to all bar the least discerning of European palates they were nowhere near acceptable: all were rarely less than ghastly and we knew it at the time.

By contrast there is not a single thing that is ghastly about the Sandero. It looks like the ‘white good’ it is. The base-spec Access model (the only one anyone should buy) has so little equipment that even the radio is extra, but if you go and sit on a motorway at the same 75-80mph as everyone else for the vast majority of your journey, the fact you’re in the cheapest car on sale will have next to no bearing on your progress. Refinement’s not great, but if you have that radio (which will also play your iPod and talk to your telephone) a little extra wind noise is easily mitigated. It rides very well at speed and although it’s powered by nothing more than a 1.2-litre petrol

FACTFILE

£5995

ENGINE
1.2 litres, four cylinders,
normally aspirated

POWER
75bhp @5500rpm

TORQUE
79lb ft @4250rpm

TRANSMISSION
five-speed,
front-wheel drive

0-62MPH 14.5sec

TOP SPEED 97mph

ECONOMY 48.7mpg

CO2 135g/km



engine, it will keep up with the traffic without conspicuous effort.

In short it covers the basics with a little spare.

That might be all that could be expected of such a car, but it actually goes a little further. As with all mass-produced cars these days, ABS is standard... but so too are traction control, power steering, airbags and even a split rear seat. There’s room in the back for a couple of adults and the boot is vast. It even handles after a fashion, not least because it weighs less than a tonne. Nor is it likely to fall to pieces: Dacia may be Romanian, but it’s owned by Renault and all its significant mechanical components come from either Renault, Nissan or both.

I don’t want to come across all evangelical here: price aside there is no compelling reason to rush out and buy a Sandero. But sometimes a car only needs one trick up its sleeve, and right now being the cheapest new car on sale would seem to be trumps. Dacia is selling them as fast as it can get them into showrooms. Having driven it, I’d call that success thoroughly deserved.

You can start writing now. **Q**



AUDI RS6

Ingolstadt adds handling vim to its outrageously brisk load-lugger

BEFORE I DROVE AUDI'S new 552bhp RS6 Avant, I asked Stephan Reil, boss of the firm's Quattro GmbH subsidiary that makes all its truly fast cars, what would be the biggest difference I'd notice between it and its predecessor. "Oh, the handling for sure," he replied. "As you know the old car had some issues in this area. The new one does not."

Oddly enough I don't recall him mentioning that at the time. What I do remember very well is a vast barge of a car powered by a twin-turbo version of a 5.2-litre V10 engine usually used by Lamborghini. It gained speed at an astonishing rate and then didn't know what to do with it when you got to some corners. At the time I called it the ultimate blunt instrument and left lamenting yet another opportunity missed for Audi to put to bed its reputation for making family cars that were often fast but rarely fun.

The new car's 4-litre twin-turbo V8 actually develops 20 fewer horsepower than its predecessor but, because it has more torque, two extra gears and carries 100kg less weight, it's significantly



FACTFILE

£76,985

ENGINE
4.0 litres, eight cylinders, twin-turbocharged

POWER
552bhp @5700-6600rpm,

TORQUE
516lb ft @1750-5500rpm

TRANSMISSION
eight-speed automatic, four-wheel drive

0-62MPH 3.9sec
TOP SPEED 155mph (limited)

ECONOMY 28.8mpg
CO2 229g/km

faster, reaching the 62mph benchmark in 3.9sec. That makes it by far the quickest estate in the world. However Reil says the key to the car is that 75 of those kilos have come out of the car's nose, thereby transforming its handling for the better.

That's not what you notice when you first drive it, but only because it takes time to get your head around the idea of a full-size estate that'll out-accelerate Aston Martin's latest flagship Vanquish. At first it's hard not to laugh at its ferocious appetite for speed, so the only reason your dignity can stay even partially intact is that everyone else will be laughing, too. If I hadn't needed both hands on the wheel, I'd probably have broken out into spontaneous applause.



It also makes all the right noises, including ground-shaking thunder at low revs, a thrilling roar near 7000rpm and wonderfully gratuitous pops and bangs on the overrun.

Reil's right about the handling, at least if you choose the optional suspension. You'd expect the standard car to have steel springs and to pay extra for air, but with the RS6 the reverse is true. You put your hand in your pocket for coils because they come with three-way shock absorbers interconnected by oil lines running diagonally across the car to provide what Audi calls Dynamic Ride Control, which to you and me is actually a roll mitigation function. Compared to the last RS6, the car is now as a finely honed athlete to a tub of lard.

For me there has only been one super-estate worth considering until now: Mercedes' mammoth and marvellous E63 AMG. But henceforth I'd rank the RS6 alongside it, with the observation that were it not for the Merc's substantially bigger boot, it might even have beaten it. Given where this car has come from, that is an outstanding achievement. **Q**



FORD FIESTA ST

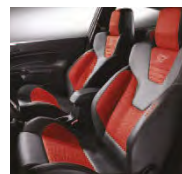
Blue Oval creates headache for rivals with sharp new sports hatch

FELL IN LOVE WITH FAST Fords as a teenager. I had a Metro, my mate Ben an XR2. He's since owned an Eagle-Weslake and a Cooper-Maserati while I've just bought a Peugeot 205GTI, but my jealousy of his cars was never greater than when watching his Ford disappear into the distance every time we met.

The new Fiesta ST evokes very accurately the spirit of the first fast Fiesta, now more than 30 years old. It's wildly more powerful and sophisticated

in every way but the essential proposition of the original – the provision of back-to-basics fun in a simple and above all affordable package – has stayed.

Its 1.6-litre turbo engine has a stated 179bhp, but thanks to a temporary overboost facility its real output is just shy of 200bhp. And while this makes it the first Fiesta to be capable of reaching 62mph from rest in under 7sec, it's really no more than a supporting act to a chassis tuned by people who know



FACTFILE

£16,995

ENGINE
1.6 litres, four cylinders, turbocharged

POWER
179bhp @5800rpm,

TORQUE
177lb ft @1500-5000rpm

TRANSMISSION
six-speed manual, front-wheel drive

0-62MPH 6.9sec
TOP SPEED 138mph
ECONOMY 47.9mpg
CO2 138g/km

exactly how such cars should behave. Indeed if you wanted a hatchback that's easier to steer on the throttle you'd need to come and try my Peugeot. But unlike the 205, which would throw you through a hedge without a backward glance, the Fiesta comes with electronic assistance to save you from yourself. It will oversteer if you so much as lighten mid-corner throttle pressure, but only if you've asked it to behave this way by shutting down the safety equipment.

Chums who've driven the ST in the UK say it's too stiffly suspended for our roads, and as I drove it only in Spain they might well have a point. But I'm not sure the young at whom it is aimed are remotely bothered by ride quality. I didn't even know what it was until, aged 23, I got a job on a car magazine and was forced to think about it.

One more thing: the Fiesta ST costs £16,995, less than Ford charges for some Fiestas with mere 1-litre engines. It also significantly undercuts its two most serious rivals in the market: the forthcoming RenaultSport Clio and Peugeot 208GTI. Even at the same money, they'll need to be brilliant just to get near it. 📧



Forghieri on Ferrari 1947 to present

Mauro Forghieri and Daniele Buzzonetti

"Unlike [Vittorio] Jano, I had the advantage of not being known in the GP world, so no way was I obstructed as I photographed the more interesting details of their cars..."

It's spring 1962 and young Mauro Forghieri is part of a Ferrari factory group on an exploratory mission to Britain, to see how companies based in motor racing's most productive nation go about their work. Such practice brought no charges of espionage in those days, nor \$100 million fines...

It's one of many charming throwaway paragraphs in former Ferrari linchpin Forghieri's new company history, much of the content drawn from his enduring stint with the company. He might not have been well known in 1962, but his name became synonymous with a firm he graced for almost three decades. Chassis, suspension, engines, transmissions – he hailed from an era when cars were designed by individuals rather than technical groups, and he was involved with all those elements.

Forghieri worked for Ferrari from 1960 to 1987, but the book covers 1947 to pretty much the present day, has a different slant from the norm and is splendidly illustrated throughout. You could rightfully claim that the world really doesn't need any more Ferrari books, but I'd counter that it will welcome this one. **SA**

Published by Giorgio Nada Editore Srl,
ISBN 978 88 7911 565 0, 60 euros

Silverstone Circuit Through Time

Anthony Meredith and Gordon Blackwell

It's hard to believe that a run-down old farm, surrounded on all sides by trees, fields and small rural villages, would one day become the state-of-the-art international racing circuit we all know today as Silverstone.

The transformation began in 1942 when the RAF commandeered a large site on which once sat local landmark Luffield Abbey. Buildings were erected and runways laid, forming the basic pattern of the circuit.

With the war over and military operations ceasing at the site in 1946, local car enthusiasts and car clubs started to use the perimeter road as a makeshift circuit. Astonishingly, with the help of locals, the RAC, the BRDC and several motor racing aristocrats, 1948 saw Silverstone host its first Grand Prix.

Ever since, the circuit has moved with the times and has been redeveloped and rebuilt on a constant cycle. However, there are still reminders of those early days wherever you

look, and this book shows, with the help of period photos next to those of today, how far the circuit has come. Though amusingly, 1960s images of muddy car parks show some things don't always change!

Many photos are from private sources and are not all of the best quality, but that matters little as they brilliantly convey the story of how a redundant airfield in the Northamptonshire countryside became the 'Home of British Motor Racing'. **DC**

Published by Amberley Publishing,
ISBN 9781 4456 06361, £9.99

Amédée Gordini A true racing legend

Roy Smith

Considering the Gordini name pops up in most European race reports through the Fifties, it's a surprise that there hasn't been an English book about the man before this. Roy Smith redresses that with a detailed biography of *Le Sorcier*, from footloose Italian immigrant settling in Paris through an interest in boxing to a constructor who at times was France's sole *tricolore*-waver on the track.

It's a story of relentless struggle for funds and support, ending with Renault's absorption of the firm, but Gordini's endless enthusiasm and prolific output make for an involving tale. Period interviews, drawings, adverts and exhaustive race listings break up the detailed text, which concludes with the Gordini name on Le Mans and Grand Prix winners – but by then the battling privateer was dead. **GC**

Published by Veloce Publishing,
ISBN 9781 84584317 5, £55

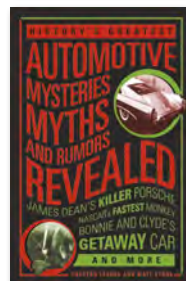
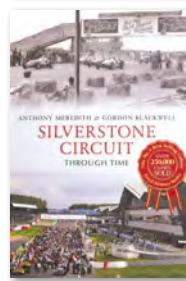
Race2Recovery Beyond injury, achieving the extraordinary

Regular readers of the magazine will know about Race2Recovery's mission, which involved a team of volunteers and injured servicemen taking on "an impossible dream": raising money and awareness for military charities by competing in the Dakar Rally.

I was lucky enough to accompany them on one of their training trips to the sand dunes of Morocco and saw first-hand what the team had to endure overcoming even the simplest of tasks. It was an amazing feat of determination that saw one of the four Wildcats making the finish of the rally in Santiago.

This is their story from the first seeds of an idea to the final remarkable completion of the Dakar in 2013. **EF**

Published by Haynes Publishing,
ISBN 978 0 85733 380 3, £17.99



History's greatest automotive mysteries, myths and rumors revealed

Preston Lerner and Matt Stone

If you have even a passing interest in automotive history, this book should make an entertaining casual read. It's not heavyweight stuff, but each subject is approached with care and attention to detail. And honestly, who isn't tickled by the thought of Clyde Barrow writing to Henry Ford, praising his new V8?

On the racing side, the 1933 Tripoli Grand Prix conspiracy theory, Mike Hawthorn's culpability at Le Mans in '55 and the story of the only monkey to win a NASCAR race all get due time under the microscope. While Lerner and Stone don't throw up any revelations, there are no attempts to sensationalise.

The stories are well told, fun and allowed to speak for themselves. **ACH**

Published by Motorbooks,
ISBN 978 0 7603 4260 2, £16.99

Sports Car Racing in the South

Texas to Florida 1959-1960

Willem Oosthoek

Specific? It sure is. But as specialist eras go, this proves a rich seam to mine.

Serial Maserati author Oosthoek presents the second of three volumes investigating an era when all manner of European exotica could be discovered pounding around a range of now long-forgotten airfield tracks across the southern states of the USA.

Say Fort Sumner, I think Billy the Kid. What about Muskogee, Oklahoma? It's got to be Merle Haggard. But instead we find Ferrari 250TRs, Lister-Chevys and Hap Sharp in a beaten up Cooper-Maserati. The incongruity of such cars set against large-scale flat American backdrops is fascinating.

Most of the best pictures were taken by Bob Jackson, a photographer who won a Pulitzer Prize for his image of Jack Ruby shooting Lee Harvey Oswald in Dallas. Turns out Lloyd Ruby was actually more his thing.

Jackson's shots of Carroll Shelby in his workshop preparing a beautiful 570S are a treat – and a youthful Jim Hall seems to crop up on every other page.

Some images sourced from elsewhere have been used at sizes beyond their quality, but the depth of detail is always impressive. And as befits a book of this price, it all comes complete in the inevitable glossy slip-case. **DS**
Published by Dalton Watson Fine Books,
ISBN 9781 85443 257 5, £95

We refresh, you react...

I am a firm believer in an old adage, "If it ain't broke, don't fix it".

Gone is your magazine's classy and familiar front cover, replaced by a design that could be from any magazine. The great Nigel Roebuck is pushed farther back into the magazine and placed after numerous new car tests – you are supposed to be *Motor SPORT*.

The great photographs from 'You Were There' seem to have been replaced by a cartoon. Dumbing down of the worst kind. If a story or biography is interesting, then tell the full story. I imagine the average reader has a long enough attention span to cope with a full article.

Why not focus your undoubted talents on the content quality?

You have turned a classic into a run-of-the-mill mag. As far as this now ex-reader is concerned, you have followed McLaren's lead and failed spectacularly, turning a Red Bull-Renault into a Marussia-Cosworth.

David Leah, by e-mail

Getting the green light

Congratulations on the updated look of the 'green 'un'. A couple of observations from a reader since the Fifties: liked the Jenks 'When they were new' – more of this, please. You must have an immense back catalogue of articles such as these – 'Continental Jottings' etc – and there would be no harm in dipping into it to see how things were. Some past work from the Bod would also be welcome. I liked the 'Technofile' explaining the latest F1 developments and the Guy Allen graphic story (I was winner of the Hill/Clark print from last year).

I do not like the size of the caption fonts – they're hard to read even with specs. But good effort. Keep it up.

Phil d'Arcy, Cheltenham, Glos

Thank you to those who've offered useful feedback on the changes. We've read, considered and discussed all comments, as we always do. DS

Cautionary Taylor

I'm inordinately fussy about getting every historical detail in my *Lunch With...* interviews correct. So I was deeply ashamed to realise, just after last month's

issue had gone irrevocably to press, that in my article with the great Tony Brooks I'd managed to misplace the 1959 American GP. As I knew perfectly well, it happened that year only at Sebring – not an ideal F1 venue – before moving to Riverside for 1960, and then to its long-term home at Watkins Glen. Entirely my fault, entirely not Tony's. My humble apologies to all readers. I am now standing in the corner, wearing a traditional dunce's crash helmet.

Simon Taylor, Chiswick, London

Lure unto itself

I would normally hesitate to buy the magazine if its cover picture was of a Grand Prix 'bike, but in the case of April who could possibly resist the lure of Barry Sheene?

I was a spectator at the Silverstone test day in 1982 when Barry had his huge accident. I witnessed the ball of fire on the approach to Woodcote and got to the scene within a few minutes where Barry, Jack Middleburg and their smashed machines were scattered. Medical help took a long time to reach the accident.

Prior to the mishap I was scared to watch the action because it was an open test session, with far too many bikes ranging from 50cc to 500cc on the circuit at once. The 500s were constantly weaving through the slower bikes and the speed differential was enormous. Little has been said about this aspect of the day, but an accident was inevitable.

Anyway, what a fantastic tribute you provided; the picture of Barry and James Hunt was a classic. It's quite amusing that we now consider Kimi Räikkönen to be exciting...

Aaron Walsh, Northampton, Northants

Wizard in Oz

Your recent feature on Barry Sheene reminded me about some of his observations as a MotoGP commentator in Australia back in the Nineties.

Television coverage at that time was hosted by Darrell Eastlake, a charismatic general sports commentator, with Barry the specialist providing technical back-up. It was a great match, Darrell with his loud and excitable style and Barry's down-to-earth descriptions of both on-track action and behind-the-scenes insight. Commentary 'incidents'

were frequent, but two memorable episodes come to mind. Firstly, as a rider parted company with his bike, Darrell commented that he was amazed at how riders can come off their bikes at speed, slide down the Tarmac not feeling a thing and nonchalantly walk away. He was quickly corrected by Barry's dry response: "I can assure you that sliding down the track with skin and bits coming off hurts like hell!"

Another time, Barry was explaining the concept and advantages of slipstreaming: "When a rider is breaking wind ahead of you down the straight..." There was an immediate embarrassed silence in the commentary box, with stifled sniffs and snorts as both tried to regain composure. Barry certainly had a way with words. How could you not like the man?

Graeme Tomlinson, Tungkillo, South Australia

Elan trailer-blazers

A good day today: my *Motor Sport* arrived with an article about Lotus Elans. In my youth I had many Elans, starting with an S1 and then a much-loved S2 with modified arches and a tow bar. I moulded steel strips into the boot floor, in order that the attachment could easily be removed. It took my girlfriend (now wife) and I 3500 miles around Yugoslavia, towing our trailer complete with full-size tent, tables, chairs and large gas cylinder. The only mod to the engine was removal of the thermostat to get more water moving.

John Gray, Seaton Hole, Devon 

The future Mrs Gray poses with modified Elan S2 during a '60s trip to Yugoslavia



Masters of disguise

Referring to Malcolm Clube's letter in April, I am sure many others agree with his comments about today's F1. Who can see the numbers on the cars, or even relate to drivers because some of them change helmets from race to race? Almost all engines sound the same, too – unlike when there used to be V12s, DFVs and so on.

James Cowles, Moraira, Spain

Fire: a driver's worst fear

Sterling stuff from Doug Nye in the April issue about fire – the thing most feared by every racing driver.

For some reason I found my Lola T210s and 212s (2-litre sports cars) seemed to enjoy trying to incinerate me. A puncture sent me into a brick wall in Vila Real in 1970 and all we salvaged was a buckled crankshaft with four bent rods attached. At the 1971 Targa Florio, my 2-litre Lola lost a wheel on the straight back to the pits. The car hit a couple of barriers and then blew up, but luckily I was thrown clear when the seatbelt bolts pulled out.

Brian Redman had a fiery accident that weekend in his Porsche 908/3, but was hauled to safety by quick-to-act bystanders. All John Wyer got back was a flat-plane crank with eight rods attached. It came out of a large hole in the road after the blaze died down...

Alain de Cadenet, Kensington, London

Loud and clear

I read Nigel Roebuck's April article with interest. Sound does matter. I was at Silverstone for the British Grand Prix in 1971 when Reine Wisell drove the Lotus 56 gas turbine car. It just swished past almost noiselessly and I thought it would be the death of GP racing if all cars were the same. At Silverstone a few years later, I was late and stuck in traffic. I sat and listened with car windows open, stomach churning with excitement, even though I was a mile or so from the circuit.

Noise doesn't just matter – it's a critical part of the whole experience.

Roger Stretton, Fritton, Norfolk

Obedience classes

As we all know, the higher-ups wanted to toss team orders out of the window

Lotus 12, Jaguar XK SS, Aston Martin Mk3 and the Rigg-Fairfield team bus



some years ago... and now they've come back. It amazes me, though, that these are ignored or questioned.

My mother was John Wyer's secretary from 1949-1956, and she recalls: "John would put out a signal and it was to be obeyed. But it was up to the drivers, if they were being caught, to do what they had to do to stay out front, unless otherwise signalled by John."

Also, there were some great photos in the race transporter story. On p106 you showed the BMC/MG rig – and the man in the funny hat is my dear old dad! He joined MG for the 1955/56 season and was in charge of customer racing support. He drove the MG rig numerous times in the 1955 season.

Before that he was with Aston Martin and often drove the team transporter, a converted London bus with a three-cylinder two-stroke diesel. He told me, "I was hard-pressed to keep up with my Ferrari pals across Italy one night on our way to a party. Their V12 Fiat would out-drag us, then they'd slow up and wait. I was flat out all the way!"

Michael Green, Livermore, California, USA

Bus man's holler day


We just loved the recent article about transporters. When Mark Rigg and I started racing with the VSCC in the Sixties, we took our Riley in a converted Bedford bus. As the equipe expanded it was replaced by the ex-Mike Hawthorn London bus [above]. This had a Gardener six-cylinder diesel, pre-selector gearbox and indifferent brakes. It could accommodate one car up top via a lift operated by a large starter motor, plus two more lower down. It would do 55-60mph on the flat, but coming back from a meeting at Pembrey I discovered its brakes were not really suited to Welsh mountains...

Mike Virr, Fairfield, Connecticut, USA

Tails of the unexpected

In your recent JD Classics article, I noted reference to a "Buick-powered Mini... built by someone in the 60s". That someone was Jeff Goodliff, and the driver was Harry Radcliffe. Your comment about handling was correct: it was like throwing a hammer shaft-first. Harry frequently led races until about half-way, when the weight of fuel in the front-mounted tank no longer balanced the V8 and Harry invariably spun off.

As Harry remembers: "It was the best and worst thing I ever did, the best thing being the publicity it brought us. It was lethal to drive but very nicely built, using an upside-down E-type differential at the front and an E-type gearbox at the rear. It was front-wheel drive, but oversteered nicely because all the weight was in the back."

Derek Greenwood, Crieff, Perthshire 

Reader trip to the Le Mans 24 Hours



Join us at this year's Le Mans 24 Hours as we celebrate its 90th anniversary with a self-drive package trip to the race.

This year we've teamed up with Speed Chills, the UK's largest provider of private camping at Le Mans, to offer our readers an opportunity to join the Motor Sport team at the race. You'll have access to our comfortable clubhouse, first-class camping facilities and pre-race talks with the editorial team, not to mention a complimentary car sticker and well-deserved cold drink upon arrival.

Prices start at £229 per person based on four people in a car via Dover/Calais and includes general admission race tickets.

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1



2



3



4



5

DAVID McLAUGHLIN

Historic F1 racer and organiser David McLaughlin went to the French GP in 1968 without passes. While he struggled with unhelpful officials, “Ken Tyrrell walked over and said ‘will these help?’ and gave us two paddock passes!” Hence these shots from the demanding Rouen circuit **1** Bruce McLaren inspects the front end of his M7A... **2** ...and checks settings on a micrometer **3** This shot, says David, shows “the grandeur of Rouen – and the ravine where so many perished” **4** Racer and spare Ferrari 312 for Chris Amon; note dainty wing **5** Honda team with V12 car that will take Surtees to second place **6** It was the circuit’s sinuous nature that made it great – but also dangerous



6

SEND US YOUR IMAGES

If you have any images that might be suitable for *You Were There*, please send them to:

Motor Sport,
38 Chelsea Wharf,
15 Lots Road,
London SW10 0QJ

or email them to:
editorial@motorsportmagazine.co.uk



McRae Trophy awarded to Robert Kubica

Robert Kubica was presented with the Colin McRae ERC Flat Out Trophy in March, acknowledging his performance in the Rally Islas Canarias El Corté Ingles. It was the Pole's European Rally Championship debut.

The trophy is awarded annually to the driver who best exemplifies 2012 Hall of Fame inductee McRae's all-or-nothing spirit behind the wheel. Kubica certainly did that, leading by more than a minute after the first eight stages before crashing.



Upon receiving the trophy from ERC co-ordinator Jean-Pierre Nicolas, Kubica explained: “When I hit the brakes I lost the rear of the car and I had to reduce the pressure [on the brakes] otherwise I would have spun. I tried to do the corner but I didn't reduce enough speed. It's a shame.

“It's a great pleasure for me to win this award,” he added, with a smile. “Colin was a great driver and I supported him when I was young. Normally winners are only at the finish but this trophy gives us a bit of satisfaction after this tough ending. Colin is always in our hearts.”

Log on to:
www.motorsportmagazine.com/halloffame

for more on Colin McRae, including the story of his early career and how he won the 1995 World Rally Championship for Subaru

PLUS videos and career photo galleries



Nigel Roebuck

Thoughts on the artifice of contemporary Formula 1, the brittle nature of sporting relationships and the sense of duty that united team-mates in simpler, distant times...

LEWIS HAMILTON TOOK POLE position for the Chinese Grand Prix, followed by Kimi Räikkönen and Fernando Alonso, but on race day their positions were reversed, with the Ferrari winning conclusively from the Lotus and the Mercedes. Given what Alonso achieved in 2012, at the wheel of a very average car, his rivals will have been unsettled by the pace – the *apparent* pace, anyway – of Maranello’s latest.

I say ‘apparent’ because afterwards Alonso was at pains to stress that, yes, the car had worked well in Shanghai,

but at another circuit, in contrasting weather conditions, it might be a different matter, and the first thing he said was, “Tyre degradation was better than expected...” Meantime Hamilton, while gratified to be on the podium for the second race running, found the very opposite with his Mercedes.

Shanghai – even more than Sepang – was *all* about tyres, in particular Pirelli’s soft compound, which Lewis described as, “Just a joke – completely the wrong tyre for this circuit...”

In this era of Formula 1, radio conversation between pits and drivers appears to be at an all-time high, and you can understand why, for increasingly those in the cockpit need instructions as to what they should do. ‘Saving tyres’, after all, has become the mantra of the business.

Perhaps the most telling words of the Chinese Grand Prix came from Jenson Button, who first of all enquired about the age of Hamilton’s tyres, and then asked, “Do we want to fight?”

If ever there were a question redundant through the history of F1, it was surely this, yet one understood only too well why Jenson was asking it. What he meant was, ‘Do I go fast – or carry on cruising?’ Later in the race, as different tyre strategies played themselves out, McLaren again got on the blower to Button, essentially telling him to forget about Alonso,

Räikkönen and Hamilton: “We’re racing Vettel – let’s close up to him...” You have permission, my boy, to put your foot down.

In my last newsletter on the *Motor Sport* website, I wrote about tyres in F1, offering the opinion that the whole business of ‘deliberately inefficient tyres’ – a concept many understandably find difficult to grasp in the first place – had now gone too far. As qualifying in Shanghai unfolded, the same thought struck again, and even more forcibly. Even before it began, Ross Brawn reckoned some teams would sit out Q3, and was anyone surprised? The soft Pirelli may have been significantly quicker – a second and a half a lap – than the medium, but so limited was its lifespan that going into the race with it guaranteed a pitstop within a handful of laps, at which point those starting on the medium tyres would take over at the front...

So, what to do? Mercedes, Lotus, Ferrari and Toro Rosso (with an inspired Daniel Ricciardo) opted to go for it, and duly took the first seven places on the grid, but Red Bull (Vettel), McLaren (Button) and Sauber (Hülkenberg) decided otherwise, their drivers tooling around on medium Pirellis, and recording ‘no time’. This was hardly what Bernie Ecclestone had in mind when he originally conceived the knock-out qualifying system, and afterwards Jenson felt honour-bound to apologise to the fans.

As it turned out, the ‘start on mediums’ ploy failed, and for that we should all be grateful, for had it succeeded it would quickly have become the norm, at which point Q3, rather than being a highlight of the weekend, would have degenerated into farce.

Many folk think F1 wonderful the way it is at the moment. They like the ‘lottery’ aspect, the constant ‘overtaking’ engendered by proliferating DRS zones and tyres in differing states of degradation: as long as it looks exciting, it matters not whether that excitement is created of itself or by artifice. It is not ‘motor racing’ as I have always understood it – but then I admit that if there’s a sport on earth that does nothing for me it’s basketball, where the incessant ‘scoring’ causes me swiftly to glaze over.

Funny now to remember that in F1 circles NASCAR used to be ridiculed for tampering with the rules for the sake of ‘the show’. ❏



“IT IS NOT MOTOR RACING
AS I HAVE ALWAYS
UNDERSTOOD IT”

Look hard enough, and you can find irony in anything. When Pirelli won the contract to become the solus tyre supplier in F1, the company was given clear instructions as to the sort of product 'the show' required. In this, as I said in the newsletter, it has undoubtedly succeeded, and if many find the current tyre situation bordering on the absurd, no blame should attach to Pirelli *per se*. The fault lies with the powers-that-be, but these are the days of CVC and we should remember that Grand Prix racing is now 'a commodity' rather than a sport.

As for the irony... well, the idea behind 'deliberately inefficient' tyres was that they would spice up the show, but if they have led to more order changes, thanks to the frequency of pitstops, they have also made *genuine* overtaking more difficult, for so thick and wide is the pile of 'marbles' all around the circuit nowadays that the actual 'racing line' is narrowed to the point that it takes on the aspect of a dry line on a wet track.

Go off-line into the marbles and see what happens the next time you turn the steering-wheel: not enough. So clumpy is this stuff that, after

the race in Shanghai, Ross Brawn reported a build-up of it on the front wing of Hamilton's Mercedes, which had caused the car to understeer: only when it eventually fell off did Lewis get the balance back again.

I remember something else Ross said, at the end of last season. No fan of DRS, he suggested that it was anyway no longer necessary: high-degradation tyres were in themselves quite enough to provide the frequent order changes required for 'the show'. This season, though, the significance of DRS has only increased, both in the number of zones, and in the length of those zones, and it seemed to me in China that some overtaking moves were achieved with way too much ease.

Having said that, I'll admit that no one was more frustrated than I by that long period in F1 when, thanks to the overwhelming significance of aerodynamics, overtaking was rarely seen, and I don't underestimate the difficulties involved in arriving at a set of regulations that get the balance right, so that passing is possible – but not easy. Think of Mika Häkkinen's move on Schumacher at the top of the hill at Spa:

“WEBBER MAKES
LITTLE SECRET
OF HIS FEELINGS
ABOUT THE WAY F1 IS”



it happened 13 years ago, and we talk about it still.

Mark Webber, always more prepared than any other driver to be straightforward, even controversial, makes little secret of his feelings about the way F1 is at the moment. In Malaysia he spoke of the frustrations of 'driving at 80 per cent', and in China followed up with an observation that aspects of the contemporary sport put him in mind of the WWF (World Wrestling Federation). Some brilliant minds work tirelessly to make racing cars as fast and efficient as they can be – and then on Sunday afternoons they are required to cruise. Can't be right, can it?

His Shanghai weekend was one Webber will wish to forget – perhaps even more than the one in Sepang. For one thing, he had the fall-out from the fall-out with Vettel to deal with; for another, he ran out of fuel in Q2 (spawning ludicrous accusations against Red Bull from conspiracy theorists), and was then ordered to start last because not enough of a fuel sample could be provided for testing; for another yet, he left from the pits and made good progress until tangling with the supposedly 'friendly' Toro Rosso of Jean-Eric Vergne. Finally – immediately after stopping for tyres and a new nose – he had to pull off when his right rear wheel departed. I was reminded of something Jochen Rindt said during his wretchedly unlucky season in 1969: "I don't know what I've done to deserve this – maybe in a previous life I ran over a nun..."

Webber is not one to live in regrets, but in the recent past it must have at least crossed his mind that last summer, when Felipe Massa's departure from Ferrari was considered a formality, he turned down the offer to partner Alonso in 2013. Fernando, unlike his current team-mate, has long been a friend, but Ferrari hardly had an ultra-competitive car at the time, and in the end Mark quite reasonably concluded that that counted for more than anything else. There is, after all, only one Adrian Newey.

That said, like everyone else, Webber will have taken due note of what happened in China. As I write ahead of Bahrain, 16 races remain in 2013, so it's indeed early days, but Alonso's 31st Grand Prix victory seemed remarkably straightforward. "There's no need to push," said his race engineer Andrea Stella, as he reeled off late laps a second quicker than anyone else. "I'm not pushing..." said Fernando.

"EVERY YEAR I TAKE A SLIGHTLY TOUGHER attitude to drivers..."

The 1981 Brazilian Grand Prix (above) did much to foster this thought in the mind of Frank Williams. Carlos Reutemann and Alan Jones had qualified his cars second and third, and in the race they ran 1-2 from start to finish. Afterwards,

though, there were ructions, for by the terms of Reutemann's contract he should finish behind Jones if both Williams were running in good order at the end of a race.

It had been that way the previous year, when Reutemann joined Williams, but he accepted that the team was on a crusade to get Jones to a World Championship it felt he deserved. Oddly, though, even after that had been achieved, the clause remained in Reutemann's contract. If Williams later acknowledged that had probably been a mistake, one never understood why Carlos accepted it in the first place.

He did, though, which was why his team-mate expected him to move over in the closing laps at Rio, and was incensed when he did not. "I'd like to think," Alan said, "that when you shake a bloke's hand in

December, and sign contracts, he doesn't pretend a couple of months later that it didn't happen. If he didn't like it, he shouldn't have signed it..."

Carlos didn't deny any of it. "Alan had a reason to be upset – I can't disagree with that – but when I saw the pit signal, telling me to let him through, I thought to myself, 'Right, if I give way now, I stop right here in the middle of the track and leave immediately for my farm. Finish. Not a racing driver any more'. Alan says he doesn't trust me now, and he's right – he shouldn't..."

Come the end of the season, in Las Vegas, Reutemann was in the running for the World Championship, whereas Jones was not. No one forgets where the hatchet is buried, and after qualifying I asked Alan – tongue in cheek – if he would be helping his team-mate in the race. "Oh, absolutely!" he laughed. "I mean, I consider it my life's work..." Who, someone asked, did he hope would win the title – Reutemann or Piquet? "Couldn't care less," he said. "No time for either of them..."

As a journalist, you knew where you were with Jones and, as a team owner, Williams thought he did, too. Thus he was more than disappointed when Alan – out of the blue – told him at Monza that he'd be retiring at the season's end. It was very

late in the day to begin the search for a top-line replacement.

In December I went to Frank's home to interview him. "It's true," he said, "that Carlos ignored the terms of his contract at Rio and for that we exercised a certain penalty – in effect, he didn't get paid for that race.

"After that, though, the matter was forgotten, as far as Patrick [Head] and I were concerned – frankly, I just found the whole thing very boring! All I care about is Williams Grand Prix Engineering and the points we earn – don't give a toss who scores them, frankly. Why should I care which driver wins? They're only employees, after all..."

Simpler times, but of course this controversy – along with several others – came back to me on the day of the Malaysian Grand Prix, when Sebastian Vettel ignored Red Bull team orders and passed Mark Webber in the late laps.

Perhaps I should say immediately that what I found more dispiriting than Vettel's actions – which did not wholly surprise me – was the response of some, inside the paddock and out, to what he had done. In interviews, and on websites all over the place, many condemned Sebastian's behaviour – but plenty suggested he now stood even higher in their estimation, the gist of their remarks that Vettel was a *real* racing driver, and this was what real racing drivers did. Any means, in other words, justified the end.

The facts of Sepang were straightforward. Webber, having led most of the race, made his final tyre stop after his team-mate and, as he came back out, Vettel was right on him. If Mark had assumed that Sebastian was going to hold station – the fabled 'Multi 21' scenario, indicating that car 2 should finish ahead of car 1 – he was to be swiftly disabused: 'Multi 12' was what Vettel had in mind, and for several corners the Red Bulls came perilously close to taking each other off.

On the pit wall the body language of Adrian Newey and Christian Horner spoke volumes: apart from mere concerns about tyres, was this to be a repeat of Istanbul in 2010, when the Red Bulls, running at the front, had a coming-together? "This is silly, Seb, come on..." said Horner, but he was wasting his breath.

Coming up to the flag, Vettel did his usual triumphal swerving around number, and if there were none of the usual whooping on the slowing-down lap, as he climbed from the car in *parc fermé* inevitably there came that remarkably unattractive '1' finger jab for the cameras. On this occasion two fingers – in the direction of his team – might have been more apposite. ■



All the indications at this stage were that Vettel was treating this as just another of his umpteen Grand Prix victories, and it was only in the following minutes that it began to dawn on him that, ‘Hang on, maybe this isn’t going down too well...’ Prior to going on the podium, a stony-faced Webber quietly said, ‘Multi 21, Seb – Multi 21...’ and neither was Newey smiling as he spoke to Vettel. Elation on the podium was in short supply.

“Apologies to Mark,” Vettel disingenuously said afterwards. “For sure it’s not a victory I’m very proud of, because it should have been Mark’s, but now the result is there and all I can say is that I didn’t do it deliberately...”

Human error, then. I was reminded of Max Mosley’s fatuous remarks about Michael Schumacher’s attempt to take out Jacques Villeneuve in their championship-deciding race at Jerez in 1997: “The World Motor Sport Council has come to the conclusion that, although the act was apparently deliberate, it was instinctive and not premeditated...” It was the build-up to Mosley’s announcement that Schumacher, to all intents and purposes, was going to escape punishment. A momentary silence in the room was punctured by my colleague Alan Henry: “Excuse me – is this April the first?”

Vettel, as we have many a time seen, is adept at coming across as a sort of winsome schoolboy, and there’s no doubt that in the right mood he can be as personable as he is bright. Some schoolboys, though, stamp their feet when they don’t get their own way, and when things don’t go right for Sebastian a somewhat different persona emerges – indeed long before the constant winning began, a Red Bull man confided that never before had he seen toys come flying out of the pram with such vigour.

“I think,” said Martin Brundle at the end of last season, “the happy-go-lucky kid, coming into the paddock with his rucksack on, has disappeared – and the real Seb has stepped forward. When things go wrong, he doesn’t cope with it particularly graciously, does he?”

Perhaps the most telling remark, in the post-race fall-out in Sepang, was from Horner, who said that the team had not considered ordering Vettel not to pass Webber – or indeed later to hand back the lead to him – because there would have been no point: Christian knew, to put it another way, that Sebastian was beyond his control.

Nor should we have been surprised, for, thanks to Helmut Marko, the culture at Red Bull has long been that Vettel is the Second Messiah, and everyone is entitled to his opinion. Interviewed in the winter by *Red Bulletin*, the company’s house magazine, Marko shored up this perception, at the same time denigrating Webber. Since the Malaysian controversy, he has come forth with the excuses traditional in situations of this kind: he had been misquoted, something had been lost in translation, he hadn’t meant to come across as so critical and so on. A career in mainstream politics clearly beckons.

After Sepang Bernie Ecclestone was asked for his feelings on the matter, and his response was predictable: “If I was Sebastian Vettel – having won three World Championships for the team – and somebody came on the radio to me, and starting giving instructions, I’d probably do exactly the same as Kimi Räikkönen did when they gave him some instructions the other day...”

At this point Bernie appeared to have gone off *piste*, and he temporarily lost me. Presumably he was talking about Abu Dhabi last

November, when, during a safety car period, Kimi’s race engineer reminded him to keep his tyres and brakes warm, and received short shrift for his trouble. Quite how this was comparable with Vettel’s conduct in Malaysia was not immediately obvious.

“Show me a good loser, and I’ll show you a loser,” Ecclestone went on, trotting out Vince Lombardi’s familiar line. “Sebastian is a winner...” That much we already knew, but perhaps, when asked if disciplinary action should be taken against Vettel, Bernie fleetingly remembered his own days as a team owner. “I don’t think I’d give that any consideration,” he said, “but I think I’d say, ‘Sebastian, in future don’t make me look an idiot...’”

No one would have expected any other reaction from Bernie, whose priority is keeping the gentlemen of CVC happy, which in turn means keeping Formula 1 as ‘saleable’ as possible, come the day the private equity bunch decides to move it on. The emphasis is these days on ‘showbiz’ to a degree one would once have believed unthinkable.

As well as that, Ecclestone might be second only to Marko in his devotion to Vettel. Sebastian, as we know, is a clever lad, and not the least of his talents is cultivating pedigree chums. As Brundle puts it, “Vettel’s a smart boy, no doubt about it – on Bernie’s birthday he’ll have a present for him, and all the rest of it. Simple little things for a billionaire, but the clever drivers have always engaged Bernie: Nelson, Niki, Michael, now Seb...”

All those years ago Messrs Jones and Reutemann duly posed for a publicity photograph, smiling and shaking hands, and if it was comically false – the picture made you think of boxers touching gloves – the hope was that it would persuade the world that all was again sweetness and light between them, that they had ‘moved on’.

Something similar might have been expected from Red Bull when the clans reassembled in China, after a three-week break. Webber was plainly simmering in the Sepang paddock, but he kept a lid on it pretty well, saying that he was going back to Australia to do some surfing, and his ‘phone would be off. As for Vettel, he made an appearance at the factory in Milton Keynes, where he was apparently profuse in his apologies. In China it was expected that there would be the usual platitudes about ‘all professionals together’ etc.

In point of fact, it wasn’t like that at all. In a press conference Vettel, coming across as a sort of cherubic hitman, now said he made no

apology for winning in Malaysia, that he hadn’t understood the team’s requiring him to stay behind Webber – but that even if he had, he would have ignored it. What was more, he added, were the same situation to arise in the future, he would do exactly the same. Having said in Sepang that the victory ‘should have been Mark’s’, he now said that he hadn’t deserved it – that in effect this had been payback for Webber’s ‘not helping the team’ – ie S Vettel – in the past.

Sebastian used the word ‘honest’ a lot in the conference, but surely the honest path would have been to make clear from the outset, “No, not interested in ‘Multi 21’ or anything like that, thanks – I’m going for it”, because then at least Webber would have known where he stood.

It was all a little Senna-esque. I have never forgotten Ayrton’s response, at a press conference long ago, when he was asked if he had learned from his mistakes: “What mistakes?”

In China any show of bogus contrition from Vettel had clearly gone for good, and one wondered what thoughts had gone through his mind



“ON THIS OCCASION
TWO FINGERS
MIGHT HAVE
BEEN MORE
APPOSITE”

in the interim between the two Grands Prix, for although this apparently amounted to a *volte-face*, one little doubted that it reflected his true feelings on the matter. Why, though, had Sebastian now chosen to go public with it? To whom had he spoken since Sepang? I'm sure we all have our own ideas.

Perhaps most significant of all was Vettel's response when asked if any sanction had been imposed on him by the team. "Sanction as in 'punishment'? Maybe it is a little bit of a dreamland that you all live in, but what do you expect to happen?"

What was it Sam Spiegel said about Hollywood? "You make a star, you make a monster..."

One way and another, there must have been many an interesting conversation in the days after the Malaysian race. Dietrich Mateschitz, I was told by someone who should know, was thoroughly displeased by the events in Sepang, just as he had been by Marko's derogatory remarks about Webber in *Red Bulletin*. For all Mateschitz is inevitably aware of Vettel's value to his team – to his *company* – he is also perhaps Webber's greatest supporter in the whole set-up: indeed, in the past I have heard tell of his refusal to countenance Mark's being replaced in the team.

Now, though, the gloves are off, and Red Bull's official policy is that there are no more team orders. No surprise, this, for what other course was open? Vettel's attitude to them is now a matter of record, anyway, and it was unlikely – to say the least – that henceforth Webber would

have shown much interest in them, either. The two of them never liked each other from the beginning and any pretence of comradeship may now be dropped. Lewis and Fernando must be rubbing their hands.

Gerhard Berger had some interesting observations to make about the events in Sepang. "To win a couple of Grands Prix," he said, "is a very tough thing – you need to be talented and committed, and so on. But to win *championships* you need also to be extremely selfish – it's you, and nothing else. If you look at Senna or Schumacher, that's exactly how they were, and Vettel is the same. He doesn't sit at a table and debate who will win in which situation – no, he sits there, and says, 'I want to win everything. I want to be with the best team, in the best car – and I want to be the best all the time'.

"Vettel is not doing this because he wants to hurt Webber, to be unfair – he's doing it because he just wants to win. Think of Senna with Prost at Imola (in 1989): they had a clear agreement with Ron Dennis that whoever won the start would go into the first corner in front. Everything was fine – until Prost won the start, and Senna overtook him at the first corner! Afterwards Prost said, 'What's going on? We had an agreement...' But Senna couldn't do any different..."

Nonsense, of course. Senna, like Vettel, *could* have done it differently: he just chose not to.

That day at Imola was the beginning of the end of any sort of rapport between Prost and Senna. "Our McLarens were easily quickest in qualifying," said Alain, "and there was no point in risking anything" ❑



Raging Bulls: Vettel leads Webber during the controversy-ridden Malaysian Grand Prix

stupid on the first lap, so we made this agreement, which Ayrton broke – and it had been his idea! That was him, though: he had his own rules, and that was it. In his own mind, he was always right – on the track and off. No, I didn't like a lot of the things he did – but how often was he sanctioned? Never..."

While I understand what Berger was getting at, I take issue with his conclusion – which is effectively to absolve such as Senna and Schumacher and Vettel of any responsibility for their excesses: "Ayrton could have said, 'Excuse me, I made a mistake...' – but next time he would do exactly the same, because that was the way his brain was. Now they're all criticising Vettel – but I wouldn't criticise him, because, to be fair to him, his brain doesn't work this way. At the end of the day, with guys like this there is no agreement – unless it is to their advantage..."

What Berger appears to be saying is that duplicity – a characteristic that can swiftly get you locked up in normal life – is somehow excusable in certain people, that we shouldn't reasonably *expect* such folk to behave honestly and fairly.

Sorry, Gerhard, but I don't buy it. In the professional sport of this hard-nosed 21st century, I understand that brattish behaviour is apparently to be lauded, 'sportsmanship' to be mocked, but it is possible to be both fiercely competitive – a *real* racing driver – and honourable, as anyone can attest who ever knew Ronnie Peterson or Gilles Villeneuve. And before someone springs up to say, 'Ah – but they never won the World Championship, did they?', let me mention Jacques Villeneuve, a man who inherited his father's values.

In conversation with his 1996 Williams team-mate Damon Hill in Shanghai, JV said this: "You have to think about yourself, to a certain extent, because that's how you build your career, but you also have to play the game: you have to work for your team. That doesn't mean helping your team-mate, but you have to respect him, and never do anything that will be detrimental to him in a way that will then be detrimental to your team. It is possible to trust a driver to keep agreements, but it's down to personality: you need respect – and also honour. There's no point in winning without honour – unless it's the only win you'll ever have in your career, and it'll be in the book as your one win, fine. But when you've won three championships, and a lot of races, winning one more – without honour – is pointless.

"Kids grow up today never being told 'no' – and so they have no concept of what honour is: in racing, even if you do something unacceptable, it's great, you're a real winner – but ultimately you're not. Of course today you can see in the forums that most journalists and fans think it's great – that's how a champion should be. I think the opposite. There have been some ruthless champions in the past – but to me that's not being a big man, not being a hero. At Williams, we knew we could have a fair fight, but at the same time I don't remember either of us zig-zagging down the straight – it was proper, fair, racing. Respectful. You and I, if we drove today with honour, we might get our butts kicked!"

Villeneuve well knows whereof he speaks, and so, for that matter, does Hill, although in one respect Jacques got off more easily than

Damon, for while Schumacher's attempt to take him out of their 1997 title-decider failed, a similar move on Hill, in Adelaide three years earlier, did not.

On a very personal level, too, Villeneuve well knows what a team-mate's duplicity can lead to: thank God the cars are safer now than they were in 1982.

SOMETHING THAT CAME BACK TO ME, THROUGH all the debate of the rights and wrongs in Malaysia, was a conversation I had with Ronnie Peterson on race morning at Zandvoort in 1978.

That year, it will be remembered, Peterson had returned to Lotus, as Mario Andretti's team-mate, and at the time of the announcement there had been some surprise, for Ronnie, after a season in the Tyrrell six-wheeler, was at a low point in his career – indeed it was only funding from a personal sponsor that got him back into the team he had left a couple of years earlier.

The situation at Lotus was similar to the one Reutemann found when he joined Williams, in the sense that the team was determined that its

established number one driver should win the World Championship he deserved. Andretti, Colin Chapman stressed to Peterson, had dragged Lotus back from the depths and 1978 was to be his year.

Ronnie had no problem with that. It may not have been an ideal situation for a driver of his quality, but he knew that the Lotus team was back on its game, and here was the opportunity to resurrect his reputation. The contract he signed called for him to finish, in normal circumstances, behind Mario, and he accepted it.

The iconic Lotus 79 was, of course, the class of the field in 1978, and Andretti built up a clear lead in the World Championship. Through the first half of the season, indeed, he had a discernible edge over Peterson, but thereafter there was frequently an impression that Ronnie was obediently hanging back.

By the time of Zandvoort, in late August, the word was that Peterson would be leaving Lotus at season's end, and going to McLaren. "If I were Ronnie," another driver – a lesser light – said, "I'd just go for it from now on. He's leaving Lotus – what's he got to lose?"

On race morning Peterson confirmed to me that he was indeed going to McLaren for 1979 and, yes, he was looking forward to being a number one driver again. Even though he and Andretti were close friends, I wondered how

difficult it had been for him, keeping to the terms of his contract.

"Sometimes it's been frustrating," he admitted, "but you have to remember the situation when I came back to Lotus – I was *very* happy to have the chance! As well, the 79 wouldn't be the car it is without Mario – he's fantastic at sorting a car, and for several races he was definitely quicker than I was. He deserves to be World Champion this year."

Then I mentioned to Ronnie what the other driver had said – that now he was leaving Lotus, and had nothing to lose by ignoring his contract. He was affronted. "Listen," he said, "I had open eyes when I signed the contract – and I also gave my word. If I break it now, who will ever trust me again?" ☑



**"IF I BREAK MY
WORD NOW
WHO WILL
EVER TRUST
ME AGAIN?"**

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“The 911 is the only car that you can drive from an African safari to Le Mans, then to the theatre and onto the streets of New York.”

Ferry Porsche




FIFTY YEARS AGO, no one at the International Motor Show in Frankfurt could have imagined that a little, rear-engined sports car – it looked like the VW Beetle’s prettier, slimmer younger sister – would become the most beloved, enduring and instantly recognisable automobile in the world. They had no way of knowing that the 901, as it was originally named, would be the bedrock of an incredible story that turned Porsche into Ferrari’s only challenger as the most famous car maker in the world. And they would surely have scoffed at the notion that this air-cooled coupé, with a flat-six motor hung over its back axle, would become the most important competition car of the 20th century.

Porsche boasts a racer with strong claims for the title of ‘greatest ever’. The 917 – in K, *Langheck* or Can-Am spyder form – might win that contest, depending on your point of view. But when it comes to length of service, success in a wide range of disciplines and sheer weight of numbers, there’s nothing that comes close to the 911 – in all its glorious forms.

This is the car that has won everything from the Monte Carlo Rally, in the snow of two different decades, to the most gruelling long-distance sports car races at the Nürburgring, Spa, Le Mans

and Daytona, something accomplished in every era of its existence. It has even conquered the deserts and rocky terrains of the Paris-Dakar and Safari rallies. And every lesson learnt on track and stage has been fed back into seven generations of desirable performance road cars.

More than 820,000 have rolled off the production line in Stuttgart-Zuffenhausen during the past half-century. Fifty years on from its unveiling, as the great marque prepares for its long-awaited return to Le Mans with an all-new prototype in 2014, what has the factory team chosen to sharpen its match fitness this June? What else but the latest iteration of its classic design, the 991, of course.

As we prepare for a summer of 50th birthday celebrations, the great Vic Elford tells us his personal story of how he helped pioneer the competition credentials of the 911. We also transport you to the stunning Porsche Museum in Zuffenhausen to cherry-pick a small range of the models that have written so many key chapters in our sport’s history. Even here at the greatest collection of Porsches you’ll ever see, we only touched the tip of a very deep iceberg. It’s a story that has many years still to run. 



GVB 911D returns to Lydden Hill in 2013.
Below, Vic Elford faces a sustained
attack in the same car (and at the
same location) in 1967



The Power of Persuasion

Porsche had no plans for a 911 competition programme in the 1960s... until a prominent driver forced a rethink

writer VIC ELFORD | photographer MATTHEW HOWELL





The ground-breaking 911's current owner Rob Russell laps Lydden. Above, Elford tackles the 1967 Monte Carlo Rally. Left, period Vic



BY THE MIDDLE OF 1966, my third year driving for Ford, everything was falling apart. Retirement from the Monte Carlo Rally with a fuel pump failure; disqualification after winning the Rally of the

Flowers in Italy because of mistakes in the homologation paperwork; retirement from the Coupe des Alpes after leading the entire rally when the distributor broke 40km from the finish in Cannes.

What could I do about it?

I had seen the first privately entered Porsche 911s on rallies and there was something about the car that stirred me into thinking it would be a winner. In Cannes I sought out Baron Huschke von Hanstein, Porsche's competition manager, and over a delicious lunch by the pool of the Hotel Martinez told him of my disappointing year with Ford (which, of course, he knew about) and my vision for the future. Unfortunately, he told me, Porsche had no rally department, no budget and was simply not interested in that side of the sport.

If there is one thing drivers have above other people, it is obstinate self-confidence. Instead of being put off, I suggested he lend me a car for the Tour de Corse later in the year, so I could show him the car's potential.

A couple of weeks later he called me from Stuttgart to give me the green light for Corsica; but there would be no practice car, no money, no expenses, just the car and a couple of mechanics. It was going to be an expensive risk, but I was so convinced of what was possible that I agreed. A couple of months later I was paying all the bills as David Stone and I completed a reconnaissance in a rented Simca before meeting Huschke, two mechanics and a red 911 on a trailer by the Bastia quayside. I looked inside their van and saw just a few spare wheels and tools, so asked Huschke when the rest would arrive. After the dramas at Ford, I could hardly believe my ears when he replied that there were no spares coming. I said, "Come on Huschke, if I am going to drive a factory Porsche, at least tell me what might break so I will know when it happens."

He replied, "But Vicky, my boy," (from that moment he would call me either "Vicky", "my boy" or both, whenever we spoke) "you don't understand. There are no spares because Porsches don't break!" Incredible though it may seem, no production-based 911 that I drove ever broke.

All my French friends in their Renault 8 Gordinis and Alpine 110s were curious to see what this newcomer could achieve on the tiny, twisty mountain roads of Corsica. Having

heard horror stories from self-appointed experts about how the 911 was an oversteering monster that could never cope with such conditions, I was eager to find out for myself. I spent the 24 hours of the 'rally of 10,000 corners' learning to drive a 911 and discovered that the monster was a myth that asked only to be understood, coaxed and gently seduced into doing the right things. We finished third.

Until then Porsche had put all its competition eggs in two baskets; the 356 or Super 90 in its latest form and the 550, but now suddenly realised that almost unintentionally it had created a worthy successor.

The logical next step was the 1967 Monte Carlo Rally. Huschke was apologetic, saying he still didn't really have a budget to go rallying, but would I go along on an event-by-event basis? I had no hesitation in saying yes. At least this time I was going to be paid, have full expenses and a proper practice car.

After two weeks of reconnaissance the 911 had no secrets for me. I was right; it was the car of the future and no matter what the conditions, wet, dry, snow or ice, it was capable of doing everything better than any other car I had driven. We led virtually the whole way until going over the Col de Turini for the last time, when snow came out of nowhere and I was caught on the wrong tyres, dropping to third behind a Lancia Fulvia and a Mini.

In England the fledgling ITV created the first ever rallycross on a track combining asphalt, grass and just plain mud, and since the 911 and I had jumped into the headlines almost overnight, they insisted that I find one in which

took their car back and found them all smiles because the phone had been ringing off the hook with potential customers wanting to know more about this strange but obviously great new car they had just seen.



BACK IN STUTTGART I WAS NOW

welcomed with open arms as Huschke laid out plans for our immediate future. But first I needed to know who was who in my new-found team and I was rapidly introduced to Huschke's two Miss Fixits, Thora Hornung and Evi Butz (now known as Mrs Dan Gurney). Although they had no experience of motor sport they became almost overnight the two people who could fix it, find it, create it or invent it, whenever I needed something.

Three months earlier there had been no rally department. Now two cars were being prepared by Hermann Briem, who until then had been responsible for the Customer Service Department. One was my practice car and the second a purpose-built rally car destined for the Geneva Rally, which we won – but that was only the start of a busy weekend.

The Shell Berre Company in France was sponsoring a Challenge covering events that had differing coefficients according to their importance. They were open to anyone driving on Shell products and large cash prizes could be won at the end of the year. The rally finished on Saturday and on Sunday there was the high-coefficient Mont Ventoux hillclimb, 400km away in Provence. As the Porsche factory team was on Shell, Huschke had already

“NO MATTER WHAT THE CONDITIONS, IT WAS CAPABLE OF DOING EVERYTHING BETTER THAN ANY CAR I'D DRIVEN”

to do the event. Trouble was, the only available 911s in the UK were the few in the importer's showroom. After the Monte success the Aldington family was happy to lend me its stock-standard showroom demonstrator – GVB 911D – which even came complete with its normal hub caps. Ford entered two fully prepared factory Lotus Cortinas for Roger Clark and Brian Melia and, despite being bullied and attacked by both of them, my showroom 911 and I were able to win.

The poor Aldington family, having watched their expensive car being savaged on TV, were beside themselves, but on Monday morning I

agreed that I could take it to the hillclimb, assuming it was still in fit condition after the rally, so after a few hours sleep I was on the road to the charming little town of Bedoin and the start of the fabulously fast 21km climb.

The organisers were aware that I knew the climb well, so waived the compulsory practice run. My friend Jean-Pierre Hanrioud was also entered, but with two cars; his own Porsche 911 and a Ford Mustang. One of the attributes of the Mont Ventoux is that there are two roads to the summit, so at the top the competitors were able to descend the other side and make their way back to the start. Jean-Pierre went



Vic winning the 1968 Monte and, below, at Brands Hatch en route to class honours in the 1967 British Saloon Car Championship



first in the Touring category and then, as the GT cars lined up, it rained. Normally I would have been delighted as I love the rain and did indeed set by far the fastest time in GT, but Jean-Pierre was still on his way back to Bedoin to take the start in his 911. By the time he got there the rain had stopped and the road was dry, so I finished second.

Back in England the Aldingtons were faced with the question of what to do with their now less-than-beautiful showroom demonstrator. The two tiny rear seats actually allowed the car to compete in the British Saloon Car Championship, so with what was becoming more and more enthusiastic help from Stuttgart, a battered GVB was sent to Germany and came back to England as a racer. On March 12 1967 it became the first 911 to race in the UK and throughout the year we had some epic battles with Lotus Cortinas driven by such giants as Paul Hawkins, Graham Hill and Frank Gardner. I went on to win the 2-litre class.

After our year together, GVB went on to win more races before suffering an engine bay fire and almost being abandoned. It was then restored to its original condition and in 1982 became part of the Russell family. In 1992 Peter Russell drove a full season of rallies with his son Rob as navigator and by 2010 Rob himself was driving it, making the podium at various classic race events. Some 45 years after her first victory, GVB still looks like new and Rob still drives it occasionally in circuit events.



NEXT UP FOR ME WAS THE STUTTGART-Solitude-Lyon-Charbonnières Rally – and the start of a wonderful partnership. When I saw the regulations, the route and the make-up of the tests and special stages I realised this would be no ordinary rally. It started with a pure race on the classic Solitude road circuit and I calculated that this alone would account for about 40 per cent of the overall result. Ideally I would have driven the rally with one transmission for the race and then changed it before heading south to the French mountains. That, of course, was not possible so the next best thing was to combine two transmissions into one and it was here that Porsche's racing experience and forethought played into our hands.

Virtually all cars at that time had a four-speed gearbox and two, maybe three, final-drive ratios available, which meant that overall gear ratios could be altered but ratios inside the box could not be changed relative to each other. Porsche had already gone way beyond that, by having a five-speed gearbox as well as numerous interchangeable ratios within the box. In fact, there were no fewer than 43 gearbox ratios available as well as three different final drives, which meant that no matter what the requirement I could almost always build exactly the gearbox I needed.

Solitude was long and fast and I calculated that I would need a 'racing' car with a top speed of about 160mph, but as soon as we got to the mountains I would need a 'rally' car with a top speed of only about 110mph. This meant that as soon as we got to the mountains my 'racing' fifth gear would be useless and, worse still, first gear would be about as high as my normal second, which would put enormous strain on the clutch getting away from the start line on the mountain tests. My new friend Hermann Briem and I sat down and put together on paper the gearbox that I wanted, but he was worried that I would wear out the clutch before the finish. Finally, sitting over a drink together one evening, I told him that now I really knew and understood the car I was sure I could make it to the finish.

With my 'racing' car I easily won the Solitude race and headed off to France with a healthy lead. Carefully easing the car off the line at the start of each test, we gradually increased our lead until we came down from the mountains for the last time and I knew we had won; but first we had to cross the city of Lyon, then the second largest city in France, at about midnight and make it to the finish line at the Casino of Charbonnières. That's when the clutch started to slip. What followed was probably the most difficult 30 minutes of driving of my entire life as we guessed or ignored potential traffic and bent a few of the rules, knowing that if I stopped the car would never start again. I kept my promise to Hermann – just – and we won. When the mechanics went to retrieve the car after it had sat out all night in a cold *parc fermé*, there was no clutch. They had to push it away.

The Tulip Rally was next and both the car and the event were even more dramatic, with only mountain tests, and I designed my gearbox around the very low final drive ratio with 20, 40, 60, 80 and 100mph maximums in the gears, which gave shattering acceleration away from the start. Hermann was very dubious about my low final drive, which was normally used only for hillclimb cars driving short distances, and he was worried it would not last a rally distance.

The real drama started on the first night. Driving car number one I was first on the road and, as I came out of a tunnel high in the Alps, I found the road covered in sheet ice. I was on racing tyres that, of course, had no grip at all and we slid straight into the rock face, bending the whole right front fender and bumper back onto the wheel. A tow-rope around a convenient telegraph pole and a few violent jerks freed the wheel enough to get to the next time control and service, but we were three minutes late and I would need to get that back on the timed special stages. We set about doing it, going up the Col de la Faucille hillclimb faster than the outright record – until then held by an F2 car – and facing a *downhill* test on the Ballon d'Alsace, a gift for the Mini drivers, you

Postcard from Kent: the view from Devil's Elbow towards North Bend, Lydden Hill



No. 1

'I WAS THERE'

Writer Mike Cotton recalls some significant racing 911s he watched



NO ONE KNOWS FOR SURE HOW MANY race victories have been achieved by Porsche's 911 model in the past half-century, but the company's own publicity department reckons "a good two-thirds of Porsche's 30,000 race victories to date were notched up by the 911". Among them are an outright victory at Le Mans in 1979 with the Kremer Porsche 935 K3, the first for many years by a production-based car, nine victories in the Daytona 24 Hours, 10 in the Sebring 12 Hours and six in the Spa 24 Hours.

That's just the biggies, an amazing record for a six-cylinder production car that was designed with the engine in the wrong place – for competition anyway – behind the rear wheels. Weissach engineers Herbert Linge and Peter Falk started the 911's journey in the 1965 Monte Carlo Rally, finishing the snow-bound event in fifth position. Three years later Vic Elford and David Stone won the Monte outright, then Björn Waldegård repeated this success in 1969 and in 1970.

In 1971, the year of Porsche's second victory at Le Mans with the 917, no fewer than seven of the 13 cars classified were 911s. Had the Porsche dynasty not made cars, Ferrari would have been first and second at Le Mans... and there would have been no other finishers! Throughout much of the history of endurance racing, Porsche has supplied the backbone to the entry and final results, and when this was not so the competitions were poorer.

Turbocharging gave the 911 a new lease of life in the 1970s. The 911-based 935 became the dominant machine in endurance racing and the most extreme example was 'Moby Dick', the factory's 935-78, with special carbon bodywork and a new engine with water-cooled cylinder heads. This car, said to develop 800bhp, won the Silverstone Six Hours by seven clear laps in 1978, but misfired at Le Mans and was soon withdrawn, leaving the field clear for private teams.

would think. I thought so, too, but we set fastest time, a second quicker than Timo Mäkinen in a Mini. We set the fastest time on every test and won by 46 seconds, which was actually 226 seconds if you discount the three-minute penalty after our 'icecapade'.



PORSCHE WAS BY NOW TOTALLY convinced it had created a world beater and was already in the process of refining it for the next rally, my favourite, the Coupe des Alpes, when the covers came off the new lightweight 911R. The basic 911 S or T was already outclassing the competition and I was sure the 911R would completely destroy them. Unfortunately this would not be the success I expected. On the first day I had a puncture and lost three minutes changing the wheel, and it happened again on the next stage! Six minutes lost on two stages meant all hope of winning was probably gone. But worse was to follow, much worse on a human scale.

The Col d'Allos was a beautiful hillclimb, zig-zagging up the side of the mountain, and at some point my eyes caught a flash of blue ahead. As we approached I realised that there was a wrecked car way off the road to our right. We learned later that the driver had made a mistake on the road above and gone straight through a hole in the outside retaining wall, tumbling almost vertically down the



The summer of love - and success: Elford and David Stone overcame clutch slip to win the 1967 Solitude-Lyon-Charbonnières Rally (left, above left). More joy on the Marathon de la Route (above right). Battling John Handley's works Mini Cooper S at Brands Hatch (right)



mountain before coming to rest at our level. Despite seatbelts, the accident had been so violent that both crew members had been thrown out.

I stopped and immediately set up a roadblock to halt competitors behind us, while we went to the crew's aid. We found Jean-Pierre Rouget, the driver, beside the car, but it took time to locate his co-driver. First on the scene was a British crew in an Austin-Healey and they willingly agreed to help stop other cars as they arrived, so I could go to the top of the hill and tell security what had happened. From the top the police radioed for help but refused, quite reasonably, to go back down the hill, worried, like me, that others had got past my roadblock and might be coming up at full speed.

I loaded blankets and first-aid equipment and started back down, lights on and horn blaring, concerned that there might be some idiot for whom getting to the top was more important than someone's life, but I made it safely.

Years later, when I was living in France, I was at a cocktail party one evening when a pretty young woman whom I didn't know walked across the room, put her arms round me, kissed me and said, "Merci Vic."

"Pourquoi?" I replied.

"Because Jean-Pierre Rouget is my husband and you saved his life."

Sadly, co-driver Jean-Claude Roitburg died from his injuries.

The organisers sportingly neutralised the next few hours of running so everyone could catch up, but for us it finished very quickly as the engine suddenly dropped on to three cylinders... and then stopped. We could do nothing but await the arrival of a service crew, who discovered that a circlip had somehow been left off when the engine was assembled, thus disabling a camshaft. It took them an hour or so to fix it and the engine then ran sweetly – all the way back to Stuttgart.

So the first outing in the 911R left the promise unfulfilled – but not for long as Porsche had entered two 910s for Mitter/Schutz and Neerpasch/Stommelen as well as the 911R for Gijs van Lennep and me for the 500Kms of Mugello, a twisty 42-mile circuit in the Tuscan mountains. It was similar to the Targa Florio, but faster. This time everything went well; the 910s finished first and second, of course, but Gijs and I finished third, only 20 minutes back after more than 500 kilometres and we were the only three cars on the lead lap at the finish.



1967 HAD NEVER STOPPED BEING A year of learning, both for me in driving the car and for the factory. From the 1930s one of Europe's classic competition rallies had been the Liège-Rome-Liège, close to being a road race from Liège in Belgium to Rome and back. In the early 1960s tourist traffic forced a move

away from Rome and the event became Liège-Sofia-Liège, again almost a road race the whole length of Yugoslavia and back.

In 1966 even that became a victim of progress and the organisers were forced to abandon the roads of Europe and come up with another idea. The rally had also been known as the Marathon de la Route, so the Royal Motor Union of Liège decided that a marathon around the 20-mile lap of the Nürburgring (using both Nordschleife and Sudschleife) would measure up to their ideals; three days and four nights, 84 hours, non-stop.

Jochen Neerpasch and I did it in a Lotus Cortina and were leading after 72 hours when



“ON THE WAY DOWN WE’D BE HITTING 120MPH THROUGH THE PATCHES OF SNOW AND ICE”

the cylinder head gasket failed. The cars would run about two and a half hours on a tank of fuel, so Jochen and I had decided that in order for the off-duty driver to have sufficient time to eat and sleep, we would drive three stints at a time – seven and a half hours.

In 1967 the organisers allowed teams of three drivers instead of just two and I was teamed with Jochen again and Hans Herrmann in yet another first from Porsche, a 911R with a Sportomatic gearbox. We started to discuss

how we would split the driving between the three of us. Hans and Jochen came up with a simple answer, announcing together, “Well Vic, you’re the rally driver, so you drive at night when it’s dark, cold, raining and foggy – and we’ll do the rest!” So we drove in convoy from the official start in Liège, two of us in the car and the third one in a service vehicle, and at about 10pm on the first night I set off on the first of four seven and half hour nights driving around the Nürburgring. We had no problems and won comfortably, the first and I believe the only time a Sportomatic gearbox was ever used in a factory race/rally car. It certainly played a big part in our success as it was much more relaxing and less tiring to drive for long periods than a conventional ‘box. By the end of four consecutive nights like that I felt that I knew every blade of grass by name and it stood me in good stead for the future, because I went on to win the Nürburgring 1000Kms three times and the 500Kms twice over a four-year span.



SO MUCH HAD HAPPENED IN THE YEAR since I dragged Porsche kicking and screaming into international rallying that it was difficult to grasp the tremendous strides we had made together, but there was still one major objective on the horizon. In January 1968 we left the start line in Warsaw en route to Monte Carlo. The early days were uneventful but I was a little tense as we started the last 600km tour in the Alpes Maritimes, thinking about how we had come so close the year before.

On the long road section to Saint Saviour co-driver David spent time calming me down, reminding me that there might be less ice than the night before when we last checked, but certainly not more, so by the time we went to the start to go up and over the Col de la Couillolle I was totally relaxed. I elected to go on racing tyres with the feeling that this stage would be decisive; very tight and twisty on the way up but with long fast stretches on the way down, when we’d be hitting 120mph through the patches of ice and snow. Over the 26km stage we were quickest by almost a minute.

I smoked in those days and was so nervously exhausted that it took me about five tries before I could light a cigarette. When I asked David how many corners I could have taken faster, he replied “two”; I thought maybe three.

So after dragging Porsche where it didn’t want to be, I was able to offer the company its first European Rally Championship wins and the Championship itself, victory in the first ever rallycross, victory in the British Saloon Car Championship and the ultimate – victory in the Monte Carlo Rally. It was the first time for Porsche, but the last for a Brit. 🇬🇧

Our thanks go to Rob Russell and Lydden Hill for their help with this feature



911 festivities

Porsche will race a 1965 911 called the 'Project 50' at selected events including the Nürburgring Oldtimer Grand Prix, the Spa 6 Hours, selected Masters Series events in the UK and the Silverstone Classic. The drivers range from 1970 Porsche Le Mans winner Richard Attwood to 2003 Carrera Cup GB Champion Barry Horne.

The Porsche museum is sending a 1967 911 around the globe to help raise awareness of the anniversary. The car will visit five continents and can be followed here: www.porsche.com/follow-911

For more information on the 50th anniversary celebrations visit www.porsche.com/microsite/50years-911

JUNE 4 TO SEPTEMBER 29 PORSCHE MUSEUM, STUTTGART

The museum will mark the anniversary with a special exhibition called '50 years of the Porsche 911'.

JUNE 14-16 FASCINATION PORSCHE, SHANGHAI

Details for this are yet to be confirmed. Please visit the Porsche 911 microsite.

JULY 11-14 GOODWOOD FESTIVAL OF SPEED, SUSSEX

The main sculpture outside Goodwood house this year will be in celebration of the Porsche 911's 50 years. There will also be a special class dedicated to road and racing 911s, which will run twice on each day.

JULY 26-28 SILVERSTONE CLASSIC, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

A world record track parade attempt of at least 911 Porsche 911s is planned, in aid of the Hope for Tomorrow cancer charity. There will also be a parade highlighting the car's five decades.

AUGUST 9-11 OLDTIMER GP, NÜRBURGRING, GERMANY

Porsche will present the history of the 911 via a track parade and a static display in the paddock.

AUGUST 14-18 PEBBLE BEACH, USA

The Porsche 911 will have a special class in the Concours d'Élégance.

SEPTEMBER 4-6 SALON PRIVÉ, SYON PARK, LONDON

As at Pebble Beach, there will be a special class for 911s in recognition of the anniversary.

SEPTEMBER 8 CLASSICS AT THE CASTLE, HEDINGHAM, ESSEX

After the success of its 2012 Porsche event, there will another similar exhibition this year focusing on the evolution of the 911. On Saturday evening there will be a dinner and talk with ex-Porsche drivers John Fitzpatrick and Bob Garretson.

SEPTEMBER 12-22 FRANKFURT MOTOR SHOW, GERMANY

This is the actual anniversary of the unveiling of the 911 in 1963. Details are yet to be confirmed.

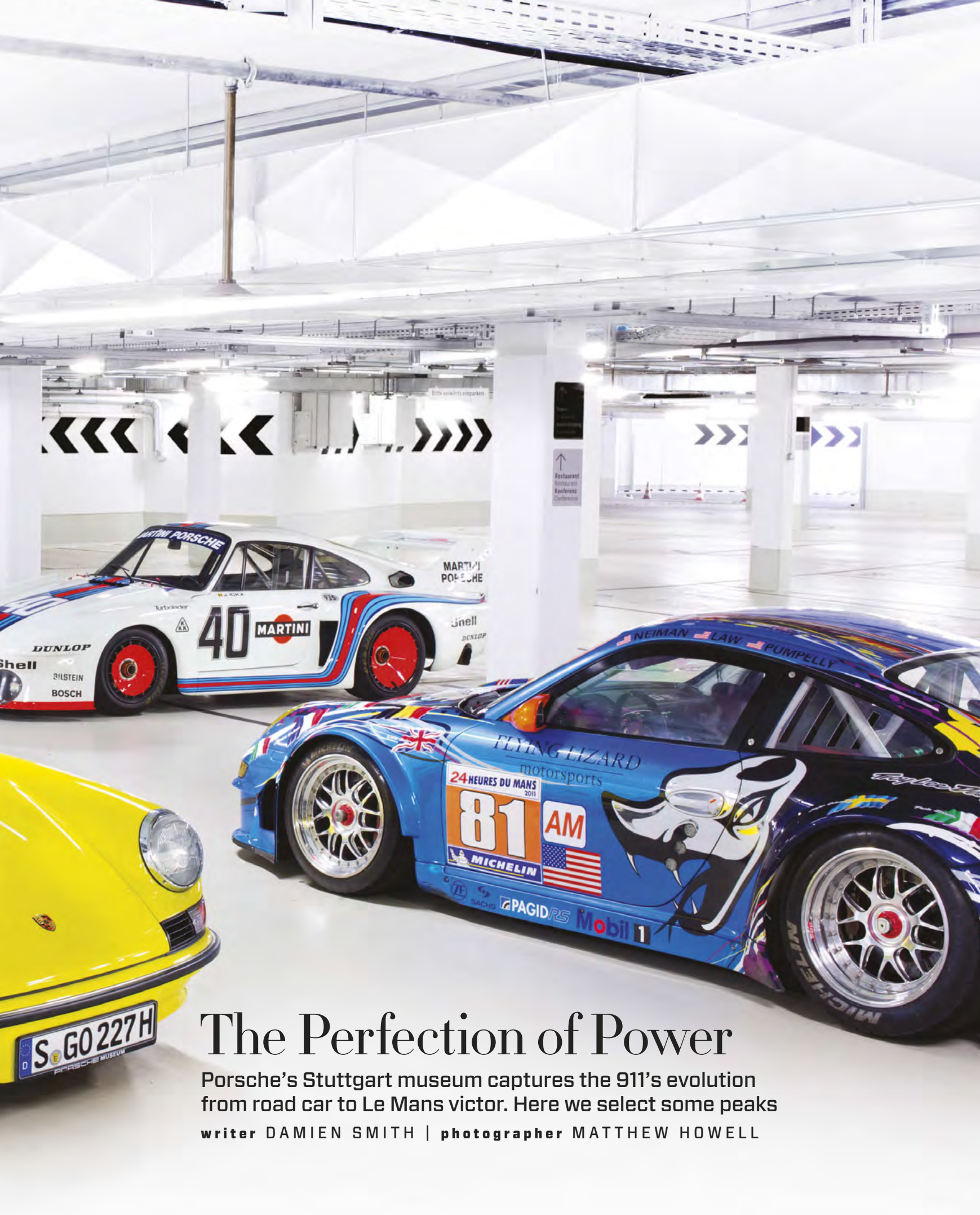
SEPTEMBER 15-20 SYDNEY

Again, details are yet to be confirmed, but check on the Porsche 911 microsite, which will be updated nearer the time.

NOVEMBER 22 LOS ANGELES AUTO SHOW, USA

As part of its world tour the 1967 911 will visit the LA Auto Show. More details are expected to be announced closer to the event.





The Perfection of Power

Porsche's Stuttgart museum captures the 911's evolution from road car to Le Mans victor. Here we select some peaks

writer DAMIEN SMITH | photographer MATTHEW HOWELL



1972 2.7 Carrera RS

1974 2.1 Carrera RSR Turbo



YOU'VE READ VIC ELFORD'S ACCOUNT of the 911's pioneering years in competition. Here, a colourful new chapter began, one suitably 'gonzo' for the lairy, hairy 1970s.

First, there's that name and those initials: the tug of the forelock to Mexico's long-gone edge-of-reason Panamericana road race, and the allusion to the German religion that is *Rennsport* – Porsche's intentions, and those of its new chairman Ernst Fuhrmann, were clear. As the covers were thrown off at the Paris Salon in October 1972, the symbiosis between road and track was complete.

The Carrera graphics along the door sills, the flash of primary colour and that cute little

ducktail... the 911, already nearing its 10th birthday, had moved into another realm. In its long life, would it ever get better than this?

Weighing in at 1075 kilos, this was a flyweight with a heavy punch. Nothing was spared, from its thin skin to the stripped-out and stark black interior. Inevitably, it was an instant hit, the required racing homologation number of 500 units selling out fast. Three times that number would be built, going for 34,000DM a pop. At Amelia Island this March, Gooding and Co sold one for \$550,000.

On track and stage, the original S, ST and R had kicked the doors open, with a little help from the likes of Elford, Björn Waldegård and

Gérard Larrousse (the latter had scored a famous third place on the 1970 Tour de France behind two Matra prototypes, his colourful ST weighing in at a record low of 789 kilos). Now, with the newly obsolete 917 already departed to bully Can-Am into submission, the stage was clear for the RS's bigger sister to step up.

The 2.8 RSR conquered Daytona on its 1973 debut in the hands of Hurley Haywood and Peter Gregg. More victories would follow at Sebring and the Targa Florio, Porsche's 11th in Sicily and a Martini-flavoured coda to the great race's World Championship history. Now what? The 917 in Can-Am trim offered inspiration.

The 911 took a deep gulp (of hot exhaust



gas), lifted its rearward lid – and accepted its first turbo. A 40-year series of flamboyant road cars would follow this extreme racer.

Head-on, it looks relatively normal for a 911. Then you step around the back. Its squat posterior has a girth of two metres to contain the 917 rear wheels, and that whale-tail is slung way out back – all somehow to contain 435lb of torque and the best part of 500hp, within a package weighing only 820kg at its maximum.

To meet the 3-litre limits of Group 5 rules, capacity was capped to 2142cc, which with forced induction equated to 2999cc. The familiar flat-six was fed by Bosch fuel injectors and a large, single exhaust-driven Eberspacher/KKK

turbo. All hung out over that rear axle. Gonzo.

Somehow it worked. The 2.1 Carrera RSR Turbo finished second at Le Mans in 1974 in the hands of Herbert Müller and Gijs van Lennep, making it to four o'clock six laps down on the winning Matra prototype, despite losing fifth gear on Sunday morning. Porsche finished third in the World Championship of Makes that year, but Matra and Alfa Romeo had stuck with pure competition thoroughbreds. They'd been in a different race, but there was more to come.

Sure, the racing 911 was looking less like a road car, but Porsche had only just begun to stretch the concept's limits. Just look what lay around the corner. ▣



1977 935/77 2.0 'Baby'



WHICH IS THE ULTIMATE 911? IS IT THAT steroidal (haemorrhoidal?) 2.1 Turbo or this, a car that just about holds the silhouette of its road-going mother? (We don't consider the 911 GT1s of 1996-98, by the way, even if they did meet letter-of-the-law homologation. They're pure-blood racers, whatever Porsche claims.)

However far it stretched the concept of production-based racing cars, the 935 will forever be loved as one of the greatest sports cars in motor sport history – even if it didn't exactly face the stiffest of competition during the second half of the 1970s. As for its relation to the 911, Porsche did what any competitive team should do: it pushed the flexible Group 5 rules right up to their limits.

The 934 that ran in the more restrictive (i.e. saner) Group 4 dominated its class with a chassis and aerodynamics born from the road. But Group 5 had more grey areas than McLaren's HQ.

Those front wings are obvious examples. Originally, the 935 featured standard 'upright' headlights, in traditional 911 style. But with these rules Norbert Singer argued that they could be flattened into a more slippery shape. In this instance, as with the turbo, the track became a breeding ground for the road.

By 1977, the superstar pairing of Jacky Ickx and Jochen Mass had already helped claim one World Championship of Makes for Porsche. Now they did it again with wins at Silverstone,

Watkins Glen (by three laps, despite losing 10 minutes with a suspension problem) and Brands Hatch. At standalone Le Mans, Porsche's Group 6 prototype 936 eclipsed the rest for a second year in succession, carrying Ickx to his fourth win at La Sarthe. But for the Weissach race department that still wasn't enough. Enter the pretty 'baby' pictured here.

Germany's DRM series, the forerunner to today's DTM, was split into two engine divisions, up to and over two litres. The smaller class, populated by BMWs and Fords, had a strong following among the fans, plus they were taking valuable points from Porsche's customers in the top category. Here was a call to arms.

The 2857cc twin turbo duly shrank to just

'I WAS THERE'

Gary Watkins has been a close observer of racing 911s for more than 20 years

IF AD THERE BEEN NO PORSCHE 911, WHERE would worldwide sports car racing be today? That's a difficult one to answer, but certainly not in the rude health it enjoys right now. Porsche's bread-and-butter sports car provided the foundations for the relaunch of endurance racing in Europe in the mid-1990s and has been one of the cornerstones of just about every class of GT racing ever since.

Sports car racing was on its uppers after the demise of the old world championship at the end of 1992. What emerged in the void was a new series for GT cars with the Porsche 911 — then the 964-shape car — taking both a leading role and providing much of the supporting cast.

When Jürgen Barth, Porsche's long-time customer racing boss, joined forces with Stéphane Ratel and Patrick Peter to create the BPR Organisation ahead of the 1994 season, GT racing was reborn in Europe. Former Le Mans 24 Hours winner Barth was able to mobilise an army of private Porsche entrants that made their plans for a series of races around Europe and beyond a reality. Without the 911, the BPR was going nowhere.



The resulting boom spawned a series of off-the-peg Porsche racers that continues to roll out of Weissach to this day and gained further momentum on the launch of the GT3 category for the 2006 season. When Ratel had the idea for the new class of cost-effective GT contender for the amateur and professional alike, he picked the 911 GT3 Cup one-make racer as the performance benchmark.

It didn't matter that the powers-that-be in Stuttgart were initially hostile to Ratel's ideas. The idea was a success and the 911 an essential ingredient therein. The GT3 class has now spread all over the globe, taking the Porsche name with it. The 911 racer is more ubiquitous than ever as the car celebrates its 50th birthday.

1425cc, on the cusp of the 2-litre limit once the turbo's induction had been factored in. The little motor still pumped out 380hp, while more weight was stripped from the 'standard' 935/77's shell — so much in fact that 25kg of lead ballast had to be added to reach the minimum 750 kilos needed on the scales.

The car only raced twice. Ickx was forced to retire 935/2-001 first time out at the Norisring with electrical gremlins, but in the German GP support race at Hockenheim he trounced the field by a whopping 52 seconds. Valuable points scored (and taken from Ford and BMW), and in addition, one large point made. The car was promptly retired to the Porsche Museum, where we found it for our photo shoot. 📷



2010 997 GT3 RSR

2004 996 GT3 RSR

IN THE HANGOVER OF THE WONDERFUL 10-year party that was Group C, Porsche once again turned to the 911 as a renewed focus on GT racing kept sports car competition afloat in the mid-1990s. Without the good old 911, the new series created by Porsche legend Jürgen Barth, Patrick Peter and Stéphane Ratel almost 20 years ago would have been a non-starter. The BPR, as it was known, begat the FIA GT Championship and ultimately the booming worldwide *Gran Turismo* scene we enjoy today.

The 911s are so ubiquitous and numerous it's sometimes easy to take them for granted. Along with national one-make Cups and the international Supercup, they bolster grid sizes from Le Mans to Daytona and everywhere in between – but they continue to win, too.

As recently as 2003, a 911 GT3 RS won the Daytona 24 Hours – fittingly, exactly 30 years since Haywood and Gregg's pivotal victory in the original RSR. The Racer's Group entry took

the flag by nine laps after leading cars in the new prototype class had fallen away.

In the GT category at Le Mans, Porsche's customer teams have been overshadowed by Chevrolet, Ferrari, Aston Martin, Chrysler and even BMW in the past 10 years, but that trademark reliability has still allowed 911s to feature where it counts most, when it matters most. Felbermayr's best-of-the-GTs 11th overall in 2010 is the most recent example.

Then there's the Nürburgring 24 Hours, the GT enduro that counts for so much in Porsche's

Our thanks to the Porsche Museum for its help with this feature. A special exhibition to celebrate 50 years of the Porsche 911 will run from June 4 to September 29. The museum is open from Tuesdays to Sundays, 9am to 6pm. It is closed on Mondays. Adult tickets are priced at €8. Children under 14 are admitted for free.

home nation. Five victories in six years between 2006-11, against the biggest and most diverse fields in the world, have given Porsche serious bragging rights over its 'noisy neighbours' from Mercedes, BMW and Audi.

The two examples pictured here from the museum represent the importance of American customer teams to the recent story of the racing 911. The white car is a 2004-spec 996 GT3 RSR, which claimed Alex Job Racing's 50th American Le Mans Series class victory in Houston's 2006 street race. The garish (mainly blue) car is Flying Lizard's 997 GT3 RSR, which ran in the amateur class at Le Mans in 2011. Among its swirls and clashing colours are the names and national flags of every driver to have scored overall wins at Le Mans for Porsche. The weight of history is never far away when you're running a 911 in the greatest race of them all. Le Mans just wouldn't be Le Mans without them. 🏁

David Purley

In the second volume of Motor Sport's new graphic series, we profile a tenacious F1 privateer whose achievements extended far beyond the track



1962. The South Coast of England.

That's David Purley. Hard to believe the lad's only 17! He's the youngest pilot in the country.

A young David Purley is shown in a small, single-engine aircraft flying over the sea. In the foreground, two men are watching him from the shore.

The mid-60s. The Arabian Peninsula.

As a young man he doesn't just fly planes, he jumps out of them too.

Officer Purley serves in the elite Parachute Regiment, and sees active service during the Aden Insurgency.

David Purley is depicted in a military uniform, running through a dusty, war-torn area. In the background, another soldier stands near a building, and a tank is visible in the distance.

Life after the forces required a new challenge. Inspiration came from a friend, Derek Bell.

'Purley' buys an AC Cobra and throws himself into racing with typical gusto.

David Purley is shown driving a blue AC Cobra sports car on a racetrack. The car has the number 152 on its side.

Over the following seasons Purley rose through the single-seater ranks. With funding from the family business, LEC Refrigeration Racing took on the rising stars in F3 and F2.

I score a hat-trick of wins in the Grand Prix Des Frontières at Chimay in Belgium, beating the likes of Hunt and Brise. A fast circuit, with a frightening downhill plunge, Chimay rewards the fearless.

David Purley is shown driving a blue and red Formula 2 car on a racetrack, leading a pack of other competitors.

Purley progressed to F1. But tragedy struck on only his second start, the 1973 Dutch GP.

Fellow Briton Roger Williamson is running ahead of Purley when he suffers a burst tyre. His March overturns and catches fire as it slides to rest on the track.

A red Formula 1 car with STP sponsorship is shown on a racetrack. The driver is wearing a white helmet.

Purley immediately stops his car and sprints to help. His efforts to free Williamson from the burning wreck are witnessed by millions on TV.

David Purley is shown running across the track towards a burning wreck. He is wearing a white racing suit and a helmet.

The ill-equipped Zandvoort marshals can't approach the blaze, and poor organisation at the circuit means the fire crew arrive too late to save Roger Williamson's life.

David Purley was later awarded the George Medal for bravery.

David Purley is shown in a white racing suit, looking down at a medal he is holding. A small inset shows the George Medal.

LEC returned to the lower formulas for the next three years.

A dominant performance in his Chevron B30 sees Purley crowned Shellsport Group 8 Champion for 1976.



During the off-season plans were hatched for another crack at F1.

I commission Mike Pilbeam to build a LEC F1 car. It shows promise, claiming sixth place on its debut in The Race of Champions.



Zolder 1977. Purley briefly leads the Belgian GP as the front-runners pit to change tyres. He eventually finishes 13th.

After the race he is confronted by an irate Niki Lauda, remonstrating about 'rabbit backmarkers' getting in his way!

I was leading at the time, and if you wag that finger at me again, I'm going to stick it where it hurts!



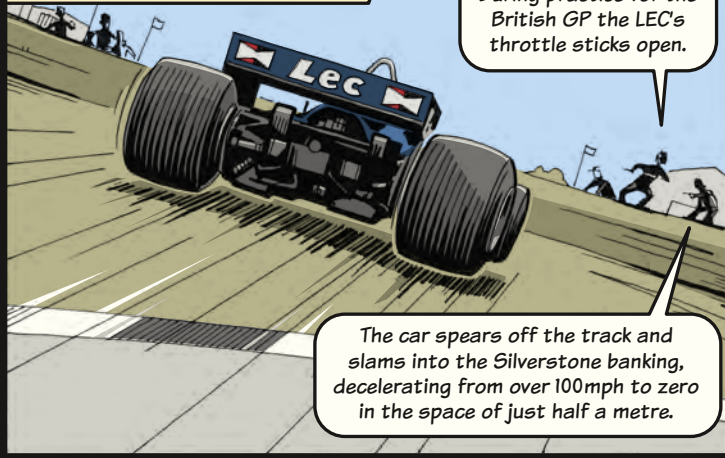
At the next race the LEC sported a white rabbit.

Even Lauda can see the funny side.



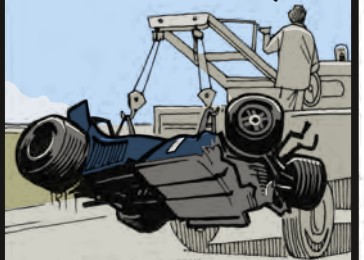
But the F1 return was short-lived.

During practice for the British GP the LEC's throttle sticks open.



The car spears off the track and slams into the Silverstone banking, decelerating from over 100mph to zero in the space of just half a metre.

Purley has to be cut from the wreckage and is lucky to survive.



* The impact measured 174.8 G, the highest force ever survived by a human being.

David sustains multiple fractures to his legs, feet and pelvis, together with seven broken ribs. He undergoes months of painful surgery to lengthen his left leg.



Aurora F1 Series. Snetterton 1979.

Shere bloody-mindedness sees David return to the cockpit for a handful of races.

He proves a point, and can now quit on his own terms.



1985. The South Coast of England.

He retires to run the family business, but misses the thrill of racing. His solution? To build a Pitts stunt plane and take up aerobatics.



On July 2nd 1985 his plane fails to pull out of a dive and crashes into the sea. Not even David Purley can survive the impact.

NEXT MONTH
Tony Rolt



THE RACING LIVES POSTER COLLECTION

A monthly series of posters celebrating the lives and accomplishments of the greatest drivers. Featuring newly created artwork by Guy Allen.

No.1 Achille Varzi / No.2 David Purley
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Who's next?

There are four British drivers on this year's F1 grid - and another four in GP2, in tantalising reach of the summit. We spoke to them about hope and ambition

writer SIMON ARRON

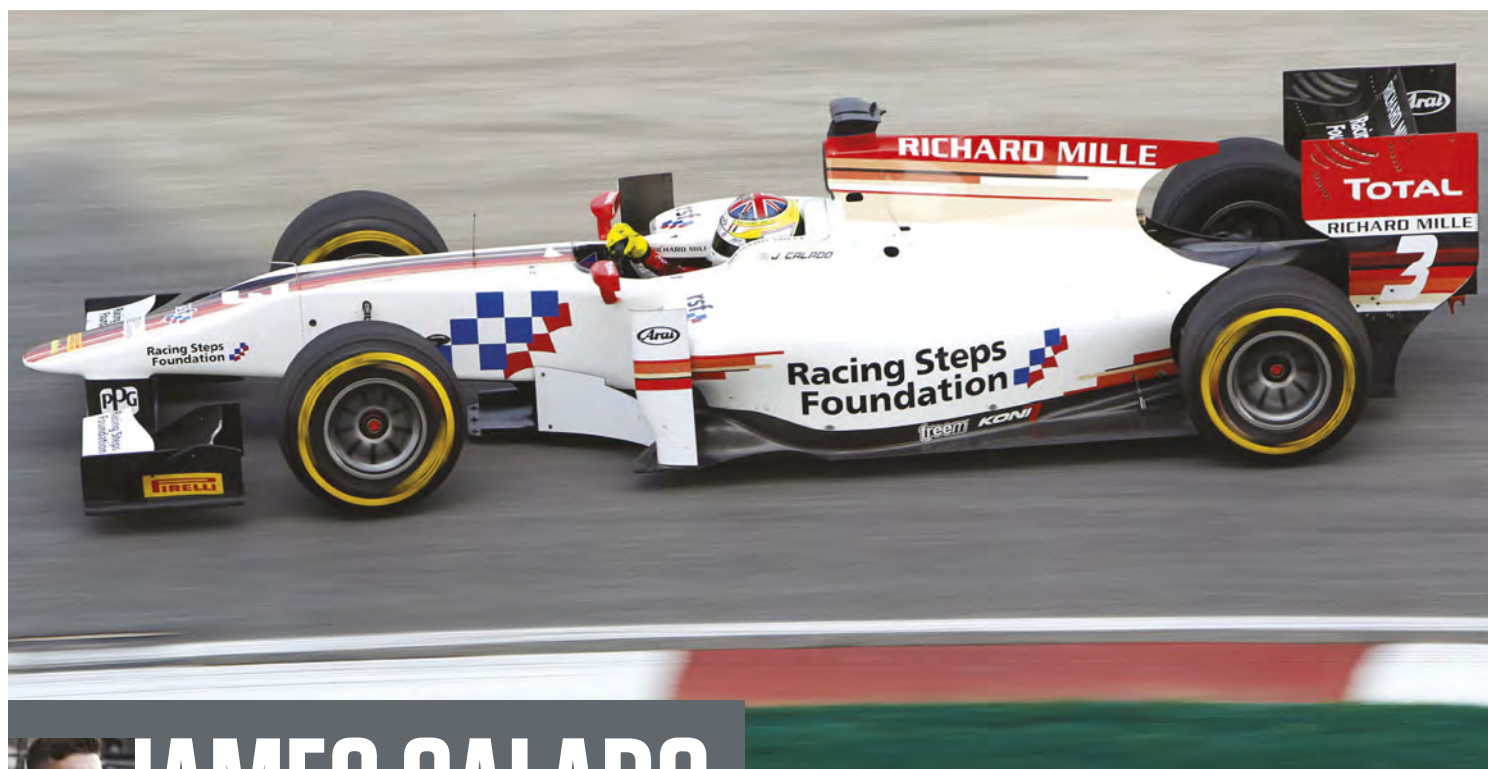
BEFORE WE BEGIN, IT'S IMPORTANT TO appreciate the fragmented mess that passes for an international single-seater ladder. The sport used to have a pleasingly simple structure, although starter categories varied according to where you lived: Britain had Formula Ford, France had Formula Renault and there were similar alternatives elsewhere, but drivers usually took one step at a time and the cream could be assessed in F3 and F2 (later F3000), before the very best were invited to the top table.

During the past 20 years, however, the picture has become horribly cluttered, with categories treading on each others' toes or else being created to fill a space that didn't exist. It has become very tricky to distinguish the genuinely talented from those who are simply the pick of an average crop.

In recent times, though, there has been one passable constant: GP2 is acknowledged as F1's most dependable ante-chamber and has a strong track record as a finishing school. Since its inception as F3000's successor, in 2005, only two champions have subsequently failed to start a grand prix (and one, last year's winner Davide Valsecchi, is waiting in the wings as a Lotus reserve). Of the 22 drivers on the F1 grid, 11 are GP2 alumni and at the time of writing three of our featured Brits had won races at this level. □



From left to right:
Jolyon Palmer,
Adrian Quaife-Hobbs,
James Calado
and Sam Bird



JAMES CALADO

DESPITE THE NAME – A BY-PRODUCT OF his father's Portuguese ancestry – James Calado hails from Worcestershire. Of all the sport's upcoming Brits, he had accumulated the greatest career momentum by the start of 2013.

"I've been quite lucky," he says, "because my dad only ran me in my first year of karting, after which Tony Purnell – then with Jaguar F1 – took over. The trickiest bit for me was when Tony left the team, shortly after Red Bull bought it late in 2004, and I was potentially left without a drive. That's when the Racing Steps Foundation came along..."

RSF is a private, non-profit enterprise that successful businessman Graham Sharp founded in 2007. Since then he has helped many budding racers and riders – and Calado is foremost among the present group.

"You do need a lot of funding," he says. "Look at Marussia's current reserve [Rodolfo Gonzalez], who was just about the least competitive driver in GP2 last season but has still landed an F1 role. It's quite mind-boggling, but if you ignore teams that need a lot of money just to keep going and look higher up the field, I think an element of talent remains important. If you have the ability and find yourself in the right place at the right time, I think it's possible to make the step."

Calado emerged as a GP2 title contender during his rookie season in 2012, when he scored two wins and five other podium finishes,

but assorted misfortunes (including a poor strategic call from the team as he dominated in Valencia, gearbox failure at Silverstone and food poisoning in Singapore) dropped him to fifth in the final standings. He remained best newcomer, though.

"It's hard to win the GP2 title as a first-year driver," he says. "The tyres degrade very quickly and last year we had four sets of slicks per meeting. When you have 30 minutes of free practice, the maximum you can do is about 10 laps because you have to save rubber for the races. I'd never driven in Monaco prior to 2012, but did only eight laps of free practice and went into qualifying with no real idea about which gears to use and so on. I wasn't comfortable."

"In the past you could do lap after lap during free practice, to get a feel for unfamiliar circuits, but at the moment it's not so much about driving quickly as performing like your granny in order

to save tyres, which is not that nice."

He relishes the depth of the challenge, though. "It causes complications when experienced, talented drivers join the series at the last minute," he says, nodding at Sam Bird, "but I'd rather have a competitive field. There are some really quick people in GP2 this season – and it's good having four Brits because it creates a kind of mini-competition."

His performances have not gone wholly unnoticed. In Valencia last year, I was part of a small group chatting to an F1 team principal over a pleasant glass of red. Our conversation was off the record, and the specifics must remain so, but we were discussing up-and-coming drivers. Principal X talked about his own contracted youngsters, explained why one had greater potential than the other, then paused and said: "But I believe James Calado is a better prospect than both."

CAREER IN BRIEF

- 2008** Formula Renault UK Graduate Cup, 2nd; Formula Renault UK Winter Cup, 1st; Formula Renault Portugal, Winter Cup, 1st
- 2009** Formula Renault UK, 2nd
- 2010** British F3, 2nd
- 2011** GP3 Series, 2nd
- 2012** GP2 Series, 5th (top rookie)
- 2013** GP2 Series, ART

MY FINEST RACE

"A lot were probably in karting and my favourite was at Rowrah, Cumbria, in 2001. Five of us were in contention for the British Cadet crown and whoever won the race would basically be champion. Three of us crossed the line as one and I won the race, and the title, by one hundredth. There have been a few choice car moments, too – in the 2010 British F3 series, Jean-Eric Vergne and I swapped places 12 times in one lap on slicks in the wet at Silverstone."


THE MOST EXPERIENCED MEMBER OF this quartet, Sam Bird's single-seater career began when a BMW scholarship prize enabled him to bridge the gap between karts and cars. He also has useful F1 experience, having completed thousands of laps for Mercedes (mostly in the team's simulator, occasionally on track). Prior to joining Mercedes in 2010, he also tested for Williams.

Bird thought he'd be spending most of 2013 in the Mercedes simulator. With less than a week to go before the opening race, however, he learned he'd be contesting the GP2 Series. The defiantly upper-case RUSSIAN TIME has entered with cars purchased from iSport, one of Bird's previous teams, and chose its drivers (Frenchman Tom Dillmann races the other car) on the basis of speed and experience, rather than budget.

"It all feels fairly familiar," Bird says. "Many of the old iSport mechanics are involved, although the engineering side is different. I need to acclimatise to the tyres, which have changed since I last raced in GP2, but I've done well

before and there's no reason to think I can't do so again, even though I missed the pre-season tests. I want to take the fight to guys like him [he gestures at James Calado, sitting close by]."

He proved immediately competitive on his return to the category but, after several seasons towards the top of the junior staircase, has he ever felt tempted to pursue a career away from single-seaters? "I don't think the door is shut just yet," he says, "and I'm still very involved

with Mercedes. I've done lots of hard work to make it this far, but the next step is enormous – and 90 per cent of the time it seems it can be crossed only with the correct funding. You don't see many drivers graduating to F1 on the basis of pure talent – Valtteri Bottas is the latest example, with Williams, but he's an increasing rarity. Most other newcomers have brought huge funding – and in the current climate that's extremely hard to find if you're British." 

CAREER IN BRIEF

2004	Formula BMW Rookie Cup, 2nd
2005	Formula BMW, 2nd; Formula BMW World Final, 4th
2006	Formula Renault UK, 4th (top rookie)
2007	British F3, 4th (top rookie)
2008	F3 EuroSeries, 11th
2009	F3 EuroSeries, 8th; Macau GP, 3rd
2010	GP2 Series, 5th
2011	GP2 Series, 6th
2012	Formula Renault 3.5, 3rd
2013	GP2 Series, RUSSIAN TIME

MY FINEST RACE

"Two stick out. One was my first GP2 win at Monza, where team-mate Jules Bianchi and I qualified on the front row, with him on pole. I got ahead at the start and disappeared. It was quite nice to beat a Ferrari junior driver at Monza. I love Jules to bits and he's a great driver, but it was very satisfying to demoralise him that afternoon. The other one was winning at Monaco in Formula Renault 3.5 last year, although the weekend's highlight was probably my pole lap [he took top spot by seven tenths]"



SAM BIRD





JOLYON PALMER

IT'S WELL KNOWN THAT BEING THE SON of a Formula 1 racing father can be equal parts help and hindrance: is the progeny competing for reasons of a rabid desire to win... or simple expectation?

Ask a paddock insider to provide a list of prominent rising stars and Jolyon Palmer's name is unlikely to feature. Results, though, don't always paint a full picture.

Palmer Jr's route to GP2 differs from that of his peers. He cut his single-seater teeth in Formula Palmer Audi, the category created by his father Jonathan. FPA was initially intended as a career formula, a cost-effective alternative to F3, but was later downgraded to a club series before regaining some of its early impetus. Jolyon was an occasional race winner and finished third in the 2008 series before stepping up to F2, another curate's egg. Despite its name, the category was perceived to fit somewhere between GP2 and F3, although it attracted diverse entries – from Formula Renault graduates to GP2 cast-offs via most points in between. Palmer was a winner from the start in 2010, his second year in the championship, but eventually lost the title to highly rated rival Dean Stoneman.

His switch to GP2 was initially unproductive. He failed to score a point in 2011, but swapped teams at the season's end, for a non-championship fixture in Abu Dhabi, and immediately finished fourth and third against a

strong field. He joined iSport last season and was quick from the off, although a string of mechanical problems – neither his fault nor the team's – compromised early-season performances. He scored a comfortable victory in the second Monaco race, but it was in adversity that his true mettle became apparent as he conjured some vigorous recovery drives from the depths. There was no questioning his commitment, either. At Monza in September he dispatched Esteban Gutiérrez around the outside of Curva Grande – one of the season's best moves, period.

"It's nice to see that a few of the guys I was racing – and quite often beating – are now in F1," he says. "Realistically, you can't rely on driving alone to get there, but the need to raise backing is actually a motivation, because you have to make people believe you're worth

supporting. I want to win this year's championship, obviously, but top three has to be the minimum goal. I had a decent 2012, even though the results didn't always reflect as much, so it's time to put everything together."

This year's campaign didn't begin brilliantly – throttle problems pushed him well down the grid for the first race in Malaysia and he stalled before the start of the second – but that trademark racecraft was visible once more as he stormed through to finish sixth and ninth.

Does it worry him that such performances seem often to be overlooked?

"I'm not fazed by what people think," he says. "I've shown I can win races in GP2, so just need a few other things to fall into place to have a chance of being on the F1 grid in the future. It's nice to prove people wrong and I think I did that last season."

CAREER IN BRIEF

2007 Formula Palmer Audi, 10th
2008 Formula Palmer Audi, 3rd
2009 FIA F2, 21st
2010 FIA F2, 2nd
2011 GP2 Finals, 4th
2012 GP2 Series, 11th
2013 GP2 Series, Carlin

MY FINEST RACE

"Last season's GP2 win in Monaco was certainly my most prestigious success, but I got a good start and pulled out a huge advantage when about half the field crashed behind me on the first lap, so it was probably the easiest drive I had all year. It was the best result, but not the best race. The sprint race at the first Bahrain meeting was good, when I came from the back of the field to finish seventh. Those tend to be the more enjoyable ones, although they don't always produce the best results. If you do that in GP2 you have to pass some pretty good people, because there aren't many idiots out there."

HE'S THE ONLY ROOKIE IN THIS GROUP, but the opposition holds few surprises for Adrian Quaife-Hobbs. He raced cars against Palmer as long ago as 2005, when both were in the T-Cars series (a tin-top training ground for teenagers, which Quaife-Hobbs won), and competed wheel to wheel with Calado in GP3. After two years at that level, however, he switched to AutoGP – a series whose profile is all but invisible in the UK (although Romain Grosjean took the title in 2010, while rebuilding his career between F1 shifts). Quaife-Hobbs won it, too.

“It proved to be very beneficial,” he says. “AutoGP has pitstops, two different tyre compounds and the second race features a partly reversed grid, so it is run along similar lines to GP2. The races aren’t quite as long, but in Budapest we were only a couple of seconds slower than the GP2 guys so it’s a very fast car. It isn’t just a glorified club series – it’s a proper championship with some really good drivers. It was ideal preparation for what I’m doing now.”

Like Bird, Quaife-Hobbs is driving for a team

new to GP2 – although many of his crew have prior experience. “We’re finding our feet a bit,” he says, “and three of the first four tracks on the calendar are unknown to me. My engineer hasn’t worked in the series for some time, either, so it might take a while to get on top of things. The latest tyres make it harder for rookies, because the more experienced guys know exactly what pace to set – and when. I hope I can get my learning done while the team is still finding its feet and then hit the ground running when the European leg of the season gets into its stride.”

Have the impending financial hurdles ever discouraged him from pursuing his F1 idyll?

“No,” he says, “and a lot of people clearly believe they can make it, because this year’s GP2 field is one of the strongest I can remember. The opportunities are still there, even though the press tends to focus on drivers who pay a lot for their seats. There are other ways and you just have to hope you’ll find one. And if you do a good job in GP2 but don’t get the right F1 breaks, you should still be able to pursue a worthwhile career in other disciplines.”

CAREER IN BRIEF

2007 Formula BMW UK, 10th
2008 Formula Renault Eurocup, 26th
2009 Formula Renault Eurocup, 4th
2010 GP3 Series, 15th
2011 GP3 Series, 5th
2012 AutoGP, 1st
2013 GP2 Series, MP Motorsport

MY FINEST RACE

“There isn’t really one particular event that sticks in my head – I tend just to take each weekend as it comes. I had quite a few strong drives in AutoGP last season [five wins] and also enjoyed my GP3 victory at Valencia in 2011. I didn’t score any points in that season’s first two meetings, then won in Spain and remained in contention thereafter. It was a pivotal moment and that’s the kind of turnaround I hope to achieve this season.”



ADRIAN QUAIFE-HOBBS



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Pack of aces

Audi's track warriors pick personal highlights from one of the biggest success stories in modern racing

writer ROB WIDDOWS

PAUSE FOR THOUGHT. The years, even the decades, fly by in a blur of snapshots, memories, facts and figures. But if you take a few moments to reflect on the years between 1999 and today, a remarkable sports car story unfolds. This is a tale of success that has made Audi one of the most prolific winners in the history of endurance racing.

In those 14 years and counting the team from Ingolstadt has won both the Le Mans 24 Hours and the Sebring 12 Hours 11 times each, and its sports cars have dominated just about everywhere else in between.

Some of the strongest cards in Audi's pack have been the drivers, all of them chosen by Dr Wolfgang Ullrich, the man who has orchestrated this extraordinarily successful spell. At the Sebring 12 Hours in March, Audi Sport arrived with a small but perfect collection of cars from the museum to illustrate the recent chapters of this remarkable run, from the R8 onwards and upwards to the R15. They also brought some of the stars from their 'Museum of Drivers', the 'old boys' there not to race, but to soak up the Florida sunshine now that they have been released from duty in fireproof overalls.

Happily, they all read *Motor Sport*: "Yes, we wanted to be in *Autosport* when we were climbing the ladder; now we're happy to find ourselves in *Motor Sport*," they joked when we sat down for a chat about the highlights of their part in the story.

ALLAN McNISH

SEBRING 12 HOURS, 2009

STARTING WITH THE CURRENT CROP OF drivers, two stand out from the rest in recent times. Tom Kristensen and Allan McNish, two very driven characters, both super quick and desperate to win. McNish's career was relaunched at Audi after a frustrating, lone season in Formula 1 with Toyota. Now a hugely popular member of the team, not to

mention a serial winner, he shows no sign of going elsewhere. For our review of the last 14 years he chooses Sebring from 2009 in the R15, sharing with Kristensen and Dindo Capello.

"This stands out because the year before the R10 didn't have the pure speed of the Peugeots, but we had good raceability. Then, in '09 with the R15, we had very impressive downforce from the new aerodynamics and, my God, it was the best Audi I've ever raced at Sebring. It was the first time I overtook anyone round the outside of Turn One and believe me, that takes total confidence in the car: just dab the brakes, down a gear and let it run around the outside. The front was so much more responsive than the R10; it was really underneath you, and you could throw it around like a kart.

"We qualified second, ahead of the Peugeots, and then it was a proper ding-dong battle. We had to be really on it all the way through. Typical of this was passing [Franck] Montagny down the back straight into Turn 17, him

repassing me along the main straight, and then going through Turn Two side by side having ducked around a slower GT car. This was only two hours in, and that's how it was going to be to the end.

"As we came to the end of the race I got a radio call from the pits as I went over the big bump in the middle of Turn 17 – 'Allan, you have to hurry up, [Sébastien] Bourdais [in the Peugeot] is catching you'. I was on full tanks having just done a stop and I thought 'Oh, cheers, give me some good news, why don't you?' At the end it came down to a splash and dash and when I pulled out of the pits the Peugeot was just coming onto the start/finish straight, so we were able to 'coast' through the last few laps to win by just 22 seconds. That was victory first time out for the car. All three of us had to race very hard; we had to take risks in traffic and it was far from a game of draughts. But in its Sebring trim the R15 was a really great car." ☐



EMANUELE PIRRO

LE MANS 24 HOURS, 2006

THE ITALIAN WAS THE FIRST MAN TO BE signed by the highly perceptive Ullrich, in 1999. Pirro was already vastly experienced. Having decided to seek a new challenge after nine years with BMW, Schnitzer team boss Charly Lamm advised him that Audi was planning a return to racing and gave him Ullrich's phone number.

"I had to make a new start, for many reasons," says Pirro. "I'd never heard of this Mr Ullrich, but he came to see me in Rome. I told him I was not just looking to make more

money for the end of my career, but that I wanted one more serious opportunity to race a good car and to win. There was good chemistry between us and I signed, though I could never have believed how much success we would have.

Incredibly, five Le Mans wins would follow. "It's tough to pick a highlight – I mean if you have 10 children, you don't love one more than another – and there were so many good races."

Pirro settles on the first win for a diesel car at Le Mans, in 2006 with the R10 TDI – an achievement that holds a special place in the history of the sport.

"I had to keep the plan for a diesel car as a deep secret," he says, smiling at the memory, "and I knew it would be an unbelievable adventure, a huge challenge. I first drove the diesel at a test in Vallelunga and, of course, it was very different. The technology was a big step forward, not just the powertrain, but the whole concept. So it was a special moment to drive those first few laps. I could feel the quality of the engineering and realised I would have just one shot at winning with a diesel car for the very first time in history.

"It was like being with NASA, such was the step forward in technology. I had won Le Mans already, of course, but to win with this new engineering in 2006 would be so special. When I did the final stint I was crying inside the car and wanted to do something fantastic at the finish, to express my joy. My son had given me tiger ears to stick on my helmet – I couldn't wear them in the race, but took them out of my pocket for the finish.

"I had already stood up in the cockpit on my previous Le Mans victories, and one time I nearly fell out of the car, but for this one in the diesel I had a plan for something extra. But I never did it because when Dr Ullrich and [Joest team manager] Ralf Jüttner gave me the privilege of crossing the line, they told me very firmly not to do anything silly in celebration. We were all very nervous in those last two hours, and if we did win the race then they made it very clear they wanted no funny games from me. So I never did my special plan. I crossed the line quite correctly and have never told anyone what I was planning. And no, I am not telling you now."

Silence is golden: at Le Mans in 2006, Pirro shared the history-making R10 with Frank Biela and Marco Werner





DINDO CAPELLO

SEBRING 12 HOURS, 1999

CAPELLO CHOOSES HIS AND AUDI'S LMP1 debut at Sebring in 1999. It was his first race outside Europe and he partnered two of his heroes, former Ferrari Grand Prix drivers Michele Alboreto and Stefan Johansson, driving the original R8R prototype. This was also the first race of the new American Le Mans Series.

"When Michele and Stefan were at Ferrari, I was still dreaming of being a racing driver," Dindo says, "and I never expected to be driving with them in an Audi at Sebring. The R8R was so demanding to drive, so stiff over the bumps, and really it was not fast enough to win. And of course Sebring is an old-fashioned track, more suitable for a vintage car than a modern prototype. It's quite scary, especially at night, but you get used to it. Maybe we could get on the podium, but the car was not yet really good enough, so to get in the top three would be fantastic. After free practice they asked me to qualify the car. That was a privilege and a recognition of my speed in practice. To get this respect from Michele and Stefan made me very proud and I just wanted to do the best job I could. In the end, though, I crashed after a Ferrari spun in front of me at Turn Five. It was quite a big impact.

"In the race we went well and got the car into third place. To be on the podium was such an achievement with a new car and I was just so happy to be there. Since then I have had so many good races at Sebring, especially with Tom and Allan. Now I'm in the drivers' 'museum', I wonder whether my brothers can win a race without me. Seriously, though, I'm happy with what I have achieved."

Dirty work: the winning R8 bears the scars of toil during the frequently rain-lashed Le Mans 24 Hours in 2001



FRANK BIELA

LE MANS 24 HOURS, 2001

THE SECOND DRIVER DR ULLRICH signed at the beginning of Audi's sports car campaign was a German. Frank Biela had already starred for the manufacturer in touring cars, winning the BTCC in 1996, and didn't have long to wait for his first endurance success – at Le Mans no less in 2000, with the new R8. But Biela chooses the race at La Sarthe in 2001 as his personal highlight when, driving with Kristensen and Pirro, he won a race run in appallingly wet conditions. They led home a 1-2 finish for the R8 in a race that was, at times, a chaotic affair.

"We had worked hard since 1999 and we'd solved all the problems we had in the beginning," Frank says, "but having won in 2000 I thought there was no way we'd be able to win again the following year. I drove the first stint and early in the race there was heavy rain. Going down to Indianapolis at about 230kph I remembered the words of Michele Alboreto from a few years earlier."

Alboreto had died just a couple of months earlier, in a freak testing accident at the Lausitzring during preparations for Le Mans. For everyone at Audi, the tragedy loomed large

at the race and the Italian was never far from their thoughts. Biela recalls, "He'd told me, 'If it's raining, you really have to slow down through Indianapolis, it's so fast down to that corner and if you back off it's never enough'. So I went really slowly. But cars were passing me, so I got back on the throttle and as I did so the car slid 90 degrees to the guardrail. I was still going very fast. I thought, 'F***, this is it, this is what Michele told me and it's over'.

"But I didn't crash. I got it back, opposite lock this way and that. The whole race was like that, very difficult, always the heavy rain and lots of people crashing.

"During the night it was very wet and that's not nice, especially down the Mulsanne where you want to keep the car in the middle of the road because of the camber. But sooner or later you have to go right or left to pass another car and then you're in the puddles. I thought, 'You stupid idiot, you've won this race once already, so why are you doing it again in these terrible conditions?' But things went well. We got through it and won the race, a lap ahead of the other R8.

"The best things about Audi are the people, the teamwork and the preparation. Drivers will always complain, you know, but they gave us a driveable car, one that suited all three members of the team and was reliable. And somehow Audi always managed to do that. The team reacts very quickly and strictly controls every part that goes into the car. This kind of detailed preparation is the key." 🗨

TOM KRISTENSEN

LE MANS 24 HOURS, 2008

SOME MIGHT SAY WE HAVE LEFT THE best until last. Tom Kristensen is the acknowledged maestro when it comes to endurance racing, a winner through and through with an enviable reputation for skill at speed in the dark. Kristensen/McNish/Capello was always quite simply the benchmark, the team to beat. The Dane's highlight? Le Mans 2008, with the R10 in its final season.

"We qualified fourth behind the three Peugeots," he says, "but always felt we had a chance. The Audi preparation is so good and the car was strong, the diesel having improved enormously since we started with the new

technology. We knew we did not have the speed of the Peugeot but I sensed we could win. We were so determined and believed it was possible if we stuck to doing our maximum and executed the perfect strategy. It was a real team effort, all down to the five Ps – 'proper preparation prevents poor performance' - so every mechanic did a perfect job during the refuelling stops.

"The race was a turning point for me because I'd had a huge crash in the DTM the year before and had been suffering for months with a constant headache. I wondered if it would ever go away. So I focused on being quiet, being as relaxed as possible and concentrated on the circuit. At the start we were four and a half seconds a lap slower than the Peugeots, but Dindo and Allan did a fantastic job and, when the rain came in the night, we really started to eat into their advantage.

"We came into the morning with the lead and then there was more rain around lunchtime.

The race was going down to the wire, but it rained again – in some places around the track – in the afternoon and we had discussions about the right call on tyres, slicks or wets, for the conditions. It was a truly epic battle. People have said it was the best Le Mans 24 Hours ever and fans can relive it with that great film Audi made, *Truth in 24*, which captures the intensity of that weekend.

"It was my first win after the DTM accident so it was a kind of a new beginning for me. And it was just a unique feeling to win that Le Mans. The teamwork was fantastic. If you looked at pure performance, nobody ever expected us to beat the Peugeots. But we had such a raceable and driveable car, we studied the weather forecast – the more rain that came,



Long-playing record: Kristensen crossed the line to score his eighth Le Mans win in 2008. Will he add a ninth this June?

the better – we prepared the aerodynamics for the rain and we were prepared to take risks. You have to do that in changing conditions. A great memory.”

Now, looking ahead, all the talk in Ingolstadt is of beating Porsche on its return to the fray in 2014. The new rivalry with Toyota is already intense. But Porsche, with its immense Le Mans history, nationality and shared ownership under the VW umbrella – that’ll be a whole different story.



MISSION IMPASSABLE

Acute attention to detail is a vital weapon in Audi's armoury... and its winning habit shows no sign of abating after more than a decade

HE RECENT SUCCESS OF AUDI SPORT is based on some essential principles laid down by Dr Wolfgang Ullrich

(below) and Joest team boss Ralf Jüttner. Allan McNish and Tom Kristensen are perfectly placed to reveal some of the secrets behind the domination.

“It’s the people,” says McNish. “The technology is designed and implemented by people. Computers don’t invent things, people do. And we have all been together for a long time, which creates stability.”

“Yes, and they have definite goals,” chips in Kristensen. “A lot of it is down to Ullrich; his approach is calm, steady, and he commands a lot of respect. There are internal differences of course, but they are discussed, because there has to be compromise. If we all try to optimise our own ‘deal’ then you end up with what I’d call a Lego car – in other words it’s not a compromise but it’s fantastic to play with. So we work as a team, always. Some wear the white shirts, some wear overalls, but we all work together as one.”

McNish has another take on this.

“The calm, efficient approach is a Germanic thing, the Germanic mentality. It’s either right or wrong, and if it’s wrong you fix it. No arguments, you just fix it. There’s always a plan of action. When things go wrong, they don’t apply a sticking plaster, they solve it. Every eventuality is examined, however unlikely. We had some problems with the

new car at Sebring in March, that’s to be expected, but every little possibility will be examined and solved before we go to Le Mans.”


They both agree that the influence of the Joest organisation can never be underestimated. The team brought a wealth of long-distance experience in the early days when Audi came to sports cars

from touring cars.

“They don’t tinkle with things, they focus always on detail,” says Tom. “Right from the start they came to Le Mans, learnt lessons from any failures, went away, fixed them and came back to win. The R8R in ‘99 is a good example: Audi was third behind BMW and Toyota. There were issues to be addressed and over the winter they looked at every detail. The engineers would say the problems were fixed, but just in case something still failed

they found a way to change the gearbox, the differential, everything behind the engine, in less than six minutes. And that’s what won Le Mans for me in 2000.

“It’s the same thing with pitstops: when we have a problem we don’t rush to the pits, we stay out while they decide exactly what to do, so when we stop they are immediately ready and prepared. You can lose time on track but when you are stopped you are losing so much more time. These disciplines are infused into the whole team.”

You can see all this in action once again at the Circuit de la Sarthe on June 22/23. 





Sound & Vision

The 275GTB/C is gorgeous to both ear and eye, yet remains something of an understated gem in the Ferrari canon

writer RICHARD HESELTINE

photographer TIM SCOTT/FLUID IMAGES




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HERE IS EVERY possibility that this could go horribly wrong. Hyde Park Corner in the wet – in early morning rush hour – is not the ideal environment in which to become acquainted with a competition Ferrari.

Traffic is threatening to set like concrete as black cabs and red buses vie to turn an inch into a mile. It has become a free for all, even the faintest hairline crack in congestion an opportunity to make up ground. There's no room for dawdling. Depress the clutch, plait a few hamstrings and then... stop. It doesn't help that the 275GTB/C has the longest bonnet in Christendom, the final few feet dropping away from view from the driver's seat. The race roundels and decals also leave you feeling a mite exposed: *everyone* stares. Apparently the carnival is in town and we're it.

It's only once clear of the capital's clogged core, on arrival at our Surrey test track, that the car's duality of character emerges. It might be a road car, but its racer DNA is self-evident. It's just that this glorious machine – this Le Mans class winner no less – is that rarest of things: an underrated Ferrari. In the general pecking order of Ferrari racing cars, the 275GTB/C is a low-totem fixture when compared with its 250-series GT predecessors. It deserves better.

It is often claimed that Enzo Ferrari viewed road cars as a means to an end, a method of bankrolling his precious Scuderia. Scroll back to the early '60s and Ferrari the marque had made the leap from penny number coachbuilt offerings to volume road car production, all things being relative, but with varying degrees of success. Unveiled in late '64, the importance of the 275 Gran Turismo Berlinetta in marque lore cannot be overestimated. This was the last two-seater GT car built by Ferrari as an independent player and without any Fiat influence. It is one of the brand's true exemplars, blessed with a jaw-slackening outline that only Pininfarina in its pomp could muster (or, rather, the Turin firm's unheralded stylist, Francesco Salamone). This wasn't mere smoke and mirrors: all four wheels were independently suspended (a first for 

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Maranello road cars), while the single-cam-per-bank V12 was sited far back for a 50:50 split, with a five-speed transaxle – a feature that first appeared on competition Ferraris a decade earlier – further aiding weight distribution.

The original 3-litre 275GTB was a polished performer, too, just as long as you remained below 130mph (otherwise the front-end became a mite floaty) and could somehow block out the excessive propshaft resonance. From the spring of '66, there was an unofficial second-series edition, Pininfarina elongating the nose in an effort to keep it planted, the addition of a torque tube ensuring that the engine and transaxle stayed rigidly in-line. However, with challengers muscling into its territory, not least upstart operations such as Lamborghini from over the hill in Sant'Agata, there were constant updates during the 275GTB's four-year existence in a bid to maintain its standing. Six Weber carbs became an option early on and, with the arrival of the 3.3-litre quad-cam 275GTB/4 from October '66, it received a substantial makeover with revised gearing and dry-sump lubrication. The factory's performance figures claimed an optimistic top speed of 160mph and 0-60mph time of 5.5sec.



AND JUST AS NIGHT FOLLOWS DAY, more adventurous customers demanded a competition variant. The *gran turismo* category had long been a happy hunting ground for the marque, even if the firm's recent attempts at duping the Commission Sportive Internationale (CSI) into believing the 250/275LM was a GT car had come unstuck – this being in essence a 250P sports-racer with a roof; the same model that won the Le Mans 24 Hours *outright* in '63. The 275GTB/C, however, was very much a road car-derived competition tool, even if no two examples were ever strictly alike.

There had been prior attempts at building a 275GTB racer, not least the four *Competizione Speciale* editions laid out for the 1965 season, each being powered by 3.3-litre 250LM-derived V12s. The first example was fielded by Ecurie Francorchamps and driven to third place overall in that year's Le Mans 24 Hours by Willie Mairesse and 'Beurlys' (Jean Blaton), albeit in a race of high attrition. However, this latest strain was something else altogether. While the outline was familiar, the 275GTB/C was significantly different from the road car beneath the Rizla-thin aluminium coachwork, a Mauro Forghieri-conceived lightweight tubular steel chassis also contributing towards an alleged 150kg weight saving over the standard car.

And the 'Competizione' made an instant impression, the Maranello Concessionaires car driven by Piers Courage and Roy Pike placing eighth overall and winning its class in the 1966 Le Mans 24 Hours, while two places further down the road, and second in the 5-litre GT



Beauty and a beast: 275GTB/C looks the part... and sounds it, too

“THE FACTORY CLAIMED AN OPTIMISTIC TOP SPEED OF 160MPH”

category, was the Ecurie Francorchamps car of Pierre Noblet and Claude Dubois. This 1-2 result did at least spare a few blushes for the men from Maranello as Ford steamrollered its way to outright victory.

Nonetheless, 'our' car, chassis 9079, is perhaps the most celebrated of the 12 *Competizione*s believed built. Originally fielded by Scuderia Filipinetti, the team that had largely run Ford or Shelby products in 1965-66, the Ferrari was entered for the '67 24 Hours where the Swiss pairing Dieter Spoerry and Rico Steinemann completed 317 laps to finish 11th overall. They also claimed class honours.

Steinemann recalled in Ed Heuvink's *Scuderia Filipinetti*: “Since the organisers refused the Porsche 906 of Dieter and myself, the invitation of Georges Filipinetti was very welcome... During scrutineering, the car was lined up behind one of the new 7-litre Ford MkIVs. Mario Andretti, who was scheduled to drive that car, came up to me asking what I was

going to do with 'that museum piece'. Looking at the Ford and then at the Ferrari with real spoke wheels, he had a point... It was my birthday that weekend. I really wanted to do well. In practice we managed a 4min 10sec lap; not amazing but starting 24th was OK. It was a good, comfortable car to drive; not fast – it would do 250km/h max – but as a Gran Turismo car it was well equipped. It only missed the radio.” Steinemann went on to recall: “After the race, Filipinetti offered us the car for 25,000 Swiss francs. But the engine was a little used, so Dieter and I decided not to do it...”

Unbowed, Filipinetti soon found a buyer in fellow Swiss Jacques Rey, who would continue to run it in the Scuderia's colours. The car's next appearance was the April '68 Le Mans test weekend, with Frenchman Sylvain Garant posting 11th-fastest time. However, student protests and union unrest across France prompted the Automobile Club de l'Ouest to postpone the 24 Hours for the first time ever. The race would now take place in September, with Scuderia Filipinetti fielding the 275GTB/C alongside a 250LM and a brace of big-block Chevrolet Corvettes. With Garant being requisitioned to drive one of the American cars, Rey was teamed with Le Mans rookie Claude Haldi. Having qualified 38th, the 275GTB/C made the 3pm kick off (an hour earlier than the traditional June start time) but retired eight hours in with Rey at the wheel. It would prove a miserable weekend for the team, with all four entries dropping out by Sunday morning.

Nonetheless, while in no way the class of the GT field, '9079' continued to rack up the miles, with gentleman driver Rey being joined by

experienced Swiss Edgar Berney for an assault on the May '69 Spa 1000Kms. They would finish 14th overall and first in class, 13 laps down on the victorious Porsche 910 of Jo Siffert and Brian Redman. And then came another Le Mans bid, with Haldi being reunited with Rey for what would prove a troubled outing. The Ferrari developed an early oil leak, which prompted a visit to the pits for an unscheduled top-up. The game was up by Saturday evening when the car was disqualified. The old stager then bowed out of contemporary racing in the best way possible, with another class win in September's Imola 500Kms, admittedly against limited opposition.

Rey sold the car that same year for \$6000, the Ferrari heading Stateside. New owner Phil Henney hoped to run it in the 1970 Daytona 24 Hours, but a holed piston ended his bid before qualifying. It subsequently passed through several hands only to be damaged in a garage fire in 1985. More recently, the Competizione was comprehensively restored and reconfigured by Fossil Motorsport of California before placing second in the competition Ferrari class at Pebble Beach in 2006. Returning to Europe shortly thereafter, it has been campaigned extensively in historic events, claiming the outright Italian Historic Car Cup prize in 2010.

And it is truly, really fabulous. The 275GTB/C – any 275GTB – is a sensational-looking car, the addition of stripes, race

roundels and decals only heightening the sense of drama. That long, priapic snout, gracefully swollen haunches and fat Borrani wire wheels conspire to produce arguably the last genuinely beautiful GT racer – the 365GTB/4 'Daytona' Competizione is fab, but beautiful? Stoop to enter the cabin and the view through the shallow windscreen, and across the acreage of aluminium, lends a frisson of expectation before you've so much as turned the key. Despite the more recent additions of a roll-cage and kill switches, it appears much like a regular 275GTB right down to the classic white-on-black Veglia gauges. It's patently road car-derived, the leather and corduroy-effect trim ensuring this. There's a sense of muted glamour here, from the three-spoke tiller (Nardi, naturally) to the fiercely spring-loaded ashtray. It is, quite simply, a pleasure to behold and even more so to sit in.




CLASSIC FERRARIS COME LADEN WITH A sense of expectation, and the 275GTB/C more than most. Much of this is due to the theatrics on start-up: press in the Autoflux rocker switch to prime the carbs, wait for the clack-clack-clack from the fuel pumps to slacken off and then twist the key. There follows a frenzied whirr of the starter motor before the all-alloy 3286cc V12 powerhouse erupts into life. Loud doesn't come close to describing it and, having adopted a lower, more manly tenor, you feel

duty-bound to tell anyone within earshot who can still hear that the Competizione is simply the best thing ever. It's all very – *very* – racy as chains turn cams which push valves which... It sounds super-exotic and super-expensive.

However, thanks to the bear trap-like clutch, a degree of effort is required to get off the line cleanly: it's all too easy to perform an embarrassing bunny hop should you not dial in enough revs. This being an old-school Ferrari, and one with a transaxle at that, you do need to allow a little time for the cogs to become fully lubricated before attempting something so bold as a quick shift. At low speeds, the Competizione doesn't feel particularly in step with the driver, but it's more likely the other way around: the steering seems a little ponderous and the ker-klunk from the transmission as you engage second gear for the first time makes you wince.

Nonetheless, it becomes easier with familiarity. And then you drive it that bit faster. The Competizione surges forward, the V12 being blessed with an almost motorcycle-like lack of rotational inertia. Acceleration is seamless, the Ferrari barely pausing for breath into three figures. Once warmed up, the gearchange becomes light between planes but you do need to synchronise each shift with care as otherwise it will snatch a little. The steering, too, is more direct than a worm and roller arrangement might suggest. There is no sense of front-end lift and it doesn't roll excessively, either. At some way south of ten-tenths, it's basically neutral with a touch of oversteer. It isn't exactly agile, but is far more nimble than you might imagine. The brakes, however, feel woefully wooden, but that could be down to a 'long' pedal rather than the four-wheel-disc set-up itself.

But the best bit by far is that mighty V12 bellow as all three Weber 40DF13 carbs gulp and gurgle. This sky-filling fanfare almost manifests itself as a physical presence such is its shiver-inducing intensity. Sadly, though, playtime is over too soon; the combination of a seven-figure price tag, a damp track and the close proximity of trees ensures this.

What you take away from even the briefest of sorties is how underappreciated the 275GTB/C is relative to other GT racers to emerge from Maranello in period. It might lack the cachet or the strike rate of the 250GTO, or the 250GT SWB for that matter, but consider this: variations on the theme scored Le Mans class wins three years in a row. That's quite a tally. It's just that this wonderful machine emerged from a manufacturer that was nothing if not an overachiever. For that reason alone, it was always going to be a footnote relative to the gong-garlanded works racers. But when a car looks and sounds this good, you ache for its continued company, which says it all, really. 

“REY SOLD THE CAR THAT SAME YEAR FOR \$6000, THE FERRARI HEADING STATESIDE...”



Chassis 9079 on its way to a Le Mans 24 Hours class win in 1967

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{ LUNCH WITH }

TIFF NEEDELL

An extraordinary stroke of luck paved his way into racing, and committed him to a happy life of ducking, diving and hustling

writer SIMON TAYLOR | photographer JAMES MITCHELL



OVER THE PAST SEVEN years, on your behalf, I've had *Lunch With...* more than 80 motor racing characters. But this is the first in whose career I can claim to have played a small but significant part. In the 1960s Tiff Needell was just one of many thousands of teenage enthusiasts who had a burning desire to be a racing driver, but entirely lacked the wherewithal to begin the process. Then in January 1971 the weekly magazine *Autosport*, of which I was the youthful editor, organised a readers' competition to win a new racing car.

With the help of Ford and various other indulgent sponsors, we managed to scrape together a pretty desirable prize: a new Lotus 69 in Formula Ford spec, with race-ready Holbay engine; a trailer; a helmet and full set of race clothing; and a course at the Jim Russell school at Snetterton. To indicate how far the

cost of a brand new race set-up has changed in the ensuing four decades, the blurb I wrote announcing the competition put the value of the whole package at £2000.

Contestants had to put 10 attributes of a successful car in order of importance, from suspension set-up to engine tune, from correct gear ratios to choice of tyres. As a tie-break, they had to state in no more than 15 words why motor racing was worthwhile for the participant. Entries poured in by the sackload. As judges I recruited Ford's motor sports director Stuart Turner, Team Lotus F1 mechanic Eddie Dennis, and the most successful Formula Ford driver of the day, Colin Vandervell, who had just won the



top Grovewood Award for promising young drivers. Stuart, much occupied with affairs of state at Ford, and Eddie, flat out preparing the Team Lotus 72Cs for Kyalami, agreed that if I came up with a proposed winning order of attributes, they'd be happy to approve it over the phone. Colin, however, took his role as a

judge very seriously and, having won 29 Formula Ford races in the previous year in the ex-Emerson Fittipaldi Merlyn, spoke with authority. He totally disagreed with my order and turned it on its head, requiring more phone calls to get Stuart and Eddie on board.

Then I drafted in batteries of temps to scan every one of the thousands of entry forms. Amazingly, just two of them had the same order of attributes that we'd finally agreed. The tie-break slogan decided that our winner was a 19-year-old student engineer from Weybridge with the unlikely name of Tiff Needell. I got his parents' phone number from directory enquiries, and rang him up.

"I'll never forget that phone call," says Tiff now. "It was Thursday evening, I was watching Olivia Newton-John on *Top of the Pops*, and suddenly I had you in my ear telling me I'd won. When my mum came into the room I'd gone white with shock, and she thought the police were on the phone, because I was always in trouble for speeding in her Morris Minor. My worry was that it was one of my friends winding me up, so first thing next morning I called you back, to make sure it was all true."



THAT TEENAGE STUDENT IS NOW PAST 60, and since my phone call he has managed, one way or another, to spend his life behind the wheel of an extraordinary variety of cars. In fact, he reckons he has raced and tested over 100 different types. He made it – just – into Formula 1, and he climbed the podium at the Le Mans 24 Hours. Achieving his boyhood ambition hasn't made him rich. It's been a lifetime of ducking and diving, and at times he has been almost on the breadline. But it's certainly kept him happy. Now we're talking over smoked buffalo and Dover sole in a delightful Wiltshire pub, The Greyhound in Stockbridge, not far from the village where he lives with his wife Patsy and three sons.

Tiff was christened Timothy, but when he was born his three-year-old brother had trouble getting his tongue around the name and pronounced it Tiffamy, and it stuck. "Dad was a freelance naval architect, but never seemed to make any real money. Mum was a needlework teacher. We lived in a rented flat, no telly, no washing machine, no central heating. It wasn't until my grandad died and we moved in with my grandmother that we lived in a house. But Dad was mad keen on racing, even though for most of my childhood he didn't have a car. From when my brother and I were very small we'd all squeeze into our only transport – Mum's pre-war Austin 7 – and make pilgrimages to Goodwood, stopping at the foot of the Downs to take on more water because we'd be overheating.



TIFF NEEDELL CAREER IN BRIEF

Born: 29/10/1951, Havant, Hampshire
Formula Ford 1971-1975, Grovewood Award 1976
F3 Unipart March team 1977-8
F1 Ensign Belgian GP 1980
Le Mans 14 starts 1981-1997, third overall in Alpha Porsche 1990 with Anthony Reid/David Sears

"My earliest memory is seeing Peter Collins in the Thinwall Special Ferrari" – presumably the September 1954 meeting, when Collins won the *formule libre* race. Tiff was then not quite three, but clearly it made a deep impression. "From that moment all I ever wanted was to be a racing driver." Other Goodwood memories are Jim Meikle demonstrating his jet-powered Cooper single-seater in 1957, and Jean Behra's BRM smiting the chicane in 1958. "And we did the Boxing Day Brands Hatch meetings, rugs over our knees, flasks of hot soup. The night before we were going to a race meeting I was

always too excited to sleep. Of course the man I really idolised, the man I'd watched coming up through Formula Junior to lead the Lotus F1 team, was Jim Clark. When I was 16, on our way home from the BOAC 500 at Brands Hatch, we called in to see my aunt. We hadn't heard the news, but she had: the man we'd expected to see driving the Ford F3L at Brands had been doing a Formula 2 race in Germany instead. And had been killed. I'll never forget the dreadful shock of hearing that.

"As I got older I did holiday jobs – petrol pump attendant, Christmas postman, anything I could – saving every penny towards my dream. As soon as I left school in the summer of 1969 I went to the racing school at Brands. In those days £10 bought you ten laps. Whenever I had another £10 I'd do ten more, and you could work your way up to doing school races at £30 a time, just four cars on the grid. I'd now been accepted on a five-year sandwich course in civil engineering at City University, six months a year there, six months working at builder George Wimpey's: and when I was working I was paid £45 a month. That summer I was doing spec housing in Essex. My rent cost £10 a month, and if I could live on £5 a month that left £30 to do a race. I'd hitch-hike home, or jump on trains and buses without a ticket and jump off again before I got caught. Mum'd give me a square meal and some clean clothes, and I'd borrow her old Minor to get me to Brands."

But, back at university for the winter term, Tiff's money was all gone, and he had just a few school races to show for it. The only option was to enter the *Autosport* contest, and hope.

Having received the life-changing news that he'd won, first he had to find a tow car to collect his prize: £75-worth of rusty Morris Minor Traveller dealt with that. Wimpey now had him in Gloucestershire, doing 12-hour days on the construction of the M5, but he took a week's sick leave to do the Jim Russell course. Two of his fellow pupils were a young Belgian aristo called Patrick Marie Ghislain Pierre Simon Stanislas Nève de Mévergnies, who as Patrick Nève was to get as far as F1 for a brief spell; and a New Yorker called Leigh Gaydos. Six weeks later, in their third race together, Gaydos hit a marshals' post at Mallory Park and died instantly.

Tiff's first race in the Lotus 69 came at Snetterton. "I couldn't afford different sets of ratios, or the new trick Firestone Torino tyres that the quick boys were using. But I was fifth in my heat and 10th in the final, so I was under way. The Lotus soon lost its smart red and white colours when someone got sideways in front of me at Snetterton's Russell Corner, which was nearly flat in top in those days, and I cartwheeled over the bank. It took a month of graft to get it more or less straight."

None of this diminished Tiff's dedicated determination. In two and a half seasons he



1 First big shunt: this was Snetterton's Russell Corner in 1971 2 Brilliant Hockenheim F2 drive in 1978 ended in tears 3 In 1985 Tiff led Le Mans in the EMKA Aston 4 First paid drive was in the Unipart March F3 team in 1977, but the Dolomite engine did not have the torque of the rival Toyotas



5 In the F1 Ensign at Monaco in 1980 Tiff qualified in the wet on Thursday, but got bumped on Saturday 6 Le Mans 1990 brought a glorious podium finish in the Alpha Porsche 962 7 Pitstop for the Jaguar XJ220 at Le Mans in 1995. After holding fourth place during the night, the crank broke 8 The Jaguar XJR-15 raced in F1 supports but had lairy handling 9 Driving for Hawke in 1976, Tiff came within one point of winning the British FF2000 title



managed a remarkable 90 races in the Lotus, with 82 finishes, 22 podiums – and three wins. The car was kept in a lock-up without lights or power, and the chassis was set up with a length of string and two tin cans. “For engines I built a friendship with Doug and Alan Wardropper, father and son stock-car racers who ran Scholar Racing Engines. They were very kind to me, lost bills down the back of the sofa, did me lots of good turns. But the Lotus got more and more uncompetitive, so in mid-1973 I managed to line up a cost-price Elden chassis, plus a loan engine from Doug and Alan, and sold the Lotus to an Austrian racer.”

The Elden brought some success in 1974, but the 1975 factory-loaned Mk 17 that replaced it was an ill-handling disaster. Dividing his time between City University and Wimpey, Tiff was still penniless: any money he could scrape up went, of course, on racing. “I was working five days a week, preparing the car in the evenings, then I’d set off after work on Friday evening in a rusty old Transit which I now took the car around in, and slept in at the track. A lad my age would pull alongside in his new Ford Capri, smart Seventies sweater, dishy Friday date at his side, eight-track stereo playing. I had holes at my elbows, a bungee cord to stop the gear-lever jumping out and I couldn’t afford a car radio. But I was following my dream. I was a racing driver – even though with the Elden I was struggling to finish in the top ten.”



THE CROSSLÉ 25F WAS NOW THE FF chassis to have, and in June 1975 Tiff saw Chris Hyatt-Baker’s 25F advertised for sale, at an unattainable £1600. Hyatt-Baker was an amiable good-time guy who’d shown occasional speed but never taken his racing very seriously, and was now getting into other pastimes, like bungee-jumping off the Clifton suspension bridge. Somehow empty-wallet Tiff persuaded Chris to let him take the Crosslé away, and only pay for it when he sold it on.

At once, with a properly competitive car, Tiff’s career took off. He won 12 of his next 13 races, took the Brands-based Townsend-Thoresen Championship, clocked up poles, wins and lap records at other tracks, and won a Grovewood Award commendation. He beat rising star Derek Warwick in the Brands Boxing Day meeting – no doubt watched by youngsters in the stands with rugs over their knees and mugs of hot soup – and then the Crosslé was sold and the patient Hyatt-Baker got his £1600. Tiff had also attracted enough attention to be offered five races in a works Hawke FF2000, garnering three wins and a second; and that secured him a works FF2000 Hawke seat for 1976. The dream was on its way at last.

“I’d spent five years in Formula Ford, and



done over 200 races. I'd scraped together a bit of sponsorship here and there, but it was always a struggle: ups and downs, dramas, setbacks, a steep learning curve. I was still an FF driver when I was 23. Today's young drivers have had 10 years' racing by the time they're 18, because they start in karts aged eight. In my view, few of them have grown up enough when they reach the big time. They've got the race experience, but they haven't got the life experience. There's so much pressure on them to perform, all the money invested in them, the public spotlight, the media interviews, and some of them don't do as well as they might three or four years later with more maturity. Of course fashion dictates what the sponsors go after, and extreme youth is attractive these days.

"I'd got friendly with most of the journos on the British weeklies, and Chris Witty was a great supporter of mine. My first big race of 1976 was on the Brands Hatch Grand Prix circuit, supporting the Race of Champions, and all the F1 circus was there. Chris said to Frank Williams, who was always meant to be on the look-out for new talent, 'Make sure you watch the FF2000 race. There's a young lad you should know about called Needell.' Chris told me what he'd done, and I was determined to put on a good show. The track was greasy and partly wet, and we were all on slicks. I've always loved conditions like that. I was on pole and I led from start to finish, winning by a massive 38sec. I was power-sliding all the way from Bottom Bend to South Bank, imagining Frank was watching my progress from behind the pits. After the race Witty said to Frank, 'What did you think of the FF2000 race?' Frank said, 'Really boring. Some bloke pissed off into the distance, and I stopped watching.'"

After that things didn't prove quite so easy, and after a tough season Tiff lost the FF2000 title to Ian Taylor by just one point. But he did win that season's top Grovewood Award, ahead of F3 champion Rupert Keegan and European FF champion Derek Warwick. And he had three Formula 3 outings for the little Safir team, finishing second in the British F3 Championship final at Thruxton. That led to a really exciting deal for 1977: an F3 works drive in the two-car Unipart March team.

"With a £40 a week retainer and a Triumph TR7 company car, I was a professional racing driver at last. Wimpey agreed to keep my job open for two years, but as things turned out I'd finished with civil engineering for ever. My new team-mate was my FF2000 nemesis Ian Taylor, and so we could get to know each other team manager Alan Howell took us down to the pub for a game of bar billiards. That's how it was in those days – you didn't go to the gym, you went to the pub. The only way we kept fit was by racing. Ian was a shy man, but very aggressive on the track, hated being beaten. We became close friends, and remained so until his tragic

death at Spa in 1992." Obligated by their British Leyland-owned sponsor to use the Dolomite engine rather than the torquier Toyota unit favoured by most, and despite much driving on the ragged edge, neither had a great season. And 1978 was little better, apart from a fine second to Nelson Piquet at Cadwell and a great run on the Österreichring, when Tiff opted for less rear wing for straight-line speed and was lining up to pounce on Guido Pardini for the lead in the final laps when the battery went flat.

Meanwhile he had talked his way into a couple of Formula 2 drives. The first was at Donington in 1977 in a Fred Opert Chevron: battling with Elio de Angelis, his engine broke. "I loved the extra power. After F3 it felt really quick." Then came a ride in the spare Toleman in the final round of the 1978 European Championship at Hockenheim. The race was run in two 20-lap parts, and in the first Tiff finished a fine fourth among the cream of the day's F2 men. In the second part he was running a magnificent third, having just passed Manfred Winkelhock, when the Toleman's BMW engine exploded. "As I walked in that massive Hockenheim crowd applauded me. I don't mind admitting, I was in tears under my helmet."

For 1979 things looked bleak. "Unipart offered me a third year, but I knew the Dolomite engine was never going to work. And at 27 I had to move on from F3. So I gave up my paid drive and my free TR7 and put myself out in the wilderness again." No F2 drives emerged, but Graham Eden was running his F1 Chevron-DFV B41 in the 12-round Aurora Championship and decided to spread the seat

"TEN YEARS AFTER WINNING THAT COMPETITION, MY FIRST REAL F1 RACE!"

among three drivers. At the first round at Zolder, running in his favourite conditions – slicks on a damp circuit – Tiff finished second, failing to catch David Kennedy's Wolf by 0.2sec. The other three races were dry, and produced little in the way of results.

The ultimate goal of a real Formula 1 drive beckoned when Derek Daly left Morris Nunn's little single-car Ensign team mid-season and, days before the French Grand Prix, Tiff was offered the seat. But the FIA's bureaucrats

decided he was ineligible for the necessary superlicence and the drive went to Frenchman Patrick Gaillard – who failed to qualify. Much better was an offer from Robin Herd of March to race an F2 car at Suzuka. It was Tiff's first visit to Japan. "Finding the cheapest route meant a 20-hour trip via Moscow on Aeroflot. But after I'd finished fourth at Suzuka I was handed an envelope full of crisp new 10,000-yen notes. It came to about £1000, the first time I'd earned real money from one race. I went back east for a race in Malaysia in an ancient March 76B, courtesy of the local Unipart franchise, and then Macau, when I got it up to fourth and had a good dice with Riccardo Patrese before the gear linkage sheared, probably due to old age."



IN MARCH 1980, WITH NOTHING TO drive and no deals in the offing, Tiff was lying in bed listening to the American Forces Network radio coverage of the Long Beach Grand Prix – the only way to follow the race in those days – and heard the description of Clay Regazzoni's dreadful accident. The brake pedal on Clay's Ensign broke and he hit the wall, sustaining injuries that not only ended his career but confined him to a wheelchair for the rest of his life. Every anxious racer desperate for a seat knows the inner conflict of hearing such news as this: sympathy and regret for the injured man, but a glimmer of hope that it might provide an opportunity. "I'm afraid that's how it was in those days: drivers got hurt, other drivers got chances. It's different now: drivers don't get hurt, and they never seem to retire.

"I didn't know how badly hurt Clay was, but even a broken ankle would keep him out of the next race. Rather than approaching Mo Nunn direct, I got in touch with Ensign's sponsors, Unipart, whom I knew well after my two F3 seasons with them. The result was half a day's testing at Donington. Even then, when ground-effect was very much in its infancy, I'd never experienced grip like it, with the steering getting heavier and heavier as the speeds went up. Next thing I knew, I was at Zolder for the Belgian Grand Prix. Ten years after winning that competition, my first real Formula 1 race!

"Of course the Ensign was far from being a front-runner. Clay had qualified 23rd at Long Beach, so I was pleased to equal that with 23rd in Friday qualifying. Saturday was wet and didn't change anything, so I lined up on the back row ahead of Emerson Fittipaldi, with Mario Andretti, Alain Prost and Keke Rosberg on my side of the grid just in front. Grown-up stuff. It all went fine and I'd done just 12 laps, behind Emerson and ahead of John Watson, when the engine rattled and stopped."

Two weeks later came Monaco. "Driving 

an F1 car round that track, launching up the hill from Ste Devote to Casino Square, over the blind crest and plunging down the hill to Mirabeau, then the tunnel and the harbour, it just blew my mind. Until I got the hang of the place, I felt my brain was being left behind. And 26 cars were fighting for 20 places on the grid. For Thursday qualifying it was wet, and at the end of the day I was in: 19th quickest, ahead of Mass, Jabouille, de Angelis, Patrese. Nobody remembers that, why should they, but I rate qualifying on that circuit, in that car, in the wet, as my greatest motor sport achievement. I prayed that it would rain even harder on Saturday.

“But it didn’t. It was dry, all day. In the morning session I clouted the kerb at the chicane, and back in the pits they discovered a broken suspension pick-up point. I had to switch to the spare car. For the afternoon qualifying session I could give you plenty of excuses, but nothing went my way and in the end I spun the bloody thing leaving the swimming pool. I chugged back to the pits with the rear wing hanging off, and that was that. DNQ. After that they put Jan Lammers in the Ensign. He didn’t qualify for five of the next six races.”



TIFF’S ONLY OTHER EFFORT AT top-line motor sport in 1980 was another disappointment. Ian “Baked Bean” Bracey asked him to join Tony Trimmer in his DFV-powered Ibec at Le Mans. But under that year’s rules a car’s qualifying time was the average of the best lap by each of the three drivers, and the slowest two cars in each class got dropped. Although Trimmer qualified the Ibec 11th fastest, and Tiff was quick in the wet, patron Bracey’s times were too slow and they were out. But it was Tiff’s first taste of the magical atmosphere of Le Mans, a race he was to do 14 times in the next 17 years.

“Le Mans was different then. It wasn’t the professional circus it is now, with motorhomes, special diets, masseuses, fresh overalls for every stint. It was just like a big club race, with tents tied to the trees. In 1984, when I did the race for Kremer Porsche, the team had no catering. I existed through the 24 hours on *croques monsieurs* bought from one of those little wooden huts at the back of the paddock. It was baking hot, so I suggested to Erwin Kremer that water bottles in the car might be a good idea. He said, ‘You are paid to drive, not to drink.’

“In 1981 we were back with the Ibec, and we got in this time, but the gearbox – the only bit of the car Bracey had had rebuilt since the previous year – broke. In 1982 I drove the Aston Martin Nimrod with Geoff Lees and Bob Evans. I’m not superstitious, but we were in pit 13, we started on the 13th row, and on the 13th lap of one of my stints the rear bodywork came

adrift when I was doing 205mph on the Mulsanne Straight. It was a massive accident and the car was destroyed, but I got out OK. In Steve O’Rourke’s EMKA Aston in 1983 with Steve and Nick Faure we actually finished, down in 17th place. In 1984 in the Kremer 956 a bolt dropped out of the suspension and I hit the barriers. But I kept the engine running, graunched the car back to the pits, they spent an hour fixing it and we finished ninth.

“There are stories from all my Le Mans outings. In the 1985 Emka Aston I actually led the race, thanks to a demon short-fill pitstop strategy from team manager Michael Cane. There were no radios then, so I didn’t understand why our stop had been so quick, but for five glorious laps I was getting the P1 signal each time I passed the pits. It was the first time an Aston-engined car had led Le Mans since the DBR1 won in 1959. After a delay with a fractured fuel line we finally finished 11th. I did the ’89 race in the Richard Lloyd Porsche 962 with Derek Bell and James Weaver, and it went up in a ball of flame as I approached the pits. I realised bringing a burning car into a crowded pitlane would be less than sensible, and

“BRINGING A BURNING CAR INTO A CROWDED PITLANE WOULD HAVE BEEN LESS THAN SENSIBLE”



drove further up the straight before punching the extinguisher button and leaping out.

“The next year, 1990, the chicanes had been introduced on the Mulsanne Straight. I was down to drive the Japanese Alpha Racing 962, and I suggested to the car’s owner, Mr Nanikawa, that my co-drivers should be Anthony Reid and David Sears. Three impecunious Brits in one team. We opted for a short-tail body configuration, reasoning that with the new circuit layout the better handling would offset any disadvantage on the straight, and it turned out to be a good choice. It was incredibly hot that year, but the car ran like clockwork. As I took over for the final stint we were lying fourth behind the two Silk Cut Jaguars and the Walter Brun Porsche. And, with just 15 minutes to go, the Brun car’s engine blew. So we were third! Heart in mouth, I did those last laps behind the Jaguars to take the flag in a formation finish. A few minutes later I was with Anthony and David on the pit balcony – the last time the old podium was used – with that mammoth crowd below, savouring one of the most memorable moments of my life.

“In 1995 I was in a Jaguar XJ220C with James Weaver and Richard Piper, and we got up to fourth overall at one stage. We were still sixth when the crank broke at 4am. Then Geoff Lees persuaded me to go and meet a lunatic in Leatherhead who was running some mad seven-litre V12 Lister thing painted in black and white stripes, because he’d got sponsorship from Newcastle United. This was Laurence Pearce, a real character. His ebullient enthusiasm about everything was incredibly infectious. I had several wonderful seasons with him, Daytona, Nürburgring, Spa, Suzuka, and of course Le Mans. In the 1996 24 Hours the gearbox broke, but we struggled home to finish. But in 1997, which was to be my final Le Mans, co-driver George Fouché crashed on his first lap.

“But I hadn’t finished with Laurence. For the 1998 British GT Championship he came up with the most bizarre plan. He suggested that if I drove for him for free, he’d take out an insurance policy *against* me winning the championship, £12,000 at 50:1. So if I won, I’d get an insurance payout of £600,000! My co-driver was Julian Bailey, and in Round 1 at Silverstone he crashed the car into the pit wall at the start. We finished third in Round 2, and in Round 3 I put the car on pole and we won. We went on to further wins, and by the penultimate round at Spa we were on target for my £600,000. Then a pace-car period muddled our strategy, and my big pay-out slipped away.

“Soon after my brief time with the Ensign team I’d had to accept that Formula 1 was never going to happen for me. So I made it my philosophy to say yes to anything and everything I was ever offered. I never earned any proper money racing in Europe, but Japan was good to me: it was in 1983 that I first

raced a Dome in their Group C series with Eje Elgh, and we lived for months in Tokyo. I earned about £20,000 that year. They put us in horrible little tin-box apartments, but then we said ‘pay us what they cost and we’ll find our own lodgings’. And we pitched camp in a cheap hotel, grandly called the President, which gradually became home from home for all the European drivers racing in Japan. Jim Crawford and I went to India to put on two demonstrations in a couple of Formula Atlantic Chevrons – we agreed that he should ‘win’ Madras and I should ‘win’ Bangalore. I did the 1986 Silverstone 1000Kms in a Kremer Porsche with Jo Gartner, and finished third behind one of the Silk Cut Jaguars and the Bell/Stuck factory Porsche. Jo was super-quick and super-likeable, and it was a tragedy when, four weeks later, he was killed at Le Mans.

“In 1991 Tom Walkinshaw organised a one-make series in Jaguar XJR-15s supporting the F1 Grands Prix at Monaco, Silverstone and Spa, and I drove David Warnock’s car. So I finally got to race at Monaco, and I finished seventh. At Silverstone the race developed into a bit of a crash-fest, but I finished sixth with a few battle scars, and then at Spa John Watson spun and I hit him. I think the XJR-15 was the worst car I ever raced: no downforce, a high centre of gravity and that big lump of a heavy V12. After three laps your tyres were rooted.”

There was some touring car racing, too, most famously at Donington when Nigel Mansell was making a guest appearance, and Mansell’s Mondeo hit a bridge parapet after contact with Tiff. Nigel told the world that Tiff did it deliberately, but Tiff says the Mondeo was already out of control and coming back across the Vauxhall’s path when he hit him. Five years later, at Brands Hatch, they met again, Mansell in a Mondeo, Needell now in a Nissan. Going up to Druids the Mondeo hit the Nissan, hard, up the boot. Afterwards Tiff suggested to Nigel that he was trying to get his own back for Donington. Nigel, for his part, accused Tiff of brake-testing him. These touring car drivers.....

“I raced anything else I could get myself into, from a Porsche 944 to a Can-Am March. I raced a Saab at one point, and my team-mate was Damon Hill. That was at a time in his career when he’d say yes to anything, too. One of my Nimrod-Aston drives was at Daytona, with two big US stars, AJ Foyt and Darrell Waltrip, who was reigning NASCAR champ then. The engine didn’t like the banking, and ate its sump baffles. To earn a few quid I did endless laps of Thruxton giving prospective BMW customers rides, and I did a lot of testing for March developing the 83G with a young engineer called Adrian Newey. There was some stunt driving for TV commercials, driving through blazing cornfields, and I began to write

for magazines, I-was-there pieces about my races, and then track tests. That got me into lots more kit, from F1 to Group B rally cars and even a 9000bhp top fuel dragster. I was still living at home with Mum and Dad until I was 33, but finally I scraped together the down payment on a two-up, two-down. My long-suffering girlfriend Patsy moved in and, after a nine-year courtship, I married her in 1988.



“And then came TV. First the BBC got me to stand beside Murray Walker for the lesser races that James Hunt wasn’t interested in doing, and this led to some track-testing spots on *Top Gear*. Before long I was part of the regular team with Chris Goffey, Quentin Willson, and a lanky, curly-headed kid called Clarkson.”

Tiff spent 15 years on *Top Gear*. At the end of 2001 the show was canned and then relaunched, by which time Tiff had moved to Channel Five to be part of a new show, subtly entitled *Fifth Gear*. This lives on still on Discovery. Tiff’s TV career has taken him to more places around the world, put him in more strange vehicles and made his face far better known than motor racing ever did.

“My last three proper races were in the British GT Championship in 2000. I drove David Warnock’s Lister Storm at Donington, won there in the wet, then Dave Clark’s Lister at Spa and Silverstone, and won those. That seemed a reasonable point, at the age of 48, to stop – but then Tom Alexander offered me some rides in his Aston Martin DBR9 in 2006. And then there’s the Goodwood Revival. I’ve done every one, many in Chris Lunn’s glorious Lister-Jaguar, but also in Cobra, Corvette, Project 212 Aston, E-type, Cortina and Jaguar Mk 7. That big, lumbering Mk 7 is a hoot.”

And now the wheel has come full circle. Tiff was sure that the prize Lotus 69F, the car that started it all in 1971, had long since gone to the great paddock in the sky, probably written off in some Austrian hillclimb. But no: it has reappeared, totally rebuilt by Classic Team Lotus – and Tiff has bought it back. So, 42 years on, he’s back in Formula Ford again (Historic FF now) in the very same car. “It’s totally immaculate, in its original red and white colours, and I raced it at the Easter Thruxton. My engine was a bit down on power [don’t racing drivers always say that] but with some demon out-braking into the chicane on the last lap I got third. Brilliant fun.

“I was so lucky to win that competition, and I’ve been so lucky ever since. I know I missed out on a Grand Prix career, and I didn’t get rich like those guys do. But I’ve had a rich life. I’d always rather have been a Brian Redman or a Derek Bell than a Nigel Mansell or a Lewis Hamilton.”

“SILVERSTONE DEVELOPED INTO A CRASH-FEST, AND AT SPA JOHN WATSON SPUN AND I HIT HIM. I THINK THE JAGUAR XJR-15 WAS THE WORST CAR I EVER RACED”



Back where he began: Tiff has bought back his FF Lotus after 42 years, and was third at Thruxton at Easter

JEFFREY HAN

Few motor racing battles have such enduring appeal as those between Mercedes-Benz and Auto Union. It was arguably the most courageous chapter in Grand Prix history, and Bernd Rosemeyer became its very essence

writer NIGEL ROEBUCK

The Villeneuve of the Thirties

AND





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HIRTY OR SO YEARS AGO I wrote a column for *Autosport* about Bernd Rosemeyer, long dead before I was born, yet the figure of legend who first captured my imagination, triggering a

life-long love affair with motor racing.

Soon afterwards, in the Zandvoort paddock, Murray Walker told me he had enjoyed the piece and had something he wished to give me. He then opened his case and handed me a single sheet of paper. When I took in what it was, I reeled.

At the time of Auto Union's participation in the South African Grand Prix in 1937, a prominent local cartoonist and illustrator named Jock Leyden did a pencil sketch of Rosemeyer, which he had the driver sign and subsequently gave to Graham Walker, Murray's celebrated father. Now, nearly half a century on, it was coming to me, and nothing in my collection of memorabilia stands higher in my affections.

While there are exceptions to the rule, it is a quirk of most racing drivers – as surprising as it is regrettable – that they have little interest in the history of their own sport, but something about Bernd Rosemeyer seems to intrigue people.

I remember Derek Warwick, for example, saying he had read the piece and wanted to know more. And at the German Grand Prix in 1980 Gilles Villeneuve told me that 'an old guy in the hotel' had said he put him in mind of Rosemeyer, and did that make sense to me?

Of course it did. So much of Villeneuve was reminiscent of Rosemeyer, and later I had similar thoughts of Stefan Bellof. All were freakishly quick, with talent to throw away – and all were abnormally brave. By Rudolf Caracciola's account, "Bernd did not know fear, and sometimes that is not good. You had to know where the real danger lay and we actually feared for his life in every race. Somehow I didn't think that a long life was in the cards for him."

I will admit to having had similar thoughts

about Villeneuve, and although I thought Bellof destined to be Germany's first World Champion, he, too, was clearly a man more likely than most to go out on his shield.

"The Old Man," said Gilles, "told me I reminded him of Nuvolari..." If I could see that, so could I understand the man who had compared him with Rosemeyer. And I told him some more about this iconic figure, mentioning that every year, en route to Hockenheim, I would pull off at that point on the Frankfurt-Darmstadt autobahn where Rosemeyer had perished in 1938. A memorial stands, I said, in the place where they found him. Villeneuve was aghast: "He died on an autobahn?" Yes: he had been making a record attempt.

I first learned of the memorial's whereabouts – set back, at the end of a lay-by immediately beyond the Langen-Morfelden crossing – from Denis Jenkinson, who invariably paused there whenever he was in the vicinity. The young Jenks had been a fervent fan: "Nuvolari was everyone's hero, but Rosemeyer was my favourite..."



What originally appealed to me was that he was never part of the triumphal Mercedes-Benz machine. From the beginning of his brief career he was an Auto Union man, and I have always found these brutish and wayward cars more arresting than anything from the Three-Pointed Star.

As well as that, Rosemeyer was invariably obliged to fight Mercedes alone.

Born in 1909, he initially raced motorcycles with success, but his sights were always on Grand Prix racing. Over the winter of 1934-35 Auto Union gave him a test, along with several other would-be drivers. Rosemeyer came out of it well, was offered a contract and in May 1935 made his debut at the ultra-fast Avus, of all places. It beggars belief that this was his first race in a car of any kind.

René Dreyfus, at the time driving Alfa Romeos for Scuderia Ferrari, was competing at Avus that weekend. From my frequent visits to New York, I came to know the gentlemanly Dreyfus well through the last 15 years of his life and was enraptured by his first-hand reminiscences of a time in racing so long



“IT APPEALED THAT
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Rosemeyer won the 1937
Eifelrennen, well clear of
Mercedes rivals Caracciola
and von Brauchitsch

gone. We would meet for dinner and the journalist in me yearned to take a tape recorder, but it would have been an intrusion on a social occasion with a man like René: instead I would hasten back to my hotel and scribble down everything I could remember.

“In those days,” he said, “Caracciola thought he was the best, and technically he was: certainly he was the most complete driver – but Nuvolari was undoubtedly the greatest. Tazio could do things with a car that no one else could do – although Varzi, until he destroyed himself, was almost his equal. He was the most precise driver I ever saw.”

And Rosemeyer? “If he had been given more time, who knows? Certainly no one – even Nuvolari – drove an Auto Union like Rosemeyer did. Some people said that because he never drove anything else it was easier for him to adapt to a rear-engined car – he had nothing to unlearn, if you like. That might have been true, but I would say he was faster than anyone...”

Dreyfus remembered little of the race in which Rosemeyer made his debut. “Avus was a terrible circuit, very fast, but no real challenge, and everyone – except the Germans – hated it. I recall meeting Bernd for the first time and he caused a sensation by starting on the front row, but it was soon after that, at the Nürburgring, that he was really able to show what he had.”

So he was. In the Eifelrennen, on a wet-dry afternoon, Rosemeyer took the lead from Caracciola with three laps to go, and although he was ultimately repossessed on the long straight immediately before the finish, he had given very serious notice of intent. In two races, he was on his way to becoming Auto Union’s mainstay.

This marked the beginning of a battle, sometimes very personal, between the two greatest German drivers of the time. “We did not,” said Caracciola, “give a second to each other. It was his wild, stormy, youth against the experience of an opponent 10 years older. He wanted to push me off my throne and I wanted to sit there a while longer...” As with Nuvolari and Varzi, though, the ferocious rivals would ultimately become friends. “Bernd was such a good-natured fellow,” said Dreyfus, “it was impossible to dislike him...”

Again, resonances of Villeneuve and Bellof.



THE FINAL RACE OF 1935 WAS THE Czechoslovakian Grand Prix, and Rosemeyer – racing a car for the ninth time – scored his first victory. It was also here that he met Elly Beinhorn, then more celebrated than he, for she was Germany’s Amy Johnson, a flyer of great distinction, and in Brno to present one of her many lectures. On July 13 1936 – 13 was the lucky number of both – they were married and would travel to the races in her aeroplane.

Rosemeyer was the dominant driver of 1936, becoming European Champion (then the

equivalent of World Champion) in only his second season as a Grand Prix driver. At the Nürburgring he won not only the German GP, but also the circuit’s traditional ‘second’ race, the Eifelrennen, in which as a rookie he had made such an impression the previous year.

If a single race defines Rosemeyer, and his place in racing legend, it is this one. Although it was mid-June, the Nordschleife was at its most treacherous. The fog lifted shortly before the start, but rain continued to beat down. For a couple of laps Caracciola led, but soon Nuvolari (Alfa Romeo) and Rosemeyer were past him and the race distilled to these two. They ran in tandem until lap seven, at which point thick fog descended again, whereupon the Auto Union took the lead and disappeared.

In her memoir of life with Bernd, *Mein Mann, der Rennfahrer*, Elly Beinhorn



“RACING IS AS ESSENTIAL TO ME AS THE AIR I BREATHE. I MIGHT BE KILLED, BUT IF I GIVE UP NOW IT WILL BE THE END OF LIFE FOR ME ANYWAY”

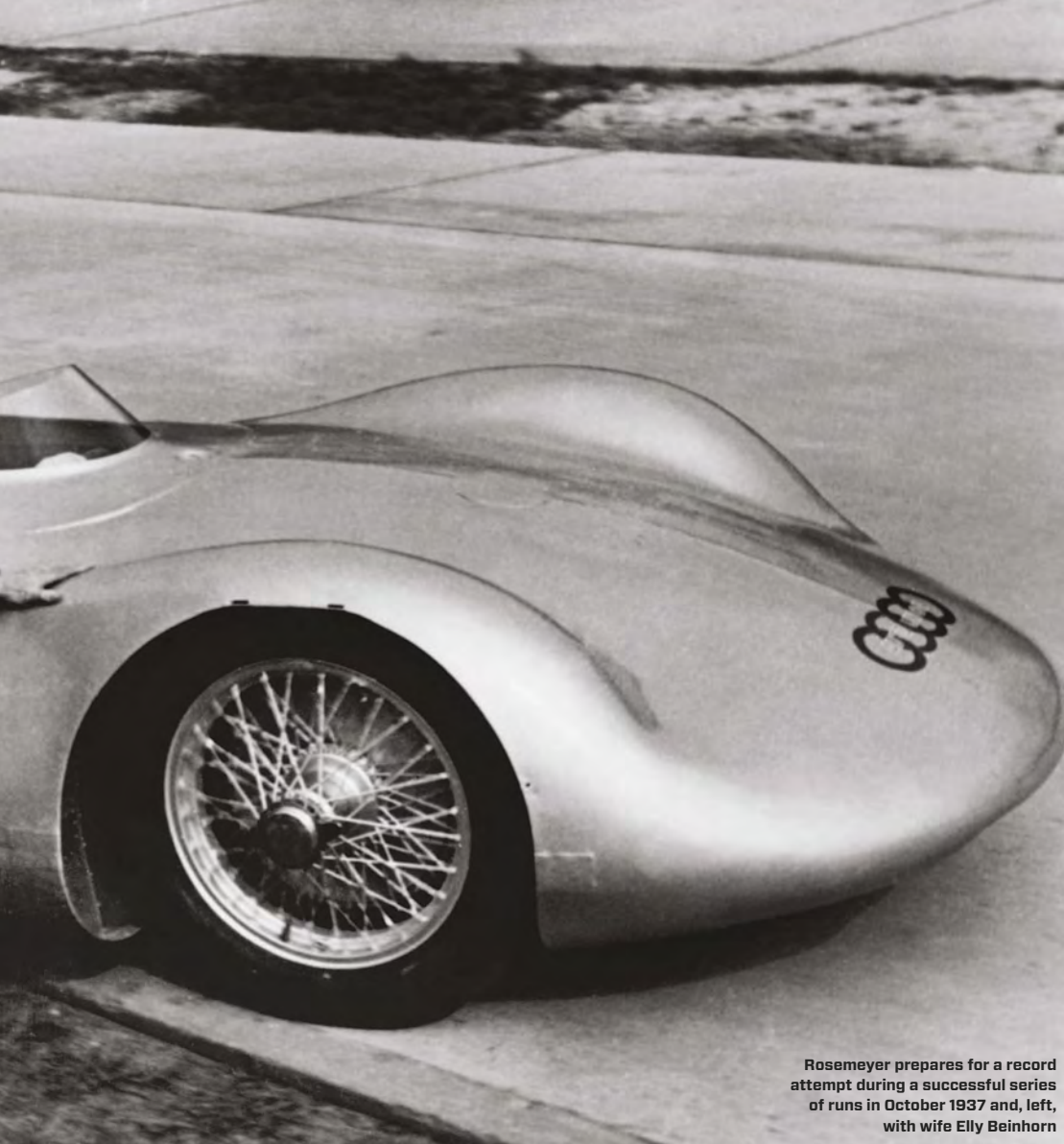
Rosemeyer lists the lap times of both her husband and Nuvolari, and they make remarkable reading, being very similar until the fog came down – whereupon Nuvolari’s slowed dramatically and Rosemeyer’s hardly at all. In four laps of the 14-mile circuit, he pulled away by more than two minutes, recording one of the most fabled victories in racing history.

Elly makes mention of Bernd’s extraordinary eyesight – way better than her own, which was in itself unusually good – and obviously that will have been no hindrance in conditions like these, but there is more to it than that. Imagine, if you will, what was involved in driving an unwieldy Grand Prix car, with 520 horsepower from its 6-litre V16 engine going to the road through skinny tyres, into the dead reckoning that was the Nürburgring that afternoon:

Rosemeyer was touched by genius.

Here, on the face of it, was the personification of Hitler’s fair-haired Aryan hero, prepared to risk his life for the glory of Germany, the embodiment of youthful courage and strength. Grand Prix racing was of immense importance to the country’s propaganda machine, and Hitler had his own man – one Adolf Hühnlein – at the races, always in uniform.

Recorded in Elly’s book is that Heinrich Himmler was so impressed with Bernd’s Nürburgring victory that he made him an Obersturmführer in the SS. This was considered a great honour at the time, and not, as Elly wryly noted, the sort of invitation you could refuse. With the award came a uniform, which, to the conspicuous disappointment of the Nazi



Rosemeyer prepares for a record attempt during a successful series of runs in October 1937 and, left, with wife Elly Beinhorn

hierarchy, Bernd resolutely refused to wear. Fortunately, as she points out, he was by now so much a national hero as to be effectively beyond sanction.

Today it is almost impossible to imagine the circumstances of GP racing 70 and 80 years ago. Dreyfus told me that he knew of no driver – save perhaps Manfred von Brauchitsch – who was a genuine Nazi sympathiser. “Certainly Rudi (Caracciola) was not, and nor was Bernd. But they all had to give the Nazi salute on the rostrum – even Dick Seaman, when he won at the Nürburgring in ’38...”

When the opportunity arose, though, the drivers delighted in puncturing Hühnlein’s authority. Before the German GP of 1937 they were lectured on the matter of morals: German men and women, went the stern instruction, do not kiss in public, so there must be no displays of affection before a race. Rosemeyer, it seems, had a quiet word with his colleagues, and as soon as Hühnlein and his cronies took their places in the stand, to a man the German drivers climbed from their cars, returned to the pits and – to loud approval from the crowd – positively seized their wives and girlfriends...

In December 1936 Rosemeyer drove an Auto Union in the South African Grand Prix, flying

there in his wife’s Messerschmitt Taifun. What should also have been a holiday, though, was marred by news of his mother’s unexpected death. Soon after their return to Europe there was more family tragedy, for his younger brother Job was killed in a road accident.

Elly recounts that only once did his father ask Bernd to give up racing, which he said he could not do: “Racing is as essential to me as the air I breathe. I know I might be killed, but if I give up now it will be the end of life for me anyway. But I promise you this: if ever I feel nervous about racing, I will never get in a car again...”



IF THE 1936 SEASON HAD BEEN ONE OF great success for Auto Union, the team had a more difficult time of it the following year, for by now Mercedes had introduced the iconic W125 and this indisputably was the car to have. If Caracciola regained the European Championship, though, Rosemeyer still had his moments, winning the Eifelrennen again, as well as the Coppa Acerbo at Pescara and the Vanderbilt Cup on Long Island. There was also sadness, however: in the German Grand Prix Ernst von Delius, Auto Union’s junior driver and Bernd’s close friend, was killed in an

accident with Seaman’s Mercedes.

In the autumn came the inaugural Donington GP, which brought the German teams to England for the first time. Rosemeyer was anything but enthusiastic about taking part, for he felt Auto Union had little chance against Mercedes, but in the event a typically brilliant drive brought victory after a long battle with von Brauchitsch. It would be his last.

Soon afterwards came the *Rekordwoche* – a week of record attempts to be staged on the Frankfurt-Darmstadt autobahn. Earlier in the year, when the stretch was closed to allow Goldie Gardner to go for class records in his MG, Auto Union took the opportunity to run a streamlined car for Rosemeyer.

All these years on, the circumstances take a little believing. For one thing, no autobahn is completely straight, and there were gentle curves in this one. For another, only one side of it was closed, with normal traffic proceeding along the other. For another yet, at the end of the run a knee-high barrier had been placed across the road, so as to divert traffic coming from Darmstadt into the lanes still open...


When Rosemeyer made his first run – supposedly only a warm-up – he not only went faster than expected, but also forgot about the barrier. When officials realised he wasn’t going to stop in time they hastily removed it, which was just as well for he went by them at about 175mph – and now found himself proceeding towards Darmstadt with normal traffic coming towards him!

Rosemeyer himself was unconcerned: “They could see me – I could see them...” Indeed he seems to have found the episode amusing; on reaching Darmstadt, he had space enough to turn the car around and calmly drove back again, remembering en route to thank those who had moved the barrier...

In the course of the day, Bernd set a number of Class B records, including 242.09mph for the mile and – astonishingly – 233.89mph for 10 miles! This last was achieved over a stretch of 14 miles, allowing for flying start and slowing down, and the strain of holding a car at that speed on a two-lane road, punctuated by bridges, can scarcely be imagined.

Afterwards his wife asked how it had been. “Crazy!” Rosemeyer said. “Especially in the 10-mile run. When you go under a bridge, for a split second the noise of the engine completely disappears – then returns like a thunderclap when you are through...”

Bernd was disappointed, however, at being unable to break the 400kph (250mph) barrier, coming up only slightly short on his fastest run. “Just think of it – to be the first man to exceed 400 on an ordinary road...”

This he duly achieved during *Rekordwoche* in October. In what was very much a head-to-head between Auto Union and Mercedes, it was Rosemeyer versus Caracciola, the two 

greatest German drivers of the day – and this time both sides of the autobahn were closed.

Mercedes might have had the better of the Grand Prix season, but Auto Union's streamliner (as had been raced at the flat-out Avus, where Bernd had lapped at a numbing 176mph) had a clear edge here, Caracciola not surprisingly disturbed by his Mercedes's front-end lift at extreme speeds.

For Rosemeyer, who had set many new records, it was a week of complete triumph, although he had been disturbed by one long run, which he finished in a state of semi-consciousness, the probable consequence of exhaust fumes in the cockpit.

Now, at last, the season was over, and within a few days the Rosemeyers' son – also named Bernd – was born. Ahead was apparently a long winter of rest with his family before the new father had to think about driving again, but at the start of January news emerged that Daimler-Benz, stung by what had happened in Record Week, was not prepared to wait for the next one and had pulled strings to enable another series of record attempts shortly to be made.

Rosemeyer was none too impressed, his wife incensed. "This was unjust," she wrote, "because there was an unwritten rule that if one German company held a record, another would

not try immediately to beat it. But there were many injustices done to Auto Union at that time because the management was not on the best of terms with the Nazi government, and refused to give Hitler any of the company's big cars for his demonstrations. If Auto Union had failed in the 1937 *Rekordwoche*, we would never have received permission to try again in January 1938..."

Be that as it may, the company felt obligated to compete. Mercedes had revamped the aerodynamics of its car, and now Auto Union hastily did the same. The car Rosemeyer would drive had all-enveloping bodywork that almost, like a precursor to the 'skirts' era in Formula 1, touched the ground.



BERND ARRIVED IN FRANKFURT ON January 27, speaking light-heartedly of an emergency landing he had been obliged to make in bad weather the night before. The day was given over to an inspection of the autobahn course, and the next morning he arrived back there to learn that his record had been beaten.

Rosemeyer naturally congratulated his Mercedes rival, and in his memoirs Caracciola says that by this time the wind was picking up to a worrying degree, that he wanted to tell Rosemeyer to forget about running that day, but for some reason felt he should not interfere.

Looking at it now, the whole thing seems

insane. Here were two great Grand Prix drivers, blasting down a two-lane road at speeds not far from 300mph in wintry conditions. Why did it so matter which team held the record? One thinks of Eugenio Castellotti, killed at Modena in 1957, obeying the dictat of Enzo Ferrari that – for the honour of the company – he regain the circuit lap record from Maserati's Jean Behra.

As it was, Rosemeyer put on his linen helmet, climbed into his car, made a first run, then the return in the opposite direction. When he came back he was pleased to learn of his speed, for he had not been flat out and had recorded 268mph, compared with Caracciola's 270. He did, though, mention that there was quite a cross wind at the Morfelden junction. Shortly before midday the Auto Union accelerated away once more, but never came back.

The wreckage was strewn over six hundred yards. It was estimated that the Auto Union had been travelling at 280mph as it approached the Morfelden crossing, where it nudged the grass on the central reservation, then went out of control, somersaulted and disintegrated. The cause of the accident was later ascribed to a freak gust, and this might have been crucial, but many believed the flimsy aerodynamic bodywork simply broke up, putting the car beyond the control even of a Rosemeyer.

His body was found at the edge of the forest, where the memorial now stands, always with freshly cut flowers around it. He was 28 when he died, and had raced cars for only three years, fewer even than Villeneuve or Bellof. Meteors, as Dreyfus said, burn brightly but briefly. ☐

Rosemeyer feared Auto Union might be outpaced at Donington in '37, but won anyway. It would be his final race victory





Clockwise from top:
 the first GP of 1990
 in Phoenix, Pier Luigi
 Martini gave Minardi
 its only front row start,
 but faded to seventh in
 the race; Minardi today;
 Alonso battles to 18th
 in qualifying at Monaco
 in 2001; the team's first
 season - Martini failed
 to qualify around the
 streets of Monte Carlo



THE HISTORY BOOKS show that Minardi scored just 38 world championship points during a 21-year stint in Formula 1. Scratch the surface of those pages, though, and you see that not only did this little

Italian team often punch above its weight, but the list of drivers it ran is as long as it is diverse: Alessandro Nannini, Giancarlo Fisichella, Jarno Trulli, Fernando Alonso, Mark Webber and Anthony Davidson all raced for Gian Carlo, the founder and original team owner.

despite the entrance looking like an industrial site, we are greeted by smiling waiters, pleased to see their first customers of the day.

“When you know the driver will always outperform the car, it’s a massive boost for the team,” Gian Carlo says after he’s ordered some *acqua frizzante*. “Fernando has always had a very good racing head on him as well, even when he was with us, when he first arrived in F1, he could visualise a race – he could see what was going on behind him as well as what was happening in front. Last year he drove qualifying lap after qualifying lap during the races. He seems to have a natural ability to do that and doesn’t waste physical or mental

successful, but Gian Carlo won’t be persuaded to admit he was the best he employed. “Yes, Alonso went on to win the world championship twice, but I don’t want to rank my drivers,” he says as some bread is put on the table and the sparkling water is poured. “We had more than 40 drivers in F1 and all of them were good, they were all determined and were all behind what Minardi was trying to do. Obviously Pier Luigi Martini raced the most for us, but he had two problems when he first started in F1. One was that he wasn’t prepared physically so he struggled during the races, and then the second was that he spent too much time at Minardi. He never evolved, he never moved up the grid.

OK, he got on well with the team, but in terms of his career it wasn’t very good.”

The Minardi story had started many years before Martini made his debut with the new team in 1985, though. Gian Carlo raced under the Scuderia Everest Ferrari banner in the 1976 Formula 2 championship,

“There were beautiful moments as well as bad. The difficult ones I don’t remember”

Fan favourite Minardi might have designed some good cars, and was even first to trial a cast titanium gearbox, in 1999, but poor financial backing always meant it had one hand tied behind its back. During its 21 years, though, 24 teams shut their doors, from AGS to Zakspeed. Minardi, despite its lack of results, was a survivor.

We’ve flown to Bologna to have lunch with the man himself and, as we emerge from baggage reclaim, we spot him, hardly aged, talking with a man who later transpires to be the ex-Minardi and now Ferrari lawyer. Greetings over, we head out to the car park where Minardi doesn’t notice the occasional second take from passers-by. Testing for 2013 has started and talk soon turns to Ferrari.

“Fernando’s season last year was quite astonishing,” Gian Carlo says as we pull out of the car park. It’s late February, snowing hard and we have decided to opt out of a lunch in central Bologna. The weather is getting worse, so we head around the corner to a small restaurant barely two miles from the airport. “When he raced for us, Alonso never qualified on the back row of the grid,” Minardi continues. “That was down to him, not the car. Our engineers would come up with a potential lap time and we knew anything below that meant the car was being driven well beyond its limits. Fernando did that, all the time.”

Soon we pull up to the restaurant and,

Were 21 years in F1 a matter of hardship or excitement? Gian Carlo Minardi sits down to chat over a plate of *tagliata*

writer ED FOSTER

energy trying to do that every lap. You know who was similar? Alessandro Nannini. He smoked, he drank, he never exercised, but he had this amazing natural talent. When he was in the car it was just a big game to him, he had so much talent to spare. It’s the same with Alonso.”

Minardi nowadays looks after young drivers, which is fitting considering how many his old team nurtured. Clearly Alonso is the most

but soon after decided to step away from the cockpit and in 1979 the Minardi team was born.

“Formula 2 was the best category out there,” he says

trying to catch a waiter’s eye. “It was one of the best periods in my life as well. There were five chassis builders, four different engines and it was really competitive. It was a beautiful time, a perfect ‘waiting room’ for Formula 1. I did five years in the series and it gave us great experience because we were proper constructors. We weren’t just a team that ran a car like the new teams in F1 at the moment. That’s how we survived for so long. OK, we had our problems, but we had a very good technological base, which was created in F2, and that had a value independent of the results we got on the track. By our fourth year in F2 we were too big for the series, but F1 was too big for us. The step had to be made, though.”

The team initially planned to run Alfa Romeo engines, but the deal fell through and it used a Cosworth DFV for the first two rounds of 1985 before switching to Motori Moderni turbos. It achieved its best finish in Australia, where

lone driver Martini was eighth – and last car running, four laps in arrears. He failed to last the distance in 12 of the 16 rounds and in Monaco didn't make the grid at all. It wasn't until 1988, when the team stopped using the Motori Moderni V6 and switched to a Ford DFZ, that things started to look up. That old power unit had taken its toll, with 27 DNFs in three years thanks to either engine or turbo failure. It was a punishing start to the team's F1 career.

"I spent an amazing 21 years in Formula 1 and yes, there were difficulties, but there were beautiful moments as well as bad ones," Gian Carlo says as the waiter arrives with two plates of *tagliata di manzo* (sliced beef). The difficult ones I don't remember. The beautiful ones I do! It's in the past now, there are no more tears."

Throughout its time in F1, Minardi played the role of an Italian goldfish in a pool of English-speaking sharks. The fact Gian Carlo never learnt English meant he struggled in vital meetings, but nor did it help that Minardi lacked the clout of bigger teams. "In 1996 I was getting into serious financial problems, so I went to see the then-president of the FIA, Max Mosley. I told him, 'We can't go on like this, we will die, the team will be no more'. He replied, 'If you haven't got the money, then don't go into F1'. Many teams left the sport during those years and, although they weren't all because of Mosley's attitude, it didn't help.

"It was different with Bernie. He doesn't speak Italian, or at least he never has to me, but



The launch of the first Minardi F1 car in February 1985: from the left, Carlo Chiti of Motori Moderni, Minardi, designer Giacomo Caliri and backer Piero Mancini

he understands it just fine. At the Spanish Grand Prix in '96 I was at the end of my tether. I didn't have an interpreter with me because I didn't want anyone to overhear the conversation I was about to have. I approached Bernie and said, 'Listen, I've got problems and they'll be even bigger when I go back to the office on Monday. I need to find \$1 million.

If we don't, we're closing up shop'. I told him that I owed the bank and he asked how much the entire debt was. I told him it was more than \$4m. 'Is that all?' he asked. 'Well, that's not exactly a huge debt, is it?' It was for me! 'Fine, Monday morning I'll send you a million dollars. When we get to the next race bring me a due diligence and we'll sort it'. Sure enough, Monday morning at 9.35am the director of the bank calls me. 'We've just got a payment for \$1 million. Thanks very much'. I did worry that I hadn't understood Bernie's terms and conditions very well, so I got hold of him straight away to check! When we got to Canada I went to see him on the Saturday morning and Flavio [Briatore] was there. From that meeting on he was my business partner."



THAT WASN'T THE LAST OF MINARDI'S financial struggles and early in 2001 the team was sold to Paul Stoddart. The Australian had particularly vocal opinions about the sport and the relationship between him and Gian Carlo

"WHEN I FIRST LEFT FORMULA 1 I HAD WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS, BUT I DON'T MISS IT SO MUCH NOW"

May 1992: from the left, F1 linchpins Eddie Jordan, Ferrari engineer Claudio Lombardi, Footwork director Jackie Oliver, Lamborghini's Paolo Stanzani, Flavio Briatore, Bernie Ecclestone, Ron Dennis, Gian Carlo Minardi, Luca di Montezemolo, Ken Tyrrell, Frank Williams, Osella's Gabriele Rumi and Gianfranco Palazzoli, Gérard Larrousse





MINARDI

never really got going, let alone developed. “He bought the team off myself and [co-owner] Gabriele Rumi for one euro and then sold it to Red Bull [who renamed it Toro Rosso] for a huge amount of money,” he says between mouthfuls of *tagliata*. “I guess that’s one of the negative memories I said I didn’t remember. We never got on well, but could ‘live together’ so to speak. Even when he came to Faenza things were difficult and tempestuous. It wasn’t a warm relationship...”

As coffees are ordered, talk turns back to drivers and especially the lack of Italians in Formula 1. Minardi is trying to rectify that by helping youngsters, but it’s no easy task. “One of the big problems,” he says, “is that there are no sponsors. Every year there are fewer of them. There are lots of drivers, but they lack investment. The other problem is that Red Bull is Austrian – they offer drivers help in getting to F1, but not necessarily Italian drivers. You look to Ferrari, but they are only interested in experienced and successful drivers. Put it this way, the last Italian drivers to get into F1 [Fisichella and Trulli] got there thanks to Minardi.

“There’s a lot of talk at the moment about all the pay drivers in F1, but if a driver has a super licence then he’s good enough to be there in my opinion. We have the likes of Alonso, Sebastian Vettel and Kimi Räikkönen and then there are other drivers who will never win a Grand Prix. That doesn’t mean they don’t deserve to be there. It’s difficult, though, because motor sport is so expensive.”



Fernando Alonso and Minardi at testing in July, 2001. Left: Nannini’s talent was matched by his appetite for cigarettes

SUTTON

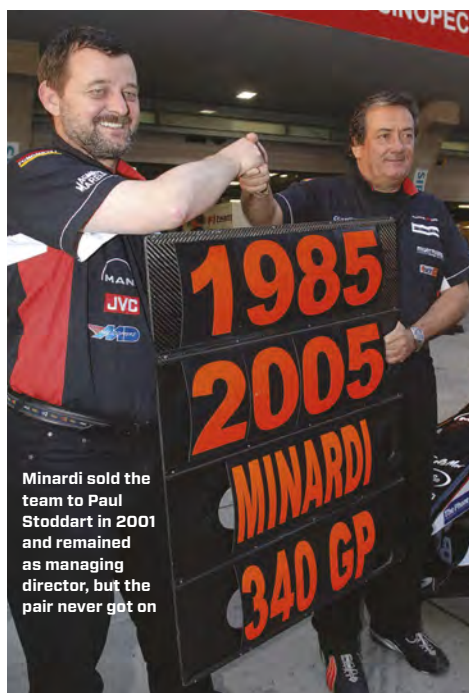


MINARDI IS STILL PASSIONATE about F1; he watches all the races and tries to attend them “when Bernie gives me a pass”. He’s also got some strong views on the direction of the sport and believes the FIA should sit down with engineers from the major road car companies to get an idea of what technologies and strategies they intend to evolve over the next 10-20 years.

If Formula 1 included those, more might be interested in entering the sport as engine suppliers. Their budgets for design and development could then be spent in competition instead of behind closed doors.

As he explains why F1 still needs to be the pinnacle of technology, it begs the question of whether he misses it. He pauses. “F1 has changed so much and nowadays you are either in it forever or you leave and don’t come back. If you are out for a year you lose touch. When I first left I had withdrawal symptoms, but I don’t miss it so much now. I wouldn’t change a thing, good or bad, from my time, I’ve no regrets. When I stop something, I stop. In ’85 I was at one of the races and it was freezing cold. I had a cough and wasn’t feeling well and my son said jokingly to me after I had lit up, ‘Go on, have a cigarette!’ I was smoking five packets a day then and just said, ‘Fine, I’ll stop’. My son bet me I couldn’t and so I went to the window, threw my cigarette out. I haven’t touched them since. If you put me into a competitive situation I won’t back down. I’m harder than you think, which might be thanks to my time in F1.”

Half an hour later, I am standing at the airport entrance wondering how he would fare in F1 today. He wouldn’t enjoy the technical restrictions or politics, but you can be sure that if the Minardi name were to return it would delight thousands. It might not feature at the forefront of history books, but it won’t ever be forgotten by a loyal band of fans. ☑

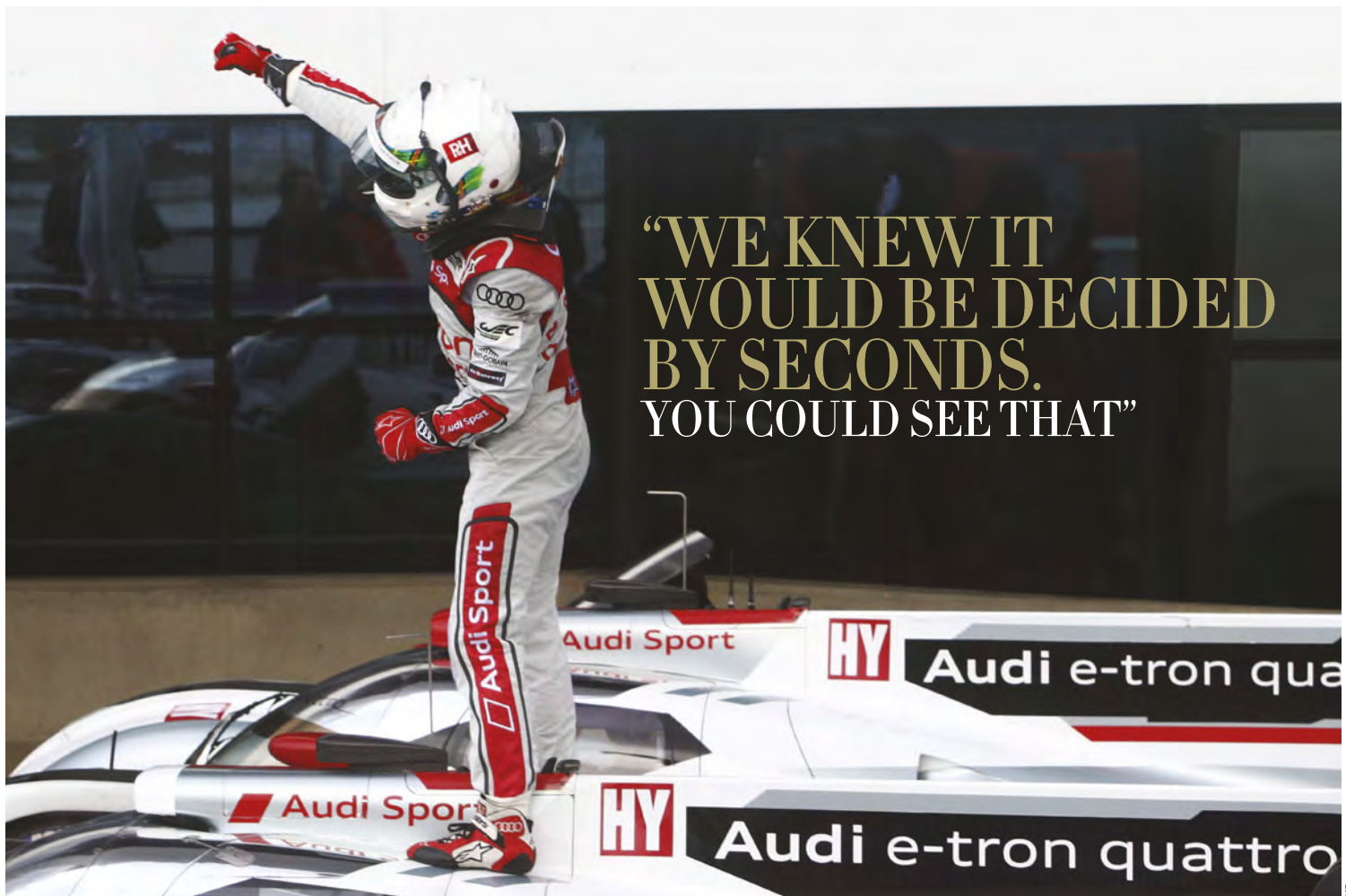


Minardi sold the team to Paul Stoddart in 2001 and remained as managing director, but the pair never got on

SE

EVENTS OF THE MONTH

WEC ❖ BTCC ❖ EURO F3 & WTCC ❖ FIA GT SERIES



“WE KNEW IT
WOULD BE DECIDED
BY SECONDS.
YOU COULD SEE THAT”

Silverstone
WEC

A

UDI DRIVER ALLAN McNISH JOINED AN ILLUSTRIOUS list of winners of the 108-year-old Tourist Trophy after pulling back a half-minute deficit in the closing stages of the opening round of the FIA World Endurance Championship at Silverstone in April. The two-time Le Mans 24 Hours winner couldn't hide his satisfaction at getting his name alongside the likes of Tazio Nuvolari, Rudolf Caracciola and Stirling Moss, as well as fellow Scots Innes Ireland and Tom Walkinshaw.

“You don't think about it when you are out there racing, but when you get up there on the podium and see the names on it, you realise just how special this trophy is,” he said. “What makes it special from my point of view is the name Innes Ireland. He was more or less from Dumfries, like me, and was the first Scot to win a grand prix and the first Scot to win this one, too.”

McNish and team-mates Tom Kristensen and Loïc Duval battled with the sister Audi ❑

EVENTS

OF THE MONTH

R18 e-tron quattro, shared by Benoit Treluyer, Marcel Fassler and André Lotterer, throughout the six hours. Both cars had spells in the lead, but McNish had to close a 30sec gap to Treluyer over the last 40 minutes after taking on fresh tyres at his final splash-and-dash fuel stop following a quick spin.

“It was a thrilling race from the start to the finish, not just at the end,” he said. “It was nip and tuck with the sister car all the way through. We knew it was going to be decided by seconds, you could see that.”

McNish was able to close the gap and sweep into the lead at Brooklands with little more than five minutes left to run. The second Audi was powerless to resist because it had lost the power boost from its system after breaking one of the driveshafts to its front-axle motor-generator units.

Toyota failed to take the fight to the latest version of the R18 turbodiesel with its 2012-specification TS030 Hybrid. The revised Audi was quicker than its Japanese rival throughout the race, but the two German cars were able to build a significant lead during the early stints after an incorrect call on tyres blunted the performance of the two TS030s.

Toyota was not surprised that the Audi had leapfrogged its LMP1 contender, the dominant car at the end of last year's WEC, but will field its 2013 car at the next round of the series at Spa in May. It will have one new car at the Belgian race, to be driven by Alex Wurz, Nicolas Lapierre and Kazuki Nakajima.

Arguably the fact of greatest significance to emerge from a wet and windy Silverstone weekend was that

Audi has lost its fuel consumption advantage. The new R18, which appears to be more powerful as well as having more downforce than its predecessor, went fewer laps on a tank of diesel than the Toyota did on one load of petrol. That should mean Toyota will no longer have to pull out a gap of 40-50sec in order to take on a late splash of fuel to beat the Audis. *Gary Watkins*



Toyota's initial lead fell to faster Audis that took Tourist Trophy, above

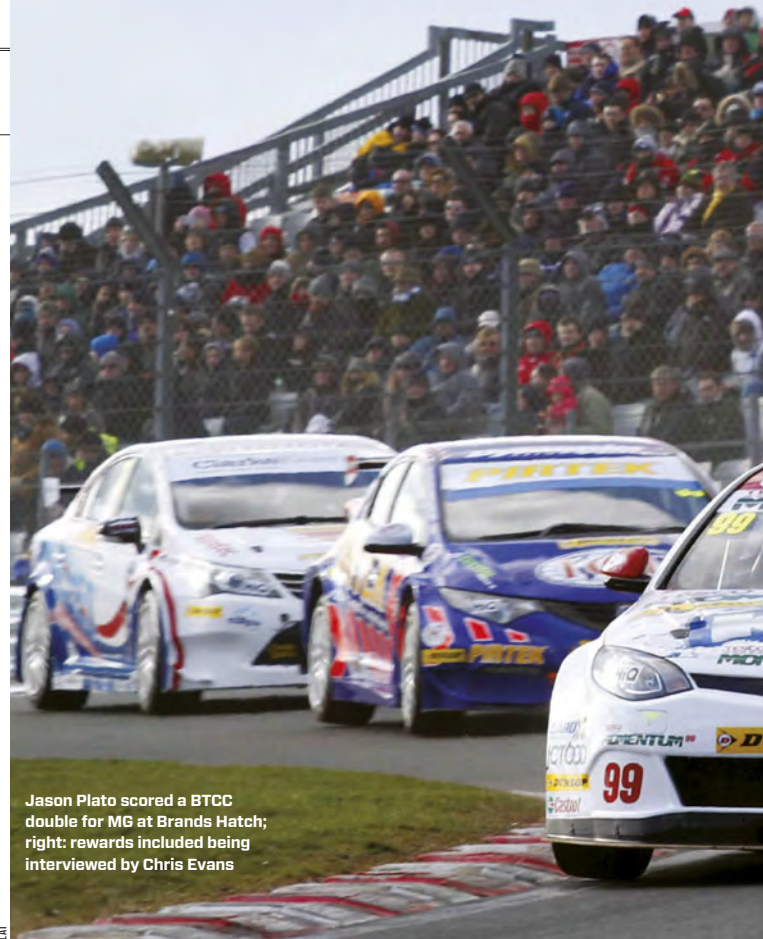
FORTHCOMING EVENTS

MAY 2013

- 01-04 **WRC** Argentina
- 03-05 **Donington Historic Festival**
- 04 **WEC** 6 Hours of Spa-Francorchamps
- 04/05 **BRC** Pirelli Rally, Carlisle
- 05 **MotoGP** Jerez, Spain
- 05 **IndyCar** São Paulo
- 05 **DTM/European F3** Hockenheim
- 05 **BTCC** Thruxton
- 06 **British GT** Rockingham
- 06 **BSB** Oulton Park
- 10-11 **Tour Britannia**
- 11 **HRDC** Oulton Park
- 11-12 **Grand Prix de Pau Historique**
- 12 **F1** Spanish GP
- 16-19 **Mille Miglia**
- 18-19 **HSCC** International Trophy, Silverstone
- 19 **MotoGP** Le Mans
- 19 **DTM/European F3** Brands Hatch
- 24-26 **Concorso Eleganza** Villa d'Este, Lake Como
- 25-26 **Spa Classic**
- 25-27 **Masters Festival** Brands Hatch
- 26 **F1** Monaco GP
- 26 **IndyCar** Indy 500
- 26 **British GT/F3** Silverstone
- 28-29 **Peking-Paris Challenge**
- 31-02 **WRC** Acropolis
- 31-01 **BRC** Jim Clark Rally, Scotland
- 31-02 **Coppa Intereuropa** Monza

JUNE 2013

- 01 **HRDC** Donington
- 01-02 **IndyCar** Detroit
- 02 **MotoGP** Mugello, Italy
- 02 **IndyCar** Texas
- 02 **DTM/European F3** Red Bull Ring
- 09 **F1** Canadian GP
- 09 **BTCC** Oulton Park
- 14-16 **Cholmondeley Pageant of Power**
- 14-16 **Grand Prix de L'Age D'Or**, Dijon
- 15-16 **Brooklands Double Twelve**
- 15-16 **Spa Summer Classic**
- 15 **IndyCar** Milwaukee
- 15-16 **The Grand Tour** London-Monte Carlo
- 16 **MotoGP** Catalunya
- 16 **British GT** Snetterton
- 16 **DTM** Lausitzring



Jason Plato scored a BTCC double for MG at Brands Hatch; right: rewards included being interviewed by Chris Evans



- 16 **BSB** Knockhill
- 20-23 **WRC** Rally d'Italia
- 22 **Le Mans Legends Race**
- 22-23 **WEC** 24 Hours of Le Mans
- 23 **IndyCar** Iowa
- 23 **BTCC** Croft
- 28/29 **BRC** Scottish Rally
- 29 **MotoGP** Assen
- 30 **F1** British GP
- 30 **WTCC** Portugal

JULY 2013

- 01 **HRDC** Donington
- 06-07 **Historic Superprix** Brands Hatch
- 07 **F1** German GP
- 07 **IndyCar** Pocono
- 07 **BSB** Snetterton
- 07 **Vintage** Shelsley
- 07 **HRDC** Brands Hatch
- 07 **FIA GT Series** Zandvoort
- 11-14 **Goodwood Festival of Speed**
- 13-14 **Cartier Style et Luxe** Goodwood
- 13-14 **IndyCar** Toronto
- 14 **MotoGP** Germany
- 14 **DTM/European F3** Norisring
- 21 **MotoGP** United States
- 21 **BSB** Brands Hatch GP
- 26-28 **Silverstone Classic**
- 27 **British F3** Spa-Francorchamps
- 31 **Classics on the Common**, Harpenden

FOR 2013 THE BRITISH TOURING CAR Championship boasts a record entry list of 32 cars, as well as some new regulations. There are four former champions lining up on the grid, with the returning Colin Turkington joining Gordon Shedden, Matt Neal and Jason Plato. As in Formula 1, the BTCC now features softer 'option' tyres and each driver must start one of the three races on this rubber each weekend, nominating their choice before qualifying. All in the name of 'the show'!

Not every car was ready for the first round on the Brands Hatch Indy circuit on March 31, but 25 were there to entertain the weather-beaten crowds. Qualifying was shortened by snow the day before, leaving potential front-runners struggling to make progress.

Plato won the first race for MG after a battle with Rob Austin's Audi, which was lightning-quick on the softer Dunlops before they went off, leaving him third behind Andrew Jordan.



Monza Euro F3 & WTCC

FERRARI'S SPECTACULAR young protégé Raffaele Marciello and tin-top superstar Yvan Muller came out on top as the FIA's Formula 3 European and World Touring Car championships kicked off at Monza in late March.

Swiss-born Italian Marciello was locked in combat with Pascal Wehrlein for most of the weekend. The German won the qualifying battle with two poles to one, but the local boy reversed the scores in the races.

Wet weather marred Sunday's events, but the F3 chargers got a dry race in on Saturday. Marciello led all the way (below), with Gerhard Berger's nephew Lucas Auer passing Wehrlein for second. Wehrlein at least claimed a wet win on Sunday, demoting Marciello with a stylish move at the Ascari chicane on his last day in an F3 car before replacing Ralf Schumacher in the Mercedes DTM line-up.

Harry Tincknell scored the most points of the seven UK drivers in a superb 30-car field, although he didn't quite manage to make the podium – unlike countrymen Tom Blomqvist and Alex Lynn, who claimed a third apiece. Will Buller took a best finish of fourth, but was part of a scary shunt in the second race with fellow UK racer Jordan King and barrel-rolling Swede Måns Grenhagen. All three emerged unscathed.



Sébastien Loeb, right, headed Mayr-Melnhof Audi R8 in race 1

Nogaro FIA GT Series

THE NEW FIA GT Series burst into life at Nogaro with a strong grid, excellent racing and a big crowd. The successor of

the FIA GT1 World Championship is "here to stay", says promoter Stéphane Ratel.

A total of 20 full-season entries took the start at the French track over the Easter weekend, and more teams and cars were expected for round two at Zolder on April 20.

Sébastien Loeb (below), in a McLaren MP4-12C run by his own team, made a perfect start to what he sees as the launch of his racing career, as he winds down his World Rally Championship participation this year. Sharing with McLaren factory driver Alvaro Parente, he came from behind to win the first of two races.

Loeb led the main event, held in wet conditions, from Austrian amateur Nikolaus Mayr-Melnhof aboard the best of the Belgian WRT team's trio of Audi R8 LMS ultras. Three-time Porsche Supercup champion René Rast emerged in the lead after the pitstops, before Parente tapped the Audi and put the Loeb Racing McLaren back in the lead.

Almost immediately the Portuguese had to take a stop-go penalty, not for his misdemeanour but because Loeb had been caught on the onboard camera undoing his belts before his car stopped. The McLaren duo were further penalised after the race for Parente's actions, leaving them 12th overall.

Mayr-Melnhof and Rast won on the road, but were penalised for another pitstop infringement. That handed victory to the second of the WRT Audis driven by Edward Sandstrom and Frank Stippler, which had come through from the back of the grid after failing to finish the opening race. *Gary Watkins*



Plato had no such bother in race two, taking a huge lead he wouldn't lose, even after a late safety car enabled Jordan to close in again. Shedden finished third but was disqualified for a ride height infraction, promoting Jeff Smith to the podium and leaving the reigning champ at the back of the grid for race three.

Neal won that one after a difficult day for the works Honda squad, but the real spectacle was Shedden dicing his way to second. Third in that race was Sam Tordoff, MG's new recruit from the Porsche Carrera Cup, who showed impressive speed all weekend.

The BTCC now has an official second class with the introduction of the Jack Sears Trophy for Super 2000-spec cars. The racing at the back was competitive all weekend, with series veteran James Kaye taking a class win. Liam Griffin won the last two races and took a healthy class lead to Donington on April 21.

After only one round, the BTCC looks healthier than it did 12 months ago; much healthier, in fact, than it has done since the Super Touring era ended in 2000. *Alex Harmer*



If anyone thought the withdrawal of official Chevrolet support would throw the WTCC wide open, then they reckoned without the world's best front-wheel-drive touring car racer (Muller, leading above) in the series' fastest car (the Cruze), run by the best team (RML). The Alsatian held team-mate Tom Chilton comfortably at bay in race one, and from 10th on the reversed grid he was leading by the end of the fourth lap of the second to win from the Chevy of Dane Michel Nykjær. A phenomenal start carried Gabriele Tarquini's Honda into the lead of that race, but he lacked pace to stay there and faded to third.

Reigning champion Rob Huff started from the back of the grid after being taken out in qualifying, but recovered to a best of sixth in his SEAT. *Julian Carax*

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ON THE ROAD WITH

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National grid: packed GT field for the opening meeting of the season at Oulton Park

TURNING BACK THE CLOCK

Thruxton, March 30-31 & Oulton Park, April 1: a traditional Easter double revisited... in reverse

THE RECIPE WAS USUALLY similar: bicycle, tent, Camping Gaz stove, one small saucepan, a few tinned meals and a couple of equally daft mates.

I first attended an Easter Oulton Park meeting in 1972, to watch Niki Lauda win a sodden round of the British Formula 2 Championship, and over time the event became an ever more elaborate annual highlight. For most of the 1970s, the headline event was a round of a major national single-seater championship, typically Formula 5000,

Group 8 or British F1. Particular races stand out: Lauda's aforementioned wet-weather dominance; Gordon Spice winning in 1975, when the sky was blue but the circuit wet because trackside snowbanks were busily melting; and the epic 1979 F1 battle between David Kennedy and Rupert Keegan, who rubbed wheels with Formula Ford-level ferocity until Keegan ran out of brakes and slithered off the road.

As time moved on and I graduated from two wheels and 10 gears to four and four, the world opened up and previously inaccessible locations suddenly lay within reach. For a few

SIMON ARRON

years, it became Easter custom to leave Cheshire before Saturday sunrise and head south towards Thruxton, Supertramp or Camel providing the cassette soundtrack to a 180-mile trip that took less than three hours on almost deserted roads. The European F2 Championship would be the headline attraction (as, on one occasion, was the FIA F3000 series, hard though it is to imagine GP2 ever visiting Hampshire), with practice sessions on Saturday and racing on Monday. History is littered with fine racing weekends, but this was surely a match for any.

There were no UK circuit activities on Good Friday this year (on four wheels, at least), but for the next two days the Historic Sports Car Club's Easter Revival – the first ever wholly historic meeting at Thruxton, oddly – was the trigger for a nostalgic road trip (albeit in reverse, with Oulton Park wrapping things up on Monday).

Airfield circuits often stand accused of being featureless, but if ever you have a chance to walk a lap of Thruxton, you should. It is flat out in parts, certainly, but a cocktail of dips and cambers mean it is anything but flat.

The paddock was absolutely rammed, as always with the HSCC, although entries were slightly thin in one or two classes – including the Jochen Rindt Trophy race, which catered for Historic F2 and Classic F3. This, though, was proof of the old adage that you need only two cars to create a contest. Nick Fleming (Ralt RT1) and Martin



O'Connell (Chevron B40) fought a pulsating battle in race one, the verdict finally settled when the duo touched at the chicane and O'Connell rose up on two wheels before bouncing over the kerbs and rejoining to finish second. Andy Smith (March 742) joined the previous afternoon's pace-setters in part two, when O'Connell eventually broke clear to win on aggregate.

Other highlights included the ByBox Historic Touring Car Championship round, not so much for the ferocity of the lead battle – Richard Dutton (Ford Mustang) won comfortably



after a restart, Neil Brown having rolled his Lotus Cortina at the first time of asking – but for the sight of countless squabbling Hillman Imps struggling to keep any wheels on the ground as they negotiated the chicane.

The Historic Formula Ford race was similar, Nelson Rowe (Crosslé 20F) and Benn Simms (Jomo) running separately at the head of the field and leaving a six-car battle in their slipstream. Tiff Needell was in the thick of this, at the wheel of his recently reacquired Lotus 69. “If I find myself tempted to bang wheels,” the 61-year-old said beforehand, “I’ll put the

car back in the garage afterwards and leave it there.” It was a clean fight, though, and wonderful to behold. Needell eventually fended off his rivals to secure a podium finish and relished every moment. He returned to the pits punching the air with both arms, as though he’d just clinched a world title rather than a distant third place in a Formula Ford race at Thruxton.

Top, Colin White bales out; top right, GTs at Cascades; left, Andy Jones attacks Thruxton chicane; below, F2 battle between Martin O'Connell, Andy Smith and Nick Fleming





Such elation reflected the general mood at an event with rich potential.

In recent seasons, the British GT Championship and British F3 have been an Easter staple at Oulton Park. The dramatic decimation of the national F3 championship (which has just four meetings this year, only two of them in the UK) did not greatly reduce the meeting's appeal, though, such is the GT Championship's present stature. And besides, the support programme featured two rounds of MotorSport Vision's club-level F3 Cup, both of which GP3 Series convert Alice Powell won easily.

Oulton's landscape flatters most things, but contemporary GTs are steeped in poise and purpose when standing still. The racing is mostly close, too. The Trackspeed Porsche team won both races, Phil Keen/Jon Minshaw taking the first and Nick Tandy/David Ashburn the second, which ended with a ferocious two-lap sprint following a prolonged safety car period. The cause was a blazing Ginetta, Colin White's G55 igniting on the approach to Lodge Corner and prompting the driver to pull to a smouldering halt at Deer Leap. It took several extinguishers, two fire tenders and quite some time to smother the flames, the marshals remaining a paragon of calm persistence as the inferno seemed several times to be suppressed before flaring up once more.

It was an unfortunate conclusion to the weekend for a series blessed with volume (there were 30 cars on the grid), diverse racing pedigree (Porsche, Ferrari, McLaren, Mercedes-Benz, Audi, Aston Martin, Nissan, BMW and Ginetta are all represented), high driving standards and impeccable presentation. The cars are lively to behold and, best of all in this age of sonic oppression, they sound the part.

We're constantly told that motor sport is suffering during the present economic climate, but it rather depends where you look.



SWIFTLY OVER AND OUT DOWN UNDER

Albert Park, Melbourne, March 17: historic sports car racers feel the pinch as the F1 season begins

IT IS AN ENDEARING FEATURE OF THE Australian Grand Prix that the organisers don't understand the concept of silence. The track is in almost constant use throughout the event's four days – and occasional pauses usually mean there's some kind of aerial exhibition.

Historic events are a long-standing part of the weekend's fabric. The Tasman Revival F5000 series or historic saloon cars sometimes feature, but this year it was the turn of bygone sports racers – many of them fresh from the previous weekend's Phillip Island Classic. There are, however, downsides to prestigious association.

A downpour put paid to the final phases of F1 qualifying – and also washed out the opening sports car race, scheduled for Saturday evening. "The timetable doesn't allow us much of a margin," said Rob Hall, present to race one of two Matra MS670s alongside his father Rick. "It's a shame the schedule has been squeezed, but the same thing has happened to far bigger fry than us at Grand

Prix meetings. There was a risk that we might not have been able to compete at all."

Two eight-lap races were compressed into one of just six, on Sunday lunchtime, although Hall Jr played little part. "We had to change an engine at Phillip Island," he said, "and weren't able to get the new one running cleanly during practice. We've changed almost everything it's possible to change, though, and will see how we get on."

With the car refusing to rev cleanly during the parade lap, he was left with no choice but to pull off.

Michael Lyons dominated the race in his ex-Helmut Kelleners March 717, with fellow Brit Andrew Newall initially leading the chase in JCB's ex-Bill Cuddy McLaren M8F. It wasn't wholly straightforward for Newall, mind.

"A backmarker hit me at Phillip Island," he said, "and I've had to fudge a rear suspension repair. The top link on the right-hand side is an inch lower than it should be and the car has horrible snap oversteer through left-handers. Phillip Island, of course, consists mostly of left-handers. There are only a couple here in Melbourne, but the car feels pretty unsettled through both. I qualified second, though, so can't complain."

He looked set to finish second, too, until "the engine suddenly went lame and started to breathe horribly heavily". A trail of smoke heralded the car's imminent demise and he pulled off with a lap to go, after a front crank seal blew out. Alex Davison (Porsche 936-81) went on to take second, from Russell Kempnich (Porsche 956C) and Hall Sr.

It had been the weekend's most elegant contest, but also regrettably the shortest.

"It's ironic, isn't it?" said Rob Hall. "At Phillip Island our race was shortened because conditions were thought to be too hot... then we come here and the same thing happens because it's so cold!" ☑



Aerial Aussie acrobats. Top, Lyons leads Newall et al. Above, Rick Hall's Matra

SIDETRACKED WITH

ED FOSTER



One man's attempt to visit all four corners of the motor racing world

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/efoster

Hot rods and all sorts: rich diversity underpins Multimatic's vast global automotive business



INTERNATIONAL RESCUE

The future of Lola Cars might not yet be mapped out, but in Multimatic it appears to be in good hands – 12 months on from its devastating liquidation

SO WHAT'S THE PLAN FOR Lola? “Damn, I knew you’d ask that question,” replies Larry Holt, vice-president of Multimatic Engineering, the company that rescued the racing car constructor after it was liquidated last year.

We’re in an almost empty office above a 10,000 square foot Coventry warehouse, where Multimatic is putting Zagato bodies onto Aston Martin’s Vantage chassis.

The company has a long history with Aston and was responsible for designing the body and chassis of the

limited-edition One 77. It also supplies Red Bull and three other F1 teams with dampers and builds the front lower control arms for the Ford F150 pick-up. Yes, its portfolio is as diverse as the company is huge. It’s divided into two arms, manufacturing and engineering, and there are six facilities in Toronto, plus a further 250,000sq ft in Butler, Indiana, 150,000sq ft in Mexico and 30,000sq ft just west of Shanghai. Today I’m in the engineering offices and there is also a 150,000sq ft stamping plant south of Coventry.

Holt says acquiring Lola was “an opportunity” and not something that

was part of Multimatic Engineering's business plan – "I'm not much of a business plan kind of guy," he adds. But still he's adamant that Lola can be made to work. "Dallara works," says Holt, "but that is more of a business. With all due respect to Martin [Birrane, the man who still owns Lola Cars in name] he's a property development guy and has never built a racing car himself. Gian Paolo Dallara grew up doing it.

"Lola went bankrupt in May [2012] and the first thing I did was hire all the guys because I've known them for a long time. They're great engineers and many of them have been there for decades – you can't buy that kind of knowledge. The company went bankrupt and those guys were on the street the next day. They were all hurting, but we aren't in the charity business and I'm always looking for good engineers. Usually you hire people out of a newspaper, you hire them from a headhunter, but then it takes three months to get to know them. Are they right for the job? You don't know. The Lola guys I've known for years.

"Lola then had the grey period between bankruptcy and liquidation and the administrators started to say 'this could be a nice little business', but Lola Cars was nothing more than the brainpower and that was all gone [the historic side is tied up in Lola Heritage, a separate entity]. What were they going to sell? It then turned out that the brand didn't actually belong to Lola Cars; it belonged to Martin in a separate company. So now what have you really got? The Intellectual Property? The IP on a year-old LMP car is worthless. IP to me means patents, but there weren't any. The buildings belonged to Martin's real estate company and things like the CFD were leased.

"Anyway, they liquidated it all – and Martin bought it [back]. What was there was inventory, probably the largest inventory of racing parts in the world. We figure that at the time of relevancy, when a wishbone for that year's car was worth £1000 or so, the inventory was worth £50 million. You want a wishbone for a 1983 Lola Indycar? Or maybe one of our 35 Formula 3000 main cases because someone over-ordered? There are six sets of bodywork for the Lola B2K/40, a car we designed and built for Lola. Apparently, they laid everything down to do six more cars, but never did them. Weird eh?

"Martin tried to put the band back together after the liquidation, but no



Larry Holt (above) has big plans for Lola, but as yet doesn't quite know what they are. Below, one of Multimatic's manufacturing plants

one bit so that's when he approached me. I had hired all the ex-Lola staff so it made sense. I said I was interested and he asked for a load of money. 'What?' I replied, 'I'll give you a bag of old hockey pucks and buy you dinner'. So somewhere in between the two we made a deal."

Multimatic bought the inventory from Birrane and an eight-year licensing deal to use the Lola brand.

"I did it 50:50 with Carl and Bernie Haas because they have been a Lola distributor in North America for years,"

says Holt. "We moved everything out of the old Lola offices and into a 20,000sq ft warehouse. It's just full of Lola parts.

"In Martin's defence, the guy was an enthusiast. One thing you can't take away from him is the fact that whatever he spent, he kept that company alive. He deserves all due credit. He bought it in 1997, out of bankruptcy, and God knows how much he spent on it. Millions I would say. Mind you, any privateer running a race team is throwing money at it. Everybody thinks that it's sustainable – motor racing, the sustainable business. That's bullshit. Some of those sports car teams will be throwing £10 million a year away. Martin spent considerably less than that owning his own motor racing car manufacturing company, but maybe that was his kick? The world should appreciate that he kept it going.

"What I think happened was that he had a series of guys who weren't running it properly. Martin came in and had a couple of guys look around. They opened the cupboards and there was all kinds of stuff going on. He was probably asked to put more money in and enough was enough. He had a burn rate, but then he found out that it was much worse than he thought. They had 85-100 engineers and they were flat out for a month supplying LMP cars, but then the rest of the time they weren't so busy. It wasn't organised well."

What Holt won't do is launch a new Lola LMP1 car – he supplies many other teams in LMP1 through Multimatic and does not want to upset existing clients. However, he will continue to supply



existing teams, which consist of Rebellion Racing in LMP1 – which has just received an update – and Dyson, HVM Status GP, DKR Engineering and Gulf Racing Middle East in LMP2.

“LMP2 is potentially interesting,” he says. “I might make a new chassis. With LMP1 the market is shrinking because of the Grand-Am/ALMS merger in North America. It’s also a manufacturer-only class really, isn’t it? I have a lot of respect for the guys like Rebellion, but look at Sebring – the Audis were more than two seconds a lap quicker and they were probably sandbagging!”

What about making something for the Grand-Am/ALMS merger? “What a mess,” replies Holt. “What do I make? Do I make a Daytona Prototype? Or an LMP2 car? Or should I make an ugly child, a mix between the two? No, in the end I want to support Lola’s existing customer base and Martin, who’s still involved, wants to see what else we can do. I’ve got all the engineers, I’ve got the inventory and I’ve got the eight-year licence to use the Lola name so we’ll see. The next time a bid comes up for World Series or GP3 will I go for them? Maybe. Perhaps I’ll take Dallara on in Formula 3. Will I take them on in the next IndyCar bid? Quite possibly – I sure as hell could do something prettier than the current car!”

Despite the lack of firm plans, you get a sense that Holt will keep Lola’s name alive. As I leave, Holt turns and says, “My message here, Ed, is that I will keep the firm going in some way. We have the wherewithal to do it, so we will.” Watch this space.



Vroom with a view: new owner Surtees hopes to extend Buckmore Park in the longer term

SURTEES TAKES BUCKMORE REINS

John Surtees is the new owner of one of the UK’s most famous kart tracks. He hopes to use the Henry Surtees Foundation to develop a facility that will inspire children

JOHNSURTEES’ THOUGHTS ON HOW the motor racing ladder should be restructured are well known: he’s keen to make it easier to progress, even if you’re struggling financially. But now he’s on a mission to inspire young people from outside the sport through a new centre at Buckmore Park, the circuit he bought earlier this year.

It’s more than 13 years since his late son Henry Surtees was taken to Buckmore Park by a friend of John’s. He came back and said, “Dad, that’s what I want to do.” Surtees’ connection with Buckmore had begun. Bill Sisley, the owner of the company that operated the track, approached Surtees soon after because he needed to update the facilities. This resulted in John Surtees Ltd getting involved in the design and financing of the clubhouse and paddock buildings on the understanding that the charity which owned the freehold, The Rochester Bridge Trust, would agree with the head leaseholder, the Scouting Association, that the circuit would eventually be sold to Surtees. It didn’t happen.



This year, though, the 1964 F1 World Champion finally got his chance to acquire the freehold. What’s more, John Surtees Ltd has bought up some land adjacent to the current site and is looking at extending the track and creating a centre for the Henry Surtees Foundation, where it will start a programme “to inspire people to go into education”.

Surtees says: “The great thing about Buckmore is that it’s not just a track laid out in a car park. It climbs, it drops, it’s like a mini Brands Hatch and provides a tremendous challenge. It’s great fun to drive. We’ve bought this extra land and we’ll give a part of that to the Foundation to do the training. There’ll also hopefully be a shorter track, which can link to the existing one if you want to use a longer layout. If you don’t want to do that then both tracks, or the existing one and the Henry Surtees centre, can run at the same time.

“Motor vehicles and motor sport are emotional subjects. What I want to do is give young people from the community an opportunity to be inspired by that first visit to a track. What we need to do is create an emotion, because if you can do that it will drive young people forward.

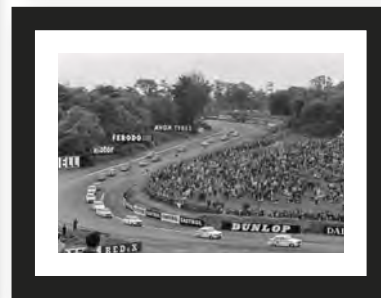
“By acquainting young people with a kart, with spanners, the technology of data systems and engineering, I hope it will inspire them into a career path and more advanced programmes in specialist colleges and universities. We want to be an inspirational feeder into engineering and all the opportunities that exist in motor sport.”

At the moment Surtees says that this is “all part of a dream”, but he hopes more pieces will fall into place by the year’s end. Sisley is the leaseholder and has a part to play, which is under negotiation. What is certain is that the track’s future is safe – and that’s good news.

Two forthcoming dates to watch are the Brooklands Team Challenge on June 25, at Mercedes-Benz World in Surrey, and the All Comers Challenge at Buckmore Park on October 23. *Motor Sport* will be competing in the former, so book your place and show us why we should stick to writing. 📧

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HISTORIC SCENE WITH

GORDON CRUICKSHANK



One wheel in the past: searching out what's new in the old car world

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/gordon-cruickshank



Kevin Daly (l) and Neil Twyman with work in progress on highly original 2.3 Alfa Romeo



PRESERVING THE PATINA

Bare-metal rebuilds are the simple way to restore a car, but it takes knowledge and effort to retain the relevant history

IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME: YOU go to a restoration shop to look at one car and spend hours browsing all the other fascinating hardware lying about. In this case the shop was Neil Twyman's, the car an Alfa Romeo 8C 2300, and the distractions started right inside the door with a rare Repco V8 out of Jack Brabham's 1966 title-winning BT20. Twyman has been wrapped up in historic racing for years, competing notably in his own Alfes – he won the Fox & Nichol Trophy in his 8C – and recently fielding some rapid Lotus Elites. There's an almost finished replica of the

Costin-modified Le Mans Elite here too, which Neil and his GT and historic racer son Joe aim to run this season.

Anyway, this 8C 2300: it's rather special as despite its eight-decade life it has an apparent 12,604 miles on it along with an astonishing degree of patina. Removing a top coat dating back to the 1950s has revealed the original factory paint, and Twyman's team are going to immense effort to uncover and retain this.

It's buried deep in the three-decker North London warren that houses the operation, so first we have to pass a very crisp 289 Cobra Neil points out.

GORDON CRUICKSHANK

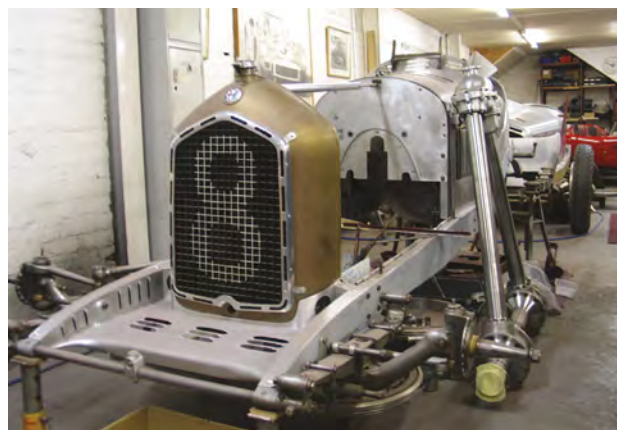
“That’s what we’re good at – restoration without shine. We’ve kept the imperfections, the evidence of its life.” I inspect the smooth blue flanks of this best-looking of all the Cobras; damned if I can see any imperfections.

So, this Alfa – but first we must squeeze around a pontoon-bodied 250 Testa Rossa. “We made that,” says Neil. “It’s our third.” They start with “an engine and lots of enthusiasm”, fabricating everything from the chassis outwards. And, says Neil, “One raced at Goodwood. They’re that good.”

Still heading Alfa-wards, here’s something else of the same make to inspect: a Tipo B’s alloy innards, being rebuilt in ‘1½-seater’ form – for a man who already has a single-seater example.

Finally we hit target, a short-chassis example of Alfa’s beautifully engineered sports machine, carrying two-seater Touring bodywork with that evocative fin and shroud over the twin spares.

Tactfully preserved in its last ownership – an amazing 60 years from 1949 – virtually everything on the car appears to date back to a couple of weeks in 1933 when Touring’s artisans took a new chassis and some sheets of aluminium and turned them into a motoring gem. Paint expert Kevin Daly shows me his equivalent of an archaeological dig, as his careful sanding removes the Fifties paint to uncover Touring’s laquer. “We know it’s the first coat because below it is Alfa’s factory mauve-pink undercoat,” says Kevin. To reveal it he’s using very fine sandpapers and razor blades. Of course what appears is not a perfect layer, so there has to be a lot of careful colour matching and blending as well. This is the firm that did



Tipo B’s splayed twin prop-shafts await refitting once wider ‘driver plus mechanic’ body is completed

a similar job on the Prince Bernhard Alfa 2900B, revealing the German army numerals from its time as a commandeered staff car, and persuaded the owner to leave them visible. And if you’ve admired the Don Lee Special, the wonderfully ‘shabby-chic’ P3 Alfa at Goodwood, it was Twyman who stabilised its faded grandeur. “That’s our sort of restoration,” smiles Neil. They’re so keen to preserve Touring’s handiwork on the 2.3 that they’re delicately pushing paint under the edges of the leather door-edge trims. “They’ve never been off,” says Neil, “and if we took them off they’d never go back on as nicely.”

Neil waves an enthusiastic hand over the cockpit. “I’ve never seen period felt under the trim like this.” I comment on the worn seat leather and there are general smiles. “We made those. The existing ones were too far gone, but we’ve found a way of ageing and stretching leather to match what’s worth keeping, and we use period materials like horsehair so it ages properly. And look at these.” He holds up two battery

covers, worn and scraped by the years. “One of them is new. Guess which.” Well, of course I can’t, or I wouldn’t be telling you the story. It’s impressive how they’ve managed to match both the finish and the flaws.

Kevin has been at this intensive work for several months now, when it would be far quicker and easier to strip and repaint. “We’re very lucky,” Neil tells me. “Owner Hugh Taylor is the ideal customer. He lets us do what we think is right.” Luckily Taylor has a rather fine Monza and a Tipo B to fill in the time until this is ready.

It’s been lucky in its choice of owners, chassis 2211094. Shipped to Sardinia in 1933, it was imported to the US by racer Frank Griswold in ‘49 and taken over by David Uihlein the same year. He raced it a little in the Fifties, but being part of his impressive sporting collection it mostly had light road usage until his recent death and Taylor’s purchase.

Mechanically the car gives every sign of being equally unmolested. “I’m sure we’re the first people to open the gearbox,” Neil says. “There are split pins that have never been undone, and the brake drums have never been machined [a normal job after much usage].”

Because it’s been driven over the years the engine is complete and remarkably sound, needing little work. Despite their race breeding, these fabulous-sounding twin-cams are robust motors, and Neil says there’s no need for modern mods beyond a full-flow oil filter.

It may be a while before 094’s exhausts echo down the road, but when that happens those Touring fitters would almost certainly still recognise their handiwork of 80 years ago.



Hexagon Classics
BMW M1

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EPQA, www.hexagonclassics.com

DREAM GARAGE

What we’d blow the budget on this month



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Graeme Hunt
BMW 2002tii

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£15,250, graemehunt.com



Now making BMW's Mini, Cowley plant began with Morris Oxfords and built up to 50,000 cars a year



COWLEY CENTENARY

Oxford's famous factory has been building cars for 100 years, becoming in the 1930s Europe's most prolific plant

IF YOU'RE OUT OXFORD WAY AND you've admired a few ancient colleges, explored the Pitt-Rivers museum and tried a little punting, you could do worse than visit a factory. I'm speaking of what a century ago was the Morris plant at Cowley. Today it builds Minis (or, if *sie sprechen* BMW, MINIs), and at the end of March I foregathered there at a celebration marking 100 years to the day since the first Bullnose Oxford turned a wheel. Plant Director Frank Bachmann outlined the site's history from 20 Cowleys a week to 900 Minis a day, with the impressive statistic that some half a million people have worked there over the decades. That peaked at 28,000 workers in the 1960s (today there aren't any employees – all 3700 of them are 'associates'), working over the years on 14 different makes until BMC/BL/Rover funnelled into BMW 19 years ago.

Next we toured a new exhibition in the site's visitor

centre showing how the plant has changed from hand-building to assembly lines to robots over the 11.5m cars it has built, majoring on the ingenuity of Alec Issigonis, the firm's huge exports, and Morris's 'peoples' cars, the Minor, 1000 and Mini. Full-size cars and models cover the bloodline, with plenty of other exhibits including a model Tiger Moth – the plant built aircraft during the war. Worth a visit before your tour of the factory.

After this it seemed fitting to divert to nearby Nuffield Place, home of the man who created the Morris empire. Now cared for by the National Trust, it's a remarkably modest home for a multi-millionaire, and retains not only décor and furniture but even belongings of Lord and Lady Nuffield, as the Morris became. Nuffield gave away much of his enormous fortune, living a comparatively simple life in this pleasant but unpretentious home in the Chilterns, designed by a pupil of Lutyens, and driving around in a very low-key Morris 8. One telling detail – in Lord N's bedroom one cupboard contains a complete workbench, so on a sleepless night he could tinker. And the curator showed us a slightly chilling exhibit – an iron lung, made at Cowley which Nuffield provided free to hospitals. That and the garage aren't yet viewable by the public until the Trust finds more funds to restore the place. Just don't overshoot the entrance, or you'll end up in prison – HMP Huntercombe is bang next door.




BODDY COLLECTION COMES TO AUCTION

A lifetime archive of motoring is up for sale in June as the contents of our Founder Editor's library come on to the market

JUNE'S BUSY CALENDAR HAS A NEW high spot – the auction of Bill Boddy's collection. Set for June 22, the assemblage of books, photos, brochures, programmes, passes, badges and memorabilia (plus WB's cars) forms a record of the eight decades our Founder Editor spent in the motoring and racing world. Peter Card of Transport Collector Auctions says it amounts to some eight tonnes of material, not counting the cars – the Calthorpe, often mentioned in the mag by WB, two of his beloved Austin Sevens, his Sunbeam 16hp, a sports Morgan and the Leon-Bollée.

Sadly, piles of the magazines have suffered from damp and can't be saved, but gems are surfacing from what WB called his "muddle rooms" – exotic brochures, thousands of unpublished photos of racing and motor history and rare copies of long-defunct publications. Most of the thousands of books are review copies sent to WB, some dating back to the 1930s, while Brooklands programmes annotated by WB are those from which he wrote his MS reports.

Peter Card says he's sending out more catalogues for this sale than for any other sale he's handled. It takes place in Reading; more details on www.tc-auctions.com 



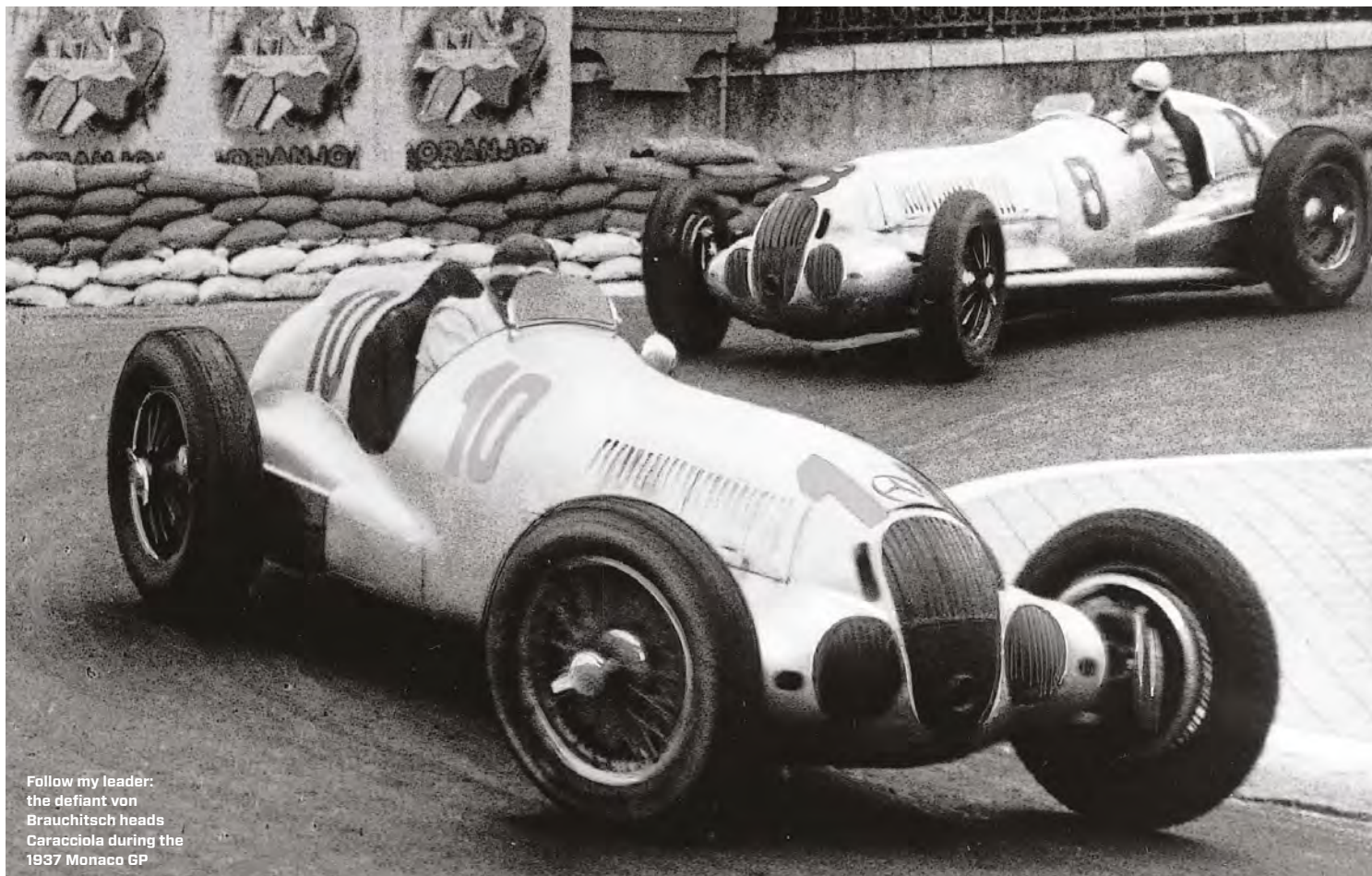
WB's packed "muddle rooms" are turning up many gems such as those shown at top

FROM THE ARCHIVES WITH

DOUG NYE



Our eminent historian dips into the past to uncover the fascinating, quirky and curious



Follow my leader: the defiant von Brauchitsch heads Caracciola during the 1937 Monaco GP

IGNORING 'THE CALL'

Team orders are a frequent source of debate in modern F1, but such controversies have raged for decades

AS REVERBERATIONS persist from Red Bull's Malaysian Grand Prix wrong-way-around 1-2 finish, consider for a moment the 1937 Monaco GP. No two-way radios then, just increasingly frantic pit signals and increasingly disapproving body language – which means plenty of it – from Daimler-Benz team manager Alfred Neubauer.

Without radio there was no possibility of debate, no “What about Multi 21?” from the aggrieved predecessor of Mark Webber that day – Mercedes-Benz

number one driver, Rudi Caracciola. The naughty boy ignoring team orders was Manfred von Brauchitsch, hardly a slip of a lad like Sebastian Vettel – but certainly another fine example of a self-possessed, ruthlessly ambitious German racing driver in whom the sportsmanship part of the chip has apparently never been installed.

The psychological problem with these people is that once race-rage has been activated in those blessed with extreme levels of combative talent, they become more driven than driver. As ‘Lofty’ England once remarked to me, “The silly buggers simply cannot help it...”

Consider that long-gone 1937 Monaco GP. Perhaps to a greater degree than Red Bull Racing 2013, there had been friction bubbling for some time very near the surface within Mercedes' driver team. Caracciola – then aged 36 – was the established, accepted but now beginning to age number one, while Brauchitsch – at 32 – had long played second fiddle, and it grated. “Browk” was the nephew of *Generalfeldmarschall* Walther von Brauchitsch, a favourite of Hitler's, then head of the Fourth Army Group and soon to be appointed Commander of the Heer – the entire German Army. Brauchitsch's aristocratic self-esteem was near high-tide and although Caracciola's roots were decidedly middle-class – his family ran a hotel in Remagen on the Rhine – these two senior drivers generally gravitated together within the team. They were Mercedes' longest-serving star drivers. In succession they had felt increasingly threatened, and then quite literally outclassed, by engine mechanic-turned-driver Hermann Lang and by English newcomer Dick Seaman, most decidedly a privately wealthy public school toff.

But at the time of that Monaco GP, neither Lang nor Seaman could drive, the German stricken by influenza while the Englishman was recovering from his German GP collision in which Auto Union driver Ernst von Delius had been killed. Seaman himself had broken his nose and thumb and suffered cuts and contusions. So drivers of the third and fourth works Mercedes-Benz W125s at Monte Carlo were Goffredo Zehender and Christian Kautz.

On race day, Caracciola led the Grand Prix initially from Brauchitsch and the Auto Unions of Rosemeyer and Stuck. The Mercedes duo drew some 15 seconds clear of Rosemeyer, before the exuberant young ex-DKW team motorcyclist rushed back onto Brauchitsch's tail – only for his Auto Union to career into a trackside barrier. This elevated Kautz's Mercedes into third place, while Brauchitsch began throwing his car around in huge power slides to catch Caracciola. He broke the lap record on lap 21 and Caracciola responded, “pushing hard” as Vettel and Webber would say, though the Aussie today would almost certainly add an unnecessary “yeah”. Brauchitsch was leading when Caracciola made a 3min 15sec pitstop to cure misfiring.

But once back in the fray, Caracciola simply blasted around Monte Carlo, determined to recatch Brauchitsch.

On lap 55 he unlapped himself, then ripped into his team-mate's advantage. On lap 69 Brauchitsch stopped for fuel and tyres. But while he was stationary a front brake seized and had to be freed. Brauchitsch finally rejoined only just in front of Caracciola.

It was at this point that a ferocious bare-knuckle duel erupted between the German pair. Caracciola was lungeing and sniping to get by, Brauchitsch using all the road, the kerbs and more to stay ahead. Each time past the pits, Neubauer furiously signalled Brauchitsch to let Caracciola pass. Caracciola was shaking his fist, Brauchitsch pointedly ignoring him. Even Caracciola's mechanics got in on the act, frantically waving Brauchitsch down, while his own mechanics grinned quietly and sat on their hands...

Neubauer's complexion shaded from red to purple as Brauchitsch not only ignored the ‘slow’ and ‘change places’ signals but stuck out his tongue at the portly team manager as he hurtled past the pits. Brauchitsch knew that Caracciola needed another tyre change and on lap 80 he finally let his team leader through, before re-inheriting the lead as Caracciola made his inevitable stop next time round.

Deflated, the outcome decided on track, Neubauer shook his head and accepted the inevitable; Caracciola likewise. Manfred von Brauchitsch cruised home to win this most charismatic Grand Prix for Mercedes-Benz, with Caracciola second and Chris Kautz third in the W125s ahead of the leading Auto Union, co-driven by Hans Stuck and the bruised but unabashed Bernd Rosemeyer.

Brauchitsch had disobeyed express team orders, and was given the hard stare by both Neubauer and Caracciola – but their disapproval went little further. A celebrity German racing driver in Germany's prime works Grand Prix team had led home Mercedes' 1-2-3 domination of the Monaco Grand Prix. In fact the team's two longest-serving drivers would remain united in circling their *wagens* against the ever more serious threat from blue-collar Lang and top-hat-and-tails Seaman. Like Sebastian Vettel, however, Brauchitsch had friends with influence in high places.

In Vettel's case it has been Helmut Marko, but von Brauchitsch's influence could easily trump that. Through his uncle it extended to Adolf himself...

Game, set and motor race?

FRANCHITTI: FAST AND FIGHTING FIT

Is it true that modern drivers have an easier life than their predecessors? Some facts and figures suggest otherwise

DARIO FRANCHITTI IS A MOST unusual front-line racing driver. The four-time American Indycar Champion and three-time Indy 500 winner shows every sign of being properly grounded and absolutely one of us. In fact he's a thoroughly good bloke. For a current racing driver he displays remarkable interest in, and knowledge of, the drivers and cars that far preceded him. He and I worked together recently at the Revs Institute's 7th annual Connoisseurship Symposium at the Collier Collection in Naples, Florida, and as one of the attendees said to me “You know, that Dario is really somethin' – a genuine car guy...” You get the picture?

So it was that one particular cameo occurred, with the still highly active, hugely

AT THE NAPLES SYMPOSIUM, THE long-term future of modern-era racing cars was deeply debated. Michael Bock, head of Daimler-Benz Classic, presented a thought-provoking paper in which he explored the useability – or immobility – of current cars in 25, 50 or perhaps 100 years time...

Considering the dependence of modern formula, endurance and DTM cars upon computer hardware and software programs, this becomes a particular area of concern. Michael highlighted several unknowns, mainly involving the volume of industrial investment and support necessary to enable and sustain such technologies, and their likely irretrievable obsolescence tomorrow. If preserved cars are to be maintained in runnable condition, it is prudent – and could be critically decisive – to preserve the ancillary computer hardware and software. And quite apart from the electricrickery involved, adequate mechanical preservation over decades will certainly pose new problems. The durability of modern alloys used



competitive, multiple Indy winner standing between a 1925 122 cubic inch centrifugally supercharged Miller track racer and a 1927 1500cc Grand Prix Delage, and explaining some of the loads experienced by today's contenders in their Dallara DW single-seaters.

I'm pretty sure Dario's candid insight was a telling revelation to some of the "modern drivers are cosseted kids" brigade among his

Whether talking past or present, serial IndyCar title – and Indy 500 – winner Dario Franchitti knows his stuff

connoisseurial audience. I'd asked him to comment upon the contrasting demands of Miller-type track racing versus Delage-type road racing, although of course one or two board-track and Indy-bred Millers did venture onto road circuits in their day, while GP Delages (including the one to his right) wound up at Indy.

Dario had just returned from his mandatory

daily gym training session, positively glowing with (frankly sickening) fitness as he recalled the road-race qualifying sessions last year at Mid-Ohio. "Our Dallaras don't have power steering and, after qualifying, five or six of us up front were standing together, and we all looked just totally knackered by the effort, soaking with sweat and absolutely drained.

"I'd been complaining to our engineers for some time that steering loads in these cars are borderline on some road courses, and this time I asked specifically that they compute the loads from the data they record, just to see how high those loadings really are.

"It was an absolute eye-opener. Average steering load worked out at about 30lbs in each hand, peaking at 50lbs over certain compressions and bumps – so imagine lying back there in your seat, arms outstretched, and lifting 30-50lbs with every significant steering input. Then add the effect of putting 150lbs of force into the brake pedal four times a lap (at that track) while your shoulder and neck muscles are reacting to the effective weight of your head and helmet under 4g load, which means another 60lbs or so.

"And then you have to sustain those kinds of load for two hours or more. I believe that current Formula 1 cars generate higher forces in the brakes and g-loads on your head and neck but at least they have power steering. So that's why we spend so much time out on the 'bike and in the gym!"

And in the likeable Scot's case – boy, has it paid off.

CAN MODERN RACERS KEEP ON RUNNING?

Technology has its upsides in performance terms, but might not be an aid to longevity

in current racing engines is in some areas unknown, unproven and largely unexplored.

A concerned, posterity-conscious manufacturer such as Mercedes is addressing this, albeit low-priority, problem. Plainly, any measures adopted for long-term concerns won't trouble designers seeking short-term gain. If you win next month, who cares if the car remains usable for future generations?

But such factors as ultra-violet degradation of exposed carbon composite components have already been addressed, and it is significant that some McLaren-Mercedes museum cars have already had their all-composite

suspension members replaced by hybrid look-alikes in which a steel core bears the load, with a composite shroud to mimic the proper appearance. Food here for plenty of thought... and concern for future collectors.

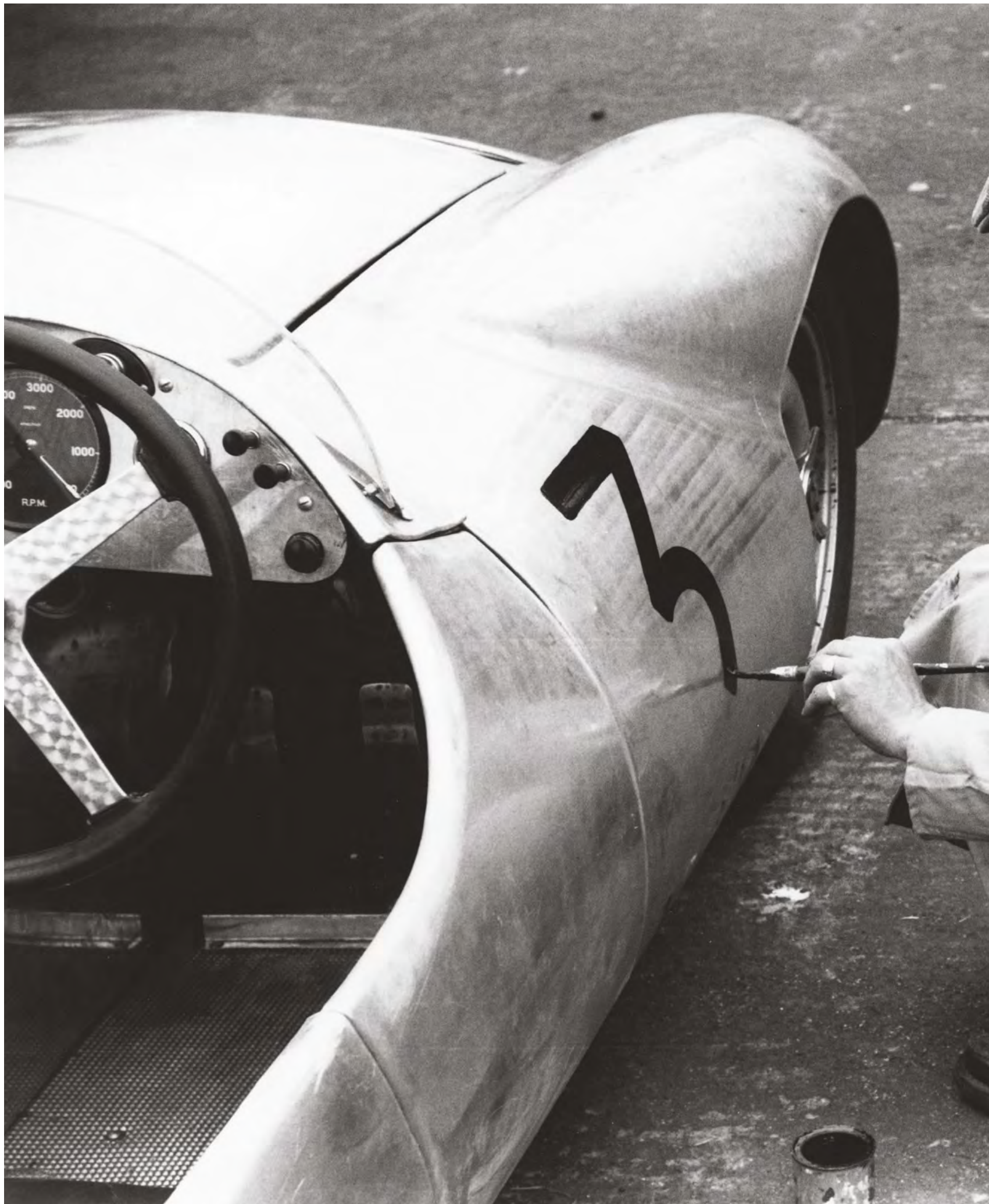
And there's another intriguing aspect to the long-term running future of current racing cars. Dario Franchitti was asked his expert opinion. Unless specialist tyre technology provides down-graded rubber to tailor today's cars to the amateur private owner/collector of tomorrow, he foresees deep trouble. "The problem," he says, "is that until you get enough heat into the tyres to generate adequate grip, today's Indy and F1 cars are effectively an accident looking for somewhere to happen.

"In essence they just don't have any grip until the tyres reach working temperature, and I doubt many future amateurs will be able to drive hard enough even to warm their tyres to the point where they begin to achieve the car's designed performance. We had a very experienced historic driver try one of our Indy cars and he got caught out because even he

wasn't heating up the tyres sufficiently – and the car spun on the straight".

I mentioned this to Gordon Murray of Brabham, McLaren and future-car fame, and he recalled his own experience of driving his Formula 1 Brabham designs up to the 1979-80 BT48. "Despite understanding the requirement and being pretty experienced, I couldn't warm the tyres enough to generate optimum grip," he says. "Once at Ricard we were involved with some filming. The crew asked for another few laps, but the drivers had left so Herbie Blash obliged, took out the car and spun off."

Why didn't Gordon drive his cars after the BT48? "We ended up with no tall drivers, so I took 3in off the later cars' wheelbase. It meant I wouldn't fit" This reminded me of a debate we'd had in the early '90s, about taking a McLaren F1 production car to attack world speed records at Bonneville. The notion in part was that a hot-shoe might drive in the centre, with 7ft tall Gordon in one passenger seat and yard-wide me in the other, to demonstrate the F1's versatility. Regrettably, it didn't happen. ☒





PARTING SHOT

MAY 15

1954

SILVERSTONE

Remember when race numbers were clearly visible from row 17 of the grandstand? The finishing touches are applied to Peter Whitehead's Cooper T33-Jaguar, which finished ninth in the sports car race supporting Silverstone's *Daily Express* International Trophy. Froilan Gonzalez won both that and the main event, in Ferrari 375 and 625 respectively.

To buy this photo or other classic motor racing shots, visit photos.motorsportmagazine.co.uk