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THE ORIGINAL RACING MAGAZINE

Stirling MOSS

1929 2020

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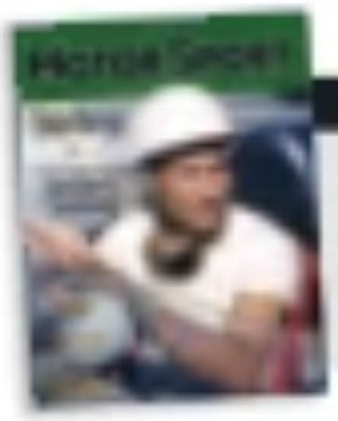
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Sterling Moss at Zandvoort after his victory in 1958's non-championship race

June

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MOTOR SPORT

THE EDITOR

"This will not be the last time that Mr Motor Racing appears in our pages"

It's been said that Sir Stirling Moss's accident at Goodwood was the crash that saved his life. The logic is that had his racing career not effectively ended in 1962, when he was still in his early thirties, he would – given his all-or-nothing racing style – have likely come a cropper in the unforgiving years that followed, out of his skin at the helm of one of the underpowered, unreliable and unsafe cars of others' success, car fragility or trackside dangers.

If that's so, perhaps we should take some comfort from that terrible day when Moss's Lotus careered into the bank during the Glover Trophy. It gifted the world nearly 60 more years of one of the great, not just of the track but of this country, too.

There were other wonderful drivers and brilliant cars from that era – Jim Clark, of course, Graham Hill, John Surtees – but none represent so much of what is great about motor racing quite like Mr Motor Racing himself. His name became a byword for speed. He set the template for what a modern racing driver was. Even in old age, he invented the most debonair of things – a retired racing driver.

Even the famous absence of a World Championship title from his otherwise stellar CV only served to increase his standing in the eyes of many. Not only for the sportsmanship that ultimately cost him one in 1958 but also for the full-throated, soothing-by-halves masculinity and patriotism that characterised his driving and team choice. "If Moss had put reasons before passion," said Enzo Ferrari, "he would have been world champion many times."

As Mark Hughes says in his beautifully judged obituary on our website, "He was one of those very special ones who could seemingly transcend the accepted definition of 'possible' and that directly translated into his public standing as he became a 'name' reaching beyond the sport in much the same way as did Muhammad Ali in boxing or Pelé in football. Although he last took part in a grand prix 58 years ago, this magician of the wheel's reputation has rung through the generations."

That much is true. Polls that we'd bet in his pomp Moss was more popular than the Queen (it's easy to forget how racing at the time was so dominated by European teams and drivers) while his jet-set lifestyle even inspired James Bond style parodies.

Three-time World Champion Jackie Stewart, who arrived in F1 shortly after Moss's retirement, put it best when he said in tribute: "He walked like a racing driver should walk, he talked like a racing driver, he looked like a racing driver, and he set a standard that I think has been unmatched since he retired."

But for all that, perhaps the most remarkable thing about Stirling Moss was that he never lost touch with his fans, the ordinary racing enthusiasts for whom he was such a hero.



In the days after his death, *Motor Sport* was inundated with letters from fans eager to share their memories of him, and perhaps it is through them that we get a true sense of the man as well as the driver.

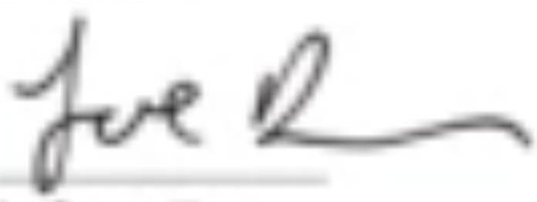
We have collected a sample of them on pages 66-67. Many recount a common theme: memories of seeing Stirling at Aintree to spark a lifelong interest in motor racing; meeting Stirling at Goodwood in modern times, being embarrassed to say 'hello' but being greeted with a smile and an arm around the shoulder for a photo; a letter sent to the office of Stirling more in hope than expectation, and being surprised to receive a personal reply showing that Stirling had not only read the initial correspondence, but had thought about it, too.

Others reveal his loyalty and profound diversity. We probably all know that after he was discharged from hospital, Stirling took all the nurses who had cared for him out to dinner and the theatre. But did you know that he quietly kept in touch with the nurse who may have saved his life at the track after the 1962 crash? As now retired Annie Strachnick relates, she was volunteering at Goodwood and was first on the scene after the crash, administering first aid.

"I still have burns on my hands from that day," she says. "People say it saved his life, but I was just doing what I was trained to do. After the accident he became a good friend, we watched him race with his lovely wife Susie. When he did his autobiography, he signed it and wrote: 'You never chose when I travelled your road'. On the track he was a demon, off the track he was a lovely person."

One letter from a Mr John S Peirce from Los Angeles reads like this: "Sir, I never had the pleasure of meeting Stirling Moss. Yet, at the risk of sounding presumptuous, I feel like I knew him just a bit. His passing was massive even without that tiny connection. With that connection, I can honestly say that the world of motor sport is considerably more impoverished today. I hope that this letter to *Motor Sport* inspires those who are today's stars and tomorrow's legends to live up to the legacy of Sir Stirling Moss."

I hope you enjoy our special issue celebrating the life and career of Stirling. You can be assured that despite the sadness around his death, this will not be the last time that Mr Motor Racing appears in our pages.



Jose Rosso, editor

Follow Jose on Twitter @joserosso

NEXT ISSUE OUR JULY ISSUE IS ON SALE FROM MAY 27

MOTOR SPORT

IN THE SPIRIT OF BOLLÉE AND JENKO



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Details matter.



The ingenuity of both Stirling Moss and his navigator Denis Jenkinson was behind one of the sport's all-time great performances. The pair's detailed 1955 Mille Miglia route notes were mounted in a custom-made aluminium case, to be rolled down and read through a waterproof Perspex screen. The small box mounted in the Mercedes 300 SLR cockpit proved invaluable and helped them to a record time.

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SIR STIRLING CRAUFURD MOSS, OBE (1929-2020)

THE world lost the greatest driver, motorsport ambassador, and friend on April 12, after a valiant battle with a three-year illness. Rather than listing his many driving accomplishments, I'd rather focus on the man. A man of character, warmth, humor, and talent. He had an innate and historically British, sense of fairness and duty. He was intensely patriotic, a virtue that cost him early racing successes. In the end, it was his character that shown through like a beacon on a dark night. He led a challenging but very fulfilling life as a driver and international ambassador for the sport we all enjoy. There will never be another individual like Stirling Moss.

Jane and I, The Board of Directors, and the staff of The Amelia Island Concours d'Elegance value his friendship and the times spent with him and Lady Susie. Our condolences and love go out to Lady Susie and the family.

Relaxed poise: Moss during his pivotal 1955 season, driving his Mercedes W196 at Silverstone

Sir Stirling Moss: 1929-2020

Motor Sport pays tribute to one of Britain's greatest drivers who holds a unique place in motor racing's pantheon of greats



"It was one lap too many, he just closed his eyes," said Lady Susie Moss of the moment her husband Sir Stirling slipped away early on Easter Sunday morning, April 12, at the age of 90. The most versatile, complete and surely best-known British racing driver, worn out by a long illness, had seen his last chequered flag - but is now at peace.

For those who have admired Moss all these years, it felt as though the breaking of such news should have been accompanied by some sort of thunderclap - or perhaps more fittingly a chorus of blaring racing engines. Instead, in these strange times of lockdown, there was only eerie silence broken by birdsong. At his age and in the wake of his illness, Moss's passing was not unexpected, but at that moment there was still a sense of shock.

Moss personified all that is best about our sport. His moniker 'Mr Motor Racing' was the true epitaph of a man who always raced in the moment, on the limit right to the line.

Tributes from racing people, both present and past, and those from devoted fans and admirers around the world, flooded in. They inevitably drew a spotlight to the greatest victories. The Mille Miglia, a trio of Monaco Grands Prix, seven RAC Tourist Trophies, four Nürburgring 1000Kms, the Sebring 12 Hours and Targa Florio, F1 championship and countless non-championship F1 wins - and that historical quirk the greatest driver never to win an F1 world title.

That niggling asterisk never really mattered. While F1 titles define ultimate success for modern racing drivers, it was a crown that lost its lustre for Moss after 1958 when he won four races, and still lost by a point to his friend Mike Hawthorn - who had won just once that season. What counted for more was Stirling's not-a-second-of-doubt sportsmanship in Sports, when he stood as a supporting witness to overturn Hawthorn's disqualification for a minor transgression, an action that in effect cost him the title.

Before that and certainly after, all that really mattered to Moss was winning the next race. On any given day, in whatever car he happened to be driving - and he raced most of them - he was out to prove he was the best. And that he was, emphatically, especially once Juan Manuel Fangio had retired.

From 1958 until his career was cut short in 1962, Moss commanded a level of superiority over his opponents to a degree greater than probably any racing driver from any era. His rivals knew he was the benchmark, even if the results didn't always reflect it - because he chose to drive mostly for his friend and private entrant Rob Walker, out of a mixed sense of patriotism and loyalty. It meant driving good, well prepared F1 cars, but not always those to the latest specifications, although Moss loved to be the underdog. It only made it sweeter when he beat the works entries, whether they were Coopers, Colin Chapman's Team Lotus or "those bloody red cars" from Ferrari.

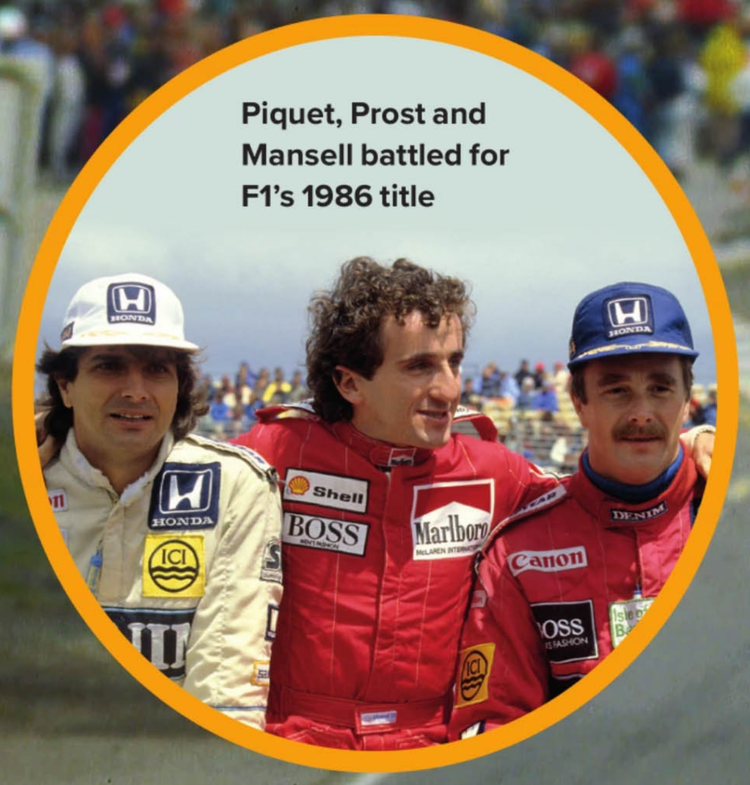
"The Boy", as he was known from 1947 onwards, was at the height of his powers when the final and still unexplained accident came on Easter Monday, April 23, 1962. For the next 58 years, Moss would make his living from being 'Stirling Moss', and from a portfolio of London properties that he'd manage personally, buzzing around the city by scooter or Smart car to deal with tenants and the mundanity of a landlord's life.

> **"Moss grazed the heavens as a driver, but he was grounded"**

Moss had grazed the heavens as a racing driver, but he was always soundly grounded in the real world. Naturally engaging, brusque when his patience was being stretched, but a gentleman in the best sense of the word, he always believed in making time for grateful fans and admirers.

Appointed OBE in the 1969 New Year's Honours list, and named BBC Sports Personality of the Year in 1990, Moss was knighted in 2000. He is survived by Susie and his children Alfonso and Elliot.

A full celebration of the life and career of Sir Stirling Moss starts on page 46.



Piquet, Prost and Mansell battled for F1's 1986 title

The greatest race in F1 history?

May 13 is the 70th anniversary of the first Formula 1 World Championship race - held at Silverstone - and, 1018 grands prix later, *Motor Sport* will mark the occasion by naming F1's greatest race.

Our initial list, compiled during pre-lockdown after-work refreshments, totalled over 100 races. We reduced that to 30 over the subsequent days with only a few major disagreements. Further progress proved impossible, so we threw the question out to readers and fans via social media.

As we went to press those 30, which include perennial favourites such as the Mansell/Piquet/Prost title showdown at Adelaide in 1986, are in the process of being whittled down to just five.

By the time you read this that shortlist of five will have been drawn up, and we are encouraging you to visit our website and cast your vote now.

Voting is currently open on the *Motor Sport* website to decide which race should be named as the greatest so far. Remember: if you don't vote, you have no right to complain if the wrong race wins...

Visit *www.motorsportmagazine.com* to have your say about the shortlist.



Mansell leads rival Prost in Adelaide, but it would be the McLaren man who took the title in '86

Mont-Tremblant deemed a noise nuisance



No moans when Ickx won '70 Canadian GP

Despite being open for business since 1964 and having played host to two Formula 1 grands prix, the Circuit Mont-Tremblant in Canada has now legally been deemed a nuisance after losing a noise row with local residents.

Last month the Quebec Superior Court ruled in favour of a local residents group, which claimed that the circuit had breached sections of the Neighbourhood Nuisance Act with some of its track activities. While many of the track's operations, such as its driving and flying schools, will remain unaffected, its race meetings are now likely to be limited to 92dB, making it difficult to run any high-powered single-seaters or GT cars, which have become its modern-day racing mainstays.

It could be a blow to the pocket of owner Lawrence Stroll, with estimated compensation payouts set to total $3m (roughly £1.7m).

Mont-Tremblant held two editions of the Canadian Grand Prix - in 1968 and 1970 - and was a regular venue for Can-Am racing between 1966 and 1978.

GETTY, DPPI



The hybrid Czinger C21, packing a 2.9-litre turbo V8 (below), produces over 1000bhp

3D-printed hybrid hypercar unveiled

It would be easy to dismiss the Czinger C21 as another one of those electrified hypercars which appear to think a quadruple-digit power output is some kind of consolation for weighing two tonnes and being no more interesting to listen to than your dishwasher.

But the C21 is not. For while it is indeed partly driven by electricity and has well over 1000bhp, said to actually be as high as 1233bhp, this is a very different beast.

It is the work of Kevin Czinger, whose eponymous company has created the car from scratch in California, including its 2.9-litre twin-turbo flat-plane V8, which spins to 11,000rpm. Electric motors drive the front wheels and provide the balance of power. More interesting still is its tandem seating layout and the fact that not only does it have a carbon and alloy chassis but many of its components are 3D-printed, bringing weight down to just 1250kg.

The figures are otherworldly: 0-62mph in 1.9sec, 0-186mph in 15sec, and 0-248mph and back to zero in 29sec. A McLaren F1 needs 28sec just to do 0-200mph.

Just 80 will be built, and you can choose between standard road-car specification or a lightweight (1215kg), high-downforce track version.

UK pricing starts from around £1.4m and Czinger has plans to expand its portfolio too.

Only 80 C21s will be made, and it can be bought as either a track special or 'standard' road car



Horsman's engineering ideas helped to turn the Porsche 917's fortunes round, making it a winner

John Horsman 1934-2020



He was the keen amateur photographer who sneaked trackside without ever getting caught. He also applied to Aston Martin for a job that hadn't been advertised... and duly got one anyway.

They say you make your own luck and John Horsman, who has died aged 85, illustrates the point well. His enterprising spirit led to a long, successful career as a motor sport engineer.

He first worked for Aston Martin's road car division, but went with the factory racing team to Le Mans in 1962 as boss John Wyer's assistant. He eventually followed Wyer to Ford Advanced Vehicles, to work on the GT40 Le Mans programme.

After 1966, the business morphed into the independent JW Automotive Engineering and built its own Mirage chassis, but in 1968 it reverted to the GT40 and scored the first of two consecutive Le Mans 24 Hours victories.

JWA then enjoyed a successful partnership with Porsche - and Horsman was credited with sorting the 917's early instability woes. As he put it, "At a test in Austria I noticed dead gnats splattered all over the front of the car, but at the rear there were only a few spots - the air seemed to be going over the tail flap and it wasn't doing very much. So we riveted a different aluminium flap on the back, finishing the job in the garage that evening. The following day, Brian Redman went out and said, 'That's it. It's now a racing car'."

Motor sport has lost another prominent link to its past.



The 104th Indy 500 will be the first to run outside May

Indy 500 moved to August

THE 2020 INDIANAPOLIS 500 HAS BEEN pushed back from May 24 to August 23 due to the effects of the coronavirus pandemic, meaning the 104th running of the race will be the first ever to take place outside the event's traditional 'month of May' slot.

The change does help the Indy 500 avoid cancellation, however, having only previously paused for the conflicts of the two world wars, with World War II playing a part in the circuit lapsing into a state of disrepair before the 500's revival in 1946.

A revised 2020 IndyCar calendar currently places the Detroit double-header as the season opener on May 30-31, with the usual opener at St Petersburg potentially becoming the finale later in the year.

"The month of May at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway is my favourite time of year, and like our fans, I am disappointed that we have had to reschedule the Indianapolis 500," said Roger Penske, whose Penske Entertainment group owns the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

INDYCAR, PORSCHE

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“Extra Campionario” Ferrari Enzo

One of just five examples supplied new in “Extra Campionario” Grigio Titanio. Inside, the cabin features a Nero hide, Nero Tessuto Inserts, four-point harnesses and a Giallo rev counter. This superbly presented Enzo has covered just 10,600 miles and is accompanied by its books, tools and a complete service history.

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McLaren SLR

One of around 50 UK supplied Mercedes Mclaren SLRs. This coupe was delivered in March 2006 in Metallic ‘Osmium‘ Grey with Red trim. Having covered only 25,000 miles from new the car will be treated to the appropriate service as part of the sale.

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MARK HUGHES

"F1's boom-time growth was always going to bring a crisis one day"

FORMULA 1 IS GRAPPLING WITH A pandemic and its economic consequences, and it has reacted by delaying the new technical regulations by a year and has proposed a reduction in the budget cap for next season, from $175m to $150m.

But there is a feeling, probably well-founded, in several quarters that this won't be enough. There is a push to get the budget cap down well below even the proposed reduction, which is yet to be ratified. The problem becomes intractable because getting the big teams of 1000 employees or more to contract down to the levels required is problematic.

Elsewhere, some of the smaller teams cannot reach the current cap, and would probably go bust if they did.

The most vociferous on the big team issue is Ferrari. It believes operating significantly below $150m would take it into the territory of redundancies, which it desperately wishes to avoid, especially with the current situation in Italy. But that's just the Scuderia's immediate point. There's a bigger underlying problem: $150m is the sort of budget that could be available to independent teams such as McLaren or Racing Point (Aston Martin as of next year).

Those independent teams buy their components - most notably engines and gearboxes, but also suspensions and other listed parts - from the manufacturer teams at less than cost.

In theory, that would mean those independent teams with $150m at their disposal would be able to spend more on being competitive than the manufacturer teams, which have to pay fixed costs associated with the design, manufacture and R&D of all parts.

In this scenario, Ferrari suggests a McLaren or Racing Point could conceivably be at an unfair competitive advantage over it or Mercedes. Ferrari has suggested a two-tier budget cap for manufacturers and independents, with a baseline cap that can be added to for manufacturers. But Mercedes isn't supportive of this idea and has expressed general agreement with the $150m cap.

It could become an obscure argument, as McLaren's Zak Brown said. "[The current situation] is potentially devastating to teams," he told the BBC, "and if it's enough teams - which doesn't have to mean more than two - then it's very threatening to F1 as a whole. Could I see - through what is going on right now in the world, if we don't tackle this situation head-on very aggressively - two teams disappearing? Yeah, in fact, I could see four teams disappearing, if this isn't handled the right way. And then, given how long it takes to ramp up an F1 team, and given the economic and health crisis we are in right now, to think there would be people lined up to take over those teams as there has historically been... I don't think the timing could be worse from that standpoint. I think F1 is in a very fragile state at the moment."

"The fallout of the pandemic will be devastating for F1. But how much so?"

Nothing is under F1's direct control at the moment. The economic consequences of the pandemic are sure to be devastating. But how much so? Like post-2008, when F1 lost Honda, Toyota, BMW and Bridgestone in quick succession? Or much worse, an entirely goalpost-changed world where the idea of budgeting around $150m for a motor sport programme is inconceivable?

Looking ahead into the next year or two, the crisis will likely be decided by how deep Liberty's pockets are. It's keeping payments to the teams - which are one year in arrears and so based on the full 2019 calendar - despite a drastically reduced current income. But next year, those team payments will be based on the devastated 2020 calendar.

Given how big of a proportion the payments from Liberty form in most team budgets, the commercial rights holder may have to extend credit to keep all the smaller teams alive.

As for the manufacturers, how big a priority will F1 be if their core product evaporates? With no commercial agreements in place beyond the end of this year, F1 will be nervous about the continued participation of Mercedes, Renault, Honda and Alfa Romeo - which acts only as a sponsor of the independent Sauber team.

It's easy to imagine Ferrari continuing, such is the power of the brand and its intimate connection to F1. But Sauber and Williams survive as pure independents on a strictly commercial basis, the two Red Bull teams, Haas and Racing Point are funded by wealthy individuals and McLaren is owned by a Bahraini consortium. As with the budget cap, different circumstances mean there's no 'one size fits all' answer to the impact of the pandemic.

F1's extraordinary boom-time expansion of the late 1990s and early 2000s was always going to bring an existential crisis one day. It's been wrestling with the problem since 2008, without really grasping it. A virus is set to reshape everything we thought we knew, and F1 is not immune.

Since he began covering grand prix racing in 2000, Mark Hughes has forged a reputation as the finest Formula 1 analyst of his generation

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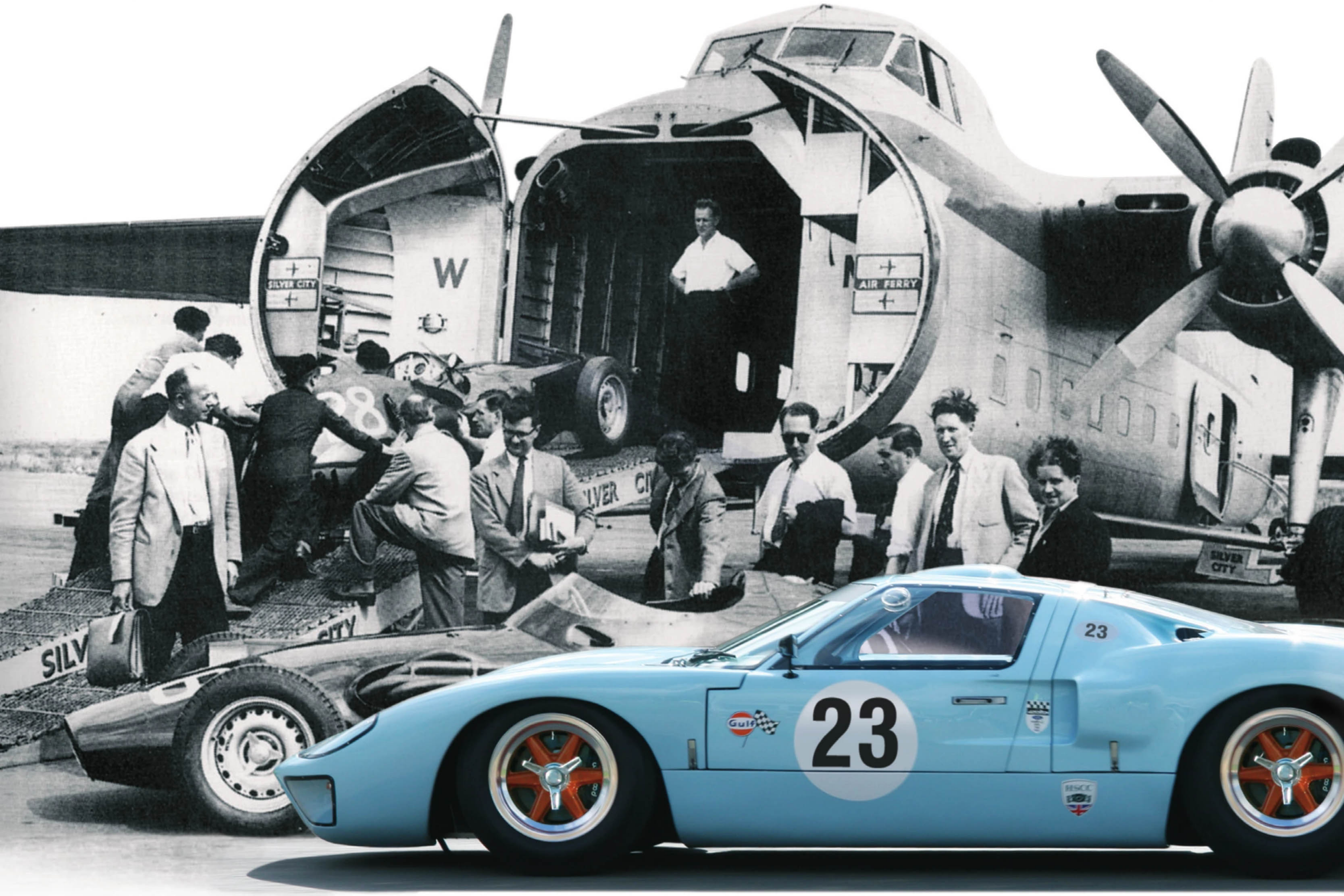
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MAT OXLEY

"The name Sheene meant nothing. Well, I had a shock for Ángel Nieto!"

Fifty years ago this summer, Barry Sheene was preparing to make his grand prix debut, at the 1970 Spanish Grand Prix in Barcelona, a few days after his 20th birthday.

Sheene had already enjoyed a meteoric rise through the ranks of British racing. His career had only started in earnest at the end of 1968, his talent obvious to the knowledgeable from the moment he first turned a wheel in anger.

As is often the case with successful racers, the self-styled cheeky cockney (in fact, Sheene was born in Holborn) had more than riding skill on his side.

His father Frank Sheene was an early master of the two-stroke engine, which during the 1960s grew to dominate the smaller capacity classes of 125cc, 250cc and 350cc. Sheene the elder had started racing at Brooklands before World War II and contested several post-war Isle of Man TTs on Nortons and other British four-strokes, before switching to two-strokes, with Italian-made Itoms.

The two-stroke is a strange engine, which at that time revealed its secrets only to those prepared to dedicate their lives to its odd ways. Frank did exactly that, using the workshop that came with his job as a maintenance man at the Royal College of Surgeons.

Inevitably, his only son grew up tinkering with bikes and engines, absorbing the know-how that took him to the pinnacle in the 1970s. When Sheene started racing in his teens, he already knew more than many experienced racers, and he had expert back-up.

He also had some of the best machinery. In July 1959, the Sheene family embarked on their first foreign holiday to Barcelona, where the Montjuïc 24 Hours happened to be taking place. During the event, Sheene's dad spotted a new brand of motorcycle and got chatting to its maker.

Don Paco Bultó, who had fought with General Franco in the Spanish Civil War, established Bultaco in June 1958, focusing on racing and selling small-capacity two-strokes. His air-cooled, single-cylinder racers were basic but effective. Bultó and the Sheenes became good friends and racing partners, with Bulto supplying the family with his latest machines, to which Frank (nicknamed Franko by his son) added his magic in his workshop in Queen's Square WC1.

Barry had no real plans to go racing. He seemed happier with a spanner in his hand than with a throttle, and only ventured onto a racetrack to run in new engines for his father – but he was too quick to ignore.

He contested his first races in the spring of 1968, then put his leathers and pudding-basin helmet aside to take a job as a mechanic for British privateer Lewis Young, who had entered his Bultacos in several continental grands prix. Only when Sheene returned from that adventure did he know what he wanted to do.

Sheene made a big impression on the British scene in 1969, riding 125cc and 250cc Bultacos. In 1970, he dominated the British 125cc championship aboard his TSS125 and made preparations for his World Championship debut.

"Sheene ran in engines for his dad, but was too quick to ignore"

In June of 1970, Frank dug deep into his savings and bought an ex-factory twin-cylinder Suzuki RT67 125 from former Suzuki and Honda rider Stuart Graham. The bike was three years old, but still ahead of a Bultaco single: 35bhp against 29.

"For me, there was only one level of competition I really wanted to ride in, and that was World Championship level," wrote Sheene in his 1977 autobiography *The Story So Far...* "No point in leaving it too late, I reckoned, so I chanced my arm in the final round of the 125cc World Championship."

Sheene contested three events with the RT67, the Spanish GP at Montjuïc Park and two non-championship meetings in Spain.

First came the Trofeo de la Merced race in Jerez, a jarring 1500-mile journey from London in a battered Ford Thames van on Franco-era roads. Sheene made it worthwhile, defeating local hero and reigning 50cc World Champion Ángel Nieto around a triangular street circuit in the suburb of San Benito.

The following weekend Sheene was back at a grand prix, this time as a rider, not as a mechanic. "Most of the crowd had come to Montjuïc expecting to see Nieto thrash the opposition out of sight," he remembered. "The name Sheene meant practically nothing to them. Well, I had a shock for Ángel! In practice I was only half a second down on him, and I'd never ridden the circuit before."

Sheene led the race, but the RT67 was under-geared, so he had to roll off through the parkland circuit's faster sections. Nieto won aboard his factory-prepared single-cylinder Derbi, another Spanish brand built in Catalunya. Sheene took the chequered flag in second place, a podium finisher on his world-class debut.

The week after that came another street race, in Zaragoza, where Sheene again took second, this time finishing behind the Swedish ace, Börje Jansson.

These three events convinced Sheene that he was now more than ready for a full-time attack on the 125cc World Championship in 1971. "I was determined to make my mark among the world's elite," he wrote. The next summer Sheene won his first grand prix and might have won the 125 world title if he hadn't hurt himself in a couple of non-championship races. Nevertheless, Sheene was well on his way.

Mat Oxley has covered motorcycle racing for many years – and also has the distinction of being an Isle of Man TT winner

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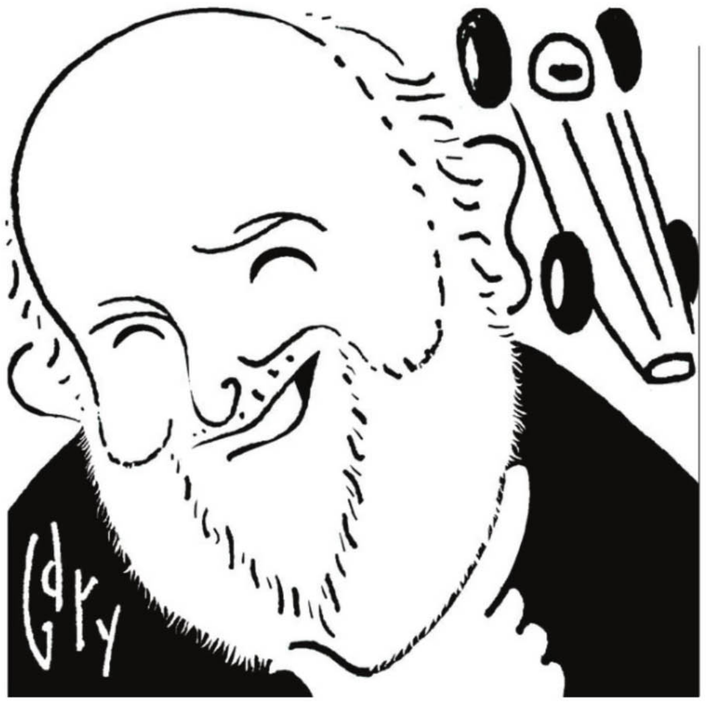
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DOUG NYE

"The Hispano-Suiza was futuristic, looking like a sports car of the 1920s"

ONE OF THE MOST influential of early racing car constructors was the multi-national but Spanish-originated, and later French-based, Hispano-Suiza marque.

Under the technical direction of Swiss engineer Marc Birkigt, the marque's pioneering in-line four-cylinder works cars hit their stride in September 1910 when Italian technician/driver Paolo Zuccarelli won at Ostende in Belgium.

Two weeks later, he toppled the might of Peugeot by winning the great Coupe de l'Auto Voiturette race at Boulogne. It was akin to winning a Formula 2 race at Monaco today but with enormous, glittery, market-influencing, money-earning knobs on.

Hispano-Suiza's most charismatic and supportive fan was then 24-year old King Alfonso XIII of Spain. He'd inherited his crown at birth, as his father had died months earlier. As a new-born, he'd been carried naked to the Spanish prime minister on a silver tray.

The young king grew up loving his cars. He bought his first Hispano-Suiza in 1907 but made it obvious to Birkigt that he thought the company's 'carriage trade' products were rather tame. Birkigt was thinking similarly and, in 1909, he designed a long-stroke T-head four-cylinder in-line water-cooled engine for small-capacity *voiturette* racing.

One powered Zuccarelli's victorious car in the Coupe de l'Auto race at an average speed of 8mph faster than the previous year's Peugeot. Hispano's technical advance effectively killed the single- and twin-cylinder designs that had previously ruled the class.

Birkigt then productionised a development of his winning design, effectively the taproot of the modern sports car genre. King Alfonso tried one and enthusiastically placed an order. The model would become the Hispano-Suiza Alfonso XIII. It was incredibly futuristic, looking more like an open sports car of the 1920s, or even '30s, than as a product of 1911-12. It was good for 75mph, or 90mph when race-tuned. Imagine that in 1912-14. There was a car in which a rampant young blade could cut a dash, as long as he didn't kill himself or get arrested first.

But in 1918, the Spanish Flu pandemic began. While war-battered allies suppressed news of the erupting disease, neutral Spain had a free press. When King Alfonso became seriously ill with it, news of his affliction spread as fast and as far as the disease.

It was because of this that the pandemic, which continued into 1920, was labelled 'The Spanish Flu', even though it had arguably emerged in a British Army troop staging and hospital camp at Etaples, in France. Or in Haskell County, Kansas, or Boston, Massachusetts... or China, as some have claimed in more recent studies into the Spanish Flu's origins.

To the Spanish, their poor king's illness - from which he recovered - became known as *La Pesadilla*, The Nightmare, and in French as *La Grippe Espagnole*. With estimates of 17 million up to as high as 100 million deaths worldwide, and five times as many said to have been infected, it was an utterly cataclysmic addition to the Great War's already very heavy cost.

But human enterprise, endeavour and pursuit of fun has always endured, and surely will again.

Among the 1919-20 survivors were many thousands of often brand-new car and motor sport enthusiasts whose first experience of motoring had come during wartime service.

Instead of being confined to stepping back from the roadside as the toffs swept by in chauffeured limousines, the motoring masses began to emerge. And with them, motor sport began to be resurrected.

In May 1919, the Indy 500 Speedway race was revived after a two-year absence, down in undamaged Sicily, Count Florio breathed new life into his Targa Florio classic. Four-cylinder in-line and water-cooled Peugeots won both events.

At least 16 speed hillclimbs were also run in the first season of the new peace, nine of them in isolated Australia, one in the US and one at South Harting in England, won by Archie Frazer Nash's GN.

Through 1920, Indy and the Targa were repeated, the Mugello road race was run in mainland Italy, the Elgin Trophy road race in Illinois, plus a brace of *voiturette* races at Le Mans.

"We bounced back from the grip of disease 100 years ago, we will again"

Over 40 hillclimbs took place, more than half of them in Europe, nine in Australia, and at least eight in England and Wales, on Kop Hill near Princes Risborough, Rhiwbina near Cardiff, Shelsley Walsh, Style Kop, South Harting, Sutton Bank, Spread Eagle near Melbury, Holme Moss and Angel Bank.

One hundred years ago, our forefathers were bouncing back after being freed from the grip of a disease. It happened then, and it shall again once the current coronavirus pandemic passes and the chance for motor sport's return arises.

Doug Nye is the UK's leading motor racing historian and has been writing authoritatively about the sport since the 1960s



ANDREW FRANKEL

"Watching esports is like watching someone else drink alcohol-free beer"

IT IS PERHAPS A GENERATIONAL THING, but I find myself unable to get mildly enthused, let alone properly excited, about esports. When I was about nine years old, on Eastbourne pier, I remember finding an arcade game into which you put a two pence piece and got to drive a car around a track. Sure, the track was just a filmed projection and the car a tin model on the end of a bit of coat-hanger wire attached to the steering wheel, but I was doing esports 45 years ago.

And sometimes I still do. At Le Mans last year there were modern versions of the same concept in the Aston Martin Racing hospitality, where you could while away the hours 'racing' a GTE Pro Vantage around the track, which I found mildly diverting at first and, such is the way of these things, entirely engrossing as I improved. I've spent time in Toyota's full-size simulator 'driving' its LMP1 prototype, tutored by Sébastien Buemi, and learned Monaco before racing there, with the help of Darren Turner's Base Performance Simulators. Both of which were great until I nearly threw up.

So I can see the appeal of gaming. And though I've never done it, I can see how if you become far better at it than I, the idea of competing against other gamers might be interesting too. What I cannot see is the appeal of watching others do it. Whoever they are.

It is one step too far removed. To me, racing a car is the best pastime in the world, so good that, like millions the world over, I'll happily spend quite a lot of time and money watching others do it. The competition appeals to something primal within me. But to watch other people pretend to do it? Where there is neither risk nor the real consequence of getting it wrong? Where nothing you're looking at is real? I cannot see the point.

I wish I could, and I feel nothing but envy for those who can because they will have one more way than me of passing the time during lockdown. The consensus seems to be that esports are not as good as proper racing, but that it is better than nothing. Sadly, it's not a view that I share.

To me, watching esports is not even like drinking alcohol-free beer: it's like watching someone else drink alcohol-free beer.

THOUGH YOU'LL LIKELY BE READING THIS IN May, I am writing it in April, the month in which Max Mosley celebrated his 80th birthday. It is also by happy coincidence, the 50th anniversary of the first grand prix win by a March car, built by March Engineering, the company he founded with Alan Rees, Graham Coaker and the great Robin Herd.

I still find what March achieved as a Formula 1 debutant in that 1970 season one of the most extraordinary tales. At its first-ever race, the South African Grand Prix at Kyalami, Jackie Stewart put his Tyrrell-run March 701 on pole with Chris Amon second in the works car. Chris retired with an overheating engine early on while Jackie was let down by his Dunlops, but he still came home third to score a podium on the marque's debut. Six weeks later, it was pole again at round two at Jarama for JYS, a race he led from flag to flag to score March's first World Championship win. He was on pole in Monaco and again at Spa, only to be let down by his DFV on both occasions. That is the same number of poles achieved in the first four races of March's very first season as the mighty Toyota managed in eight years in F1. And in all that time, Toyota did not win a single race.

But Mosley does not boast. "We were really quite lucky,' he told me a few years back. "The general view was no one would start a venture like ours without a huge amount of money. It meant suppliers were very relaxed about getting their bills paid because they thought we were sitting on a huge pile of cash..." They weren't. "In September 1969, we had 10-20 people working in one unit. We had one metal bending machine and a lathe. That was it."

Mosley kept the wheels on the bus by selling cars, three to Ken Tyrrell and one to each of Andy Granatelli and Colin Crabbe, while Porsche paid March a vast £30,000 to employ Jo Siffert. Why? "Jo was about to do a deal with Ferrari that would cover both sports cars and F1 and the only way Porsche could keep him in their sports cars was to put him in somebody else's F1 car."

Sadly this fairy tale start did not have a very happy ending. The 701 was fast but tricky, the trickiest F1 car Stewart ever drove. But it was a necessarily simple car, which left it with nowhere to go in development.

Perhaps the most honest view comes from Mosley: "When we were first and second on the grid at Kyalami I really thought we'd done it. I was 29 and on top of the world. But I was too young to realise it was only going to get harder from there. Realistically, we were lucky. We caught F1 when it was half asleep. At some races in 1969, you'd only get 13 cars on the grid. And then we came along and made the F1 establishment look stupid. We were, if you like, the most enormous wake-up call and we stung a lot of very talented people into action. It was always going to be hard after that."

"March's fairy tale start did not have a very happy ending"

Indeed it was: March continued in F1, on and off and in one form or another until 1992, but there'd be just two more wins, Austria in 1975 for Vittorio Brambilla, and Monza in 1976 for Ronnie Peterson. The dream was over.

A former editor of *Motor Sport*, Andrew splits his time between testing the latest road cars and racing (mostly) historic machinery
Follow Andrew on Twitter @Andrew_Frankel

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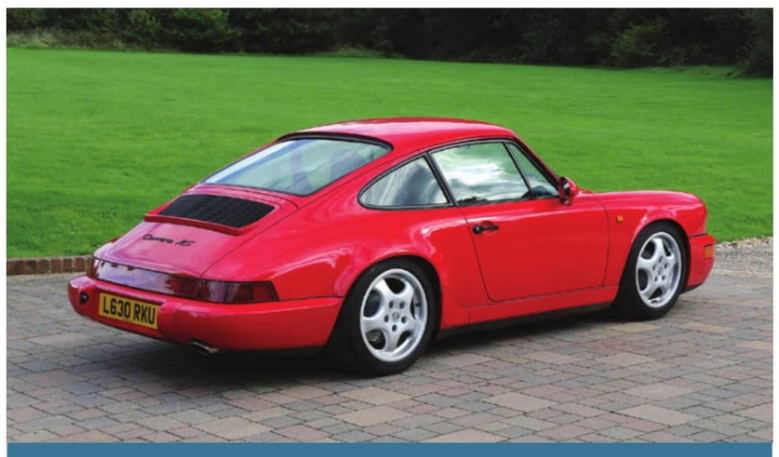
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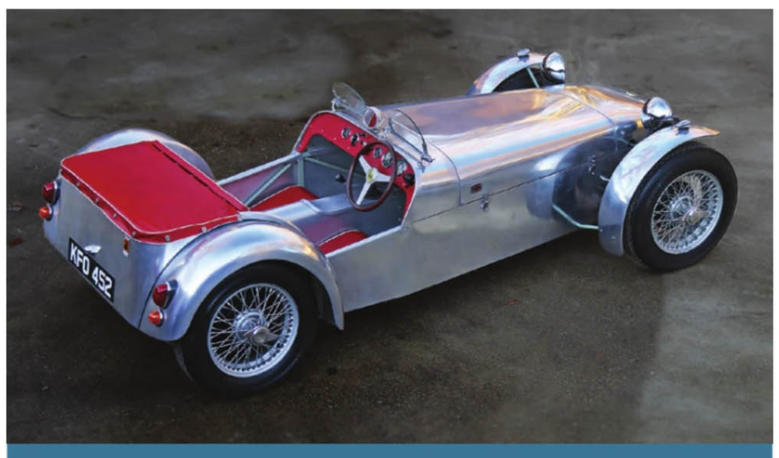


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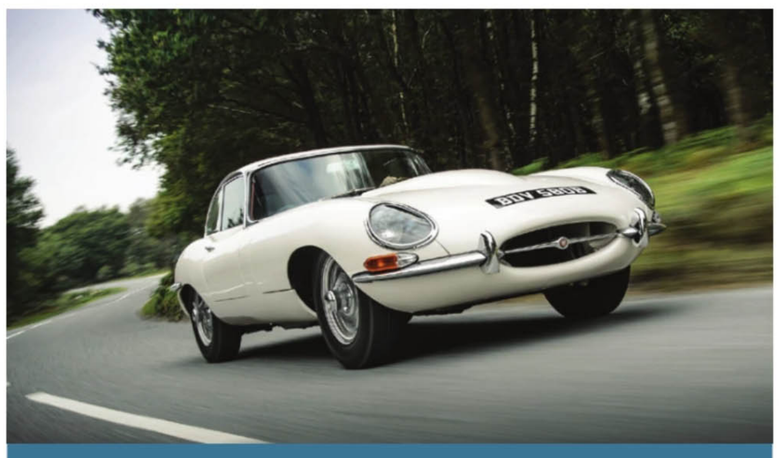


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Racing from your sofa

The Formula E season may be postponed, but **Allan McNish** explains how Audi's work is continuing, and the sustainability lessons the global situation can teach us



McNISH ON FORMULA E
IN ASSOCIATION WITH Audi Sport

IT'S A VERY DIFFICULT time for the whole world, but at the Audi Sport ABT Schaeffler Formula E team we are trying to make sure we function as best we can.

Even though it's an international team, spread through a few different countries, the limitations that are imposed as a result of the ongoing coronavirus pandemic do affect our operation.

That said, we do try to keep things as normal as possible. For example, we continued to have our normal project meetings, but they were all done on Skype. Interestingly, doing it this way means it functions better, in some respects at least, compared to when we are all sitting in one room. Everything is clear and concise moving forward. And we have to move forward for two different reasons: one is season six, when it restarts, and the other is to prepare for season seven because we would normally be operating within our testing window.

In terms of our timelines, it has been a difficult period. We have just been discussing the ordering of various parts and homologation testing, but the parameters of this, like everything else, might change in the coming weeks. It's an ongoing moving target.

These processes had all started to build up through March when the suspension of season six was put in place. We can't let momentum slow, but at the same time, we can't go testing anyway, from a practical point of view, due to restrictions on travelling and movement, but also from a regulation standpoint too.

We can only try to focus on what we are doing, and where we can try to improve our performance. From that perspective, there is a lot of work being done in the background, and the situation allows a bit of a deeper focus than you usually have in motor racing.

One problem you have when combining racing and testing, is that you're going from one thing to the next - race to race, or race to test. That doesn't give you enough time to absorb everything and reflect on it properly, maybe with the benefit of a fresher pair of eyes, like we have the luxury of at this moment in time. So, we're trying to use this time to look at what we can improve for season six, when it resumes, and, at the same time, trying to plan for season seven and, ultimately, even further beyond that as well.

I think now is the time, from a team and championship point of view, where difficult decisions which go against our principles to race have to be made. They are also difficult because of how hard it is to estimate the endpoint of the limitations in place.

Formula E and the FIA did a very good job with their decision on season six. With their statement, they were essentially putting out the metaphorical red flag to suspend the current season. Like in a real race stoppage, ultimately you try to rectify the situation as quickly as possible and get the season going again. But at the moment, it's difficult to know when a green flag is going to fly, it's just out of our control.

"It's difficult to know when a green flag will fly, it's out of our control"

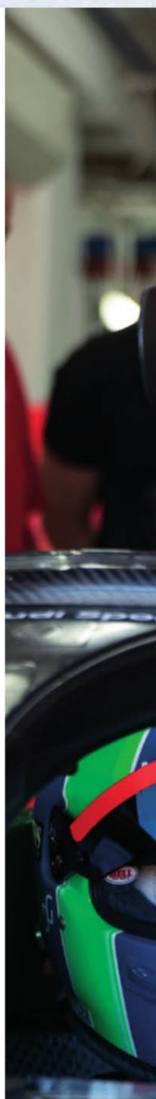
We also have to be sensitive. As much as we are racers at heart, every single one of us in the paddock, and wider motor sport, is not the priority in many people's lives, and I include the lives of people in the team as well.

As an industry, we have to bear that in mind as we take a step back. Right now, there are bigger issues everyone is currently focusing on, and quite rightly so, rather than trying to get back to testing or racing.

It's an interesting time we're living through right now. There is a big swing in this period when everyone is stuck at home and looking for new things to do.

From the drivers' point of view, there are all the sim racing series that have suddenly sprung up, virtually overnight, which help keep us going in this tough period. And I know Daniel Abt and Lucas di Grassi love sim racing, so the new swing is perfect to keep them sharp.

But when the doors finally open we will be running out again, and there will be that thirst to get back to what we knew before, which we previously took for granted. Sport in general, and especially motor sport, will



Parked: Audi, and the rest of Formula E, will continue to prepare for racing's return



McNish's drivers have turned to the world of sim racing

come back strong when the time is right for it to do so. At the same time, I think we've shown our ingenuity as an industry with our ability and agility, turning our minds towards new solutions, and not just in a medical sense either. I think we'll come out of it with a somewhat changed direction in motor sport, compared to when we went into this situation, and I'm sure there will be lessons learned from this period.

As much as we all will want to run out the front door for certain things once the lockdown finally ends, in some respects we won't necessarily revert to the way we did things previously.

Taking video conferencing as a small example, I believe it will be improved significantly in the coming months. We'll get to the point where we understand the benefits of it more. Also, the more people use these systems, the more they become second nature, and the more you question the way things were done previously. Then you won't have to necessarily travel as much as you did before, which has a wider effect on potentially a large scale.

If I look at it from a racing perspective, and we are talking about Formula E after all, it is a fantastic example of how certain elements of technology can allow you to have a positive impact on the environment in the future too. Perhaps there will be some small positives that we can take away from this unprecedented period.

Allan McNish is the Team Principal of Audi Sport ABT Schaeffler Formula E Team as well as being a three-time Le Mans winner.

A mountain to climb

Have fashion trends cost Land Rover its rugged charm? Certainly not with the Defender, says **Andrew Frankel**

YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING LIVE axles and a ladder chassis, were you? Not only would making the new Land Rover Defender in the image of its predecessor ensure its sales were limited to die-hard off-road enthusiasts, the odd farmer, the military and sundry NGOs, it would also have been painfully expensive to make, requiring not only extensive bespoke components, but bespoke tooling throughout.

The old Defender is dead, and what Land Rover needed to do with the new one is ensure that the primary values of the original were maintained or improved while broadening its appeal to include anyone who might fancy a full-sized SUV that was somewhat more rugged and authentic than the typical offering.

And largely, Land Rover has succeeded. It is built in the same Slovakian factory as the Discovery, on a toughened version of its aluminium architecture. It comes in two wheelbases, called 90 and 110, though these numbers no longer have any dimensional significance. The 110 can be specified with two occasional third-row seats, and an even longer Defender will in time be introduced as a full seven-seater. A stripped-out commercial version will be available too, but one of the drawbacks of its monocoque construction is that a pick-up is off the cards.

There is the usual array of 2-litre petrol and diesel engines, plus a six-cylinder petrol option, to cap a range starting at £40,000 for a low-power diesel 90, extending to twice that amount for the leading 110 model.

I drove a 2-litre diesel in fairly modest S specification and was struck by how unlike any other Land Rover it seemed. There is an element of smoke and mirrors about this because there is considerable parts commonality, but the interior ambience with its hard plastics, exposed screw heads, rubber mats and short, steep windscreen gives the car a character of its own. It doesn't feel like a new Discovery, and even less an old Defender. It feels less like a car turned over to off-road duties, and more like one born to the role.



The latest Defender lives up to its basic, charming roots

And it is. I took the Defender to Eastnor Castle, whose estate has been the development ground for generations of Land Rovers, and pitched it at obstacles so fearsome you'd be laughing were you not concentrating so hard. It's no surprise to discover all its critical off-road statistics are at least as good as and, in the main, better than those of any other modern Land Rover, but its ability to keep going in conditions that should leave you stuck in the mud was a revelation.

It's also a supremely easy and comfortable car off-road. I'm not saying there are many places it could visit that an original Defender could not: the difference is you'd need a professional off-road driver in the old car to follow a novice in the new one. In reality, that's far more valuable than an extra degree or two on your approach and departure angles. There were times I thought it might be too good, tempting you to tackle terrain from which there'd be no easy escape if it went wrong.

On the road, all comparison with its former namesake is meaningless. Today's Defender, even with Land Rover's rather raucous 2-litre 'Ingenium' diesel under the bonnet, is a quiet and convivial place in which to pass the time. The old car, even in its earliest days over half a century ago, was always a rough and ready


The high-tech interior could be improved with a few analogue levers to pull



"Land Rover has taken on one of the most difficult jobs, and produced a capable, deftly judged car"

workhorse, a device for doing a small number of very particular jobs extremely well. No longer: the new Defender is an everyday car, as quiet and connected as you'd expect any modern SUV to be.

And if it has a weakness, it lies here. It's just a bit too slick and smooth. I'd like analogue dials, not screens, chunky levers to pull rather than small, unremarkable buttons to press. I found myself thinking about how great a short wheelbase, bottom-spec commercial Defender would be, and how much closer to my image of such a car it would be, particularly at £35,000 before VAT.

Interestingly, on the road, I drove cars equipped with both all-terrain tyres and the all-season type Land Rover fits as standard to its other vehicles, and I found myself far preferring the off-road tyres. They introduced a degree of vagueness in the steering, which translated to a lack of precision that I'd have normally found infuriating. Here it was engaging and like I wanted a Defender to be.

None of which alters my belief that this is Land Rover's best car in years. Its bizarre ability off-road means it has not betrayed the name. It's far closer in character and positioning to the previous Discovery than it is the old Defender and will become even more so once the full seven-seat version (whose existence is not yet admitted by Land Rover) arrives, probably later this year.

For now, be happy that Land Rover has taken one of the most difficult job descriptions there is, and produced such a capable, deftly judged car. There is nothing else like it, not at least until you start looking at the Mercedes-Benz G-wagon, the cheapest of which is far more expensive than the top Defender. This car has an ability and authenticity to ensure not only its success but positively transform the perception of the Land Rover brand.

LAND ROVER DEFENDER 110 D240 S



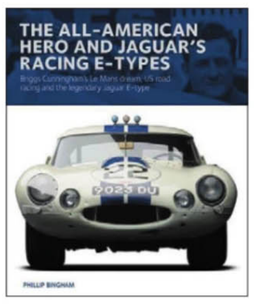
- **Price** £49,880
- **Engine** 2-litre, four-cylinder, turbocharged
- **Power** 240bhp
- **Weight** 2323kg
- **Power to weight** 102bhp per tonne
- **Transmission** eight-speed automatic with low range, four-wheel drive
- **0-62mph** 8.7sec
- **Top speed** 117mph
- **Economy** 31.7mpg
- **CO_2** 234g/km
- **Verdict** Land Rover's best car for some time, and worthy of the name

HORTONS BOOKS

From Le Mans to Americas Cup

The millionaire sailor with a Le Mans goal and Jaguar links fascinates **Gordon Cruickshank**





The all-American hero and Jaguar's racing E-types
Phillip Bingham
Porter Press
ISBN 978-1-907085-81-9
£60

When Briggs Cunningham died in 2003, he was to most Americans the man who captained his own boat to Americas Cup glory, but in our world, he is the man who strove for an all-American victory at the Le Mans 24 Hours. That he never managed, but his racing exploits invoked admiration for a man with courtesy and manners that harked back to an earlier era.

Accepting that his marque was not going to take that Gallic prize, and that as a manufacturer it was losing money at a level which even a millionaire couldn't stomach, Cunningham made the sensible choice to follow the prize money. At the time Jaguar led in sports car racing, so it was towards Browns Lane that he bent his efforts. Phillip Bingham focuses this book largely on this link.

There's a wonderful shot in here of newly-married Briggs standing by an aeroplane, dressed in a thick bearskin coat. It sums up the life he was born into: the right places, the right people, and the bank balance to match. True, he had to wait until he was 40 to inherit the bulk of his father's fortune, but in the meantime he married a millionaire's daughter. On their wedding in 1929 they were called America's richest couple: on their honeymoon Briggs's new SSK Mercedes was delivered to their Paris hotel by Rudolf Caracciola. As Bingham says, the fact that the honeymoon coincided with the Wall Street Crash had less effect on them than on most people...

At this point Cunningham's competitive instincts involved sailing; mother disapproved of driving, let alone racing, so it was kind to wait until she had passed on before he threw himself into a sport he had been excited by since riding in his uncle's Hispano-engined Dodge. She died in 1949; by 1950 the wealthy sportsman had two entries sitting on the Le Mans start rank.

According to Bingham, Cunningham's Le Mans dreams were fired by enthusiastic neighbours the Collier brothers and their private race circuit in Westchester County. Certainly, Cunningham was interested only in road racing on the European model, as a core part of that American sports car racing world who could afford European vehicles such as Ferraris and Porsches. It was a dangerous world, its circuits first comprising public roads through trees, houses and wheel-grabbing kerbs, though safety views differed: included here is a brave quote from a 1950s Torrey Pines programme: "The dangerous part about road racing is YOU the SPECTATOR!"

Cunningham too imported Ferraris, Maseratis and Porsches to race with plenty of success but feeling this was borrowed glory he set himself to that All-American goal. Although it's not the core of the book, Bingham spends generous time on the Cunningham cars that tackled Le Mans, where despite some tantalising promise (a third in 1954) and success elsewhere, it became clear that the road was increasingly uphill, and the home-build dream ended. Illuminating the complex background to this change of tack, Bingham points out that there were major tax implications if Cunningham continued such a financial loss, while Jaguar faced problems with its New York importer. So the 1955 announcement that Cunningham would both import Jaguars and race them was a perfect moment of serendipity. And there was no need to make it public that Cunningham's acquisition of three D-types depended on his agreeing to stop building his own cars, tiny as their threat was to the British maker.

It was Briggs's luck to step in at the peak of D-type success but that of course was brief, and soon he was eyeing up other marques, finally opting for Listers with Jaguar power, maintaining that all-important Coventry



All smiles: Cunningham-entered C4-R took third at Le Mans in 1954; Briggs drove his entry to fifth

KLEMANTASKI COLLECTION, BERNARD CAHIER/GETTY IMAGES



Cunningham returned to Le Mans in 1960 with Jaguar's E2A prototype, driven by Gurney/Hansgen

"They were called America's richest couple. Briggs's new SSK Mercedes was delivered by Rudolf Caracciola"

connection - the road cars streaming through his dealership. He was the perfect partner to try racing E2A, that half-step to the E-type that figured so large in Cunningham's story. Not surprisingly, when E2A entered Le Mans in 1960, it was a 'private' entry painted white and blue in the best tradition of plausible deniability if it broke. Which it did - the 3-litre XK engine never came right.

There's interesting correspondence here between Cunningham and Lofty England, who it turns out steered rising Dan Gurney to the US team, and later once Cunningham was racing E-types seriously, though it was not a contender for that elusive Le Mans victory.

Despite the Jaguar theme, Bingham gives plenty of room to Cunningham's other efforts - the Corvettes, Maseratis, Coopers and many more among his stable. There's plenty of technical info here which is found in other books (especially Porter titles) and some diversions which aren't relevant, such as the story of the missing Kjell Qvale Lightweight E which had nothing to do with Cunningham, but all the team's racing is detailed. Browns Lane must have been delighted with what Cunningham did for the E-type in the US.

Box-outs on various themes appear, about Cunningham's drivers such as Walt Hansgen, John Fitch and Phil Walters, on circuits, and notably on his right-hand man Alfred Momo, who oversaw the preparation of over 100 blue and white racers.

In 1920, Momo climbed onto the wing of a biplane over the Adriatic to mend a fuel line - the 'you do what it takes' attitude that made him a vital engineer, team manager and strategist for the Cunningham team.

I'd hoped for a bit more personal colour and views from the man himself, although an insert on Cunningham's yacht racing includes his famous comparison of the sport to "standing in a cold shower tearing up $100-dollar bills". But who except the sailors among you knew he invented a neat sail-trimming device still known as 'a Cunningham'?

Despite the Jaguar angle, this is a sound overview of the Cunningham team's exploits, under the man praised by perfectionist Phil Hill for his calm and thorough approach.

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The 1950s were the formative years for World Championship racing; now you can track every star and experiment

Tracing racing's roots

Peter Higham's latest work of reference superbly details the World Championship's earliest years, says **Gordon Cruickshank**

PETER HIGHAM IS IN SOME WAYS the keeper of the flame here at *Motor Sport*; our superbly comprehensive database of drivers, teams and results is his work, growing from his own researches that led to several books. But even more relevant here, for many years Peter also ran the immense LAT photo archive, repository of so many classic racing shots. He knows it inside out, which means that not only does *Formula 1 Car by Car 1950-59* describe every F1 or grand prix car through this decade, the book also illustrates every single one, even down to the 1950 half-a-lap Monaco effort of the Horschell Corporation that technically presaged Cooper's F1 arrival.

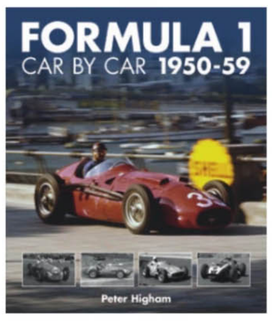
Following Higham's matching volumes on the 1960s, '70s and '80s, the approach is familiar. Presented year by year, each season opens with an overview and closes with charts of results, including non-championship races, and title standings. In between sit sections for each marque, proceeding on from the works team to chief works-assisted outfits, privateer teams and then individual entrants, each block of which is as fine and condensed a fact source as you could wish.

For example, under Maserati 1950, the non-works (at least officially) entrants run through all the Italian *scuderie* - Ambrosiana, Platé, Milano, Varzi, each in itself a tidy summary of cars and races, and then the privateers - Joe Fry, Antonio Branca and Paul Pietsch, all of them illustrated and described, down to technical details of who ran what upgrades. Even non-qualifiers get their mention - I'm looking at you, Ted Whiteaway, Monaco 1955.

Inevitably in such a comprehensive volume each section is concise, but that doesn't mean there aren't things to learn - for example Les Leston's real name (Alfred Fingleston, since you ask), or just how both Farina and Trintignant managed to finish both second and third in the 1955 Argentine GP.

While you wouldn't read this end to end, it will be useful in different ways: you can follow one marque's story year to year, or one driver's career, or home in on a single race to see what went on.

This is a remarkably comprehensive reference, seething with facts and rich with perfectly chosen photos - witness the photographers practically leaning over Villoresi's Ferrari as he chatters over the Monza cobbles. Down with tele-photo lenses.



Formula 1
Car by Car 1950-59
Peter Higham
EVRO, £50
ISBN: 978-1-910505-44-1

MEISTER BRÄUSER – HARRY HEUER'S CHAMPIONSHIP RACING TEAM

"I can do that!", said a young brewery executive in 1958 watching his first car race. And he could; Harry Heuer jumped into sports car racing with a Briggs Cunningham view that surely the US could build a rival to those damn Brits.

When Lance Reventlow went into F1, Heuer persuaded his brewery it needed a racing team, bought the two Scarab sports-racers and established one of the earliest professional operations. This covers the short but winning career of a colourful outfit in its matching uniforms and liveried big-rig truck. "The idea was the cars would roll out shiny and polished and everyone else would start thinking about third place!" said Heuer.

With some great stories, including Heuer offering a drive to Reventlow, who in a sour mood deliberately blew the V8, it's a great trip to an optimistic era. **GC**
Tom Schultz, Dalton Watson, £69
ISBN 979-1-85443-304-6

IMAGINE – AUTOMOBILE CONCEPT ART FORM THE 1930S TO THE 1980S

If you like car design, and concept car design in particular, this is a feast. Based on one enthusiast's own collection, it compiles artworks of mostly extreme styling produced by young designers in the heady days of American optimism, when getting a fresh model out every year drove the industry. The resulting need for a river of visual ideas sired several design schools and produced some of the greats of the business – Syd Mead, Wayne Cherry, Pete Brock – but while some of the 87 artists in this mainly visual book are unknown, most of them get a concise biography. Those 1950s fighter jet fins and rocket exhausts leap from the pages, morphing into '60s curves and '70s angularity, showing the influences that are gradually toned down into production cars.

It's nearer science fiction, and there's barely a shape that could be realised, but such fantasies eventually spark the humdrum reality. **GC**
Patrick G Kelley, Dalton Watson, £75,
ISBN 978-1-85443-306-0

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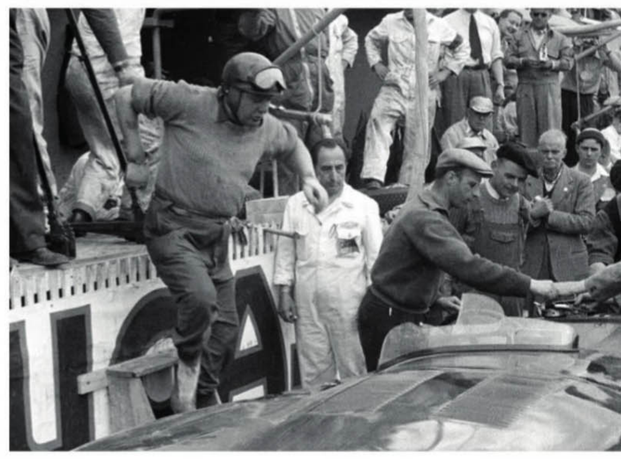
BERNARD CAHIER/GETTY IMAGES

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DUNCAN HAMILTON

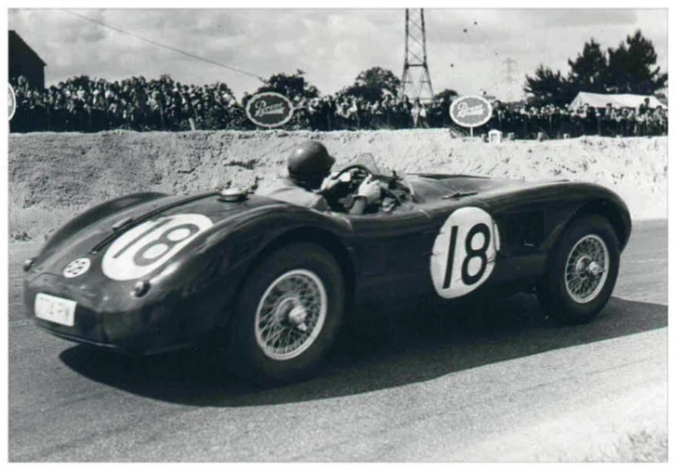
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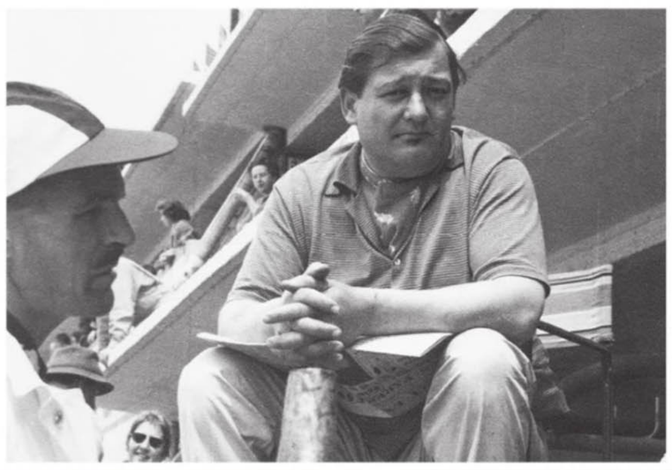
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SMITHERS OF STAMFORD 'CARBECUE'

British designer Smithers of Stamford often upcycles automotive bits and pieces to create bespoke items. This wonderfully titled 'Carbecue' is arguably the coolest of automotive cooking equipment. Built from the front end of a reclaimed Ambassador taxi, it houses a fully functioning multi-burner gas barbecue, with accessory hooks hidden on the underside of the bonnet. Be the envy of all your neighbours at lunch. But beware, the cooking smell will likely drift further than the two-metre social distancing guideline...

£3165, smithersofstamford.com





POWER SEATS OFFICE CHAIRS

Sitting comfortably almost certainly doesn't get better, or more customisable, than this. Polish furniture company Power Seats can build an adjustable office chair out of almost any car seat imaginable. Amazingly, they're built to ensure the seats retain all the original power-adjustability from the original car. Some of the models produced include a Bugatti Chiron, Bentley Continental GT and even a range using the furnishings from the Rolls Royce Phantom Coupé Series II. Each seat is matched to a bespoke base which incorporates a built-in rechargeable battery, and the seat controls work as they would in the car. The seats also come with a custom footrest. The design possibilities are nearly endless. State the car you want as a base, and Power Seats will get creating. They probably won't make one to match an Austin Allegro...

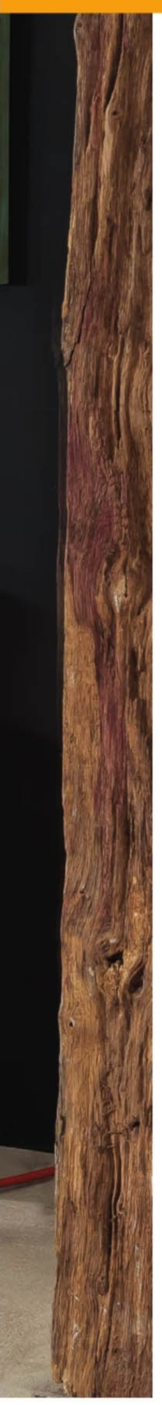
From €5590, powerseats.eu



MERCEDES DESK TIDY

Sick of those plastic pots your pens keep rattling around in? Well, Mercedes has the answer for you in the form of this race-used carbon-fibre and dog ring desk tidy. Gather your best pens securely in one place by snaring them inside a race-used dog ring from a Mercedes W03 Formula 1 car, as raced by Michael Schumacher and Nico Rosberg during the 2012 F1 campaign. If you didn't know about the part itself, its 60mm smaller than a standard dog ring, which, according to the blurb, "allowed the team to run a shorter gear cluster, smaller gearbox and therefore a selection of varied wheelbases during the races". It's mounted on a carbon-fibre pot, with the team logo inlaid.

£250, mementoexclusives.com





PORSCHE EXHAUST SPEAKER

Being stuck at home can be a lonely old business, so music and radio can become essential to liven the mood. And what better way to hear your favourite tunes than through a reclaimed Porsche exhaust? This desktop Bluetooth speaker is built from the rear pipes of a 911 GT3 and incorporates a 60-watt speaker system. It's also fitted with a lithium-ion battery, giving up to 24 hours of music even when on the move. It also incorporates the latest in wireless technology, allowing you to link more than one speaker together to enhance the sound. If you're feeling flush, there's a matching soundbar available for a rather heftier €3500.

€349, Porsche-design.com

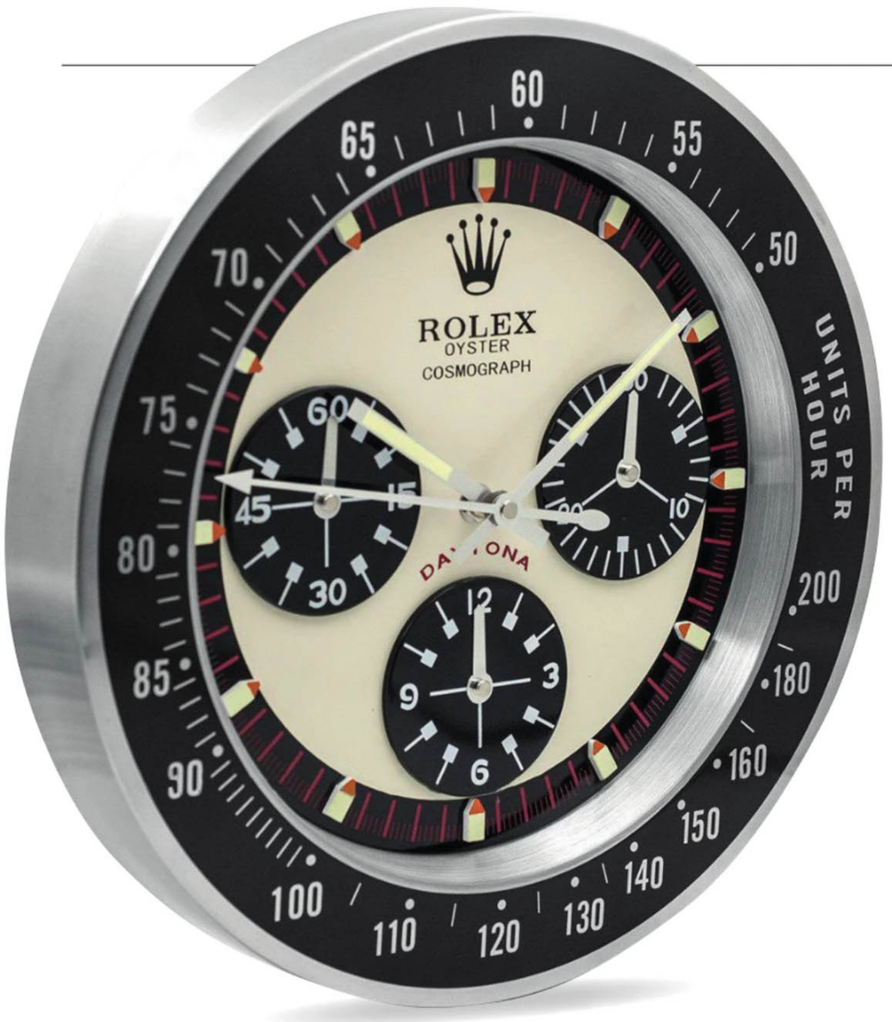




CROSS TOWNSEND FERRARI PEN

Tie-ins between a Formula 1 team and a stationer are on the more unlikely side of F1's commercial deals, but it has spawned this officially licensed Scuderia Ferrari writing instrument from British maker Cross Townsend. It's available in a range of options, from ballpoint to fountain, and comes in three Ferrari finishes – Rosso Red, Gloss Black or a Ferrari-designed etched honeycomb pattern. The two-tone layered clip has been designed to mimic the shape of a grand prix car's nosecone and cockpit when viewed from the top down, and it is finished with a Ferrari crest. Perfect for jotting your lap charts down at Mallory Park when the sport starts up again.

£70-250, cross.com



ROLEX DAYTONA WALL CLOCKS

Nothing enlivens an office wall quite like a giant racing-themed timepiece, but securing an official and ultra-rare Rolex 'dealer clock' can cost you almost as much as the Swiss firm's exotic wrist pieces. But Best Wall Clock has a line of tribute clocks, each one styled in deference to one of Rolex's most famous designs. Our pick would be the Paul Newman edition of the sought-after 6263 Daytona Cosmograph. The story goes that Joanne Woodward bought a 6239 Daytona from Tiffany and Co as a gift to husband Newman. Once worn publicly, his image helped create an exclusive Rolex model. While the real thing was sold for £15m back in October 2017, and became the most expensive wrist watch ever, this version is far more affordable.

£114, bestwallclock.com

ESCAPISM SPECIALS

With no real-life racing happening, here's some of the best ways to get your short-term fix



F1 MANAGER APP

Take control of your very own team in F1's new official management sim. Available on Apple, Android and Google Play.

Free, with in-app purchases



AUTOCOURSE 2019-2020

Autocourse is the definitive motor racing annual. It's a great way to relive 2019. At this rate, the 70th edition could be rather short...

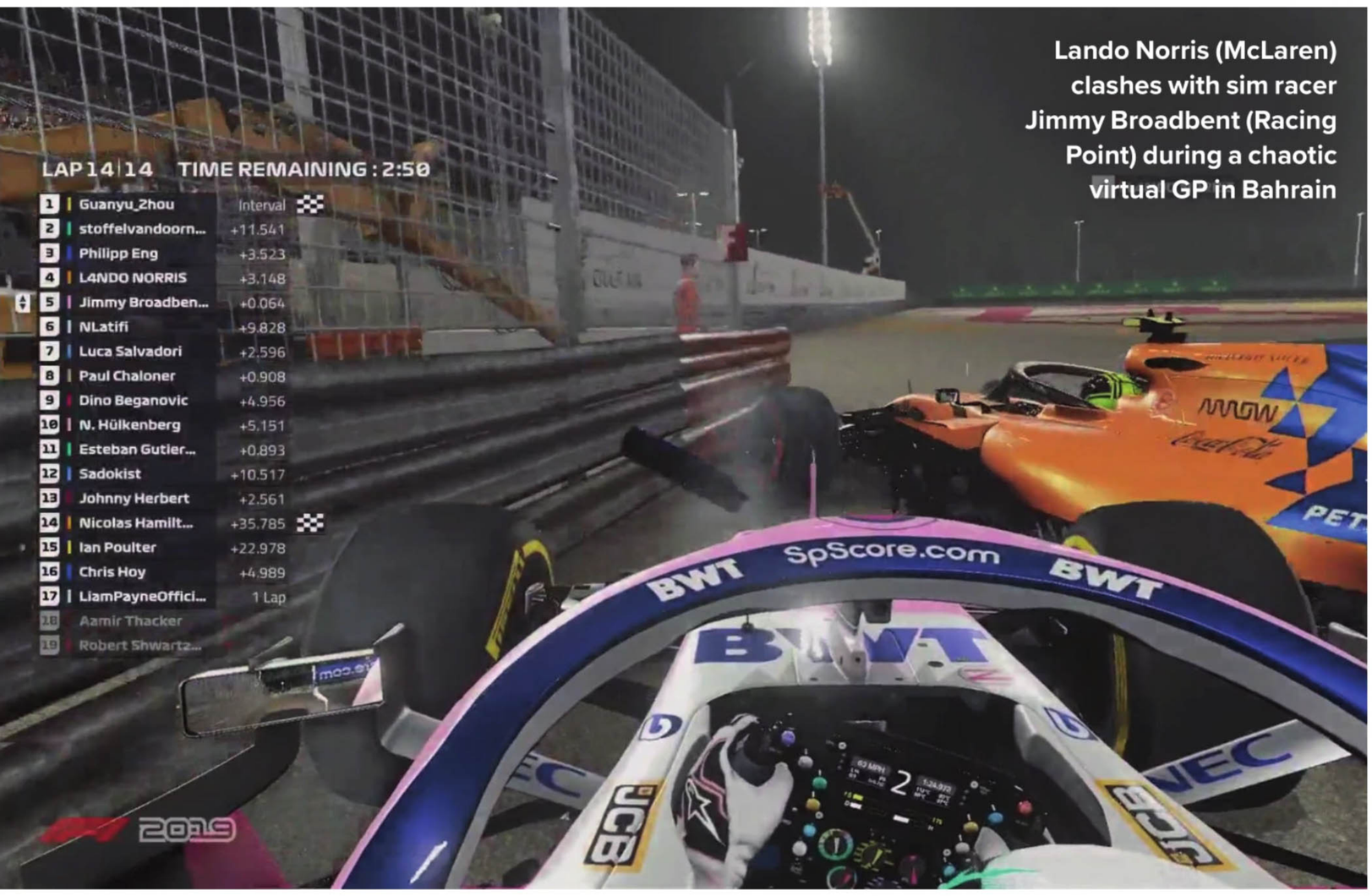
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Lando Norris (McLaren) clashes with sim racer Jimmy Broadbent (Racing Point) during a chaotic virtual GP in Bahrain

The best the virtual world has to offer

Motor sport postponements have led to an explosion of online racing series. Here's our guide to the best of the action

FORMULA 1 VIRTUAL GRAND PRIX SERIES

Formula 1's Virtual Grand Prix series continues apace with back-to-back rounds filling the void of the real-world Dutch and Spanish grands prix.

Drivers from the 2020 grid will face each other and celebrity guests in this online racing series that has only grown in popularity and competitiveness since the opener in March.

Replacing every cancelled or postponed event on the calendar, 20 drivers qualify and go wheel-to-wheel in 50 per cent distance events, played on the official *F1 2019* game.

Zandvoort is not present in *F1 2019*, so the virtual Circuit de Catalunya will host round five of the series.

The Monaco round on May 24 will be appointment viewing and F1 drivers set to race are Lando Norris, Charles Leclerc, Alex Albon, Antonio Giovinazzi, George Russell and Nicholas Latifi.

Watch along on F1's YouTube channel, or you can opt to follow your favourite driver on their Twitch.tv streams.

FORMULA E RACE AT HOME

Formula E has entered the virtual racing arena with its own series, running on each Saturday until June 13, and it has added a unique twist to proceedings.

The mini championship will run for nine rounds, as active FE drivers go up against various celebrity guests and online influencers.

Qualifying will take place from the Monday to Thursday ahead of each Saturday race, with the top 18 qualifiers gaining entry to each event.

Once the race begins, the driver in last place will be eliminated on each lap until just 10 remains, before a one-lap shootout decides the race win.

Races will take place at virtual FE circuits and will be live-streamed on FE social media accounts and on YouTube.

INDYCAR iRACING CHALLENGE

IndyCar's *iRacing* Challenge pits the majority of its grid against each other in high-quality broadcasts at a number of virtual venues.

Races at Watkins Glen, Barber and Michigan have been full of incident and action, and the races have included guest appearances along the way.

Supercars champion Scott McLaughlin proved he was up to the challenge, beating series veteran and 2014 IndyCar title-winner Will Power in a nail-biting finish in round two, winning by just 0.4sec.

The drivers take the competition seriously, and the quality of racing improves as newcomers adapt, and online racing experience proves vital.

May 2 will be the day for a special event for the online championship, with a fan-voted 'dream track' set to host the sixth round of the series.

SUBARU ALL-STAR IRX RACES

Stars from across a number of motor racing disciplines will clash on *iRacing* in this six-race mini championship. The grand prize of $10,000 will go to the victor's chosen charity.

Round four of the series will take place on May 1 at Lucas Oil Raceway, Atlanta Motor Speedway's long layout will host round five on May 8, and May 15 will be the finale at Hell Lånkebanen.

Active racers from IndyCar, World Rallycross, and NASCAR will take part.

BP SUPERCARS ALL STARS ESERIES

With no Supercars racing until June at the earliest, the action has shifted onto *iRacing*.

Ten rounds will feature Supercars drivers competing against guests. Rounds five, six, seven and eight will take place on back-to-back weekends, beginning with Spa and the Nürburgring on May 6, followed by round six on May 13 at Austin and Sebring.

Round seven on May 20 takes place on the Daytona and Talladega superspeedways. Round eight, meanwhile, hosts old-school racing from Imola and Interlagos, set to take place on May 27.

Races will be streamed on Twitch, as well as on the series' social media channels.



$10,000 is on the line in the Subaru All-Star IRX Series, as drivers from various series compete

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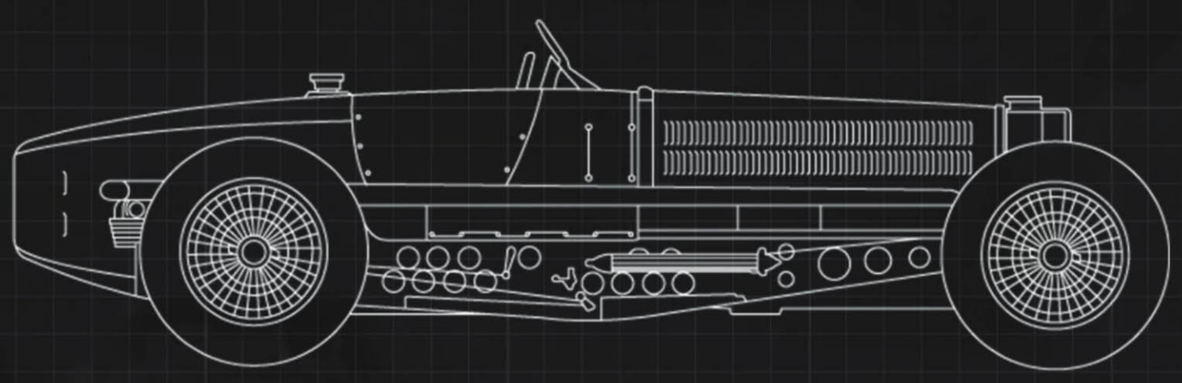
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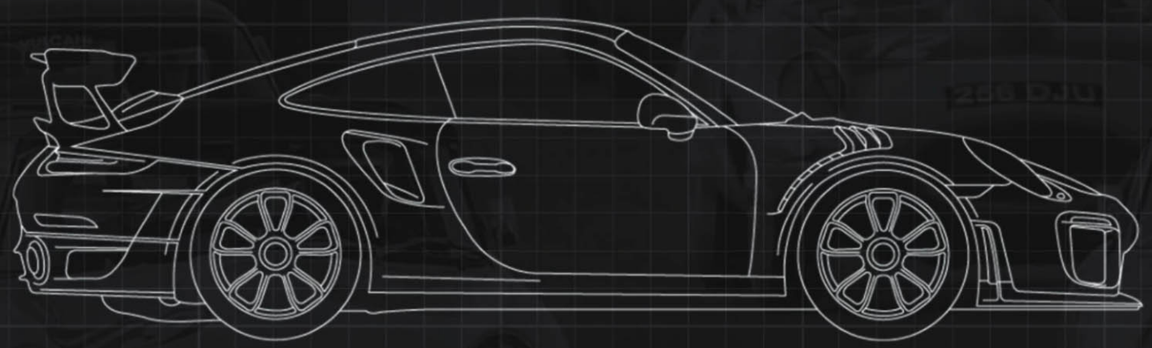
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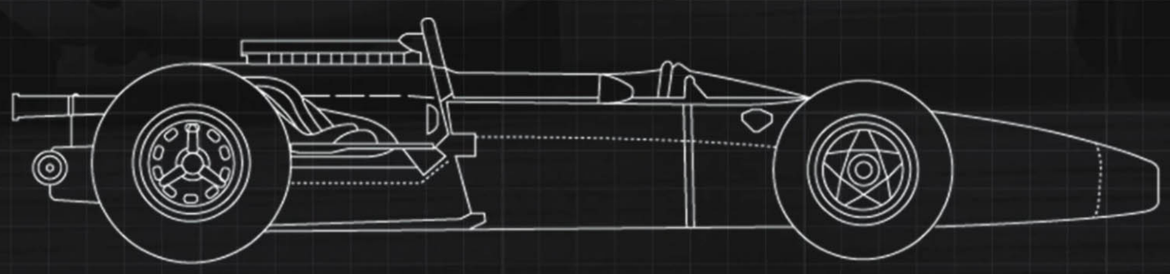
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The Solbergs together on Rally GB 2019, 12 years after Oliver supported Petter at Germany (below)



RACING LIVES

Oliver and Petter Solberg

Petter Solberg climbed the ladder of rallying to his one and only World Rally Championship crown in 2003 with Subaru, before a move into rallycross in which he would go on to win back-to-back WRX championships in 2014-15 driving for his own PSRX Volkswagen squad. He would retire (mostly) in 2019 to turn his focus toward son Oliver's career. Oliver broke through with a RallyX Nordic title in 2017, and at 17, in 2019, became the youngest-ever European Rally Championship event winner. He then made his WRC debut at Wales Rally GB alongside Petter and now has a 2020 Škoda WRC3 campaign.

Interviews by James Mills

McKLEIN

PETTER SOLBERG: "We lived on a farm among the cows, horses and chickens and, by 1982, my parents got into autocross, but didn't achieve any results. One day there was a fire in the garage, where Dad worked on the cars. After that, my brother and I decided to take over, we built the engines and prepared cars.

I was about 10, and my brother Henning was 12, and I think Dad was relieved we'd taken over. Dad had a full-time job, driving a truck and looking after the farm. To have us involved both helped him and made it a family hobby. After we started to build the engines in the cars, Mum and Dad won everything. That led us to build engines and chassis for other people – more than 100 engines and 50 chassis – and when we were very young, we'd take payment in Coca-Cola and chocolate!

We'd travel around in a truck and sleep in a tent. After a couple of years, the truck became a bus. My parents worked very hard, so we could all do it. They had helped us try football and stuff like that, but we weren't so good. We'd do about 25 races in the summer and work through the nights to prepare the cars. We would then be away at the weekend, so we were rarely at home.

There was also dancing. We were in the workshop all the time, and my mother thought it was healthy for me to do something else other than cars. I thought it was a good way to meet girls! I also raced radio-controlled cars and became a national champion in Norway. That taught me a hell of a lot about the details of how things work, and what it takes to make a car go faster, from aerodynamics to friction. I'd even take my cars into the shower with a toothbrush to clean them. During that time, I had to pay my way and earn the money to buy and race the model cars. It made me realise that if you want something, you have to push for it. I think that influenced my career.

I met my wife Pernilla at Wales Rally GB. She was competing, but she didn't have a

hotel room on the recce. I said: 'Okay, you can stay with me, no problem' and the rest is history. I forgot the engagement ring when I planned to ask her to marry me, during Rally Australia, and a friend had to fly it over from Norway. Pernilla and I married in 2003, the same year that I won the World Rally Championship. Was it a busy year? My focus was on rallying; Pernilla fixed everything. I just turned up at the wedding, did the job, and everything was okay!

Oliver was around motor sport from a young age. He went to almost every rally, pretty much as soon as he was born. We did try to get him into tennis, football or dancing, but ice hockey and cars were his passion.

He had a hard start to life, though. He was born three months premature, and very small, but thankfully we have good doctors in Norway. He was born about half an hour before I was due to take off from New Zealand. That was a tough flight home, not knowing what had happened to them both. Pernilla is an amazing woman; she didn't leave the hospital once in the three months that Oliver had to be kept under observation.

"After being ill, I knew it was time for the journey to be about Oliver"

When I made it into WRC, my team-mates got fed up with me. I went to every test they did and pushed like hell to get in the car with them. I did all the tyre tests too, and would not stop asking questions. Colin McRae turned around and said: 'Petter, please, shut up! I'm fed up with you asking questions.' But within one hour, I went back to asking questions.

You have to be curious. I was a young Norwegian guy with no experience, and those guys were so good. But I was fast and wanted to learn, and I pushed myself to the limit. We all ended up best friends.

I was close to Colin. He helped me so much, and we had a lot of fun together, and Tommi Mäkinen was also helpful. But Colin was just so approachable. I remember the first time I rode with him, after asking for two days. When he drove, I almost s**t myself because he was crazy. It was a good lesson; he was from a family that wanted to give something back.

After successes in both rallying and rallycross, my first love is rallying. It's extreme for the drivers, co-drivers, the cars, the teams and mechanics. It's hard work for everybody and, when you mix in all the different conditions, it's an incredible challenge.

Oliver is more competitive than I am. He has learned a lot, through asking and pushing, and we have been on this journey since he was eight years old. He understands the technical side, so he can appreciate how geometry and weight and so on affect the car's performance.

It's not easy for Oliver to follow after a father who's a World Champion. He has to build experience. He is really quick, but in WRC, there is always more to learn, and there's a long way to go.

After being ill [with a lung disease] for the past two years, I knew it was time for the journey to be about Oliver."

OLIVER SOLBERG: "I still live at the family home near Torsby, about 500 metres down the road from the service stage of Rally Sweden. Some say because I was born three months premature, I was always going to have a flat-out personality. I'm very energetic, I can't sit still, I'd rather be out making things happen.

There was not much chance of being anything other than a rally driver. My parents tried to get me into tennis, soccer and dancing. But let's face it, I was never going to be as good as Dad was at dancing – he's a national champion, so he's the guy with all the moves!

When we're together, it's difficult to avoid talking about rallying and motor sport. We like to watch good TV shows and movies, for me anything with action and Sylvester Stallone.

Dad has always been very supportive of me. We do everything together in motor sport – with mum, too. I'd say we're the world's biggest motor sport family, as inevitably when we get everyone together at Christmas time, the talk will be about motor sport.

Motor sport is Dad's passion and his life. Even when he's on vacation, he doesn't have time off. He's always on the phone, making things happen, dealing with his team, handling sponsors and talking with the media.

I started in crosskarts. Young drivers can start in anything – karts, crosskarts or bikes – and learn a lot from it. Crosskarts are reactive, and we'd drive them on Tarmac, gravel and snow. You learn good reactions, think quickly, and build an understanding of car control.



Oliver in action during 2020's Monte Carlo Rally, ahead of a switch to Škoda for a full-season deal

School was difficult. You're allowed a maximum of 10 days away outside of holidays in Sweden. Once I moved into rallying I needed more than that, so I moved schools to the Fédération Française du Sport Automobile.

Sadly, Dad has retired, but it also helps me. He can focus on my driving, and we can work closer together and plan the set-up on my car. He has so much experience that it would be crazy for me not to seek his advice.

He taught me the basics of pace notes. Before I passed my driving test, he had to do my pace notes for me during the recce for a rally, which wasn't always so good because I would see a corner differently to him. Pace notes are everything in rallying, and you have to have a very solid starting point, and he helped me put all the basics in place. He also compared the pace notes to my driving, by sitting down together and reviewing video from onboards, which we continue to do. He's got small tricks and advice that can help.

My pace notes are read in English by Aaron Johnston. He's Irish, and I thought it would take longer to get into a groove with him after my Norwegian co-driver, but we got into it quickly. We're roughly the same age and have fun, which is very important. We're getting results, like the win at Rally Alūksne in Latvia.

The build-up to last year's Wales Rally GB didn't go so smoothly. I failed the theory test, which I needed to pass for a UK driver's licence, and the pressure was suddenly immense. I was worried about not being able to take part and thought about not being able to race with Dad. Happily, I passed the second time, but it was stressful.

Mum is very realistic and calm – which is partly why she did my coaching for my driving test, teaching me about being defensive and sensible at all times. Whereas Dad and I are dreamers, so sometimes she has to bring us back down to earth. My dream is to win the World Rally Championship more than once. It's a long way off, but I'm competitive with Dad, and that's the dream!

Other than Dad, Colin McRae is a hero of mine. I watch the videos of his rallies, and if there's one car I could drive, it would be a Subaru Impreza 22B, ideally on Rally Sweden. That would be a dream come true.

I saw dad as a superhero in the sense that he worked so hard, but not a superhero in the sense that he was invincible. None of us knew anything about the illness he had [the lung disease sarcoidosis], and once we looked into it the whole family was afraid he might die, so we were lucky that everything was caught in time.

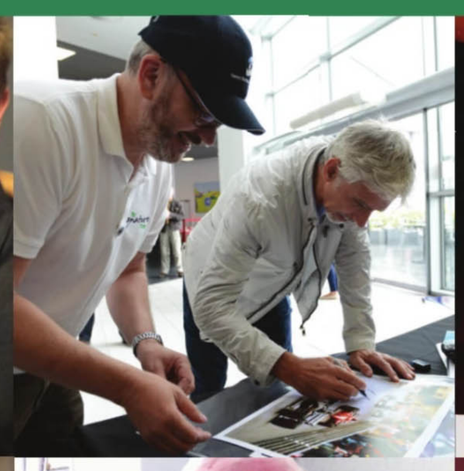
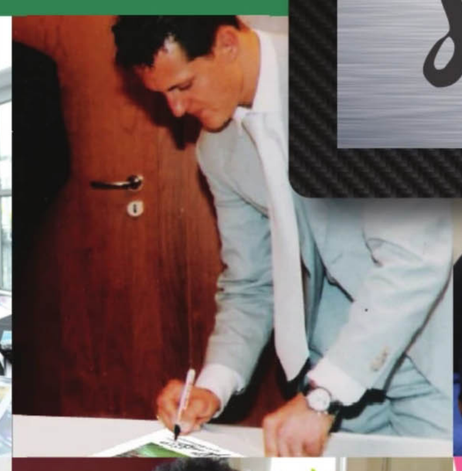
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Limited edition Stirling Moss, 722 1955 Mille Miglia winner, 1:18 signed model, boxed set.



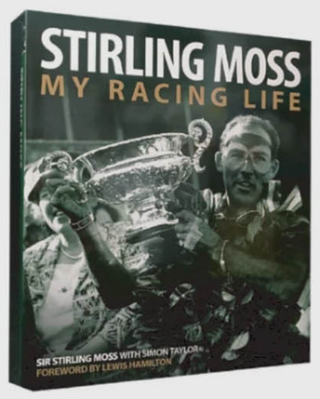


PRODUCT OF THE MONTH

1961 Monaco Grand Prix, Lotus 18 lithograph, signed Stirling Moss

Limited edition, colour lithograph, hand signed by Stirling Moss, with Certificate of Authenticity.

Stirling Moss acknowledges the 1961 Monaco Grand Prix in the Lotus 18 as 'my greatest drive in Formula One'. For 100 scorching laps he held off the three fast-charging Ferrari 156 'shark nose', one of which was driven by Phil Hill, who said... "It was like a race horse trying to chase a greyhound around a living room".



Read all about this race and many others in 'My Racing Life' by Stirling Moss; who guides the reader through his motor racing life with a fascinating, insightful and often amusing commentary to an unrivalled collection of over 300 photographs. Signed limited editions available.



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Bugatti power on the wrist

After the hypercar brand's official watchmaker stepped aside, another famous name comes forth with a radical W16 design

I'm struggling to believe that 15 years have passed since I travelled to Milan for the unveiling of the Type 370 watch, a radical timepiece created by niche maker Parmigiani Fleurier in honour of the Bugatti Veyron.

Designed by horologist and antique clock restorer Michel Parmigiani, Type 370 was made in the style of 1920-30s driving watches, worn on the side of the wrist so they could be read without having to let go of the wheel.

Costing £139,000, the watch contained a unique movement arranged horizontally, and it could be seen in action through a series of transparent crystals. The case was in two parts, and the body rested on a separate 'chassis' supported by rubber shock absorbers.

To give the crown the 100 turns required for 10 days of autonomous running, each Type 370 was supplied with a motorised tool which would wind it in five seconds – slightly longer than the Veyron 0-100mph time.

Parmigiani continued its partnership with Bugatti until last year, creating variations on Type 370, as well as unveiling the £225,000 Type 390 in 2017 to complement the Chiron.

Now a new maker has taken on the mantle of Bugatti's official watch maker in Jacob & Co, an independent brand famous for selling multi-million-pound gem-set pieces to celebrities. Jacob & Co has already launched special Bugatti versions of its Twin Turbo Furious and Epic X Chrono models, but the newly-released Chiron Tourbillon is remarkable, making even the Type 370 seem pedestrian.

It aims to reproduce the 1500bhp Bugatti 16-cylinder engine by including a miniature representation within the movement.

The performance takes place beneath a sapphire crystal, giving a clear view of the 578-part flying tourbillon movement, a 'clean sheet' design that took over a year to perfect.

The tiny crankshaft is hewn from a single piece of steel and the entire mechanism is suspended on four car-type shock absorbers.

The 60-hour power reserve is monitored by a car-type fuel gauge, complete with 'gas pump' symbol, while a window allows a clear view of the tourbillon regulator, modelled on the horseshoe shape of the Bugatti grille.

Despite measuring 54mm by 44mm, the fully customisable watch is deceptively light, due to a blackened titanium case, while a rubber strap with titanium buckle should keep everything in place as extreme G-forces pin the wearer to their Chiron's seat.

JACOB & CO. X BUGATTI CHIRON TOURBILLON. From $280,000 jacobandco.com



The historic Mille Miglia rally usually passes through scenic Italy in May, but coronavirus means this year's event has been postponed. But Chopard – a Mille Miglia sponsor since 1988 – has released the first of its 2020 Mille Miglia special editions through two new models called 'GTS Azzurro', with rich blue dials. There will be 500 steel and rose gold power reserve versions and the steel chronograph, of which there will be 750. No GBP prices yet, but in Swiss francs, it is CHF 9690 (about £8000) and CHF 7400 (£6100) respectively. *Chopard Mille Miglia GTS Azzurro. chopard.com*



TAG Heuer is marking 160 years since Heuer's founding with a special version of one of its Carrera driver's watch, launched in 1964. Jack Heuer, great-grandson of Heuer founder Edouard, created the Carrera after learning of the Carrera Panamericana. 'Carrera Silver Limited Edition' combines the silver dial design and vintage original 'Heuer' logo with the brand's latest Heuer 02 movement, which is thinner, more accurate and has an 80-hour power reserve. 1860 examples go on sale in June. *TAG Heuer Carrera Silver Limited Edition. c.£5,000 Tagheuer.com*

Precision is written by renowned luxury goods specialist Simon de Burton

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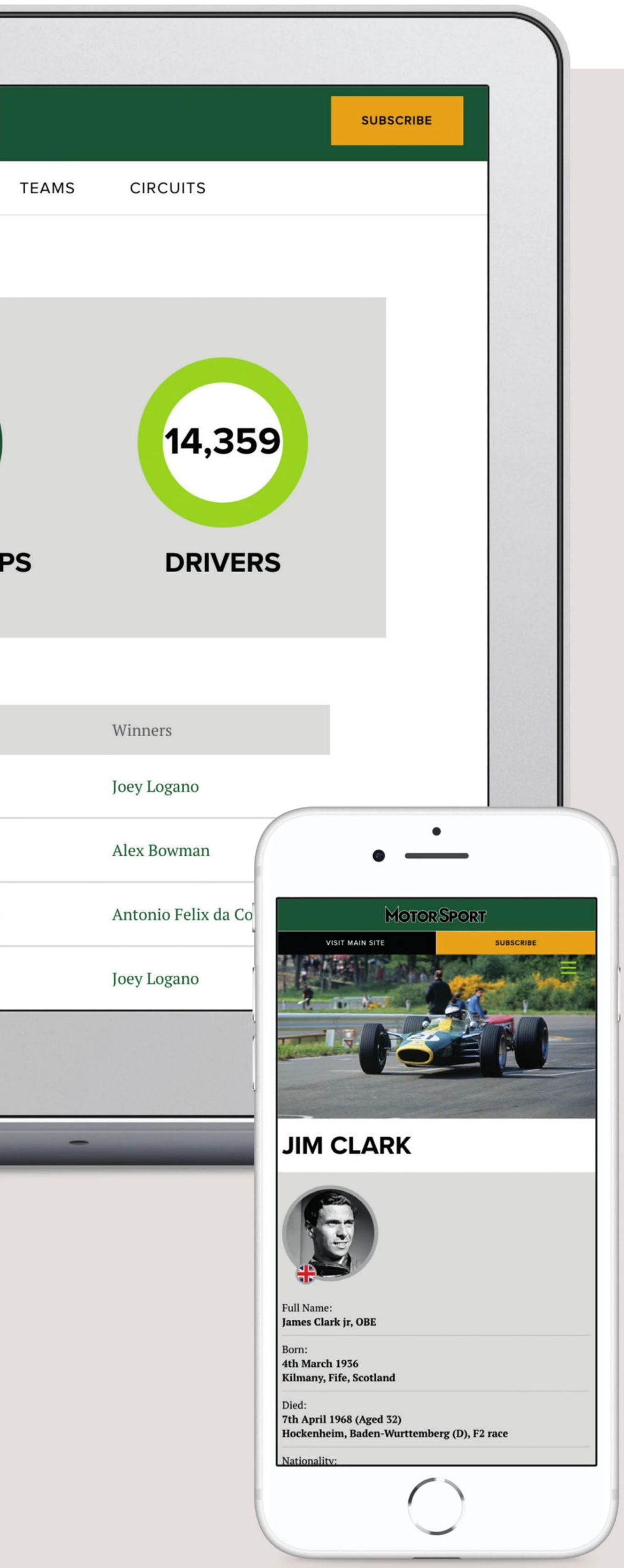
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STIRLING: THE LEGEND







Sir Stirling Moss was a trailblazer, not just for British motor racing, but in the way he conducted himself and his career. **Damien Smith** examines the Moss legacy, and how he continues to hold a special place in motor sport history long after his racing career was cut short



Moss took Norton-powered Kieft 500cc to a British GP support win in 1952





Above: Moss with 1958 title rival Hawthorn. Below: Racing the Aston Martin DB3S in '56 *Daily Express* International Trophy



Moss won Monaco '56 in a Maserati, two years before a famous Aintree win (below)



'Motion is tranquility'

THAT WAS THE MOTTO BY WHICH STIRLING Moss always lived. But for most of 1962 everything came to an abrupt halt for the-then 32-year-old, when he hit the earth bank at St Mary's on Easter Monday. The recovery would be long, painful and numbingly frustrating for a man with so much energy for life. But it was also a time for contemplation and introspection, much needed given how foggy his future had suddenly become. Would he race again? And if not, what the hell would he do with the rest of his life?

Since his emergence from the post-war gloom of heavily rationed Britain in 1947, Moss had been a much-needed beacon towards a brighter, modern future. It's perhaps hard for us younger generations to understand the impact he made as a sportsman, at a time today when Lewis Hamilton somehow seems to be divisive despite (or perhaps because of) his extreme levels of success. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, life was tough - for some, more so than during the war itself.

Yet here was a teenage 'Boy Wonder' with a burning talent, ready to take on the continentals in a colourful, deadly and thrilling sport in which Britain for too long had played merely a supporting role. From his successes in 500cc Coopers and that breakthrough Dundrod TT win in a privateer Jaguar XK120 on the eve of his 21st birthday in September 1950, Moss was the man to give a battered country and its tired people new hope. A child during the hostilities, Stirling was, from the start, a man of the modern age.

Yet it was golden-haired Mike Hawthorn who initially led the charge, signing for Ferrari and even beating the new maestro Juan Manuel Fangio in a slipstream thriller at Reims in 1953. Moss, in contrast, was frustrated. Sure, he was still the poster boy, the figurehead of the works Jaguar team in sports cars, but in grand prix racing what hope did he have, given the dearth of top drives? Even Formula 1 itself had been forced to revert for two seasons to Formula 2 regulations, given the lack of top-line teams.

Moss was lucky he came from the right family. How different was he really to young drivers today who rely on parents to push them up the eye-wateringly expensive lower rungs of the single-seater ladder? In 1954, his father Alfred Moss, himself a successful racer and a well-off dentist, and manager Ken Gregory felt compelled to buy the boy a new Maserati 250F - at £5500, the equivalent of a Spitfire 10 years earlier - as the only way left open to show the world what Stirling was truly capable of. The investment paid off - this was Moss, after all - and by 1955 he was a factory Mercedes-Benz driver, in thrall to but by no means overawed by his team-mate Fangio.

For the next four years, Moss would drive the world's finest grand prix cars, first Mercedes, then Maserati once more but now as a full factory driver, then on to emerging Vanwall. Each year, he would finish in frustration as F1 World Championship runner-up, but while it was Hawthorn who would edge the race to become the first British champion in 1958, aided by Moss's towering sportsmanship in Oporto, most of Britain knew which sportsman was pointing towards the future. Even in the 1950s Hawthorn was a throwback, with his bow tie and *Mon Ami Mate* high-jinks. Moss, while far from averse to late nights and the chasing of 'crumpet', was more polished, more focused and more professional. In sport, at a time when England still valued the talented amateur, that was often a dirty word, but as Stirling knew, racing drivers put more on the line than footballers and rugby players. If he was going to risk his life, the least he expected was a decent living, in line at the time with that of a top lawyer.

"Moss was more polished, focused and professional"

After the title loss of 1958 and Vanwall's withdrawal, hindsight shows a significant shift in Moss's attitude and approach to racing. Always a patriot, he now chose who he drove for based on nationality, loyalty and friendship. As a patron, Rob Walker was hard to fault - but as a privateer, inevitably there were limitations to his outfit. Still, it was Moss, not Jack Brabham, that would first win a grand prix in a rear-engined Cooper; and Moss and Walker, not Colin Chapman's works team, that would deliver Lotus its first victory.

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Moss set to practice for the '56 German GP; he would take second in the race

Moss in his office not long after his Goodwood crash in 1962. Pirie (below) proved a valuable right-hand person



Managing with Moss

Val Pirie began as Stirling's secretary but soon became his vital aide, fixer, confidante and friend

OURS WAS A PARTNERSHIP made in heaven. I did what he asked, but I'm my own person and, fortunately, I'm quick-witted enough to keep up with him. But if I thought something wasn't right, I'd tell him, and he would listen. Our good relationship lasted all our lives.

He was always in a hurry; there was never enough time because everything he needed to do was urgent. At least, he thought it was. What with the weekends of racing, he worked seven days a week. Not to work was anathema to him. There was no time for hobbies, although he did like models – he had a Scalextric set and train layout. Yet one Christmas he stopped playing board games with the kids – because they had begun to beat him! He just had to win at everything.



He was always on the go, but he could relax in the sun. He was proud of his appearance and wanted to be tanned. At home there was a constant stream of visitors to the office, so something like a trip to the barbers in Curzon St for a manicure was a relaxing break – yet he rushed there and back. Of course, we were always mobbed, and it was difficult to get anywhere.

He saw dealing with the public as a duty, and a PR move. He was always polite and would always sign autographs, but he got furious inside if they interrupted his meal. Manners mattered to him, and he thought that wasn't polite; it irritated him, but the public never saw that. He could hide it and put on the charm. And he was the first person to acknowledge the public with a wave as he drove.

He was quite calm about things and never held a grudge. He would lose his temper sometimes, but when it was over, it was over just like that. A gentleman, always.

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By 1962, Stirling was still at the top of his game and still the benchmark despite that lack of an F1 title. At Goodwood, he was driving for Gregory's UDT-Laystall Racing Team in Walker's loaned Lotus 18/21. It was far from unusual for Moss to be driving an outdated car, but this was an occasion to try the new Coventry-Climax V8 upon which so much rode that season. The mash-up hybrid had misfired at Snetterton, so here they were at The Glover Trophy to try again, in another race where the stakes were relatively low...

Here is an eyewitness account of what happened on that fateful day, from my then 15-year-old father. "We were at the top of the Lavant Straight," he recalls. "When he came past us he had a misfire and then pitted. But when he came back out again, the V8 had cleared." Moss had lost two laps, apparently to fix a jamming gear selector on the Colotti gearbox, but Stirling being Stirling was pressing on regardless for the fastest lap when he encountered leader Graham Hill at St Mary's. "All we saw over there was a big cloud of dust and dirt. When he didn't come round behind Graham Hill, we realised it was Moss."

The rescue began, as was common back then, while the race droned on [*you can read a first-hand account from a first responder on our Letters page*]. It took 45 minutes to cut him from the wreck, BRP's Tony Robinson and Stan Collier removing the battery and fuel tank over his legs, relieved at least that fire hadn't increased the urgency. "The ambulance came past us ringing its bell behind a course car, and we could still hear it out on the road as it headed for Chichester," Dad remembers. "We could tell it was bad. What a very sad day."

From Chichester Hospital, he was transferred early on the Tuesday to the Atkinson Morley Hospital in Wimbledon, where he would be treated and convalesce for the next 13 weeks. The head injuries were the biggest concern: he had massive bruising to the left-hand side of his brain, which had become partially detached from his skull, and his left eye socket was crushed. There was also a broken leg and arm to be dealt ▶

"It took 45 minutes to cut Moss from his Goodwood wreck"



Fateful '62 Goodwood race: the career-ending crash was never explained



Moss raises a glass to the nurses who aided his recovery from his Goodwood injuries

"Racing is like painting to me: the car is only the instrument"

with, although he knew nothing of those early weeks. Moss only properly regained consciousness 38 days later. Then at first he was partially paralysed and couldn't speak. His star that had burned so bright just a few days previously looked to have been extinguished. Which raises the question of just how Moss not only recovered but went on to cement his legend as Britain's greatest racing driver.

A book first published in 1963 offers a fascinating insight into Moss's mindset at this time. *All But My Life* by Ken W Purdy wasn't so much a biography, but more a contemplation on life, motor racing, women and death. The 'interviews' (they're conversations more than anything) capture a portrait of a man in transition from one life to the next.

One offers some understanding into why Moss was prepared to race almost anything, on any given day: "Racing is rather like painting to me: the car is only the instrument, as paints are to a painter. All right, one car is better than another, fine, and one kind of paint is better than another, very well, but it really doesn't matter, the painter creates with whatever he has at hand, and if he hasn't anything better he'll use a child's set of crayons. Give Picasso a broken two-shilling set of crayons, and he'll give you something worth two thousand pounds. After all, I think driving is an art. I really do maintain that."

A page over, Moss dispels the notion that it was all about the money. Purdy makes the point that grand prix racing carries the biggest rewards. "I'm as greedy as the next man, but that's not enough reason," Stirling shoots back. "A professional is a driver who races out of pride. He wants to win because he wants to beat you, not just to get the extra few dollars or pounds or francs, or whatever. I don't know anyone racing today... purely for money."

Stirling also tackles his lack of an F1 world title head-on: "People ask: 'Aren't you upset about not being World Champion? Doesn't it bother you, that you were runner-up five times [sic: in fact four times - 1955-58]?' And the answer is, in honesty, that the first year I was pretty much upset, it would be correct to say, very much upset. But the disappointment got less each time. Partially it was just conditioning, a second disappointment is easier to bear than the first, a third is easier than the second.

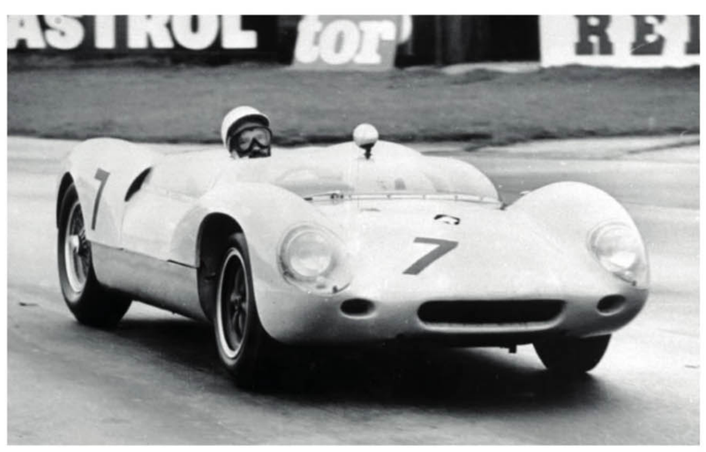
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Moss during his recuperation, sitting at the wheel of a Morris Minor in the Bahamas

Partially it was something else, even now I'm not sure what it was, but I might say it was the realisation that while having the championship would mean perhaps a lot to Stirling Moss Limited, it might not mean much to Stirling Moss. Do you understand?"

Then the killer lines: "Because I'd rather go down in history as the man who never won the championship, than as the man who won it once. If I won it once, what of that? Mike Hawthorn won it once. If one wins it twice, does that mean one is a better driver than Mike? I think Mike Hawthorn was a splendid person, he did a lot for motor racing, I liked him, and I very much indeed wish he were still with us. But I didn't consider him a very consistent driver. When he had an 'on' day he was very, very good. If he liked a circuit, as he liked Reims - Mike really did feel that Reims was his personal property - right, he'd beat Fangio himself on it. If he didn't like a race, and he didn't like the tough ones, the Mille Miglia, the Targa Florio, Sebring, he wasn't mad keen on the Nürburgring either, he'd either not run in it or he'd stroke it. I had more respect for Mike as a man than as a driver."

There's more, and a view that might offer the likes of Fernando Alonso some consolation. "So Mike won it once, and Phil Hill won it once, and Graham [Hill] won it once [twice by 1968], and Jack Brabham won it twice [three times by '66]. Do I have to win it three times to prove I'm a better driver than Jack is? Fangio won it five times. If I won it six times, wouldn't that make me a better driver than Fangio? No, it wouldn't. Winning it six times won't make me *as* good a driver as Juan Manuel Fangio, and winning it 10 times wouldn't make me a better driver, because I'm not. Fangio was better than I was, and that's that."



After recovering, Moss tried a Lotus 19 at Goodwood. It would confirm his retirement call

On May 1, 1963, a little over a year after the accident, a bearded Moss returned to a damp Goodwood to try a BRP Lotus 19 sports racer. St Mary's was no problem, there were no flashbacks or anything unpleasant. But he came away that day certain his driving career was now over. The things he had subconsciously been able to do on instinct now required effort, and he could feel it was taking more out of him. It wasn't the same.

The rise of Sir Stirling

His success and legend is known by all, as Moss transcended his sport. **Doug Nye** shares the inside view on what drove the titan of racing

MUCH OF STIRLING MOSS'S STORY HAS BEEN recorded within the pages of this magazine. From boyhood, he was one of its avid readers, a supporter and sometime critic. At 25, he put in perhaps the greatest winning drive in motor-sporting history, in the 1955 Mille Miglia, and he had our mutual friend and *Motor Sport* Continental Correspondent Denis Jenkinson right there in the cockpit beside him. DSJ was reading painstakingly prepared route notes and making the hand signals which, if any had been incorrect, could have cost both their lives.

That bald fact demonstrates the difference in the racing environment through which Stirling lived, and so excelled. Topline motor sport from the 1940s through the 1960s was a world of the quick, and the dead. Racing risks were immense. He was one of the many who stepped up, stared down the gun barrel and then ultimately prevailed.

And while for much of his frontline career he was probably the most naturally gifted, and the best, for the last four years of his career he was undoubtedly and demonstrably both. Ignore that modern-era twaddle about never winning the World Championship. Truth was that although it hurt him to finish second for four consecutive years, it was a title he never needed. Every rival knew he was 'The Man'. Beat Moss and you were somebody...

For any child of the 1940s or early '50s who grew up as a motor racing enthusiast, the name Stirling Moss simply became part of our lives. He has remained so ever since. For anyone around the world who wasn't necessarily a racing enthusiast, but recognised international celebrities, Moss was surely one of them. That didn't happen by accident. His racing success made headlines worldwide because he was truly an early global player. And he worked upon promotion – first for his sport, then himself. 'Stirling Moss smokes Craven-A' – and 'Stirling Moss says 'every driver should fit the Trico automatic windscreen washer'. In newspapers and magazines, on radio, the big screen, TV, and books – Moss the Motor Racer was absolutely everywhere.



Moss and Fangio reunited in 1991

"To me, Moss had simply been The Greatest Living Englishman"

The British press had gushed about preceding 'Speed Kings' – Henry Segrave, 'Tim' Birkin, Malcolm Campbell – perhaps strangely, less so about Dick Seaman, even in death. But Stirling's achievements would exceed them all. His fame infused the fabric of British life for decades beyond the 14 mainstream years he raced – because he worked at it.

He was a truly electric man, vivid, bursting with energy. He was never still. His concentration span could be famously brief, yet when fully focused he was laser-beam intense, and his stamina legendary. His long-held motto became 'Motion is Tranquility'. In that case for most of his life, he was hyper-tranquil. His lifetime mileage by road, air and sea is almost matchless.

He raced anything and everything, and he'd extract everything a car had to offer, at home, throughout Europe, in North America, South America, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand. In later years, post-frontline retirement, he'd appear in Asia. One day when I was taking the mickey, he did admit "OK, so I never quite cracked Antarctica..." – but among a global public he proved hugely popular, and always proudly British.

He was a born businessman and absolutely adored anything that paid. Driving a Sunbeam-Talbot to finish second in the 1952 Monte Carlo Rally – "Fifty quid fee, boy!" – three consecutive Coupes des Alpes for one of only two *Coupes d'Or* (Gold Cups) by that time ever awarded – "Another fifty quid boy!". He raced to win, but also to live – and what a golden life he lived. He was one of the first English-speaking utterly professional racing drivers. Many car owners, entrants and team-mates found him, in his pomp, infinitely demanding, restlessly seeking an extra edge. Jenks once assured me "Stirling had the talent to win in anything, but he'd always try to find that little extra car advantage by trying something new, and it often let him down... If he'd played safe, he'd still have won". But back in Stirling's time cars were not as reliable as today. So he earned a reputation as a car breaker, yet the latest tweak was so often unproven he wasn't always to blame.

In truth, playing safe just wasn't his way. He revered Fangio but would admit "The one thing I never agreed with was his saying 'Always drive to win at the slowest possible speed' – just to reach the finish. To me, that wasn't racing. I wanted to race – to go out there, get stuck in and have a right old tear up!".

Does that remind you of someone, a British six-time World Champion? Moss and Lewis had much in common... and when they spent time together they got on well...

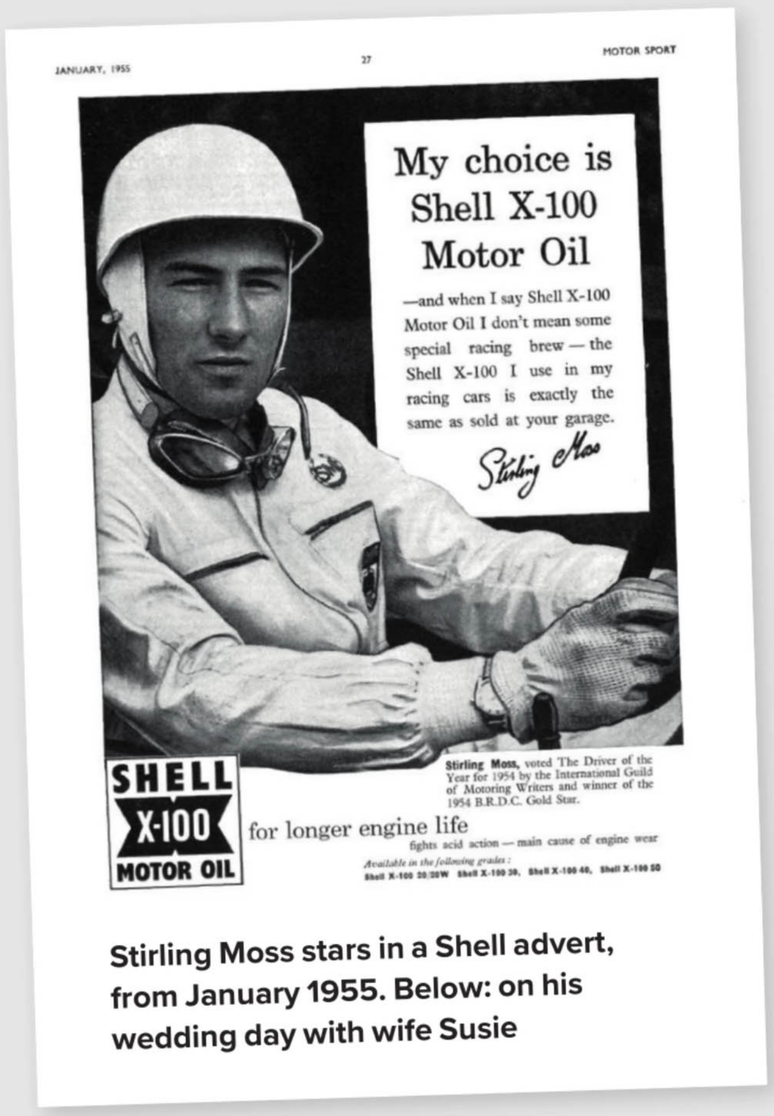
So what else powered his ambition? Father Alfred ran a large and lucrative dental business, with surgeries often in the poorer parts of London. Moss admitted he owed both his parents – Indy driver Alfred and trials driver mum Aileen – hugely for their early support and investment. But he also told me that at school, with a name like his, he'd experienced adolescent anti-semitism... "'Jew boy', 'yid', that sort of thing – they might have been bigger than me, but it made me think, 'OK, I'll show you!' ".

And boy, so he did.

Stirling was naturally athletic and fit,


Lewis Hamilton and Moss always got on well, and together shared similar racing values

GETTY IMAGES, ALAMY



Stirling Moss stars in a Shell advert, from January 1955. Below: on his wedding day with wife Susie

and after spilling a burning paraffin stove over himself as a kid, he had a high pain threshold. It stood him in good stead when he broke his back in a crash during Belgian Grand Prix practice in 1960, yet began racing again just seven weeks later...

After his career-ending Easter Monday Goodwood crash – when for weeks after we feared he would not survive – he judged that his skills had been diminished, and, still only 32 years old, he began building himself a fresh career as the world's first professional retired racing driver and excelled in doing so.

For the past 40 years, he would give enormous credit to his adored and utterly inseparable soulmate wife Susie, as he said in his hilarious, yet moving, speech at their 25th wedding anniversary celebration: "If it wasn't for Susie, I'd still be the way I used to be..." – at which the large majority of his lifelong friends just cracked up. They all certainly remembered...



Sir Stirling Moss, OBE, was a superstar whose image as a world-class sportsman transcended the confined sport in which he had so excelled. The country he loved all his life has had very few sporting icons who have ever reigned supreme as absolutely the world's best in their own particular sphere. He was one.

To me, for many years, he had simply been The Greatest Living Englishman. But there's more than that. Stirling was just a thoroughly good bloke.

In the years to come, he would reflect on that day and admit he'd tried too soon, that his judgement had been too sharp. But to his credit, and in a manner that Jackie Stewart would understand, once the decision was taken, he'd stick to it. Stirling Moss was now an ex-racing driver.

But somehow for the next five decades, he would remain 'Mr Motor Racing'. The old joke about the policeman saying "Who do you think you are, Stirling Moss?" was never swapped for Graham Hill or Jimmy Clark or John Surtees or Jackie Stewart or James Hunt or Nigel Mansell or Damon Hill or Lewis Hamilton - despite their world titles. Moss was the first of his breed to make a great deal of his living from being an ex-professional sportsman.

Remember the turgid James Bond spoof *Casino Royale*, starring Peter Sellers, David Niven and a young Woody Allen from 1967?

"Moss would reflect he'd tried too soon to make a comeback"

It was Stirling who played the cameo ("Follow that car!" barks Sellers, and Stirling obliges - running off on foot). He's also the only real person to be written into Ian Fleming's Bond stories - or at least the notes for an unpublished short story. In *Murder on Wheels*, Bond travels to the fictional Nurbering in Switzerland to stop SMERSH agents sabotaging a race and killing Moss while making it look like an accident. 007 is trained to drive the Maserati by Moss himself, then takes over for the race and defeats the agents, thereby saving Moss's life...

That's just one indication of how famous he was, and perhaps why he still meant something to a wider public who generally admired him (when he didn't say something sexist about female racing drivers). Those of us devoted to motor racing knew why he was special, which is why he would remain the biggest draw wherever he would appear. That distinctive name helped him stand out, too. Just as well his mother didn't get her wish in calling him Hamish...

But his relationship with the public was not always straightforward. Inherently a deep man, he wasn't always comfortable being the focus of attention and his patience could be short. And yet he played his part as national treasure and hero to many, with all the grace he exhibited as a racer in his pomp. As he told this magazine at the time of his 80th birthday in 2009, when his racing career was over Stirling thought that as a man with no formal qualifications he had only two alternative career choices: estate agent or MP.

He got closer to the former (imagine if he had chosen the latter...), investing in properties around his native London and famously managing his tenants and their menial problems personally. Those investments, coupled with his life as 'Mr Motor Racing', served him well until the inevitable creep of mortality forced him into retirement.

'Motion is tranquility'. That motto rang true to the end.



Moss in a '56 OSCA in the 2010 Goodwood Revival's Madgwick Trophy race



Stirling Moss at the 1954 Italian Grand Prix, just before he got his big break with the Mercedes team



GETTY IMAGES

HIS DEFINING RACES

The 1955 Mille Miglia and 1961 Monaco GP are perhaps his best-known victories but Stirling Moss's desire to race any car, anywhere, led to a formidable record. Selecting the Boy Wonder's most pivotal races is not easy, as **Paul Fearnley** finds out...

THE COUNTS VARY, BUT BY ANY estimation Sir Stirling Moss was an incredibly successful racer. Let's settle on more than 200 victories from almost 600 starts in his career. Yet how he won - and increasingly so as he and his amazing career matured - was as important to him as what he won.

Losses inevitably shaped him, too, as the subsequent list will hopefully attest; so, too, did following in leading Mercedes-Benz team-mate Juan Manuel Fangio's wheel tracks.

The end result was a national treasure - from every schoolboy's hero via sporting ambassador of global repute.

The winning of the 1955 Mille Miglia was Stirling's greatest adventure and makes for the stuff of legend - but there were many other significant milestones, signposts and crossroads, both before and after, in the making and shaping of 'Mr Motor Racing' and his incomparable career.

A 19-year-old Moss makes his international debut at Garda in 1949, and stuns the field in his Cooper-JAP

The new Nuvolari?

Circuit of Garda, July 10 1949

Point-and-squirt sprints and hillclimbs and three-lappers on the featureless airfield circuits of Austerity Britain were never going to contain this rolling stone.

Moss was thinking big and faraway when he doubled his Cooper's engine - to a 1-litre V-twin - and pointed his Bedford van towards Italy.

It took two days - and the draw of £50 start money - to get there. Fortunately, 'the world's most beautiful circuit' was everything Moss had hoped for. Within its 10 miles were narrow cobbled streets, blind sweeping bends, undulating straights, six downhill hairpins, sheer drops and a lakefront. A real eye-opener.

Except this teen's eyes were open already. Having qualified 'The Jukebox' - a friendly crowd's nickname for this bike-engined buzz bomb - third, ahead of works Ferraris, Moss remained sufficiently composed to give the wilder locals a wide berth in the races: Felice 'Il Pirata' Bonetto's Ferrari came to rest in the bowling alley of a bar and Count Bruno Sterzi's sliced through a post carrying a tramline's power, before tumbling from Moss's by now somewhat wide-eyed view.

Finishing third in the heat and final, each time behind the 2-litre Ferraris of establishment men Luigi Villoresi and Mario Tadini, were sensational achievements - reassuringly well recompensed (£200) - for one so inexperienced. The locals had not seen the like since Tazio Nuvolari's debut on four wheels in 1921.

The 'Flying Mantuan' was ailing quite badly by now, lungs choked with his sport's unpleasant odour, but he broke a recuperative break (with race attached, natch) to seek out Moss. They met, shook hands, these men divided by age and language but united in speed, and Nuvolari knew. He just knew.



Moss took his first of three wins at Dundrod in 1950

Coming of age

RAC Tourist Trophy, September 16 1950

Arch patriot Moss felt accepted in Italy and France. Amateur Britain, not yet convinced of the value of honing his craft in Formula 3's scrum and insulated from Moss's encouraging continental exploits with shoestring HWM, was a tougher nut. Hence his humble request for a loan of a sports car for the revival of this prestigious race was dead-batted by every British manufacturer, for fear of 'Boy Killed in Man's Car' headlines.

Luckily, influential journalist-cum-racer, and family friend, Tommy Wisdom was up to speed and offered Moss his competition-spec XK120, one of only six built. He also persuaded Browns Lane to provide 'The Boy' with a standard car for familiarisation. Jaguar was not entirely against the idea.

Again, Moss showed patience and restraint. Steady and no more on the first day of practice, he was fastest on the second, defeating his handicap time by five per cent. The high speeds and tight confines of Dundrod were drawing the best (to date) from him: accurate commitment. Ulster blew up a storm that blew down the press tent, but Moss, on the eve of his 21st birthday, controlled proceedings, once he'd taken the lead on the second lap of a three-hour race, and won on distance and handicap. By the day's end, he was a contracted works driver. Jaguar boss Bill Lyons, who'd flown over, and his racing manager Lofty England now knew what they had already suspected.

Moss celebrated with an exotic dancer called Yvonne and moved into the West End basement flat that she shared with three other girls. From 'Oh boy!' to 'Man, oh man!'

Them's the breaks

Reims GP, June 29 1952

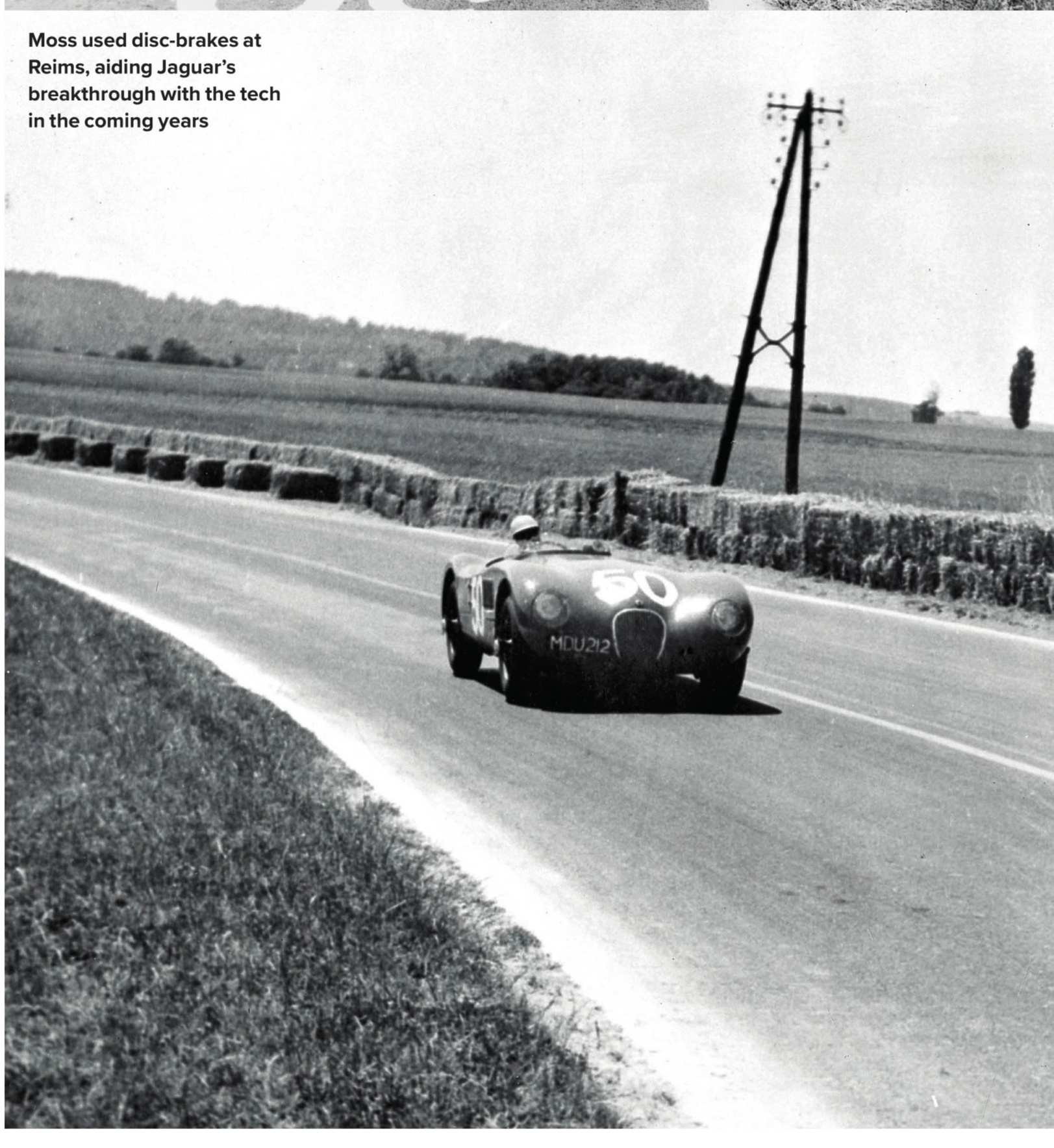
Three weeks after telling BRM 'Thanks, but no thanks' - Moss knew enough at 22 to know that its V16 was too much, too late; a fortnight after a disastrous Le Mans caused by Jaguar's rushed response to his panicky 'Must have more speed!' telegram from the Mille Miglia; and one week on from a heavy crash caused by engine failure at Spa's Belgian Grand Prix in ERA's too-clever-by-half G-Type, a warier Moss was still seeking a technical - preferably British - edge.

Again Wisdom loaned him a car, a Jag C-type, and Moss this time persuaded the works to fit Dunlop's disc brakes, a nascent system that provided greater longevity and consistency, rather than outright stopping power, albeit interspersed by temporary but terrifyingly sudden failures. Moss had used it on the Mille Miglia - brave fella! - and had the rest of the car collapse around them. He reckoned rightly that the long straights at Reims would allow for useful cooling between its two big stops per lap.

A ferocious sun didn't help and not until Robert Manzon's nimbler, faster Gordini had shed a wheel and spun from the lead was Moss's ground-breaking win assured. Standing somewhat unsteadily in the cockpit in response to the National Anthem, he could reflect on his first outright victory for 12 races. From these frustrating times - overnight sensation Mike Hawthorn was upstaging him in GPs in Cooper's cheap-and-cheerful Formula 2 car - Moss would emerge stronger and always seeking that edge, more often than not through risky trial and error.



Moss leans on his Jaguar XK120C before going on to win the 1952 Reims GP



Moss used disc-brakes at Reims, aiding Jaguar's breakthrough with the tech in the coming years

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Frame by frame: Moss's 1954 Italian GP weekend, he took 10th in a works-engined Maserati prepared by his own mechanic, after battling the likes of Fangio and Ascari

An Englishman abroad

Italian GP, September 5 1954

It was British Racing Green, to begin with. By August's German GP, it was Italian red, bar its identifying noseband. Moss's privateer performances in the early part of the season helped him be drawn inevitably, if a little reluctantly initially, tighter to Maserati's embrace until by September's Italian GP he was its de facto number one.

Moss discovered what he'd been missing when he first drove a 250F: the black art of balancing a front-engined GP car with a flexible chassis on skinny tyres that had eluded - and would eventually be skirted by - Britain's *arrivistes*.

Starting from the outside of the front row at Monza, and alongside the Mercedes-Benz of Juan Manuel Fangio and Ferrari of Alberto Ascari, on loan from Lancia, he let these greats battle it out before making his move at the midway point, passing both in a fell swoop and pressing so hard that Ascari's engine promptly failed. Moss pulled away from Fangio thereafter despite responding to pit signals urging restraint. What had all the fuss been about? This was easy - until oil drained from a cracked pipe and the Maserati ground to a halt with nine laps remaining. Oh, for some German organisation and reliability.

Pirelli paid Moss the compliment of paying him a winner's bonus, and Fangio commended him to Mercedes-Benz team manager Alfred Neubauer, whose suggestion it had been for Moss to learn the Formula 1 ropes in a Maserati. It had come full circle. Everybody was convinced now - including Moss himself.



Moss alongside Merc team-mate Fangio in 1955 Dutch GP

The train arriving

Dutch GP, June 19 1955

Understandably twitchy one week on from the Le Mans disaster, the board of Daimler-Benz suggested a moratorium. This was anathema to "movement is tranquility" Moss, who had considered its withdrawal from the 24 Hours "an empty theatrical gesture"; he and team-mate Fangio had been leading comfortably.

Much of the watching world didn't see it that way: France, the sport's cradle, cancelled its GP; so, too, did Germany and Spain. Switzerland banned all motor racing. But Moss reckoned he knew the risks, how good he was, how much he had to learn and his place. So he assumed the position - pinned to his team-mate's tail - at Zandvoort. Employer on eggshells as a result, Moss was stylishly relaxed despite the sandblasting that he and his engine were receiving on this deceptive circuit through North Sea dunes.

Fangio, too, was insouciant. He knew how good Moss was, blah, blah, blah, and seemed to be coaching him. Moss had no doubt that his guide could have pulled away if required - Luigi Musso's Maserati was just about keeping them honest - and on that basis, and in a different specification of W196, he followed keenly, "concentrating like hell" in a car he found heavy in most respects, and learned voraciously.

Some considered it the most boring GP for years. Maybe, but this was one for the future. The gap between them - the best and next best since Ascari's fatal accident in May - had been closing.

As of now it could be measured in tenths and inches.



BERNARD CAHIER/GETTY IMAGES

Moss finished behind Fangio in the 1955 Dutch GP, overcoming a smoking engine late in the race

"THE TRACK IS MY CANVAS, THE CAR IS MY BRUSH"

GRAHAM HILL



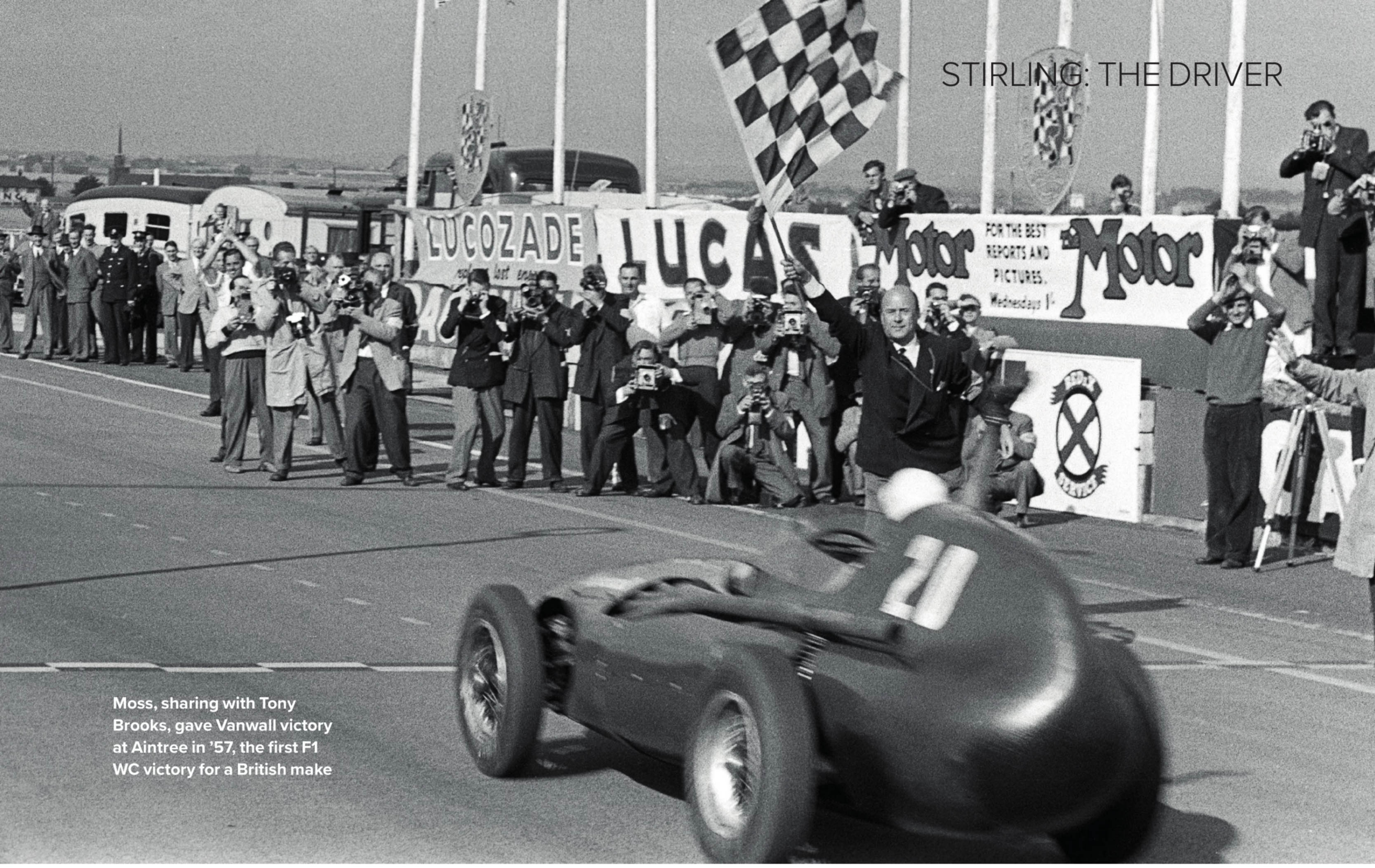
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Moss, sharing with Tony Brooks, gave Vanwall victory at Aintree in '57, the first F1 WC victory for a British make

National treasure

GP of Europe, July 20 1957

Injured team-mate Tony Brooks hopped out. Literally. Moss, lissom and fearsome, leapt in, his car having sputtered from the lead after 22 laps that had sent home hearts soaring. Vanwall had been knocking on the GP door since Moss's domination of the 1956 International Trophy at Silverstone. That had been a non-championship one-off away from his Maserati day job. Now he was full-time in Britain's best bet yet. Even so, his revised odds on this day at Aintree were long.

Resuming in ninth place, he passed Fangio's Maserati, car and driver off-colour, for sixth on lap 34 (of 90). Fourth by lap 46, having overtaken the Ferraris of Musso and Peter Collins, he was catching new team-mate Stuart Lewis-Evans and Hawthorn in another Ferrari.

Suddenly Britain had found itself with an embarrassment of riches, those barking F3s and barking-mad specials having bred and raised a new breed of drivers on those repurposed airfields. But could a British car win at the highest level? Even Moss was beginning to wonder. Then, moments after Moss had passed Lewis-Evans on lap 69, the Maserati of Jean Behra, which was leading by almost a half-minute, detonated and Hawthorn punctured on the shrapnel. Moss had suffered sufficient misfortune and made enough of his luck - good and bad - to deserve this dividend, and his popularity now transcended motor racing. Britain's most famous - 'Who do you think you are...?' - and most important sportsman became a byword for and the embodiment of a country having to reinvent itself. A global ambassadorial role he played to perfection.

Overachieving underdog

Argentine GP, January 19 1958

With Fangio to all intents and purposes now retired - though he would start this his home race from pole and set fastest lap! - Moss was widely predicted to take the next step.

The odds-on title favourite, however, seemed even more effective and compelling as an outside bet - a state not easy to achieve when you are so obviously the best. Thus he began to engineer 'difficulties'. Not insuperable ones but those with sufficient gravity to swirl the grey matter, stoke the heart and spark the twitch muscle.



Moss celebrates his against-the-odds 1958 Argentine GP victory

BERNARD CAHIER/GETTY IMAGES

When Vanwall then demonstrated its unpreparedness for the new mandatory use of AvGas, Moss didn't think twice before asking privateer entrant Rob Walker, with whom he'd already struck an F2 deal, if he could take his wee Cooper to Argentina. Walker replied airily in the affirmative - he would not attend the race - and thought little more about it. For a car with its engine behind the driver had yet to win a GP and the Cooper's engine, based on a fire pump, was 500cc shy of every other car on the grid. Not even Moss thought he could win. But win he did - with a patch over an eye, accidentally injured by his wife Katie, and patches of carcass showing through his tortured treads; he had gained a march by running non-stop.

Though Moss was adapting quickly and successfully to changes in motor sport and its cars, he had a hankering to be on the outside looking in at the revolution he had triggered.

For his delight in this eager machine and its uncluttered team had reminded him of his beloved F3 and its converted horsebox trailer pulled by the 1929 family Rolls, a 'Woodie' estate.

He wanted his cake and to eat it. Only he had the spare capacity and special something to make that scenario work.

Moss handles the Aston Martin DBR1 during his exhausting 1958 Nürburgring 1000Km performance. He drove a total of 36 laps

Running rings

Nürburging 1000km, June 1 1958

The prowess that had enabled him to 'run-off' taunts of 'Yid!' at school, on pitch and track, stood Moss in good stead during his career. There were occasional wobbles in the heat of Argentina and Reims - he lacked the protective 'padding' of the likes of Fangio and Ascari - but generally, he seemed able to push harder for longer than his rivals, with or without the mystery pill 'dealt' by Fangio before the 1955 Mille Miglia.

A muscular 5ft 7in and capable of showy poolside gymnastics in the manner of Sébastien Loeb, this prototype professional did no specific training other than to drive. But he drank little, and rarely, and smoked in a style befitting promotion rather than inhalation. A rubber ball of a man - bar that one time at Goodwood - he loved an old-fashioned tear-up.

On this occasion, he drove 36 of 44 laps to compensate for the relative shortfall of co-driver Jack Brabham, who was new to Aston Martin and its DBR1/300 - a beautiful car with a horrible gearbox - and not au fait with the circuit. Inspired at the thought of again sticking it to Enzo Ferrari, whose Testa Rossas finished 2-3-4, Moss won by almost four minutes.

But it had been no stroll. There would be no long drive home through the night as there had been after the buzz of the Mille Miglia. (When Moss returned via Stuttgart to partake in a power lunch with his bosses!)



Portugal '58: Moss won the GP, but gave away title

No, he was jiggered and reckoned it took a week to recover fully, during which time he made a mental note: be kinder to yourself.

Sporting gestures

Portuguese GP, August 24 1958

There was a hint of cheek in that trademark wave of thanks to so-so backmarkers and not-so-backmarkers, but fundamentally, it was also a function of Moss's famously good manners.

Moss had a chivalric sense of right and wrong, as Enzo discovered when he stiffed the young Englishman at Bari in 1951. Not until the 'most powerful man in the sport' came on bended knee 10 years later - by which time Ferrari was long convinced Moss was the new Nuvolari - would his mortal enemy finally relent.

Moss was a professional, as well as a sportsman; how he won was as important as what he won. He lived a *Boy's Own* existence - bar a racy love life - and although

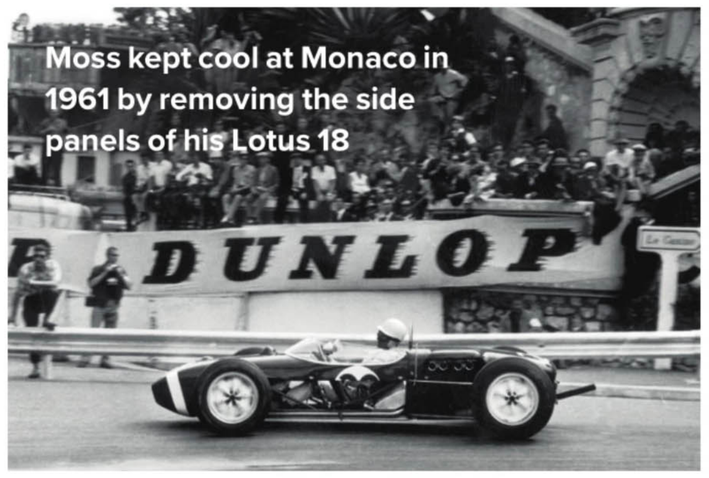
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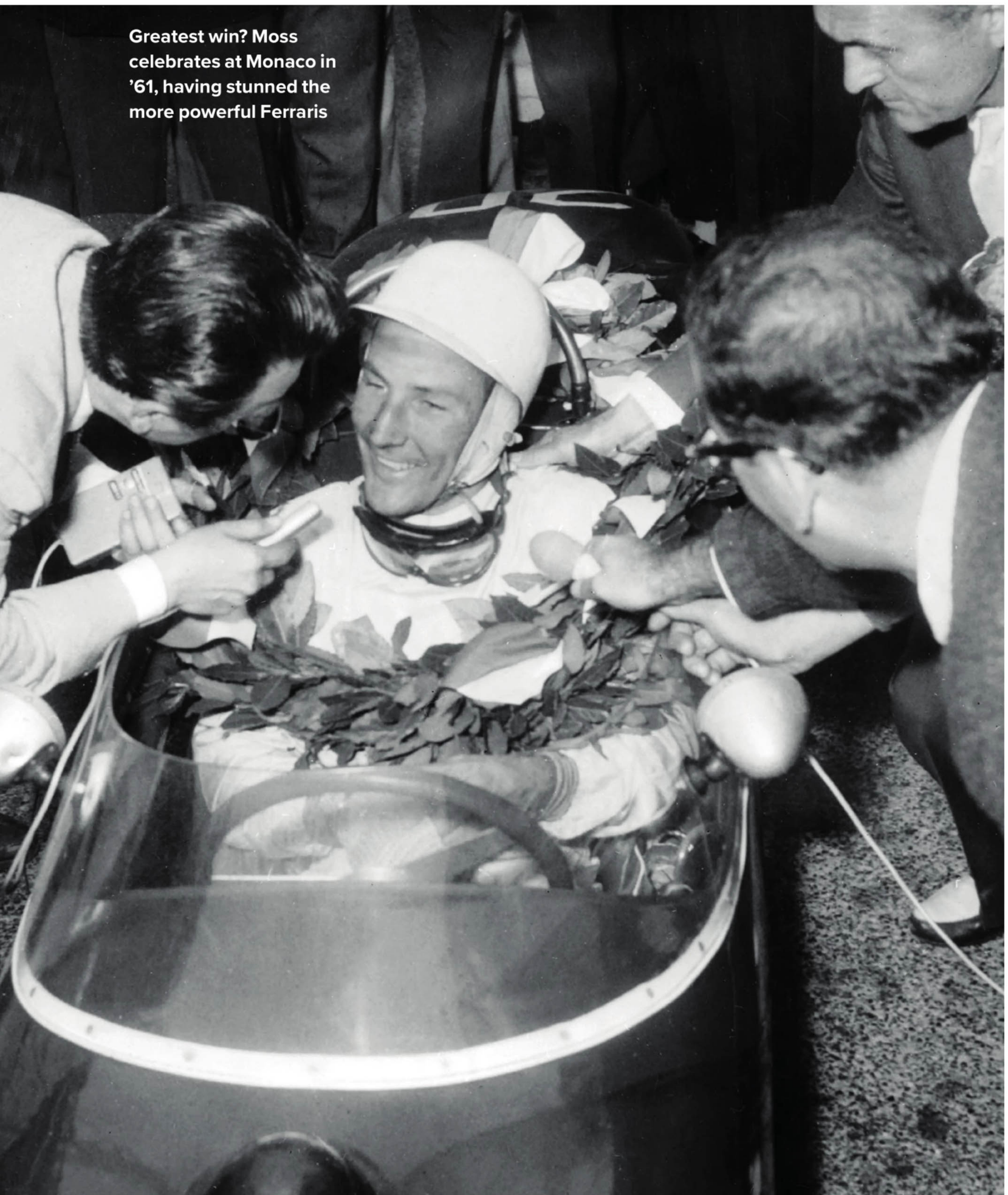
that arguably cost him the 1958 title, it paid him back many times over.

His advising and defending of Hawthorn at Oporto, when his main title rival was threatened with disqualification from second place for push-starting his Ferrari against the direction of the circuit, Moss pedantically but persuasively argued that Mike was on the pavement as he did so. It verged on a monastic purge. No doubt he was backing himself to make up the lost points; two rounds were remaining, and Hawthorn was factoring dropped scores already. That he did only caused Moss to boil over briefly, before settling to a simmer.

The realisation that he didn't need to be champion to be deemed the best was a catalyst for self-assessment, and he would increasingly race to please himself. This rare selfish act, based only on good intentions, ensured that the remainder of his career would be serious fun: the perfect combination for Moss.



Moss kept cool at Monaco in 1961 by removing the side panels of his Lotus 18



Greatest win? Moss celebrates at Monaco in '61, having stunned the more powerful Ferraris

Street art

Monaco GP, May 14 1961

The science behind Colin Chapman's Lotus 18 had (theoretically) overthrown the chuckable Cooper, and Moss was the first to explore the avenues it opened: shallower lines on entry and perfectly timed and balanced rotations allowing him to be later on the brakes, earlier on the power. 'Why,' he wondered, 'were the rest not doing the same?' Because the many could not, and the few who could, lacked his efficacy.

Mechanical fragility was the flipside to this agility. Moss prevailed in Monaco 1960 - his first grand prix in a Lotus resulting in the marque's maiden win - unaware that his engine was hanging by a water pipe.

Then his crash at Spa-Francorchamps three weeks later, caused by the loss of a rear wheel, cost him six weeks' recuperation and a title shot aboard the season's fastest car.

The latter was not the case in 1961. Not only was Moss denied the more streamlined Lotus 21 due to clashing fuel commitments - he was BP whereas Team Lotus was Esso - but his engine for the new 1.5-litre formula was 30bhp shy of Ferrari's V6. Moss considered this "a nice challenge".

He qualified fastest at Monaco and took the lead on lap 13. The remaining 87 provided the best sequence of his career, fastest lap after fastest lap leaving it 2.8sec below his pole mark - and with no time for those cheery waves. Ferrari had to be 'content' with a 2-3-4 result.

That Moss had had a broken chassis tube welded on the grid while brimful of fuel and had chosen to run without side panels to aid ventilation will forever remain windows on the attitude and aptitude of this daredevil full of grace.

Adventurer, boy genius, innovator (and gambler), star pupil, icon, adept adapter, strongman, sportsman and artist, Moss had it all except time - even though he'd yet to turn 32.

YOUR STIRLING MEMORIES

The Boy's impact went beyond the paddock, and we've been deluged with recollections of the man and his racing career. Here is a small selection

I remember being at Goodwood on the day of Stirling Moss's crash. I had gone with my husband, as we did quite often, and we were watching the racing and manning the track ambulance. Jim studied pathology and was trained in first aid, and I was a nurse at St. Richard's Hospital in Chichester, and we had volunteered as medics that day. Moss was racing with Graham Hill at the time in the number 7, the number of the car he always drove, and the next thing you know he was in the bank at St Mary's. Cars were racing by and I thought "how are we going to get across?", because you still had cars going round. Eventually, we did find a gap, and we shot across before the medical team.

The car was red-hot, and petrol was pouring everywhere. I thought "Well, I've got to get him out". And then I saw he was changing colour, a sort of purpley colour. I thought "Oh yes, they all chew gum, these drivers", and it turned out that he had a bit of gum lodged in the back of his throat. Jim tried to move metal out of the way, and I managed to get my little fingers to the back of Stirling's throat and hook out the gum. I still have burns on my hands from that day. People say I saved his life, but I was just doing what I was trained to do. After the accident he became a good friend of ours, and we watched him race with his lovely wife Susie. When his autobiography came out, he signed it for us and wrote: "You were there when I needed you most." On the track he was a demon; off the track he was a lovely person.

ANNIE STRUDWICK, EMSWORTH, HANTS



April 1962: nurse Annie Strudwick assists at Stirling's accident, having run across the track

Stirling Moss was the reason I developed an interest in motor sport. It's June 1955, and I am a bored 10-year-old at a family gathering at my grandparents' house. One of my uncles hands me a copy of the June edition of *Motor Sport* magazine with the words: "Here lad, have a look at this".

I flicked through it, bored with most of it, until I found the legendary report by Denis Jenkinson of sitting beside Stirling Moss in their Mercedes 300SLR and winning the Mille Miglia by a margin of half an hour. After that I was hooked on motor sport and followed his career. What a legend: RIP Stirling.

ANDY BURROWS, CHESHAM, BUCKS

I really got to know the man and his character after the motor sport accident I was a victim of in 2000. After several weeks in intensive care, I had been moved to a high dependency ward in London, and was settling down to an early night when there was a knock on the door to my room, followed by the man himself, a huge smile and two bottles of wine! A couple of weeks later he returned, this time with Lady Susie, and thoughtfully had purchased a then-new Billy the Bass singing fish to amuse me and the nurses on my ward!

From there we met with much more frequency, often at Goodwood events, and Stirling would always check on my progress back to health. And now the final chequered flag on a legendary life has come down.

I will miss him as a racer, and a friend. Goodbye, Old Boy; thanks for the memories.

STEVE TARRANT, STURMINSTER NEWTON, DEVON

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PRINCESSYACHTS.COM

I have just learnt that Sir Stirling Moss passed away. I am moved by this bad news. I'm French and I was three when he stopped racing. So why is he, along with Vic Elford, the driver I admired most? The more I read about Stirling Moss, the more I liked him. He drove so many cars in so many different championships. It seems that he had to race every weekend. It was his reason of life. His exploits are countless. Ha, The Mille Miglia with Jenks! It was very dangerous times, but this period until the early '80s is what I call the very best of racing. The cars, the men, the tracks, the atmosphere.

For ending, just a little story. My friend is a photographer for the ACO (Automobile Club de L'Ouest). During an edition of Le Mans Classic, Stirling Moss was in the pits. My friend (a bit shy) saw him and asked "Is it possible to take a picture of you and me?" Stirling Moss answered with a big smile; "Yes, for sure" and he put his arm on the shoulders of my friend. For me, it says a lot about the man.

VINCENT MOISY, LE MANS, FRANCE

I was saddened to hear the news of Sir Stirling's passing. I was born long after his horrific, career-ending crash at Goodwood. Nevertheless, I have always been a fan of Moss, and thoroughly enjoyed reading about his career and giant-killing feats against the likes of Ferrari and Lotus factory teams. I have been to many race meetings, but my favourite racing memory is still that of seeing Moss participating in the supporting historic race. I was awestruck as he drove by in a Jaguar C-type (a legend being driven by a legend). His talent transcended both his era and motor sport as a whole. RIP 'Mr Motor Racing'.

RICHARD NEWELL, BY EMAIL

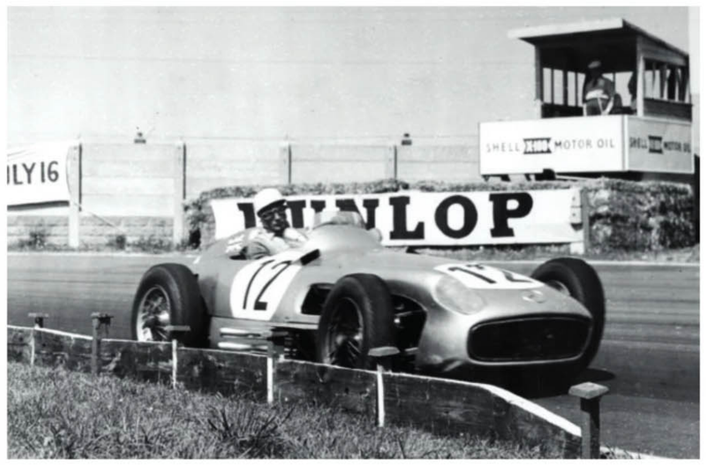
Today is my birthday; I should be happy but I'm not, because the man I admired so much passed away yesterday. He was my hero right from when I was a boy, fascinated by motor racing and racing cars. Like many other boys, when we spoke about motor racing, the first name mentioned was that of Stirling Moss.

At Aintree for the '200' practice in 1958 I had a photograph of Stirling which I asked him to sign. He willingly obliged with his characteristic kind smile, and I always kept the photo. From that day, I followed his races closely. As time rolled on I became involved in Historic Racing and met Stirling many times when he was present either as a 'personality' or just a simple spectator. He could always be relied on to spend time talking, always courteous and friendly. Then at the Oulton Park Gold Cup meeting in 2010 he signed my treasured photo again.

Many people knew him much better than I, but I feel tremendously privileged to have had what little time I did spend in his company. My photo will always remind me of a man for whom I had the greatest admiration – the greatest driver in the world. I'll miss him.

TOM POWELL, ABERDEENSHIRE

GP LIBRARY, GETTY



Aintree, scene of a famous victory. Three years on at the track Moss took time out for a young fan

Many people have a treasured Stirling Moss story. Here is mine. In 1954, driving his Maserati 250F, Moss won the Gold Cup at Oulton Park. Aged five, I was there with my father. It was the instant my father said, "Look, Stirling's waving at you," that my lifetime of racing memories began. There he was, waving at me from his car. I was the proudest little boy in the crowd, not seeing that Stirling was waving at everyone.

In 2004, at the Goodwood Revival, Moss was presented with a silver pin by Jürgen Hubbert of Mercedes Benz, a replica of the one given to him by Mercedes for winning the 1955 British Grand Prix at Aintree. The original had been lost. The ceremony took place on the start line, after a lap in an open Mercedes, with Sir Stirling being driven by Jürgen Hubbert. That day, I was the pitlane and podium commentator. I stood on the track, microphone in hand, ready to talk to them. In front of the packed grandstands, as the car came towards me, Stirling was waving. It was an intense moment.

Around 10 years ago, at the Silverstone Classic as a member of the commentary team, I was in the pit garages where sitting alone on a pile of racing tyres was Sir Stirling Moss. I introduced myself and told him about that instant at the Gold Cup and the day at the Revival. He listened intently, and with that almost unnerving total focus. I had a book with me, which he signed with the words: "Russell, now I can see the person I waved at so long ago!"

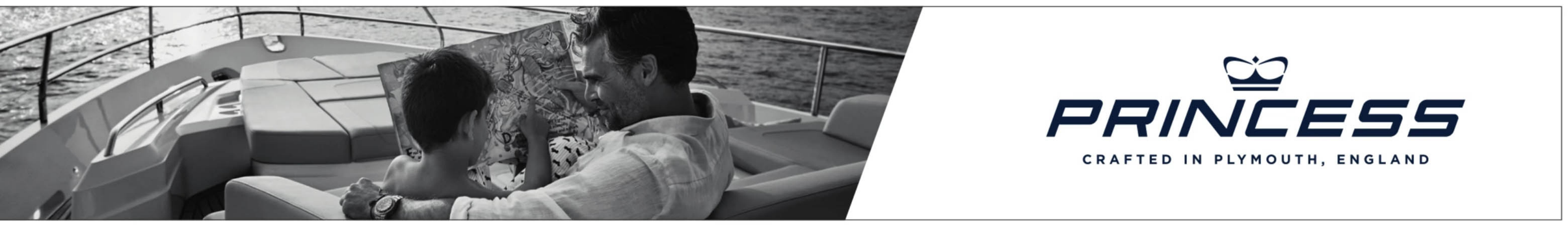
RUSSELL DOUGLAS, LIGHTHORNE, WARWICKSHIRE

When I was at boarding school my father posted *Motor Sport* to me monthly. To this day, I recall being enthralled by Jenks' account of the painstaking preparation for the Mille Miglia and his providing essential navigational support to Stirling in the most magnificent win of his illustrious career.

This article has sustained my admiration for Stirling's capabilities over all these years and I was very fortunate to watch their retention up close in the early 2000s at an HGPCA/VSCC meeting at Donington. I was standing only about 20 metres from the blind downhill exit from the Esses. Stirling emerged very quickly into my view driving a C-type Jaguar to suddenly see in front of him a spinning Bugatti. Stirling's amazing reactions and skill in avoiding what had seemed to be an unavoidable collision were breathtaking and very memorable!

Jenks' article created in me an ambition to go to see a Mille Miglia 'commemorative rally' which I achieved in 2017, accompanied by one of my sons. On arrival in the enormous scrutineering hall in which there were about 450 immaculate sports-racing cars, I remarked to my son "This is what heaven must look like!".

MALCOLM REID, BY EMAIL



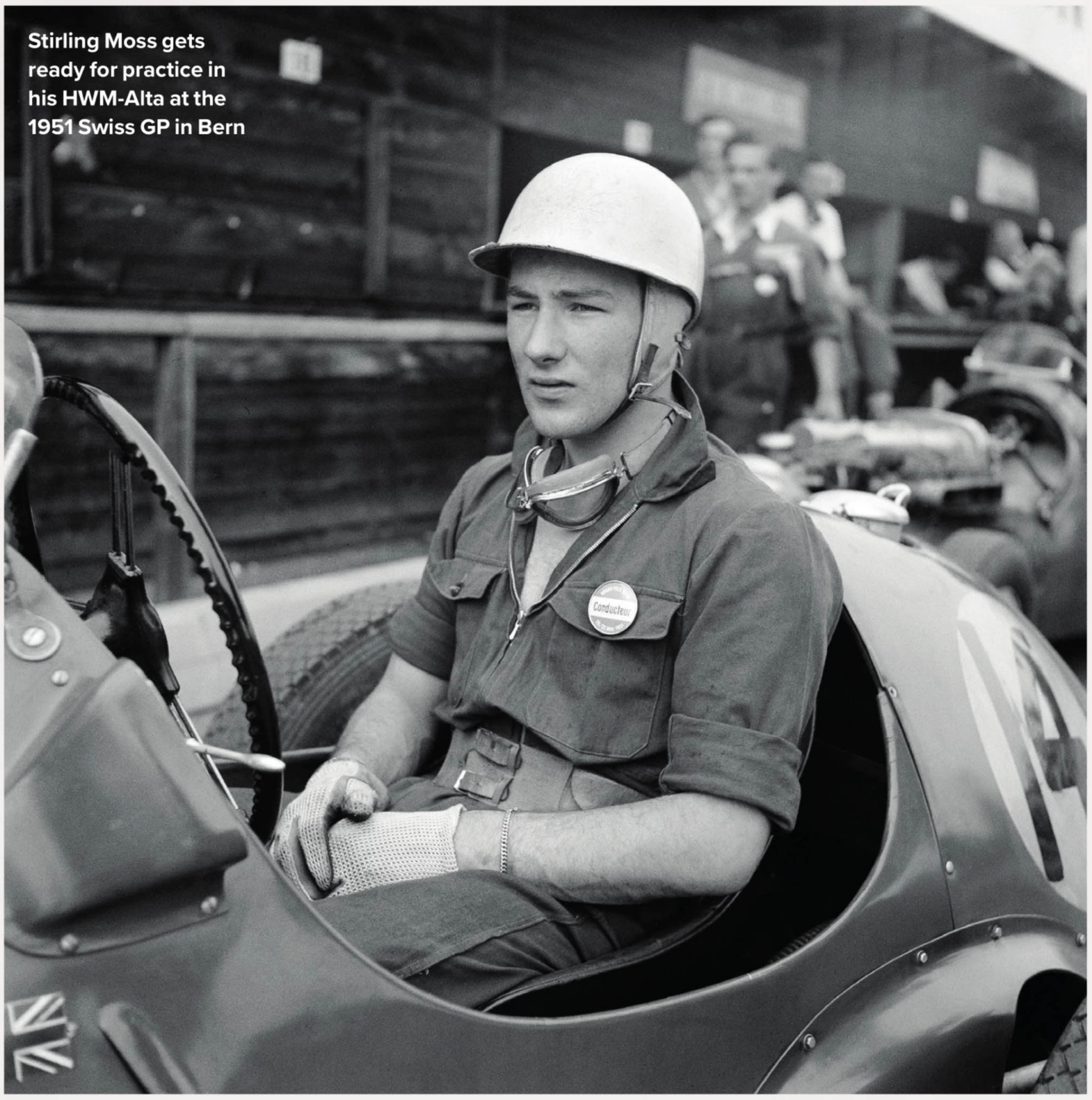
MORE THAN MR MOTOR RACING

Stirling Moss was a unique bridge across motor sport history, but his values never changed. **Andrew Frankel** shares his personal recollections of the man behind the moniker

MARC WRIGHT

Moss pictured at *Motor Sport's* office ahead of his 80th birthday in 2009, when he was guest editor of the October issue to mark the occasion

MARC WRIGHT, GETTY



Stirling Moss gets ready for practice in his HWM-Alta at the 1951 Swiss GP in Bern

Normally a few pages such as these, if properly written by someone who knew their subject, would be enough to provide some meaningful insight into a life, even one as great as that lived by Sir Stirling Moss. It would be no biography for sure, but at least provide a skeleton image of the person, which the reader could then flesh and clothe with more extensive material at his or her leisure. But called upon to do as much for Stirling, I fear I may fall woefully short.

I knew him well since my days editing this title over 20 years ago, but when I try to think of words to describe my friend, contradictions flood my brain. For Stirling could be thoughtless at times and quite astonishingly kind at others. He could be one person in a crowd of adoring well-wishers, and another entirely across the dining room table. He was a complete professional, probably the first in his sport, yet a large part of him never really grew up. He had a highly commercial brain, at times perhaps a little too aware of the value of the Stirling Moss brand, yet at others was almost embarrassingly generous with his time.

He could be tactless and spectacularly politically incorrect, yet despite his privileged upbringing, his public school education, the circles in which he came to move and the wealth he was to acquire, he was no snob. Famously he never won the Formula 1 World Championship, nor did he win Le Mans, but the most remarkable thing he failed to acquire in his years at the top of his game was an ego.

Me? If I may be permitted one moment of self-indulgence, I recall most vividly the Saturday night at the 2014 Monaco Historic. He was there as a guest of a bank and on duty throughout save for this one evening off, which he and Lady Susie chose to spend with me and my brother in the Café de Paris. And I can't remember what we ate or drank, or even what we said, but I'll remember for the rest of my days laughter of a kind that had



Moss gambled on more than just Le Mans in 1959, a call that took Aston to the WSC title

"Moss in later life provided a unique bridge to the past"

the tears rolling down our faces. Stirling could also be a spectacularly funny man too, and I don't think enough people appreciate that.

Personal characteristics aside, Moss in later life provided a unique bridge to the past. This is a man who met Nuvolari, who raced Caracciola and Hans Stuck senior. And while his memory of specific events was pretty terrible, he remembered people and not just his heroes. At *Motor Sport* in the days before digitisation, often some uncaptioned picture of a group of racing drivers would be dredged up from the archives of whom we might be able to name two thirds; so we'd fax it across to Shepherd Street and await the reply as we might have from our picture researcher. I don't think he ever failed us.

Time without number I'd find myself wondering about the person behind the professional, so I'd ring him up and say something like 'what was Ascari really like?' and Stirling would tell me, and even today I am a little awed at having that kind of access. It worked the other way too: I once did a piece that sought to shed some light on Innes Ireland the driver, not Innes the hell-raiser we thought we all knew, so after a fairly caustic appraisal from John Surtees, I rang Stirling.

"Up until that time, he was the best driver Lotus had ever employed," said the Boy Wonder, "but I was pretty serious about motor racing and Jimmy was more serious still. I think it's why Chapman saw that the future lay with him and not Innes." So amid this considered, insightful comment lay something of Moss himself – "I was pretty serious about motor racing…" And so he was, unlike any British driver before him.

Was there a reason that so few of his countrymen made it to the top before Moss? If so, it was because sometime between the derring-do of the wealthy amateurs, who hadn't expected to survive World War I and came to epitomise 1920s Bentley Boy spirit, and the arrival of Moss, shortly after World War II, the world changed and they appear not to have noticed. Instead, we came to rely on lone wolves who eschewed competition for something they considered purer by far – speed itself; and we should thank Messrs Campbell, Eyston and Cobb for their contribution, for without them the roll call

A famous act: Moss and Mike Hawthorn, who won the '58 F1 title after Moss pleaded his case against exclusion in Portugal

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Moss enjoyed great success at the Nürburgring 1000Kms in his career, winning in ’58 and ’59 (pictured) in the DBR1

Moss is reunited with his 1955 Mille Miglia-winning Mercedes 300SLR at Goodwood in 2015

GETTY



"It's no exaggeration to say Moss put Britain on the racing map"

of great British drivers from the 1930s would have been thin indeed. But then came Moss.

It is no exaggeration to say Stirling Moss put Britain on the motor racing map, and not just because of the size and brightness of his supernova talent. He also came with his manager, the inestimable Ken Gregory, when he was just 24. He liked a party, stayed up to the small hours and had a keen eye for the ladies, but while others might turn up for a test late, hungover, or not at all, Moss was far too focused on his craft.

And doubtless, some thought less of him for it, as if you were not quite the complete 1950s racing driver unless you could also be relied upon to get shambolically drunk when the occasion presented itself. Stirling never did. Instead, he competed. Whatever he could, wherever he could, from rally and saloon cars to sports cars, 500s and formula cars. He raced from Nassau in the Bahamas to Invercargill in the south of New Zealand, not because he loved the money for its own sake, but because he loved the racing the money provided.

Cast your mind back to 1959. Aston Martin's DBR1 prototype had already raced at Le Mans three times and three times it had failed to win, so team manager John Wyer elected to miss the entire season just to focus on that one race. Except that Stirling wanted to do the Nürburgring 1000Kms because he'd won it on two of the previous three occasions and was sure the DBR1 still had a chance. So he asked Wyer if he would send the spare DBR1, who declined on the grounds it was two weeks before Le Mans and nothing should be allowed to get in the way of preparations. Wyer only relented when Stirling offered to pay all the expenses himself. Good thing he did: Moss not only won at the 'Ring but Aston combined it with victory in France a fortnight later. Aston found itself in with a chance of winning a championship it had never intended to enter, which it duly did – also almost entirely thanks to Moss – at Goodwood in September. So you can say with some conviction that without the determination of Moss, and his willingness to put his hand in his pocket for the pure love of racing, Aston Martin would never have won the World Sportscar Championship, comfortably its greatest achievement in racing to date.

Stirling also demanded the best from his machinery and would not think twice about playing the number one card to get it, sometimes to the chagrin of team-mates who'd not have minded the latest development being fitted to their car first. But Stirling's argument was as simple as it was irrefutable: if you

want to win, give the quickest car to the quickest driver. And they always did.

And yet even here contradictions abound, for Stirling was nothing if not a team player. When he was with the best – unquestionably during the 1955 season at Mercedes-Benz – he followed Fangio not just loyally, but happily too. And even when he was the undisputed best driver in the world, in that period after Fangio retired and before his 1962 Goodwood accident, he'd do what the team required of him, as another quick rewind to 1959 shows.

Le Mans that year was Stirling's ninth on the trot from which he had managed to extract no more than two second places and a string of retirements. Though he never liked the race, by then he must have been itching to win it. But when the time came to decide the race strategy, it became clear that a sacrificial lamb would be required. Aston Martin had three cars entered, and Wyer's notes describe the one allocated to Moss and Jack Fairman as 'semi-expendable'. Indeed, and for very good reason. Moss was sent out with specific instructions to go flat out to break the Ferrari challenge. To this end, the team had even fitted the Moss DBR1 with an engine with a four bearing crank while the engines of the other two had seven apiece. This meant it was more powerful (to the tune of 255bhp versus 240bhp) but weaker. Stirling duly led for the first hour going at a cracking pace, forcing the Ferraris to go faster than they cared. The rest is history: Moss retired, but so did the works Ferraris, leaving his team-mates with their stronger engines and more relaxed pace to come first and second. As Wyer said at the time, 'It is impossible to over-estimate the part played by Moss in our success at Le Mans.'

Why, then, did he never win the World Championship? There are two reasons, save bad luck, both highly illustrative of the Moss character and its at times iconoclastic nature. Most famously, he chose to race for teams he liked first, and those likely to bring him the best results second. For instance, for years he point-blank refused to race for Ferrari because The Old Man had once led him up the garden path, and when Stirling finally relented, it was only on the condition that Ferrari supplied works cars to Rob Walker and that they ran in Rob's colours. Such a move would have been unimaginable for any other driver. That was the power Moss possessed. Remember too that when Lotus and Cooper enjoyed their first-ever World Championship victories, on both occasions it was a private car that beat the factory teams – a private car entered by Rob Walker Racing and driven by Stirling Moss. Given that by then Moss could have driven for anyone he damn well chose, the fact he elected to stay with Rob to the end of his career speaks volumes for the character of the man, not to say the number of World Championships the world's best driver didn't win as a result.

But there's something else, too. When at the 1958 Portuguese Grand Prix Moss spoke up in defence of rival Mike Hawthorn, who'd been excluded for reversing up the track after a spin, he must have known he was dealing a potentially fatal blow to his championship chances. With just two races to go, Hawthorn was his closest rival for the title. But on the contrary, said Stirling at his appeal, when Mike reversed he was not on the track at all, but the pavement... Hawthorn gained six extra points that day to add to the one he'd scored for fastest lap. At the season's end, Moss trailed Hawthorn by a single point and even if they'd tied, Stirling, with four wins compared to Hawthorn's one, would have been champion.

The first time I saw Moss at close quarters was some time in the early 1990s when I had been sent to chase the Mille Miglia retrospective. Stirling was driving his old Mercedes-Benz 300SLR and I elected to try and stay with him in a brand new Porsche. And I succeeded, for at least 10 seconds. But then with a braaap from the Merc's desmodromic valve gear, a wrench of the wheel and a level of commitment I've only seen Walter Röhrl exhibit on the public road, Moss was gone. The second time was in the lunch queue later that day, whose length was not to his liking, a point he was not afraid to make quite clear. He seemed impatient and arrogant, one of the better reasons never to meet your heroes you might find.

> "For years, Moss point-blank refused to race for Ferrari"

But then I started to work for *Motor Sport* and, as I touched upon at the start of this story, I saw a completely different person. But I only really got to know him personally when his biographer Robert Edwards asked me to take over a motoring column he'd been ghosting



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Moss earned his Mercedes chance for the 1955 F1 season, and had no issues playing support to leading driver Fangio when the need arose

Moss has some advice for Ferrari's Hawthorn in 1958, who would go on to win the title that year

"His skills were superhuman, but granted to a man who was human"



Vanwall's Moss on his way to victory in the 1956 International Trophy at Silverstone



GETTY

for Stirling for *Orient Express* magazine. It involved going over to Shepherd Street in a car we'd chosen to feature and Stirling driving it while I spoke to him about it. His driving was never less than exquisite in the countryside, never less than terrifying in town.

We'd often end up at IKEA in Brent Cross because there was some item of furniture he needed for one of the properties he rented out. Just to watch him shop told you so much about him. He parked in the collection bays, marched in, grabbed a tape measure and hung it around his neck, went straight to the front of any queue, collected his goods and left.

And once, while we were on our way, I got a call from my daughter's nursery saying she had a foreign object lodged up her nose. So I'm many miles away, being driven by Stirling Moss in a Maserati of some description, travelling in completely the wrong direction and I need to tell arguably the world's greatest driver we need to turn around and drive into London so I can retrieve a shard of coconut from my three-year-old's hooter. Yes, really. But I never have to ask because Stirling has heard all, understood all and is already around a roundabout and heading back into town.

That is the Stirling Moss I will remember. I don't care how fast you can drive around in circles if it turns out you're a bit of an arse.

I remember another racing driver whom I spent a little time with before I'd met Stirling. I'd been scared of meeting him because of his reputation, and his offish approach to journalists. But when we were alone and driving around a wet Silverstone what I remember, far more than his other-worldly car control, was the complete character transformation. Warm, chatty and fun, that day I saw a side to Ayrton Senna I never knew existed. I've seen it in Sébastien Loeb and I saw the same in Moss.

So I hope if I've achieved anything over these pages, it's to show that there was more to Stirling than Mr Motor Racing. His skills were superhuman, but they had been granted to a man who was human, and all the better for it.

One more tale, a nothing moment in his life, but which is perhaps as revealing of the real Stirling Moss as any other, and the character of a man who won over 40 per cent of the over 500 races he started and was on the podium in almost two thirds. Yet even when he was one of the most famous men alive, he still felt no need to remove his name from the telephone directory. We'd both been in the same race and because I'd had the quicker car, we had something of a dice for a few of the happiest laps I'll ever do. He came to find me afterwards but I was elsewhere. So he just sat on some tyres and chatted happily to the fairly dumbstruck mechanic who'd prepared my car instead.

I've only ever had two real heroes: one was Senna, the other Moss. And while I met one once, for more than 20 years I got to know the other well. And if there was only one image of him I could take forward, it's not Stirling behind the wheel with his classic straight-armed style decimating the opposition yet again, but Stirling in his Mickey Mouse braces in the Café de Paris, shaking with laughter. A great driver for sure, but a very great man too.

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All-star welcome: baby Damon surrounded by left to right: McLaren, Moss, Brooks, Hill, Bonnier, von Trips

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How I got to know the man behind the myth

Sir Stirling Moss was at **Damon Hill's** christening, and he would become an inspiration to the future F1 champion

A FEW YEARS BACK, I WAS APPROACHED BY A company to see if I wanted to endorse an erectile dysfunction product (designed to improve one's prowess, not cause dysfunction!). Greatly offended by this slight to my masculinity, I declined. And it was for quite a lot of money too. I was amused, but also delighted, to discover that the man who eventually won the contract was none other than the great Sir Stirling Moss. He would have been in his late seventies but clearly more than happy to proclaim his continued and, no doubt, improved virility.

This was entirely in keeping with Stirling's reputation as a man who loved his life and all the benefits that came the way of a winner and celebrity of his calibre. Unashamedly a man of his era, he still used the dreadfully incorrect term 'crumpet' to refer to members of the opposite sex he found attractive. But I feel he could be forgiven because he was after all a true gentleman in every other respect who I never knew to be lewd or ungentlemanly in any company. More than can be said of my father!

I must declare that I did not know Stirling well when I was younger, despite cherishing photos of him holding me as a baby together with a gallery of F1 stars of the early 1960s who my father had invited to my christening. Imagine that, Stirling Moss at your christening! Actually, it is a poignant photo. All but one of them had either fatal accidents or, as was the case with Stirling, career-ending ones. Actually, make that two who survived unscathed, me and Tony Brooks. Tragically, Wolfgang Von Trips would not survive the year. Sadly, we also know the fate of Bruce McLaren and my godfather, Jo Bonnier. But Stirling himself had only one more year left of his career. Doubly poignant would be the fact that he was passing my father at Goodwood when something went wrong.

In his book *Life at the Limit* Dad describes seeing Stirling flash past him at unabated speed as he slowed for St Mary's bend. Indeed, there is an incredible photo taken by Peter Elinskas where you can see Dad looking across at Stirling already on the grass. What happened? We'll never know. That was the end of the first chapter of Stirling's life; the life of a truly remarkable racing talent. But perhaps appropriately for Easter, it was also the start of his second life. In Sir Jackie Stewart's words, he was already 'a huge global star'. Now he would be spared the ignominy of a long slow decline. Stirling set the template for the coming wave of aspiring racing drivers to emulate, for both during and after their career.

STIRLING: THE MAN

Elsewhere in this journal they will be doing justice to all his great achievements; that he won 40 per cent of all the races he entered, that he was respected by Fangio, that he sacrificed a possible World Championship for the sake of fairness, that he would rather fly the flag for British makers than take the easy route to the top. But this is all the stuff of his racing legend. The Stirling I got to know when I was growing up was in the third person. People would refer to him, but you never actually saw him. There were two 'third person' names in my house when I was growing up; Bernie and Stirling. They had this all-pervading presence, always talked about but never seen. I never really got to know Stirling at that time, but I had this sense that he kept his distance for some reason. Maybe because he knew my dad so well? I don't know.

When I eventually got to F1, it was slightly painful, therefore, to read that Stirling thought I was not as good as my dad. Maybe I wasn't, but you didn't want Stirling Moss to be telling everyone! So, I was very aware of his power within the sport. He had grown to become almost a demi-god, not as proactive as Jackie, but 'there', in the mix of motor sport life. Someone you did not dare to dispute. Of course, when you are racing, something happens to one's skin. It gets very thin. Everyone is a bit 'prickly'. But he seemed to be surrounded by a protective ring of journalists who eagerly repeated his utterances. The news would come out, but it was not so easy to get a word in. He was a protected legend within the sport, and maybe that's the way he liked it. He was, after all, a living legend.

So, it was with great relief that I did eventually get to know him in later life, when I was President of the BRDC. Him and Susie, who is lovely and sharp and witty and clearly loved Stirling. I think he needed someone like her to deal with the problem of being famous.



There are too many people who want to use or just take up time from someone like him. It can be tiring being famous. Over time I seemed to get the job of looking after him at various public functions, a job I started to jealously protect, because he was so lovely and kind and generous with his gratitude for small bits of help, be they ever so trivial. And he said nice things about me. Publicly! What a great shame he's gone. I feel like I've lost a friend. We all do.

And every 17th of September, on the birthday we share, I'll miss his card.

Moss relaxes in the office of his Mayfair home after a simple lunch from the local sandwich shop

LUNCH WITH

Stirling Moss

‘The Boy’ welcomed *Motor Sport* to his home in 2006. But as **Simon Taylor** discovered, even at 76 Sir Stirling wasn’t yet ready to slow down for lunch

PORTRAIT: JAMES MITCHELL

Sir Stirling Moss doesn’t eat lunch. At 76 years of age, he’s far too busy. By 7am each day he’s at his desk in his self-designed, high-tech house in Shepherd Street, Mayfair. Lady Moss, his wife Susie, is at her desk on the floor above. They call up and down the spiral staircase to each other as phones ring, faxes chatter and computers click.

Stirling Moss Limited is a thriving business, with a full-time staff of two. Since he doggedly crawled up out of the coma and paralysis that followed his dreadful (and still unexplained) Goodwood accident, 44 years ago now, and fought back to a healthy life, Stirling has earned his living from personal appearances, PR and endorsements. Just as he did when he was racing, he charges a healthy rate – and then delivers 100 per cent. If you’ve bought Stirling’s time for an hour, he’ll give you 65 full-throttle minutes. Around the world, he seems to be in ever-increasing demand. He and Susie fly a quarter of a million miles a year, and a lot of the work involves driving: the Japanese Mille Miglia, the Argentinian 1000 Milas, the Ennstal Classic in Austria. The commitments pile up, from Australia to Abergavenny, Goodwood to Gothenburg. And he’s still racing: in two days he’s off to Le Mans to campaign an Osca in the Motor Racing Legends event.

“Don’t go to a restaurant, boy. That’ll kill an hour. If you need to eat, we’ll grab a sandwich from the place around the corner. All the taxi drivers go there. Best Coronation Chicken you ever tasted.” Stirling is always enthusiastically evangelical about his discoveries. Today it’s a German company

LUNCH WITH *Stirling Moss*

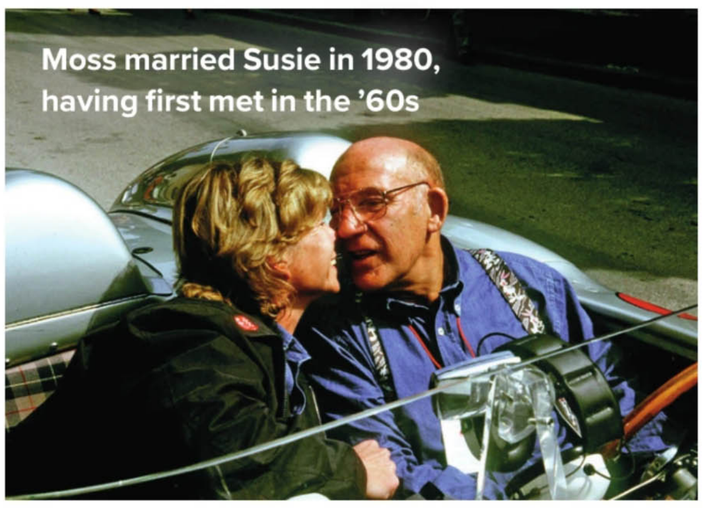
producing a 1/18 scale model of his 1960 Nürburgring 1000Kms-winning Birdcage Maserati. "Just look at this. Every little tube is right, and the wire wheels. Under the bonnet, look, the oil-filler cap opens."

This is the man who, to everyone of my generation at least, is the world's most famous racing driver. Carve up a London cabbie, and it'll be: "'Oo you fink you are, Stirling Moss?" Not Mansell, Stewart, or Hunt.

Even if you weren't born when his racing career ended against the St Mary's bank on April 23, 1962, you probably rate Moss as the greatest British racing driver of all time. No World Championship titles: just the ability to race, and win, in any sort of car on any sort of day. In 15 seasons he did 529 races. He retired in 130 of them - cars were less reliable then - but, of the 366 he finished, he won 212. It's a 58 per cent hit-rate. As a true road racer, he was unbeatable.

We trot to the sandwich bar, and Stirling uses the time to tell me his latest joke. Last night he was in Vienna to launch a new range of Austrian postage stamps, one of them depicting his 1961 Monaco GP victory. The joke, about a Chinaman having his dustbins emptied, is politically incorrect, rather rude, and very funny. It's unrepeatable in print, but "I told it to the British Ambassador in Vienna last night, and His Excellency seemed to like it." Stirling notes ruefully that his stamp is only 75 cents, while the Jack Brabham one is 125 cents. I point out that the Moss stamp will probably go on first-class letters, while Brabham's will only be used for parcels, which delights him.

Stirling queues with the office workers and taxi drivers, orders Coronation Chicken on Brown and a bottle of still water, with the same for me, and minutes later he's back at his desk. Susie works on without a sandwich. "She runs the business with me, knows far more about it all than I do. My floppy disc is full now, but she has an incredible memory. Not just organising me and looking after all the admin: on historic rallies and the Mille Miglias, she navigates and works the watches. When I was racing a Chevron recently, she had to change the ratios in the Hewland box. Did it brilliantly, too. They loved it in the paddock."



Moss married Susie in 1980, having first met in the '60s

They've been married for 26 years; their son Elliott is in the restaurant business. Flying to the Tasman Series in the 1950s, Stirling used to break his journey with a Hong Kong-based friend who had two small daughters. As a visitor's gift, he gave the younger one a toy giraffe. She still had it when, 20 years later, she came to London to work. They were married in 1980, and he depends on her absolutely. "She's involved in every trip, organising and taking part. We haven't spent a night apart this century. I couldn't have done that with my other wives."

Stirling justifies his hectic pace by quoting his motto: "Motion is tranquility, boy. I only feel tired if I do nothing. Keeping on the move is relaxing to me." After commitments at this year's Australian GP on the Sunday, he had to speak at a dinner in Manhattan on the Monday. "After the race, we flew to Sydney, on to LA and then New York. We landed at Kennedy and went straight to the dinner. Of course, the time change helped us."

He also owns several residential properties, which he looks after himself. "I'm very hands-on. If a tenant rings up and says the washing machine's broken, I go round myself and try to fix it. I get a lot of satisfaction from that. If I can save a plumber's £60 call-out fee, it's almost like getting pole at Monaco!

"All my properties are within scooter distance. I used to go everywhere by scooter, but one day I got on some spilt diesel near Waterloo Station and fell off. Broke my pelvis. After that, Susie said no more two wheels, so I found a tiny three-wheel scooter that Honda makes for Japan only and imported one.

"Then I found I was being done for the Central London congestion charge because it wasn't a two-wheeler. Outrageous - the back of the thing is only 22 inches wide. So I went to see Ken Livingstone. He agreed the charge wasn't meant for vehicles like mine. So I said, good, give me an exemption. He said he couldn't do that, but he'd get the law changed. I'm still waiting."

In May he was at Monaco, of course - at the historics, racing (until its transmission broke) the unique four-wheel-drive Ferguson with which he won the 1961 Oulton Park Gold Cup, and flying back for the Formula 1 race the following weekend. What does Moss think of Schumacher's Monaco



Goodwood would be pivotal to Moss's career, pictured here in 2007, and 2019's Revival had a Moss tribute



Moss favoured his scooters, and would end up in dispute with Ken Livingstone...





Moss helped Aston win ’59 WSC at Goodwood, after a huge pitlane fire

“Movement is tranquility, boy. I only feel tired if I do nothing”

‘mistake’, in which the Ferrari driver went off at Rascasse during qualifying?

“I couldn’t believe a professional could cheat like that. Terrible. I think it’s a tragedy. The man has spent years building up a wonderful reputation, and now he’s thrown it away. He’s not the best driver ever, of course – he’s won seven world titles, but he’s racing in the Safe Era, you see. His greatest contribution to racing has been putting Ferrari back on top, but for me, only Senna, in the modern era, really had the passion. Prost was like Stewart – an exceptional driver, but not a real racer. I was more a Gilles Villeneuve man: he never made it to the top, but he was unbelievable to watch. In my day, Jean Behra was the same. Nowadays I think Alonso is bloody brilliant. I think Kimi would be up there too if only McLaren could give him the right equipment.”

Was there ever an equivalent to the Schumacher ruse in Stirling’s day? “Absolutely not – the other drivers wouldn’t have let anyone get away with something like that. I’ve raced against lots of tough drivers who would stake their claim to a piece of road. Jack used to like putting a wheel on the grass when you were close behind, to try to throw stones in your face. But Schumacher was so blatant: with TV and telemetry nowadays, he must have known everybody would work out what he was doing.”

Before flying to Vienna, Stirling was at Goodwood to test the new Aston Martin V8 Vantage road car. His Aston and Goodwood connections are strong: his TT victory in 1959, which clinched the World Sportscar Championship for Aston over Ferrari, was achieved after his DBR1 caught fire during a refuelling stop. He took over another Aston and drove for 4hrs 36mins of the six-hour race, caught up the lost time and won by half a minute. But for Stirling, the interesting comparison was between the new V8 and the short-wheelbase 250GT Ferrari, with which he scored his sixth and seventh TT wins at Goodwood. “D’you know, boy, I was doing the same lap times in the Vantage as I did back then in the Ferrari. Didn’t half feel quick. Surface is a bit better now, of course, but I was just about flat through Fordwater.”

Throughout his career, Moss exuded confidence. Racing was very dangerous then, and many of Stirling’s friends were killed in the heat of battle. Was he ever frightened? “Yes. You were always aware of the consequences of something happening. I was nervous about my well-being, I suppose. But I can’t remember ever having an accident because of driver error. My Spa accident” – when his Lotus lost a rear wheel at 140mph, and he broke both legs and crushed three vertebrae – “if that had been my fault I would have given up there and then. But it was a Chapman failure, so it was acceptable.

“The Mille Miglia was one of the most frightening experiences of my life. In a way, it was like driving through the Monaco tunnel, where you can’t see the exit of the corner until you’re past the apex, but all the time, for 10 hours.

“But when I was racing I was never scared that I wouldn’t give my best. I always felt confident in my ability. I don’t think I was big-headed – I would have hated to be that – but I just felt I could beat the others. I always rather liked starting from the back of the grid and coming through, I liked being the underdog. I loved to drive English cars because you felt like a green gladiator fighting the red lions. Patriotism doesn’t matter nowadays, but it mattered to me.”

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At 52, Moss returned to race an Audi in the '80 BSCC, a move he later regretted

DAVID MONTGOMERY/GETTY IMAGES

We talk of team managers, and Stirling remembers Rob Walker with huge affection – a good friend and a wonderful patron. Tony Vandervell was "a tough old bugger, but his heart was in the right place", and Stirling grins at the memory of the ferocious Aston Martin boss John Wyer. "He would never praise anybody. So when he said something like, 'Maybe under the circumstances, Moss, you didn't do too bad a job', you really felt good!"

A year and a week after the Easter Monday accident, he went back to an empty Goodwood and tested a Lotus 19. His times, on a damp track, were competitive, but he felt that the automatic flow of driving a racing car on the limit had gone – he was having to think consciously about each command to steering and pedals.

"With hindsight, I did that test too early. My accident and the aftermath had stirred up a lot of interest, and I felt I owed it to the press and the public to make up my mind. After my previous accidents I'd always come back to racing very quickly" – unbelievably, after that horrifying Spa accident, he won a race seven weeks later – "but after Goodwood, I didn't give myself enough time to heal myself mentally, get my concentration back."

"After Goodwood, I didn't give myself time to heal mentally"

Other regrets? "I never raced in the Indy 500. I would have loved all that bulls**t. And I'm sorry, we could never go flat out at Le Mans, like they can now. A really hard race for 24 hours would be something: but in my day you had to cruise to preserve the car. Actually, with the Mercedes 300SLRs in 1955, [Alfred] Neubauer didn't set us any limits: it was down to us. I'm certain Fangio and I would have won. We had a big lead when the call came from Stuttgart at 1.45am to withdraw because of poor Levegh's accident."

Stirling also wishes he hadn't been persuaded, at the age of 52, to take up touring car racing in the British Saloon Car Championship. He signed a two-year contract to drive for Audi alongside Martin Brundle.

"It was the biggest mistake of my life. I'd never raced a front-drive car before. I'd never raced on slicks before. And the standard of driving was appalling. If you finished a race without damage to all four corners of your car, you weren't trying hard enough. It wasn't my style, and I didn't enjoy it."

So, out of those 529 races, which ones stay with him? "The Mille Miglia win was the most important to my career, I suppose. But I think my best race was probably Monaco 1961. The shark-nosed Ferraris were dominant that year, and I was in my old four-cylinder Rob Walker Lotus. I put it on pole, but at the start the Ferraris got ahead on sheer power into St Devote, and it took

LUNCH WITH *Stirling Moss*



Moss's last British GP in '61, he was disqualified after his car received assistance on track

CV **BORN: 17/09/1929, WEST KENSINGTON, ENGLAND**

- **1948** Wins British F3 Championship and is one of Cooper's first customers
- **1949** Wins Madgwick Cup for F2 cars in Cooper T9
- **1950** Wins British F3 again, co-drives Jaguar to average 24-hour speed record, first international race win in RAC Tourist Trophy at Dundrod
- **1951** Wins events such as RAC Tourist Trophy and Goodwood International
- **1952** Second on Monte Carlo Rally, takes on more speed records, wins various events elsewhere
- **1953** Takes Jaguar C-type to second at Le Mans, wins the Alpine Rally and the Silverstone International Trophy for touring cars. First talks with Mercedes...
- **1954** Wins Alpine Rally again, first non-American to win Sebring 12 Hours, first F1 points-scoring podium finish
- **1955** Takes most important win in Mille Miglia for Merc, as well as Targa Florio. Moss wins British GP on way to second in F1 championship in first season at Mercedes alongside Fangio
- **1956** Second again in F1, taking victories in Monaco and Italy, also wins Nürburgring 1000Kms
- **1957** Breaks five records on the Bonneville Salt Flats in a purpose-built MG EX181, wins the long-distance Pescara GP on way to second in F1 once again, this time in a Vanwall. Finishes second in Sebring 12 Hours
- **1958** Second in F1 for the fourth time, driving both a Cooper and Vanwall during the year. Moss won four GPs but it wasn't enough for the title. Wins Nürburgring 1000Kms again, and other events including another RAC Tourist Trophy success
- **1959** Wins British F2 title for Rob Walker Racing, Moss rallies from tricky start to F1 season with wins in Portugal and Italy to finish third, also second in British GP. Further success in Nürburgring 1000Kms and Silverstone International and Tourist Trophy. Moss helps Aston to WSC title success, too
- **1960** Moss's famous Monaco victory, driving for Rob Walker Racing, gives Colin Chapman his first Lotus win. Injured in practice at Spa, but returns to win the US GP
- **1961** Moss takes what he considers his best win in dominant fashion at Monaco in an underpowered Lotus, and wins damp German GP. Good enough for third in F1.
- **1962** Moss crashes his Lotus heavily in the Glover Trophy at Goodwood. In a coma for a month before beginning a long journey back to fitness
- **1963** Moss retires from racing after a test in a Lotus 19, realising he has lost several tenths of pace. Continues with broadcaster career that he had begun during 1962
- **1974** Moss dabbles in the odd race in the intervening years, including foray in the London-Sahara-Munich World Cup Rally, retiring his Mercedes in the Sahara
- **1976** Moss shares a Holden Torana with Jack Brabham at the Bathurst 1000, retiring after it was hit from behind and suffers an engine failure later on
- **1979** Shares a VW Golf GTI with Denny Hulme at Pukekohe's Benson & Hedges 500 race
- **1980-81** Moss makes a true racing comeback in the BSCC with a factory backed Audi deal alongside Martin Brundle. Moss later admits to regret over the decision
- **2011** Moss offficially confirms his retirement at the age of 81

me 14 laps to get past them. I just had to go flat out everywhere the whole way, precision all the time, no errors. I won by 3.6 seconds." What he modestly doesn't mention is that his race time for the 100 laps was exactly 40 seconds more than his pole lap, multiplied by 100. In other words, including getting past the Ferraris, he averaged 0.4sec slower than pole, on every lap, round Monaco, for nearly three hours...

He was also quietly pleased with the 1961 Silverstone International Trophy. Run in driving rain, it had a full field including Brabham, Clark, Hill, McLaren, Surtees and the rest, and provided a good opportunity for Moss gamesmanship.

"I always liked racing in the wet, reading the road, and I discovered a patch of slightly grippier surface, off-line, on one of the corners. So while Brabham and Co were on my tail I deliberately got it wildly sideways on that corner, and then caught it on the grippier stuff and motored on. I was kind of selling them a dummy. In my mirrors, I saw they'd backed off, thinking: if he's having that much trouble I'd better take it easy here." By the end of the 233-mile race, Stirling had lapped the entire field.

He dislikes today's emphasis on championships and points. To him it was always the race that mattered. "I felt, the most important race I can ever do is the race I'm doing now. Today, I can win. Today, I can lose my reputation. Today, I can die. Big race, small race, that was what I was going for. I'd rather lose a race driving fast enough to win it, than win a race driving slow enough to lose it."

When he had his Goodwood accident, it was in a minor race. He'd lost time with a long pitstop, and had no hope of catching the leaders. But he was racing flat-out, as usual - trying to lose that race fast enough to win it. Stirling's life is different today, but he's still flat out. The philosophies that made him a great racer, and a fine sportsman, still govern his life. Between 1948-62, he made racing better by taking part. And, in his way, he's still doing that.



The fateful race: Moss in his Lotus at Goodwood in '62

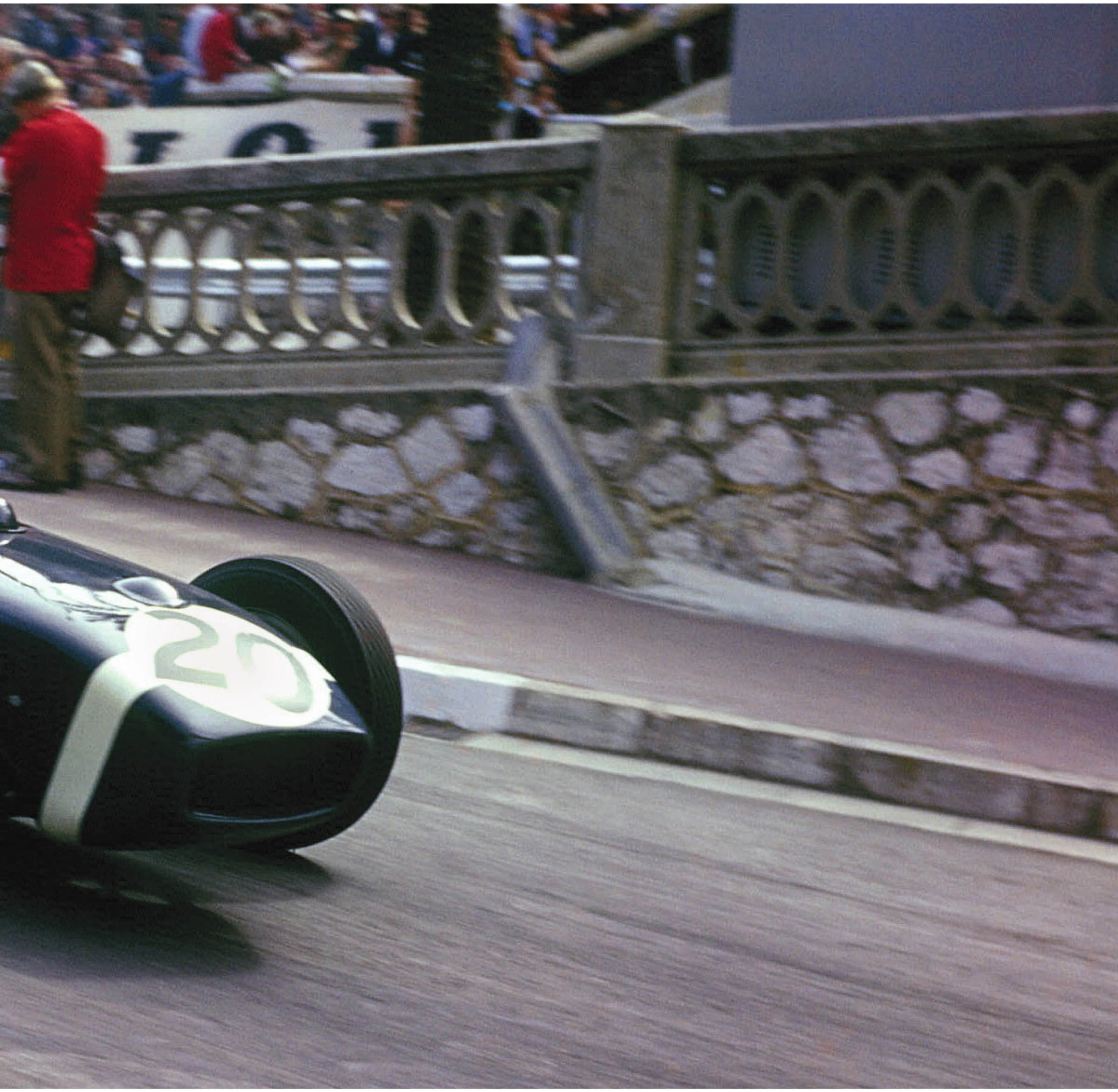
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"Between 1948-62, Moss made racing better by taking part"

Moss described the 1955 Mille Miglia as his most important win

MONTE *MAGIC*

This was the win Sir Stirling Moss picked as his best, an against-the-odds showing that stunned the more powerful Ferraris. **Mark Hughes** picks up the tale of the 1961 Monaco GP



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Ferrari's Richie Ginther leads, with Jim Clark and Moss in pursuit at the start of the '61 Monaco GP

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Moss at the wheel of his Rob Walker Racing-run Lotus 18, having removed side panels to help cooling



MONACO 1961 HAS BEEN hailed as perhaps the most brilliant of all of Stirling Moss's 16 grand prix victories, as he triumphed over the crack Scuderia Ferrari squad and its phalanx of powerful sharknose 156s in his year-old, privately-owned Lotus 18.

The result was impressive, but it laid bare the genius of Moss in full flight, back against the wall and responding with almost three hours of flat-out, on-the-limit virtuosity to keep himself just out of reach of pursuers, armed with around 25 per cent more horsepower than he enjoyed from the four-cylinder Climax behind his shoulders. He couldn't afford to let a red car get within striking distance, as it would surely use its superior acceleration out of one of the slow corners to place its driver in Moss's slipstream. Establishing and maintaining that gap required qualifying levels of focus and concentration for lap after hot, arduous lap, staying flat-out between the unyielding walls and barriers for almost all of the 100 laps – that and a few beautifully judged pressure moves on backmarkers that minimised his time loss.

In the duel between Moss and the most tenacious of his Ferrari-mounted pursuers, Richie Ginther, they each lapped 2.8sec under Moss's pole position time. This was only 0.1sec slower than the previous year's fastest lap – set by a 2.5-litre car, whereas this was the first race of the new 1.5-litre formula.

How did this miracle drive happen? What were the factors?

The brilliance of Moss

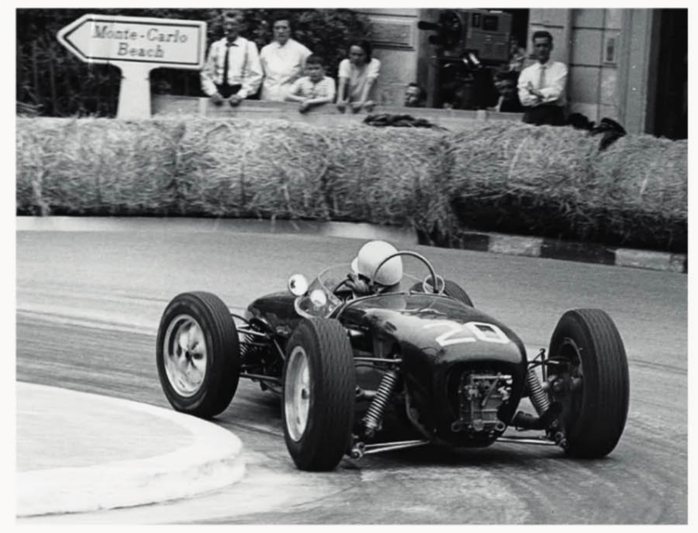
This factor remains unquestioned. Here was the recognised world's greatest driver at the peak of his powers, 31 years old and with seven full seasons of Formula 1 experience behind him. Even his peers regarded him with awe. "Moss was the best I ever raced against," said Ginther in the 1970s, post-retirement. "That son of a gun. If you did well against him, you knew you'd done something real special..." On that day Ginther, in what was only his second race for the Scuderia, did indeed produce a special performance, just by hanging onto Moss.

After three days of practice, Moss put Rob Walker's year-old Lotus 18, modified to the new 1.5-litre regulations, on pole position and 0.3sec clear of Ginther in the fastest of the three works Ferraris. Ginther's sharknose 156 featured the new 120-degree V6 engine rather than the older-spec 65-degree V6s in the otherwise similar cars of senior drivers Phil Hill and Wolfgang von Trips. Ginther, as Ferrari's new recruit, had been assigned the new unit – which produced around 190bhp, 10 more than the 65-deg engine and 40 more than the four-cylinder Climax Moss had – as it was still considered an experimental development with unproven reliability.

Joining Moss and Ginther on the three-car front row was the new works Lotus 21 of Jim Clark, in just his second season of F1 after a few exploratory outings the previous year. An update of the 18, but visibly sleeker and lower-slung, the 21 was mechanically quite similar and powered by the same four-cylinder Climax. Clark – who'd arrived in F1 with barely any previous single-seater experience – caused something of a sensation by topping the times on the first day of qualifying, but he then crashed the car heavily at Ste Devote, restricting him from any further running as it was straightened and rebuilt.

What Moss – and probably Clark, too – was doing so effectively around these Monaco streets was exploiting a chassis advantage brilliantly. It was there, but it was difficult to access.

"The Lotus was definitely faster than the Cooper," explained Moss, "but was much more demanding. It was easy to drive the Cooper quickly. But to get the Lotus to go quicker than the Cooper was hard work, and you always had the feeling it might bite you." During practice, Moss had even tried the Cooper that Rob Walker had as a spare car, just to confirm to himself that the Lotus was the better tool for the job.



Power vs grip

Even back in 1961, Monaco was probably the least power-sensitive track on the calendar. Nonetheless, the Ferrari's advantage of 40bhp would still have been worth a lot, especially as that represented a power boost of around 25 per cent. Considering today's power figures, 40bhp between engines

of around 1000bhp would be worth around 0.3sec of Monaco lap time. With engines of less than 200bhp, that 40bhp should have bought perhaps double that. But instead of being on pole by 0.6sec, the fastest Ferrari was 0.2sec adrift of the pole – so around 0.8sec slower than the engine advantage should have given.

Some of that was undoubtedly Moss. But some was derived from the more advanced chassis and suspension of the Lotus. The cars behaved quite differently, as explained in the technical panel (*right*). The Ferrari, with its rudimentary Cooper-like multi-tube chassis and non-reversed wishbone suspension, had nowhere near the Lotus' resistance to roll and forced its rear tyres to run a very different slip angle in corners compared to the more modern car, on which Colin Chapman had expanded a lot of effort on maximising tyre grip.

It's possible to see this playing out in race footage. Where the left of Massenet transitions into the right of Casino, Moss needed less road to exit and could take a wider approach into Casino. By contrast, Ginther – with more initial understeer going in and more oversteer as the fronts then load up – would be pulled out of Massenet wider, as a consequence of the Ferrari needing more time and track width to stabilise into each corner. He'd then be on a shallower approach line to Casino.

Down into the station hairpin, Moss was earlier and neater into the turn, a brief squeal of rubber audible as he loads that outer front – and the tyre accepts him pivoting the car around it, Stirling then instantly neutralising any further slide by coming off the brakes and getting early on the power. Both the chasing Ginther and Phil Hill are forced to take a more geometric line, doing more of the initial turn with steering, rather than weight transfer. With the Cooper-style suspension of the Ferraris, there's no way they could have been driven in the efficient Lotus way. Down at the chicane – much faster and more flowing than today, and with a formidable-looking wall defining its apex – Moss is audibly on the power before the car even appears in shot. The Ferrari drivers step on the power maybe half-a-second later into the sequence, their cars looser and more unruly, preventing their drivers from skimming that wall quite so closely.

Driving the Lotus in this way, getting it to rotate early by braking it into the turn but not allowing that rotation to build momentum into a slide, took a very fine balance and feel. Cars of the previous 2.5-litre era had more power than grip, and the key to being fast had been all about the ◉

"The key skill was the entry phase, and Moss was the master"



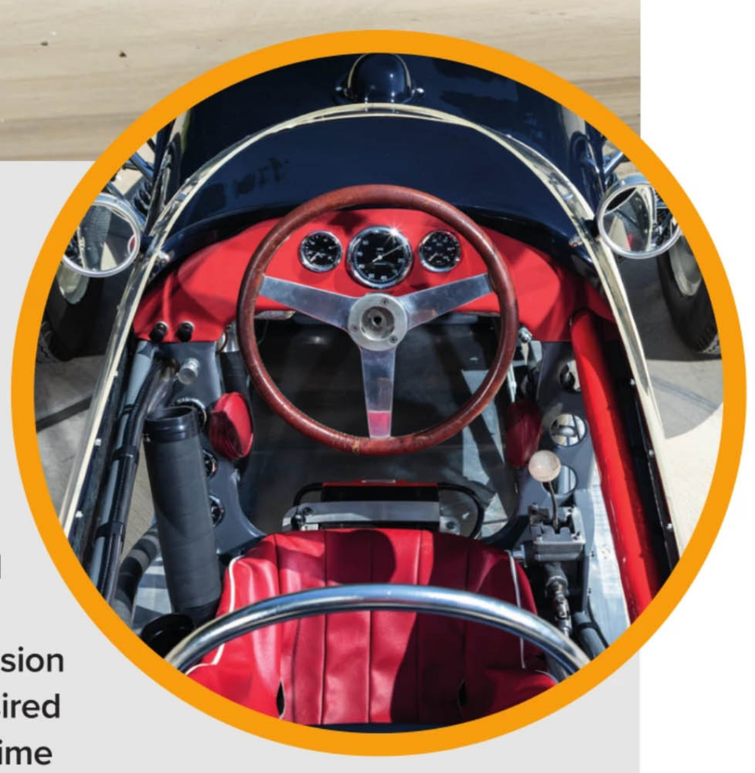
Finding an edge: Moss on his way into Casino Square, where he could maximise the better grip of the Lotus compared to the Ferraris



The Monaco-winning 1961 Lotus 18 is up for sale after a painstaking restoration by Classic Team Lotus in 2019

Secrets of the Lotus 18

Chapman stole a march through emerging technologies



THE LOTUS 18 – INTRODUCED to F1 in 2.5-litre form in 1960 – represented Colin Chapman's acceptance that the Cooper format of placing the engine behind the driver was the correct one. This was a more scientifically informed version of that concept. The details explained here made it more grippy than the Cooper, but it demanded a subtly different driving technique that only amplified the difference between Moss and the rest.

Chapman's overarching aim was to maximise the grip of the tyres. Considerable advances had been made in tyre technology in the latter half of the 1950s, resulting in tyres that performed at their peak at lower slip angles than before. But the design of the cars had not evolved to incorporate that change and still featured constructions and suspensions that dictated old-style slip angles. With the 18, Chapman addressed this.



Rigid spaceframe and novel suspension gave 18 superior grip

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Stiffness of chassis and suspension mounting was key to ensuring the suspension worked the tyres in the desired way. Like all F1 cars of the time the Lotus chassis comprised a multi-tubular steel framework, but unlike those of the Cooper (and the Cooper-like Ferrari 156 chassis) these were arranged to form a spaceframe. The distinction between them is that structurally a spaceframe forms a single entity when loaded. The tubes are all straight, arranged in straight lines and triangulated, ensuring loads are spread equally over the whole structure and not into any single joint.

The Ferrari chassis was simply multi-tubular, but with curves to clear components and without a geometry that would spread the loads. It could be made nowhere near as stiff.

Chapman reversed the suspension wishbones (now a commonplace arrangement) with the apex of the two arms on the inside and the wider-spaced bases outboard. He also added a radius rod from the rear bottom wishbone to a point just behind the cockpit, bracing the suspension and further controlling the wheel angles. Combined, this was a vastly stiffer arrangement and allowed the 18 to more instantly load up into a static cornering state and to hold the modern tyres much closer to the narrower slip angle for which they'd been designed. Lateral weight transfer was reduced, and even under maximum roll the geometry dictated that the outer rear wheel remain fully upright.

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- DRIVER SÉBASTIEN BOURDAIS RECALLS AN UNLIKELY FRIENDSHIP
- THE FAMOUS MOVIE STAR WHO REFUSED TO ACT LIKE ONE
- HOW RACING WAS THE REAL DRIVING PASSION OF HIS LIFE



MIKE CONWAY
IS THIS HIS YEAR?



GOODBYE LMP1
SALUTE TO A TOP CLASS



NICK TANDY
AN UNLIKELY HERO



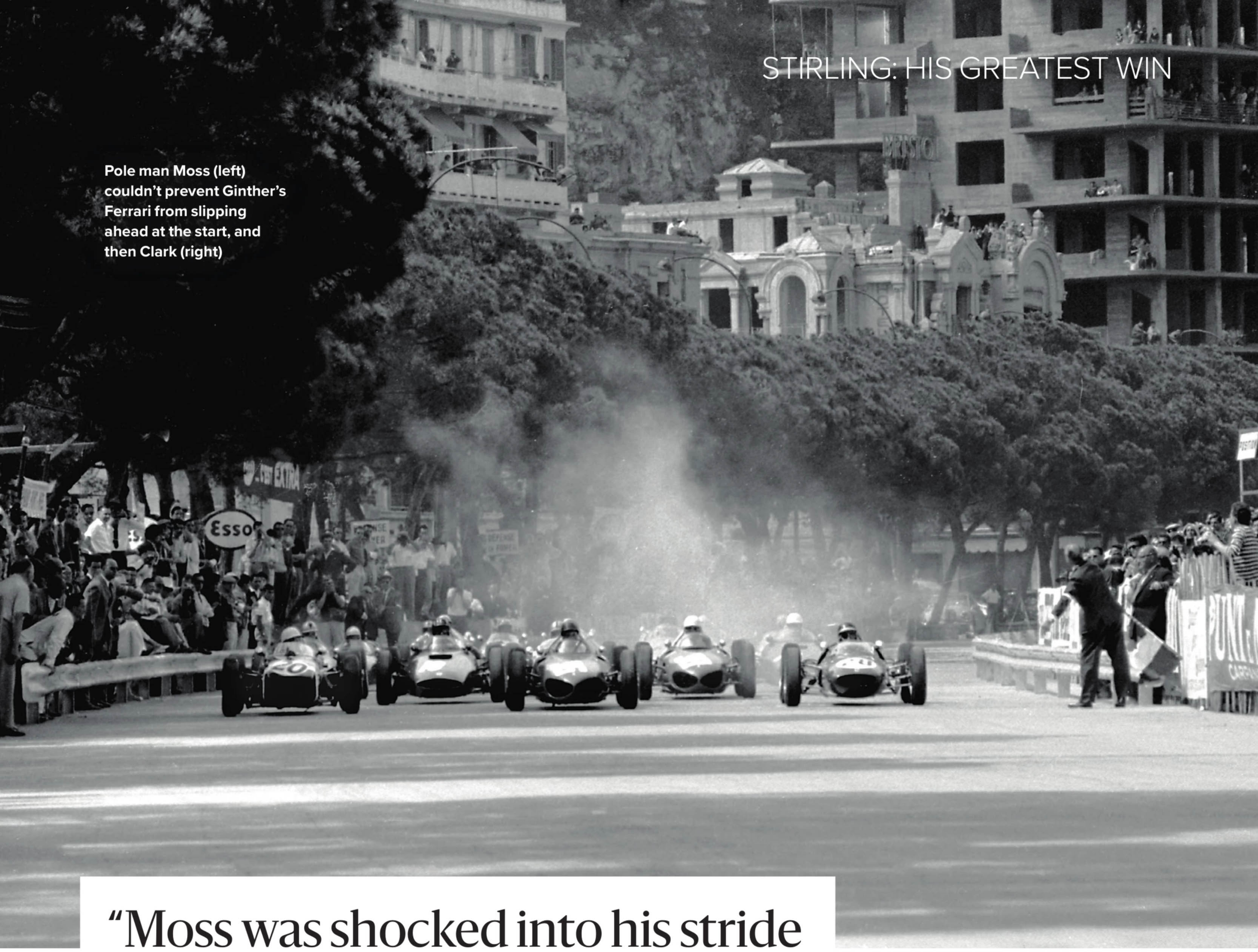
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Pole man Moss (left) couldn't prevent Ginther's Ferrari from slipping ahead at the start, and then Clark (right)

"Moss was shocked into his stride by Ginther's explosive early pace"

drift, holding the car on the throttle against rear tyres running a high slip angle. But now, with small engines and Lotus' sophisticated chassis, they had more grip than power.

The key deciding skill had moved to the crucial initial entry phase. Moss was the master of both.

Last minute drama

It was a hot day in Monaco. Moss had the Lotus' aluminium side panels removed to give the cockpit some air circulation and had taken the precaution of having a drinks bottle fitted – a useful innovation.

But as the cars sat preparing to go to the grid, Moss was standing to the side of the Lotus and noticed with horror that one of the chassis tubes was broken. The spaceframe car took its structural strength from the geometric arrangement of these tubes– and it would have become undriveable had this not been spotted. Mechanic Alf Francis draped some wet cloths around the adjacent fuel tank and used his welding torch right there in the road.

Early laps

Louis Chiron dropped the flag at the start – which back then was on a straight joining Tabac to the Nogués hairpin (without the swimming pool section) – and Ginther lit up the Ferrari beautifully, using that power advantage to accelerate into the lead, Moss surrendering a further place at the hairpin to Clark. The latter's engine was not running cleanly, and he was making his way to the pits, with Moss now second but somewhat taken back at the pace being set by Ginther, who by the end of the third lap was 5sec clear.

Jo Bonnier, in his new Porsche 908 (still with the four-cylinder engine, awaiting the flat-eight), had broken free of the snarling pack behind and glued himself to Moss's gearbox.

By his own later admission, it took Moss a few laps to get in his stride on this day, but he was rather shocked into it by Ginther's explosive early pace.

Focusing himself, he set about closing that gap back down, pulling Bonnier along in his wake. By the eighth lap, he had the gap down to 1.5sec. By the 14th, they'd caught the Ferrari and Moss was able to take the lead, getting a better exit out of Ste Devote, slipstreaming Ginther up the hill and diving to his inside on the approach to Massenet. Later in the lap Bonnier would also squeak by the Ferrari, but by now Moss was properly into his rhythm and pulled steadily away. By lap 25 – quarter-distance – he was leading by 10sec.

"I wouldn't normally have gone for the lead so soon," he said afterwards, "but it seemed the right thing to do."

Track gripping up

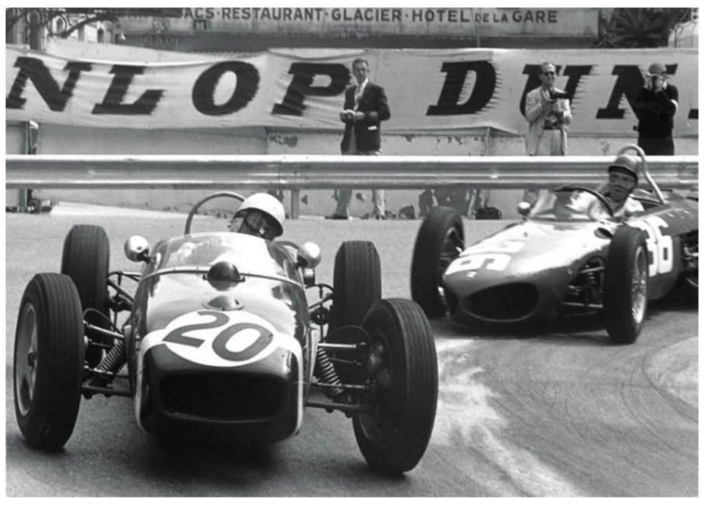
Ginther had been passed by team-mate Phil Hill but the two Ferraris had then caught

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and passed Bonnier. Moss had used their dicing to pull away, keeping up an extraordinary pace for lap after relentless lap. Convinced that the Ferraris were just playing with him and that they had the pace to close when the moment came, Moss was intent on building the gap while he could. But it wasn't long before the two Ferraris matched his pace, then began gradually eroding the 10sec gap.

All three were lapping at a pace that was unfeasibly close to the low-fuel runs of qualifying. That suggested the track was gripping up significantly, even with the thin tyres of the time. This was good news for Moss in that the greater the track grip, the bigger advantage a grippier car can take. On the other hand, the greater fuel consumption of Ferrari's higher-revving V6 would have meant its weight disadvantage would have been at its greatest at the start and would now be reducing towards parity. Whatever, the combined Ferrari assault on Moss's lead was well and truly underway between the quarter and half distance.

By lap 50, the gap was down to 7sec – and all three were lapping in the 1min



38secs, well under Moss's pole position time of 1min 39.1sec.

Moss was informed of the closing gap by his pitboard, but he could go no faster; he was now in a trance-like, on-the-limit rhythm as he sought to keep those Ferraris off his back.

A mesmerising game played out as the dark blue car now began to lap the backmarkers, the following scarlet formation now adding a third member as von Trips took over fourth position following the retirement of Bonnier with an airlock in the Porsche's new-fangled fuel injection system.

Ferrari tactics cost time

Between the 50th and 60th lap the Ferraris reduced the gap from 7sec to 3sec and Moss could now see them in his mirrors.

But this mighty effort seemed to have taken a physical toll on Hill, as it was increasingly apparent that Ginther was being held up by his team-mate. On several occasions he got his car partly alongside into the gasworks hairpin (Nogués). There was a discussion on the Ferrari pitwall. Team manager Eugenio Dragoni ordered a 'Ginth-Hill' pitboard be prepared. It was hung out to them on the 73rd lap. Hill stayed ahead for yet another lap, but finally pulled aside going up the hill out of Ste Devote to start lap 75.

Once free, Ginther pulled away, and the question was inevitably asked post-race about how much time had been lost by Ferrari delaying the switch-around decision.

Moss may have felt under pressure, but his extraordinary drive was in turn applying swathes of pressure to the Ferrari team.

Use of lapped cars

Moss was now only keeping Ginther off his back by some extraordinary use of the

"Moss's extraordinary drive was putting pressure on Ferrari"

The rewards of victory, moments after completing his greatest race

backmarkers, *Motor Sport's* Denis Jenkinson reporting that it was as if Moss possessed some sort of extra sense in anticipating where they would be. Every time the pair was in clear air, Ginther would close the gap. Moss would then ease it back out again as he negotiated lapped cars. It was, commented Jenkinson, "rather like a fighter plane being chased by a superior enemy and being saved by dodging into the clouds".

On the 84th lap Ginther prepared to do the lap of his life at 1min 36.3sec, fully 2.8sec under the pole position time and just 0.1sec slower than the 2.5-litre fastest lap from the 1960 race. On the very next lap, Moss equalled Ginther's benchmark.

After a breather, Ginther renewed his attack from the 91st lap, but still Moss remained in his mesmerising rhythm, in a place of heightened senses even for him.

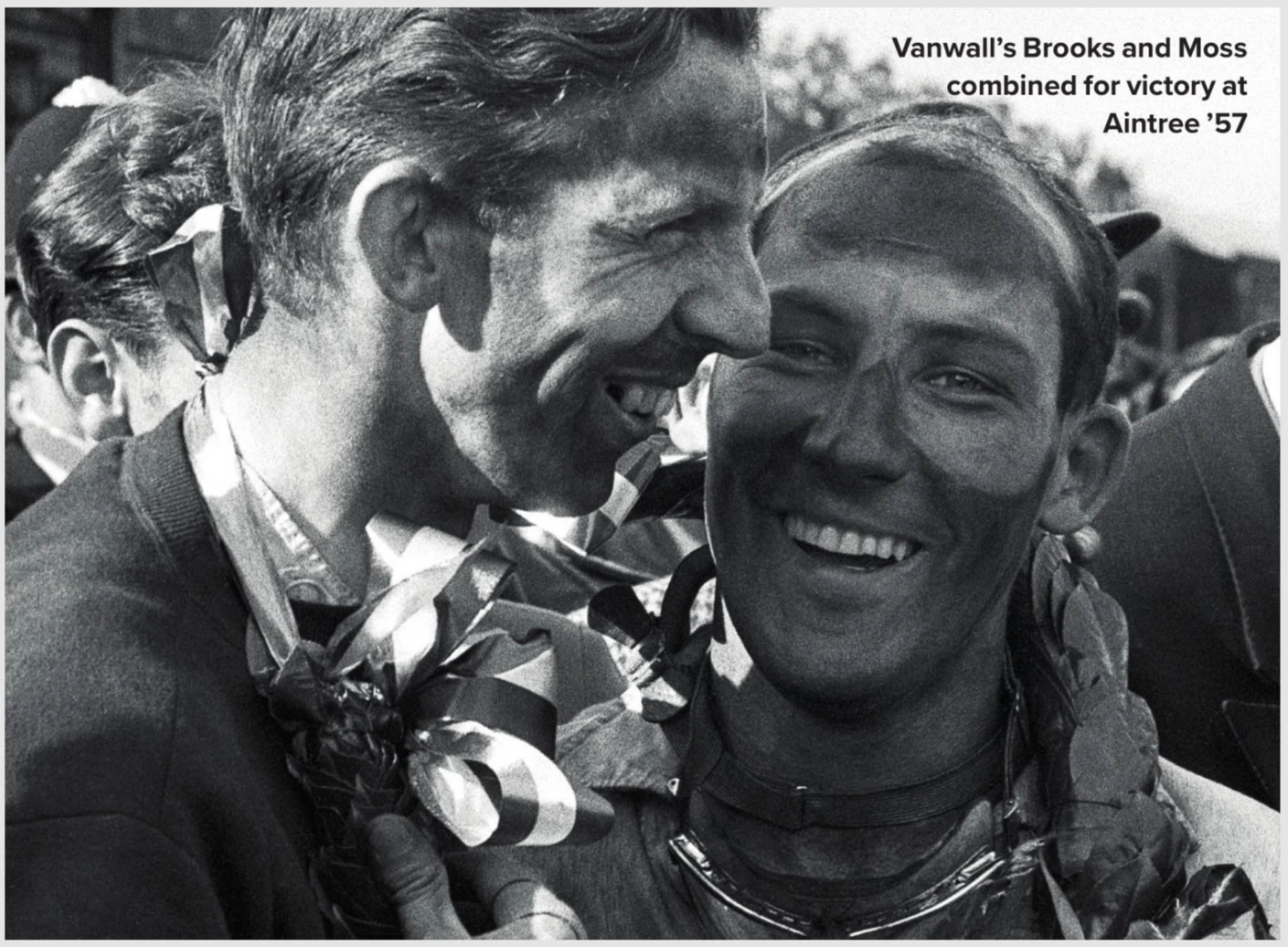
After 100 laps, clerk of the course Chiron dropped the checker at the approaching Moss. Ginther passed the line 3.6sec later, with Hill and von Trips filling out the red behind the dark blue. The Ferraris were in for a truly dominant season, but Moss had pulled off something extraordinary in the year's opening salvo.

"Without a doubt, that was my best race," said Moss in retirement. "I had to drive flat-out for all but about 11 of 100 laps. And I mean flat-out. For the first few laps I was happy to pace myself, but when the others started to speed up I felt that I had to keep with the pack. Going into the last few laps I thought they'd been playing with me, and I was thinking, 'Here we go, this is where they put their foot down and take me'. From what I heard, they were given signals by the Ferrari pits to 'give all', but I managed to stay in front." ○



BERNARD CAHIER/GETTY IMAGES, GP LIBRARY

Victory in Monte Carlo gave Moss the initial championship lead



Vanwall's Brooks and Moss combined for victory at Aintree '57

We were the happiest Formula 1 team ever

Tony Brooks, who raced with Stirling at Vanwall and Aston Martin, pays tribute to his friend and brilliant team-mate

I SUPPOSE I FIRST MET STIRLING AT Goodwood in the 1950s, and I raced with or against him for seven years on and off. Although we were both forced to drive for 'the opposition' – myself for Ferrari, Stirling for Mercedes – we were by and large responsible for bringing Britain from zero in Formula 1 to eventually leading the F1 pack.

We got on very well. I was signed as no2 in 1957 [at Vanwall] since Syracuse was my only previous grand prix, and I accepted that. He always chose the better car, of course, but he must have wondered at times if he'd chosen right when I got the better of him! But we accepted who we were, and that we were both there to do the best job we could.

Because I was his number two and I would never commit the cardinal sin of taking off my team-mate, I never got into a wheel-to-wheel battle with him in a Vanwall, but I watched him a lot and raced hard against him in other years and never saw him do anything that wasn't completely correct, nor did I hear anyone complain. He was tough, for sure, but fair.

We went about our driving in very different ways. I preferred to be smooth at all times, whereas Stirling perhaps fought the car a little more. He was also a very late braker and doubtless pulled out some time over me in this area, which perhaps helps explain why he preferred and was absolutely at his best on slow- and medium-speed circuits like Monaco and the Nürburgring.

He was always keen to maximise his earnings, but he was racing as a professional. Money wasn't the main motivation, in my view, it was always the racing.



Aintree WC win was first for a British make

I can't think of anyone less likely to tolerate being bed-bound than Stirling, but somehow he managed. Susie has done a fantastic job – a fantastic example of a marriage that really meant marriage.

Stirling and I respected each other, and he couldn't have been kinder when he wrote in my autobiography: 'If I had a team I'd put Tony Brooks in at no1 with Jim Clark alongside him'. He couldn't have been more generous.

We may have been the happiest F1 team ever.

LYTCHETT MINSTER, 1947
Moss in action during one of his very first competitive events, driving his father Alfred's Frazer-Nash BMW in the Poole Speed Trials, just a few days short of his 18th birthday. *Motor Sport's* period report mentioned him only in passing

LONDON, 1965
Moss and Erik Carlsson shake hands over the bonnet of a Saab 96, after the former had agreed to co-drive for his rally superstar brother-in-law on the East African Safari later that year. They would retire from the event after a crash



OULTON PARK, 1981
Moss made a full-time return to racing in a TWR-prepared Audi 80, contesting the British Saloon Car Championship in 1980 and '81. He was never fully comfortable on slick tyres, however, and looked back on the venture as a mistake

GETTY IMAGES, SIMON ARRON





PRESCOTT, 1948
Moss had hoped to make his hillclimb debut at Shelsley Walsh earlier in the year, but the 500cc F3 class was oversubscribed and he had to wait until Prescott, on May 9. Driving his Cooper MkII-JAP, he finished fourth in a field of 12

IF IT HAD *WHEELS* HE'D RACE IT

Fame was forged by celebrated victories at the Nürburgring, Aintree, Monaco and elsewhere, not least the Mille Miglia, but Stirling had an extraordinary repertoire before, during and after his prime



BLACKBUSHE AIRPORT, 1952
Moss emerges from a Silver City cargo plane in a Jaguar XK120 that he'd been loaned for personal use. He also entered it for the 1952 *Daily Express* Rally, a 1000-mile event that took crews around the UK



BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS, 1957
On August 23, Moss set a new international land-speed record in class F (1100-1500cc), setting a benchmark of 245mph in MG's EX181. The car was powered by a supercharged version of the MGA twin-cam engine

Beaming smiles shine through 1000 miles of grime as Moss and Jenks bask in their glory

KEYSTONE/GETTY IMAGES

THE *DRIVE* OF HIS LIFE

On May 1, 1955, motor racing history was made when Sir Stirling Moss won the Mille Miglia at record speed, the first time in twenty-two years that it had been won by a British driver. **Denis Jenkinson**, *Motor Sport's* Continental Correspondent, was with him as co-driver throughout the 1000-mile epic and filed the following report, which has gone down in racing lore. Here we republish in full his extraordinary account

Let us go back to the beginning, for this win was not a fluke on the spur of the moment, it was the result of weeks, even months, of preparation and planning. My enthusiasm for the Mille Miglia race goes back many years, among the reasons being the fact that it is permissible to carry a passenger, for this event is for all types of road-going cars, from family saloons to grand prix-type racing/sports cars. When I had my first taste of the Mille Miglia as a competitor last year, with George Abecassis in the HWM, I soon set about making plans for the 1955 event.

Regular *Motor Sport* readers will remember that last year I enthused over a little private dice that Moss gave me in a Maserati, and at the time I mentioned to him my desire to run in the Mille Miglia again. Then in September, whilst in discussion with the American driver John Fitch, we came to the decision that the only way a non-Italian could win the Mille Miglia was by applying science. At the time he was hoping to be in the official Mercedes-Benz team for the event, and we had long talks about ways in which the driver could use a passenger as a mechanical brain, to remove the responsibility of learning the circuit. When it is realised that the race is over 1000 miles of ordinary, unprepared Italian road, the only concession to racing being that all traffic is removed from the roads for the duration of the race, and the way through towns is lined with straw bales, it will be appreciated that the task of one man learning every corner, every swerve, gradient, hummock, brow and level-crossing is nigh impossible. Even the top Italian drivers, such as Piero Taruffi, Umberto Maglioli, Eugenio Castellotti, etc., only know sections of the route perfectly, and all the time they must concentrate on remembering what lies round the next corner, or over the next brow.

During the last winter, as is well known, Moss joined the Mercedes-Benz team and the firm decided that it would not be possible for Fitch to drive for them in the Mille Miglia, though he would be in the team for Le Mans, so all our plans looked like being of no avail. Then, just before Christmas, a telephone call from Moss invited me to be his passenger in the Mille Miglia in a Mercedes-Benz 300SLR, an invitation which I promptly accepted, John Fitch having sportingly agreed that it would be a good thing for me to try out our plans for beating the Italians with Moss as driver.

When I met Moss early in the new year to discuss the event I already had some definite plan of action. Over lunch it transpired that he had very similar plans, of using the passenger as a second brain to look after navigation, and when we pooled our accumulated knowledge and ideas, a great deal of groundwork was covered quickly. From four previous Mille Miglia races with Jaguars, Moss had gathered together a good quantity of notes, about bumpy level-crossings, blind hill-brows, dangerous corners and so on, and as I knew certain sections of the course intimately, all this knowledge put down on paper amounted to about 25 per cent of the circuit.

Early in February, Mercedes-Benz were ready to start practising, the first outing being in the nature of a test for the prototype 300SLR, and a description of the two laps we completed, including having an accident in which the car was smashed, appeared in the March *Motor Sport*. While doing this testing I made copious notes, some of them rather like Chinese due to trying to write at 150mph, but when we stopped for lunch, or for the night, we spent the whole time discussing the roads we had covered and transcribing my notes. The things we concentrated on were places where we might break the car, such as very bumpy railway-crossings, sudden dips in the road, bad surfaces, tramlines and so on. Then we logged all the difficult corners, grading them as "saucy ones", "dodgy ones" and "very dangerous ones", having a hand sign to indicate each type. Then we logged slippery surfaces, using another hand sign, and as we went along Moss indicated his interpretation of the conditions, while I pin-pointed the place by a kilometre stone, plus or minus. Our task was eased greatly by the fact that there is a stone at every kilometre on Italian roads, and they are numbered in huge black figures, facing oncoming traffic.

> "I told Stirling not to worry, as any accident he had would involve me also"

In addition to all the points round the course where a mistake might mean an accident, and there are hundreds of them, we also logged all the long straights and everywhere that we could travel at maximum speed even though visibility was restricted, and again there were dozens of such points. Throughout all this preliminary work, Moss impressed upon me at every possible moment the importance of not making any mistakes, such as indicating a brow to be flat-out when in reality it was followed by a tight left-hand bend. I told him he need not worry, as any accident he might have was going to involve me as well, as I was going to be by his side until the race was finished. After our first practice session we sorted out all our notes and had them typed out into some semblance of order, and before leaving England again I spent hours with a friend, checking and cross-checking, going over the whole list many times, finally being 100 per cent certain that there were no mistakes.

On our second visit to Italy for more laps of the circuit, we got down to fine details, grading some corners as less severe and others as much more so, especially as now we knew the way on paper it meant that we arrived at many points much faster than previously when reconnoitring the route. On another lap, I went the whole way picking out really detailed landmarks that I would be able to see no matter what the conditions, whether we had the sun in our eyes or it was pouring with rain. For this work we found Moss's Mercedes-Benz 220A saloon useful as it would cruise at 85mph and at the same time we could discuss any details.

Our whole plan was now nearing completion; we had seventeen pages of notes, and Moss had sufficient confidence in me to take blind brows at 90-100mph, believing me when I said the road went straight on; though he freely admitted that he was not sure whether he would do the same thing at 170mph in the race, no matter how confident I was. He said he'd probably ease it back to 160mph for, though that 10mph would make no difference to the resulting crash if I had made a mistake, it comforted him psychologically!

Throughout all this training we carefully kept a log of our running time and average speeds, and some of them were positively indecent, and certainly not for publication, but the object was to find out which parts of the 1000 miles dropped the overall average and where we could make up time, and our various averages in the 220A, the 300SL and the 300SLR gave us an extremely interesting working knowledge of how the Mille Miglia might be won or lost.

Our second practice period ended in another accident and this time a smashed 300SL coupé, for Italian army lorries turn across your bows without warning just as English ones do. Rather crestfallen, we anticipated the rage of team-chief Neubauer when we reported this second crash, but his only worry was that we were not personally damaged; the crashed car was of no importance; these things happened to everyone and anyway their only interest was to win the Mille Miglia, regardless of cost.

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Mechanics inch the Moss and Herrmann (704) cars toward the start. Right: Jenks notes they reached 150mph by the end of the start straight

GRAND PRIX

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Moss and Jenks forged a close alliance ahead of the race, spending hours planning and revising the route notes

Leaving Italy for another brief respite, we both worried-out every detail we could think about, from every aspect, the car, the route, our hand signals – for we could not converse in the 300SLR – any emergencies that might arise, anywhere we could save seconds, details of our own personal comfort which would avoid fatigue, and so on. We lived and breathed Mille Miglia day in and day out, leaving no idea untried. The joy of all this was that Daimler-Benz were doing exactly the same things on the mechanical side, supervised by engineers Uhlenhaut, Kosteletzky and Werner, while the racing department were working unceasingly and Neubauer was worrying-out every detail of the race-organisation in Italy. We were putting all our efforts into this race, knowing that they were negligible in comparison with those of the factory.

After Easter, we went out to Brescia for our third and final practising session, the technical department, with Kling and Herrmann, having already made an extra one. During their practice period they had thrashed the prototype car up and down the section from Rome to Florence, for this part of the route was the hardest. There are few straights, but all the time the car is averaging nearly 100mph, the chassis being subjected to strains from every possible angle, and as the 58-gallon petrol tank would be full when leaving Rome, this part of the route would be the most likely on which a breakdown would occur.

A week before the event we went to Stuttgart to try out the actual car we were using in the race, and several laps of the fast Hockenheim circuit convinced us that we had a truly magnificent 3-litre sports car under us, the eight-cylinder fuel-injection engine giving well over 290bhp on normal pump petrol, and the car geared to give a maximum of 170mph at the peak revolutions of 7500rpm, though we were given no ultimate limit, should the car wind itself over this downhill. On this SLR the seats were made to measure for us, being cut-and-shut just like a tailor would make a suit, while every detail in the cockpit received our personal attention, and anything was altered to our desire without question. When we finally left the racing department at 5pm on Tuesday, April 26th, we had the pleasant feeling that we had just left an organisation that knew no limit to the trouble they would go to in order that we might start the Mille Miglia with everything on our side.

> "We were convinced we had a truly magnificent car beneath us"

Next day we flew to Brescia and when we went round to the garage in the evening the cars were already there, having been driven down in the fast racing lorries overnight. We were now satisfied with almost everything we could think about; we had practised wheel-changing over and over again, in case we had tyre trouble, and I would add that we impressed the Mercedes-Benz mechanics by changing a rear wheel in 1min 25sec from stopping the car to starting off again, including getting the tools and spare wheel out of the boot and putting everything back again. We had practised fitting the temporary aluminium aero-screens that went in front of the Perspex screen should it be broken by a stone – Mercedes-Benz engineers remembering how Hermann Lang was nearly suffocated at 170mph at Donington Park in 1938 when his windscreen was broken. We had tried changing plugs; we had studied the details of the pipes of the fuel-injection, the petrol pumps, various important parts of the wiring system, how the bonnet catches functioned; we were given spare ignition keys, shown where numerous small spares were stowed should we stop by the roadside with minor trouble; and by the end of the week we felt extremely confident that we could give our best in this toughest of motor races, lasting for more than 10 hours over every known road condition, over mountains and through cities, for 1000 miles.

On the Friday before the race we did a final test on the nearby *autostrada*, to try out some windscreen modifications to improve the air-flow along the cockpit sides. Also Moss tried out a new mechanism fitted to the gear-change that would prevent him from changing from second gear to fifth gear. The gear-gate is exposed, with first left-forward, second centre-rear, third centre-forward, fourth right-rear, and fifth right-forward. Being used to four-speed boxes Moss was occasionally going across the gate from second to fifth, and when he told the engineers about this the racing department set to and designed, drew and made an entirely foolproof link mechanism that fitted on the top of the gate that would prevent this. He mentioned this on Tuesday afternoon and on Friday morning the new parts arrived in Brescia and he was trying the mechanism out before lunch; at such speed does a true racing department work.

For the week before the race I had been going to bed extremely early and getting up extremely early, a complete reversal of my normal life, for to suddenly get up at 6am gives me a feeling of desolation until well past mid-morning. Moss had been employing similar tactics, so that when we went down to the start at 6.30am, on the morning of May 1st we were both feeling ready for anything.

All the previous week a truly Italian sun had blazed out of the sky every day and reports assured us that race-day would be perfectly dry and hot, so we anticipated race speeds being very high. I had a list of the numbers of all our more serious rivals, as well as many of our friends in slower cars, and also the existing record times to every control point round the course, so that we would have an idea of how we were doing. We had privately calculated on an average of 90mph – 2mph over the record of Gianni Marzotto, providing the car went well and the roads were dry.

BERNARD CAHIER/GETTY IMAGES

Mercedes-Benz gave us no orders, leaving the running of the race entirely to each driver, but insisting that the car was brought back to Brescia if humanly possible. Moss and I had made a pact that we would keep the car going as long as was practicable having decided in practice at which point we could have the engine blow-up and still coast in to the finish, and how many kilometres we were prepared to push it to the finish, or to a control. At Ravenna, Pescara, Rome, Florence and Bologna there were Mercedes-Benz pits, complete with all spares, changes of tyres should it start to rain, food, drink and assistance of every sort, for in this race there are no complicated rules about work done on the car or outside assistance; it is a free-for-all event.

The enormous entry had started to leave Brescia the previous evening at 9pm, while we were sleeping peacefully, the cars leaving at 1min intervals, and it was not until 6.55am on Sunday morning that the first of the over-2000cc sports cars left. It was this group that held the greatest interest, for among the 34 entries lay the outright winner of this race, though many of the 2-litre Maseratis and smaller Oscas and Porsches could not be overlooked. Starting positions were arranged by ballot beforehand and the more important to us were: Juan Manuel Fangio 658, Karl Kling 701, Peter Collins (Aston Martin) 702. Hans Herrmann 704, Maglioli (Ferrari) 705; then there went off a group of slower cars, and Piero Carini (Ferrari) 714, Piero Scotti (Ferrari) 718, Enzo Pinzero (Ferrari) 720, and then us at 7.22am. There was no hope of seeing our team-mates, for they left too long before us, as did Maglioli, but we were hoping to catch Carini before the end. Our big worry was not so much those in front, but those behind, for there followed Castellotti (Ferrari 4.4-litre) 723, Sergio Sighinolfi (Ferrari 3.7-litre) 724, Paulo Marzotto (Ferrari 3.7-litre) 725, Franco Bordoni (Gordini 3-litre) 726, Cesare Perdisa (Maserati 3-litre) 727 and, finally, the most dangerous rival of them all, that master tactician, Taruffi (Ferrari 3.7-litre) 728. With all these works Ferraris behind us we could not hang about in the opening stages, for Castellotti was liable to catch us, and Sighinolfi would probably scrabble past us using the grass banks, he being that sort of driver, and Marzotto would stop at nothing to beat the German cars, so if we didn't press-on straight away there was a good chance of the dice becoming a little exciting, not to say dangerous, in the opening 200 miles.

Neubauer was ever-present at the start, warning Moss to give the car plenty of throttle as he left the starting ramp, for Herrmann had nearly fluffed his take-off; he also assured us that we could take the dip at the bottom of the ramp without worrying about grounding. The mechanics had warmed the engine and they pushed it up onto the starting platform to avoid unnecessary strain on the single-plate clutch, one of the weak points of the 300SLR. The route-card which we had to get stamped at the various controls round the course was securely attached to a board and already fitted in its special holder, the board being attached by a cord to one of my grab-rails, to avoid losing it in the excitement of any emergency. We both settled down in our seats, Moss put his goggles on, I showed him a note at the top of my roller device, warning him not to apply the brakes fiercely on the first corner, for the bi-metal drums needed a gentle application to warm them after standing for two days.

> "Moss took the S-bend flat in fourth, unable to see over 100 yards ahead"

Thirty seconds before 7.22am he started the engine, the side exhaust pipes blowing a cloud of smoke over the starter and Signore Castegnato and Count Maggi, the two men behind this great event, and then as the flag fell we were off with a surge of acceleration and up to peak revs, in first, second and third gears, weaving our way through the vast crowds lining the sides of the road. Had we not been along this same road three times already in an SLR amid the hurly-burly of morning traffic, I should have been thoroughly frightened, but now, with the roads clear ahead of us, I thought Moss could really get down to some uninterrupted motoring. We had the sun shining full in our eyes, which made navigating difficult, but I had written the notes over and over again, and gone over the route in my imagination so many times that I almost knew it by heart, and one of the first signals was to take a gentle S-bend through a village on full throttle in fourth gear, and as Moss did this, being quite unable to see the road for more than 100 yards ahead, I settled down to the job, confident that our scientific method of equalling the Italians' ability at open-road racing was going to work.

At no time before the race did we ever contemplate getting into the lead, for we fully expected Fangio to set the pace, with Kling determined to win at all costs, so we were out for a third place, and to beat all the Ferraris. Barely 10 miles after the start we saw a red speck in front of us and had soon nipped by on a left-hand curve. It was 720. Pinzero, number 721 being a non-starter. By my right hand was a small grab rail and a horn button; the steering was on the left of the cockpit, by the way, and this button not only blew the horn, but also flashed the lights, so that while I played a fanfare on this Moss placed the car for overtaking other competitors. My direction indications I was giving with my left hand, so what with turning the map roller and feeding Moss with sucking ◉



Often a continuous wall of spectators blocked the view, but Jenks' notes gave Moss the confidence he needed



Moss as guest editor, getting stuck into feature planning alongside then editor-in-chief Nigel Roebuck



Stirling and *Motor Sport*

Gordon Cruickshank remembers a constant presence throughout this magazine's post-war history

HE WAS SIMPLY ALWAYS THERE. Over eight decades that name, crisp and snappy as the man himself, never stopped figuring in *Motor Sport*. We used to comment if an issue went by without the word Moss in it. And that went back even before Stirling – his father Alfred raced at Brooklands where he met Bill Boddy. Naturally, Alfred read *Motor Sport,* and his young son grew up a keen reader. Once he traded saddle and reins for throttle and steering wheel, his name was set in type forever. We mentioned his very first event, at a 1947 Harrow CC meeting, even if we got it wrong, calling him F C Moss when he took the Cullen Cup in his dad's BMW 328.

As his career took off, he figured ever more, whether a passing comment about the caravan he fitted out in 1952 to go abroad or a swipe from Boddy about his maths just to show the mag wasn't in awe of him. Moss was always open to journalists as much as the public but it was with Denis Jenkinson, our GP and Continental Correspondent, that he had a special bond. Both were unsentimental types focused on accuracy, efficiency and honesty, and Jenks' engineering background chimed with Stirling's devotion to machinery and gadgets. As Jenks travelled, he was often with Moss, and the new star came to trust him. So when Stirling decided to take a navigator on the 1955 Mille Miglia, the little jazz-loving journo was a perfect fit in the 300SLR.



GETTY IMAGES

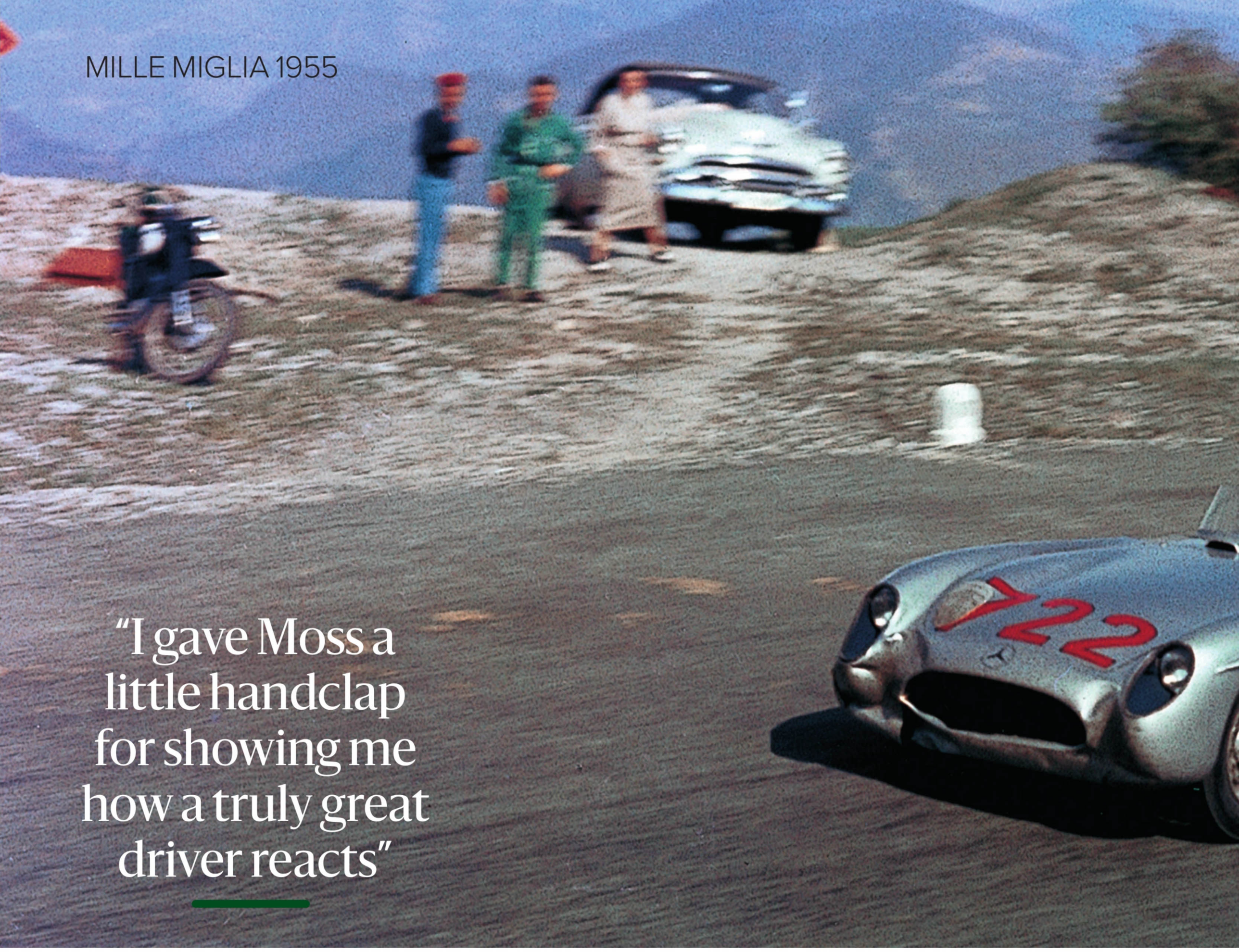
You all know about Jenks' report on that epic, 10,000 handwritten words pushed into an Italian postbox in confidence they would arrive. Was DSJ ever scared in those 1000 miles? A shrug. "Why? He was Stirling Moss." Mutual faith. Moss reckoned praise from Jenks was the highest you could receive.

But *Motor Sport* always liked being combative and that included sometimes criticising even Moss – he occasionally called us 'Motor Spite'. Yet he was a faithful reader and involved in many features: in 1975 Jenks and GP reporter Alan Henry let him loose in 50 years of racing cars at Donington; he leapt into all five with gusto. It's one reason we made him our 'greatest all-rounder' in 2003; Susie Moss told us he was especially chuffed at that. As one of our early Lunch With... subjects he just about fitted us in – over a quick sandwich from a local café.

When we had parties at the Chelsea offices Moss was usually there saying "Hallo, old boy!" to all, not to mention our Hall of Fame events – he was one of our founder aces. In 2009, when he was 80, we handed him the reins as guest editor. He threw himself into it (apart from the computers), discussing features with editor Damien Smith, identifying photos with Nigel Roebuck and talking to all in the office. "I can't remember a time when *Motor Sport* wasn't in my house," he said, "and being part of this issue means a great deal to me".

Talking with Val Pirie after his death, I said Moss would still be in the mag for years to come. "Thank you, on his behalf," she said. "He'd be thrilled with that. 'Thank you, old boy!' he'd say."

No, thank you, Stirling. It's been a privilege.



"I gave Moss a little handclap for showing me how a truly great driver reacts"

sweets there was never a dull moment. The car was really going well now, and on the straights to Verona we were getting 7500 in top gear, a speed of 274kph, or as close to 170mph as one could wish to travel. On some of these long straights our navigation system was paying handsomely, for we could keep at 170mph over blind brows, even when overtaking slower cars, Moss sure in the knowledge that all he had to do was to concentrate on keeping the car on the road and travelling as fast as possible. This in itself was more than enough, but he was sitting back in his usual relaxed position, making no apparent effort, until some corners were reached when the speed at which he controlled slides, winding the wheel from right to left and back, showed that his superb reflexes and judgment were on top of their form.

Cruising at maximum speed, we seemed to spend most of the time between Verona and Vicenza passing Austin-Healeys that could not have been doing much more than 115mph, and, with flashing lights, horn blowing and a wave of the hand, we went by as though they were touring. Approaching Padova, Moss pointed behind and looked round to see a Ferrari gaining on us rapidly, and with a grimace of disgust at one another we realised it was Castellotti. The Mercedes-Benz was giving all it had, and Moss was driving hard but taking no risks, letting the car slide just so far on the corners and no more. Entering the main street of Padova at 150mph, we braked for the right-angle bend at the end, and suddenly I realised that Moss was beginning to work furiously on the steering wheel, for we were arriving at the corner much too fast and it seemed doubtful whether we could stop in time. I sat fascinated, watching Moss working away to keep control, and I was so intrigued to follow his every action and live every inch of the way with him, that I completely forgot to be scared. With the wheels almost on locking-point he kept the car straight to the last possible fraction of a second, making no attempt to get round the corner, for that would have meant a complete spin and then anything could happen. Just when it seemed we must go head-on into the straw bales Moss got the speed low enough to risk letting go the brakes and try taking the corner, and as the front of the car slid over the dry road we went bump into the bales with our left-hand front corner, bounced off into the middle of the road and, as the car was then pointing in the right direction, Moss selected bottom gear and opened out again.

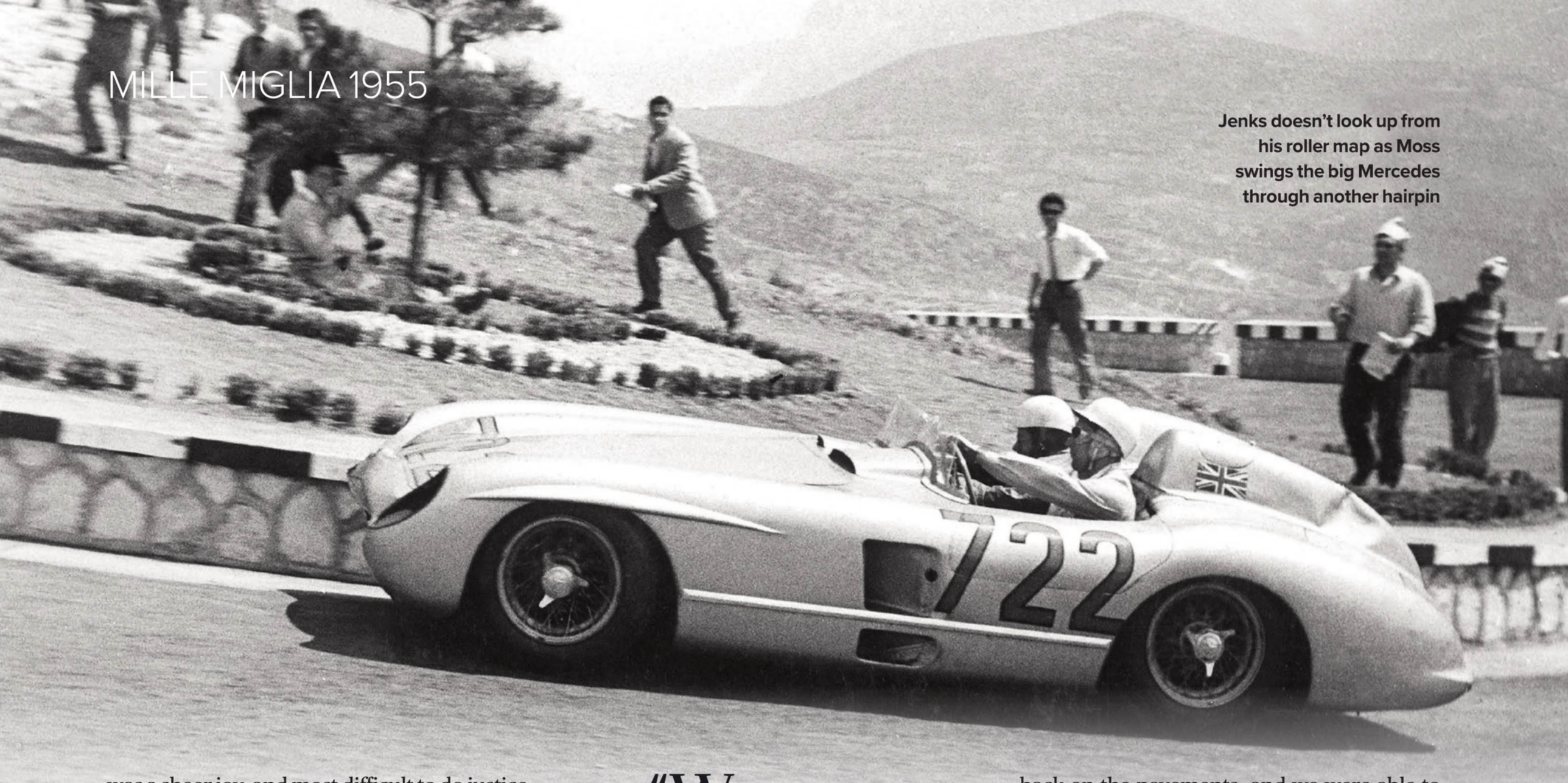
All this time Castellotti was right behind us, and as we bounced off the bales he nipped by us, grinning over his shoulder. As we set off after him, I gave Moss a little handclap of appreciation for showing me just how a really great driver acts in a difficult situation.

Through Padova we followed the 4.4-litre Ferrari and on acceleration we could not hold it, but the Italian was driving like a maniac, sliding all the corners, using the pavements and the loose edges of the road. Round a particularly dodgy left-hand bend on the outskirts of the town I warned Moss and then watched Castellotti sorting out his Ferrari, the front wheels on full understeer, with the inside one off the ground, and rubber pouring off the

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rear tyres, leaving great wide marks on the road. This was indeed motor racing from the best possible position, and beside me was a quiet, calm young man who was following the Ferrari at a discreet distance, ready for any emergency. Out of the town we joined an incredibly fast stretch of road, straight for many miles, and we started alongside the Ferrari in bottom gear, but try as the Mercedes-Benz did the red car just drew away from us, and once more Moss and I exchanged very puzzled looks. By the time we had reached our maximum speed the Ferrari was over 200 yards ahead, but then it remained there, the gap being unaltered along the whole length of the straight. At the cut-off point at the end we gained considerably, both from the fact that we knew exactly when the following left-hand corner was approaching and also from slightly superior brakes. More full-throttle running helped us keep the Ferrari in sight, and then as we approached a small town we saw Castellotti nip past another Ferrari, and we realised we were going to have to follow through the streets, until there was room to pass. It was number 714, Carini, so soon, and this encouraged Moss to run right round the outside of the Ferrari, on a right-hand curve, confident from my signals that the road would not suddenly turn left. This very brief delay had let Castellotti get away from us but he was not completely out of sight, and after waving to Collins, who had broken down by the roadside before Rovigo, we went into that town at terrific speed. Straight across the square we went, where in practice we had had to go round the island; broadside we left the last right turn of the town, with the front wheels on full opposite lock and the throttle pedal hard down. Castellotti was in sight once more but out on the open roads he was driving so near the limit that on every corner he was using the gravel and rough stuff on the edges of the road. This sent up a huge cloud of dust, and we could never be sure whether or not we were going to enter it to find the Ferrari sideways across the road, or bouncing off the banks and trees, for this sort of hazard a scientific route navigating method could not cope. Wisely, Moss eased back a little and the Ferrari got ahead of us sufficiently to let the dust clouds settle.

Along the new road by the side of the River Po, we overtook Lance Macklin in his Austin-Healey, and he gave us a cheery wave, and then we went through Ferrara, under the railway bridge, over the traffic lights and down the main streets and out onto the road to Ravenna. All the way along there were signs of people having the most almighty incidents, black marks from locked wheels making the weirdest patterns on the road, and many times on corners we had signalled as dangerous or dodgy we came across cars in the touring categories lying battered and bent by the roadside, sure indication that our grading of the corner was not far wrong. To Ravenna the road winds a great deal and now I could admire the Moss artistry as he put in some very steady 'nine-tenths' motoring, especially on open bends round which he could see and on those that he knew, and the way he would control the car with throttle and steering wheel long after all four tyres had reached the breakaway point



Jenks doesn't look up from his roller map as Moss swings the big Mercedes through another hairpin

was a sheer joy, and most difficult to do justice to with a mere pen and paper. Approaching the Ravenna control I took the route-card board from its holder, held it up for Moss to see, to indicate that we had to stop here to receive the official stamp, and then as we braked towards the "CONTROLLO" banner across the road, and the black and white chequered line on the road itself, amid waving flags and numerous officials, I held my right arm well out of the car to indicate to them which side we wanted the official with the rubber stamp to be. Holding the board on the side of the cockpit we crossed the control line, bang went the rubber stamp, and we were off without actually coming to rest. Just beyond the control were a row of pits and there was 723, Castellotti's Ferrari, having some tyre changes, which was not surprising in view of the way he had been driving.

With a scream of "Castellotti!" Moss accelerated hard round the next corner and we twisted our way through the streets of Ravenna, nearly collecting an archway in the process, and then out on the fast winding road to Forli. Our time to Ravenna had been well above the old record but Castellotti had got there before us and we had no idea how Taruffi and the others behind us were doing. Now Moss continued the pace with renewed vigour and we went through Forli, waving to the garage that salvaged the SL we crashed in practice, down the fast winding road to Rimini, with another wave to the Alfa-Romeo service station that looked after the SLR that broke its engine. I couldn't help thinking that we had certainly left our mark round the course during practice. Ever since leaving the start we had had the rising sun shining in our eyes, and now, with the continual effects of sideways '*g*' on my body, my poor stomach was beginning to suffer and, together with the heat from the gearbox by my left buttock, the engine fumes, and the nauseating brake-lining smells from the inboard-mounted brakes, it cried 'enough' and what little breakfast I had eaten went overboard, together with my spectacles, for I made the fatal mistake of turning my head sideways at 150mph with my goggles lowered. Fortunately, I had a spare pair, and there was no time to worry about a protesting stomach, for we were approaching Pesaro, where there was a sharp right corner.

> "We were taking blind brows and bridges at our full 170mph"

Now the calm, blue Adriatic sea appeared on our left and we were on the long coastal straights, taking blind brows and equally blind bridges at our full 170mph, and I chuckled to myself as I realised that Moss was not lifting his foot as he had threatened. We were beginning to pass earlier numbers very frequently now, among them some 2-litre Maseratis being driven terribly slowly, a couple of TR2 Triumphs running in convoy, and various saloons, with still numerous signs of the telling pace, a wrecked Giulietta on the right, a 1100cc Fiat on the left, a Ferrari coupé almost battered beyond recognition and a Renault that had been rolled up into a ball. Through Ancona the crowds were beautifully controlled, barriers keeping them back on the pavements, and we were able to use the full width of the road everywhere, and up the steep hill leaving the town we stormed past more touring-car competitors who had left in the small hours of the morning while we were still asleep.

All this time there had been no signs of any of our close rivals. We had passed the last of the Austin-Healeys, driven by Abecassis, a long way back, and no Ferraris had appeared in our rear-view mirror.

It was a long way down to the next control point, at Pescara, and we settled down to cruising at our maximum speed, the car giving no impression at all of how fast it was travelling, until we overtook another competitor, who I knew must be doing 110mph, or when I looked sideways at the trees and hedges flashing past. It was now mid-morning and the sun was well above us but still shining down onto our faces and making the cockpit exceedingly hot, in spite of having all the air vents fully open. Through the dusty, dirty Adriatic villages we went and all the time I gave Moss the invaluable hand signals that were taking from him the mental strain of trying to remember the route, though he still will not admit to how much mental strain he suffered convincing himself that I was not making any mistakes in my 170mph navigation. On one straight, lined with trees, we had marked down a hump in the road as being "flat out" only if the road was dry. It was, so I gave the appropriate signal and with 7500rpm in fifth gear on the tachometer we took off, for we had made an error in our estimation of the severity of the hump. For a measurable amount of time the vibro-massage that you get sitting in a 300SLR at that speed suddenly ceased, and there was time for us to look at each other with raised eyebrows before we landed again. Even had we been in the air for only one second

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we should have travelled some 200 feet through the air, and I estimated the duration of flight' at something more than one second. The road was dead straight and the Mercedes-Benz made a perfect four-point landing and I thankfully praised the driver that he didn't move the steering wheel a fraction of an inch, for that would have been our end.

With the heat of the sun and the long straights we had been getting into a complacent stupor, but this little 'moment' brought us back to reality and we were fully on the job when we approached Pescara. Over the level crossing we went, far faster than we had ever done in practice, and the car skated right across the road, with all four wheels sliding, and I was sure we were going to write-off some petrol pumps by the roadside, but somehow 'the boy' got control again and we merely brushed some straw bales and then braked heavily to a stop for the second control stamp. Approaching this point I not only held the route-card for the driver to see, but also pointed to the fuel filler, for here we were due to make our first refuelling. However, I was too late, Moss was already pointing backwards at the tank himself to tell me the same thing. Just beyond the control line we saw engineer Werner holding a blue flag bearing the Mercedes-Benz star and as we stopped everything happened at once. Some 18 gallons of fuel went in from a gravity tank, just sufficient to get us to our main stop at Rome, the windscreen was cleaned for it was thick with dead flies, a hand gave me a slice of orange and a peeled banana, while another was holding a small sheet of paper, someone else was looking at the tyres and Moss still had the engine running. On the paper was written "Taruffi, Moss 15 seconds, Herrman, Kling, Fangio," and their times; I had just yelled "second, 15 seconds behind Taruffi" when I saw a uniformed arm trying to switch off the ignition. I recognised an interfering police arm and gave it a thump, and as I did so, Moss crunched in bottom gear and we accelerated away as hard as we could go. What had seemed like an age was actually only 28 seconds!

Over the bridge we went, sharp right and then up one of the side turnings of Pescara towards the station, where we were to turn right again. There was a blue Gordini just going round the corner and then I saw that we were overshooting and with locked wheels we slid straight on, bang into the straw bales. I just had time to hope there was nothing solid behind the wall of bales when the air was full of flying straw and we were on the pavement. Moss quickly selected bottom gear and without stopping he drove along the pavement, behind the bales, until he could bounce down off the kerb and continue on his way, passing the Gordini in the process. As we went up through the gears on the long straight out of Pescara, I kept an eye on the water temperature gauge, for that clonk certainly creased the front of the car, and may have damaged the radiator, or filled the intake with straw, but all seemed well, the temperature was still remaining constant. There followed three completely blind brows in quick succession and we took these at full speed, the effect being rather like a switchback at a fair, and then we wound and twisted our way along the barren valley between the rocky mountain sides, to Popoli, where a Bailey Bridge still serves to cross a river. Along this valley I saw the strange sight of about 50 robed monks, with shining bald pates, standing on a high mound and waving to us as we went by with a noise sufficient to wake the devil himself.

Up into the mountains we climbed, sliding round the hairpins with that beautiful Moss technique I described two months ago in *Motor Sport*, and then along the peculiar deserted plateau high up in the mountains we held our maximum speed for many kilometres, to be

> "Moss was driving in that narrow margin just before you have a crash"

followed by a winding twisting road into Aquila, where up the main street the control was dealt with while still on the move. We certainly were not wasting any seconds anywhere and Moss was driving absolutely magnificently, right on the limit of adhesion all the time, and more often than not over the limit, driving in that awe-inspiring narrow margin that you enter just before you have a crash if you have not the Moss skill, or those few yards of momentary terror you have on ice just before you go in the ditch. This masterly handling was no fluke, he was doing it deliberately, his extra special senses and reflexes allowing him to go that much closer to the absolute limit than the average racing driver and way beyond the possibilities of normal mortals like you or me.

On the way to Rome we hit a level crossing that had been just 'bumpy' in the SL and smooth in the 220A, the resultant thud threw us high out of our seats into the airstream, and with a crash we landed back again, nearly breaking our spines, but the Mercedes-Benz suspension absorbed it all without protest and there was no feeling that anything had 'bottomed' unduly severely. This sort of thing had happened three or four times already, for our route noting was not infallible, and it seemed unbelievable that nothing broke on the car each time. Although we occasionally saw a train steaming along in the distance we never came across any closed level crossings, though if we had we had a remedy. In practice we had tried lifting the barrier, Italian gates being two long poles that lower across the road, and found that the slack on the operating cables was just sufficient to allow the car to be driven under the pole, much to the annoyance of the crossing-keeper. However, this did not arise and down into the Rome control we had a pretty clear run, being highly delighted to overtake Maglioli soon after Rieti, he suffering from an arm injury received in practice, and a car that was not going well. With a grin at each other we realised that one of our unseen rivals was now disposed of, but we still had Taruffi behind us on the road, and no doubt well ahead of us on time, for all this ground was local colour to him. Coming down off the mountains we had overtaken Musso driving a 2-litre Maserati and as we had calculated that we were unlikely ever to catch him, if we averaged 90mph for the whole race, we realised we must be setting a fantastic record speed, but as Taruffi had been leading at Pescara, his average must be even higher.

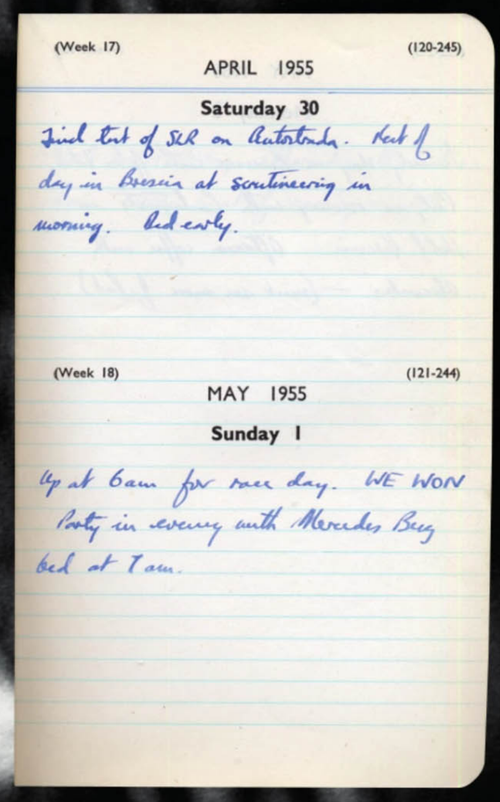
The last six miles into the Rome control were an absolute nightmare; there were no corners that needed signals, and we would normally have done 150-160mph, but the crowds of spectators were so thick that we just could not see the road and the surface being bumpy Moss dared not drive much over 130mph for there was barely room for two cars abreast. It seemed that the whole of Rome was out to watch the race, and all oblivious of the danger of a high-speed racing car. While I blew the horn and flashed the lights Moss swerved the car from side to side and this had the effect of making those on the very edge leap hastily backwards, thus giving us a little more room.

The last mile into the control was better organised and I was able to show Moss the control card, point backwards at the fuel tank and also at the fibre disc wired to the steering column which had to be punched at this control.

'Bang' went the stamp and we then drew into the Mercedes-Benz pit and switched off the engine; this was our first real stop since leaving Brescia nearly 3½ hours ago, and our average speed to this point was 107mph, the average to Pescara having been 118mph, the ▶

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Elation: a begrimed Moss radiates delight at being the first Britisher to win the event. Below: Jenks' diary makes a simple race note 'WE WON'



(Week 17) (120-245)

APRIL 1955

Saturday 30

Final test of SLR on Autostrada. Rest of day in Brescia at scrutineering in morning. Bed early.

(Week 18) (121-244)

MAY 1955

Sunday 1

Up at 6am for race day. WE WON Party in evening with Mercedes Berg bed at 7am.

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"An irate Moss was saying very rude things to me and shaking his fist"

A record drive – but as they take the flag Moss and Jenks still don't know that they have won

BERNARD CAHIER/GETTY IMAGES

mountain section causing it to drop from there to Rome.

As we stopped Moss leapt out to relieve himself, I felt the car rise up on the jacks and heard the rear hub nuts being beaten off, the windscreen was cleaned and a welcome shower of water sprinkled over me, for I was very hot, very tired, very dirty, oily and sweaty and must have looked a horrible sight to spectators. The fuel tank was being filled, someone handed me a drink of mineral water and an orange, and offered a tray of sandwiches and cakes, but I felt incapable of eating anything firmer than a slice of orange. A hand appeared in front of me holding a sheet of paper and I snatched it and read "Moss, Taruffi, Herrman, Kling, Fangio" and the times showed we had a lead of nearly two minutes. Bump went the car as it was dropped down off the jacks, and with a lithe bound Moss was into the driving seat again and as we took the hairpin after the control I managed to yell in his ear "First by more than one minute from Taruffi" and then the noise of the exhaust and wind prevented any further words. On the next bend we saw a silver Mercedes-Benz, number 701, well off the road among the trees and badly wrecked. We knew it was Kling and exchanged long faces with each other, wondering how badly hurt he was, but this had no effect on Moss and he now began to put everything he knew into his driving, on this most difficult section, while I had to concentrate hard in order to give him warnings and signals of the approaching road conditions, for this was indeed a difficult section for both of us.

Past Monterosi we waved to the 'Agip' service station where we had a sheep-killing incident in practice, and then we sped on our way through Vitterbo, sliding this way and that, leaving the ground on more occasions thanI can remember, yet all the while feeling completely at ease for such is the confidence that Moss gave me, and round the corners I never ceased to marvel at the superb judgment with which he weighed up the maximum possible speed at which he could go, and just how far he could let the car slide without going into the ditch or hitting a wall or rock face. Now there was the continual hazard of passing slower cars, though it must be recorded that most of them gave way splendidly, keeping one eye on the mirror. Just after Acquapendente I made my first and only mistake in navigating; that it was not serious is why you are reading these words now. Having just given warning of a very dodgy right-hand bend I received a shower of petrol down my neck and looking round to see what had happened we arrived at another similar corner, and I missed the signal. Fortunately Moss had recognised the corner, for he knew many parts of the course extremely well, and after seeing that the petrol was coming from the filler due to surge, I looked back to see an irate Moss face saying very rude things at me and shaking his fist, all the while cornering at a fantastic speed. How serious the fuel surge was I did not know, and as the exhaust pipes were on the side of the car I decided it would be all right and said nothing to Moss, as he appeared not to have received any of the spray.

For the next 10 or 15 miles I received this gentle spray of cold fuel, cooling in the enormous heat of the cockpit, but a little worrying in case it got worse. Up the Radicofani Pass we stormed, and the way the car leapt and slithered about, would have really frightened me had I not already had a lot of experience of its capabilities and of the skill of Stirling Moss; as it was I sat there and revelled in the glorious feeling of really fast motoring. Over the top of the pass we swept past a saloon car competitor, into a downhill right-hand bend followed by a sharp left-hander. Now, previous to this Moss had been pointing to the front of the car and indicating that a brake was beginning to grab on occasions, and this was one of them. Without any warning the car spun and there was just time to think what a desolated part of Italy in which to crash, when I realised that we had almost stopped in our own length and were sliding gently into the ditch to land with a crunch that dented the tail. "This is all right,"

I thought, "we can probably push it out of this one," and I was about to start getting out when Moss selected bottom gear and we drove out – lucky indeed! Before we could point the car in the right direction we had to make two reverses and as we accelerated away down the mountainside I fiddled about putting the safety catch back on the reverse position of the gear-gate, while we poked our tongues out at each other in mutual derision.

At the Siena control we had no idea of whether we were still leading or not, but Moss was quite certain that Taruffi would have had to have worked extremely hard to catch him, for he had put all he knew into that last part of the course, he told me afterwards. Never relaxing for an instant he continued to drive the most superb race of his career, twirling the steering wheel this way and that, controlling slides with a delicateness of throttle that was fairy-like, or alternatively provoking slides with the full power of the engine, in order to make the car change direction bodily, the now dirty, oily and battered collection of machinery that had left Brescia gleaming like new still answering superbly to his every demand, the engine always being taken to 7500rpm in the gears, and on one occasion to 8200rpm, the excitement of that particular instant not allowing time for a gear change or an easing of the throttle, for the way Moss steered the car from the sharp corners with the back wheels was sheer joy to experience.

On the winding road from Siena to Florence physical strain began to tell on me, for with no steering wheel to give me a feel of what the car was going to do, my body was being continually subjected to terrific centrifugal forces as the car changed direction. The heat, fumes and noise were becoming almost unbearable, but I gave myself renewed energy by looking at Stirling Moss who was sitting beside me, completely relaxed, working away at the steering as if we had only just left Brescia, instead of having been driving for nearly 700 miles under a blazing sun. Had I not known the route I would have happily got out there and then, having enjoyed every mile, but ahead lay some interesting roads over which we had practised hard, and the anticipation of watching Moss really try over these stretches, with the roads closed to other traffic, made me forget all about the physical discomforts.

I was reminded a little of the conditions when we approached one corner and some women got up and fled with looks of terror on their faces, for the battered Mercedes-Benz, dirty and oil-stained and making as much noise as a grand prix car, with two sweaty, dirty, oil-stained figures behind the windscreen, must have looked terrifying to peaceful bystanders, as it entered the corner in a full four-wheel slide.

The approaches of Florence were almost back-breaking as we bounced and leapt over the badly maintained roads, and across the tramlines, and my heart went out to the driver of an orange Porsche who was hugging the crown of the steeply cambered road. He must have been shaken as we shot past with the left-hand wheels right down in the gutter.

Down a steep hill in second gear we went, into third at peak revs and I thought "It's a brave man who can unleash nearly 300bhp down a hill this steep and then change into a higher gear." At speeds up to 120-130mph we went through the streets of Florence over the great river bridge, broadside across a square, across more tramlines and into the control point. Moss



"Moss had the bit between his teeth. Nothing would stop him winning"

had really got the bit between his teeth, nothing was going to stop him winning this race, I felt; he had a rather special look of concentration on his face and I knew that one of his greatest ambitions was to do the section Florence-Bologna in under one hour. This road crosses the heart of the Apennines, by way of the Futa Pass and the Raticosa Pass, and though only just over 60 miles in length it is like a Prescott hillclimb all the way.

As we got the route-card stamped, again without coming to rest, I grabbed the sheet of paper from the Mercedes-Benz man at the control, but before I could read more than that we were still leading, it was torn from my grasp as we accelerated away among the officials. I indicated that we were still leading the race, and by the way Moss left Florence, as though at the start of a grand prix, I knew he was out to crack one hour to Bologna, especially as he also looked at his wrist-watch as we left the control.

"This is going to be fantastic," I thought, as we screamed up the hills out of Florence. "He is really going to do some nine-tenths-plus motoring" and I took a firm grip of the 'struggling bar' between giving him direction signals, keeping the left side of my body as far out of the way as possible, for he was going to need all the room possible for his whirling arms and for stirring the gear-lever about.

Up into the mountains we screamed, occasionally passing other cars, such as 1900 Alfa-Romeos, 1100 Fiats and some small sports cars. Little did we know that we had the race in our pocket, for Taruffi had retired by this time with a broken oil pump and Fangio was stopped in Florence repairing an injection pipe, but though we had overtaken him on the road, we had not seen him, as the car had been hidden by mechanics and officials.

All the time l had found it very difficult to take my eyes off the road. I could have easily looked around me, for there was time, but somehow the whole while that Moss was really dicing I felt a hypnotic sensation forcing meto live every inch of the way with him. It was probably this factor that prevented me ever being frightened for nothing arrived unexpectedly. I was keeping up with him mentally all the way, which I had to do if I wasn't to miss any of our route marking, though physically I had fallen way behind him. and I marvelled that anyone could drive so furiously for such a long time, for now it was well into Sunday afternoon. At the top of the Futa Pass there were enormous crowds all waving excitedly and on numerous occasions Moss nearly lost the car completely as we hit patches of melted tar, coated with oil and rubber from all the other competitors in front of us, and for nearly a mile he had to ease off and drive at a bare eight-tenths, the road was so tricky.

Just over the top of the Futa we saw a Mercedes-Benz by the roadside amid a crowd of people; it was 704, young Hans Herrmann, and though we could not see him, we waved. The car looked undamaged so we assumed he was all right.

Now we simply had to get to Brescia first, I thought, we mustn't let Taruffi beat us, still having no idea that he had retired. On we went, up and over the Raticosa Pass, plunging down the other side, in one long series of slides that to me felt completely uncontrolled but to Moss were obviously intentional. However, there was one particular one which was not intentional and by sheer good fortune the stone parapet on the outside of the corner stepped back just

in time, and caused us to make rude faces at each other. On a wall someone had painted "*Viva Perdisa, viva Maserati*" and as we went past in a long controlled slide we spontaneously both gave it the victory sign, and had a quiet chuckle between ourselves, in the cramped and confined space of our travelling hothouse and bath of filth and perspiration.

On another part of the Raticosa amid great crowds of people we saw an enormous fat man in the road, leaping up and down with delight: it was the happy body-builder of the Maserati racing department, a good friend of Stirling's, and we waved back to him.

Down off the mountains we raced, into the broiling heat of the afternoon, into Bologna along the dusty tram-lined road, with hordes of spectators on both sides, but here beautifully controlled, so that we went into Bologna at close to 150mph and down to the control point, Moss doing a superb bit of braking judgment even at this late stage of the race, and in spite of brakes that were beginning to show signs of the terrific thrashing they had been receiving.

Here we had the steering column disc punched again and the card stamped, and with another grand prix start we were away through the streets of Bologna so quickly that I didn't get the vital news sheet from our depot.

Now we had no idea of where we lay in the race, or what had happened to our rivals, but we knew we had crossed the mountains in 1hr 1min, and were so far ahead of Marzotto's record that it seemed impossible. The hard part was now over, but Moss did not relax, for it had now occurred to him that it was possible to get back to Brescia in the round 10 hours, which would make the race average 100mph.

Up the long, fast straights through Modena, Reggio Emilia and Parma we went, not wasting a second anywhere, cruising at a continuous 170mph, cutting off only where I indicated corners, or bumpy hill-brows. Looking up I suddenly realised that we were overtaking an aeroplane, and then I knew I was living in the realms of fantasy, and when we caught and passed a second one my brain began to boggle at the sustained speed. They were flying at about 300 feet filming our progress and it must have looked most impressive, especially as we dropped back by going round the Fidenza by-pass, only to catch up again on the main road. This really was pure speed, the car was going perfectly and reaching 7600rpm in fifth gear in places, which was as honest a 170mph plus as I'd care to argue about.

Going into Piacenza where the road doubles back towards Mantova we passed a 2CV Citroën bowling along merrily, having left Brescia the night before, and then we saw a 2-litre Maserati ahead, which shook us perceptibly for we thought we had passed them all long ago.

It was number 621, Francesco Giardini, and appreciating just how fast he must have driven to reach this point before us, we gave him a salutary wave as we roared past, leaving Piacenza behind us.

More important was the fact we were leaving the sun behind us, for nice though it was to have dry roads to race on, the blazing sun had made visibility for both of us tiring. Through Cremona we went without relaxing and now we were on the last leg of the course, there being a special prize and the Nuvolari Cup for the fastest speed from Cremona to Brescia.

Although the road lay straight for most of the way, there were more than six villages to traverse, as well as the final route card stamp to get in the town of Mantova. In one village, less than 50 miles from the finish, we had an enormous slide on some melted tar and for a moment I thought we would hit a concrete wall, but with that absurdly calm manner of his, Moss tweaked the wheel this way and that, and caught the car just in time, and with his foot hard down we went on our way as if nothing had happened.



BERNARD CAHIER/GETTY IMAGES, GRAND PRIX LIBRARY

"We've rather made a mess of the record, sort of spoilt it for anyone else"

The final miles into Brescia were sheer joy, the engine was singing round on full power, and after we had passed our final direction indication I put my roller-map away and thought "If it blows to pieces now, we can carry it the rest of the way".

The last corner into the finishing area was taken in a long slide with the power and noise full on and we crossed the finishing line at well over 100mph, still not knowing that we had made motor-racing history, but happy and contented at having completed the whole race and done our best.

From the finishing line we drove round to the official garage, where the car had to be parked and Stirling asked "Do you think we've won?" to which I replied, "We must wait for Taruffi to arrive, and we don't know when Fangio got in..."

At the garage it was finally impressed upon us that Taruffi was out, Fangio was behind us and we had won. Yes, won the Mille Miglia, achieved the impossible, broken all the records, ruined all the Mille Miglia legends, made history.

We clasped each other in delirious joy, and would have wept, but we were too overcome and still finding it hard to believe that we had won. Then we were swept away amid a horde of police and officials, and the ensuing crush amid the wildly enthusiastic crowds was harder to bear than the whole of the 1000-mile grind we had just completed.

Our total time for the course was 10hrs 07min 48sec, an average of more than 157kph (nearly 98mph) and our average for the miles from Cremona to Brescia had been 123mph.

As we were driven back to our hotel, tired, filthy, oily and covered in dust and dirt, we grinned happily at each other's black face and Stirling said: "I'm so happy that we've proved that a Britisher can win the Mille Miglia, and that the legend 'he who leads at Rome never leads at Brescia' is untrue - also, I feel we have made up for the two cars we wrote off in practice," then he gave a chuckle and said "We've rather made a mess of the record, haven't we - sort of spoilt it for anyone else, for there probably won't be another completely dry Mille Miglia for twenty years."

It was with a justified feeling of elation that I lay in a hot bath, for I had had the unique experience of being with Stirling Moss throughout his epic drive, sitting beside him while he worked as I have never seen anyone work before in my life, and harder and longer than I ever thought it possible for a human being to do. It was indeed a unique experience, the greatest experience in the whole of the 22 years during which I have been interested in motor racing, an experience that was beyond my wildest imagination, with a result that even now I find it extremely hard to believe.

After previous Mille Miglias I have said "He who wins the Mille Miglia is some driver, and the car he uses is some sports car."

I now say it again with the certain knowledge that I know what I'm talking and writing about this time.

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A real DBR1 could be a double-edged sword for a collector, making the ASM R1 more appealing

The pitfalls of a real deal

Few things are more alluring than a real DRB1 but, as **Simon de Burton** shows, there's another option for ownership of a classic

What price history, originality and rarity? In the case of Aston Martin DBR1 chassis number one, around $22.5m (£17.9m) – the sum paid at R.M Sotheby's Monterey auction in 2017. Although not one of the DBR1s that achieved Aston's one-two Le Mans finish in 1959, the car took the chequered flag at that year's Nürburgring 1000Kms and was driven by stars such as Roy Salvadori, Les Leston, Jack Brabham and Stirling Moss.

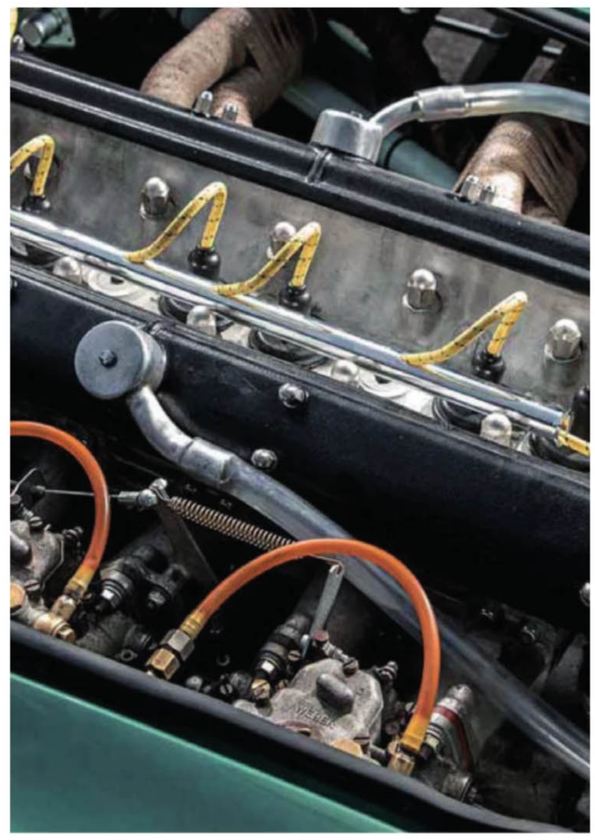
It was also one of five DBR1s built, which typifies the type of provenance that elevates a car from highly desirable classic, worth tens or hundreds of thousands, into an asset worth millions and attainable only to the very few.

But values are undergoing adjustments: insurance companies are imposing strict rules and high premiums on the rarest cars. With the danger of an accident leading to a loss of originality, and the care such a car as a genuine DBR1 requires, one can ask, what's the point?

What's the point in tying up millions in a car, potentially a serious liability, even if it is a milestone in motor sport history?

It's a question that seems all the more relevant with today's increasingly excellent 'recreations,' many of which combine


ASM's Le Mans version is faithfully modelled on the lines of an original DBR1




Knock-on wire wheels are part of the replica's accurate detailing

superb accuracy with the finish, dependability and improved driving experience only achievable through modern engineering.

So, how does a superb, brand-new, £90,000 replica of a DBR1 appeal? Such a car could be in your garage within a year thanks to the skills of Andrew Soar and his team at AS Motorsport, which builds its ASM R1 Le Mans evocations from scratch in a dedicated building on Soar's family farm in Norfolk.

Aluminium or GRP bodies can be specified, the former can raise prices towards £200,000, and are fitted to a unique spaceframe chassis, designed and assembled in-house.

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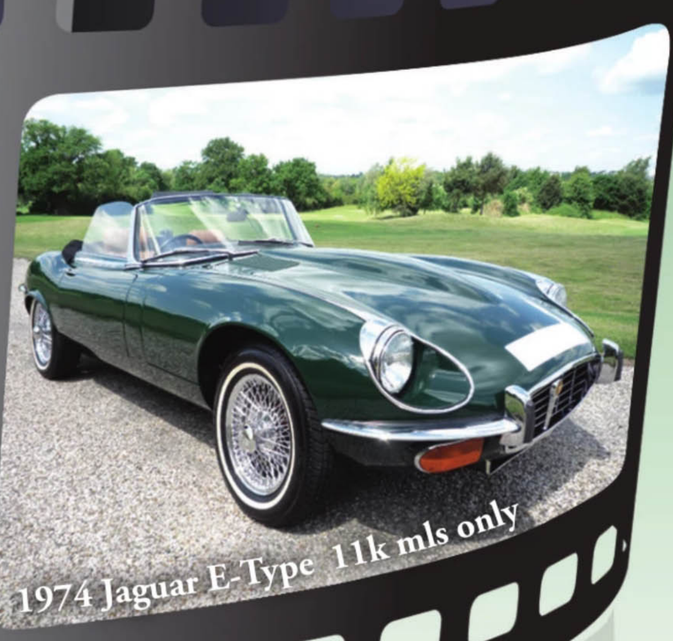

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The 1000cc v-twin engine design was accidentally stumbled upon by Phil Irving



AUCTION HERO

Rapide record breaker

After a long-running cat-and-mouse game, a special bike has surfaced. **Simon de Burton** examines one of Vincent's greats

When it comes to the most valuable British motorcycles, there is Vincent, Brough Superior, and the rest. So, the appearance of a historic Vincent at Bonhams Stafford bike sale in July is sure to attract considerable attention from the world's top collectors.

This 1938 Series A Rapide is an early example of the original, 100mph-plus machine born after engineer Phil Irving absent-mindedly overlaid a tracing of his 500cc Vincent engine onto an identical drawing, leading to the realisation that putting the two together would result in a 1000cc v-twin.

A mere 77 Series A Rapides were made, and around 50 are thought to have survived. The Bonhams bike is particularly covetable for being the original factory demonstrator, and the actual machine tested by *Motor Cycling* magazine at Brooklands in April 1938, where it achieved 102mph and marked the Rapide as the world's fastest production vehicle.



BONHAMS

Two further Rapide series followed, plus the Series D tourers, with higher-performance Black Shadow and Black Lightning variations evolving from the Series C, along with rarities such as the White Shadow.

This Series A was also the mount of Vincent's directors and, surprisingly, could well have been the last machine to leave the Stevenage works when it closed its doors in December 1955. The 'bike was retained as 'factory demonstrator' for 17 years and was still on the premises when the business folded. It was only taken away after *Motor Cycling* conducted a 'first and last' road test along with the Series D Black Knight.

What became of DUR 142 immediately afterwards is unknown, and the 'bike remained hidden for over 50 years before it was consigned to Bonhams after a long-running game of cat-and-mouse, according to Mark Garside, the firm's motoring department rep. for the north of England and Scotland.

"It is particularly gratifying to bring a historic machine such as DUR 142 back into public notice after over half a century of hibernation," he says. "Machines such as this very rarely come to market, and it has taken years of patience to successfully consign this particular motorcycle."

Despite the bike's need for restoration, its significance could make the pre-sale estimate of £190,000-£220,000 conservative. In February 2018, the Black Lightning Jack Ehret used to set a new Australian land speed record of 141.509mph in 1953 reached $929,000, the most ever paid for a motorcycle at auction.

DUR 142 is unlikely to better that but, assuming the world has returned to some form of normality by the time of Bonhams August sale, the bidding is likely to be intense...

1938 Vincent-HRD Rapide Series A. On sale at Bonhams, Stafford, August 15-16. Estimate: £190,000 - 220,000 bonhams.com



Is online set to be the new normal?

While much has ground to a halt under lockdown, the auction industry is adapting

The global coronavirus pandemic has well and truly put the kybosh on conventional live auctions, with all major sales in Europe, America and The Far East either cancelled, postponed or – in the case of several houses – adapted to online-only events.

In the UK, H&H Classics was the first specialist car auctioneer to make a nimble leap from live to online, quickly converting its March 18 sale at the Imperial War Museum to an event from which the public had to be excluded due to the sudden closure of the venue in accordance with health guidelines.

All the same, the house achieved a reasonable 60 per cent sale rate and went on to sell an impressive 97 per cent of all lots at its online automobilia sale 11 days later. But while conventional operators are running to catch up, Tristan Judge has been demonstrating the effectiveness of web-only classic car sales for more than two years through his online business *themarket.co.uk* – and the coronavirus lockdown appears to have brought even more visitors to the site.

"There has been a significant uptick in traffic during recent weeks and, perhaps surprisingly, March proved to be a record month with a total of 26 cars sold for a combined value of £750,000."

Judge says much of the appeal of The Market lies in the fact that there is no buyer's fee (conventional houses charge up to 25 per cent of the sold price, plus VAT), with vendors paying just five per cent of the sold value.



The Alfa Romeo Gran Sport Quattroruote pays homage to the 6C 1750 model, first introduced in 1929

1968 ALFA ROMEO GRAN SPORT QUATTRORUOTE.
SOLD FOR $99,000, RM SOTHEBY'S

This fabulous and practical recreation of a pre-war Alfa Romeo was one of fewer than 100 cars officially sanctioned by the marque. Featuring an aluminium body built by Zagato, Giulia underpinnings and a 1570cc, four-cylinder engine producing 92bhp, it was nicely detailed and pleasantly patinated.



1959 ELVA-DKW FORMULA JUNIOR.
SOLD FOR £29,250, H&H

This DKW two-stroke Elva was raced in America and Europe before ending up in the Brooklands Museum. One of 75 exported to the US, it crossed back over the Atlantic in 1980 and was in the vendor's ownership for over 20 years. It was sold with spares, including three extra DKW engines.



2003 RENAULT CLIO V6.
SOLD FOR £20,001, THEMARKET.CO.UK

This works lookalike was an early example of the Phase 2 Clio V6, meaning its rear-mounted engine produced a claimed 252bhp, enough to propel the rear-wheel-drive Clio to 153mph. With 46,000 miles on the clock and a new MOT, the car appears to have had an easy life.

Overheads are kept low, while the usual glossy catalogues containing often brief descriptions of lots are replaced by extensive, online essays that explain the history of individual models before going on to describe the specific cars in detail, often highlighting the vendor's existing ownership experience. The downside is that buyers don't get to actually see the car in the flesh of course - usually a key part of the process - although the Oxfordshire-based firm does provides a video service, and helps with delivery and collection.

One wonders if this trend will become the new normal once this unprecedented situation ends.

SOTHEBY'S, H&H, THEMARKET.CO.UK



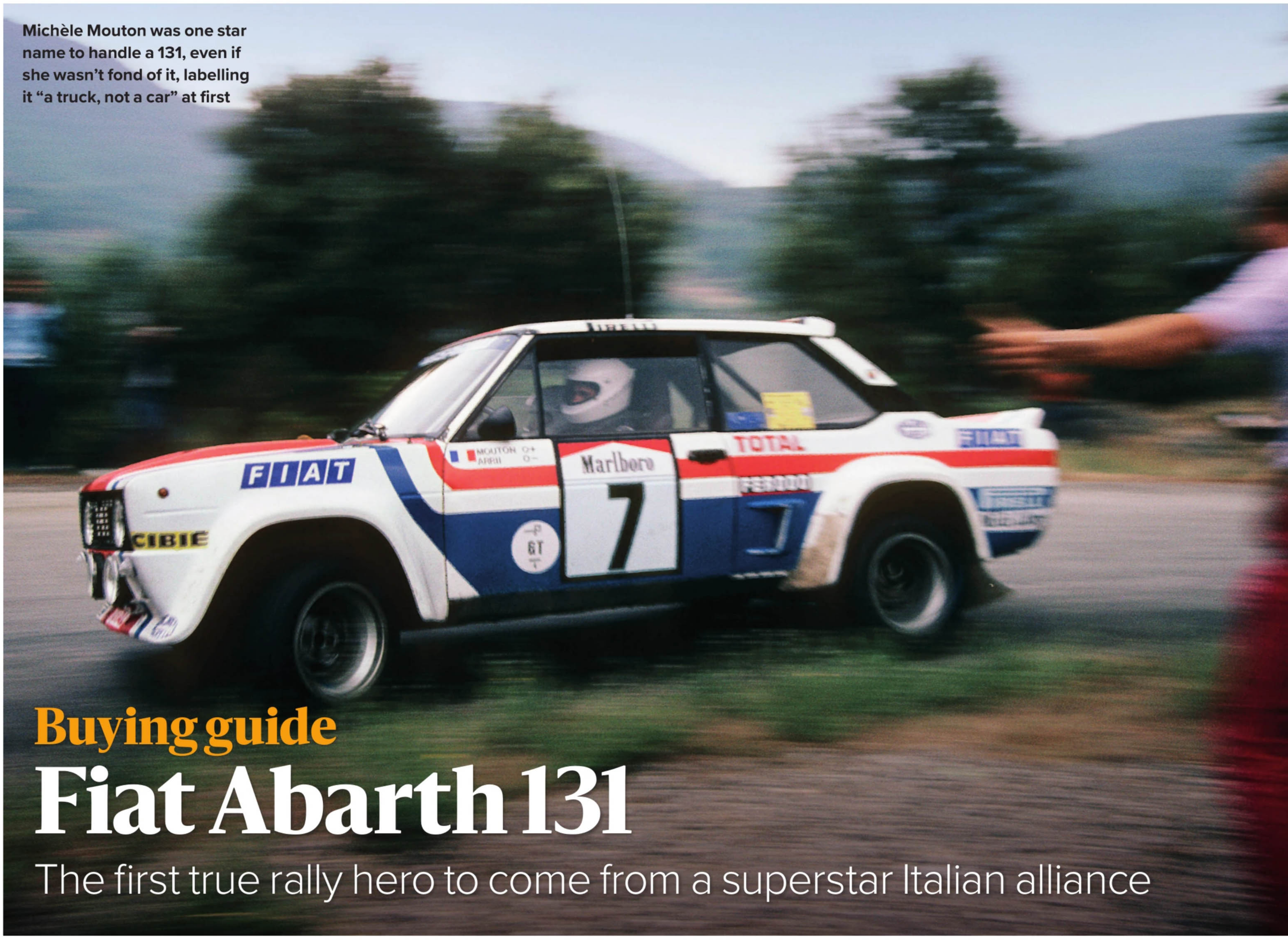
1948 ALLARD K1.
SOLD FOR $50,600 R.M. SOTHEBY'S

This online-only Palm Beach sale was dogged by the effects of the coronavirus, meaning many cars were unsold, and others went for bargain prices – a Bentley Azure for $33,000? Also in the latter category was this supercharged Allard K1, a former 'best historic race car' winner at Amelia Island and still an on-the-button competitive car.



1976 FERRARI 308 GTB.
SOLD FOR £87,000, THEMARKET.CO.UK

Glass fibre bodied or *vetroresina* Ferrari 308s made during the first two years of the model's production have always been considered more appealing than the steel cars that followed – but the high prices they once achieved have tumbled. This immaculate example is said to have changed hands for more than £150,000 just two years ago.



Michèle Mouton was one star name to handle a 131, even if she wasn't fond of it, labelling it "a truck, not a car" at first

Buying guide

Fiat Abarth 131

The first true rally hero to come from a superstar Italian alliance

BACK IN THE 1970S, FIAT WAS A truly global automotive giant. It employed well north of 100,000 people in Italy, and it was churning out around 1.4m cars per year. It was an integral part of the Italian economy, but the one thing it lacked was sporting success to back up its lofty position in the automotive world.

That began to change in 1971 when Fiat executives brokered a deal with Italian-Austrian Carlo Abarth to absorb his successful racing business into Fiat's assets. The deal sparked a union that immediately changed the firm's fortunes, particularly in the world of rallying, and the Fiat Abarth 131 was the first true product.

It drew on Fiat's manufacturing power and Abarth's tuning techniques to produce a winner that humbled much larger, and more powerful rivals.

The 131 was technically the second product, but the first that Abarth could take an active lead on development. Abarth's first task was to jump on board with the two-seater 124 project, which it had modified for rallying for 1972. The car scored a handful of wins, but more was to come when Fiat demanded its boxy, practical 131 saloon become the new sporting base from 1976. It did have merit as Fiat's final mass-produced rear-wheel-drive platform, but it needed a fair bit of upgrading.

The FIA's Group 4 rules at the time meant that manufacturers could homologate a fully-fledged World Rally Championship special by producing just 400 road-going examples. Abarth got to work. It ripped off the 131's solid rear suspension, replacing it with independent MacPherson struts to improve roadholding. The standard 1.5-litre pushrod engine and four-speed gearbox were also lost.

A two-litre twin-cam unit designed by former Ferrari engineer Aurelio Lampredi was dropped in, accompanied by a 16-valve cylinder head and twin Weber carburettors. The 400 road cars had a handy 140bhp, while the rally variants were said to have 223bhp after Abarth's work. That was likely Italian bluffing, with most estimating 240bhp+ in full stage trim. A Colotti synchromesh five-speed gearbox followed, as did disc brakes.

FIAT ABARTH 131

- **Price new** N/A
- **Price now** £100,000-£120,000
- **Engine** 1996cc DOHC straight four, four valves per cylinder
- **Rivals** Ford Escort RS1800, Opel Kadett GTE, Toyota Celica 2000GT
- **Verdict** The first car to put Fiat firmly on the sporting map



Jean-Claude Andruet took fourth in Monte Carlo '79 Below: Alitalia's famous livery adorned the Abarth 131 from 1978



Finally, Bertone added wide-arch bodywork, a front and rear wing package, while large side and frontal air dams completed the reworked look. All panels barring the roof and doors were fibreglass, meaning the finished article weighed just 980kg, boasting roughly 143bhp per tonne.

The Abarth 131 made an instant impact, although it only entered four rounds in 1976. Markku Alén won the 1000 Lakes Rally in Finland, beating Ford's new Escort RS1800, Toyota's Celica and Saab's 99.

That proved a warning shot for 1977. Jean-Claude Andruet was second on the season-opening Monte Carlo Rally before Alén won in Portugal. Further victories ensured five wins from a possible 10 for Fiat-Abarth, which didn't enter that year's Safari Rally. That record handed Fiat the manufacturers' world title for the first time in its history. Things got even better when Walter Röhrl jumped ship from Opel to join the revolution from late 1977. He and Alén had a formidable partnership, with Alén claiming the second-ever WRC drivers' title in 1978, and Röhrl gaining his first world crown in 1980. Fiat had secured its third WRC makes' title in four years and its last to date.

"In 1980, Fiat secured its third WRC title in four years and its last to date"

There would be one final success for the works 131, Alén in Portugal in 1981, before the move to Group B and four-wheel drive from 1982 finally made the 131 outdated. It would retire with a total of 20 WRC victories. The cars also featured great liveries: the yellow-and-blue Olio Fiat colours and Alitalia's livery from 1978 onwards.

NEWSPRESS, DPPI

Market view

A 131 Abarth can make sense for UK owners

The Fiat 131 in normal guise wouldn't be the sort of car that typically would cross our desks, but the 400 Abarth models are different. With Italian heritage, motor sport pedigree and low production numbers, the 131 Abarth has experienced a steady growth in values.

In the UK, a 131 Abarth sold with Bonhams in 2014 at the Goodwood Revival meeting for a touch under £70,000. However, unsurprisingly the market for these vehicles is predominantly in Italy. Since 2014, prices have steadily risen throughout Europe with current asking prices typically in the £105,000-193,000 range when they come to market.

Although sales are not typically UK-centric, there is ongoing support for UK owners in the shape of a handful of specialists. This means it is possible to source parts from wheel nuts, to service items, through to body panels without too much trouble, making the ownership experience easier.

Other marques from the 1970s with a rally history continue to sell strongly in the UK, and we would expect 131 Abarth examples available here to do the same within a price range of £100,000-120,000.

Robert Johnson, Classic and Sports Finance

TARGET DEAL

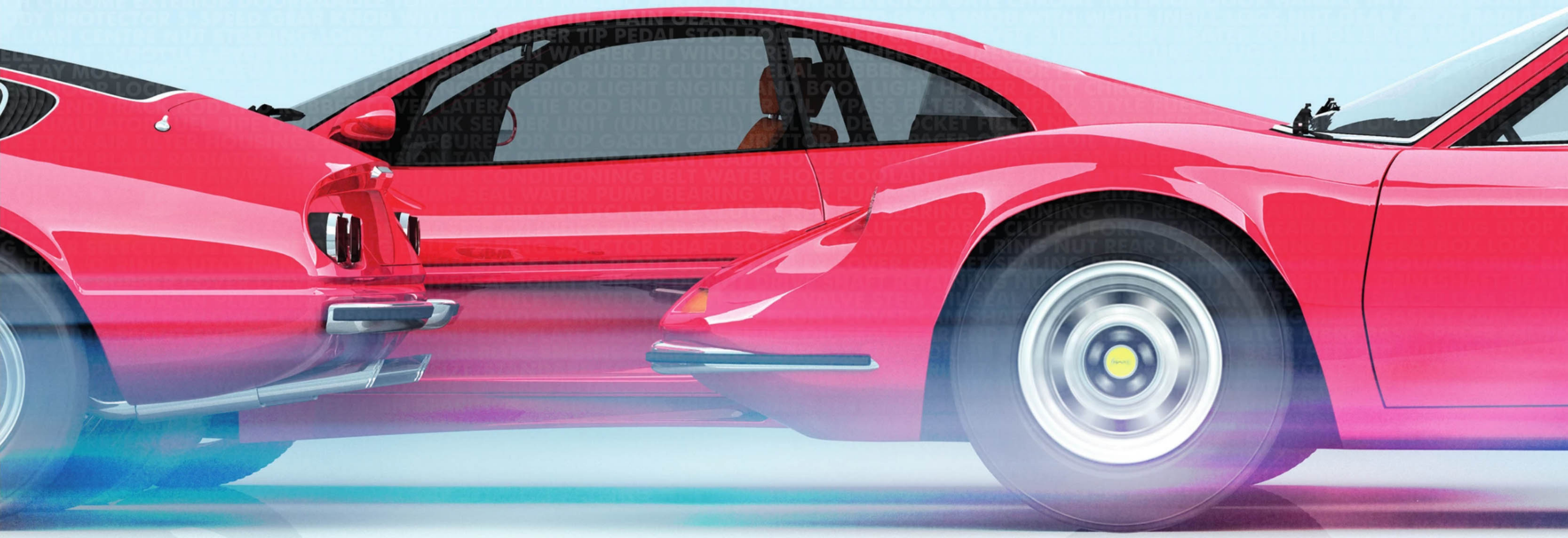
Fiat 131 Abarth - £100,000 - £120,000

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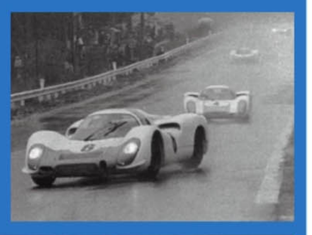
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The 300 SL was a gamble made by a leading independent car dealer



Buying guide

Mercedes-Benz 300 SL

As dramatic as it was daring, and perhaps America's finest automotive import

MAX HOFFMAN MANAGED to create a rather rare platform in automotive history: an independent car dealer who can claim to have led the development strategy of an automotive giant.

Being Austrian-born and Jewish, Hoffman had fled his homeland during World War II to seek domicile in New York, before going on to become a leading luxury car importer. Brands such as Alfa Romeo, BMW and Porsche did their Stateside dealings through Hoffman.

It's a self-made success story, but perhaps Hoffman's star achievement came in a Stuttgart boardroom in 1953, when he suggested Mercedes should cash in on European racing success and the strong post-war US economy.

The Mercedes W194 racer had swept the board at Le Mans, the Nürburgring, the Carrera Panamericana and had only just missed out on victory in the 1952 Mille Miglia. Hoffman boldly wagered that if Mercedes built a road-going version of the W194, then he could sell them to Americans craving high-performance machines during an economic boom.

Mercedes needed convincing, so Hoffman put his money where his mouth was, personally placing an order for an initial batch of 1000 cars. Mercedes' finest then began work on what would become the legendary 300 SL.

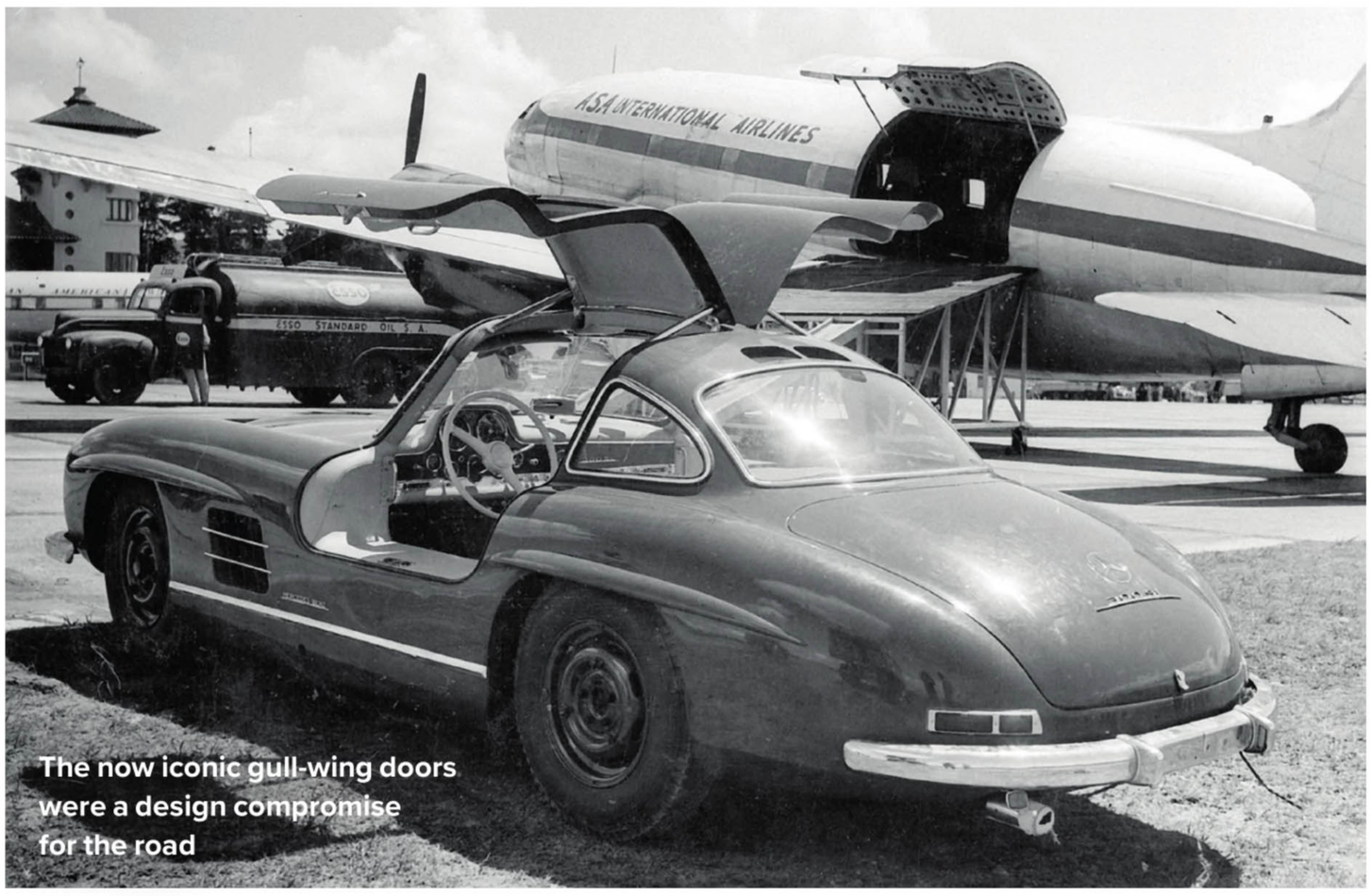
MERCEDES 300 SL GULLWING

- **Price new** 29,000DM
- **Price now** £800,000-£1.1m
- **Engine** 2996cc M198 straight six with Bosch direct fuel injection, dry sump oil system and water cooling
- **Power** 240bhp **0-62mph** 7.7sec
- **Top speed** 163mph **Rivals** Jaguar XK120C, Chevrolet Corvette, BMW 507
- **Verdict** The first true racer for the road

Mercedes started from a proven base by utilising Rudolf Uhlenhaut's ultra-lightweight tubular steel spaceframe racing chassis from the W194. The entire frame weighed only 82kg before it was mounted onto a steel base platform from the W184 saloon. It had a sleek sheet-steel body, complete with a bonnet, boot lid, sill and doors made of light aluminium.

This design led to one of the all-time great design features, even if it was a compromise. The steel chassis and high tubing frame combination gave the SL a very high sill line, ruling out standard doors. Mercedes was forced to carry the vertically opening gull-wing doors across from the racing concept, to ensure customers could get in and out.

The W194's 3-litre engine had a makeover. It was Mercedes' largest capacity unit at the time, but it never reached its potential in the



The now iconic gull-wing doors were a design compromise for the road


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race car. Producing 175bhp, Mercedes went a step further for the road offering by re-engineering a Bosch mechanical direct fuel injection system, previously used on Messerschmitt fighter planes to help the 300 SL reach 240bhp.

In keeping with the initial order, Mercedes shunned the conventional motor shows in Europe and instead unveiled the 300 SL at the International Motor Show in New York in February 1954, intending to deliver directly to the American market first.

People were stunned by the swept-back, aerodynamic shape. It was also the fastest production car in the world at the time thanks to a claimed 163mph top speed.

True to Hoffman's claims, the 300 SL orders filled up so quickly that by the end of 1955, the 1000 units had sold out. When coupé orders slowed in 1956, Mercedes re-engineered the platform to create a roadster with normal doors. Mercedes reckons around 80 per cent of all SL models were sold into America, and just over 2600 300 SLs are said to still exist.

"People were stunned by the 300 SL's swept-back, aerodynamic shape"

We have Hoffman to thank, and he didn't stop there. Following the 300 SL, he went to Porsche and convinced it to tone down its race-bred 356 into the lovely 356 Speedster. He then coerced BMW into building the beautiful 507 Roadster, even if that project fell rather flat when only 252 were made, due to the car's high cost and low sales. Yet it hardly puts a dent in Hoffman's legacy as one of the car industry's all-time great salesmen and innovators.

Market view

Why now is the time to buy a Merc 300 SL

With its iconic doors, the 300 SL Gullwing stands out as one of the most beautifully designed cars in Mercedes-Benz history, and prices show that the market agrees. Over the past five years, values achieved at UK auctions have held consistently strong, consistently selling in the £840,000 - £940,000 range, and resisting the tailing off that other marques have suffered since 2017.

The 300 SL Roadster followed a pattern which is true of the wider market, rising from 2014 through to a peak in 2017 before softening slightly and reverting to 2014 levels.

Sales in 2014 were around £600,000-650,000, climbing to £850,000-1,000,000 in 2017 with the most recent sale in July 2019 achieving just under £600,000.

International sales show a similar pattern in relation to the pricing difference between the two models. Since 2019, Gullwing sales have averaged $1.1m in America (£890,000) and €1.1m (£960,000) in Europe while Roadsters have averaged $925,000 (£745,000) and €925,000 (£810,000).

With Roadster prices softer in the UK compared to the international market, we would target a Roadster at 2014 prices of £600,000-650,000.

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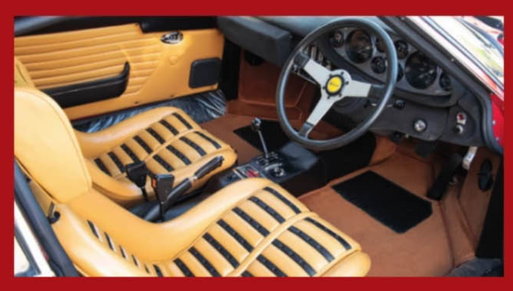
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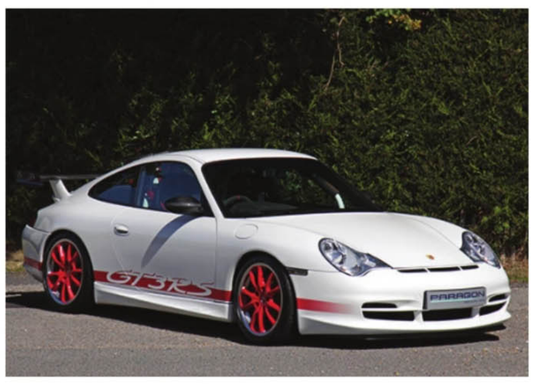
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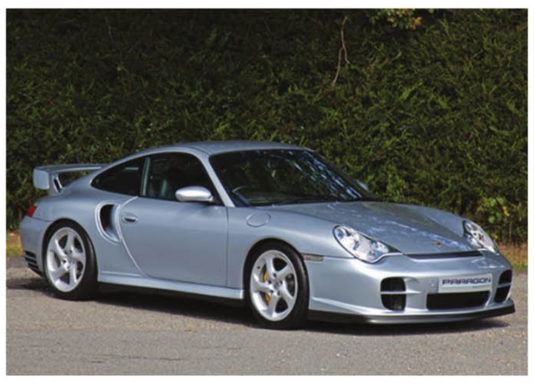
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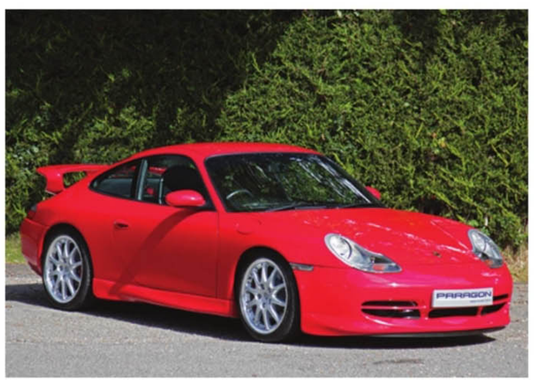
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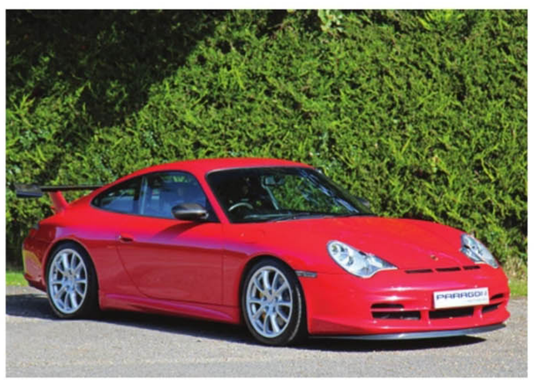
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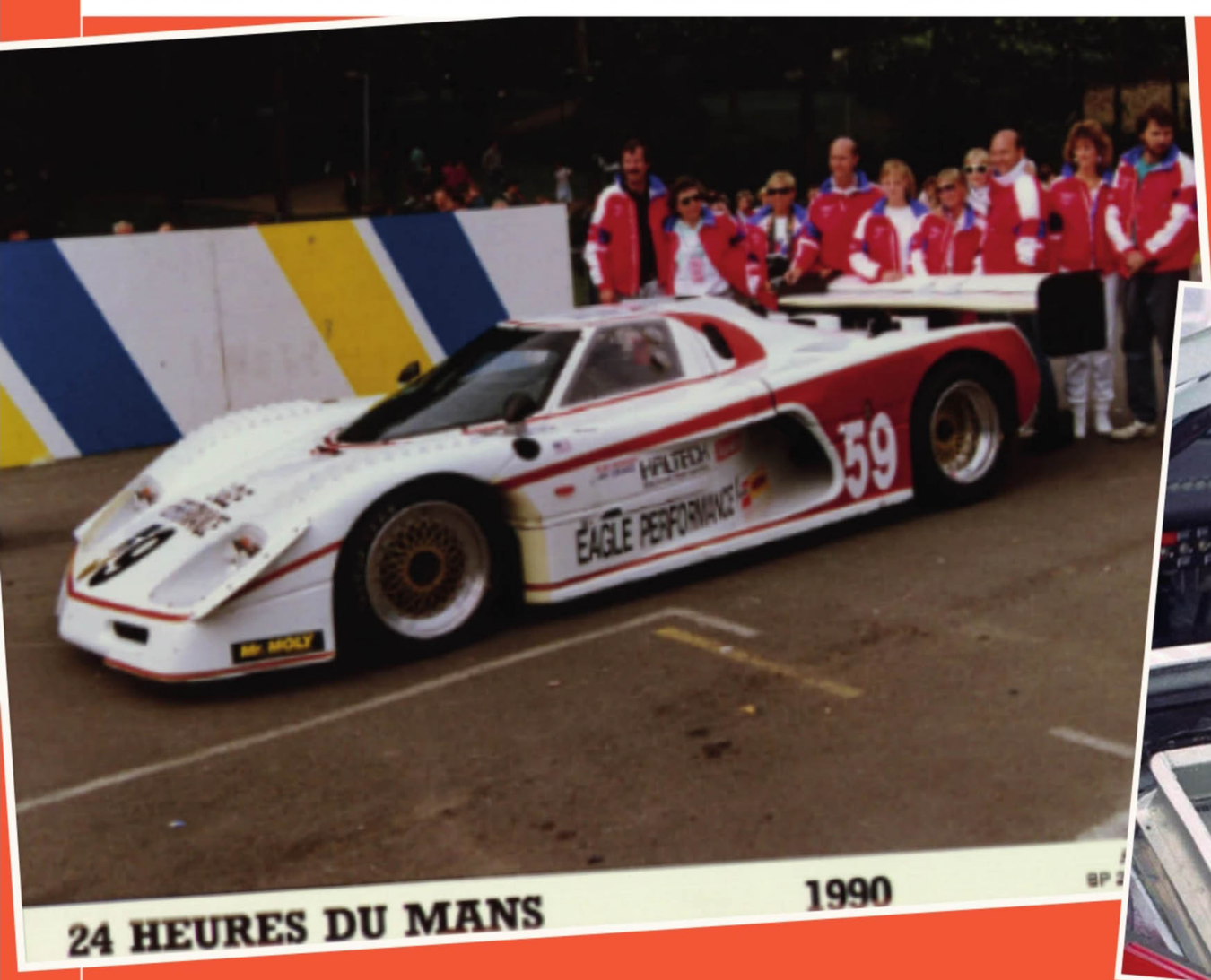
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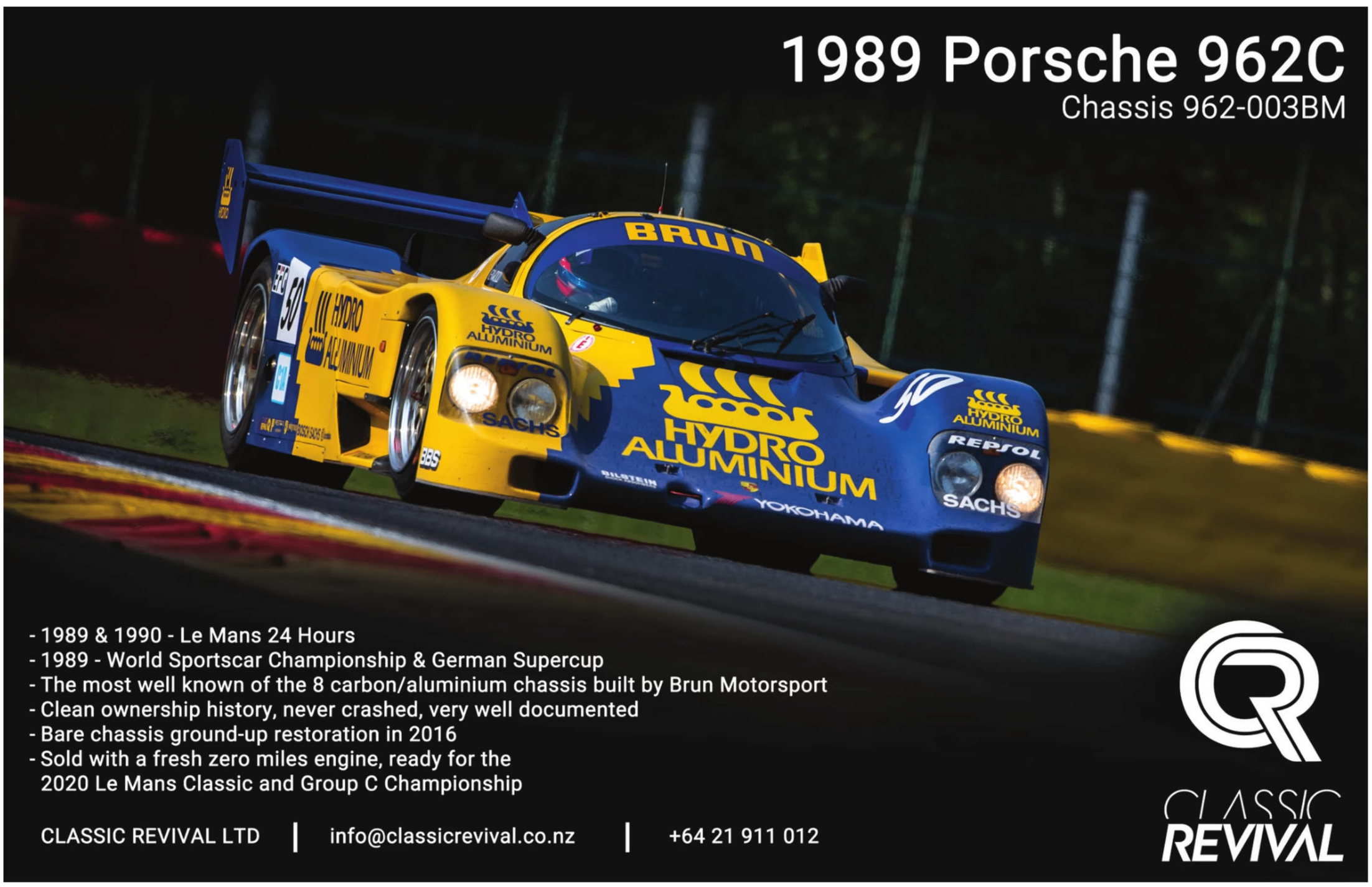


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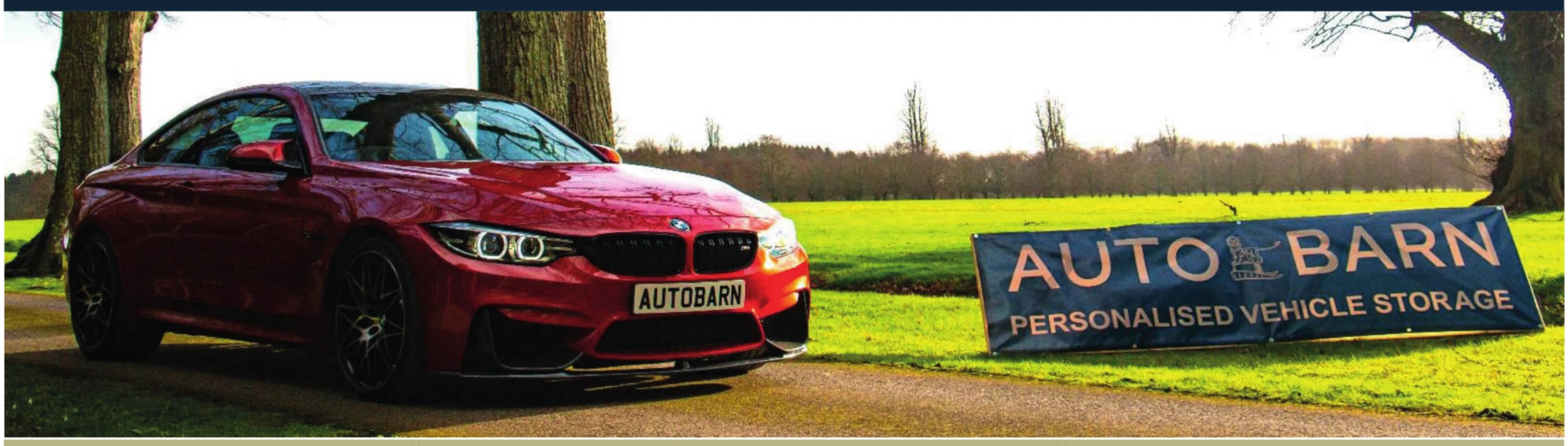
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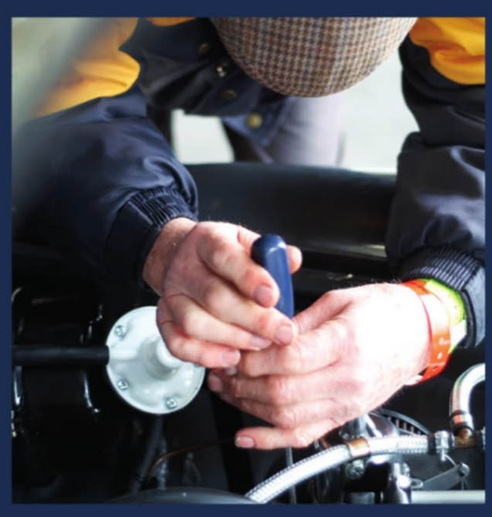
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1986 Aston Martin V8 Volante in Salisbury Blue with contrasting Navy hide interior. Fitted with Manual Transmission, Recent back to metal repaint, New electric mohair hood in dark blue, Ronal wheels, fully serviced and recent suspension overhaul. Beautiful throughout, **£155,000 Tel. 01753 644599**



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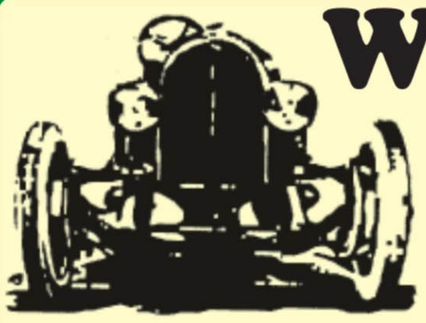
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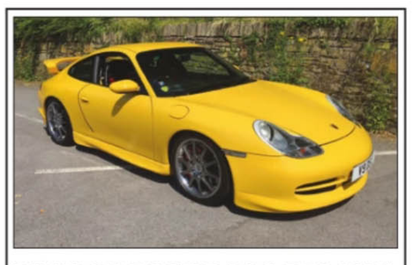


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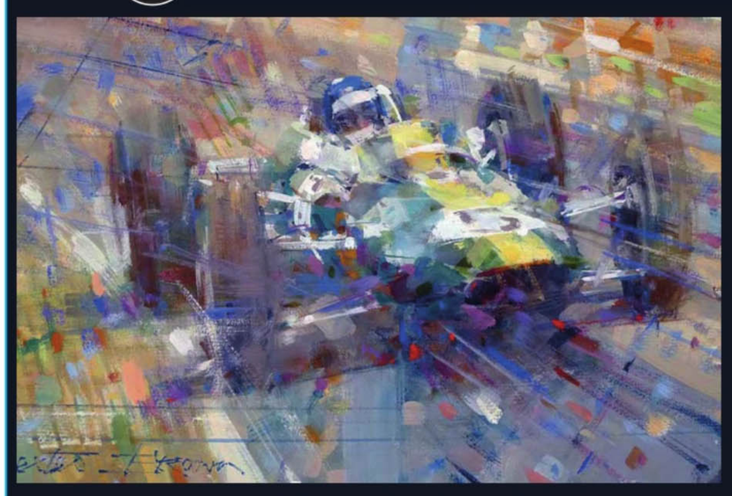


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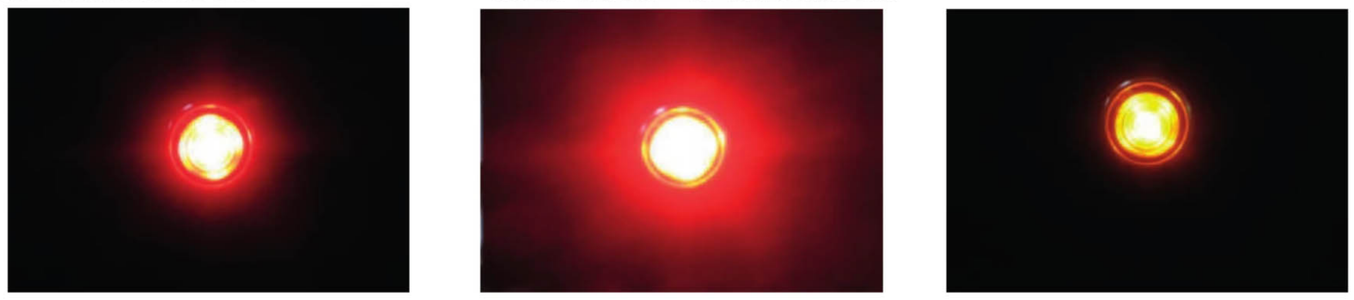
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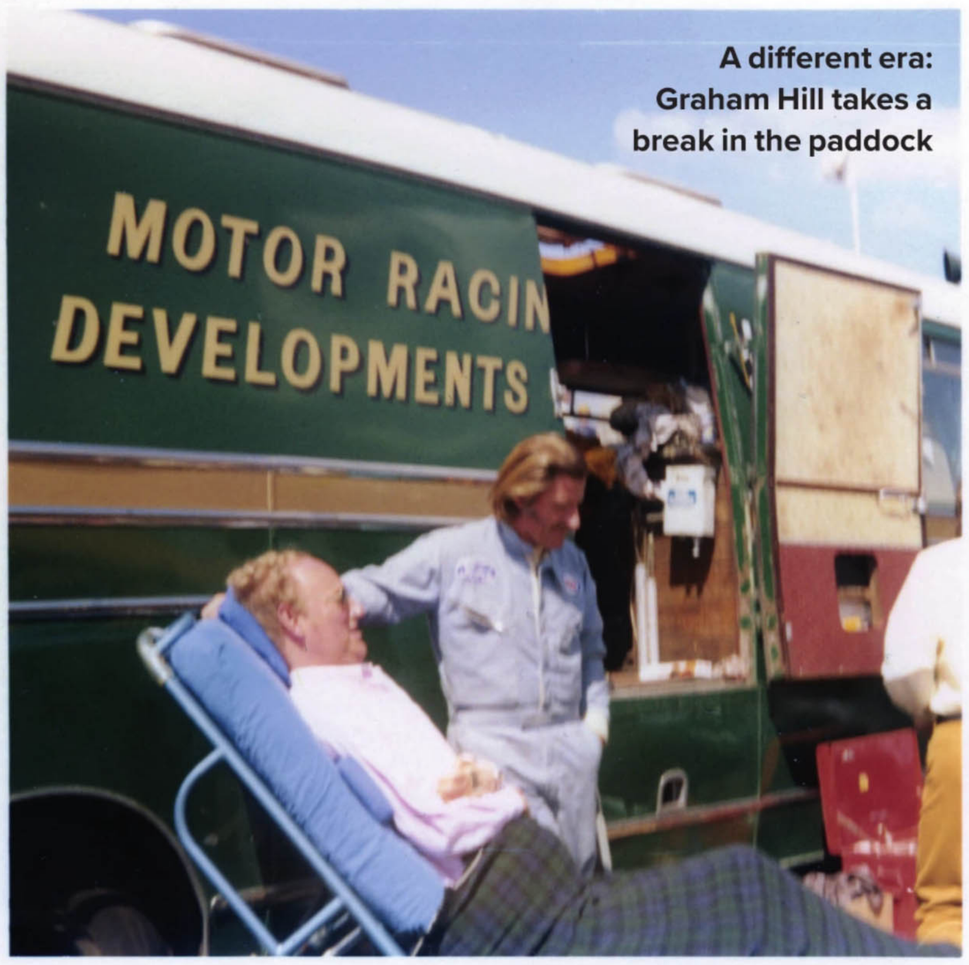

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YOU WERE THERE



A different era: Graham Hill takes a break in the paddock



Above: Peter Gethin looks over his McLaren-Ford. Right: Nevill fondly recalls the open paddock, which reminds him of the Goodwood Revival today



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Mechanics hard at work, with Jackie Stewart's winning Tyrrell among the pack



Ferrari had entered three updated 312B/2s, but Mario Andretti did not enter







Up close with his hero: Nevill snaps Hill's "lobster claw" Brabham BT34

Looking on the bright side

A 14-year-old **Graham Nevill** managed to get close to his idol Graham Hill at the 1971 British Grand Prix at Silverstone... before a bungled flag drop took him out of the race at the start.



Vibrations had hurt the Ford-powered Lotus 72B, but strengthened bodywork helped Emerson Fittipaldi to third

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1966 Aston Martin DB6 finished in Skye Silver with contrasting red hide interior, Requires repainting and various other works In the same ownership since 2005 and used on a regular basis. Probably the cheapest DB6 for years. **£155,000**



1986 Aston Martin V8 Volante in Salisbury Blue with contrasting Navy hide interior. Fitted with Manual Transmission, Recent back to metal repaint, New electric mohair hood in dark blue, Ronal wheels, fully serviced and recent suspension overhaul. Beautiful throughout, **£155,000**



1997 Aston Martin V8 Coupe finished in Mendip Blue with Parchment hide interior piped in blue with best quality Wilton carpet throughout. It comes with full Aston service history and was the property of the first owner for 18 years. It is a limited edition of just 101 cars, making it rarer than DB4's 5's & 6's. Fitted with automatic transmission, climate control and power assisted steering, it is a very relaxing car to drive. Recently reduced for a quick sale to only **£69,950**



2010 Aston Martin DBS finished in Lightening Silver with contrasting Obsidian black sports seats. Owned from when it was 2 months old by the present owner, it has covered a mere 17,000 miles and comes with full Aston Martin service history. The specification includes touchtronic transmission, climate control, satellite navigation and 10 spoke Diamond cut alloy wheels. Wonderful value for such a low mileage beautiful motor car at **£75,000**



1964 Jaguar E Type 3.8 Series I Roadster as road tested by Classic and Sportscar magazine this month. This is a fully restored Motor Car that is in perfect condition throughout and drives as you would expect. It still carries its original Coventry registration number and comes with a Jaguar Heritage certificate confirming that it retains its original engine. 3600 miles only since the restoration and sensibly priced at **£139,950**



1970 Jaguar E Type 4.2 Series II FHC finished in gunmetal with contrasting burgundy hide interior. Fully restored by us in 2017 with detailed photographic evidence of the restoration. Use since the restoration has been limited to one visit to Le Mans and minimal local mileage. It remains in delightful conditions and drives without faults. Very realistically priced at **£94,950**



1966 registered Aston Martin DB5 finished in Navy blue with black hide interior and one of the very last DB5's to be registered. Owned by the current owner since 1992, it has been regularly used and impeccably maintained throughout. Engine upgraded producing increased power and torque and greatly improved handling due to the fitting of a Harvey Bailey handling kit. Fitted with a twin Luminition ignition system for added reliability. If you are looking for a very useable DB5 that is a joy to drive and priced at a reasonable level, this motor car is well worth viewing. Sensibly priced at **£595,000**

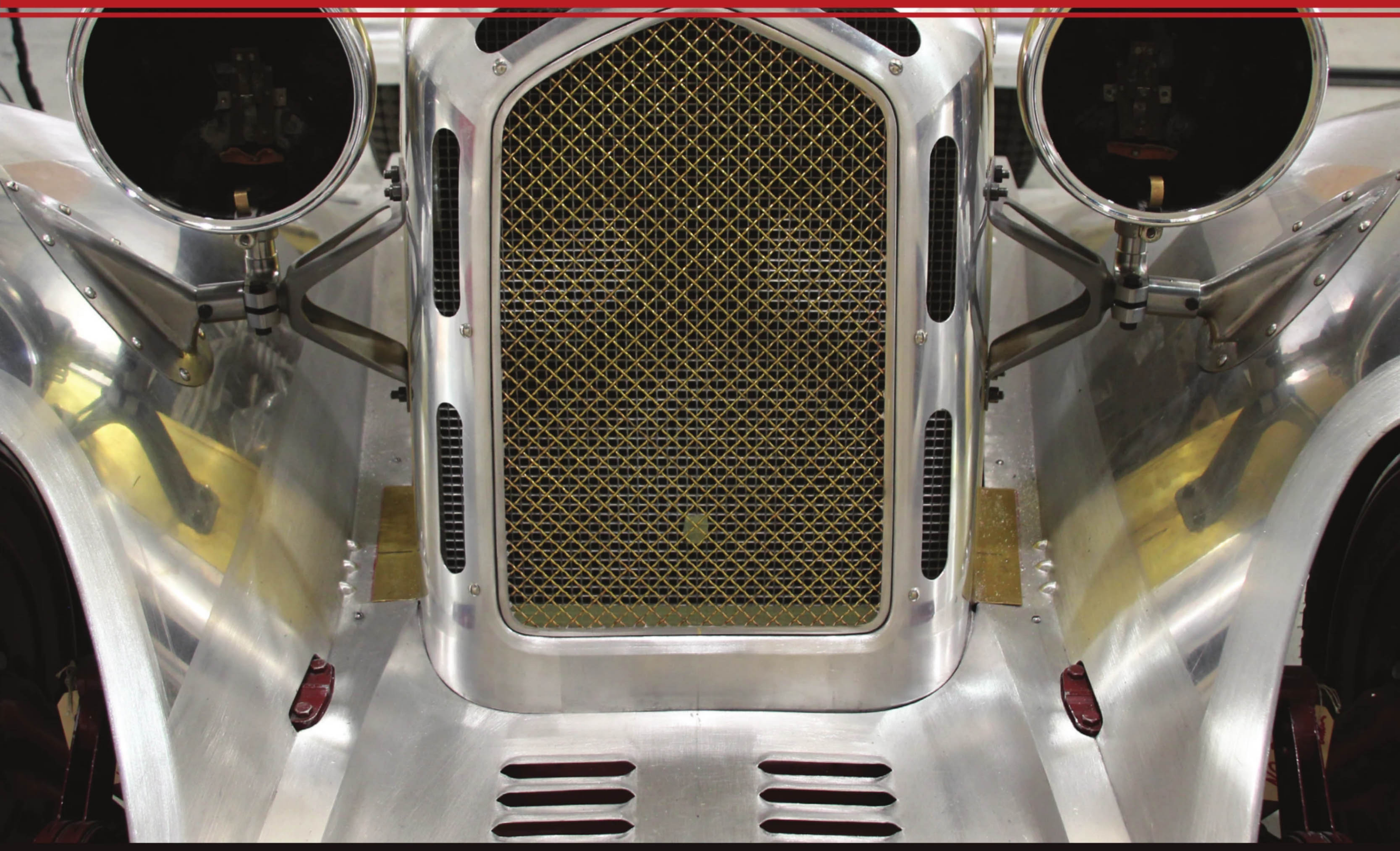


1960 Aston Martin DB4, built to DB4GT specification. GT body modifications back in 1991 by Bodylines of Olney and more recently upgraded by us to include a correct 12 plug cylinder head coupled with modern fuel injection for ease of running. All of the moving parts on this car have either been completely refurbished or replaced with new during the course of the recently completed restoration. Fitted with new Borrani wire wheels. Delivered new to a Parisian resident, it is a French registered left hand drive example. **£750,000**

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