MOTORSPORT

THE ORIGINAL MOTOR RACING MAGAZINE

MOTORSPORT

SINCE 1924



1000th ISSUE

COLLECTORS' EDITION

LEWIS HAMILTON • VALENTINO ROSSI • PORSCHE AT 60 • WILLIAMS' 500TH GP

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38 Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Road,
London SW10 0QJ, UK
www.motorsportmagazine.co.uk

EDITORIAL
Telephone 020 7349 8497 **Fax** 020 7349 8494
E-mail editorial@motorsportmagazine.co.uk
Editor-in-Chief Nigel Roebuck
Editor Damien Smith
Deputy Editor Gordon Cruickshank
Founder Editor Bill Boddy MBE
Features Editor Rob Widdows
US Editor Gordon Kirby
Art Editor Damon Cogman
Chief Sub-Editor Gillian Bell
Picture Editor Ian Marshall
Marketing Assistant Louisa Skipper
Editorial Assistant Ed Foster
Senior Contributing Writer Andrew Frankel
Editor-at-Large Simon Taylor
Special Contributors Adam Cooper, John Davenport, Paul Fearnley, Alan Henry, Richard Heseltine, Keith Howard, Paul Lawrence, Doug Nye, Mat Oxley, Karen Warren, Gary Watkins
Picture Library LAT Photographic: 020 8251 3000

ADVERTISING
Telephone 020 7349 8496 **Fax** 020 7349 8494
E-mail sales@motorsportmagazine.co.uk
Advertisement Director Steve Ross
Advertisement Manager Richard Stillman
Display Sales Executive Matt Rayner
Classified Sales Executive Victoria Newell
Dealer Sales Executive Dylan Miles
Production Jhulan Aupouri
Production Assistant Jennifer Carruth

PUBLISHING
Publisher Martin Nott
Business Manager Jacky Cirne
Administration Assistant Fred Milln
Subscriptions Manager Melanie Marshall
Managing Director Paul Dobson

SUBSCRIPTIONS
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Volume 84 Number 12
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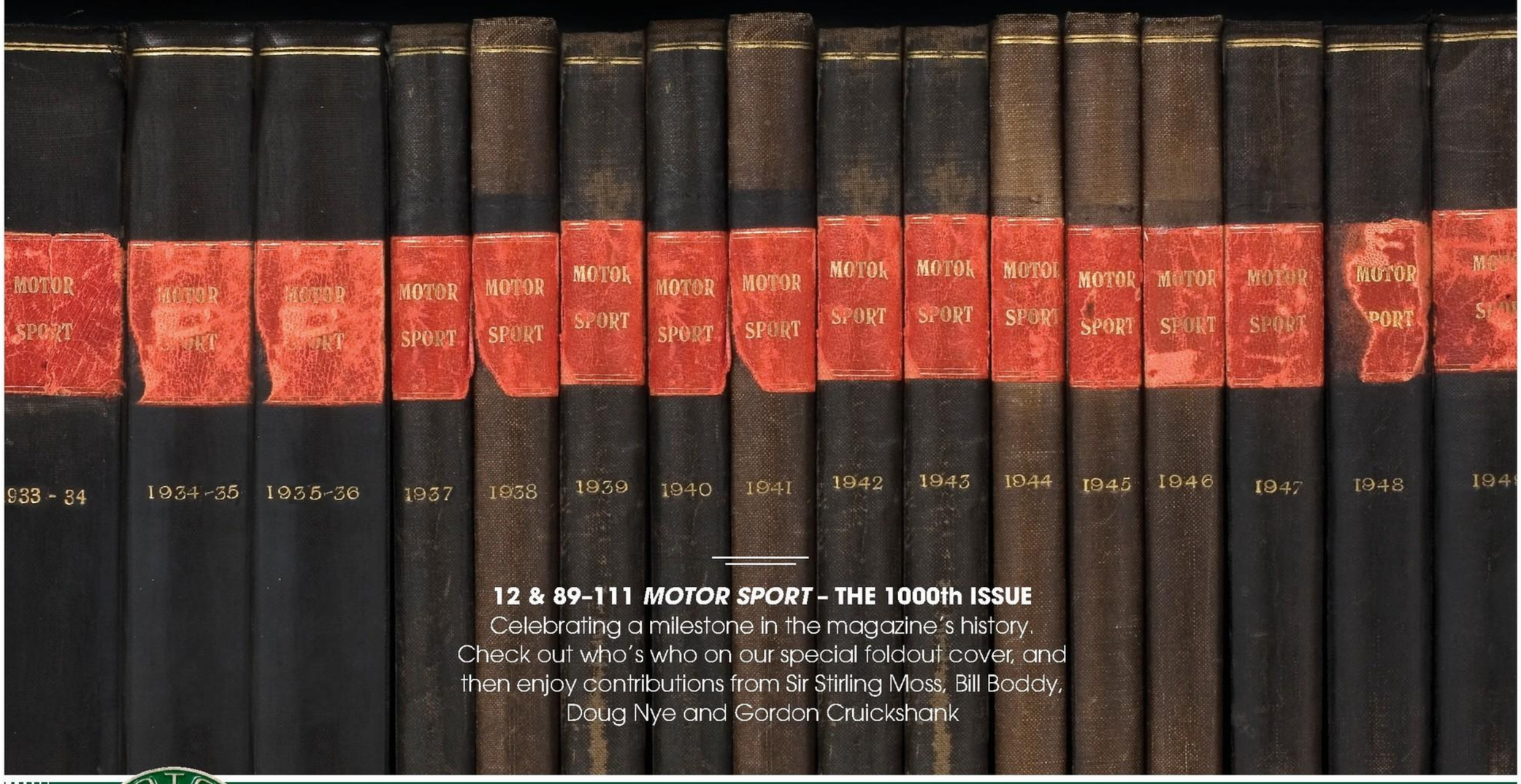
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Celebrating a milestone in the magazine's history. Check out who's who on our special foldout cover, and then enjoy contributions from Sir Stirling Moss, Bill Boddy, Doug Nye and Gordon Cruickshank

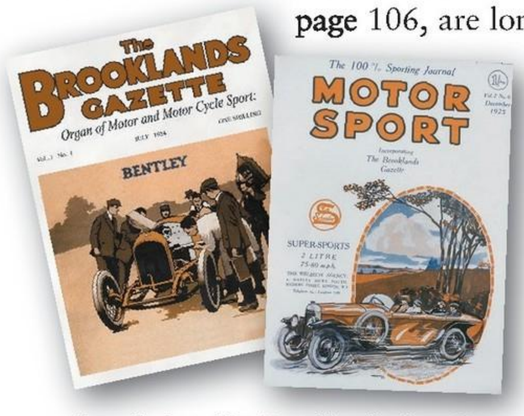
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A magazine for all times

"Here's to infuriating, prejudiced, opinionated, obstinate, out-of-date, idiosyncratic… irascible, outspoken, Blimpish, honest, incorruptible, cynical, naïve, occasionally amusing, and always fascinating *Motor Sport*…" So wrote the editor of our former sister title *Motorcycle Sport* back in 1975. I'd like to think a few of those adjectives no longer apply – but I have to admit, his description of Bill Boddy's magazine still rings a few bells today. There's nothing else quite like this magazine. Never was, still isn't.

As we celebrate this, the 1000th issue of 'the magazine that gave its name to the sport', I've reflected upon how far we've come, and paradoxically how little has changed. The dysfunctional eccentricities of the Standard House days, which Gordon Cruickshank recounts so vividly on page 106, are long gone (I wish I'd been there – but perhaps just for a few weeks). The world has changed, for better and worse, and the magazine has evolved with it.



Founded as *The Brooklands Gazette* in '24, its name changed a year later

These days when our enthusiastic band of contributors over-write, as some of them do (I won't name names!), we no longer drop the font size to get it all in, and features no longer start on p102 and end on p63, as was the way in Jenks's time. You are also unlikely to see the Exeter Trial featured on the cover in 2009 because unfortunately we are under pressure to actually sell magazines! Yes, the idiosyncrasies that both engaged and enraged *Motor Sport's* readers for years have been ironed out – mostly.

But below the surface the magazine keeps to the spirit of what The Bod and Jenks intended: we don't shy away from offering our readers the forthright opinions they expect and deserve; we kick against the trend for sound bites; we unapologetically embrace the colourful modern sport, while maintaining the healthy perspective offered by history. *Motor Sport* is a serious magazine for anyone with the heart of a racer – although I like to think despite our high ambitions, we don't take ourselves too seriously. That would be dull. And we wouldn't want to appear 'Blimpish', would we?

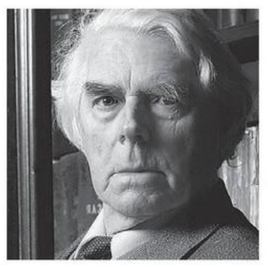
With all this in mind, our special 1000th issue reflects the world we live in today and the one we have left behind. Lewis Hamilton and Valentino Rossi are undoubtedly the biggest motor sporting stars racing today. One is a divisive, flawed and controversial character who is far from universally loved, and as I write he has yet even to win a World Championship. But his potential, and primarily his unarguable talent, has thrust him to the fore. As for the other, with eight world titles, a wonderfully corporate-free personality and most vitally a pure love of speed, he quite simply transcends his sport. Formula 1 would love a colossus the size of Valentino Rossi.

In stark contrast to these revealing interviews, we've indulged in a celebration of our own heritage. Forgive us, but I think we've earned it after 1000 issues – and more importantly, I know you'll be entertained. As for the special fold-out cover, I hope you enjoy trying to name the famous (and not-so-famous) faces – without turning to the numbered guide on p12!

So take the plunge and read on. But be warned. There are an awful lot of words in this issue and it might take you some time. *Motor Sport* just doesn't do half-measures.

Damien Smith, Editor

CONTRIBUTORS



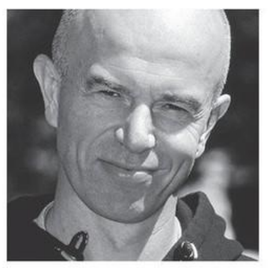
Bill Boddy

Here is an astonishing statistic: of our 1000 issues, Bill Boddy has been directly involved in almost 900 of them. Freelance contributor from 1930, Editor for the remarkable span of 1936 to 1991 and a cornerstone of it ever since, WB reshaped the magazine and made it a commercial success – with an eccentric twist. He has also been central to the old car movement and saving Brooklands Track.



Denis Jenkinson

We lost Jenks in 1996, but his influence still permeates the magazine. Joining us after the war, he rapidly became racing's most informed observer, touring Europe all season in his Porsche. He knew everyone in racing, from F1 to motorbike clubbies, and his opinion carried real weight. Unafraid to criticise, he told it the way he saw it, and as he had won the Mille Miglia with Stirling Moss, people listened.



Mat Oxley

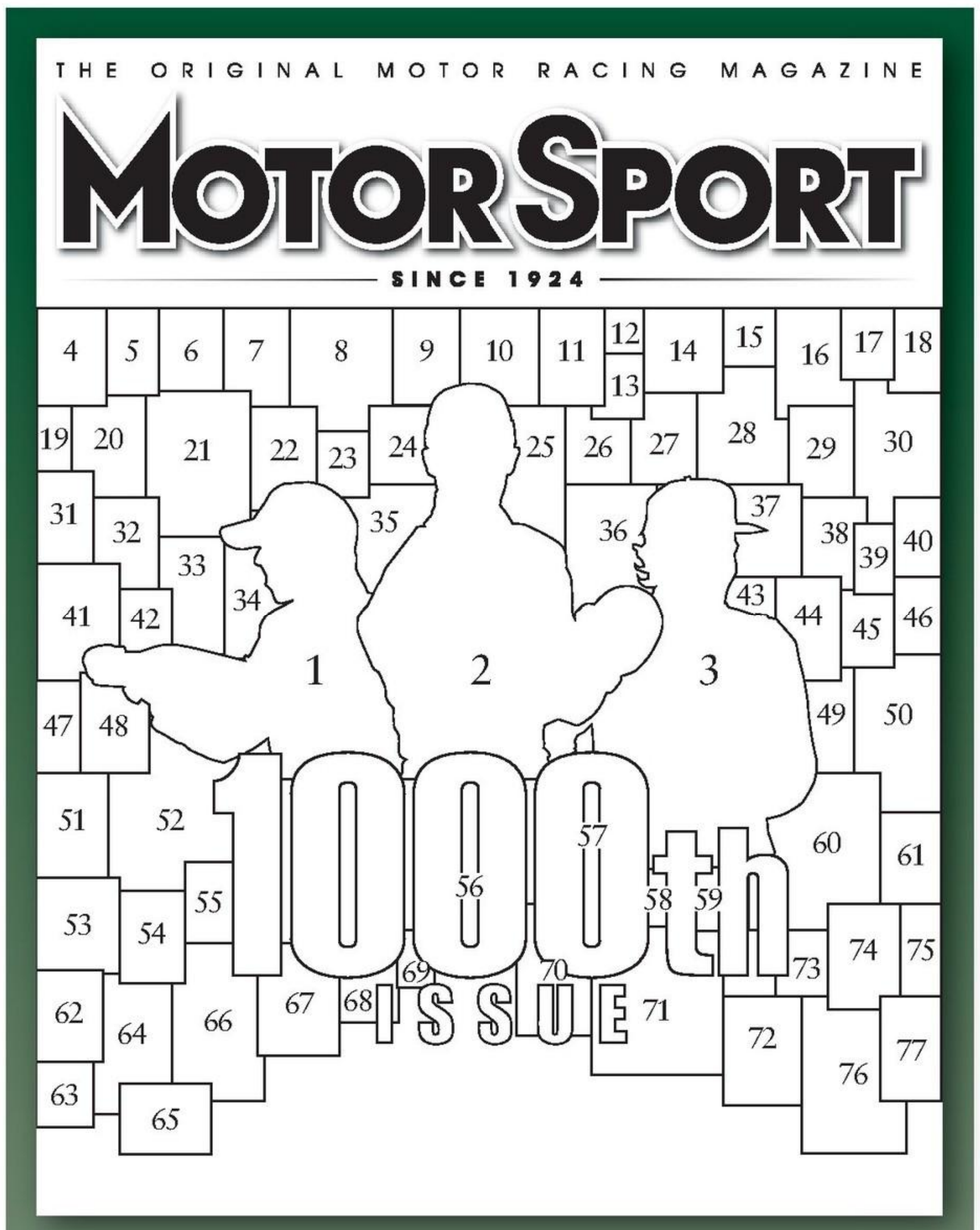
Not many journalists are allowed to get close to the mercurial Valentino Rossi, current idol of MotoGP bike racing. A bike racer himself, Mat is one of the few who can. With three books on the Italian star behind him, he was able to procure an exclusive interview with the man who was within an ace of entering Formula 1 with Ferrari – but decided he could not live without racing bikes.



Michael Cotton

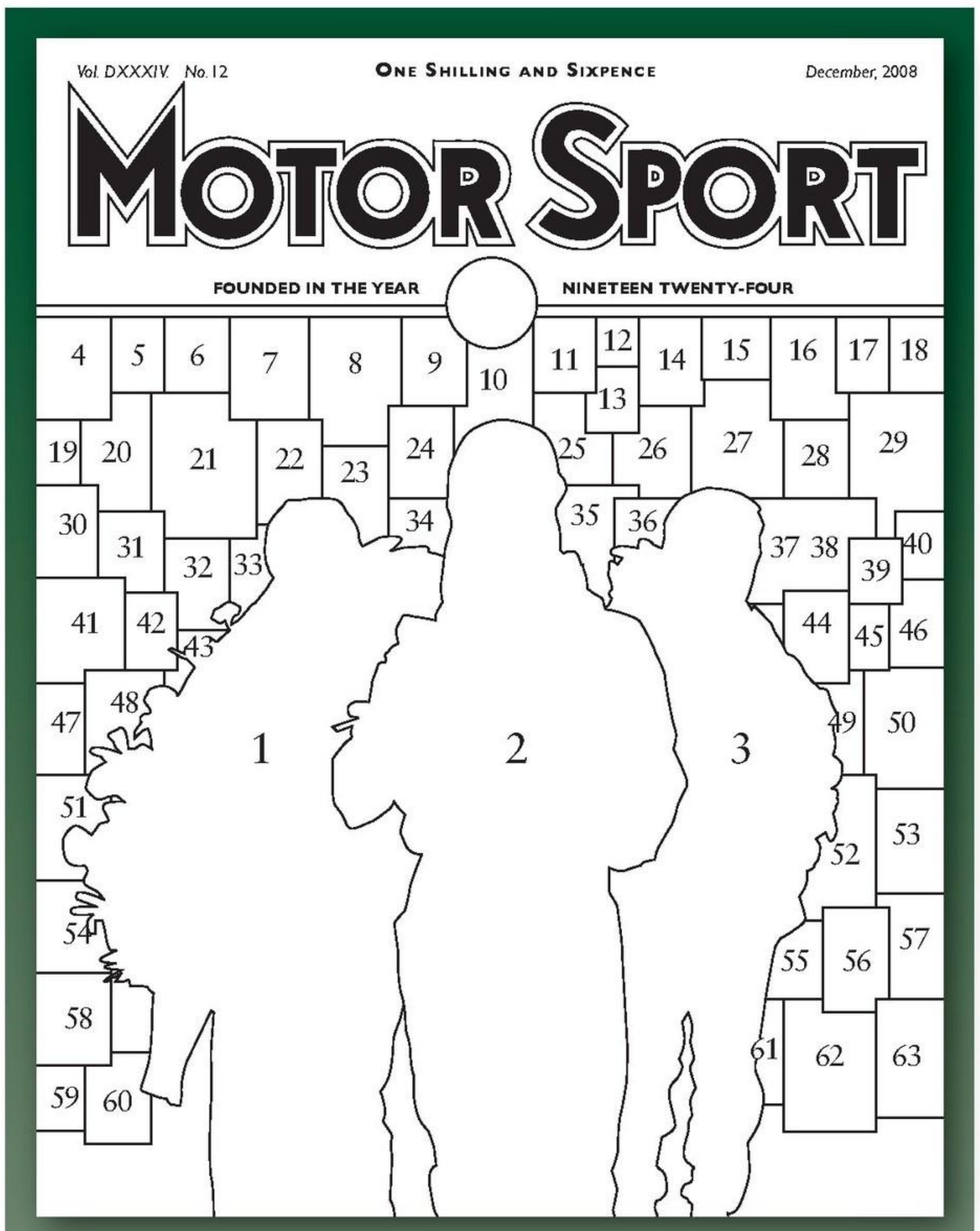
Mike's association with *Motor Sport* goes back to the 1960s, when he was Assistant Editor. After a stint as Editor of *Motoring News* he became Press Manager of Porsche Cars GB, confirming a fascination for Stuttgart, and then a top sports car racing reporter. With several books on Porsche to his name, he is the perfect commentator for our story marking 60 years of racing success for the marque.

1000th issue cover guide



FRONT COVER

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Abu Dhabi to raise bar for F1 circuits



Yas Island will feature more than just a new F1 circuit – there are hotels, apartments and a Ferrari theme park

THE NEW ABU DHABI GRAND PRIX circuit promises to set new standards that will put even more pressure not just on struggling traditional circuits, but anyone else planning to build a Formula 1 venue in the future.

The sensational facility, currently being built on the giant new Yas Island development, will host the World Championship season finale on November 15, 2009.

The project was first announced in February last year, when drivers and team bosses attended a launch event that included a street demonstration by 10 F1 cars. Plans for the new venue, to be designed by Hermann Tilke, were shown at that time.

On the recommendation of Bernie Ecclestone in November, however, Frenchman Philippe Gurdjian was hired as CEO of Abu Dhabi Motorsport Management, and he has made substantial changes to the initial design, in effect imposing his 'inspiration' on Tilke. The revised layout was shown to the F1 world in China.

Gurdjian has been in the business of running Grands Prix since 1985, and has been directly involved with 25 races as promoter, organiser or consultant. He had a key role in the launches of the Malaysian and Bahrain GPs. Until recently he ran Paul Ricard on behalf of Ecclestone, where he developed the circuit's hotel, and boosted his reputation for obsessive attention to detail.

Yas Island is a huge resort that features hotels, apartment blocks, golf courses and a Ferrari theme park, and the F1 circuit represents just one small corner of it. Gurdjian arrived too late to influence the basic outline of the marina around which the track runs, so he has had to accept some compromises.



"The concept was not original, and it was not different enough to the other circuits"

PHILIPPE GURDJIAN

In the original plans half the track was a permanent facility and half run on public roads, but Gurdjian has insisted on having a full permanent facility. He has also ditched modest plans for a circuit hotel and created a much larger 500-room venue that sweeps over the track and plunges into the water. Six other hotels will be built close to the site.

Unique features of the 3.4-mile anti-clockwise circuit include an escape road that disappears under a grandstand in order to keep spectators close to the action, and a pit exit road that goes through a tunnel which then releases cars onto the other side of the track. Gurdjian claims that Yas Marina is the first venue in the world with only covered grandstand seats – 50,000 in total.

"The concept was not original, and it was not different enough to the other circuits," Gurdjian told *Motor Sport*. "The first one was a project you could put in Magny-Cours, in Silverstone, in Hockenheim. What I've tried to do is create something unique that you can recognise immediately as the Abu Dhabi circuit.

"It was quite difficult to design. When you criticise something it's easy, but after you have to work and start from a white page. You must be very efficient to find the right solution.

"It will be the nicest place for the media, the sponsors, the drivers, the teams. We are making this place for the future. I'm involved in all the details, every square metre. I am very, very creative and I'm never satisfied."

Gurdjian expects the venue to be used all year round for various events such as driving schools and new car launches. The F1 circuit can be split into two shorter venues that can operate simultaneously. *Adam Cooper*



GP future uncertain for Canada and France

THE 2009 F1 CALENDAR REMAINS IN A STATE OF FLUX AFTER FINANCIAL issues forced both the Canadian and French GPs to be dropped.

In October the FIA issued a revised calendar that did not include Canada, and days later the FFSA made a surprise announcement that the 2009 French GP, scheduled for June 28, would not take place.

The loss of Canada (above) was greeted with huge disappointment by F1 team bosses, as it was the sport's only foothold in North America. Bernie Ecclestone claimed that promoter GPF1 Inc had not paid "50 per cent of the money over the last three years", an accusation denied by race organisers. Marketing vice-president Paul Wilson said: "We have a disagreement regarding monetary obligations, but only for '08."

The man behind the event is Normand Legault, until recently a close associate of Ecclestone. Aside from a short hiatus, he has been involved with the race since 1978. In '97 he became the promoter. He is chairman and CEO of GPF1 Inc, and it is his company rather than the local government that ran the event, and carried all associated risks.

Sources in France suggest the most likely future home of the French GP (inset) will be a temporary track at Disneyland Paris. The project would be run by the giant Lagadère media group – owners of Virgin's music and book interests, and long associated with Matra. Alain Prost is involved in the bid. Another possible solution is for Lagadère to run the race at Magny-Cours before Disney is available.

Mosley forces teams to form cost-cutting plans

MAX MOSLEY AND BERNIE Ecclestone have reacted to the current global economic crisis by insisting that ways be found to substantially reduce the costs of competing in F1.

Mosley showed he meant business by announcing a tender for a common supplier of engines from 2011, a ploy that galvanised the teams into agreeing possible alternatives at FOTA meetings in Japan. A key factor is to reduce the cost of customer engine deals from as early as next season. The typical current price is €16-17 million per annum.

The issue of customer cars remains hazy, but in the current environment it seems there will be more potential for the sharing of technology in the future than had been envisioned by those who have opposed it, such as Williams. Force India is seeking to acquire its entire engine, gearbox and KERS system from McLaren-Mercedes.

Toro Rosso boss Gerhard Berger said: "As an independent team, I am happy to see things moving, and that slowly everybody starts to realise that we are getting into a very, very difficult situation. As we all know how long a lead time decisions like this can have, it is very important to react quickly."

IN BRIEF

■ Bernie Ecclestone has expressed concern over the number of driver penalties metered out at Grands Prix. "We must be careful we don't punish every little thing, otherwise the drivers will lose the confidence to fight," said Ecclestone after the Japanese GP, where Lewis Hamilton, Felipe Massa and Sébastien Bourdais all fell foul of the stewards.

■ Following the exclusion of Canada (see left) from the 2009 calendar website Manipe F1 and Powerlynx Motorsports Management Inc have started a petition opposing the decision. It's hoped that if enough people sign, it will sway the minds of the FIA and FOM. To view and sign the petition visit www.manipef1.com/petition



■ Ferrari has admitted that it has not yet tested its KERS Energy Recovery System. "I cannot deny we are lagging behind," said technical director Aldo Costa. Force India has started to look elsewhere for an engine supplier as Ferrari, which has supplied engines throughout 2008, remains noncommittal for '09.

■ Former Prime Minister Tony Blair will face an inquiry over the controversy in 1997 when Bernie Ecclestone donated £1m to the Labour Party shortly before the government ruled that tobacco sponsorship could continue to be allowed in F1. Blair has always denied the donation influenced the decision.

■ Honda tester Alex Wurz was seconded to drive the medical car in Singapore as regular pilot Jacques Troppenat was unavailable. After Nelson Piquet's crash Wurz overtook both the safety car and Fernando Alonso and raced flat out to the scene, egged on by F1 doctor Gary Hartstein. It was too much for the nervous local doctor in the back seat, who was reunited with his lunch...

■ Bridgestone was allowed to run green bands in the grooves of its tyres in Japan as part of the FIA's Make Cars Green initiative. The green bands had a useful side effect of giving an indication of tyre wear over a race stint.

Alonso expected to stay at Renault

THE FINAL GAPS IN the 2009 F1 entry list will be plugged when Fernando Alonso finally confirms his plans after the Brazilian Grand Prix.

The Spaniard told *Motor Sport*: "I know what to do 99 per cent, but after Brazil, everybody will know." It is widely assumed he will stay at Renault rather than take up an offer from Honda, the team's recent surge in form having tipped the balance in Flavio Briatore's favour. It's not clear why Alonso has insisted on delaying any announcement.

His options were reduced when BMW announced just before the Japanese GP that Robert Kubica and Nick Heidfeld will stay on. Team boss Mario Theissen had admitted an interest in Alonso, but after the announcement Fernando played down any thoughts he might have harboured of going to BMW, as he did when Ferrari confirmed long-term deals with Kimi Räikkönen and Felipe Massa.

Honda has pursued Alonso with vigour, however, and made it clear that the door was wide open for him. Jenson Button has extended his deal – although it has yet to be confirmed publicly – which means Rubens Barrichello is awaiting word on his fate.

GP2 star Bruno Senna (below) has emerged as a strong candidate for Honda, the obvious family connections making him a huge PR draw. Assuming he is not concealing plans to retire, Barrichello could find out after the end of the season that he has no job in 2009.

Honda boss Nick Fry said, "The repercussions go far beyond one other driver. There's a line of hopefuls who won't really know who they are until Fernando makes up his mind. Rubens is clearly one of those. But it affects several others as well."

Force India boss Vijay Mallya has confirmed that veteran Giancarlo Fisichella and Adrian Sutil are staying on for 2009, which means the only other seats yet to be confirmed are those at Renault and Toro Rosso. Nelson Piquet and Sébastien Bourdais are both waiting to hear whether they will be retained.



Nigel Roebuck



REFLECTIONS
– Some light relief at the Singapore Grand Prix
– Strange tactics employed by F1's stewards
– A good time to remember the inspiring Jenks

It is a fact that the race was brought to life by the intervention of the safety car, that the resultant drama served to mask the fact that here was yet another circuit where overtaking was nigh impossible, but still, by common consent, the Singapore Grand Prix – Formula 1's first 'night race' – was a thorough success. The organisation was superb, the grandstands packed, and the whole thing positively reeked of money. No surprise, then, that Bernie Ecclestone glowed all weekend.

Not long afterwards, however, there was heard a lone voice of dissent, and it came – *quelle surprise* – from the direction of Maranello. Luca di Montezemolo offered his thoughts on the Singapore race, and clearly he was in a right paddy when he did so.

"Unfortunately," he said, "when we race on tracks where staging a circus or something would be better, anything can happen, because the spectacle is supplied by the safety car. This is humiliating for F1."

Even before the race, Ferrari's colourful president had made clear his aversion to a Grand Prix in the streets of Singapore – indeed to street circuits in general. "I have the impression," he said, "that it will be another one of those letdowns where you cannot overtake, like Valencia. Going forward with these circuits heralds a bad future for F1."

Ah, so *that* was the problem – the adoption of street circuits, where 'you cannot overtake'. My first thought, upon learning of Luca's remarks, was to wonder why he had omitted mention of Monaco, where overtaking has been a near impossibility since 1929; my second was to conclude that if circuits where 'you cannot overtake' were to be sidestepped, we would be looking at something like a two-race World Championship. Face it, the overtaking car has become an endangered species, in part because the design of so many tracks militates against passing, and in part because of the extent to which 'aero' has



Massa looked uncatchable after a textbook start in Singapore, but then came Piquet's crash...

LAT

been progressively allowed to make impossible the close following of another car through a corner.

We must hope that the new F1 regulations, to be introduced next year, will – at least temporarily – lessen the latter problem. Artists' impressions of the 2009 Grand Prix car, complete with huge front wing and tiny rear, suggest a remarkably unsightly vehicle, but, let's face it, a long time has passed since F1 cars were things of beauty, and the outlandish soon becomes the norm. When the 'pinched in', narrow-track, regulations were introduced, we thought the resultant cars hideous, but look at footage of pre-98 F1 now and the cars seem unnaturally wide.

If the question of overtaking has – at last – been addressed by the FIA, in terms of the cars' specification, there is no sign of any similar thinking when it comes to circuits, and of course the problem is exacerbated by the inclusion in the World Championship of tracks like Barcelona, where the teams test constantly, and where thus no surprises await. Long experience of the Spanish Grand Prix has taught one the worth of four or five double espressos immediately before the start.

> "If Singapore was pleasing, Valencia was a stone drag of a race with the cars evenly spaced, 50 or so yards apart"

That being so, any circuit at which pre-race testing is impossible, either because it is through streets or too far away, has a head start, as far as I'm concerned, although this is not always realised in the race itself.

If the venue was pleasing – hell, in this day and age we should welcome *any* new Grand Prix in Europe – Valencia was a stone drag of a race with the cars evenly spaced, 50 or so yards apart, from the very beginning.

The hope is that the layout might be tweaked before next summer.

Di Montezemolo might think it 'humiliating' that at Singapore 'the spectacle was supplied by the safety car', but I'm afraid my response to that is that I'm only sorry there wasn't a similar scenario in Valencia. The only aspect of contemporary F1 I would call 'humiliating' is that something purporting to call itself 'motor racing' is so frequently nothing more than a high-speed parade.

As I may have related before, some years ago a lady in Indianapolis asked me if I would answer a question for her. She was courteous, almost embarrassed: »»»

Nigel Roebuck



"Excuse me, sir, but in Formula 1 are they… *allowed* to pass?"

Was she being ironic? Hardly. Facetious, then? No. Doubtless the FIA line would be that she wasn't very… sophisticated, and simply didn't comprehend that there was more to this than the missionary position with the lights out. Having grown up with the Indy 500, she naïvely believed that a car race necessarily entailed cars racing, and when she detected little evidence of that in F1, she became a touch confused. It was as if the goals had been sewn up.

To no one's great surprise, Ecclestone responded swiftly to di Montezemolo's petulant remarks: "After the weekend Ferrari had," Bernie snapped, "their president should have shut up, and kept his head down. If Massa loses the World Championship, he will know his team was responsible. He would have destroyed everyone in Singapore if he had kept going."



"The spectacle was supplied by the safety car. It's humiliating"

LUCA DI MONTEZEMOLO

So, too, he would. During qualifying Felipe had produced one of those laps – like Carlos Reutemann at Monza in 1981, or Jarno Trulli at Monaco in '04 – that defied improvement, and at the start of the race he confidently led away, showing every sign of staying there for the duration.

Massa is like that. When he has confidence in himself and his car, when the stars are in the right place, he drives sublimely, and, in the manner of Alain Prost, makes the winning of a Grand Prix seem like something you or I could do. On days like that, you can take him to the bank.

Felipe has a shortcoming, however, and it is a significant one. When something – anything – in the system glitches, he is not the man to cope. On occasions like that, as Ferrari people can tell you, the freehand artistry of Kimi Räikkönen is what you need; problem is, Kimi's baffling inability to make his Bridgestone fronts work in qualifying means that invariably he starts too far back for it to matter very much.

Had not the overhyped Nelson Piquet looped his Renault into a wall, appropriately on lap 13, I have little doubt that Massa would have gone on to another of his immaculate Grand Prix victories, but as soon as the safety car came out all bets were off.

For one thing, Nico Rosberg and Robert Kubica fell victim to the absurd 'pot luck' rule, which immediately closes the pitlane, and penalises – with a stop/go penalty – those who are about to run out of fuel, and have no alternative but to come in and take their punishment.

For another, when the pitlane was formally open once more, Ferrari's pit work was such as to bring sentimental tears to the eyes of Mauro Forghieri.

We all romanticise, we who were fervent Ferrari fans in some misty era past, about the pre-Barnard days when the team may have been a little chaotic, but when it operated on passion and song and Lambrusco; and in a little way we were rewarded now with a snapshot from another time.

In came Massa and, right behind him, Räikkönen. On went the fresh tyres, and in went the fuel. What happened next, though, made me think of Peter Ustinov.

For those of you unfamiliar with Ustinov's *Grand Prix of Gibraltar*, a pastiche of motor racing recorded more than 50 years ago, yet with a resonance that never dies, the German team – Schnorcedes – had stolen a march on its rivals by achieving a perfect weight balance in its cars. The down side was that this necessitated the driver's sitting, as team manager Altbauer explained, 'with one leg forward, and the other backward. Naturally, this takes a little training…'

All was going well for Schnorcedes in the race, with von Grips leading, and Fling second, until the – late – arrival of the Duke of Edinburgh, in the event of which the drivers had been advised that they should stop immediately, and 'stand reverently to attention' until the Royal Car had completed a lap of honour, at which point they were free to continue with the race. The German drivers, of course, found themselves unable to stand.

"They're a funny people, aren't they?" muses Girling Foss. "They do everything so perfectly that they miss some of the elementary things…"

Massa and Ferrari had Singapore in the bag until that pitstop, when a little too much *cleverness* worked against them.

Rather than stick with the crude old 'lollipop' to indicate when it was time for the driver to get on his way, Ferrari a while ago came up with a system which automatically – by means of a green light in the cockpit – notifies Massa or Räikkönen that now is the time to proceed. In Singapore, though, mindful of the likely chaos in the pitlane during a mass stop during a 'safety car' period, the team decided to operate it manually.

Which would have been fine, had it been done at the right moment. But do it a mite too soon, and you send your driver off into the pitlane with 30-odd feet of fuel hose



When Ferrari's 'traffic light' system failed horribly, Massa was left with 30ft of fuel hose hanging from his car, as Räikkönen made a getaway

Ferrari

flailing around behind his car – and you time it, what's more, so that he also slices into the path of another car.

This, you may remember, also happened in Valencia, and by chance the driver almost collected by Massa was Adrian Sutil, who has suffered much at the hand of Ferrari this season; he was on schedule to finish fourth at Monaco until Räikkönen forgot to brake at the chicane and tanked into the back of him, thereby robbing Sutil of five points, and his team, Force India, of who knows how many million dollars.

We were indeed surprised that Räikkönen suffered no penalty, for FIA stewards tend to take a dim view of driving mistakes these days, and when Massa *almost* hit Sutil in the Valencia pitlane it wasn't long before we were notified that the incident was being investigated. As it had occurred with 20 laps to go, we wondered if perhaps Felipe might get a drive-through penalty, but by the end of the race the stewards had reached no decision.

It would still, long after the chequered flag, have been possible to punish Massa in this fashion, by the simple expedient of adding 25 seconds to his race time, the punishment meted out to Lewis Hamilton at Spa, which cost him victory, and handed it to Massa. Had Felipe been penalised this way at Valencia, it would have handed victory to… Lewis.

He wasn't, though. After much deliberation, the stewards concluded – correctly – that Ferrari, rather than Massa, had been at fault, and handed the team a fine of 10,000 Euros, precisely the sum required of Fernando Alonso for driving over a white line in practice.

Fast-forward now to Singapore, five weeks later: once again Massa almost hit Sutil in the pitlane, and once again – indisputably – it was down to the team, and not the driver. Another fine? Well, no, actually. On this occasion Massa was given a drive-through, the normal penalty for this misdemeanour.

Where lay the difference between the two offences which dictated punishments so widely different in severity? There is no information on that, but if you were one of the wicked cynics, convinced that there is one law for Ferrari and one for everyone else, you concluded that, whereas a drive-through in Valencia would have cost Massa victory, in Singapore it made no difference at all, for he had lost so much time that he had no chance of scoring even a single point.

Perhaps di Montezemolo, in describing the safety car scenario as 'humiliating', was referring to the fact that in the end the race was won by the Renault of Alonso, which had qualified only 14th. It is a fact that, had the race run through without interruption, Alonso would have been nowhere, but also worth remembering that, without a problem in qualifying, he would have started from the first couple of rows, and been in the thick of it.

Personally, I found the outcome of Singapore highly satisfactory, particularly with regard to Nico Rosberg, who delighted Frank Williams with a fine second place, and also to Fernando, still the most complete driver in F1. This, lest we forget, is the man who won World Championships in the last two seasons of Michael Schumacher's career. At Fuji he made it two victories in a fortnight, after another superbly judged drive. No surprise that Ferrari so much wish they could put him in with Massa in 2009.

The FIA is understood to be contemplating a change in the way in which its stewards operate, and most would agree that it cannot come a moment too soon. For a great many years now these people, most of whom are members of the World Council, have been prone to making judgements which are frequently absurd, and sometimes farcical.

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A new 'steward system', therefore, is not to be discouraged, since any surely has to be an improvement on the one which has been in service since Job was a lad. Max Mosley is said to be in favour of having four stewards, rather than three, at each race, but surely of more immediate importance is eliminating 'No experience necessary' from the job description. There have, believe it or not, been examples of stewards officiating at the very first Grand Prix they have ever *attended*.

Inevitably, too, there is a measure of unease that Alan Donnelly, Mosley's right-hand man and official representative, serves also in the capacity of 'advisor' to the stewards. Surely, if these people were of a requisite standard, they would be in no need of 'advice' from anywhere.

The fundamental problems lie with a preposterous lack of consistency – I have dealt elsewhere with the very different penalties, for the same offence, handed out to Felipe Massa in Valencia and Singapore – and also a disturbing lack of what, in the modern world, we are pleased to call 'transparency'.

There is no question that, of late, the 'nanny state' has taken complete hold in F1. For countless years Ayrton Senna, and then Michael Schumacher in the years after, periodically behaved like homicidal lunatics on the track, routinely employing intimidatory tactics, either to keep a challenging driver back, or to unnerve him into letting them through. 'Give way – or we crash' was the sum of it.

Disagree with me if you wish, but it is for that reason that, for all their sublime skills, I refuse – and will always refuse – to think of Senna and Schumacher in the same light as Fangio, Moss, Clark, Stewart, Lauda and Prost, all of whom resolutely 'fought fair'. Once you tacitly sanction the 'professional foul', all bets are thenceforth off.

Year after year, though, Senna and Schumacher got away with it, and perhaps the most blatant – and most lamentable – example came at Suzuka in 1990, when, at the first corner of the opening lap, Ayrton simply took aim at Prost's Ferrari and speared it off the road at 150mph.

Was Senna punished in any way? Disgracefully, he was not. And nor was Schumacher when he drove at Häkkinen at Spa, or edged Alonso on to the grass down the Hangar Straight, or... or... how long do we have? When Michael blatantly took out Damon Hill at Adelaide in 1994 (thereby guaranteeing himself the World Championship) he suffered no punishment, and when he tried to do the same to Jacques Villeneuve, at Jerez in '97, the FIA came down on him like a ton of feathers, taking away what they quaintly called his 'Vice-World Championship', and making him do some PR work on road safety. Boo-hoo.





Hamilton incurs the stewards' wrath at Japan. Below: Schuey shows his ruthless side at Jerez

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Now the pendulum has swung fully in the other direction, and, after years of the stewards' looking the other way, we are at a point where virtually any overtaking move is instantly subject to 'investigation', and invariably punished.

After the Hamilton affair at Spa, Renault's clear-thinking Pat Symonds offered the opinion, widely shared, that over-zealousness on the part of the FIA stewards was putting 'motor racing' in serious jeopardy, that drivers – for whom overtaking is already quite difficult enough, thank you – would become ever more reluctant to try a passing move, for fear of almost inevitable penalty if contact ensued.

I wouldn't argue that, at Fuji, they were right to penalise Massa – a Ferrari driver, no less – for the clumsy way in which he turfed Hamilton into a spin, but the decision later to punish Sébastien Bourdais for the touch with Massa at the first corner simply defied belief, and stands as the most scandalous miscarriage of justice we have yet seen.

Bourdais was just out of the pits when the incident occurred. Correctly he kept within the white lines at the exit, then gunned his Toro Rosso down to the first corner, where – correctly again – he kept to his line, and did not deviate from it. Certainly he wasn't about to give Massa the corner – this was a matter of positions, after all – but he all but drove off the road to avoid being clipped by the Ferrari.

The result? Bourdais had 25 seconds added to his race time, which removed him from the points – he finished sixth – and also, of course, had the not insignificant side-effect of promoting Massa from eighth to seventh, thereby reducing Felipe's deficit to Hamilton from six to five points.

Following the penalty to Hamilton at Spa, the McLaren team, while entertaining no real hope of success, felt bound to appeal against a decision upon which, after all, the destiny of the 2008 World Championship could rest. After two days of expensive lawyer talk in Paris, the FIA International Court of Appeal eventually declared the appeal 'inadmissible', which made one wonder why, then, it had not been refused in the first place. The cost to McLaren, a team insider tells me, was around £100,000.

In Singapore, perhaps not surprisingly, Hamilton chose to put his naturally combative instincts to one side, and, knowing that Massa was not going to score, to concentrate on banking points. At Fuji he and his team suggested there would be more of the same. Lewis had learned lessons from the costly closing races of 2007, he said, but quite obviously they slipped his mind during the first few seconds of the



Jenks loved to 'fettle' with cars and bikes – this is the crankshaft from his Brooklands Duesenberg single-seater

GP Library



Villeneuve was one of only five top drivers for Jenks. Below: Pescara, surely a 'he-man' track?

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Japanese Grand Prix, when he blew his pole position start, and then made an atrocious mess of the first corner, killing any hopes of a strong finish right there.

Increasingly this year Hamilton's rivals have murmured that Lewis thinks he can walk on water, and sometimes he can – think of Silverstone – but often there have been signs of over-confidence verging on the foolish. This was one such occasion, and starkly differed from his first-ever Grand Prix start, in Melbourne last year, when the way he flicked and weaved between cars ahead looked like sleight of hand. At the first corner at Fuji, by contrast, he looked simply cack-handed. We all love to see a true racer, and Hamilton is emphatically that, but until he is more selective in when to go for it and when not, he will never be as good as he thinks he is.

A week later, in Shanghai, there was more of the same rhetoric from Hamilton and McLaren: the emphasis was firmly on the championship. And this time, in a car perhaps more superior to its opposition than at any time this season, Lewis drove one of his perfect races, and simply left the rest behind. If there was motor racing to spare in Japan, there was none at all in China – why, the stewards didn't penalise anyone all afternoon.

"Every year racing becomes more and more 'milk and water', and real he-man motor racing is practically extinct, so that in the end one can foresee everyone wrapped in cotton wool, and then I hope they all choke to death in their own safety."

The words are from Denis Jenkinson – and they were written in July 1957. Immediately ahead on the World Championship schedule were Grands Prix at the Nürburgring (by which I mean the *Nordschleife*), at Pescara, a 15-mile circuit composed of public roads, and at the pre-chicane Monza, where the lap record stood at over 135mph. For all that, though, in Jenks's mind 'real he-man racing' had become 'practically extinct', and that often brings a smile to my face, 50 years on, not least when I learn of a great debate about the safety implications of banning tyre-warmers or something.

This being the 1000th issue of *Motor Sport*, it is no more than inevitable that I should remember a man who became one of my closest friends, and who long before that was responsible for instilling in me the desire to spend my life around motor racing, and to write about it. If I consider the people I have known in this business, three stand clear of the rest in their unshakably pure love of the sport: Stirling Moss, Mario Andretti and Denis Jenkinson.

I took to reading *Motor Sport* when I was about six, I suppose, because my father bought the magazine every month, and it was always around the house. There were no bylines in those days, but sometimes the initials 'DSJ' would appear at the foot of an article, and soon it dawned on me that 'DSJ' and 'Our Continental Correspondent' were one and the same.

While I savoured the race reports, my favourite piece was always 'Continental

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Notes', in which this mysterious man wrote of anything that took his fancy, be it an epic battle in a Grand Prix or sports car race, a dinner with Jean Behra or Luigi Musso at the Albergo Reale in Modena, an affectionate *memoire* of a driver recently killed, or simply a memorable drive through the Dolomites in his Porsche 356.

What Continental Notes added up to, it seemed to this Mancunian boy, was an irresistibly romantic way of life, following the racing circus wherever it led, and doing it on uncluttered roads in a wonderful car. It was because of Jenks that I fell in love with all things Porsche, and resolved that one day I would own one. How to make a living from writing about motor racing, though, was another matter.



GP Library

Motor Sport was always a quirky magazine, and, while that was part of the appeal, it required of the reader a certain amount of patience and dedication. In October 1959, for example, Continental Notes began on page 750, and was continued on page... 747. 'Writing to length' was a concept in which Jenks had no interest: he wrote as much as he felt necessary, and often – simply to accommodate the volume of words – the last part of a story would be in two-point or something, and buried away. Still you read every word.

Certainly no one was better suited to a quirky magazine than Jenks. The word 'eccentric' is tossed around lightly these days, but DSJ was the genuine article, not least because – like all *true* eccentrics – he thought his way of life entirely normal, the rest of the world curiously out of step. One day I mentioned in passing my loathing of Christmas, and he surprised me by disagreeing. "Oh, I love Christmas Day," he said. Why? I asked, having never considered him one for kids and presents and home and hearth. "The roads are so empty!" he said, rubbing his hands. "Perfect time for a thrash around..."

It was the same with his house, hidden away in Hampshire woods (below). Jenks's domestic arrangements were unusual, let's say, and for most visitors required a degree of acclimatisation. There was, for example, the lack of electricity: power, such as it was, came from a small Honda generator, and was unable to provide illumination for two rooms at once, so that if someone needed to use the loo, other guests sat in darkness until their return.

> "Jenks's domestic arrangements were unusual, let's say..."

This, to Jenks, was all quite normal, as was his habit – rather than keeping a note book for the purpose – of writing telephone numbers on the wall by the phone. When once I questioned the siting of a Daimler V8 engine at the foot of his bed, he looked surprised. "Nowhere else to put it," he said. "No space in the sitting room." And in itself his logic was unimpeachable, for it was occupied by a selection of motorbikes, in various stages of repair.

Given the lack of electricity, it follows that Jenks never owned a television set, nor wished to. As he worked on his bikes – 'fettle' was a favourite word – he would listen endlessly to his beloved Sidney Bechet on a cassette player wired up to the inevitable Honda generator.

The Japanese manufacturer also played a significant role in the extension to his house which was of course self-built. One hot day, when we were drinking a beer or two outside, I noted the legend 'Honda Motor Company, Tokyo' all over the walls, and Jenks patiently explained that at one time the bikes had been shipped over from Japan in wooden packing cases, which some obliging soul from the company then put his way. I couldn't resist asking if he had received planning permission for extending his home. "Who from?" he said.

Jenks always took a special delight in saying – or writing – something that he knew would provoke shock, even outrage, in his audience. When you put this to him, he would deny it, but after a cognac or two would concede that maybe you had a point. I remember his reaction when Mika Häkkinen, in his first race for McLaren, out-qualified team-mate Ayrton Senna at Estoril. "Likely lad..." he murmured.

In the late '70s, at Silverstone, several of us were one day given a ride in a factory Porsche 935. Jenks – of course – was the first to go, and afterwards, as he stepped elatedly from the car, we asked how it had been. "Fantastic!" he said, then, "Just think what it would have been like with a proper driver..."

We pointed out that his chauffeur was a Grand Prix winner, and that brought a typical Jenks response: "I've never been interested in who won a race, until I know who was behind him. There's *winning*, and there's finishing first..."

Like any racing journalist, Jenks was well aware that to admire the driver was not necessarily to like the man. He had his villains, as well as his heroes, and once you were into either file, there you stayed for ever. Although there remained a fundamental esteem for anyone who raced, be it in cars or on motorcycles, he could on occasion be brutally direct, in ways that could make you wince. I remember a leading driver, albeit not a top one, one Saturday afternoon pondering why he was so far down the grid. "Because you're not very good," said Jenks, munching on an apple. I prayed for the ground to open up...

During the years of our friendship, Gilles Villeneuve and Ayrton Senna were his greatest heroes, their sublime skills occasionally moving him to tears, but gaining entrance to his personal hall of fame was not easily achieved. "In my teens," he said, "my hero was Bernd Rosemeyer, and *everybody's* hero was Nuvolari." And since the war? "It's a waste of time comparing different eras; you can only go for drivers supreme in their own time. There are just five in my top bracket: Ascari, Moss, Clark, Villeneuve and Senna."

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Arguing with Jenks – on this or any other subject – was a thankless endeavour, and he loved to play devil's advocate. "How," you would say, blood pressure rising, "can you criticise Prost for doing no more than necessary to win a race, and then praise Fangio for always trying to win at the slowest possible speed?"

"Different," he would reply.

"Well, *how* is it different?"

"Just is..."

A minute or two later, once he had got your blood pressure off the clock, there would come a sly grin, and you would realise once again that you'd been had.

I enjoyed Jenks's company all over the world, but he was invariably at his best, given his particular love for Italian motor racing, at Imola and Monza. Even 30 years and more after his celebrated Mille Miglia victory with Moss, he was widely recognised in this country he adored, where folk in the street would call out his name.

For Imola we invariably stayed at a small *pensione* in Fontanelice, and sometimes, at the end of a day at the track, Alan Henry and I would drive with him up into the hills, where the signs read 'Futa' and 'Raticosa', and every turn of the road produced some memory – "Stirling and I stopped for lunch here when we were doing the 'recce'..." or, "This is where Herrmann went off..."

In these circumstances, with the evening sun beating down, and a glass of *rosso* in his hand, Jenks was completely in his element, and loved sharing his reminiscences with us. How privileged we were.

Whenever I'm asked to tell 'a Jenks story', it's difficult to know where to start, but more than once I have related the saga of Hockenheim in 1983, where, during practice, he got into an altercation with Elio de Angelis, who was extremely angry about something he had written about him.

Jenks was never one to worry too much about what racing drivers said, and his lack of interest in de Angelis's ranting merely served to increase the driver's ire. Finally Elio lost his rag completely, and shoved Jenks, who ended up on the floor of the pit, unhurt – but also deeply unimpressed.

So there we were on race day, watching out on the circuit, in the 'stadium' section near the paddock. Round came the cars on the formation lap, and as a black and gold Lotus went by, Jenks made a gesture at it, the index and little fingers of his hand straight, the two in between folded over. At the same time he appeared to be hissing something.

"Jenks," I said, "what are you doing?"

"Hex," he replied, menacingly. "I'm putting a hex on de Angelis. An Italian spell – to bring him bad luck..."

"Well, fine," I said, "but that was Mansell..."

"What? Bugger! Got the wrong bloke!"

I didn't quite know where this was leading.

"Well," I ventured, "why not take the hex *off* Mansell?"

"Can't," he said darkly. "Too late now..."

The race duly started, and when they came into our sight for the first time, Jenks was on the lookout for de Angelis: as the number 11 Lotus went by, there were the fingers again.

"Got him that time!"

Next time the cars came past, I began to get a little uneasy.

"No Mansell," I said.

"Told you it was too late..."

Fortunately, it transpired that Mansell had merely pulled off with a blown engine. And half a dozen laps later de Angelis's car, too, tooled slowly past us, en route to the pits, out for the day.

Jenks smiled broadly. "Took a bit longer than I expected," he said, then, as an afterthought, "Glad Mansell's all right." For the rest of the afternoon, he was as happy as Larry.

Twelve years ago we said our farewells to him, and in a manner of which he would thoroughly have approved. At his own request – nay, instruction! – the funeral service contained 'no religious content whatever', and in conducting it, Canon Lionel Webber, while acceding to Jenks's wishes, yet achieved a balance of affection and serenity which moved many of us to tears.

"I'm sure he's up there now,' the Canon said, 'with all his old pals – Ayrton and Gilles and Jimmy – having an argument with God about whether He exists or not..."

At the end, after Stirling Moss and Tony Brooks had each given an appreciation of the little man, the Canon read some of DSJ's writings, concluding with the final paragraphs of his book, *A Story Of Formula 1*, which dealt with the 2.5-litre era of 1954-1960.



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> "'Well,' I ventured, 'why not take the hex off Mansell?'"

About to begin was a new age, and Jenks finished the book like this: "If the new formula goes on for seven years as the one about which I have written has done, then I feel sure I shall have seven years of enjoyment, and sadness, in front of me. I hope I shall be able to absorb them to the fullest extent, for as one of the Grand Prix drivers said, when everyone was complaining about the new rules, 'For me, the main thing is to race', and while there are people about with that sentiment then I want to be there to watch them."

Jenks departed to the strains of *Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye*, by Ella Fitzgerald, whom he adored. It reminds me of him to this day, just as it was years before the ring of the phone in the evening ceased automatically to make me assume it was Jenks. So many times that happened when I was on the point of sitting down to eat: "I've been thinking about that lap of Senna's on Saturday..." Then, an hour and a half later: "Anyway, I've got a meat pie in the oven – can't stay on the phone all night..."

No one like him. Ⓜ

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The Motor Sport Month





McNish, the Petit hero!

ALLAN McNISH ANCHORED a RECOVERY drive at Petit Le Mans in October that deserves comparison with the great sports car comebacks of all time. The Audi star and team-mates Rinaldo Capello and Emanuele Pirro claimed a dramatic last-gasp victory in the 1000-mile enduro at Road Atlanta despite twice appearing to be out of contention.

The comeback is already being talked about in the same breath as Pedro Rodriguez's fightback in the BOAC 1000kms at Brands Hatch in 1970 and the Jacky Ickx-inspired Porsche recovery at Le Mans in '77. Not only did the McNish Audi start the American Le Mans Series encounter two laps after everyone else, but the car had dropped off the lead lap in the closing stages.

McNish spun on cold tyres on the way to the grid, damaging his R10 turbo-diesel prototype. The Champion Audi team repaired significant front-end damage in 45 minutes, allowing the Scot to start the race just over two laps behind the leaders.

A sequence of early-race safety car periods helped McNish to get back on the lead lap in just two hours and 20 minutes. But then a series of problems for Capello resulted in the car going a lap down with just over an hour to go.

Three more safety car periods and some clever tactics by Champion in the closing stages allowed McNish to get back on the lead lap, and a decision to change tyres at the car's penultimate pitstop then gave him a vital edge in the race to the flag. McNish overtook fellow Audi driver Marco Werner and then Christian Klien in the solo Peugeot 908 over the final 40 laps to seal an amazing victory.

Afterwards McNish said: "That was a good one. I don't think I've ever shouted into my helmet with excitement and happiness for the whole of the slowing down lap."



ALBERS IN FRAME FOR AUDI SEAT

Former Grand Prix driver Christijan Albers has been given a tryout for a full-time Audi sports car drive next season.

The Dutchman, who returned to the DTM this year after a three-year sojourn in Formula 1, finished second in a Champion Audi in the American Le Mans Series finale at Laguna Seca in October. Audi Sport boss Dr Wolfgang Ullrich explained that Albers' inclusion at Laguna was part of plans to rejuvenate his sports car squad.

Albers is in line for one of two vacant seats in Audi's sports car line-up. Marque stalwarts Emanuele Pirro and Frank Biela will not continue driving Audi prototypes in 2009.



Chevrolet has unveiled new Cruze WTCC racer to replace Lacetti for next season

WTCC peace breaks out

BMW AND SEAT HAVE REACHED AN agreement that should see both return to the World Touring Car Championship in 2009. An impasse over petrol-diesel equivalency had cast a cloud over the series' future, but BMW, SEAT and Chevrolet bosses have reached a compromise that should be ratified in early November.

The power of the turbo-diesel SEATs will be pegged back by a small reduction in the diameter of their air-restrictors and, most likely, a cut in their rev limit. Jonathan Ashman, president of the FIA Touring Car Commission, said: "All the manufacturers agreed that we needed to find an equivalence. We did not want a championship whereby you had to run a diesel to be competitive."

Win tickets to Wales Rally GB



Wales Rally GB, the final round of the high-octane FIA World Rally Championship, takes place from December 4-7 2008, and you can be part of it.

***Motor Sport* has teamed up with Wales Rally GB to offer readers the chance to win a pair of one-day passes to access all stages of this legendary event on Friday December 5. We've got four pairs of tickets to give away.**

For a chance to win tickets, just answer the following question:

WHO WAS THE WINNER OF LAST YEAR'S WALES RALLY GB?

a) Sébastien Loeb b) Mikko Hirvonen c) Marcus Grönholm

Please send your answer, along with your contact details, to info@motorsportmagazine.co.uk by November 21. For details and to buy tickets for Wales Rally GB, visit www.walesrallygb.com. You can also purchase tickets by calling the ticket hotline on 0844 847 2251.



Jakob Ebrey

LOLA ENDED A YEAR OF 50TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS with a street demonstration through its home town of Huntingdon on a sunny Sunday afternoon in October – and the event certainly caught the imagination of locals.

The racing car constructor, which has been based in the Cambridgeshire town since 1970, estimated that 10,000 people turned out for the display, and from what *Motor Sport* could see that might not be too much of an exaggeration. Crowds lined the 1.6-mile route from Lola's base round the ring road and into the market square, where Oliver Cromwell rallied his troops during the Civil War. The town centre was then log-jammed as the crowds headed into the square to a Festival of Speed-style paddock of cars.

The convoy was made up of 16 Lolas, driven by a host of names associated with the marque. John Surtees was guest of honour and drove a T70 MkIIIB in the parade. Others driving a wide range of cars, from Formula Fords to a Formula 5000 to various sports racers, included James Weaver, Anthony Reid, Julian Bailey, Danny Watts and James Leslie, son of the late, much-missed David Leslie. Other guests included former Lola drivers Teddy Pilette, Hugh Dibley, Richard Attwood, Chris Craft and designer Tony Southgate.

Lola founder Eric Broadley and current owner Martin Birrane were presented with commemorative scrolls, as local dignitaries, including the town mayor, paid tribute to the company for its role in the community.

Surtees said: "What's important is that we are standing here today, celebrating 50 years of Lola. Eric was very hands-on in those early days and he was a good driver himself, so his cars were very user-friendly."

Birrane, who saved Lola from extinction when he bought out Broadley in 1997, said: "We are much more than just a motor sport company, with key customers in aerospace, defence, automotive and communications. The next 50 years are going to be just as exciting as the first 50."

Schumacher tests Honda World Superbike

MICHAEL SCHUMACHER'S MOTORCYCLE RACING CAREER CONTINUES TO arouse respect and bewilderment. The seven-time Formula 1 World Champion recently tested with the number one Honda World Superbike team, prompting some to question his claims that he has no ambition to race bikes at a high level.



Schumacher rode a full day at Magny-Cours with the Ten Kate outfit (left), riding a more highly tuned version of the Honda Fireblade he currently races in the German superbike series. After eight outings the German set respectable lap times, just four seconds slower than the Dutch team's fastest rider, Carlos Checa.

"It was difficult to understand the machinery fully with such a short amount of time, but it was a great experience," said Schumacher. "It was also good to be a team-mate to Carlos, who I have known for a number of years."

Data-logging showed Schumacher was losing time on the brakes, but was getting on the throttle so hard he had problems controlling wheelies. *Mat Oxley*

Norton brand brought home

ICONIC BRITISH MOTORCYCLE brand Norton is returning home after 15 years of US ownership. Stuart Garner, a UK businessman, has bought the trademarks and development work to Norton, Manx, Atlas, Commando and Dominator, and has announced two new models. Norton Racing Ltd is building a rotary-engined race bike and a road bike, which should be available in 2009.

The brand is keen to have a strong presence on the road and track next year and has acquired a 15,000 sq ft factory at Donington Park. "This is an exciting time," said Garner. "We are proud to have brought these brands home."

HEAD DESIGNS NEW F2 RACER

Williams design legend Patrick Head is leading the team creating the Formula 2 spec car that will reintroduce the category to contemporary motor sport next year.

Former F2 champion Jonathan Palmer, who has been tasked by the FIA to run the new series, revealed Head's involvement during a presentation at Williams' Grove base in October. Palmer's MotorSport Vision company will run all 20 cars centrally, as it has done for the successful Formula Palmer Audi junior category.

The FIA commissioned the new F2 to be a cheaper alternative to other Grand Prix feeder formulas. Palmer said his series will cost £195,000 plus VAT for a season, "around one sixth of the budget for GP2".

"The return of F2 after 25 years is an enormously significant time in the history of motor sport," he said. "There is no doubt the FIA's eagerness to create a prestigious high performance new championship at a radically low cost is perfectly timed."



The car, built to 2005 FIA Formula 1 safety regulations, will be powered by a new 1.8-litre turbocharged Audi engine producing 400bhp. That pitches the series between Formula 3 and F1, close to the performance of Renault's World Series. A power boost button will aid overtaking, offering a six-second burst of 50bhp 10 times during a race.

Palmer said: "The car will have a high level of downforce, but they will be able to follow each other closely. Forty per cent of the downforce will come from the underside of the car, just like GP2."

Two 40-minute races will be run at eight events, the second race featuring a mandatory pitstop in which the driver must remain stationary for 10 seconds. At most events F2 will share the bill with the World Touring Car Championship.

Along with the cost, the biggest carrot for drivers will be a full Williams F1 test for the champion and entitlement to the FIA superlicence required to race in GPs.

CALENDAR

May 31	Valencia (E)
Jun 21	Brno (CZ)
Jun 28	Spa-Francorchamps (B)
Jul 19	Brands Hatch (GB)
Aug 16	Donington Park (GB)
Aug 30	Oschersleben (D)
Sep 20	Magny-Cours (F)
Oct 4	Monza (I)

Obituaries

Paul Newman

Paul Newman was a very rare man. One of Hollywood's biggest stars through the 1950s, '60s and '70s, Newman was also renowned as an honest gentleman of few words and a philanthropist who founded the Hole in the Wall Camps for disadvantaged children and gave away more than US$250 million to help poor kids around the world. Newman was a successful amateur racer in GT and sports cars, and co-owner with Carl Haas of America's second most successful open-wheel racing team, known today as Newman/Haas/Lanigan Racing.


Getty Images

Over the past 26 years the team has won eight CART or Champ Car titles (with Mario Andretti, Michael Andretti, Nigel Mansell, Cristiano da Matta and Sébastien Bourdais) and 107 races, second only to Penske Racing.

Newman was one of the most laid-back yet fiercely motivated men I've ever met. He spoke quietly and thoughtfully. The words didn't tumble out. Often, there was a pause after a question as he considered his reply. He possessed an artist's temperament and a racer's soul, and was a totally straight, fine man who always did the right thing for his family, friends and employees, as well as the many children he helped through the Hole in the Wall camps. Over the past 20 years Newman established 10 camps – eight in the United States, one in Europe and one in Africa – and philanthropy became the defining element of his life.

For Hollywood's elite he was the man they wanted to be. To the world he was an uncommonly handsome movie star who played a wide range of cool customers and also directed and acted on the stage with considerable success. Newman made 65 movies, many of them classics, and also enjoyed an out-of-the-limelight marriage to Joanne Woodward. They lived far from Hollywood in an 18th-century farmhouse in Connecticut, where they quietly raised three daughters.

Newman stumbled on motor racing when he starred in the 1969 movie *Winning*. He met Mario Andretti, Dan Gurney, AJ Foyt, Parnelli Jones and the Unser brothers, and was taught the fundamentals of racing by Bob Bondurant. He started racing four years later and went on to win five SCCA national championships driving C and D-Production Bob Sharp Racing Datsuns.

In 1979, Newman successfully tackled Le Mans, co-driving a Porsche 935 turbo with Rolf Stommelen and car owner Dick Barbour to finish second. He also started more than 60 Trans-Am races and won twice, at Brainerd in 1982 and his home track, Lime Rock, in '86. He continued to race occasionally through last year, winning some local club races in his Trans-Am-spec Corvette, and after releasing himself from hospital and the chemo treatments he'd been receiving this past summer to spend his last few months at home, Newman took his Corvette to Lime Rock to enjoy some final laps around a circuit he loved.

Over 40 years of covering motor racing I've had the pleasure to meet and get to know many accomplished people, but I never met a man I liked and admired as much as Paul Newman. *Gordon Kirby*



Rob Arthur

Rob Arthur, who died in September, was in the tradition of British co-drivers distinguished by their professional ability combined with a sense of fun. Arthur started in road rallying, moving to stage events in the late '70s. He did the 1977 London-Sydney in a Peugeot 504 before joining Terry Kaby on the 1981 Tour de Corse. He then read notes for Tony Pond in various Vauxhalls and Nissans, before they joined Rover in '84. It was in the MG Metro 6R4 that they came third on the 1985 RAC Rally. With the Group B ban, Pond retired and Arthur guided Jimmy McRae to the 1988 British title in a Ford Sierra Cosworth. Later he organised classic events such as the Pirelli Marathon and Monte Carlo Challenge, and managed logistics for the Mitsubishi team. President of the Southern Car Club for 25 years, he organised many charity events. His contribution to rallying and his fund of stories was legendary. Our condolences go to his partner, Sue Bell.



Henry W Wessells III

Automotive engineer Henry Wessells, who has died aged 82, was one of the great Alfa Romeo collectors, historians and racers. The grandson of a US Civil War general, he was a founder of the VSCCA. After racing a Jaguar C-type in 1953 he bought the Jo Bonnier Disco Volante and the Dick Shuttleworth Tipo B, which he reconverted to single-seater form and ran in Europe. While working in Paris for US car body maker Budd he met Autodelta boss Carlo Chiti and bought a T33 Stradale, the sensational road-legal version of the sports-racer, which he drove enthusiastically. He restored Fangio's Mille Miglia 3000CM to original form and raced that, his Talbot-Lago GP car and his rare 6C 1500 Testa Fissa, which lived with other Alfas on his historic Pennsylvania farm. His restoration of the Alfa 3000PR prototype was not quite complete when he died. A gentleman racer, he was also a keen beagler, enjoying both sports into his ninth decade.

Newsfeed

PAT MOSS As *Motor Sport* closed for press, news broke that Pat Moss, former rally star and sister of Stirling, had died. See next month's issue for a full obituary.

GOODWOOD Provisional dates for the 2009 Festival of Speed and Revival have been released. They will take place on July 3-5 and September 18-20 respectively.

SUPERLEAGUE Paul Meijer of Borussia Dortmund claimed pole for the first race at Zolder, which was won by Liverpool's Adrian Valles. Davide Rigon of Beijing Guaon won race two.

WRC Sébastien Loeb is on the brink of a fifth consecutive title after victories in Catalunya and Corsica, where he won by 3min 24sec from Mikko Hirvonen.

NASCAR Tony Stewart was awarded victory at Talladega after rookie Regan Smith was given a pass-through penalty for overtaking below the track's yellow line. ■ Denny Hamlin was cleared to race at Lowe's Motor Speedway after crashing at Talladega, where a blown tyre sent him into the wall.

IRL Hélio Castroneves has appeared at court in Miami on charges of tax evasion and conspiracy to defraud the US government. If found guilty, he faces a multi-million dollar fine or up to 35 years in jail. ■ Paul Tracy is suing former employer Gerald Forsythe for breach of contract. Forsythe withdrew his team from racing following the Champ Car/IRL unification.

MOTOGP Casey Stoner will wait until season's end and his test on the Ducati GP9 before undergoing surgery on an old wrist injury. ■ KTM is withdrawing from the 250cc Championship to focus on the 125cc class.

GP2 Ex-Minardi F1 driver Alex Yoong is racing for the curiously named My Team Qi-Meritus Mahara in the Asia Series. ■ Adrian Campos has sold his stake in Campos Racing to focus on his F3 team.

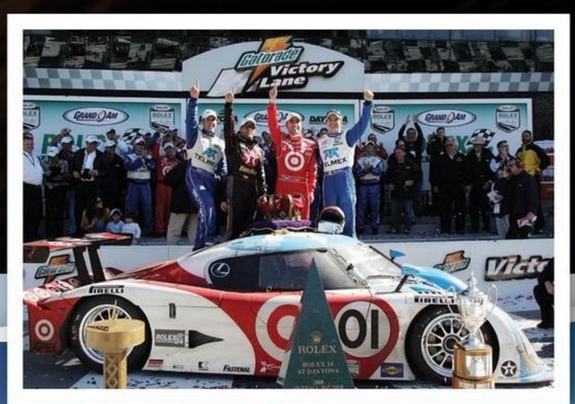
V8 SUPERCARS Craig Lowndes and Jamie Whincup have won a third straight Bathurst 1000, a feat which has not been achieved since Peter Brock and Larry Perkins won in 1982-84.

WIN

A TRIP TO FLORIDA AND THE ROLEX 24 AT DAYTONA®

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TO MARK ITS 1000TH EDITION, *MOTOR SPORT* IS GIVING ONE LUCKY READER AND A GUEST THE CHANCE TO WIN A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME TRIP TO FLORIDA, COURTESY OF DAYTONA INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY®

THE LUCKY WINNER AND A GUEST will travel to the Sunshine State to see the fantastic Rolex 24 At Daytona on January 22-25, 2009. The Rolex 24 At Daytona is one of the toughest and most demanding driving challenges in the world, and a highlight of the international motor sport calendar.

Competing in the 2008 Rolex 24 At Daytona were racing stars from 24 countries, including 2007 NASCAR Sprint Cup Series champion Jimmie Johnson, former F1 star Juan Pablo Montoya and previous Rolex 24 winner, Englishman Dan Wheldon.

The amazing prize includes round-trip flights courtesy of Virgin Atlantic and five night's beachfront accommodation at the luxurious Hilton Daytona Beach Oceanfront Resort. The winners will receive an all-inclusive pass that will allow them daily access to the infield and grandstands to enjoy all four days of adrenaline-filled action.

They will also be treated to a hot lap around the famous Daytona track in a GT sports car driven by five-time Rolex 24 champion Hurley Haywood.

And if that was not enough, winners will be given a unique guided tour of the race control tower with Grand-Am's director of competition, and enjoy breakfast in an exclusive sky box suite, overlooking all the action.

Finally, there will be a unique photo opportunity with the winning Rolex 24 team in Gatorade Victory Lane.


Stay at the luxurious Hilton Daytona Beach Oceanfront Resort

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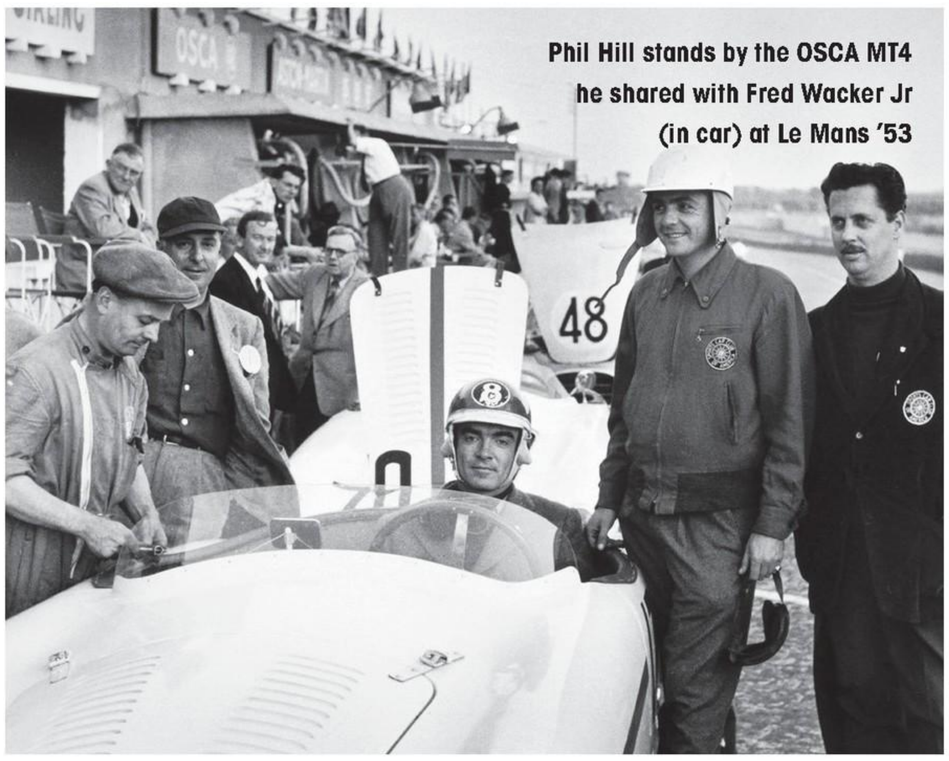
Q: Which four drivers won the 2008 Rolex 24 At Daytona?

To enter, e-mail info@motorsportmagazine.co.uk or post your answer to *Motor Sport*, 38 Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Road, London SW10 0QJ.

For full terms and conditions, please refer to our website: www.motorsportmagazine.co.uk

DAYTONA INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY
Hilton Daytona Beach Oceanfront Resort
Virgin atlantic

Gordon Kirby



Phil Hill stands by the OSCA MT4 he shared with Fred Wacker Jr (in car) at Le Mans '53

THE US SCENE

DRIVEN TO RACE FAR FROM HOME

Phil Hill's passing near the end of the summer got me thinking about the great era of motor racing that his career straddled, and the large role played in the sport in those days by American drivers, cars and teams. Through the 1950s and '60s, Phil was a true pioneer of American road racing. Before earning a seat with Ferrari's factory sports car team, he set the standard for the rapidly expanding Californian sports car racing scene, and was also a mentor and motivator for west coast Ferrari racers Dan Gurney and Richie Ginther. They both followed in Hill's tyre tracks, graduating from Californian Ferrari drives to factory Ferrari sports cars and then Formula 1, before going on to win Grands Prix for rival constructors; Gurney for Porsche and Brabham and also aboard his own All American Racers Eagle, and Ginther for Honda.

As well as winning the 1961 World Championship aboard the sharknose Ferrari, surely one of the most elegant F1 cars of all time, Hill won a dozen World Championship sports car races co-driving equally classic front-engined Ferrari Monzas, Testa Rossas and 250 GTOs, as well as early rear-engined Ferrari 250P sports-racers. In his last two years of racing Phil also won races in three different Chaparrals: the 2E in which he scored Chaparral's only Can-Am series win at Laguna Seca in 1966, the 2D coupé which he co-drove with Jo Bonnier to win the Nürburgring 1000Kms the same year, and the high-winged 2F he shared with Mike Spence to win his last race, the BOAC 500 at Brands Hatch in '67.

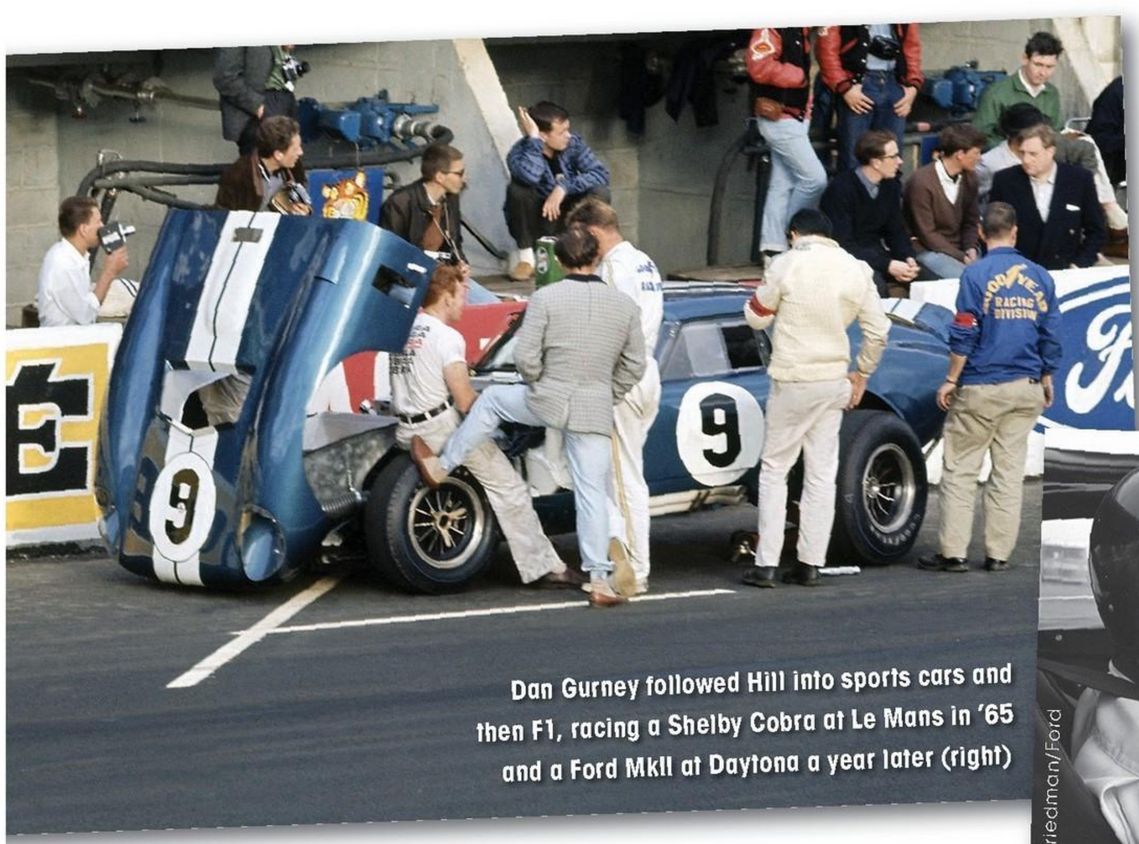
During this time when the best drivers used to race F1 cars one weekend, sports cars the next, and maybe something else in between, Hill, Gurney and Ginther raced and won in many types of cars in Europe and around the world. A handful of second-level American drivers like Carroll Shelby and Masten Gregory also competed with some success in Europe in those days and, of course, Roger Penske raced successfully in the UK and Europe a handful of times in the early 1960s. Chaparral founder Jim Hall also raced a Lotus-BRM F1 car in Europe in 1963.

Back in the '50s and '60s, American drivers, cars and teams were common sights in Europe. Lance Reventlow's Scarab operation took a brief fling at F1 in 1960, and through that decade we saw race-winning performances from All American Racers' Eagles, Jim Hall's Chaparrals and the Cobra and Ford GT40 MkII/MkIV teams run by Shelby, Holman Moody and John Wyer.

As Hill retired, Gurney was hitting his stride with All American Racers and the new Eagle F1 and Indycars. AAR started building Eagles in 1966 and Dan scored an unparalleled victory in the '67 Belgian Grand Prix at Spa, becoming the first and only American ever to win a GP driving a car and engine that he brought to life. Furthermore, the '67 Eagle-Gurney/Weslake V12 is considered by many to be one of the most beautiful F1 cars ever to race.

But Goodyear was AAR's primary sponsor and the tyre giant wanted Gurney to race his Eagles successfully at Indianapolis rather than in Europe. After a frustrating 1968 season where Dan was invariably fast but too often failed to finish, Goodyear insisted AAR focus on Indycar racing in '69. So ended the all-too-brief Formula 1 episode.

Looking back, it's indelibly clear that the '60s, and specifically the eight days in June of '67 when Gurney shared the winning Ford MkIV at Le Mans with AJFoyt, then went on to win at Spa the next weekend aboard his own V12 Eagle, stand as the high point of America's participation in international racing. Remember, too, that this rare achievement occurred at the same time that the ground-breaking Chaparral sports cars were racing and winning in Europe. From those heady days, it's been a long and increasingly precipitous decline to the point that the only US driver or team now racing internationally with any distinction is Johnny O'Connell and the factory Corvette ALMS squad.



Dan Gurney followed Hill into sports cars and then F1, racing a Shelby Cobra at Le Mans in '65 and a Ford MkII at Daytona a year later (right)


Dave Friedman/Ford

Through the '70s, America remained seriously engaged in international racing. Mario Andretti spent most of the decade chasing the F1 World Championship, finally achieving his goal with Lotus in 1978. Andretti won four races in '77 and six aboard the Lotus 79 in '78. His last win came in the Dutch GP at Zandvoort in August '78, and that remains the last Grand Prix – 30 years ago now – won by an American.

Before rejoining Lotus in the spring of 1976, Andretti had started his F1 career with that team in '68, and then drove part-time for Ferrari for a few years before orchestrating a serious attack with the California-based Vel's Parnelli Jones Indycar team in 1974-75. Firestone played the same role at VPJ that Goodyear enjoyed with cross-town rival All American Racers, but the VPJ F1 team survived only a few months after Firestone pulled out of racing at the end of '75. Three years later, after revolutionising Indycar racing with the F1-based Cosworth DFX-powered Parnelli VPJ6B, but still not finding any major sponsor to replace Firestone, VPJ stopped building Indycars as well.

Peter Revson was another American to race regularly in F1 for a few years, winning the British and Canadian GPs for McLaren in 1973 before dying at the wheel of an F1 Shadow in '74. Mark Donohue also raced F1 for a couple of years, driving, of course, for Roger Penske. Donohue was killed in Austria in 1975 and Penske continued in F1 for a short while, winning with John Watson in Austria a year later. But Roger's sponsors also wanted him to focus on American racing – Indycars and NASCAR. Carl Haas's brief F1 fling in 1985 and '86 with sponsor Beatrice and Ford engines aside, that was the end of the line for American teams in F1.

After Mario left F1 at the end of 1982 to spend the last 12 years of his career racing Indycars with Newman/Haas, the line of American F1 drivers also began to run dry. Through the '80s, Eddie Cheever became the most experienced American F1 driver in history, but by the end of the decade Cheever had moved on to Indycars. In 1993, Michael Andretti infamously raced for McLaren alongside Ayrton Senna before throwing in the towel near the end of the season and returning home to race Indycars for the rest of his career. Since then, other than Scott Speed's brief spell courtesy of Red Bull, American drivers have vanished from F1 and, as I look around the sport, I'm afraid to say I can't imagine we'll see a competitive American F1 driver or team ever again.



GRAND-AM LOOKS TO NASCAR SUPPORT

Grand-Am and its sports car rival the American Le Mans Series were created 10 years ago out of the ashes of IMSA. The godfather of Grand-Am is Jim France, the younger son of NASCAR founder Bill France and brother of Bill Jr, who ran NASCAR from 1972-2003 and who passed away last year after a long battle with cancer. Jim is NASCAR's vice-chairman and its executive vice-president, but is also the chairman and CEO of the International Speedway Corporation, the publicly-traded company that owns a dozen race tracks including Daytona, Talladega and Watkins Glen.

Echoing NASCAR's concept of restricted rules and close competition among similar-looking cars, Grand-Am formally comes under NASCAR's control in 2009. Jim France hopes the move will help to market and expand the series, and he is encouraging some NASCAR teams, notably Richard Childress Racing, to run Grand-Am cars or build engines for the series as well as trying to attract the odd Sprint Cup star to race in Grand-Am beyond the Daytona classic.

This year's Grand-Am title was won by Scott Pruett and Memo Rojas in Chip Ganassi's lone Lexus-Riley (above). It's Pruett's second Grand-Am title and Ganassi's third in five years. Ganassi's cars have also won the past three Rolex 24 hours at Daytona – but the hope is it will soon have some added competition.



TIME FOR ATLANTIC TO SINK OR SWIM

The 2008 Atlantic championship went down to the wire at Road Atlanta in October, where it was claimed by 24-year-old Finnish rookie Markus Niemela (above). By scoring a decisive win in the finale, Niemela leapfrogged title rivals Jonathan Bomarito and Jonathan Summerton, neither of whom finished the race. Bomarito led the series for most of the year, but dropped out at Atlanta with a mechanical failure, while Summerton crashed with two laps to go while trying to retrieve second place.

Champ Car revitalised the Atlantic series two years ago with a new Swift chassis, Mazda/Cosworth engine and a $2 million champion's prize, but with Champ Car's final failure last winter Atlantic found itself an orphan. Nor did the $2m bonus survive. This year's series was sanctioned by IMSA and ran as a support event at a motley collection of ALMS, Grand-Am, IRL and other races. Atlantic continues, but its role in the ladder system has been badly muddled. Without a strong calendar or clear identity, it's unlikely that it will continue to attract the sort of young drivers and sponsors who have given the series a healthy boost in recent years.

All images LAT

Andrew Frankel



Although underpowered the Austin Seven, seen here in the 1930 BRDC 500-Mile race at Brooklands, was still fun

ROAD CARS

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

A thousand issues ago, just as the first edition of *The Brooklands Gazette* was being set in the presses, so too was an Austin Seven being built at Longbridge that, many decades later, would find its way into my family. It is the only car I have ever driven in which traffic posed no problem. Even in the excruciatingly stifled environment of the Channel Island that was my home until I was old enough to make good my escape, you could drive this 10 horsepower, 747cc, side-valve bath chair at qualifying pace without the smallest risk of being delayed by another road user, let alone breaking the law. And when that law forbade all speeds in excess of 40mph, you get some idea of just how slow was the pace of one of the very few cars to pass as viable family transport back in the days when this magazine was in its infancy.

But though its speed was limited it was never limiting. On the contrary, because the baby Austin Seven did everything so slowly – accelerate, corner, slide and stop – I found it rather liberating. Thanks to the fact that I could never bear to be at the head of a queue of traffic, I felt obliged to drive it as fast as I possibly could absolutely everywhere, at which pace it was just capable of keeping up with the rather relaxed gait preferred by the island's indigenous population in more modern machinery.

Compare this experience to that offered by the new Nissan GT-R, tested on page 124. Driving that car fast in public is, more than anything, an exercise in saintly self-restraint. If you keep away from race tracks, there are very few places left in the UK where you can even begin to put such a car through its paces without falling foul of the law or being a menace to other road users. Even attempting to use its power to the full is an exercise in futility as all that power really achieves is to reduce further the time spent in free air, between pockets of traffic. Ironic, isn't it, that in one of the fastest road cars ever created, you're always at the back of any given queue of traffic.

Between them, the Austin Seven and the Nissan GT-R show starkly that speed and fun actually have very little to do with each other – indeed in this real world that we are forced to inhabit their interests are often contradictory, and sometimes diametrically opposed.

The reasons for this are not just social and environmental but also because speed is relative and its novelty soon wears off. Most people who have done Le Mans a few times, even in the era before the chicanes, will tell you that after a while 200mph seems entirely routine. In fact if you're chuntering down the straight at the double-ton and something else comes past going 40mph faster, even 200mph can seem frustratingly slow. Similarly, when I got into this game 20 years ago, any road car that could genuinely hit 60mph from rest in under six seconds was a bona fide member of the supercar club. But now you'll go no slower in a diesel powered BMW 3-series and we think nothing of it.

By contrast, fun is a constant. No one at all interested in driving ever tires of the delicious pleasure of real steering feel, a properly balanced chassis, instantaneous throttle response, an incisive gearchange and an exhaust note you'd choose for the church on your final journey. And these attributes need not even be expensive. But they are becoming increasingly rare.

What, then, will cars be like when the 2000th edition of *Motor Sport* hits the shelves, computer screens or is projected by holograph into your home? I have some hope they'll not be the amorphous blobs of some dystopian future as predicted by Woody Allen in *Sleeper*.

The first thing that's going to happen is that cars are going to start losing weight because their manufacturers will have no choice in the matter. If predicted emissions and consumption targets are to be met even in the short term, weights will have to tumble. If, at the same time, influential bodies like Euro NCAP do what they should have done from the start and test primary rather than merely secondary safety, it will prove what not enough people know already: it is easier not to have the crash at all in a light car than have it in a heavy car.



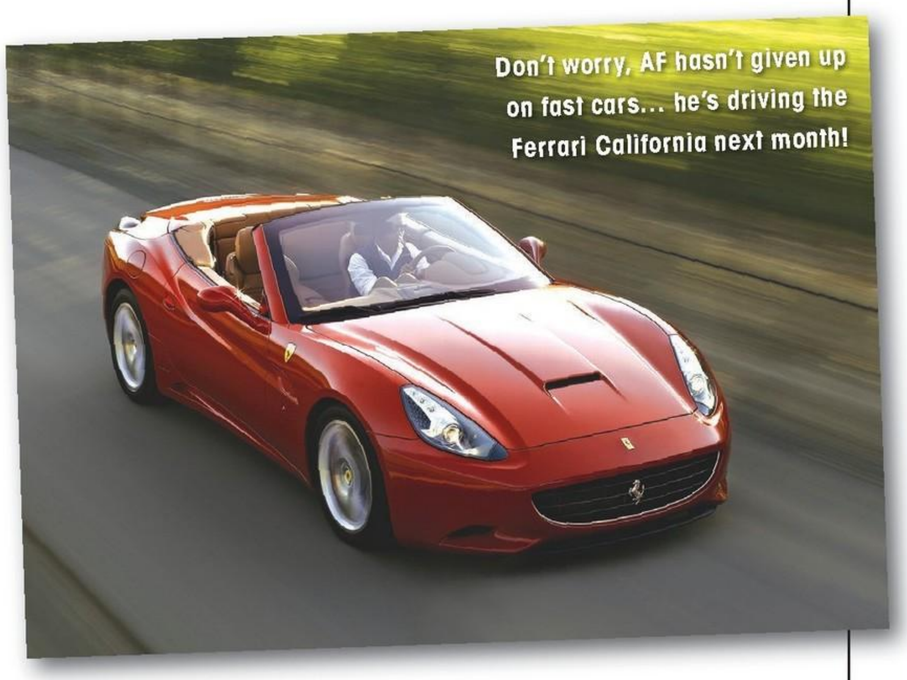


Nissan's compact Nuvu may be the way forward for the European car market

Cars are so heavy now that if you look back 30 years, you'll discover that BMW's flagship limousine, the 735i, weighs less than the aforementioned diesel BMW 3-series does today, which is itself one of the lightest contenders in its class. This is unsustainable.

As weight comes down, so performance and handling improve, and the 'feel' we all crave but can barely recognise today will return and cars will become fun again. And there's no need for their straight-line speed or cornering powers to be curtailed – indeed simple physics shows that, all other things being equal, they should be augmented further.

But even if speed is legislated away and we're all forced into small, ultra-economical tin boxes, do not presume for a moment that the days of



enjoyable driving are over. A few weeks back I drove £800-worth of 20-something-year-old Peugeot 205XS, a car with a grand total of 85bhp to call upon from its 1.4-litre engine. It is fair to say the experience has haunted me ever since. It made most modern cars seem dull, slow-witted and lifeless by comparison as well as letting me explore every corner of its dynamic envelope without incurring so much as a dirty look from another road user, let alone imperilling my driving licence.

Don't misunderstand me, I have always been a fan of certain fast cars and always will be: by the time the 1001st issue is published, I'll have driven the new Ferrari California and know now I won't be sleeping much the night before I do. All I am saying is that speed can only ever be part of the pleasure of driving a car and unless it comes complete with a full measure of many other equally important components, its pursuit is a pretty pointless, not to mention a potentially counter-productive pastime.



BMW 330D: THE GAP WIDENS

No company has a greater capacity to come up with brain-boggling statistics than BMW. For while some make faster cars, and others more frugal ones, none that I am aware of is capable of combining these with anything like the same level of success. This new 330d is just the latest and most preposterously efficient example.

Eight years ago, I had a 330d for a year and discovered a car capable of almost 140mph and almost 40mpg. Well today's 330d has to be electronically restricted to 155mph, yet will cover 50 miles in the course of burning a single gallon of diesel, or 49.6mpg to quote the exact combined consumption. It will also hit 60mph from rest in six seconds flat: 20 years ago you'd have needed a Testarossa to beat that.

Little else has changed to the rest of the 3-series. There are some minor cosmetic updates that largely succeed in making its shape slightly less dull, while the infuriating iDrive operating system has been replaced by one that actually works. Frustratingly the seven-speed double-clutch gearbox that seems to be the answer to all those wanting the convenience of an automatic with the immediacy of a manual is only available on coupé and convertible versions of the 335i, all other models have to make do with a conventional manual or automatic.

Even so, the 330d was the best car in its class before these enhancements. Now it seems further ahead than ever.



ROLLS RIDES OUT THE STORM

The UK figures for September sales have been released, and if the domestic market is representative of the pain being felt throughout the western world, the luxury car makers are in agony. Bentley, Lexus, Saab and Alfa Romeo all recorded sales drops of over 40 per cent, while Porsche lost a third of the business it was doing in the UK in the same month last year.

And yet at least two car manufacturers whom you might think would count among the worst hit of all, appear still to be making hay. Ferrari says its new California is sold out until 2011, while Rolls-Royce sales figures to this point in 2008 are over 40 per cent higher than for this time last year. Strangest of all, these cars are still selling strongly in Europe and the United States.

What lies beneath these stats? We will have to wait until all the speculators are flushed out of the Ferrari order book to see the true situation there, but with Rolls-Royce my very strong hunch is that if you're in the market for a car costing, at the very least, £269,500, you're not going to let an inconvenience like the greatest financial crisis in living memory stand between you and your chosen set of wheels.

Mat Oxley

MOTO GP

THE DIRT TRACK TRADITION

It sounds like someone has just unbolted the Gates of Hades. A deep and mournful groan reverberates through the darkness pockmarked by a hundred spotlights. The groan becomes a baleful roar and out of the white-light blackness comes a many-headed monster, riding right at you, spewing dirt and rocks and gasoline fumes. It's a pack of 16 angry young men, tangling handlebars into turn one, their open-piped Harleys twisting and bucking as tyres scramble for grip on the slithery dirt, finding traction, losing it, finding it again.

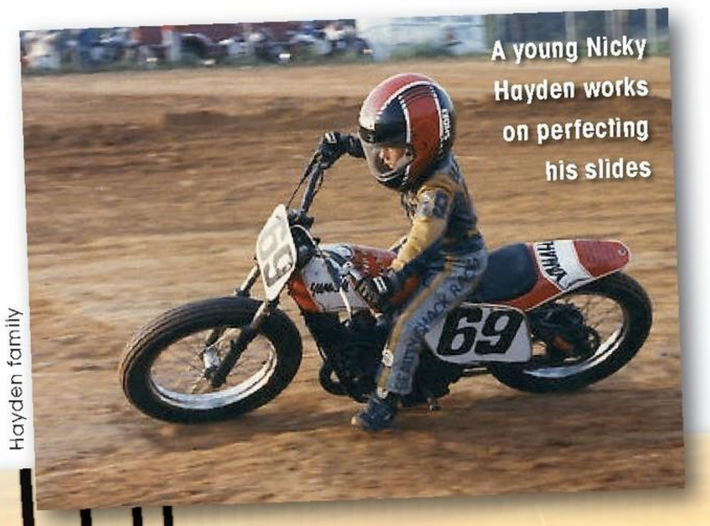


Tim White

Bikes and riders sideways to various degrees, the pack accelerates down to the back straight, tucked as low as they can go, left hands dropped from handlebars to fork legs for a (surely not worth it) aerodynamic advantage. One-hundred-and-twenty miles an hour, left hands back where they belong, riders kick their bikes sideways into turn two at the other end of the mile oval.

This is Grand National dirt track racing, quite possibly the world's most primal motor sport: a man, a Harley and a dirt oval. It is all-American entertainment of the old school – US dirt track has barely changed since the days of James Dean. It is still macho rednecks slugging it out in circles, while some good ol' boy flips burgers on the infield, surrounded by tatty awnings, beneath which mechanics toil in the dust, generators humming, hammers hammering. A rider limps past, steel shoe clanking through the dirt, like he's some kind of medieval knight. Dirt track bikes don't have brakes or steering to speak of, so riders get sideways to scrub off speed and slide into the turns, using their steel-soled left boots like outriggers, completing each trajectory with a generous application of throttle.

Dirt oval racing may be gloriously basic but it is also the most educational of two-wheel motor sports – since 1978 all but four premier-class road racing World Champions have learned their craft by going round and round in anti-clockwise circles. The giants of the sport – Mick Doohan, Wayne Gardner, Eddie Lawson, Wayne Rainey, 'King' Kenny Roberts, Kevin Schwantz, Freddie Spencer – all hail from America or Australia, where dirt track is how most racers start out. Dirt track has always been all about traction, which of course is the ultimate arbiter of the lap time in any motor sport. It is the purity of the relationship between throttle and track that makes dirt track such an educational force. Technology cannot win the race, because everyone's using pretty much the same kit their 'grampas' used. Talent and technique are all that matter. These are honed endlessly, riders training day and night, until brain, right wrist and seat of pants are hard-wired.



Hayden family

Dirt trackers usually make brilliant road racers because they have an intimate feel for traction which they can use to exploit every last smudge of tyre grip and then a little bit more, whether they're on dirt or asphalt. They are also better when things start getting out of control because they are happy riding sideways. These talents became vital during the 1970s when Grand Prix engine performance raced ahead of tyre performance. Even now, racing motorcycles are relatively under-tyred, so a dirt tracker's skill is still enormously useful, which is why ex-dirt trackers Casey Stoner and Nicky Hayden have won the past two titles.

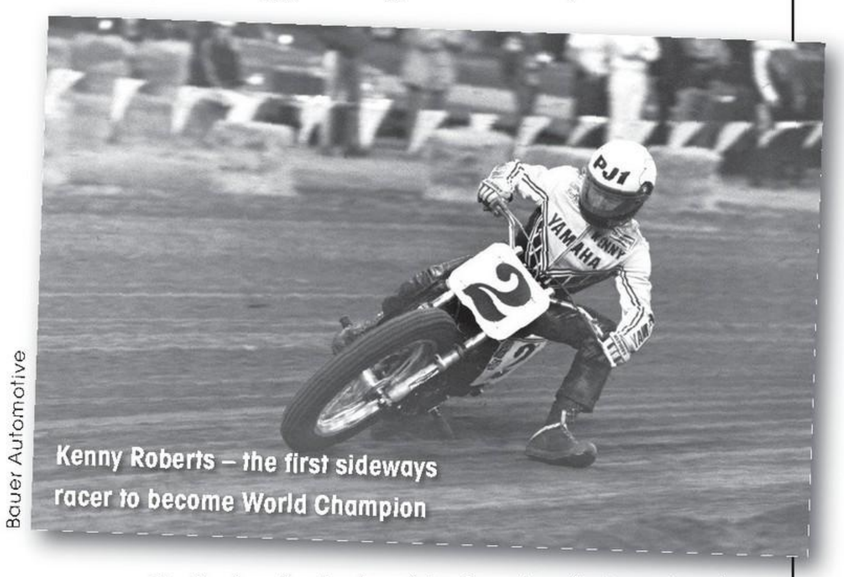
Traction control has made life easier for the rest, but the really good road racers still do dirt track as part of their training regimes. Valentino Rossi uses a motocross bike fitted with a low-grip rear tyre during winter training, while 1999 World Champion Alex Criville, the only other non-dirt track road racing champ of the past 25 years, visited dirt track's Mecca to learn his craft. 'King' Kenny Roberts was the first sideways racer to win motorcycling's biggest prize in 1978. Since then he has become the high priest of traction, his Californian ranch a pilgrimage for most of the greatest road racers of the last few decades.

"Dirt track teaches you a lot," says Roberts, who


US dirt track has changed little over the years; it's basic but educational
Tim White

sometimes joins his pupils riding round his private oval, hollering and cursing in their ears as he gets sideways with them. "The natural stuff comes out because the racing's not so fast, it's more physical and the motorcycle's much more controllable than in road racing."

Roberts is arguably dirt track's greatest hero. Signed to Yamaha at an early age, the former cowboy struggled to beat the all-conquering Harleys. So he had a bright idea: shoehorn a two-stroke TZ750 road race engine into a dirt track chassis. This beast of a bike made double the power of a Harley. Indeed it was so over-powered for its new surroundings that its creators fitted a kill switch to extinguish one of the four cylinders for those moments when Roberts struggled to get the rear tyre to hook



Bauer Automotive

Kenny Roberts – the first sideways racer to become World Champion

up. Shell-shocked after his first (and victorious) race on the weapon in 1975, Roberts opined: "They don't pay me enough to ride that thing". The sport's governors took the hint and rewrote the rules to ban TZ750s from US ovals.

British road racers got their first taste of what dirt track can do for you at around the same time, during the annual USA versus UK Transatlantic match races at Oulton Park. As the rain poured down, the Brits just knew they were going to teach the Yanks a lesson, because in the States road racers didn't bother racing when it rained. Inevitably, the dirt track-trained Americans cleared off into the distance, leaving the home team open mouthed. How could they ride around greasy, slippery corners so fast?

Dirt track car racing has produced its share of four-wheel greats, but Mario Andretti is the only driver who has gone all the way to conquer Formula 1. In motorcycle racing, where the rubber-to-asphalt equation is always a bit thin, dirt track will always give its exponents a fundamental advantage. It is why Stoner can happily keep the throttle pinned while his Ducati tries to tie itself in knots out of a turn.


LAT

SWAPS, ROOKIES AND A COMEBACK

Next year's MotoGP grid is almost fixed. It will feature three rider swaps: Nicky Hayden from Repsol Honda to Marlboro Ducati, Andrea Dovizioso from Scot Honda to Repsol Honda and Toni Elias from Alice Ducati back to Gresini Honda, with whom he contested the 2005 and '06 seasons. Three rookies will enter the class: 250 riders Mika Kallio and Yuki Takahashi, plus GP newcomer Niccolo Canepa, who is currently Ducati's test rider. Kallio and Canepa will ride for Alice Ducati, while Takahashi will take over from Dovizioso at Scot Honda. And there could be one comeback, with former world number two Sete Gibernau linked with a yet-to-be-confirmed Ducati team.

Gibernau is the surprise, because he hasn't raced since the end of 2006, when he was sacked by Ducati in favour of Casey Stoner. But he has impressed with his speed in testing for Ducati this summer, encouraging interest from a Ducati outfit being formed by Pablo Nieto, a member of Spain's famous Nieto racing dynasty. Another Spanish team manager – former World Champion Jorge Martinez – is also planning a MotoGP team, with Kawasaki. MotoGP needs all the new blood it can get – this year's grid features just 18 riders.


LAT

MOTOGP FOLLOWS ONE-MAKE TYRE TREND

MotoGP will follow current motor sport trends and instigate a one-make tyre rule for 2009. Rights-holders Dorna insists the move was made for cost and safety reasons. It says that recent competition between Bridgestone and Michelin has dramatically increased corner speeds, with serious consequences for rider safety.

But the issue of the MotoGP spectacle was certainly another factor in Dorna's wish to move to a single tyre supplier. During the past two seasons there has sometimes been a huge discrepancy in performance between the different tyre brands, resulting in poorer quality racing at the front of the pack.

"Now we are the same as the other big championships: Formula 1, WRC, NASCAR and World Superbike," said Dorna CEO Carmelo Ezpeleta, announcing the decision during September's Japanese GP. "We believe that corner speeds won't continue to increase when there's no competition between the different tyre companies; this is the opinion of all the riders too. We have yet to decide the exact regulations, but in principle, several different specs of tyre will be offered at each race, and riders can choose what they use."

Either Bridgestone or Michelin is expected to be MotoGP's tyre supplier in 2009.

Letters

America deserta

Sir,

These are depressing times, particularly here in North America. We're in the midst of a global economic crisis, and to add to the collective gloom fans of motor sport seem to be under siege by the FIA. I defy anyone with a genuine sense of objectivity who witnessed the altercation between Felipe Massa and Sébastien Bourdais at the Japanese Grand Prix to come away with the opinion that the latter was at fault. The race stewards have insulted our intelligence and sense of fair play yet again.

A few days earlier the FIA (in concert with Mr Ecclestone, certainly) inexplicably axed the Canadian GP from the 2009 calendar, thus abandoning North America altogether. I doubt that there is any host city for a World Championship event which could compete with Montréal for genuine fan enthusiasm and general excitement. But Bernie will instead take his circus to another featureless circuit in an obscure country where there is money in abundance, but hardly a fan to be found. Again, the true enthusiasts are rightly insulted.

I wonder how the people involved in the governance of international motor sport can truly believe their behaviour of late is in the sport's best interest. I may soon forget about F1, and hope the FIA's self-destructive disease isn't caught by the ACO and ALMS.

Gary Donaldson, Braselton, Georgia, USA

Darkness visible

Sir,

I watched the Singapore Grand Prix live, as I do every GP. I feel that I must agree with Ron Dennis when he says "it's a big step in the history of Grand Prix racing". In my opinion it's a big step backwards, watching cars race between parallel fences bordered by darkness where no scenery or landmarks are visible.

Frank Williams suggests that it has a good chance of challenging Monaco as the jewel in the crown of Formula 1, which I find amazing as surely the majority of discerning fans would rather watch cars racing through visible landmarks such as Casino Square in Monaco, Eau Rouge at Spa or anywhere recognisable rather than just blackness.

Should the wishes of the fans come before commercial considerations? I would much prefer the race to be shown live in daylight with a recording later.

Michael Hewett, Caterham, Surrey

Nights and daze

Sir,

While Formula 1's epic commercial build-up to the Singapore Grand Prix seemed guaranteed to resurrect the curiosity of even the most comatose and jaded channel surfer, the end product failed miserably to deliver on its promise of groundbreaking, must-see TV.

Perhaps owing to Singapore falling on the heels of the verdant, history-drenched Spa-Francorchamps and Monza's *tifosi* frenzy, the counterpoint of a two-hour long Armco-imprisoned venue telecast in steely grey hues intermittently blurred with incandescent amber reduced many of us Tivo-equipped Yanks to fast-forwarding to escape the concentration camp trance playing out on the screen before us.

Racing after dark erased whatever aesthetic excitement Singapore's cityscape, promoted as the Far East equivalent of Monaco, might otherwise have offered. It was like exploring a fog-swept bog at 4am through night-vision goggles. That the street track so restricted competitive racing and overtaking made it pale in comparison to Montréal and Monaco, inducing a NASCAR-like catatonic daze.

Sacrificing marvellously storied races like the Österreichring and San Marino, while Silverstone/Donington and Magny-Cours wait nervously in the wings on life support, in favour of oil-soaked sandscapes devoid of pedigree and provenance, makes suggestions of F1's imminent Western demise seem closer than tomorrow's sunrise.

J Christopher Gemmell, Alexandria, Virginia, USA

The root of all evil

Sir,

I read with interest Nigel Roebuck's article in the latest issue (November) and the final comment regarding Mr Ecclestone's love of motor racing. It seems to me that his love of motor racing has been tempered by his desire to make money.

I do not know Mr Ecclestone, but it seems to me that he regards F1 as his personal 'cash cow'. There appears to be an upper limit to the number of Grands Prix in any season due to the sheer logistical problems. There can be little doubt that there will be no British Grand Prix after 2009 since the government is unlikely to fund improvements to the roads around Donington, even if funding for developing the circuit itself could be realised.

The announcement this week of the demise of the Canadian Grand Prix, with a race in Abu Dhabi already confirmed, is not surprising.

If the maximum number of Grands Prix remains at 19 then, with Russia, India and who knows who else vying for races, we will undoubtedly lose some of the existing circuits – Monza and Spa, perhaps?

It would appear that when one of the herd of cash cows is unable to deliver sufficient milk it is left to fend for itself and a new young cow is brought into the herd.

Del Bennett, Sawbridgeworth, Herts

Critical Massa

Sir,

I'd like to give you my answer to the question asked in the headline to David Tremayne's article on Felipe Massa – 'Does he have what it takes?' It's an emphatic NO! To quote one sentence: "If you see you are in a position to win, you do everything you can to win. But if you see that you are in the position to finish second or third, you need to take the best points you can". In my opinion a true racer's attitude is to win races. Therefore he does not have what it takes.

In the same issue (October) you carry an advertisement for 'The Motor Sport Business Forum'. Having been actively involved in motor sport since the mid-50s, I am disappointed to see that our sport has become a business.

Having got that off my chest, may I make a request? I am chairman of the Veterans of Scottish Motor Sport Association, which has some 250 members, our president being Sir Jackie Stewart. In May next year we are organising a weekend commemorative run to Grantown on Spey in the Highlands. Any of your readers would be made very welcome if they contact me (01292 311470). As we are keen to have vehicles of the period of activity of our members, I am trying to locate a Vauxhall VX4/90, possibly one of the works cars which I drove in rallies, registered 2, 3, or 4FTM. I am willing to hire it for the weekend.

Jimmy McInnes, Monkton, Ayrshire

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Write to: Motor Sport, 38 Chelsea Wharf,
15 Lots Road, London SW10 0QJ
or e-mail: editorial@motorsportmagazine.co.uk

(Please include your full name and postal area)

Letters

The silence of Le Mans

Sir,

Regarding the Le Mans engine size cut (November issue), when will governing bodies like the ACO recognise that this is motor *sport*? Put diesel and petrol engines on a level playing field by all means. But take away the power and the noise and you have a sport without interest. The emissions and fuel usage in motor sport has only a minuscule effect on the environment. Daniel Poissenot, the ACO rules boss, should not in my view be influenced by the manufacturers who are in turn influenced by governments.

Kill noise, kill performance – kill the sport!

Geoff Osborne, Murton, Cumbria

Spa humbug

Sir,

I found the number of letters you chose to publish in support of Lewis Hamilton after the result of the Belgian Grand Prix rather disappointing in an otherwise excellent publication. Clearly had there been a wall or barrier where Lewis cut the chicane he would have had to back off to avoid a collision with Kimi or a crash on his own. He clearly then gained an advantage by not doing so.

If anything McLaren have been let off pretty lightly this year, and Lewis was lucky to get away with some pretty 'robust' overtaking moves at Monza, brilliant drive though it was.

Think back to Monaco where Kimi was given a drive-through penalty when his mechanics failed to clear the grid in the allocated time. Contrast that misdemeanour to Hamilton's in Canada when he drove into the back of the Ferrari at the pitlane red light, taking them both out and receiving just a grid penalty as a result.

Enough xenophobia; let's just enjoy the McLaren-Ferrari battle while it lasts.

Ken Pugh, Vale of Glamorgan

Keeping real

Sir,

What a pleasing article by Chris Witty on Gunnar Nilsson. In 1978 I was in the paddock at Brands Hatch preparing my MG Midget and my chum's Hillman Imp for our races when Gunnar came over to talk to us and discuss our cars. Just imagine how we felt – a "real racing driver" talking to us. Even though we knew how ill he was, it was a happy interlude. Thank you for reminding us of a special person.

Paul Bernal-Ryan, Charing, Kent

Albert Hill

Sir,

As ever, Nigel Roebuck summed up the feelings of many in the obituary of Phil Hill. At the Goodwood Festival of Speed in 1996 he drove me up the hill in an Aston Martin DB7, and while waiting to go up the hill he said that in order to live in the family home he'd had to buy out his five siblings. "Moving doesn't cure anything, after all the travelling I've done."

He gave up car restoration because "Everyone wants a dollar and a quarter's work for a dollar". A marshal came over with a spectator's copy of a book about Phil for him to autograph. "Oh no, not that awful book," he said. "It was written by someone who didn't know a racing car from a vacuum cleaner."

Two years later, at the Revival, I saw him sitting on some tyres in the paddock. I asked him if it was true that at a party during one of the Nassau Speed Weeks he'd recited Albert and the Lion. "Yes," he said, it was one of his party pieces, and proceeded to recite it in full for me, there and then! Stanley Holloway, eat your heart out.

Roger A Stead, Sheffield

Time for a sharp exit

Sir,

Alan Henry's excellent tribute to Ronnie Peterson brought back memories of my career at Lotus in the '60s and '70s. Ronnie's first visit to Lotus at Hethel was in fact in the late '60s, long before he drove for March. I was the European sales manager for the car company and my Swedish importer called to ask if I would pick him up at Norwich station. I arrived in my Elan+2 to find not just the one huge Swede but two! The other was Ronnie who had talked Per into bringing him to meet Colin Chapman and get signed up for the F1 team on the back of his karting success. I crammed the pair into my car and drove to Hethel. I told Colin's PA Kay Smith that Per and Ronnie were awaiting an audience. Kay told me to keep them entertained while Colin finished a meeting. I returned to look after the pair, and saw out of my window Colin and his Galaxie 500 heading for the main gate at high speed. He had disappeared for the rest of the day, and I had a very uncomfortable few hours with a very angry Ronnie and an embarrassed importer who felt they had been stood up.

I must have done a good job in protecting Colin's back because the same thing happened to me twice more. A short while after Ronnie's visit a Brazilian called Wilson Fittipaldi arrived at Hethel and I was asked to find out what he wanted. He had a portfolio of photographs showing his brother campaigning something called the 'Fittiporsche' in South America and was convinced that Colin would sign up Emerson on the spot. Once again I contacted Colin's office and once again was greeted by the sight of Colin's car leaving at high speed. I spent as much time as I could spare with Wilson before suggesting that he was wasting his time. It is curious that both drivers fulfilled their ambitions to drive for the team with great success. Colin wouldn't believe me several years later when I told him that both drivers had been refused a meeting with him.

The third unexpected visitor was a wealthy man named Mike Rahal who had a meat packing business in Chicago. He was sure Colin would like to sign up his son Bobby, but he was much more insistent and I had to spend two days with him while Colin avoided coming to the office.

Roger G Putnam, Henley-in-Arden, Warks

Roaring inflation

Sir,

Goodwood was, as usual, stunning. The grid for the TT Celebration was touted as being worth £85million. No one mentioned that it wasn't that long ago that the entire grid of the St Mary's Trophy could have been bought for £500!

Jonathan Moorhouse, York

Hawthorn – the other view

Sir,

I am surprised that you published Michael Amechi's assertion that Mike Hawthorn was 'quite rightly' to blame for the 1955 Le Mans disaster [Letters, October 2008] without any editorial comment.

I can only suggest he views the remarkable series of stills that show the accident unfolding at www.mike-hawthorn.org.uk/lemans2.php and reads Paul Frère's analysis of the events leading up to the accident for a clearer and more dispassionate view.

As to his mention of Fangio's words with Macklin, was Hawthorn specifically named by Fangio? Could it not have been equally possible that it was Levegh that Fangio had in mind, not Hawthorn? Or even that, having watched the events unfold in front of him, he realised it was simply a ghastly racing accident.

Peter Pearson, Hamsey, Lewes, East Sussex

LEWIS HAMILTON:

The Senna connection

Beyond the obvious parallels – both McLaren drivers, both arguably the best of their generation – the young Briton feels he has a special bond with the great Brazilian

BY NIGEL ROEBUCK



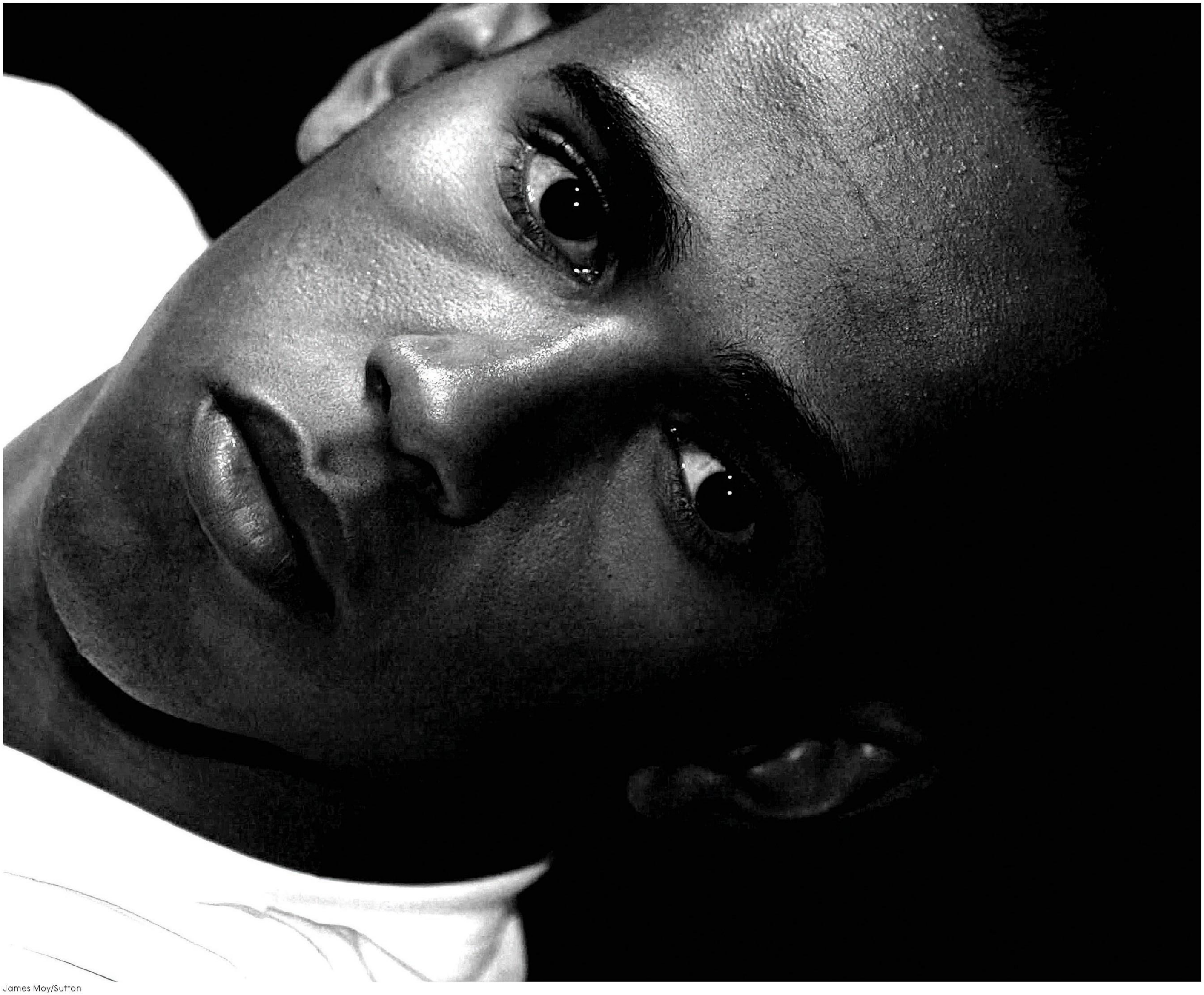
"This place," says Lewis Hamilton, gazing out over Spa-Francorchamps from the top floor of the McLaren emporium, "is so fantastic…"

"Your favourite circuit?" I ask.

"Not quite," he replies, "but second, after Monaco – street circuits will always be my favourite. Spa is just a top-notch circuit – it's a *real* circuit, isn't it? Unfortunately, we don't have many left…"

Ayrton Senna, too, loved Monaco, but, like Alain Prost and Michael Schumacher, put Spa at the top of his list. After Alex Zanardi's qualifying accident at Eau Rouge in 1993, there was speculation that, in future, the left-right-left switchback of legend might be emasculated by a chicane, and Ayrton was outraged: "If you take away Eau Rouge," he said, "you take away the reason why I do this…"

At the 1994 Belgian Grand Prix a tight chicane was duly in place before Eau Rouge, but by now, of course, Senna was gone. The circuit owners insisted that all would be back to normal by the time of the next GP, and of course we doubted them, but they were true to their word. More run-off than before there certainly was, but the majesty of the corner itself was unchanged. »»



James Moy/Sutton

In the days of Senna and Prost, taking Eau Rouge flat was something to which a driver – and only a great one – built up as the weekend went on, something saved for final qualifying. One stood there, shivering in anticipation, listening for the engine note that didn't flinch.

Thanks – or, rather, no thanks – to the technologies of today, the challenge of Eau Rouge is not what it was, and even a journeyman can get through without lifting. In this era, the drivers will tell you, the downhill left-handed Pouhon is the most testing corner on the circuit. That said, the exhilaration of Eau Rouge, the impression of being fired out of a cannon, remains, and doubtless Senna would have approved.

Just as it was not by chance that the late Michele Alboreto wore a helmet identical to that of his boyhood hero Ronnie Peterson, so Lewis Hamilton's bright yellow helmet is an inevitable reminder of Ayrton, whom he revered.

"Actually," he says, "I think it was the colour of Senna's helmet that drew me to him in the first place, but of course there was more to it than that."

I wanted to talk to Hamilton about Senna, because I was interested to know how much, or otherwise, he had been influenced by him – indeed, how much he based his approach to the job of Grand Prix driver on what he had observed, and learned, of Ayrton.



Daimler/Chrysler

"I always felt I had a connection with Senna, that we're similar"

At the time of Senna's death, in May 1994, Hamilton was only nine years old, but already making his mark in junior karting. "The year before," he says, "I'd won the British Championship, and got the chance to meet him. I'll never forget that.

"As a kid, I was drawn to Senna because, for one thing, his driving style seemed to be *different* from anyone else's. And he seemed to be a daredevil – well, not a daredevil exactly, but he always went out of his way to… make sure he was at the front. Compared with all the others, he appeared never to be afraid – he seemed to me to have that little bit of an edge.

"I've always felt like I had a connection with him, that we're somehow similar – I do crazy things other people wouldn't do, and I feel like I have an edge, too. I feel I share something with him – I seem to be able to draw a lot from the way he came across, in interviews, and so on.

"He was such a *fighter*, that was the thing – I don't think he was ever one to drive half-heartedly. He was always looking for perfection, and, yeah, he was a warrior – and that was what I loved about him."

Monaco, as Hamilton said, is his favourite circuit, and when he won there in May he said that it meant more to him than any other victory; Senna, of course, won the Monaco Grand Prix six times, a record unequalled by any other driver.

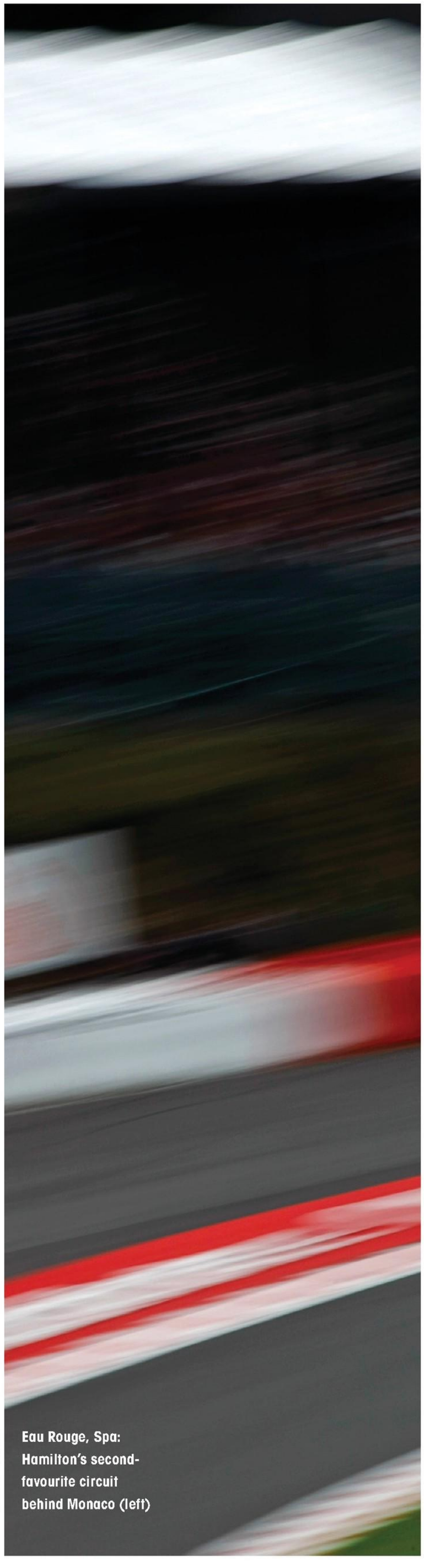
It was Ayrton's invariable way to go fast in the opening minutes of the first practice session, and nowhere was this more in evidence than at Monaco, where most drivers take time to acclimatise to the circuit's unforgiving confines, to the *nearness* of everything. Thirty or 40 minutes into the Thursday morning session, Senna would be maybe two seconds up on anyone else, and even Prost admitted that the psychological effect of that was potent indeed.

In 2007, when Hamilton drove a Formula 1 car at Monaco for the first time, I watched at the approach to Rascasse, and felt an acute sense of déjà vu. Here was a McLaren, with a yellow helmet poking from the cockpit, and, within a few minutes, it was shaving the barriers. When I managed occasionally to catch the times on the PA system, it was no surprise that Lewis was fastest by a street.

"Last year," he says, "my first laps were a second or more faster than anyone else's – and I'm talking about the first laps of the whole weekend. I'm faster because I'm getting on it – and I do that because I have to start ahead, because… it's difficult to put into words… I want to get *here*, whereas the others start *here* in order to get *here*.

"I don't know what it is, but I'm just able to do it – it's something about my personality and my ability. You know, being able to relate to someone – when you're a kid – is something you can't explain to people, but, as I said, I always felt some… connection with Senna somehow. Of course, the thing is, if you get to the limit quite quickly, it's hard to go any further…"

Hamilton may base much of himself, and his approach to racing, on Senna, but in one significant respect, I say, he seems wholly different. Ayrton may have had sublime ability in a racing car, but on many occasions he did pull stunts on the track that went beyond »»»



Martin Trenkler

Eau Rouge, Spa: Hamilton's second-favourite circuit behind Monaco (left)



accepted – and acceptable – limits, and amounted to blatant intimidation.

"Oh… I think that was probably Senna's Brazilian spirit, Brazilian nature, coming out," he says. "You do get quite a lot of people who do that, you know – drivers who try to intimidate other drivers. I could do it, too, but I just don't see the sense in it, personally.

"When people try and intimidate me, I laugh! The way I look at it, if they're doing that, it means they're worried – they feel they have to do something to distract me, or put me off, or try and knock my confidence. Personally I think that's a sign of weakness – weakness in the mind – and if you let it upset you, they're going to get the upper hand on you. I don't do that sort of thing, because I don't feel I have that weakness.

"The thing is, I think there's a subtle way you can do it. You can do it stupidly, and then there's a 50:50 chance of both of you crashing. But there's a subtler way of doing these things – I mean, when I got here, I wanted to assert myself in certain ways: one, to prove you can overtake in F1, and two, to show that I don't care who you are – whether you're Kimi Räikkönen or whomever – I'll go up the inside of you. It was important to get across that in a situation where most people would back out of it, I won't. And I showed that in my first year."

I remembered something Keke Rosberg had said to me years ago, when his son Nico and Lewis were team-mates in karting: "Lewis is hugely talented, but he's also incredibly brave – I mean, *Gilles* brave…"

When Hamilton arrived in F1, had he consciously decided to take a few big chances, simply to put a marker down for the rest?

"No," he says. "Really not. That's simply how I drive. I don't feel I did anything extra-special in those first few races – things that I don't do now. In the tests I always showed I was strong, that I was the one these guys had to watch out for. On the track I've always been polite, I've never really got in people's way – although there are a lot of drivers who do, and I look at that calmly: if you get in someone's way, it'll come back on you when you're on a qualifying lap or something. So I don't do that, but there are some idiots here, who'll stay in front of you to hold you up, or they'll back off into you, and the way I see it, they only do that because they see you as a threat – so in a way it's a kind of compliment, I suppose…"

Given that Hamilton had been such a devoted supporter of Senna, I wondered how aware he had been of the feud with Prost, perhaps the bitterest F1 has known.

"Not that much, really, at the time," says Lewis. "I mean, you could *see* it, when you watched the races on TV, but as a kid I didn't read the papers much. Later on I did read about it, and I could totally relate to it, totally understand how it happened: being in a team with someone who's very competitive, who's another very quick driver, who's pushing you… it *is* tough, you know, because it's either one or the other, isn't it?"





LAT

"When people try and intimidate me, I laugh! It means they're worried"

When Senna arrived at McLaren in 1988, Prost had already won the World Championship twice, and was considered the best. Senna, meantime, was widely regarded as the *fastest*, so perhaps discord between the two was ultimately as good as inevitable. Certainly Ayrton set his sights squarely on Alain, and that would never change. As Jo Ramirez put it, "They were the two best, and they knew it. They never really bothered about anyone else…"

To an extent, Prost, long the favoured son at McLaren, felt as though he was being pushed out of his own house by this interloper, and it would be an unusual fellow who didn't resent that to some degree.

Fast-forward to 2007, and there were similar feelings in the air – but with a subtle difference. Fernando Alonso may have been new to McLaren, but he, like Prost, was a two-time World Champion, and felt certain privileges came with that. Hamilton, meantime, was an F1 rookie – yet not new to McLaren, having been 'part of the family', receiving company support in his various racing endeavours for 10 years.

Before the season began, Jackie Stewart saw a tricky situation looming. "Alonso hasn't been that much faster than Hamilton in testing," he said, "but we know what a remarkably complete driver he is. Having said that, he's with a new team, and he's got to prove something – he's got to make his mark in the team, because he knows that the McLaren romance with Hamilton is a very big one.

"Lewis is spending a lot of time at the factory, and making sure he knows absolutely everybody there. I'm told he's *extremely* well versed in all the regulations and procedures – very thorough, very prepared. He's *ready* – and, unlike Fernando, he's got absolutely nothing to lose…"

True enough. And although the year started amicably enough, from the first race on Alonso knew he had a fight on his hands – and from a rookie. No matter that Hamilton's performances would have embarrassed *any* established Grand Prix driver: Alonso was the man with the same car, the one who came under scrutiny: was it that Lewis really was *that* good – or that Fernando wasn't quite as good as we had thought? Whatever, it was not a situation Alonso relished, and tensions began to bubble under the surface.

"Talking about the Senna/Prost situation," says Hamilton, "is like we saw last year: both drivers so quick, so determined, sometimes one ahead, sometimes the other, both believing that they're better than the other guy – and one

believing that he is higher because of who he is, and what he's done, and the other thinking, 'Shit, I don't give a... I don't care *who* you are! I'm here to race, and I'm here to give you as hard a time as anyone else would'. So, to go back to what we were saying, yes, I completely understand the rivalry Senna and Prost had between them..."

Back in the mid-90s, when things began to get tetchy between Schumacher and Hill, Damon was very mindful of what had gone down between Senna and Prost, and was well aware of the dangers involved in allowing a spat to develop into something more. I wondered if similar thoughts had gone through Hamilton's head in 2007.

"No," he says at once, "I never worry about that – because I'm smarter than that, you know? For instance, here at Spa last year on the first lap, if I had... wanted to hold my position, we'd have crashed, and there were certain times like that. But I'm not like that – I'm big enough to be able to walk away."

The incident to which Lewis was referring occurred on the opening lap, on the run towards Eau Rouge. The McLarens of Hamilton and Alonso came out of La Source side by side, and as they accelerated down the hill Fernando put a muscular move on Lewis, claiming all the road, and obliging his team-mate to run wide. As Hamilton rejoined the road, he and Alonso were once more side by side on the approach to Eau Rouge, and momentarily it seemed inevitable they would touch. At the last second Lewis backed off.

Hamilton nods. "Yeah, you have to be the big man in a situation like that. I could have been, you know... 'I don't care, I'm going into this corner flat out, do or die', just to make a point, but it just wouldn't have been a very smart thing to do, would it? I don't think you're losing out if you do back off in that situation – I think being a bigger man has many more positives, quite honestly."

Yes, sure, but I was coming more and more to the view that there is a lot of Prost's mentality,





LAT

as well as Senna's, in Hamilton's approach to his work. In a situation such as the one with Alonso at Spa how difficult was it, I wondered, for Lewis not to fall prey – on the spur of the moment – to his emotions?

"For me, when I'm in the race car, it's easy. I've got under control pretty much every sensor that there could possibly be. The only time you can become a little bit frustrated is like what happened in practice today – you're doing a long run, and you mess up in turn one, and you've got a whole lap to catch up, to start it again! As far as I'm concerned, that's about the only time you can get frustrated, but I'll admit I really had to build up my strength to control my emotions..."

Could Hamilton remember a time when he was consciously angry in a racing car?

"Yes, absolutely. But it's a long time ago – in the early stages of karting. My dad gave me tips on how to deal with it, and said to give the finger to people who messed me about – which I did for quite some time until the people in charge started using me as an example of what *not* to do! So I stopped giving people the finger, and I learned how to deal with it another way."

If Senna had a weakness as a racing driver, it was that once in a while his impatience – sometimes anger – got the better of him, and he would trip over a backmarker, or whatever.

"That's true," says Hamilton. "I saw that several times, and took it in, and thought, 'I can't be doing things like that'. And I was fortunate, too, that I saw it in him, because when I was younger I *did* have that anger – I'd get pissed off with someone, and want to knock him off the track. But then I learned: don't retaliate – do your talking on the track – *beat* him! That demoralises them more than anything.

"It's like if someone calls you a name: don't go and punch him – go and prove that you're *better*, because that'll piss him off even more! And that's what I've learned to do.

"In the incident here at Spa last year, I said to myself, 'I know what he's just done to »»»

me', and it did knock me in a sense. I mean, if I'd got close to him, I would have gone up the inside, and he would have been on the grass – I would have put him into a position where he would have tried to turn, and I would have let him know that I was there… but still fair. Otherwise, though, I wasn't retaliating. I mean, I was leading the World Championship…"

And could Lewis imagine himself putting a move similar to Alonso's on another driver?

"Not as aggressively as that, no," he said, and I must say that remark came back to me a week later at Monza when he was singularly ruthless in the way he dealt with such as Glock, Alonso and Webber. Still…

"It's just not in my nature," he says. "I like a fair fight, but I don't take the piss – you call me names, or whatever, and I'll still be fair to you on the track. I mean, I'll *lean* on you, and I'll let you know I'm there, but I would never do something as aggressive as that. Actually, if I didn't have such good reactions, we would have crashed, and two McLarens would have been out of the race – and that would have been the dumbest thing ever."

I thought of something Prost said to me at Silverstone back in 1989. He had made a better start than Senna, and led narrowly as they headed towards Copse, whereupon Ayrton simply chopped across into the corner as if he had the place to himself. "If I hadn't given way," Alain said, "Ron would have had two wrecked McLarens within 10 seconds of the start…"

Over time many a Grand Prix driver has talked of a card index system in their heads, so that they are constantly assimilating information about who's in front of them, alongside or whatever – and how they're likely to behave.

"It's like when you know 10 people," says Lewis, "and each one has a different character, so when you approach them, you know how to behave with each one. It's pretty much the same when you're in the race car – you learn from certain incidents you have with people, whether it's passing them on an out-lap, or on a flying lap, or whatever, whether they've held you up or not, how they overtake, whether they're into stupid moves or smart moves, all that stuff… It's like a game of chess, and you've got to be able to read your opponent. When I approach a guy on the track, and he's an idiot, obviously it's a big help if I *know* he's an idiot!"

As a rule of thumb, Lewis went on, the people he liked in the paddock tended to be the drivers he liked on the track. "I can kind of see through them. I don't think there are many who deliberately use intimidation tactics – well, there is one, but I'm not going to say who it is, because I don't want to speak negatively about any driver. We've all got flaws, in one way or another. Mind you, I think a lot of them continue to ignore their flaws, and I try to make sure that, whatever flaws I have, I'm still a sportsman. To be the best, you have to be best in all areas, I think. I mean, Michael Schumacher was the best driver – but he did some silly things…"



Hamilton followed in the footsteps of Senna (below in '92) with victory at Monaco this year



LAT

"If I could get to a point of being anywhere near as good as Senna, I'd feel great"

The aim, then, is to be hard but fair? "Yes, that's it – that's it exactly. It's just how you judge being hard…"

In lots of ways, as Hamilton says, he has tried to model himself on Senna, but that isn't the whole of it.

"I've always found that I've learned something from every team-mate I've ever had – even out of the car. If they're good people, you learn from that, and if they… make mistakes, you learn from their mistakes, as well as your own. That's how I've got to where I am so quickly, I think, because I learned a lot from every experience I've had, both negative and positive.

"I'd say, for example, that I've got a lot of different driving styles – that way I can try and approach different corners in different ways, instead of having just one aggressive driving style, which I thought I could see in Ayrton.

"People have told me about the way he worked on getting his mind into gear, and getting focused, and that was something I appreciated at an early age – that you didn't just get in and drive, that you also needed a huge capacity to build up your mental strength, and make the most of different situations. That was definitely one of the biggest lessons I learned from Ayrton.

"Driving styles do vary a lot. I mean, Heikki [Kovalainen] is *really* good in high-speed corners, but in certain areas – getting on the power or whatever – he's not so strong, so for him to catch me up in those areas is harder for him. That also means that what we require from a car is different, of course."

When Eddie Cheever was Prost's team-mate at Renault, I said, he was just about as quick as Alain in the high-speed turns, but in the slow corners couldn't get near him: through the Loews hairpin at Monaco alone, Prost pulled out three-tenths on him, and Cheever could never understand how he did it.

"No," says Hamilton, "and back then you didn't have all the data, or the on-board footage. Today, because of telemetry, if I'm three-tenths quicker than Heikki, he can look it up, and copy it out, and learn it, so it's a lot easier these days. I think that having all these things does take a little bit of the *racing* out of it…"

Intelligent, dedicated, prodigiously self-confident, combative, abnormally brave, freakishly talented… Lewis Hamilton is all these things, and knows it, but still Ayrton Senna occupies a special place in his mind.

"By no means," he says, "have I ever suggested that I'm better than Ayrton – for me he's the king, and always will be. If I could ever get to a point of being anywhere near as good as he was, I'd feel great…"

“Motor sport is corners with rubber on the ground, mechanics with dirt under their fingernails. It is not a 75-metre mega yacht full of girls... Though I like that world, too!”

His first love is bikes, but Valentino Rossi is a racer at heart, which is why he still plans to switch to four wheels one day

BY MAT OXLEY



Goldandgoose

If Valentino Rossi's father had been less unlucky as a motorcycle racer Rossi might now be ruling Formula 1 instead of MotoGP. Rossi Sr was a scarily fast though crash-prone bike racer of the late 1970s. He won three 250 Grands Prix in 1979, the year of Valentino's birth, and went on to race factory 500s for Suzuki, Yamaha and Italian marque Morbidelli. But serious head injuries stopped him from making it really big and getting really rich, which is one of the reasons his son became a bike racer and not a car racer.

Rossi Sr's head injuries (which still affect him) convinced him that he didn't want his son to follow in his wheel tracks, so he got him into karts. In 1991, 12-year-old Rossi finished fifth in the national kart championship in Parma and was poised to graduate to the Italian and European 100cc series. However, the family couldn't stretch to the 100 million lira budget, so Valentino suggested he should race something cheaper, like Mini moto, the minibike craze that swept Italy during the early '90s.

In fact, while finance was certainly an issue, Rossi was already beginning to understand that he gets a bigger kick out of two wheels than four. "My passion for cars and bikes was growing up together," he says. "But when Mini moto arrived, I began to think that I had a better taste from riding the bike. The money for racing karts was a problem, and because [my father] Graziano knew a lot of people in the bike world, it was more possible for him to find bikes and sponsors."

Rossi was a Mini moto prodigy, his success on the Lilliputian race bikes propelling him to success in the Italian 125 production championship and the 125 European championship. From there he went on to win the 125, 250, 500 and MotoGP World Championships. And yet it was possibly his very first kart that instilled his famous fighting spirit and talent for keeping things skating on the brink. "When Valentino was six I built him a kart. It was an evil thing," recalls his father. "The chassis was for a 60cc engine but I fitted a 100cc national engine."

Battling on the brink of disaster is what Rossi does best. His F1 heroes are Senna, Prost and significantly Mansell, which reveals a certain admiration for the bare-knuckle racer. His number-one bike racing hero is of the same cut; exuberant Texan Kevin Schwantz was renowned for his ability to explore the outer limit and reach places that other riders could not, even though he sometimes arrived there on his arse. Rossi's style, both on and off the track, is not dissimilar to that of the 1993 500 World Champion. These days Rossi doesn't crash like Schwantz used to, but in his younger, madder days he was another oft-floored genius. The Italian kingmaker who gave Rossi his Grand Prix break in 1996 was dismayed by the teenager's chronic inability to keep his Aprilia 125 rubber side down. "He crash very much," remembers Giampiero Sacchi. "Many came from Vale just not thinking; the tyres: cold! Give gas: crash!"

Although like most racers Rossi learned the hard way, he understood his own affinity for speed from an early age. "Going fast is always what I wanted to do in my life. I think I inherited that from my father," he says. "I started to understand quite early that I have a special talent to do this. When I was racing go-karts I understood that I have a good feeling to understand what's happening. But I was not the only one, there were other kids who were faster than me, so I say 'this is the way for me, but, f***, I have to improve'."



Fiat Yamaha

Rossi heads Casey Stoner and Dani Pedrosa to one of his great wins, at a sopping Indy this year

He certainly did improve, to the point now that he is arguably the most accomplished motor sportsman of his generation. Aside from his eight motorcycling world titles Rossi has won a few minor rallies, contested some WRC rounds and impressed testing a Ferrari F1 car.

Scuderia Ferrari famously courted Rossi a few years ago, committing him to a serious testing programme in 2005/2006 that was expected to take him full-time into F1. Ferrari wasn't the only one keen to get Rossi into cars. Bernie Ecclestone understood that F1 was in serious need of a little rock 'n' roll, something that Rossi has in his blood. He is an old-school petrolhead – he loves going fast, doing crazy things. He buckles a lot of swashes. His heroes in real life – Steve McQueen, Jim Morrison, Diego Maradona – tell you that he likes to play it fast and loose.

In the end, it was Rossi who turned down Ferrari, which must have come as a bit of surprise to a race team used to having the world's greatest drivers come knocking at its door. The dream of matching the unique achievement of John Surtees – World Champion on two wheels and four – was over. But Rossi has fond memories of his dalliance with the world's best-known race team. "Ah, Ferrari were unbelievable. I like them a lot," he smiles. "The people give all their lives to F1, to improve the car. The passion inside Scuderia Ferrari is something amazing, I liked that. And the car is f****** incredible, the acceleration is unbelievable. Maybe it's about the same as a MotoGP bike, but the feeling is more exciting in the car. You feel the acceleration more because you sit lower and because the bike is light and very powerful, but the car is heavier and even more powerful, so you feel the push a lot more." An F1 car's power-to-weight ratio beats that of a MotoGP bike – 1.2 horsepower per kilo to 1.001 per kilo.

Rossi enjoyed getting to grips with the unique demands of an F1 car but finally realised that what held true when he was a kid still holds true today: he wasn't getting as much fun out of driving the Ferrari as he got from riding his Yamaha. Enjoyment is at the heart of everything Rossi does. His greatest strengths are an astonishing natural talent, a fierce, creative intelligence and a tireless dedication to his cause, but a sense of fun is also central to what he does. More than anything, Rossi goes racing for the love of it, for the buzz of it, and ultimately he didn't enjoy driving the Ferrari enough. It didn't light his fire.

"With the Formula 1 car the driving becomes a bit unnatural, a bit different from a normal car. It is very important to understand how the aerodynamics work. A MotoGP bike is like a normal bike, but lighter, more power, more everything. A Formula 1 car is not like a normal car; you have to understand all about the wings, the braking is very different, everything is different. And then there is the traction control. The traction control worked very much and that's what I didn't like." Ironically, F1 has now banned traction control, while anti-spin technology has become an overriding influence in MotoGP, something you won't be »»



Adam Scott/Offside

surprised to learn aggravates Rossi intensely. He is one of several riders to have lobbied MotoGP bosses to exorcise electronic rider aids and return control to the human.

Motor sport is a bewitching mix of art and science, man and machine; that surely is one of its greatest attractions. In F1 Rossi felt that he was not a big enough part of the equation. He is an artist by temperament, not a dour race track scientist, which is why people love him. "It is true that in MotoGP we already have a lot of technical meetings in the team, a lot of thinking. I speak a lot about electronics with my guys, but in cars it is different. With cars, everything is already fixed, so if you do this, you make this lap time, if you add that fuel, you make that lap time. So it is like the driver doesn't have anything to invent. It's more like a job."

That isn't to say that Rossi doesn't like a challenge and a bit of hard work. Five years ago he quit Honda when the company's RC211V was comfortably the best bike on the MotoGP grid and defected to Yamaha, then at its lowest ebb, without even taking a pay rise. "Maybe my choice seems a little bit crazy," he said at the time, before turning Yamaha's YZR-M1 from pitlane joke into race winner in just a few months. He left Honda because he felt the company's racing bosses put too much emphasis on the machine and not the man. By winning on the Yamaha he proved them wrong. He proved that he was the bigger part of the equation.



Don Morley



Olycom

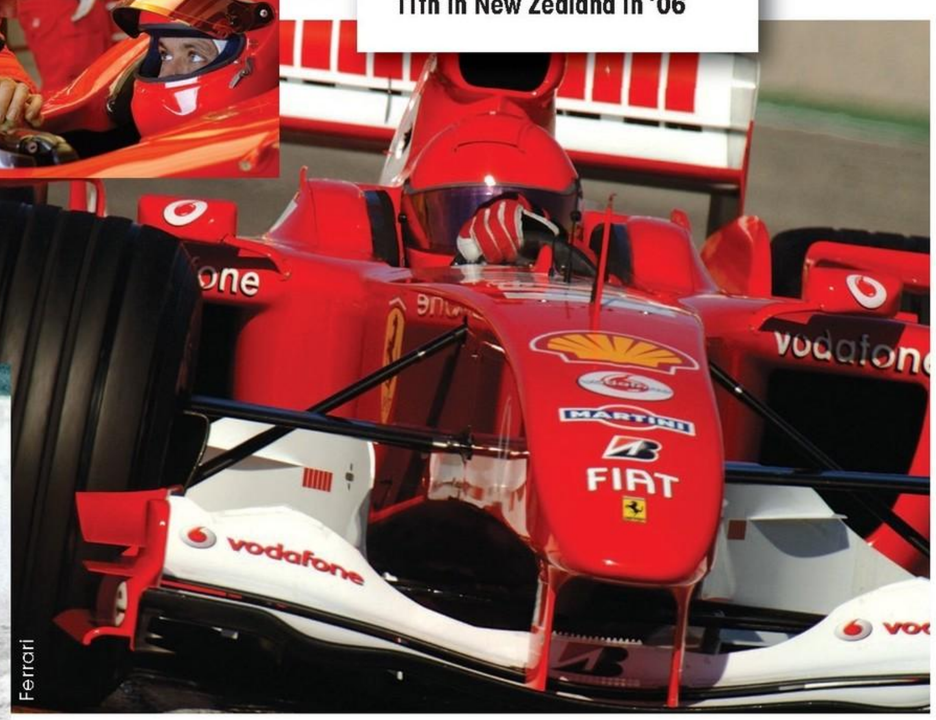


McKlein


LAT







Ferrari

Clockwise from top left: Graziano Rossi won three 250cc Grands Prix aboard a Morbidelli in '79; Rossi Sr didn't want the young Valentino to race bikes; testing the Ferrari in 2006; learning to live on the edge in the kart built by his father; the MotoGP champ respects Schumacher, but thinks his late switch to bikes "strange"; rallying is another passion – Rossi was a respectable 11th in New Zealand in '06

The Rossi/Ferrari romance began soon after Rossi had joined Yamaha, when he was invited to test at the company's Fiorano test track in the spring of 2004. Ferrari's reigning F1 champ Michael Schumacher was present and impressed. Later that year Ferrari president Luca di Montezemolo pronounced: "There will always be an open door for Valentino at Ferrari."

The following summer the then Ferrari technical director Ross Brawn announced that Rossi would test with the team once a month throughout 2006, presumably with a view to an F1 race debut in '07 or '08. In November 2005 Rossi got to test the Ferrari at a real race track for the first time, lapping Mugello fast enough for Ferrari to reserve him a place at the Valencia pre-season tests in January 2006, alongside the rest of the F1 grid – Alonso, Schumacher, Räikkönen et al. In the meantime he beat Colin McRae in the Monza Rally and took 11th place in Rally New Zealand.

Rossi again impressed at Valencia, after spinning off during his very first lap. Experts calculated that he ended the tests just six-tenths slower than Schumacher, allowing for their different spec cars. It seemed an F1 future was his for the taking. But it wasn't to be. Rossi still remembers the exact moment he decided to stay on two wheels. "It was on the plane going home. I went to Valencia to do the test to understand my potential against the other guys. I understood that with a lot of work I had the potential to go fast. But on the plane I decided: bikes. The main reason was that I was not ready to stop racing bikes; this was the biggest problem. I like cars and I hope to have 10 years of extra career in cars when I stop with bikes, but I'm not ready to stop bikes now."

Rossi admits he was also repelled by certain aspects of the F1 world. He finds the blue-chip corporate atmosphere too suffocating and he cannot abide F1's 'masters of the universe', high-rollin' swankers like Renault team boss Flavio Briatore. "Achh," he says, his voice hissing with disdain. "For me, motor sport is not Flavio Briatore. It is corners with rubber on the ground, mechanics with dirt under their fingernails. It is not a 75-metre mega yacht full of girls..." He starts laughing. "Though I like that world too! I don't feel that the F1 atmosphere is close to my lifestyle, it's a lot, lot more serious. I'm more comfortable in the bike world."

Most of all, Rossi prefers motorcycles because of what happens out on the race track. In motorcycling the rider is a greater part of the performance equation, in every way. Rossi weighs around 70 kilos, his MotoGP bike ➤➤➤

weighs about 148 kilos. This fact has a huge influence on the amount of control a rider can bring to the motorcycle. Not only is he one third of the combined weight of man and machine, he is also mobile. Bike racers move all over their machines, transferring load to the front tyre to increase grip entering corners, shifting load to the rear tyre exiting corners, and moving left and right to steer and control lean angle. The dividing line between man and machine becomes blurred, they almost morph together like some kind of race track centaur.

"When you drive a car you are always in the same position, you are stuck in the seat, all you have to do is drive. On a motorcycle you use a lot of body movement, so the rider is more important than the driver in a car. I like driving cars, but for me riding bikes is more exciting, you can express yourself more.

"In car racing, the set-up is very important. It is important for the driver to understand everything in order to modify the car to go faster. The set-up is also important in bikes, but with the bike you can also modify your style to go faster. Maybe you can change the way you move your body into a corner."

During his nine seasons in MotoGP Rossi has become famous for being able to magic a few tenths of a second as if from nowhere on Sundays. There have been weekends where he seems beaten after practice but on race day he comes out guns blazing, after adapting his riding technique and tweaking the set-up to solve the riddle of a tricky corner or two. Last July's US GP at Laguna Seca – where in the race he destroyed polesitter Casey Stoner – was a case in point. "Sincerely, every weekend I try to improve my riding style to go a little bit faster. And even now in bike racing, it seems like there is something undiscovered." That's where the art takes over from the science, the man from the machine.

Perhaps this is why Rossi has always adored rallying, where raw talent still triumphs over technology. Again, this was a love instilled by his father, who was a handy rally driver in his day. When Rossi was a kid he spent many a weekend hurtling round the local gravel pit in beaten-up rally cars with his father and friends, Rossi starting out with that "evil" kart, playing the game of throttle versus traction.

"Driving rally cars is a lot of fun, a lot of sliding. In circuit racing the most important thing is precision and perfection. In rallying it is control which is most important, so it's fun. I think it is more wild than motorcycle racing. It's so different – you're driving out in the country, with the mechanics working on the cars in the dirt. But I do not know if rallying is what I will do when I stop bikes. I like also circuit racing and I think I have a better potential there because I know the circuits. I don't know what kind of car racing, I haven't decided yet, maybe DTM. Of course, I love rallying but for sure I will need more time to go very fast." His next rally date is Rally GB in December.



Fiat Yamaha

"I am still curious to understand my potential in F1, but I've made my choice"

VALENTINO ROSSI

Perhaps Rossi's problem is that he gets a kick out of most forms of motor sport. He sees a similar passion in Schumacher, who he got to know during those Ferrari tests. "Schumacher is very good, I got a very good impression, especially because he has a great passion for motors, for racing cars and bikes. He is from Germany, so he is quite cold, but he has a great passion for motor sport."

Rossi is slightly amazed by Schumi's bike racing antics. "I think Michael races bikes because he loves motor sport and fun, he isn't thinking about becoming MotoGP champion. But it is very strange when you start racing motorcycles when you are 38, after riding a Harley-Davidson for many years. It is quite difficult, because to race motorcycles you need to grow up with them." Funnily enough, when Rossi first tested the Ferrari in 2004 he offered Schumacher a ride on his Yamaha, but the F1 king demurred. "Going from two wheels to four is okay, going from four wheels to two isn't," said Schumacher.

Rossi doesn't believe that when he's an old man he will regret saying no to F1, but he may always be nagged by a sense of what if? "Regret is not the right word. I am still curious to understand my potential in F1, but I've made my choice, it is done."

His continued devotion to motorcycle racing is impressive, considering that he has broken all the records. Rossi recently became the most successful premier-class racer in bike racing history, eclipsing the three decades-old record of 68 Grand Prix wins set by 1960s and '70s legend Giacomo Agostini. He is also rich beyond his dreams, with annual earnings that put him ahead of David Beckham. But records and bank balances are not his motivation. Mick Doohan, the rough 'n' tough Aussie who ruled bike racing before Rossi, explained that it was the "instant gratification of winning" that motivated him to go racing. Rossi is the same. "Racing bikes is my passion, I get a great taste riding the bike and fighting with the other guys."

Of course, the fight doesn't always go his way. After winning five straight premier-class crowns from 2001-05 (three with Honda, two with Yamaha), things went awry in 2006 and '07. Rossi suffered machine failures and tyre woes and lost his title to former Honda team-mate Nicky Hayden and then to Stoner. This season he is back on a roll, relishing his hard-fought victories over Stoner's rocketship of a Ducati. Most impressive was his 69th win, achieved in treacherously wet and windy conditions as Hurricane Ike battered Indianapolis in September. He didn't need to take the risks he took to win that race – he was already way ahead on points – but he won anyway, unable to resist the challenge of dancing on the edge of the precipice.

One question remains: when will Rossi quit bikes and start his 10 years of car racing? Even the man himself has no idea. He celebrates his 30th birthday next February and his current contract with Yamaha expires at the end of 2010, so the earliest he could move to four wheels would be 2011. Whatever happens, Rossi will make his own decision, as and when it pleases him.

PORSCHE'S HOTTEST NUMBERS

In 60 years the Stuttgart firm has produced some glorious cars. Picking the 10 best models would be tricky enough, but the 10 best individual chassis? Time to turn to a true Porsche expert...

BY MICHAEL COTTON

There was a time when I did not care for Porsches at all. There, heresy confessed! My school exercise books were covered in drawings of Ferrari and Maserati Grand Prix cars, beautiful front-engined machines, always red, and I was no fan of the rear-engined Cooper-Climax in which Jack Brabham won his first World Championship. It was too small, it didn't make the right noise and seemed, well, puny against the Italian machines. The same went for Porsches, which lacked the sheer presence of the Jaguar D-types, Mercedes SLRs, Ferrari Testa Rossa and Maserati 'Birdcage'.

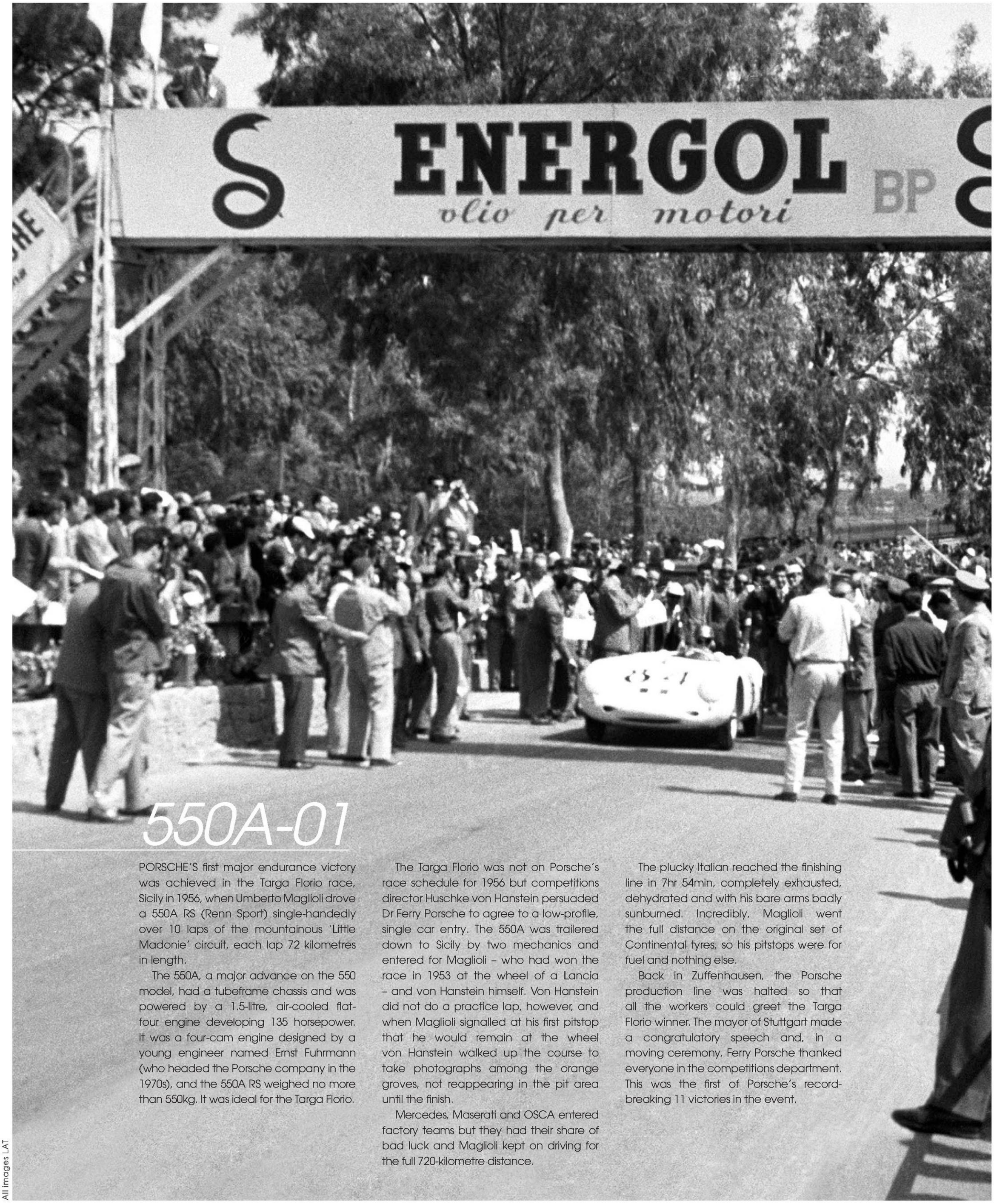
You couldn't overlook the Porsches, though, and in time I learned to respect the silver cars from the Zuffenhausen side of Stuttgart, the more so when Jean Behra and Hans Herrmann claimed third overall at Le Mans in 1958, with two more RS-Ks in fourth and fifth.

The year 1968 was special for me: appointed editor of *Motoring News* on my 30th birthday I immediately claimed the right to cover endurance racing (as well as Formula 1 and most of the F2 races – we were not overstaffed in those days). Vic Elford won the Monte Carlo Rally, a first for the Porsche 911, the Daytona 24 Hours in a 907, the Targa Florio in another 907, and the ADAC 1000Kms at the Nürburgring in the recently-introduced 908.

From then on I was hopelessly hooked on Porsche's racing cars, and blessed my good fortune when the magnificent 917 took the world by storm in 1970 and '71, driven by some heroic racers: Pedro Rodriguez, Jo Siffert, Brian Redman, Vic Elford and Derek Bell (and let me not omit Jacky Ickx, their big rival in the Ferrari 512).

I appreciated the integrity of top engineers Helmuth Bott, Peter Falk and Norbert Singer, and their never-ending quest for perfection, defined as generating enough speed for their products to win races with bomb-proof reliability. You don't achieve 16 Le Mans victories in the space of 28 years without these qualities.

I worked through a golden era and I am thankful that I was present to bring reports to MN's readers. Now, here are my 10 favourites. To make the task more challenging, the editor asked me to name my favourite Porsche racing cars by chassis number, so I've had to dig deep!



550A-01

PORSCHE'S first major endurance victory was achieved in the Targa Florio race, Sicily in 1956, when Umberto Maglioli drove a 550A RS (Renn Sport) single-handedly over 10 laps of the mountainous 'Little Madonie' circuit, each lap 72 kilometres in length.

The 550A, a major advance on the 550 model, had a tubeframe chassis and was powered by a 1.5-litre, air-cooled flat-four engine developing 135 horsepower. It was a four-cam engine designed by a young engineer named Ernst Fuhrmann (who headed the Porsche company in the 1970s), and the 550A RS weighed no more than 550kg. It was ideal for the Targa Florio.

The Targa Florio was not on Porsche's race schedule for 1956 but competitions director Huschke von Hanstein persuaded Dr Ferry Porsche to agree to a low-profile, single car entry. The 550A was trailered down to Sicily by two mechanics and entered for Maglioli – who had won the race in 1953 at the wheel of a Lancia – and von Hanstein himself. Von Hanstein did not do a practice lap, however, and when Maglioli signalled at his first pitstop that he would remain at the wheel von Hanstein walked up the course to take photographs among the orange groves, not reappearing in the pit area until the finish.

Mercedes, Maserati and OSCA entered factory teams but they had their share of bad luck and Maglioli kept on driving for the full 720-kilometre distance.

The plucky Italian reached the finishing line in 7hr 54min, completely exhausted, dehydrated and with his bare arms badly sunburned. Incredibly, Maglioli went the full distance on the original set of Continental tyres, so his pitstops were for fuel and nothing else.

Back in Zuffenhausen, the Porsche production line was halted so that all the workers could greet the Targa Florio winner. The mayor of Stuttgart made a congratulatory speech and, in a moving ceremony, Ferry Porsche thanked everyone in the competitions department. This was the first of Porsche's record-breaking 11 victories in the event.

All images LAT





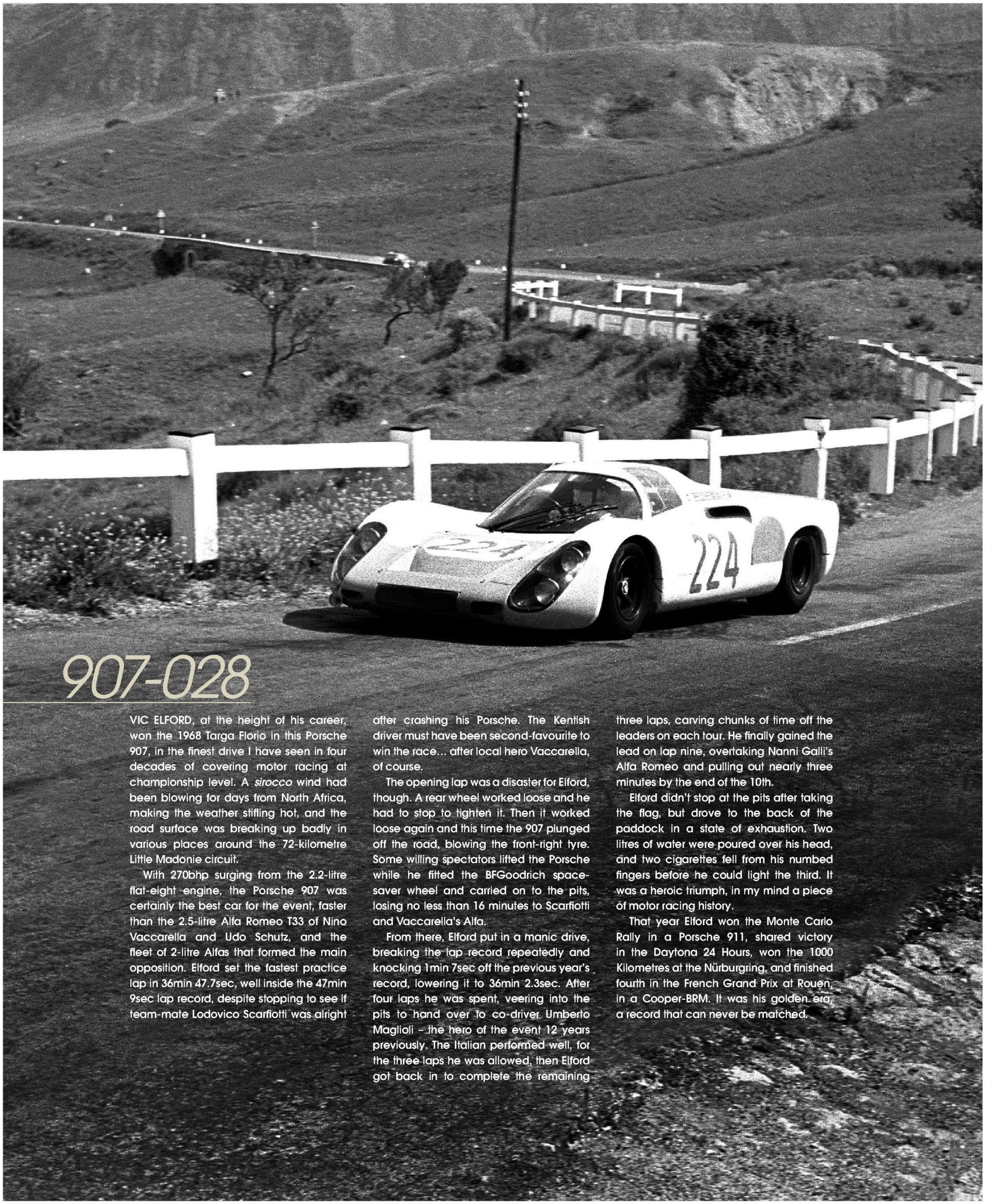
718 RS60 051

A DEVELOPMENT of the tubular frame 550A race car, the 718-K claimed third, fourth and fifth positions overall at Le Mans in 1958, at the time easily Porsche's best-ever result in the 24 Hours.

The aluminium-bodied Spyders, with booming exhaust pipes, were becoming familiar at race tracks around the world and the RS60 version, prepared for the new FIA regulations in 1960, was a further refinement with a full-width windscreen (25 centimetres tall), a proper luggage area and a streamlined fairing behind the driver's head. The four-cam, four-cylinder engines were either 1.5-litre capacity and 150bhp, or 1.6 litres and 160bhp, the magic 100bhp per litre reached at last.

Success was immediate, and emphatic, at the second round of the 1960 World Championship of Makes. Hans Herrmann and Olivier Gendebien won the Sebring 12 Hours on the debut of the RS60, with a 1.6-litre engine and at a record speed of 84.92mph, followed by Bob Holbert and Roy Schechter in a 1.5-litre RS60 (718-052). This was Porsche's first major win on US soil and it was hugely important in the positioning of the make in the North American market.

Significantly in Germany, the Sebring success was only the second World Championship win for Porsche after the Targa Florio, but the third World Championship victory soon followed with another outright win in the Targa Florio, again for 718-051, this time driven by Herrmann and Jo Bonnier. By switching cars during the race, Herrmann also managed to finish third overall in another RS60, co-driving Gendebien. At the end of the 1960 season Porsche tied with Ferrari on points, but the title went to the Italian marque on a third-position tie-breaker at the Nürburgring.



907-028

VIC ELFORD, at the height of his career, won the 1968 Targa Florio in this Porsche 907, in the finest drive I have seen in four decades of covering motor racing at championship level. A *sirocco* wind had been blowing for days from North Africa, making the weather stifling hot, and the road surface was breaking up badly in various places around the 72-kilometre Little Madonie circuit.

With 270bhp surging from the 2.2-litre flat-eight engine, the Porsche 907 was certainly the best car for the event, faster than the 2.5-litre Alfa Romeo T33 of Nino Vaccarella and Udo Schutz, and the fleet of 2-litre Alfas that formed the main opposition. Elford set the fastest practice lap in 36min 47.7sec, well inside the 47min 9sec lap record, despite stopping to see if team-mate Lodovico Scarfiotti was alright after crashing his Porsche. The Kentish driver must have been second-favourite to win the race... after local hero Vaccarella, of course.

The opening lap was a disaster for Elford, though. A rear wheel worked loose and he had to stop to tighten it. Then it worked loose again and this time the 907 plunged off the road, blowing the front-right tyre. Some willing spectators lifted the Porsche while he fitted the BFGoodrich space-saver wheel and carried on to the pits, losing no less than 16 minutes to Scarfiotti and Vaccarella's Alfa.

From there, Elford put in a manic drive, breaking the lap record repeatedly and knocking 1min 7sec off the previous year's record, lowering it to 36min 2.3sec. After four laps he was spent, veering into the pits to hand over to co-driver Umberto Maglioli – the hero of the event 12 years previously. The Italian performed well, for the three laps he was allowed, then Elford got back in to complete the remaining three laps, carving chunks of time off the leaders on each tour. He finally gained the lead on lap nine, overtaking Nanni Galli's Alfa Romeo and pulling out nearly three minutes by the end of the 10th.

Elford didn't stop at the pits after taking the flag, but drove to the back of the paddock in a state of exhaustion. Two litres of water were poured over his head, and two cigarettes fell from his numbed fingers before he could light the third. It was a heroic triumph, in my mind a piece of motor racing history.

That year Elford won the Monte Carlo Rally in a Porsche 911, shared victory in the Daytona 24 Hours, won the 1000 Kilometres at the Nürburgring, and finished fourth in the French Grand Prix at Rouen, in a Cooper-BRM. It was his golden era, a record that can never be matched.



804-04

PORSCHE had prepared single-seater versions of the type 718 sports car since 1957 conforming to the 1.5-litre Formula 2, and when Grand Prix racing switched to 1.5 litres in 1961 it presented Dr Ferry Porsche with a fine opportunity to show what his company could do in the world-class arena.

Moving on from the 1.5-litre 'Fuhrmann' four-cam engines which developed 160 horsepower, Porsche built four new cars for the 1962 season conforming with the GP regulations. Helmuth Bott, later head of R&D at Weissach, was responsible for the chassis design which featured a much slimmer body with reduced drag, torsion bar suspension at front and rear, and disc brakes of Porsche's own design. It was powered by an entirely new flat-eight cylinder engine, still air-cooled and with two valves per cylinder, developing 180bhp with four Weber twin-choke carburettors.

Two of these cars, tested for the first time in March '62, were allocated to Dan Gurney and Jo Bonnier, and it was in the fourth chassis built that Gurney achieved Porsche's first and only GP victory at the Rouen-les-Essarts circuit, which hosted the French Grand Prix on July 8.

Gurney only managed sixth place on the grid, the tall American decidedly unwell with a fever. The team doubted that he would go the 54-lap distance in very hot conditions, but he called on all his reserves and after 20 laps he was up to third place behind Graham Hill's BRM and Jim Clark's new Lotus 25.

At 33 laps Clark retired with a suspension failure, and Hill's BRM stopped on the circuit on lap 44 with an ignition problem, letting Gurney through to lead the last 10 laps. He had lapped second-placed rival Tony Maggs' Cooper-Climax, and the Porsche team was jubilant.

A quarter of a million spectators turned up to watch the German Grand Prix four weeks later, 15 laps of the Nordschleife, and perhaps they were disappointed as Gurney managed only third place behind Hill's BRM and John Surtees' Lola-Climax.

Porsche withdrew from single-seater racing at the end of 1962, finding that the demands of being in Grand Prix racing were beyond its resources, and concentrated on what it did best: endurance racing, in which the flat-eight engine played a very important role.



908/02-011

JO SIFFERT, ably backed by Brian Redman, dominated the 1969 Six Hours World Championship race at Brands Hatch in this car, even qualifying faster than the lap record he had set the previous July in the British Grand Prix, driving Rob Walker's Lotus 49.

The 908 model, introduced in 1968, was the first 3-litre racing car made by Porsche, designed and built to new regulations introduced by the FIA. At last, Porsche had a car that could fight for victories throughout the season, rather than waiting for larger-engined Ferraris, Fords and Chaparrals to fall by the wayside. Class wins were no longer interesting for the Zuffenhausen company.

Switching from Dunlop to Firestone tyres, Siffert claimed pole position on the Brands Hatch Grand Prix circuit at 1min 28.8sec, no less than 5.8 seconds faster than he'd gone the year before in a Porsche 907, and even faster than his 1min 29.7sec lap record in the Lotus 49. This was sensational! How could a sports car weighing 600 kilogrammes and powered by a 360-horsepower air-cooled engine be faster than a 500kg, open-wheel Formula 1 car powered by a 410 horsepower Ford Cosworth DFV?

Confidence evaporated when the Siffert/Redman Porsche was being warmed up. One electrical circuit for the twin-plug ignition system was faulty, so the combustion was not complete. The electronic control box was changed, to no effect, then the distributor was changed, again to no effect. There was no time to change the coil, so Siffert started from pole position in a car that was not running as well as it should, lacking 400rpm.

A Ferrari led but was delayed first by a puncture, then by a stretched throttle cable, allowing Porsche to make a clean sweep of the podium. Siffert and Redman won comfortably, at an average of 100.22mph, from the sister cars of Gerhard Mitter and Udo Schütz, and Vic Elford with Richard Attwood. This was the first World Championship victory for the Porsche 908/02 and the first time that the team of three cars had raced with complete reliability. This performance put Porsche on course for its first World Championship of Makes, at the expense of JW Automotive's Gulf-sponsored Ford GT40 team.

917-016

FAME is everlasting for the Gulf Porsche 917 raced by Pedro Rodriguez and Leo Kinnunen at Brands Hatch in 1970. Yes, back to Brands Hatch, where so many exciting sports car events were run over the years with sponsorship from BOAC. In 1970 the event was run over 1000 kilometres, unfortunately in wet, horrible conditions, which seemed to bring out the best in drivers like Rodriguez and Jacky Ickx.

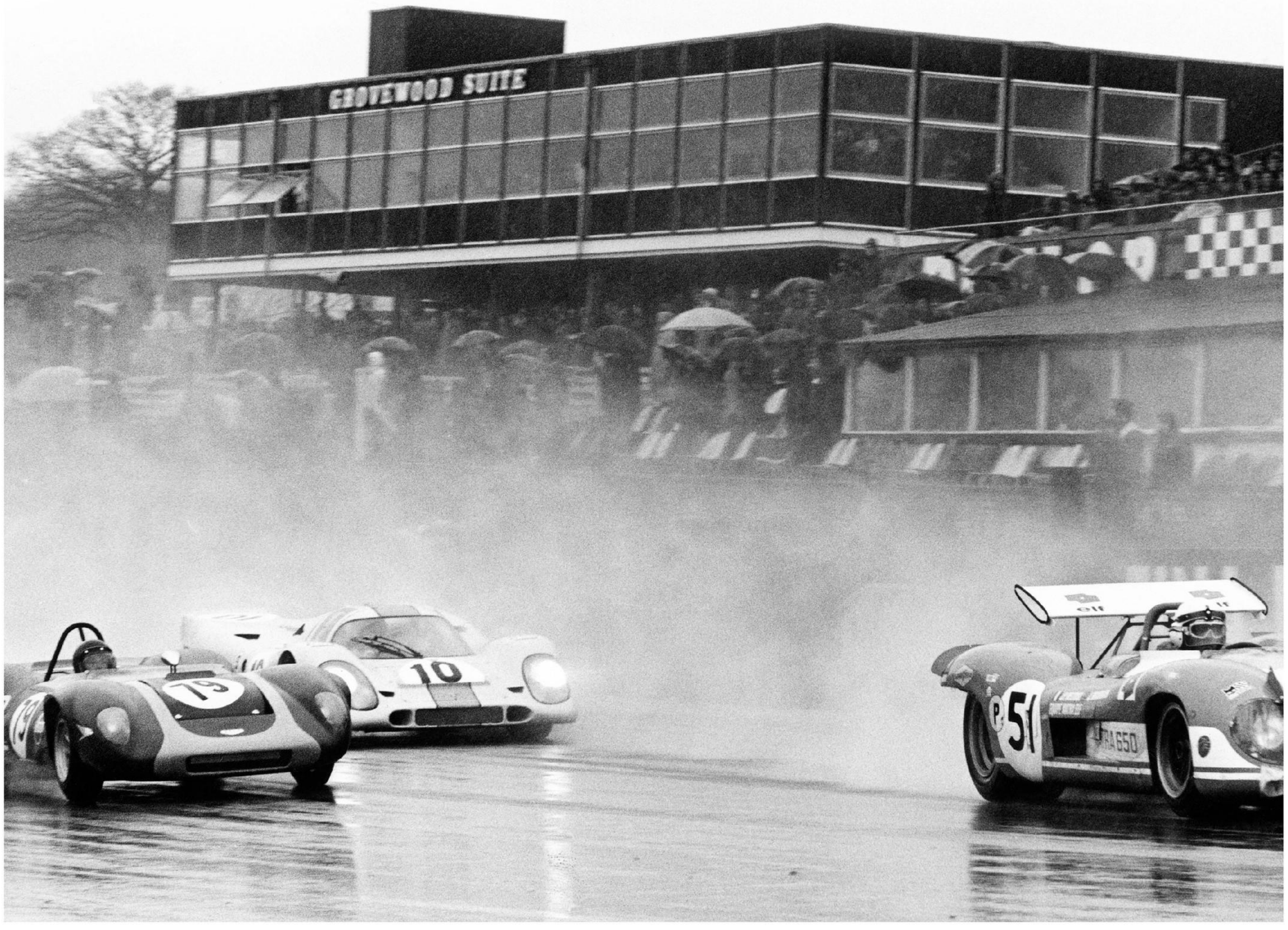
The Ferrari 512s of Chris Amon and Ickx claimed the front row of the grid, Vic Elford was third in the Porsche Salzburg 917, Jean-Pierre Beltoise fourth in the shrill Matra 650, and Jo Siffert and Rodriguez were only fifth and seventh in the 39-car line-up, rather lower than team director John Wyer had expected.

At the start, in atrociously wet conditions, Barrie Smith had an accident that you could see coming from a mile away, losing control of his Lola T70 at Clearways on the opening lap and smashing into the outer wall near the start-finish line with a crash that shook the press box. Yellow flags were waved vigorously, and then Rodriguez was shown a black flag with his number on it: come in, number 10, for a lecture from clerk of the course Nick Syrett about the perils of passing under the yellows.

Syrett opened the Porsche driver's door and wagged his finger at the impassive Mexican, delivering a homily that was almost certainly not striking a chord. Then after 30 seconds at rest the Gulf car rejoined the race distinctly sideways. Rodriguez set about catching and passing all his rivals with a virtuoso display of wet-weather driving, power-sliding out of Druids and down to Bottom Bend. Amon spun his Ferrari, Ickx needed a new windscreen wiper, Piers Courage spun his Alfa Romeo along the main straight, an example copied (less successfully) by his co-driver Andrea de Adamich.

But Rodriguez made no mistakes at all, passing Elford forcibly on the inside line through Paddock Bend on lap 16, and then did the same to Amon to take the lead on lap 20. Within six laps he was 23 seconds clear of the Ferrari, an astonishing performance, and by the time he handed over to Kinnunen shortly before half-distance, he was a full two laps ahead of the field.

The same Gulf Porsche 917-016 was driven by Rodriguez and Kinnunen to victories at Monza and Watkins Glen in 1970, and was used as a practice car throughout the '71 season. »»»



935/78-006

WHY WOULD I choose as one of my favourites a Porsche that won but a single race? Because the 935/78, dubbed Moby Dick on account of its low, sleek bodywork which reminded people of the aquatic mammal, was the ultimate racer of its breed. It was the ultimate 911 if you like, built to tease the very limits of the FIA's Group 5 regulations. The floor pan was dropped by four inches, the gearbox was turned upside down so as to make a straight line for the driveshafts, and the 911's steel bodywork was sheathed in new, plastic bodywork which utterly changed its appearance.

With 750 horsepower or more at the disposal of Jacky Ickx and Jochen Mass, the 935-78 annihilated the Porsche customer teams taking part in the Silverstone Six Hours in 1978, a perfect debut resulting in a victory by seven clear laps.

The customers, led by the Kremer brothers and Georg Loos, were vociferously unhappy, but Porsche never really intended to give them a drubbing. Rather, the 935-78 was designed to go to the limit of the regulations and to have a Group 5 GT car capable of getting a good result at Le Mans. It could never be a Le Mans winner, though, as designer Norbert Singer conceded, on account of its fuel consumption enforcing more pitstops than the lighter and less powerful 936s would require.

Moby Dick did not cover itself in glory at Le Mans. Like two of the 936s it was powered by a flat-six engine with water-cooled cylinder heads, improved cooling allowing the fitment of four valves in each cylinder and a consequent increase in engine speed to 8500rpm.

The 935 was by far the fastest closed car on the Mulsanne Straight at 366km/h (227mph), but it got through 120 litres of fuel every 45 minutes, and developed a nasty misfire early in the 24 Hours resulting in the injector pump being changed. With other delays, Moby Dick finished eighth overall at Le Mans, fourth in the Group 5 category. Moby Dick inspired the Kremer brothers to build a less complex version, the 935 K3, powered by the familiar air-cooled engine, and this succeeded in winning at Le Mans in 1979.







908/03-008

THIS special version of the 908, with the driver seated so far forward that his feet were ahead of the front wheels, and with the differential located behind the gearbox, was prepared specially for just four demanding events – the Targa Florio and the Nürburgring 1000 Kilometres, in the 1970 and '71 seasons.

One particular car stands out from the others, chassis 008, because it won three of these four races and was then bought by Reinhold Joest who campaigned it with great success throughout the '70s. In 1975 he replaced the flat-eight 3-litre engine with a turbocharged flat-six which gave it a new lease of life, winning the opening round of the World Sportscar Championship at the Nürburgring in 1976, and the European Sportscar Championship in '78 with victories at Monza and Vallelunga, second at the Nürburgring and third at the Salzburgring.

Ferdinand Piëch presented five Porsche 908/03s like a proud father in Sicily in May 1970, three in Gulf colours and one liveried for Porsche Salzburg; the fifth was a spare, in case of accidents during practice. The four race cars each bore the symbol of a suit of cards, a heart for rally ace Björn Waldegård and Richard Attwood, a club for Pedro Rodriguez and Leo Kinnunen, a diamond for Jo Siffert and Brian Redman, and a spade for Vic Elford and Gerard Larrousse.

The weight of the cars was down to 540kg, or 50kg less than the 908/02, Piëch explaining passionately that every gramme saved was one less to brake for the corners, one less to carry round the corners and one less to accelerate out.

Siffert set the fastest practice time in 34min 10sec (nearly two minutes faster than Elford's banzai lap in the 907 two years previously), but he and Redman had to work hard for their victory, scrapping with Vaccarella and Ignazio Giunti in the larger, heavier Ferrari 512S.

This same car, chassis 008, also won the ADAC 1000Kms in 1970 in the hands of Elford and Kurt Ahrens, and the German race again in '71 with Elford and Larrousse, before starting its new life with Joest. »»»

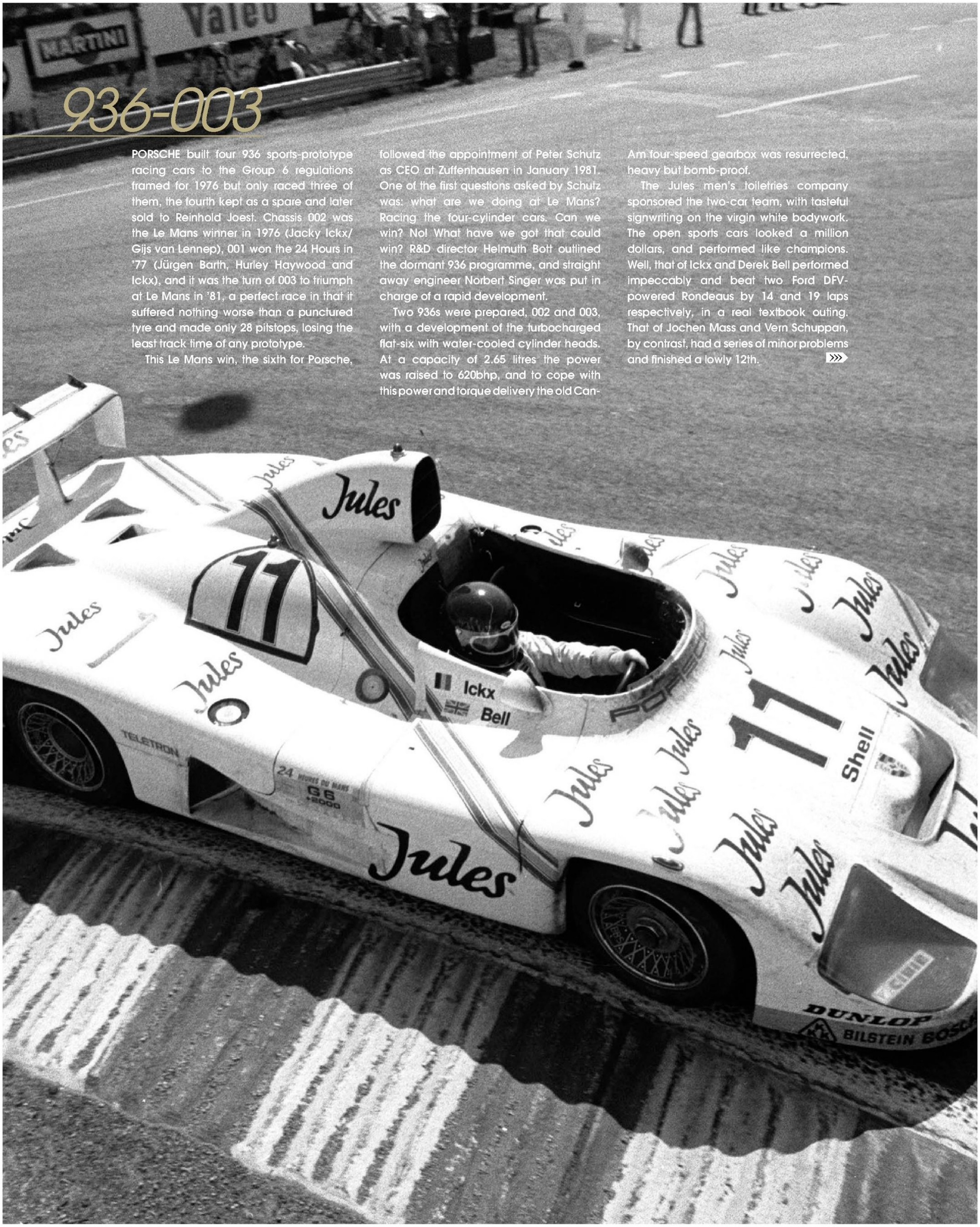
936-003

PORSCHE built four 936 sports-prototype racing cars to the Group 6 regulations framed for 1976 but only raced three of them, the fourth kept as a spare and later sold to Reinhold Joest. Chassis 002 was the Le Mans winner in 1976 (Jacky Ickx/Gijs van Lennep), 001 won the 24 Hours in '77 (Jürgen Barth, Hurley Haywood and Ickx), and it was the turn of 003 to triumph at Le Mans in '81, a perfect race in that it suffered nothing worse than a punctured tyre and made only 28 pitstops, losing the least track time of any prototype.

This Le Mans win, the sixth for Porsche, followed the appointment of Peter Schutz as CEO at Zuffenhausen in January 1981. One of the first questions asked by Schutz was: what are we doing at Le Mans? Racing the four-cylinder cars. Can we win? No! What have we got that could win? R&D director Helmuth Bott outlined the dormant 936 programme, and straight away engineer Norbert Singer was put in charge of a rapid development.

Two 936s were prepared, 002 and 003, with a development of the turbocharged flat-six with water-cooled cylinder heads. At a capacity of 2.65 litres the power was raised to 620bhp, and to cope with this power and torque delivery the old Can-Am four-speed gearbox was resurrected, heavy but bomb-proof.

The Jules men's toiletries company sponsored the two-car team, with tasteful signwriting on the virgin white bodywork. The open sports cars looked a million dollars, and performed like champions. Well, that of Ickx and Derek Bell performed impeccably and beat two Ford DFV-powered Rondeaus by 14 and 19 laps respectively, in a real textbook outing. That of Jochen Mass and Vern Schuppan, by contrast, had a series of minor problems and finished a lowly 12th.



956-003

TO CHOOSE one Group C Porsche, whether a 956 or 962, from the 120 built by the factory for its own Rothmans-sponsored team as well as a great many customer teams in Europe, America and Japan, is a real challenge. Between them, these cars achieved seven Le Mans victories, 44 World Championship victories, 54 IMSA victories, 33 victories in Japan, 66 in Interserie and 14 in the German Supercup series.

Just one? I'll go for the riveting victory by Jacky Ickx and Derek Bell at Brands Hatch in October 1982 in the Rothmans-Porsche 003, the car that finished second on its debut at Le Mans (Jochen Mass and Vern Schuppan) and had won at Spa and Fuji (Ickx and Mass), wrapping up the World Endurance Championship of Makes.

Just one title remained for Ickx, the World Championship for Drivers, and to secure this the Belgian needed to beat Riccardo Patrese in the Lancia *Barchetta*, a 1.4-litre turbo machine that was not a Group C car and was not subject to the strict fuel consumption formula.

This was a race in two parts, stopped early when the two Ford C100s collided with each other in driving rain, then restarted with the two 'results' aggregated. Ickx was 10 seconds ahead of Patrese when the race was stopped, but later in the afternoon Bell was kept out too long on rain tyres on a drying track, losing nearly a lap to the Lancia as a result.

Ickx clawed that distance back on Patrese in the last hour, driving superbly in gathering darkness and overtaking slower traffic in a demonstration of mastery. He was the King of Kent that afternoon, though he failed to catch the Lancia by a mere six seconds at the flag. But wait... on aggregate, Ickx was the overall winner by 4.7 seconds, and the World Championship was in his keeping.

In June 1983 the Rothmans-Porsche 956-003 was the Le Mans winner for Al Holbert, Vern Schuppan and Hurley Haywood, confirming its place in history. M



An indie 500

After a tough season Frank Williams and Patrick Head weren't in the mood to celebrate the team's 500th GP. So we got some of their drivers to toast them instead

BY ROB WIDDOWS & ADAM COOPER

Patrick Head is the kind of man who calls the implement with which you dig your garden a spade. He would refer to scaffolding rather than vertical access solutions. The man can be gruff, going very rapidly to the heart of the matter. You get the picture.

No wonder, then, that neither Mr Head nor his long-time business partner Sir Frank Williams were much in the mood for celebration when it came to their 500th Grand Prix on a wet weekend at Monza in September.

"Frank isn't too keen to celebrate," I was told by the team's invariably helpful press department. "He's too upset about our performance this year to talk to you about reaching our 500th race."

A determined and competitive character, Frank has never been one to look back, misty-eyed, over past glories. What about the other half of this legendary partnership? Perhaps Mr Head would be a little more forthcoming?

"Everybody, including Patrick, is focused on making the car go quicker," comes the response from Grove, "but he will give you half an hour." Then, just before the teams depart for Singapore, he too decides this is no time to be looking back. "Sorry," they say, "but he's no longer able to talk to you." That, in brief, is why we have spoken to the men who raced for Williams, those who have brought the team a total of seven drivers' championships and nine constructors' titles.

Williams is one of the few remaining truly independent teams in the business. It knows how to win, what it takes, and the trophies in the cabinets are there for all to see. But, in the grimly hard-edged world of Grand Prix racing, past performance is not necessarily any guide to the future. Not since 1997, when designer Adrian Newey jumped ship for McLaren, has the team won a drivers' or a constructors' world title.

At Monza, then, in the pouring rain, where Kazuki Nakajima and Nico Rosberg finished 12th and 14th respectively, it was mugs of tea as usual. Not for them the gaudy cakes, champagne and speeches. The only sign of a milestone in the team's history was a simple '500' painted on the flanks of the FW30. Understated, very British and very Williams.

So instead of the Williams story of 500 GPs, we have the drivers' side of the tale. And yes, we know the team are counting from 1978, but given Frank's involvement long pre-dating that year, we've decided to go back a bit further, too. Here's what the drivers told us about what it's like to be employed by two of the toughest bosses in the business.

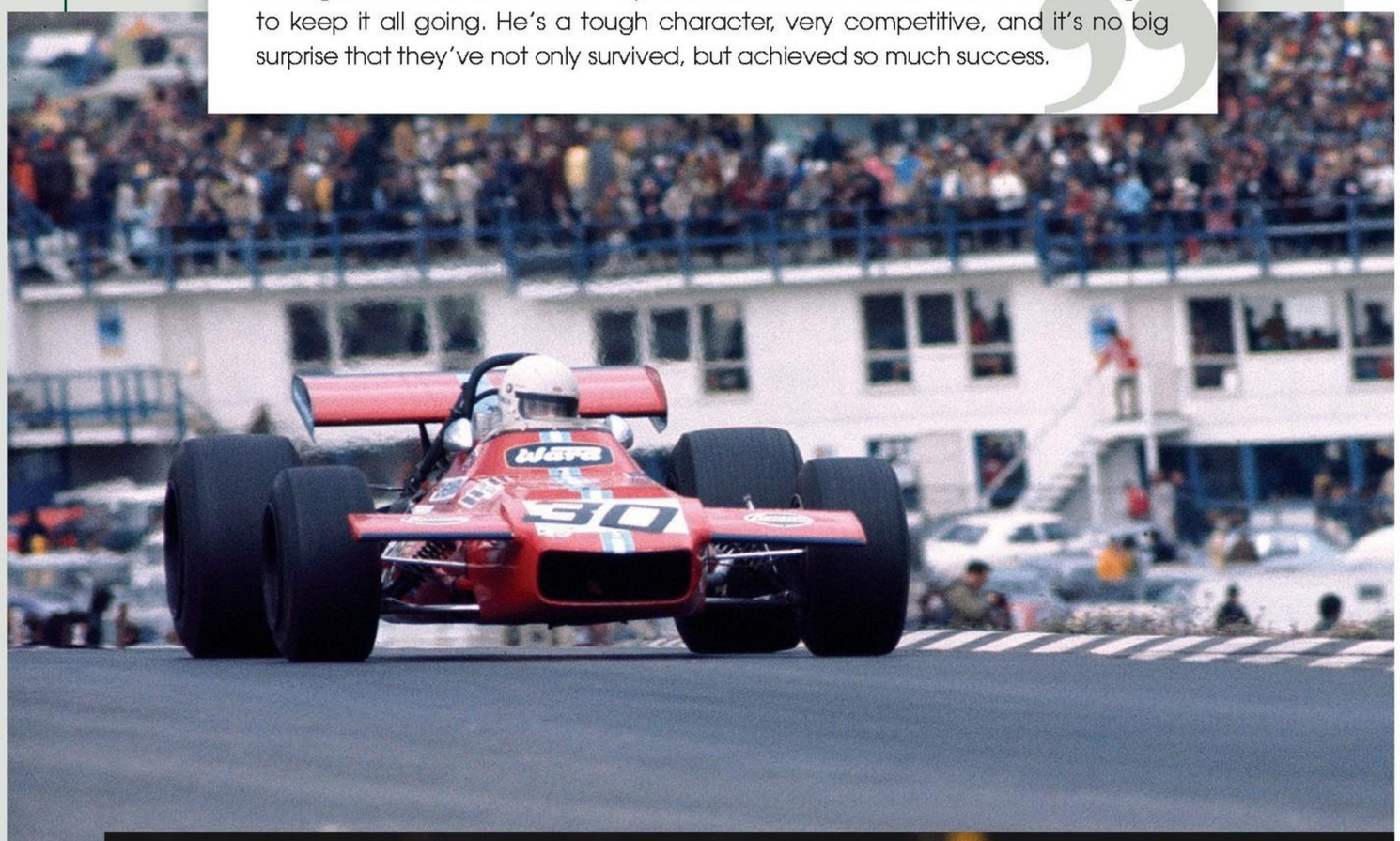
WILLIAMS GRAND PRIX FACT FILE

DRIVERS' WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS: 7,
CONSTRUCTORS' WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS: 9,
RACE WINS: 113, POLE POSITIONS: 125, FASTEST LAPS: 129

TIM SCHENKEN

WILLIAMS DRIVER 1970 & 1973 (ONE RACE)

"Frank never seemed to have any money. Apparently he used the previous year's sponsorship to pay the following year's bills, and, looking back, the De Tomaso was pretty terrible, but we were doing Formula 1 and that's what we'd all been striving to do. The team was always on the breadline but somehow he managed to keep it all going. He's a tough character, very competitive, and it's no big surprise that they've not only survived, but achieved so much success."





JACQUES LAFFITE

WILLIAMS DRIVER 1974-75 & 1983-84

"I hope Frank remembers I scored the team's first podium at the Nürburgring in 1975 (above)! I was so proud for him and he'd spent so much energy to be there. He's a fantastic guy, he loves racing and he's a real racer himself. When I started with Williams they had no money at all. Frank tried everything to get the money, to find the right people – and not to pay them too much! He started very low and has had fantastic success. I have a big admiration for him and, if I ever need anything, I can go and see him immediately."

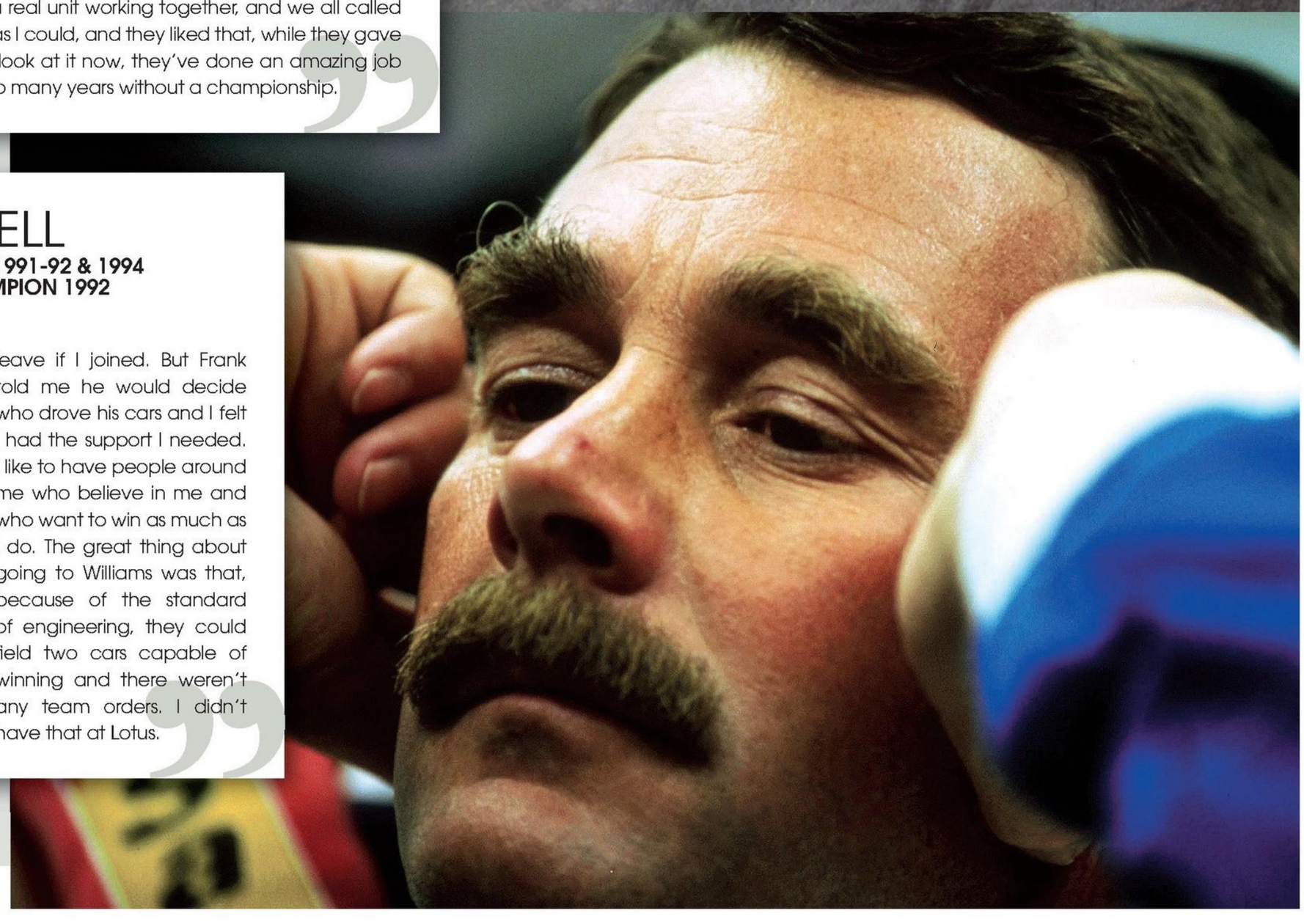




ALAN JONES

WILLIAMS DRIVER 1978-81, TEAM WINS 11, WORLD CHAMPION 1980

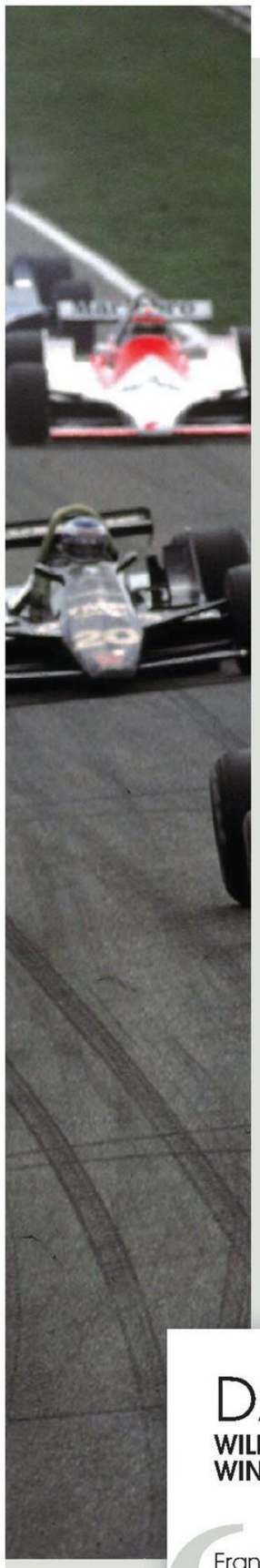
"It was pretty straightforward, really. I mean, I'm not a very technical person, but I worked well with Patrick because we were both so competitive – he's a terrible loser, worse than Frank, and even more competitive in some ways. We found we could communicate in very few words. I didn't tell him so much about what was good with the car, I told him about the bad bits, so he could make it go better. We were a great team, a real unit working together, and we all called a spade a spade. I went as fast as I could, and they liked that, while they gave me the best possible car. If you look at it now, they've done an amazing job holding that team together for so many years without a championship."



NIGEL MANSELL

WILLIAMS DRIVER 1985-88 & 1991-92 & 1994
TEAM WINS 28, WORLD CHAMPION 1992

"Having a team moulded around me is a big part of my make-up, the way I like to go racing, and I made it clear to Williams I needed to work that way. Moving to Williams was a breath of fresh air at first. Patrick Head likes to see a driver grab his cars by the scruff of the neck, and give some feedback to the engineers, and that suited my style. When I joined it was pretty much Rosberg's team and he said he would leave if I joined. But Frank told me he would decide who drove his cars and I felt I had the support I needed. I like to have people around me who believe in me and who want to win as much as I do. The great thing about going to Williams was that, because of the standard of engineering, they could field two cars capable of winning and there weren't any team orders. I didn't have that at Lotus."





DAMON HILL

WILLIAMS DRIVER 1993-96, TEAM WINS 21, WORLD CHAMPION 1996

Frank and Patrick were highly demanding masters, and that suited me just fine because I wanted to be put to the test. And I was. But I have been fortunate enough to have been complimented by them on my job for the team, more than once or twice, and believe me, that is praise hard won and greatly appreciated. The team is fiercely loyal and very British in its attitude which emanates from Frank and Patrick themselves. This, I think, is an important theme with the Williams team. To be a British driver racing with Williams is as close as you can get, as an Englishman, to being an Italian racing for Ferrari. I now regard it as an extraordinary privilege to have worked with them – although there were times when I felt differently… Both Frank and Patrick are extraordinary individuals who embody the true meaning of Formula 1 as a sport. To them it is all about the team result and Frank would happily admit as much. This can be frustrating for us self-centred racing drivers as we only care about ourselves but, having said that, they do love to see their drivers racing each other. I think that's what really turns them on, you know. It was superb fun at Williams – in retrospect!

KEKE ROSBERG

WILLIAMS DRIVER 1982-85, TEAM WINS 5, WORLD CHAMPION 1982

I'm a bit like Frank – I really don't give a hoot about how many races they've done. I don't have a very good dialogue with Frank – we disagree on many things, so I leave him to do his job, and I do mine. Of course Williams was a very important time in my career, but I just seem to disagree with Frank on too many issues these days… *(spoken like a true driver's dad! – ed)*





DAVID COULTHARD

WILLIAMS DRIVER 1994-95, TEAM WINS 1

"It was a fantastic period, as a young man, to be a test driver for Mansell, for Prost and for Senna. I will remember that time as much as my actual racing career. Williams is an amazing engineering company with a very clearly defined leadership. This makes it straightforward to understand who you need to talk to and it's no surprise that they've had so much success in their career. For an independent team the success is quite remarkable, and it's unique, because all the other big winning teams in F1 are manufacturer-based. Frank is a very intelligent man, very straightforward, and he's one of the few people who will withhold certain information and then later confess to withholding it because he had to protect the interests of his team. A lot of the others will withhold information and then, when you challenge them, they deny – and keep denying – that they ever withheld anything. Frank is honest, and that is the mark of a man."

KAZUKI NAKAJIMA

WILLIAMS DRIVER 2008

"I'm only 23 years old but I've been watching Frank and the team on television for many, many years, so it is a little bit strange to be working for Williams now, especially with their Honda history in Japan. Frank is an amazing guy because his passion for racing is really big and that's probably the only reason why he's still here doing F1. It's always nice for me to see him and talk to him. He loves to hear anything about racing and he is just a part of the history of it all. I am sure that Williams can come back to a good position, and as part of the team I want to play my role in that."





Nakajima was right. Back they came, with a bang, at Singapore last month when Nico Rosberg climbed onto the second step of the podium after fighting his way back from a penalty when he was forced to stop for fuel during a safety car period. In the thick of it, too, was Nakajima after a faultless drive through the darkness to claim the final point in eighth place. This bag of points brought the team to within just two points of nearest rival Red Bull Racing and kept it ahead of the Honda works team – which at least gives Toyota something to smile about. The FW30 looked, at last, like a useful weapon. From here on in the focus will be on FW31, the team eyeing up 2009 as an opportunity to take advantage of completely new rules. Just the kind of challenge to stir the creative juices back at Grove.

Williams as a team will never give up – they simply don't know what it means.

THE FIRST AND THE BEST

Audi showed it was a leader both on and off the track when it brought diesel technology to Le Mans

Audi R10 TDI

FIRST DIESEL LE MANS WINNER

Following the success of its R8 sports-prototype, a change in the rules permitted Audi to design and develop a diesel-powered car for Le Mans and the ALMS. Having invented direct injection diesel for road cars, Audi used the technology on the R10 TDI and first ran the car in 2006, entering – among other races – that year's Sebring 12 Hours and the Le Mans 24 Hours. It won both races.

The 5.5-litre V12 TDI engine produced a staggering 650bhp and, with greater fuel efficiency, immediately had the upper hand on its petrol-driven rivals. Coupled with the experience that Audi had built up over the previous years with the R8, the team of drivers, pitcrew and engineers were unstoppable. The R10 TDI scored its Le Mans hat-trick this year.

The car was a challenge to start with, however, as the engine was so quiet that the drivers couldn't tell when to change gear. "We've got used to that now," Allan McNish says, "and as drivers we've also adapted to the way the power delivery comes in."

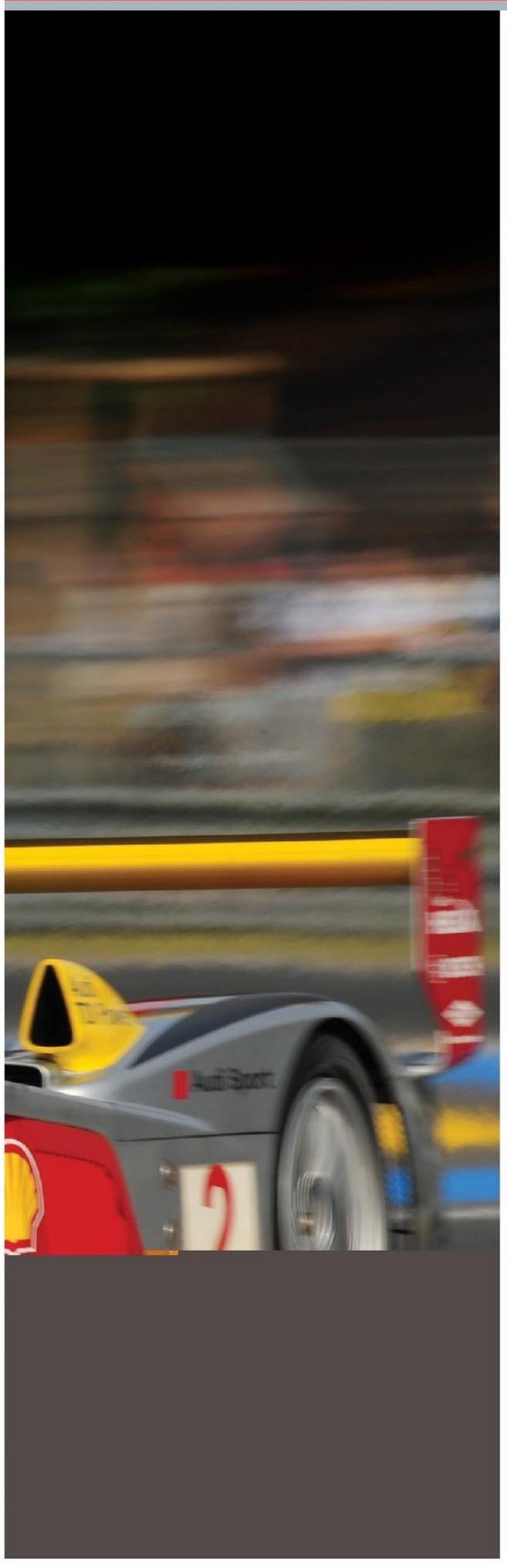
McNish has led the R10 TDI charge in '08, beating Peugeot at Le Mans, helping Audi claim the Le Mans Series title, and winning a thrilling Petit Le Mans in the US.





R8 READY TO TAKE ON GT3

Audi has built a racing sports car based on a road car that has been designed for customer use. The R8 has been a huge success in road-going form and the company has now started building the cars to GT3 specification. The R8 has been stripped of its four-wheel drive, which is prohibited under the GT3 regulations, and runs with a six-speed sequential gearbox, and modified front end and rear spoiler to help generate as much downforce as possible. Customers won't have to wait long to get their hands on the internally-named project 'R16' as Frank Biela has already tested a prototype of the car and Audi envisage the customer R8 being available to buy in the autumn of 2009.



Audi Sport quattro Pikes Peak

RECORD-BREAKING HIGH

In her first year with Audi at Pikes Peak in 1985, Michèle Mouton won with the quattro. In '86 Bobby Unser set a new record of 11min 9.22sec in the Sport quattro S1. Then, as if that wasn't enough, Walter Röhrl tackled the fearsome US hillclimb in 1987 (below), smashing Unser's record with a time of 10min 47.85sec

The main competition came from the Peugeot 205 T16 of Ari Vatanen. There was little he could do, however, to compete with the Audi's four-wheel drive, or the 600bhp that its 2.1-litre, five-cylinder, turbocharged engine was pumping out. In order to combat the problems of thinning air near the top of the climb, the S1 used a circulating-air system which helped maintain boost pressure in the KKK K28 charger. This would throw air back into the exhaust when the throttle was closed in order to keep the turbine revs up. When combined with a light tubular space frame and many hours in the wind tunnel, the quattro was once again unbeatable.





A4 quattro BTCC

CHAMPIONSHIP DOMINATION

Audi first entered the British Touring Car Championship in 1996, bringing with it the famous quattro. The A4 was driven by Frank Biela that year and, thanks to Audi's by now legendary four-wheel-drive system, car and driver became the class of the field, winning the first three races of the season and five of the first eight rounds.

After a mid-season weight review, the Audi's advantage was somewhat diminished, but that didn't stop Biela winning the drivers' title and Audi the constructors' championship in their first year back in the BTCC.

During pre-season testing, parts were tested to breaking point. As a result Biela finished all bar one of the races, and even that was an exclusion for a driving offence.

On top of the four-wheel-drive system, Audi brought an unparalleled level of professionalism to the BTCC, which raised the game of everyone involved in the series. Driver skill, reliability and supreme traction put Audi ahead of the rest.



Audi V8 DTM

STUCK LEADS THE WAY

Audi joined the Deutsche Tourenwagen Masters series in 1990 and made an instant impression. Crowd favourite Hans-Joachim Stuck drove the 200 quattro and, once again, Audi's four-wheel-drive system proved to be the thing to have.

Combined with the superior power of its V8 engine over the four-cylinder engines the other manufacturers were using, the Audi went on to win the championship at its first attempt. Stuck also won the drivers' championship.

Success certainly wasn't due to a lack of opposition, as the 1990 championship was hard fought between the M3s of BMW and the 190Es of Mercedes as well as Audi. However, Stuck managed to win four of the 11 races.



200 quattro Trans-Am

GOING ON A POWER TRIP

The Trans-Am car of 1988 was based on an Audi 200 quattro. Underneath the shell, however, there was little similarity to the road-going version, as according to the regulations only the car's side profile had to correspond to the production model. The three 200 quattros driven by Hurley Haywood (who won the drivers' championship), Hans-Joachim Stuck and Walter Röhrl were the cars to beat, helped in no small part by Audi's engineers being able to call on their experience in rallying.

Once again the quattro 4WD driveline gave the drivers a major advantage in grip. Along with this Audi improved the torque distribution by controlling the front differential by a viscous coupling and the rear with a self-locking multi-plate clutch. The weight distribution of the car was also perfectly balanced at 50:50, Audi moving the driver back 40cm to achieve this, and the turbocharged five-cylinder engine produced a remarkable 550bhp by the end of the season helping them to secure the championship after just 10 out of 13 rounds.



R8 Sports-Prototype

ON SONG AT LA SARTHE

After getting a feel for Le Mans in 1999, Audi returned in 2000 with three R8s to take on the world's most difficult race. It knew the secret at La Sarthe was reliability, yet also understood that materials would break and they needed to be replaced quickly. This philosophy led to one of the most ground-breaking petrol Le Mans cars ever raced.

Almost every part of the R8 was easily removed and replaced; the pitcrew could remove an entire rear axle and fit a new one in three and a half minutes, and could replace the entire rear end in seven.

With an astonishing record of reliability and a very quick car, Audi was as good as unbeatable, the R8 winning the great race five times between 2000-05. As well as its Le Mans triumphs, the R8 won all three titles in the ALMS six times in succession. During its career it won 63 out of 80 races worldwide.



A4 DTM

MAKING THE DIFFERENCE

With tighter regulations in the DTM nowadays, the scope for groundbreaking developments has been somewhat curtailed. But that hasn't stopped Audi from making some dramatic improvements to its latest A4 DTM car.

Starting with the fourth-generation A4, Audi used state-of-the-art CFD (Computational Fluid Dynamics) calculations to improve airflow around the vehicle. The engineers also managed to reduce internal friction in the 460bhp, four-litre V8 engine, giving that extra edge under the bonnet.

It certainly seems to have helped Audi's bid to score a repeat title win – so far this season the team has won five of the 10 races and has filled the top three spots on the podium on two occasions. If successful, this will be Audi's sixth DTM title.

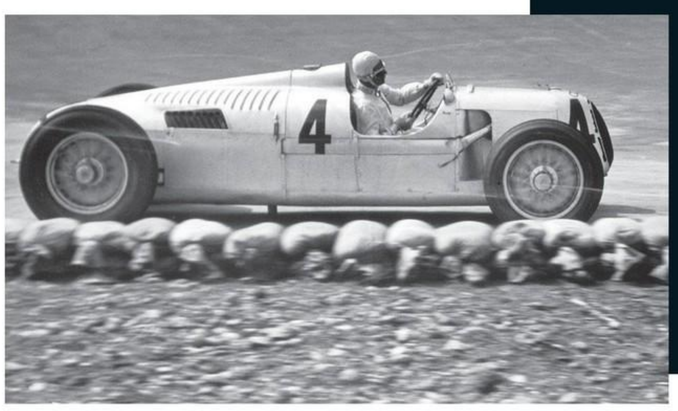
quattro

A REVOLUTION IN RALLYING

After the 1979 FIA Year Book was published stating that four-wheel drive could be used in the World Rally Championship, Audi went ahead with its design for the revolutionary quattro. With groundbreaking four-wheel drive and a powerful five-cylinder turbo engine, the quattro was the perfect weapon for loose road surfaces and swiftly became a rallying icon which changed the face of the sport forever.

The engine was able to produce 200bhp in standard road-going form, and initially 300bhp in the quattro rally car. Even with the extra weight that this power added, the car was a potent force on the world's special stages. With 4WD, the car was competitive from its first appearance and almost unbeatable from then on, especially on more slippery surfaces like gravel and snow.

In 1981, its maiden season, the quattro won three rallies, one of which counted as Michèle Mouton's first victory. When you consider that the next 4WD rally car to compete in the WRC – the Peugeot 205 T16 – didn't appear for three years, that's no small achievement. During that time the quattro won two manufacturers' and two drivers' titles.



FOUR TO THE POWER OF ONE

In 1932 four previously independent German car manufacturers – Audi, DKW, Horch and Wanderer – amalgamated to become Auto Union. To this day the company, now Audi AG, still uses four rings, symbolising the four different manufacturers, as its emblem. Horch, the oldest of the four, starting building cars in 1900, while DKW was begun in 1907 by Jörgen Skafte Rasmussen to manufacture apparatus and fittings for the industry. Audi, on the other hand, was well known for building 'avant-garde' models, and Wanderer was an automobile division which made up the fourth ring in the Auto Union AG.



1000th ISSUE

SPECIAL CELEBRATION

FOREWORD BY SIR STIRLING MOSS

MOTOR SPORT IS AN INSTITUTION. Now it's celebrating its 1000th issue, and I reckon I must have read at least 750 of them. When I started racing more than 60 years ago, I made sure I got it every month. You always did, first of all to see if you'd got a mention!

Whatever *Motor Sport* said really mattered, because it was always authoritative. Bill Boddy, the editor, spoke as he found, whether he was road-testing a car or taking a Transport Minister to task. And of course Denis Jenkinson [right, with Moss] never pulled any punches. Jenks understood motor racing better than any of the other reporters, because he was always there on the spot – poking into everything in the paddock, watching at all the difficult corners, seeing who was doing what – and because he'd been a racer himself. His reports were extraordinarily outspoken for those gentlemanly times, and they went into great detail. If they didn't fit into the allotted pages they were never cut: they just ran on in smaller and smaller type, squeezed in. But every word was always worth reading.


GP Library

Actually I first met Jenks in the late 1940s, even before he did the *Motor Sport* Grand Prix reports. I was competing at a Continental meeting that had races for bikes as well as cars, and he was still a bike racer back then. By the time I was in Formula 1 he was a fixture as the magazine's Continental Correspondent, one of the boys that you saw at every event, and he became a respected friend – even though I didn't always agree with everything he wrote. Of course he came with me on the Mille Miglia, in 1955 when we won, and the two years after that when things didn't turn out so well. Doing our recce – we did several complete laps of the course beforehand – we got to know each other pretty well. In the race he was my eyes and ears with his famous roll of paper. He was absolutely fearless, and what he did allowed me to concentrate on the driving. And then he wrote a pretty good report about it afterwards!

The photographs were always good in *Motor Sport*, too. They used to have four or eight pages on shiny paper in the middle of the magazine to show off the best shots, when most other magazines at the time seemed to be printed on bog paper.

Today *Motor Sport* is just as essential for me as it always was. It's still outspoken about the racing world. It also manages to come up with fresh insights into the past, going back to my days and beyond. And it still seems to use the best writers. I know most of them pretty well, and they remain true to the precepts of Jenks and The Bod. So what *Motor Sport* has to say still matters. The photographs are very fine, too. The magazine looks a lot better now than it did, and you don't need a magnifying glass any more to get to the end of the longer articles…

I won't be around to read the 2000th issue, which should be along in 2091. But I have an idea that, if motor sport is still going, *Motor Sport* will be too.



HOW WE GOT HERE

How and why a magazine called the *Brooklands Gazette* made it to the bookstalls in 1924 is lost in the shadows, but it's certain that its next decade was a rocky time. Renaming itself *Motor Sport* in 1925 was a sensible move, but under a dozen different owner-editors it stumbled on, making no money. Yet the enthusiastically random mixture of contents gave it a life of its own, veering from Grands Prix to club trials, testing cars, boats and even aircraft, interviewing the famous, the forgotten and the frankly anonymous. Some issues failed to appear and in 1929 it briefly ceased altogether. When in 1936 the last of these private helmsmen had had enough and could not pay the print bill, he gave the title to the printers, whose MD passed it to his son to run. The son was Wesley J Tee, who was to turn the title round.

A regular contributor to the magazine was freelance motoring writer Bill Boddy, whose first story in *Motor Sport* had been on the history of Brooklands – written in 1930. WJT sacked the ineffectual editor and asked WB to run it, beginning a partnership which saw the magazine rise to a position of immense influence by the 1960s. WB's only precept was that he would include anything which interested him, so as well as racing and road tests, *Motor Sport* talked about model cars, speed limits and ancient motoring history, while the burgeoning classifieds became the only place to sell a sporting car. Boddy's encyclopaedic knowledge of the arcane byways of his subject made the mag a vital historical archive; indeed, without WB's passion many of the vintage cars that race today would never have been rescued. Why just the initials? Because WJT, fearful other titles might poach his staff, forbade names in the magazine, a tradition which lasted until the 1990s.

When war came Mr Tee planned to shut the mag, but WB persuaded him to keep it going, running it by 'phone and filling it with history and motoring memories. He even managed a road test while a dog-fight raged overhead. Paper was rationed, but Mr Tee printed ration books... While working at the Royal Aircraft Establishment WB met Denis Jenkinson, and, impressed by his knowledge and no-nonsense attitude, asked him to write for MS. It proved a memorable partnership. Jenks became our Continental Correspondent, roaming Europe all summer, visiting race teams in between GPs and sending back lively, incisive reports which became the definitive analysis of the sport.

In London WB combined detailed automotive history with road tests of everything new, from Maserati to Citroën 2CV, championing small car economy long before today's crises. At a time when the motoring press was innately deferential, *Motor Sport's* criticism, whether of cars, teams or drivers, was utterly fearless, resulting in test car bans and court cases, in which Mr Tee always backed WB and DSJ completely even if it meant losing advertising. Meanwhile WB created the 750MC, helped inspire the ground-breaking 500cc movement, and founded the Brooklands Society, fostering an interest which would save the world's first race track. Despite moving to Wales WB continued to be the magazine's figurehead, only giving up the title of Editor in 1991, to become Founder Editor – not accurate, but appropriate for one who formed the title's character.

When WJT died in 1996, aged 90, Teesdale was bought by Haymarket and became a purely historic title, but in 2006 it again went private, returned to London, resumed the green cover and began a new era of fearless commentary on Grand Prix racing. And remarkably, Bill Boddy still writes every month – at 95, continuing the world's longest journalistic career. *GC*



MY FRIEND JENKS

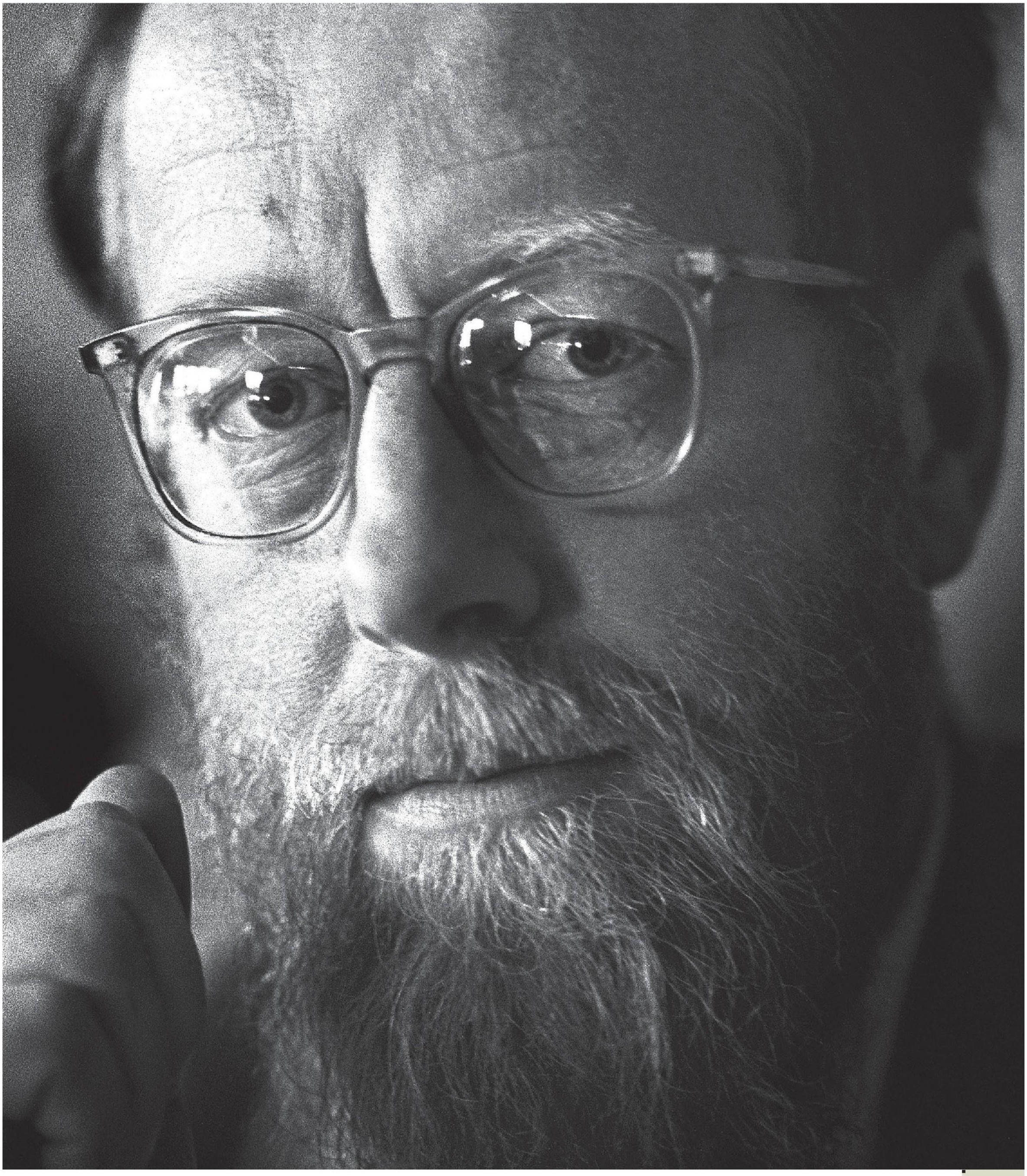
BY BILL BODDY

I knew nothing of Denis Jenkinson until I published a letter from him in *Motor Sport*, but when we met at the RAE during the war, he as an engineer and me as a writer of instructional Air Publications for the RAF (while still editing *Motor Sport*), we became closely associated. I recognised what a profound knowledge he had of GP history and told him he must become *Motor Sport's* Continental Correspondent after the war. Thus we secured the outstanding motoring writer, since recognised as one of the greatest authorities on all motor racing matters. That is how this happened, whatever other views are expressed.

But in spite of his worldwide reputation DSJ remained a close friend, which was a privilege I appreciated; and an experience! The little bearded, sockless figure worked on my 12/50 Alvises and his motorcycles when he was home from a season's Continental reporting. He also built the Early Morning Special, for which he contributed an AC radiator and Jowett chassis, ruined as he reduced its width to suit me, in a single-seater body, for which he formed the shape of the tail by wasting yards of welding wire. I was to provide a »»



LAT





10-23hp Talbot engine, the idea being to have a car for early morning dices before the speed cops were about, hence EMS. But it was never finished; DSJ, as sometimes happened, had enjoyed the toil before losing interest…

He lived at various places, at first in Odiham, from where he thought it time to move when the house was to become a home for depraved girls. The cottage he then moved to close to the Odiham main road was still delightfully rural until DSJ pushed into the bushes all his discarded vehicles, left to rot away, even his first E-type Jaguar company car! One day a lady in correct riding attire, on a fine horse, appeared. She stopped and exclaimed, "When I was a girl I often rode down here. It was delightful but I see it has become a breaker's yard." DSJ looked on with his usual quizzical expression, unconcerned.

His cottage was famous for its lighting by hanging 6-volt bulbs powered from an outside Fiat 500 engine and dynamo. If the lights went low during a party and a guest had arrived in a Fiat 500 DSJ would go out and remove its battery. If this went 'flat', the luckless owner had to stay the night… When an important guest called he was given the only dinner plate. The cottage walls were defaced by telephone numbers and messages he wanted to remember, and his regular companion was a tame sparrow which he fed. Once when DSJ had 'flu I said I would fetch a hot water bottle but he told me instead to fill two empty lemonade bottles with hot water and push them against his feet. "A doctor? Don't be foolish." When I called it was difficult to find a space into which to reverse and DSJ would watch, never offering any help.

> "Round the cottage he had a personal scramble course, which he would use in the early hours"

Round the cottage he had a personal scramble course, which he would use in the early hours, so that when the late Dr Nelms and his wife bought a newly erected house nearby it was fortunate that they were keen Hants and Berks Club members.

Jenks had little interest in veteran cars or rallies. He would see me off on London to Brighton Runs but never took part, and once, when I was reporting a Monte Carlo Rally with him in his car, he was very reluctant to take me to see the final test. "They put up a full results list tomorrow," he told me, "so why not just relax and enjoy a good lunch."

In spite of his esteemed reporting of Grands Prix and other races DSJ was never averse to helping me with my vintage cars, but his opinion of certain ones which I had always wanted to own became a disadvantage. For example, when I had a very fine Trojan Apollo saloon I had bought for a fiver from an old chap at the Hartley Wintney garage, I took DSJ in it to a film show in London. On the way home the two-speed Trojan, always a pedestrian vehicle, was overtaken by some cyclists, and Jenks said I must get rid of it the next day. I also wanted to have a Singer Junior and the day came when I was able to find one, but as soon as Jenks saw it in our garden he again told me to get rid of it as soon as possible which of course, always in awe of the little man, I had to do. On the contrary when I heard of a very cheap Jowett I was told to buy it at once because it would be useable as DSJ's winter transport, and he even put in new king-pins to improve its steering.

On another occasion a well-known character who successfully raced saloon cars decided he wanted a Siddeley Special and sent his lads to obtain one that was for sale. When he saw it he realised it was a saloon and he had wanted an open tourer, so he asked me if I would like it. Jenks made use of it when he was in this country but because we had no proper storage for it told me he had heard of an Armstrong-Siddeley enthusiast who would look after it. I went to see it depart and that was the last I ever heard of it.

When dragsters arrived here and Sydney Allard built an impressive one, the stub exhausts of which set fire to the straw bales at the start of the Brighton speed trials, Jenks had to have a go in a less powerful dragster.

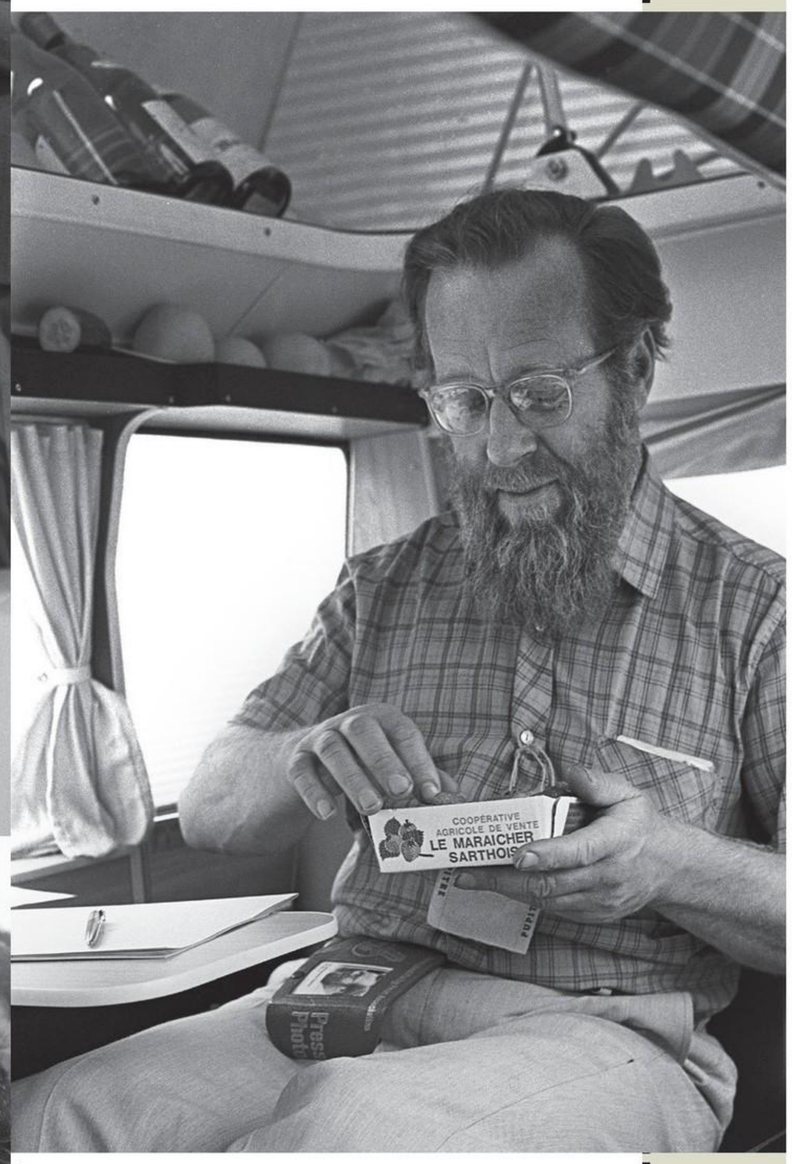
There was the Christmas when I was invited to go with DSJ to his parents' place for the holiday. For the long journey to Catford he was fixing the sidecar I was to ride in to a firmly secured plank on the sidecar chassis with a few nails. It occurred to me that if the front nail came out I would hit my head on the road, so I held onto the right-hand chassis tube, to DSJ's vocal disgust. The first part of the journey was over local roads to which DSJ should have been accustomed. But at the first corner the outfit went sidecar-over-Norton, and at the next corner it went bike-on-top-of-sidecar. And Jenks had been passenger to the World Sidecar Champion Eric Oliver…

DSJ kept one of his racing bikes at his parents' home and when he opened it up on Christmas Day windows opened along the row of suburban houses opposite as irate occupants complained of the noise, no doubt wanting to listen to the Royal speech. I thought we were expected to stay for Boxing Day but DSJ thought otherwise, so we returned to Farnborough.

One day some of us were gathered together near Pondtail canal in Fleet when a soldier arrived to show us his brand-new motorcycle. Jenks asked to ride it and set off towards Aldershot, the soldier a bit askance at the sound of ever-rising revs. We heard DSJ turn round and heard him storming back, when there was a thud, and silence. He had misjudged the bend to the canal bridge and collided with it. I expect the bent railings can be seen today. We ran to the scene of the accident, and a lady appeared and said she would phone for a doctor. "No need," said Holly Birkett. "I'm a vet. I'll deal with it." As he spoke he lifted Jenks up and took him inside. The soldier had

Jenks was a champion of Porsche. He raced this 356 in a six-hour relay at Silverstone in 1958. Right: taking a break at Le Mans 1969. Below: with Jackie Stewart at the French GP 1970. DSJ did not approve of Stewart's safety crusade





to wheel his machine home on its back wheel, while we spent the rest of the day fishing for DSJ's glasses which had fallen into the canal.

Before he had met Eric Oliver DSJ took a mildly tuned motorcycle to France, and competed in minor races. The organisers said his name and the place where he came from would look wonderful on their posters, and they would pay him a modest starting fee, which encouraged more hotting-up of his bikes. It was at this time that two of the great riders, Geoff Duke and Fergus Anderson, took him aside and told him, "Don't look under your elbows approaching the corners to see where we are. You keep to your line and we will keep to ours and it will be alright."

When he was refused the too-expensive latest Porsche Carrera as a company car he accepted a change to the first of two E-type Jaguars, informing his readers that frontal water-cooled power units were the hallmark of proper cars, conveniently overlooking the fact that he had proclaimed the desirability of rear-drive air-cooled engines, just as another leading motoring writer had changed rapidly from advocating the front-wheel-drive Mini to fulsome praise of the rear-drive Ford Anglia on changing from one assignment to another!

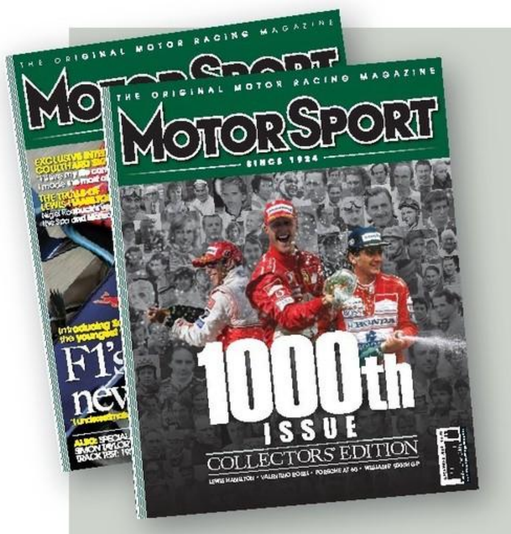
Before he qualified for company cars DSJ went abroad in an aged Fiat saloon. I recall how, when it had broken down, with him lying beneath it and his library piled high on the pavement, it soon attracted the curiosity of a Parisian gendarme. In later days DSJ delighted in using Continental roads instead of motorways, and did prodigious mileages in a day enjoying them. He even went to the Arctic Circle in a 300SL Mercedes-Benz with the well-known racing driver Wolfgang von Trips – just for the ride. And in wartime he and I would go to London from Farnborough in any car making the journey, from Bentley to little DKW, "just for the ride", returning by Green Line coach. Yet when we were going back to Harrogate, a wartime posting, he had said he wanted to see the Yorkshire scenery but slept all the way except for a minute or two when we woke him. Later he told us that when he returned to London he slept again in the bus to the station, missing his destination. But on the unforgettable 1955 Mille Miglia he navigated for Moss for the entire race of nearly 1000 miles.

LAT

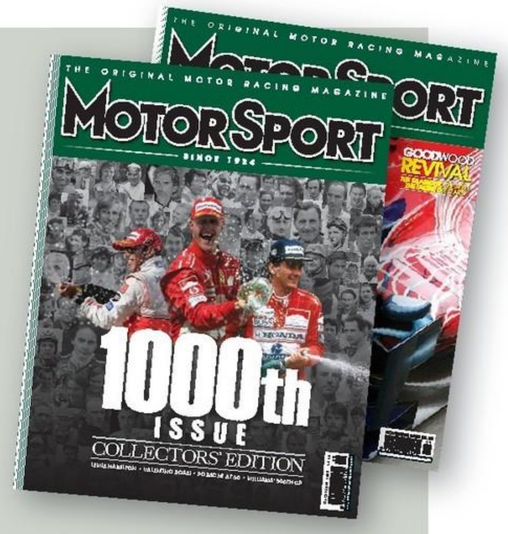
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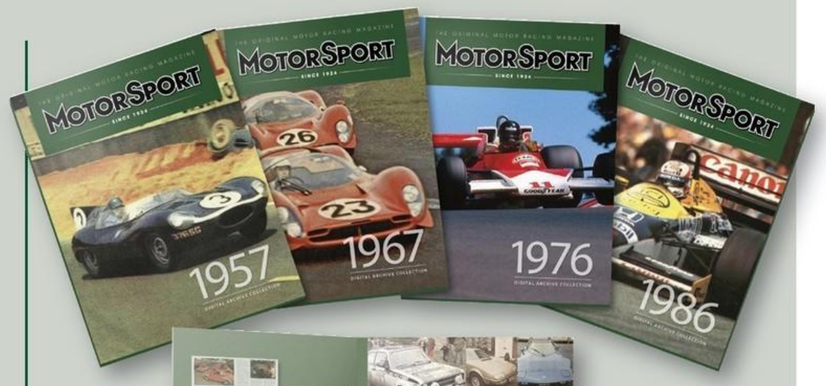
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The only task I had for this event was to take DSJ to Heathrow in a Lancia Aprilia, after he had a telegram from Neubauer saying testing was taking place tomorrow and his ticket was at the airport. The Mercedes-Benz drivers were always under control. At Donington Seaman had helped Neubauer with the after-dinner bill then realised that he had left his goggles in the now distant Donington Hall. "I will go and get them," he said. "No," replied Neubauer, "the mechanic will fetch the goggles. Seaman will remain here." If Moss lent his 250F Maserati to a lesser driver and was wont to go over to see if help was needed Neubauer would say, "The drivers are needed here for a photo call." Such were the fascinating things DSJ told me.

To revert to Neubauer for a moment, when the Germans came first to Donington in 1937 Neubauer met the equally tough Clerk of the Course Fred Craner and said that by tomorrow he would want so many chairs for his mechanics while he briefed them. "This is a race course, not a furniture store," or words to that effect was the response. But next day, the chairs were in place.

After the war Jenks did not become *Motor Sport's* unsurpassed Continental Correspondent until after he had helped Eric Oliver to that World Sidecar Championship but I am certain that my wartime conversations had resulted in this response, to *Motor Sport's* great advantage, whatever else is said. In the various distractions of a press box DSJ's knowledge of the racing was apparent; as other reporters were sometimes finding it hard to maintain accurate lap charts our man was calmness itself, able when two cars together blanked racing numbers to know who were their drivers by their helmets or stance.

Being with Jenks at a GP was memorable. He would listen during practice to top drivers, to check by the sound who took a corner flat out and who lifted off. After a long race, notably Le Mans, I would go to the car anxious to get back to our hotel and after a long wait would be relieved to see the famous figure approaching, when someone would accost him and he could be away for another long talk. He never lost his enthusiasm for a chance to gain interesting information.

At one time DSJ was going to live rent-free in the annexe of our Welsh house. This changed when he was returning from a Grand Prix on a boat in a fierce storm, on deck enjoying the waves and the spray while the other passengers were ill below. On deck, also enjoying the storm, was a girl. "Where have you come from?" DSJ enquired. "From the GP," she replied. She was Robbie Hewitt. In the course of conversation she said her life was at a low ebb and she needed a new hobby. DSJ suggested vintage motoring. They exchanged phone numbers. One day she rang to say she had purchased an old car. "I suppose it will be some dull car like a rusty Morris Cowley," DSJ said. When he had seen her cars – an ex-Le Mans 4½-litre Lagonda and an immaculate 3-litre Lagonda – his surprise was evident! Robbie had been to a dance and a partner who knew nothing about cars remembered an advertisement by an executor of a Mr Vokes' will, listing these cars as available. Later Robbie owned a vintage Amilcar.

She lived in the right part of Kensington and had an MG for daily use. I remember a day when we were all having a picnic and Robbie was reading a letter. "Oh, my father has just bought a Model T." Jenks looked somewhat annoyed, saying, "You never told me your father was keen on old cars." "He's just bought the latest Bentley," said Robbie.

> "Jenks would listen to top drivers, to check who took a corner flat out and who lifted off"

I saw little of DSJ for some time after this, although I was allowed to drive Robbie's cars. At a Brooklands Reunion she asked me to drive one of her Lagondas up the Test Hill. After letting the clutch up I reached for the right-hand gear lever – which wasn't there. No-one had told me that she had had the Lagonda 'box swapped for an Alvis unit with centre gearchange. As I rolled back for a second start I heard someone say, "apparently he works for some motoring magazine, but he's not much of a driver…" If I had modified a historic car in this way Jenks would have disapproved greatly…

In this DVD and website age, news about Jenks may amuse. When he was Oliver's passenger the Maserati GP mechanics, unaware that he was a journalist, allowed him access to the racing departments. When DSJ might enquire what had really caused Fangio or whoever to retire, they told him to 'go over and lift off the cloth over the engine', where there would be a con-rod hanging out or a similar total disaster. After a long spell abroad DSJ would call on me to recount such interesting disclosures. At other times he might arrive at our Hampshire home accompanied by an attractive girl and as soon as we were inside he would draw me aside and say, "Don't mention motorcycle racing." Her fiancé or husband had just been killed.

The abiding memory of Jenks is the 1955 Mille Miglia race – I was at home when I heard the result and went for a walk to think it over. I met another racing enthusiast and told him of the magnificent Mille Miglia. "I didn't think there could have been a race like that," he said, "but yesterday I did quite well in my Ford Special at a club meeting." The two faces of motor racing enthusiasm.





Oliver (left), Rob Buxton and Jenks at Erlen in Switzerland in 1949

GP Library

Writer by trade, World Champion on the side

He was lauded as *Motor Sport's* Continental Correspondent, but before that Jenks was one of Britain's first racing World Champions as sidecar passenger to the great Eric Oliver

BY DOUG NYE

Nine long years before Mike Hawthorn became the first British World Champion driver, this country's first-ever motor sporting world titles were shared by motorcyclists Les Graham, who won the inaugural 1949 500cc title with AJS, Freddie Frith, 350cc Champion with Velocette... and Eric Oliver, who won the Sidecar World Championship on his Norton-Watsonian »»»

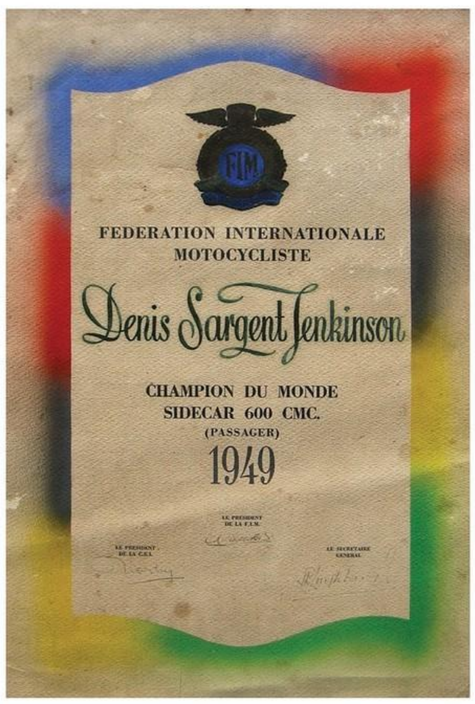


combination, passengered by Denis Jenkinson – 'Jenks' of subsequent *Motor Sport* and Mille Miglia fame.

The FIM World Championship was launched that year with six qualifying rounds for the solo titles, and just three for up-to-600cc sidecars. Nobody knew if the public would engage with it. But it really caught on. The car people took notice, and launched their copycat Drivers' Championship in 1950.

Jenks was a discreet winner. He'd explain: "Eric Oliver was World Champion – I just looked on in wonder!"

Oliver was certainly the most gifted sidecar rider of his era. He was champion in 1949-51 and '53, only failing in '52 after injury. He was a steel-tough ex-RAF flight-engineer with unusually long arms and legs and a clipped moustache. He'd raced solos pre-war, before grass-tracking sidecars and ruling Cadwell Park road racing in 1947. His totally committed style spelled great things, or an early grave! He was also adept at tuning his machine. He 'went Continental' in 1948, where he met wide-eyed Jenks.



Realising that motor racing was beyond his pocket, DSJ had sold his Frazer Nash to buy a 350cc Norton instead, for £100. He finished last in the Hutchinson '100' at Dunholme Lodge, and also ran at Oliver's Mount and Cadwell Park. Experienced rider David Whitworth told him Continental road racing paid start money, and encouraged him to join the circus for 1948. Packing all his worldly goods and himself onto the Norton, Jenks rode off to compete on successive weekends in three Belgian race meetings: Mettet, Brussels and Floreffe.

But in practice for the first race his engine seized. He'd been relying upon the £30 start money promised by race organiser Jules Tacheny so worked all night to cobble-up his engine, limped off the startline and retired. Friendly Tacheny still paid up, but Jenks's Norton was still dead. However, at the prize-giving, Manx GP winner Eric Briggs said, "Tag along with me to Brussels as 'a fettler'". At the prize-giving there, Jenks sat at the same table as Eric Oliver, whose two regular passengers both had regular jobs and had used up their holiday leave. He was looking for "new ballast" after Floreffe. Jenks was desperate to stay with this intoxicating travelling circus and begged a ride. Eric offered him "a tryout before practice".

After a few brisk laps Eric admitted, "You'll be all right – you're the right weight, and you don't rock the boat; I never felt you move". Regulation minimum weight for a sidecar passenger was 60kg. Jenks leathered and booted weighed 59.9. Eric took him on.

Jenks later wrote: "I learned at close quarters why real World Champions are naturals and not manufactured in a riding or driving school. On a starting grid Eric Oliver was there for one reason only – to win. If he did not, he wanted to know the reason why, but only from himself…" They learned the European racing ropes together, before building a new combination for 1949. The three new World Championship rounds were the Swiss GP (Bremgarten), the Belgian GP (Spa) and the Grand Prix des Nations (Monza), and a full European season was planned around them.

They initially used a single-cam Norton engine, pending delivery of the latest 596cc 'double-knocker' twin-cam unit. To maximise earnings they also crammed their solo motorcycles into a new Austin van; a 348cc Velocette and a 499cc Norton for Eric, and Jenks his 350 Norton. Quite apart from riding the bikes they also prepared them. They had no other mechanic. Races were often many hundreds of miles apart, over generally appalling roads through still war-shattered Europe. They shared the driving. In pouring rain they slept in the van. In dry weather they'd pitch a tent – on a warm night Jenks might sleep beneath the stars. Only after a really profitable weekend would they splash out on hotel rooms.

All around them would be their rivals – the rest of this gipsy 'circus' wandering Europe. It was hand-to-mouth, shoe-string and utterly addictive. Eric was very much the boss – but Jenks learned fast! Their tour began at Pau on Easter Sunday. Jenks wrote: "It's the first time we've ever motored in these parts and we began to despair of ever reaching the Pyrenees! Pau is a delightful meeting, but how dangerous!" Eric took fourth place on his 350 Velo solo, before a 700-mile drive into Belgium for Floreffe: "The downhill leg from Sart St Laurent to Floreffe finishes in a series of swerves [which] can be taken 'flat' by the really fast lads, even on 500s, while Eric gets the chair through them without shutting off, and we are doing close on 95mph at the time which keeps me pretty busy.

"The sidecar race was our first with the new Watsonian hitched to the faithful old Norton, somewhat tidied up since last year, and against us were Hans Haldemann and Frans Vanderschrick, also on 596cc Nortons, and Roland Benz with a BMW. It was a bit of a walkover for us, for Hans insisted on doing 6300rpm down the two-mile hill and Vanderschrick had only finished building the model the night before and had done no practice. Hans, of course, stopped with a big bang… so we toured in to win our first sidecar race of the season. After the prize-giving in a little café in Namur, the various English 'circus' riders were seen poring over vast maps, trying to decide how to get to Spain for next week's meeting at Barcelona. When we left at 11.30pm we were hot on the heels of Ernie Thomas and Norman Croft in their Morris van, while Tommy Wood was still deciding which way to point his Ford V8 [and] Eric Briggs's van was still in the car park.

"As I write, breakfast is in the offing and Tommy Wood has just

The famous touring Austin van in Belgium. Right: Oliver and a grinning Jenks pushing on to victory in the Swiss GP. Left: confirmation of DSJ's 1949 World Championship win



gone by blowing a familiar English fanfare on his horn; we lost Ernie Thomas last night when we had to stop and take on some 60 gallons of fuel. Yes, it is a very long way to Spain, and practice begins on Thursday…"

Eric finished third 350 solo in Barcelona while on the chair they again won easily. Jenks reported: "The most disturbing thing was the way the spectators stood three to four deep along the kerb with hardly any protection. On left-hand bends my head frequently passed over a pair of polished shoes, or past a pair of silk stockings. As the organisers said 'They pay their money to watch and feel they are entitled to some of the danger!'"

A punishing 850-mile drive back to Mettet in Belgium was wasted with complete failure in the races there, including Jenks dropping his 350 Norton at 85mph. Despite his bruises he then tore to Ostend in a borrowed Jeep to collect their new 'double-knocker' 596cc Norton engine from the Dover ferry, before rejoining Eric in Brussels to rebuild all their machines ready for Erlen, Switzerland. There, "we led from the start and without straining the motor at all we finished 27sec in front of Haldemann". The following weekend, Eric finished sixth 350 in the Olten street race before they won again on the sidecar.

Eric rode in the Isle of Man TT, and after a flying visit there the travel-stained Austin van carried them back to Brussels to collect the chair, and on to Berne, for the World Championship-opening Swiss Grand Prix.

Jenks: "Actually we had made a bit of a boob when we built the new outfit, for we estimated our fuel consumption to be not less than 25mpg and cut the fuel tank capacity accordingly. However, in practice we found it was nearer 21mpg which meant that our 15 litres capacity was not quite enough for 'the Swiss', which is the longest of the GP events. We got over this by arranging an extra 2-litre tank in the nose of the chair, with a feed pipe up to the main tank, the idea being that on the straights, while I was lying on my stomach out of the wind, I could blow into the lower tank and feed the extra fuel up into the main one. This all worked perfectly in a tryout and at the scrutineering everyone was highly amused and quite happy.

"But about half an hour before the race, when we went to have out tanks sealed, the officials decided we could not use the overload tank and off it had to come. Fortunately, Norton came to ➤➤➤



our rescue and Rex McCandless agreed to refuel us when we stopped, halfway through the race.

"From the fall of the flag we really had to motor to some effect to build up sufficient lead to make a pitstop. It was a gamble, but the only way, and as luck would have it by 10 laps we had a 50sec lead over Haldemann and [Ercole] Frigerio, who were scrapping for second place. We took on five litres of petrol, and on the next lap were still 20sec in front. We built this lead up again to nearly 50sec by the end of the race, and so won the first leg of the World Championship."

At Locarno, Eric then finished second 350, with Jenks sixth. "The sidecars ran over 45 laps and there were 11 starters. With the Belgian GP one week ahead we saved our 'double-knocker' and used the old single-camshaft engine; it proved to be a fraction slower than Haldemann's 'double-knocker', while both Nortons outpaced Frigerio's Gilera. It was an excellent duel until Hans had one of the arms break off the carburettor banjo union. This let Frigerio into second place, with Hans limping home third."

The following weekend, after a 30-hour drive and an engine change back to the 'double-knocker', they attacked the World Championship Belgian GP: "Having taken the lead at the start and gained about 100 yards lead over Haldemann by the end of the Burnenville turn, we were just settling down to the three-mile full-throttle blind along the Masta straight when the motor fluffed. I looked up to see fuel pouring from the float chamber, the near-side banjo union having broken exactly as it did on Haldemann's machine last week. Turning off the fuel from that side of the tank, I stuck my thumb over the broken union, the motor picked up, and so we continued, but by this time Hans was in front. We could not catch him, as on the bends I couldn't move more than an arm's length from the carburettor, so could not get out of the chair on the bends. We rode the whole seven laps like that, with Eric riding as if he had ballast in the chair which he might as well have done, for all the use I was. You know the old story about the Dutch boy and the hole in the dyke? That's me!

"Not knowing what had happened, Hans was pressing on as hard as he could, and we could just keep our distance; eventually his big-end decided it had had enough and he went out of the race, but not before he had recorded the fastest lap. We managed to keep Vanderschrick at bay, although he was riding remarkably well, for it was his passenger Martin Witney's first race and he is also rather on the big side for a passenger.

"It was most embarrassing to have to sit gormlessly in the chair, while Eric struggled it round left-handers with the wheel about a foot off the ground. Frigerio was put out by valve trouble, and Albino Milani broke his front wheel spindle." Having held his thumb hard against the wildly vibrating carburettor for most of the race, Jenks told me his entire hand and most of the arm remained 'frozen' for several days. But his alarm that this might be permanent was eased by having won the first two of the three World Championship rounds, so he and Eric were the inaugural Sidecar World Champions.

But the 'circus' wasn't over. At nearby Gedinne, Eric was fifth 350 and Jenks 18th before a laugh-a-minute sidecar race in which the champions twice slithered up an escape road on wet tar, recaught Hans Haldemann for the lead and flustered him into making the same mistake, eventually beating him to the flag by just three seconds. "At the prize-giving the organisers were so pleased with the day that the wine flowed freely and practically everybody was incapable... I have dim memories of our sidecar motoring back to the paddock campsite so loaded it looked like a Brussels tram." They awoke next morning to find themselves fully clothed, while Eric had put his pyjamas on top.

> "I stuck my thumb over the broken union, the motor picked up, and so we continued"

They then headed deep into southern France for the Mont Ventoux mountain climb, where Eric reasoned that if they stayed on full-chat over the summit they could "scratch like hell down the other side and round the bottom in time to start in all three classes" – trebling their earning opportunities. Eric set third fastest solo time overall (ahead of Jean Behra's Guzzi). On the chair Jenks admitted: "I have never experienced a more concentrated 15 minutes' motoring and it certainly taxed all our skill to get to the top."

From Mont Ventoux to Comminges was a mere 250 miles, broken by wonderful swimming in the warm Mediterranean. At Comminges Eric finished seventh 350 and amongst the 500s he and Haldemann placed fifth and sixth, "as evenly matched as they are on the sidecar outfits".

Some 750 miles away in their heavily-laden van lay Lugano, where David Whitworth won the 350 race with Eric third and Jenks sixth. On the sidecar, facing the Gileras of Frigerio and Alfredo Milani, they suffered a punctured carburettor float. Jenks fiddled about in full flight and they were able to fight back against Frigerio, "until he packed up with valve gear trouble. We learned afterwards that he had cut a right-hand bend a bit fine and clouted his passenger's head on a stone wall so hard that it made a large dent in his crash-hat! He was a bit annoyed and saw stars for a minute or two, but did not suffer a headache."

Before Monza, they spent 12 days camped on the shores of Lake Lugano, together with David Whitworth and his wife



who parked their van alongside and unloaded a war surplus 'Folbot' commando kayak. Jenks wrote: "I thought sidecaring was exciting until we got into the wash from one of the lake paddle steamers!" It was an idyllic holiday, punctuated by the sad news that 'circus' member Norman Croft had crashed fatally at Pilzen, Czechoslovakia. Seven months later David Whitworth would follow – killed at Spa during the 1950 Belgian GP…

Jenks revelled in seeing the hallowed Monza Autodrome: "We arrived at about 10pm on the evening before practice and even at that hour the caretakers were most enthusiastic, and after doing a gentle tour of the track in the van, we were shown to a lock-up in the paddock, given the key and told to make ourselves at home.



"We were very pleased to see that Ercole Frigerio had brought along his long-promised four-cylinder Gilera sidecar outfit, and we wasted no time getting on his tail in practice. Unlike many Italians, he rides with his head and it was soon obvious to the onlookers that neither of us were being honest about our speed past the Tribunes!"

On race day: "As we headed the procession out of the paddock we were very conscious that we were 'playing away'. Knowing Frigerio's capabilities we determined to make a good start and were so successful that it took him a whole lap to catch us, and as he whanged past along the straight we nipped into his slipstream and then had the most enjoyable race, while it lasted, of the whole season."

Years later, Jenks told me that when Eric Oliver slipstreamed another sidecar, "he really slipstreamed it – with our front wheel poked in between the cycle and the chair ahead of us. All I could see were the soles of Frigerio's passenger's plimsolls!"

At the time he reported: "For six laps we ran neck and neck, pushing all we knew for we felt that our only chance of winning was to force the Gilera so hard that it either blew up or wore its rider out, for with its superior speed we could not rely on merely outriding him on the bends.

"As it turned out, it was we who could not stand the pace, for our plug cooked and we had to stop and fit another, which dropped us back to last place, with all hope of catching the four-cylinder gone. We gradually worked out way into fifth place and thus we finished, gaining valuable points for the marque championship which Norton won, while we retained the individual.

"We shall certainly not return home dissatisfied, for 10 first places and one fifth can, I suppose, be regarded as a successful season… and of course Les Graham and Freddie Frith together with their respective firms are on top of the world."

And so were these first British World Champions at the end of their gipsy year. But for an instinctive racing writer, what an amazing first-hand apprenticeship it had been.



DSJ and Oliver: survivors in a perilous age

For 1950 Eric Oliver decided to return home between European races, while Jenks wanted to stay with the 'circus'. So they went their separate ways, Eric using passengers Peter Glover and Lorenzo Dobelli, while Jenks based himself in Brussels, riding with the Belgian Marcel Masuy, who raced a Norton combination and a Veritas sports car. Jenks also had a crush on Masuy's lady, Annette…

Eric and Dobelli won the 1951 Sidecar World title, but missed out in '52 after they crashed at Bordeaux and each broke a leg. In '53 Dobelli was replaced by Stan Dibben of Norton's staff, with Eric winning his final world title, and for '54 Leslie Nutt joined Eric while Dibben rode with '52 champion Cyril Smith. In a race near Frankfurt, Eric crashed, breaking an arm. He was never quite the same rider thereafter, retiring in 1955 aged 44 to run his motorcycle dealership in Staines. He came back in '58, but broke his back in the 1960 TT. He later raced Vintage machines – and a Lotus Elan – before a fatal stroke in 1980.

Jenks continued riding with Masuy until his last professional race at Solitude, Germany, in 1952. That year had seen the dangers of the game claim old friends and rivals. Six-times Belgian sidecar champion Frans Vanderschrick was killed in a grass track meeting at Poperinge when his front wheel spindle snapped and the sidecar crashed into a telegraph pole, severely injuring his passenger Jean-Marie Stas. Ercole Frigerio had been killed in the Swiss GP, his crash also breaking his passenger Ezio Ricotti's leg. And three years later, on the penultimate lap at Senigallia, Italy, Masuy died after crashing his combination due – it was said – to his passenger Marino Saguato having baled out.

Sidecar required two gifted individuals to merge as one. In those days, on those tracks, they lived and died together. Jenks had been there, done that. And he was uniquely equipped to share his experience…



DSJ from the archive

Everyone remembers Jenks' epic Mille Miglia story from 1955. But when he rejoined Moss for 1957, his report was slightly shorter...

Our starting time was 5.37am and our number 537, the last car to start in the 1957 Mille Miglia. For the previous three mornings we had been out on a practice run from Brescia to Padova, leaving the start at the race time, so that when we went along to the Viale Rebuffione at 5.15am on Sunday and took our place in the queue leading to the starting ramp we were both feeling on top of the world. The "four-five" Maserati was all set, we had given it a thorough testing under all conditions and it was far more potent than the SLR with which we had set the race record in 1955, so that when team manager Ugolini told us that the weather was perfect to Pescara and looked like staying so, we felt confident that we could improve on our 157kph average. With Behra a non-starter we had two minutes to wait after Taruffi left, at 5.35am; then the flag fell, we trickled down the ramp, opened up in bottom gear and as all 400bhp took hold we fairly shot off up the road into the avenue formed by the milling throng of spectators.



Phil Disley

We had barely left Brescia when I sensed that the big V8 was buzzing round at 7000rpm, and a glance across at the rev-counter showed this to be true, but then I swallowed hard as I saw that Moss was pulling out the overdrive gear, which was acting as a sixth speed, and we were up at 6700rpm in overdrive fifth gear. This two-speed gearbox between the engine and the rear-mounted regular five-speed box was a crafty 'gimmick' that Maserati had schemed up specially for the Mille Miglia, so that we were geared in the super-top ratio for 285kph, which we estimated to use on rare occasions, and here we were doing 272kph (approximately 168mph) just as we were leaving town, on a straight of barely 2km. We looked at each other and grinned, for this was acceleration that was a new experience and, with dry roads and the sun covered by light cloud, everything was on our side.

We had covered barely 12km when we slowed down from our 270kph cruising speed for a couple of sharp right-handers, and then we went into an 80mph left-hand bend, with an approach speed of about 130mph. I was conscious of the driver changing down and checking the car with the brakes, and then it seemed to accelerate and I saw that he was deliberately sliding the car into the inside of the corner as we approached. My first thought was that it had jumped out of gear. This thought was heightened when I saw him make a violent grab at the gear-lever while the car was sliding across the corner, and then he stopped working on the wheel and we slowed up. I thought, 'Well, go on then, accelerate,' but he didn't and I looked sideways to see him pointing at the floor; looking down, I swallowed hard for there were only two pedals on the cross-shaft, an accelerator and a clutch pedal. The brake pedal was lying on the floor among the pipes and rods. I then realised why Moss had gone into the corner about 15mph too fast...

It was surely the shortest and sharpest Mille Miglia anyone has ever done; there was no question of going on for the pedal arm had broken off about 1in above the cross-shaft and the handbrake was about as useful as a sports car 'regulation hood'. You can't drive a 400bhp 25-cwt two-seater without brakes and hope to keep up with anyone, so we had nothing to do but retire on the spot. Before the race we had been joking about ways of retiring early and what it must feel like; now we knew. About the only way we shall beat our 1957 record retirement is to fall off the side of the starting ramp in 1958!

Had such a breakage occurred on a British car there would have been harsh words and rudery in the Press; as it was an Italian car there was some pretty lurid shouting and yelling, but most people, including ourselves, were almost speechless. The reason for such a stupid failure on a brand-new car was hard to justify and can only be blamed on a flaw in the metal tube that forms the brake-pedal arm. Even so it was completely and utterly inexcusable, for closer study showed that it had started to fail at least two days before the race. But though we were annoyed about the whole affair we had to commiserate with Maserati for they had put everything they had into this 4½-litre, and for the first time ever there had been a good certainty of a Maserati win in the Mille Miglia, a thing that has not yet happened, for that "four-five" is a fabulous performer.

And this is how Jenks remembered it in his diary:
"Sunday 12 May: Mille Miglia, feeling wonderful, weather perfect, car terrific. 12kms out and brake pedal broke off! Returned to Brescia all over. All day in Press Room with Pat, Jess & 2 Yanks with Hot Rod Chrysler".



Bedlam at Bonhill Street

For years *Motor Sport's* home was a seedy block on the edge of the City, where integrity flourished among intrigue and slapstick

BY GORDON CRUICKSHANK

After 27 years with *Motor Sport*, you might expect me to say "things have changed". That would hardly cover the distance between today's airy white-walled offices on the Thames, with white computers on white tables, and the grubby warren that housed the magazine from the 1960s into the 1990s. This corner of London, north of Finsbury Square, had been a printing ghetto but by the time I arrived the only magazines left were us and *Health & Efficiency*. *Motor Sport* always had a tiny editorial staff – for many years only one Assistant Ed, apart from WB and DSJ – but Teesdale also included *Motoring News* and LAT Photographic as well as ads and accounts, so Standard House throbbed with activity. It did not, however, fit the picture of a slick publishing house…

WESLEY J TEE

Wesley J Tee took on the mag in 1936 and presided over the Teesdale empire until his death in 1997, supported by his sons and daughter. Short, bald, charming, irritating, shrewd, tight-fisted, sentimental and crafty, the Old Man (right) was utterly unpredictable and quite likely to back both sides in a fight. He controlled everything from his lair at the end of a gloomy corridor, where people queued for an audience, waiting for the 'Engaged' light to go off. Sometimes he would stump down the corridor hoping to catch us out, but his slow progress (he was already 75 when I joined) and lopsided footfall gave plenty of warning. Often he did not recognise more recent staff and would make them explain themselves. One day he met a junior employee he had fought with previously.



"What are you doing here?"

"I work here, Mr Tee."

"No you don't. I sacked you."

"No you didn't."

'Well, I'm sacking you now."

"What about notice?"

"This is your notice. It's backdated. Get out."

The lad went, sued, and won compensation, but to Mr Tee it was worth it. The same applied to the staff member sacked over a parking conflict: it made the *Daily Telegraph*, where A Company Spokesman was quoted as saying "cheap at the price".

Mr Tee could be tricky to handle: on one occasion he rejected a certain cover picture because, he claimed, there was a dog in it.

"It's a bush, Mr Tee."

"Nonsense, boy. Find another one."

There was no point in arguing, but you learned to cope: once he argued that a certain photo was out of focus and told me to find a sharper one. I knew it was perfectly sharp; I came back later with the same shot and said, "you were right, Mr Tee. Here's a better one."

"There you are, boy," he beamed. This could be manipulated to your own benefit: when I was trying to persuade him to buy me a TVR he prevaricated over the cost, saying "get a better deal". I did. I found a better car and waved the paper with the higher costs in front of him saying, "you were right, Mr Tee. A much better deal." I didn't add, "for me". He signed, and the car arrived two days later. I didn't feel too guilty; my salary was feeble. On the other hand we did get Luncheon Vouchers – 15p a day. If you saved all week you could afford a sandwich.

It was not rare to hear shouting from Mr Tee's office – he loved conflict. He looked forward eagerly to fights with the print unions, and the harder you argued with him the more his eyes sparkled. If you lost there was a compensation: he would feel indulgent. This was the time to feed him another request.

"Sorry I shouted, Mr Tee."

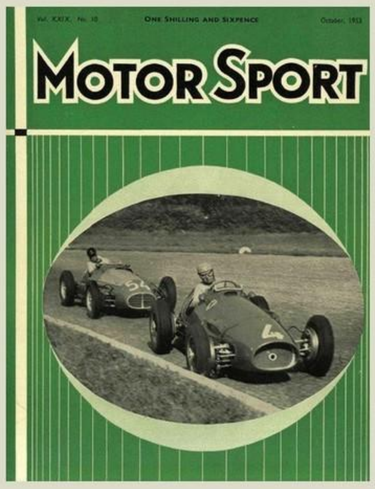
"That's alright, boy, I like a man who stands his corner."

"Can I go to the Nürburgring?"

"Of course, boy."

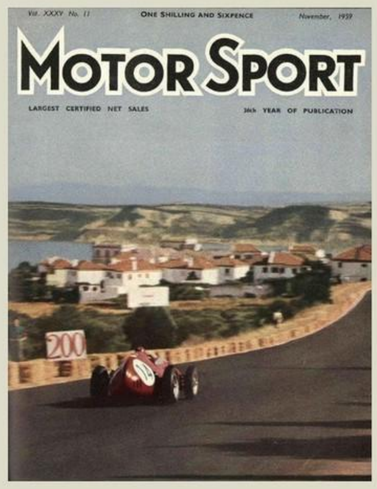
We were all 'boy', even WB in his seventies, mainly because WJT couldn't recall any names.

CLASSIC COVERS



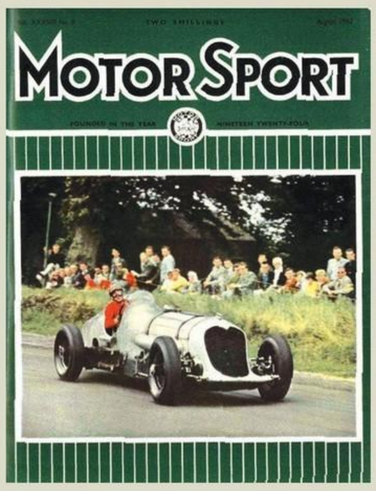
OCTOBER 1953

Arrival of trademark green with white stripes. We're still green, and if you look carefully, the stripes are still there... The 'eyelids' are because a standard negative is too shallow to fill a circle



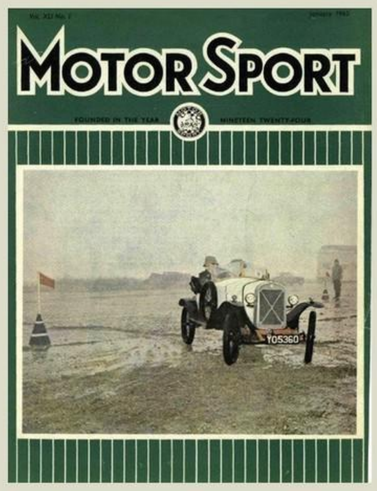
NOVEMBER 1959

Out of the blue, after years of monochrome pictures – a full-bleed colour cover of Tony Brook's Ferrari in picturesque Lisbon. The month after, back to normal



AUGUST 1962

The issue carrying the Le Mans 24 Hours report – but *Motor Sport* goes with a VSCC meeting. Well, it was the post-war debut of the Napier-Railton



JANUARY 1965

Looking strangely artificial long before Photoshop came along, the Salmson is not on a desolate beach but in a VSCC trial at Silverstone

He could change with the wind. After Mike Cotton had had another furious row with him, Mike was sitting at his typewriter hammering out his resignation letter when the Old Man stumped in.

"What's that, boy?" When Mike told him, the Old Man pulled out the letter, threw it in the bin and turned with a big smile.

"Now, boy, what were we talking about?"

We all dreaded the interminable monthly meetings in the windowless boardroom, a stifling cell with an electric heater steaming under the table. WJT relied on positions to identify people; if you sat in the ads manager's place he would ask you about advertising. It was easier to invent something than argue. Sometimes WJT would nod off. It seemed rude to wake him; we would talk quietly on until he rejoined us.

A keen driver, Mr Tee left a spectacular trail of accidents. A farmer in Essex, opening his door to put the dogs out one night, heard Vivaldi drifting through the gloom. Following the noise he found Mr Tee wedged in a ditch in a crumpled Alfa with the radio on. He had the devil's luck: having pitched a Granada into an Essex dyke he was hanging upside down and helpless in his seatbelts as smoke rose around him. Deep in the ditch he was invisible to car drivers – but was spotted by a lorry driver who happened to be an off-duty fireman. The following car contained an off-duty nurse.

Another day I noticed that TEE 10, the Proprietorial Mercedes, had a damaged windscreen. "He hit a cyclist," said his son Ian. I asked if the man had survived. "Oh, he was fine. It was only a small nudge but he was so angry he got up and threw his bike at the car."

Once, a staff member was called to the Old Man's office.

"Your car's parked squint," said WJT.

"No it isn't."

"It is now." With which he reached under his desk and handed over part of a bumper. He hadn't quite got the Mercedes lined up with the space, but he went ahead anyway.

STANDARD HOUSE

Though it was a 1960s building, the Teesdale floors exuded a Miss Haversham air of dereliction. Broken grubby lino, dangling blinds, half-height orange partitions plastered in ancient stickers for Yardley, STP and Wolf Racing, desks piled with tottering heaps of old press releases like an ancient desert city gradually submerged by dunes. It was such a fire trap that the firm above (Steel Supplies of Botswana Ltd, a cover if ever I heard one) couldn't get insurance.

Some of us had huge Edwardian desks from previous offices; mine had locked drawers, and when I finally broke into them I found pre-war race programmes, unbuilt model kits and gadgets sent in for review 20 years before.

In my early days the Gatling gun rattle of typewriters filled the air, but I was off the day an angry journalist threw one through the window. No one on the pavement was injured, unlike the time an irascible editor broke a toe kicking a door in an argument.

The sole luxury in Standard House was a square of carpet in Coffee Machine Corner, a tight 90-right, 90-left going into Telex Room Straight. (Telex: for younger readers, think e-mail by typewriter.) This corner was the scene of several spectacular pedestrian shunts as an eager journo busy being Arnoux and making noisy down-changes failed to hear de Angelis from the other direction getting his Hush Puppies onto opposite lock. Some of the staff were brilliant mimics; sitting in my office I could clearly distinguish Ferrari V12 from Cosworth, or the pops and whistles of a turbo as someone hit peak revs going into the warehouse.

This was where my mate Alf lived – guardian of the back issues, and the swearyest man I've ever known. In those days we carried back issues from the 1940s, which Alf sent to collectors around the world. Most of these were dumped when Haymarket bought the magazine. Alf also oversaw binding, as we had our own bindery where readers' issues were bound into volumes. And in the feudal spirit of Teesdale, when he retired his son inherited his job.

Every Christmas Alf would set up long tables in the warehouse for the office party (on the last afternoon of term so you couldn't sneak away) where crisps and cider abounded. On the top table sat Mr Tee, his PA Miss Roberts and the Tee family. Below were the commonality, toasting the Old Man's State of the Nation speech. All we needed was a jester to complete the medieval picture. But *MN* was full of those, and once the Old Man had retired to his office, the fun began.



THE REGIME

There was a pre-war code of behaviour at Standard House. Female staff, for example, were not allowed to wear trousers. Transgressors were sent home to change by Miss Roberts, the company secretary, who scrutinised your expenses with a gimlet eye through her flyaway glasses. She knew to the mile how far away Oulton Park was, as many an optimistic new boy discovered.

Economy was a religion: it was forbidden to ring out of London before lunch because in those days it cost more. If you wanted to send anything First Class you had to persuade Miss Roberts it was vital, and you had to get written permission to ring abroad, listing the numbers. Not that this proved anything; after having travel permissions rescinded I took to writing out my requests and making the Old Man sign them. When he tried to cancel my plans to follow the Mille Miglia I stormed in waving my bit of paper. "You signed it, Mr Tee." "No, I didn't. You've forged that."

Any inward mail marked 'Personal' went straight to Mr Tee in case it was a job offer; because of this one staff member missed a wedding. Still, they found another best man. Christmas presents to staff likewise vanished, including the salmon from Renault which lay forgotten in the board room until after New Year…

My first Christmas brought a shock. December's pay packet included a surprise £70 bonus, which I soon spent. January's pay packet said 'minus £70 Xmas advance'. On the other hand, the Tee empire included turkey farms, so we all got a fresh bird at Christmas. Unfortunately one year mine was still full, and I had to gut it. When I got on the plane home to Edinburgh the X-ray official helpfully pointed out I had left a bit inside.

TECHNOLOGY

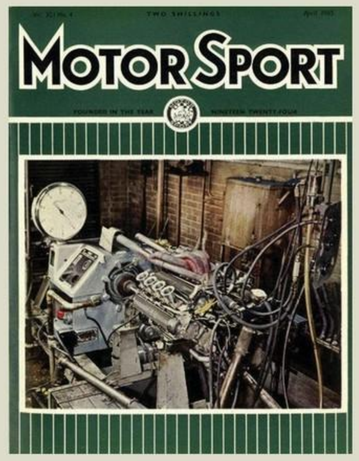
Almost uniquely, *Motor Sport* had its own printing presses. On press day the ground floor shook to the thump and hiss of the huge machines, overseen by Welsh firebrand Mr Jones. Often I had him at my elbow, literally breathing down my neck as I assembled the last pages, hissing "it'll never come out, you know. It's too late." There was the occasional 'stop press' moment too, such as when, well into the run, Alan Henry picked up a proof sheet and noticed a photo of an elderly man shaking Nigel Mansell's hand after a victory, with a dismissive caption about how anybody seemed to get into the paddock these days. AH recognised him as Nigel's father. We pulped 17,000 sheets.

We also had our own hot-metal type-setters, though I never once entered the Linotype room – it was union territory. Demarcation was crucial: I once drew a circuit map and tried to hand it to one of the setters. He was as appalled as a Soviet dissident outed in Red Square – graphics were an NGA job, and he could be disciplined for handling it. Luckily we were pals; later we met furtively in the Gents where he illegally ratified my drawing with a union sticker.

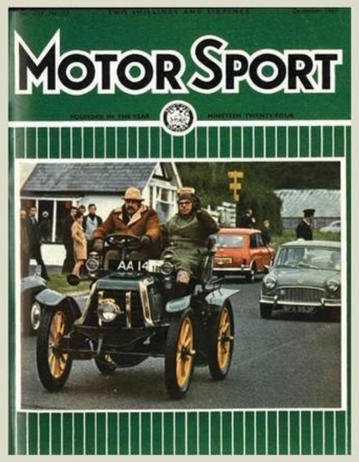
There was no chance of a quick correction on screen like today; then we had long strips of galley proofs to be carefully marked and returned, followed by a two-day wait for a fresh proof. You had to plead for urgent turn-rounds, and overtime, even five minutes, had to be ratified beforehand. Any perceived transgression of union rules brought instant stoppage. Mr Tee liked that, however; disputes were his favourite hobby.

When I got there the MN reporters carried typewriters to race meetings to hammer out their report, handing it to one of the photographers to bring back on the first aeroplane with the rolls of film. Amazingly, Teesdale was a very early adopter of

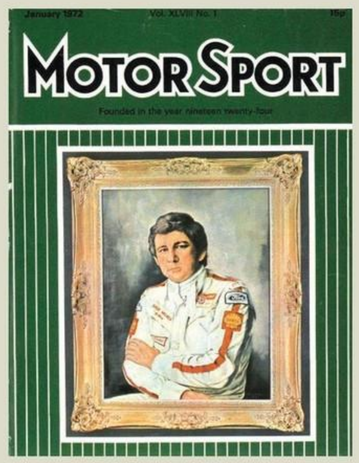
CLASSIC COVERS



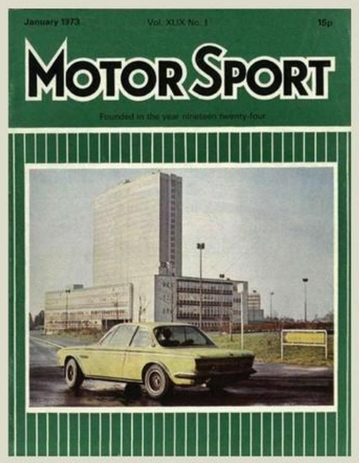
APRIL 1965
I know, let's use a shot of a Heenan & Froude dynamometer on the cover… Inside, there was no further mention of BRM's engine test house



DECEMBER 1969
For many years December's issue invariably depicted WB on one of his 39 Brighton Runs. Here he rides with Michael Ware on the NMM's 1903 Panhard-Levassor



JANUARY 1972
As his prize for winning the *Motor Sport* F3 championship, Dave Walker had his portrait painted – the only time an artwork has formed the front cover



JANUARY 1973
The EEC HQ in Brussels. Honestly. WB and MJT took a BMW CSL on a very rapid European tour and stopped off by the new building



electronic publishing. Unfortunately no one had yet invented the laptop, so to feed the new system reporters got the latest hi-tech device – a beige plastic Amstrad PC. Lugging that to a race meeting was like taking a 1970s TV along for company.

To house the new system a section of the warehouse was partitioned off. This became known as The Games Room, where periods of intense concentration amid the furious hammering of keys would suddenly erupt into a game of office cricket with cardboard bat and ball. Deep in the slips someone conducting a phone conversation with Frank Williams would barely notice as a long drive smacked into the grubby wall above him and fell onto the dust-coated files of the 1963 MN Road Rally Championship. And when adrenalin was high there were chair races around the warehouse, where several now well-respected Formula 1 reporters honed their knowledge of castor-to-castor racecraft.

STAFF

Mr Tee was generous with company cars – one secretary got a Golf GTi – but since MN was staffed mainly by eager young lads who thought they were the next Senna or Sainz, the vehicle toll was ferocious; we kept one bodyshop busy full-time straightening out Escort RS Turbos. One employee was so angry to receive a parking ticket that he did a handbrake turn into the office driveway, but was seen by a policeman who chased him inside. He was finally tracked down hiding in a lavatory.

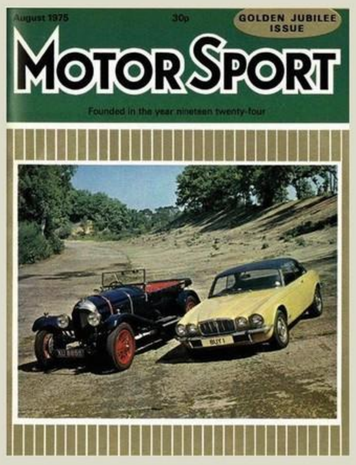
Sad to say, there was one individual who was always the butt of some jape or other. The poor man's lunchbox was often removed from the fridge, turning up in increasingly bizarre places, but the culmination was the day he found his box was for once still in the fridge – containing a photocopy of his sandwiches.

Off the warehouse lived The Frog (well, he looked like one), who guarded the stationery room with messianic zeal. To get a pen or sticky tape you had to show the empties. Once our secretary returned bemused from a foray for staples: having inspected the empty stapler, The Frog unlocked the room, opened a cupboard, undid a box and handed her – one row of staples. What he never realised was how easy it was to scale the room's low walls.

It's not widely known that *MS* and *MN* had stable-mates: there was *Motor Cycle Sport*, with, prophetically, a red version of the *MS* cover. It was run by Secret Cyril, who drifted in at noon and rarely spoke. There was *Guns Review*, edited by phone by an ex-policeman, which meant you might trip over an UZI machine gun in the studio being photographed. One morning the place was full of police because an escaped prisoner had broken in and stolen that month's review guns. And there was the gloriously titled *War Monthly*, all about military history and run by a bandana-wearing, cycle-riding, married couple of hippy peaceniks.

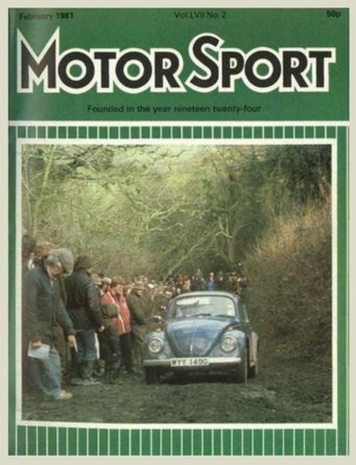
At that time *MS* was the only place to sell interesting cars, but when annoyed readers rang complaining that cars had been sold before publication, it turned out that a member of staff was selling proof copies to dealers at £10 a throw. Another employee made use of the large basement to store the Art Deco furniture he collected, while for a period the ads department were puzzled as to why one salesman would often receive a call and disappear for an hour or two. It was only when someone else answered his 'phone that it transpired he was using his company car as a minicab. Somehow it seemed unsurprising in the strange world of Standard House, where in amongst the petty plotting, the horseplay, the bickering and the laughter, two respected magazines always reached the bookstalls on time. Ⓜ

CLASSIC COVERS



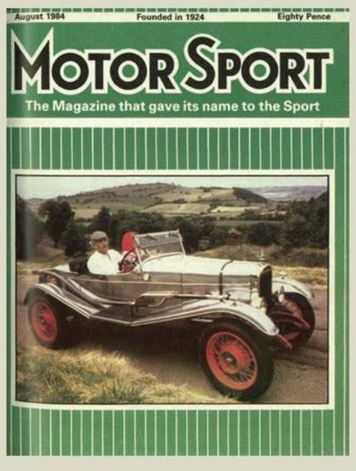
AUGUST 1975

Our Golden Jubilee issue – if you don't count the *Brooklands Gazette* years. Two British classics parked on the historic but derelict Track



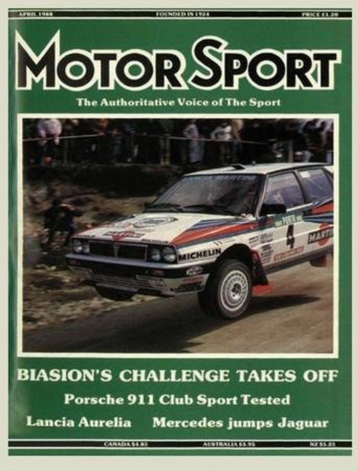
FEBRUARY 1981

Thanks to WB's support of the MCC (no, the Motor Cycle Club), *Motor Sport* gave the club's Exeter Trial the same weight as a GP when winter came



AUGUST 1984

It's the height of the Grand Prix season, but it's also the Vintage Sports Car Club's Golden Jubilee. Hence a Ducksback Alvis takes centre-stage

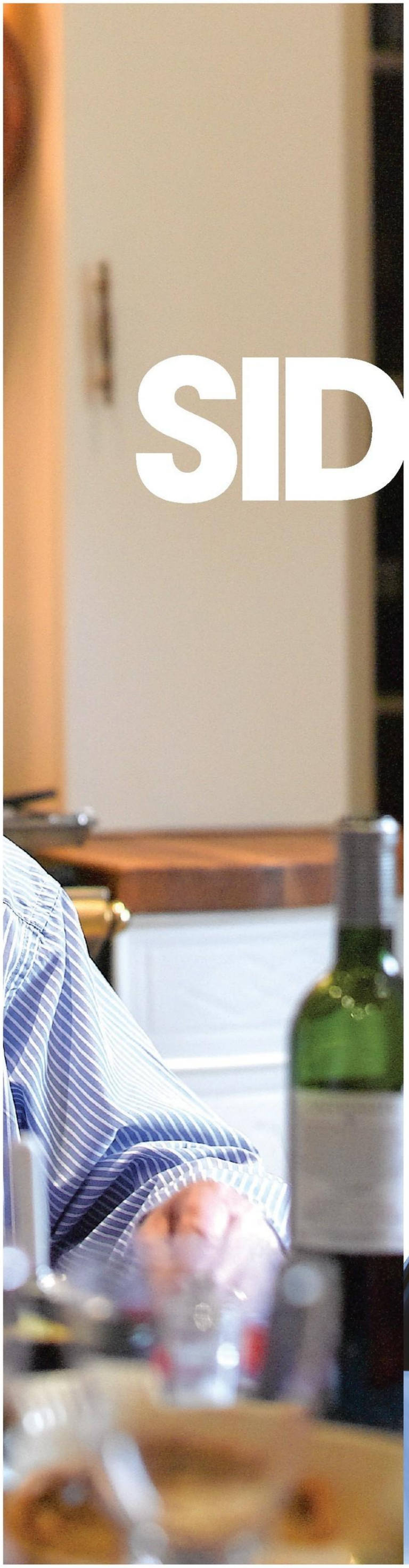


APRIL 1988

Mr Tee had a veto on all cover photos; he must have been away this month, as he would not allow rally 'yump' shots. "He'll break the car. Can't win if you drive like that, boy!"

James Mitchell





Lunch with...

PROFESSOR SID WATKINS

His efforts have helped to transform safety in Formula 1, to the benefit of us all. Through almost three decades 'Prof' came to be loved by the drivers, and none more so than Senna

BY SIMON TAYLOR

In the relentless theatre of Formula 1, the members of the complex cast – drivers, team chiefs, designers, organisers, circuit owners, officials – may be liked, admired, respected, even feared. But rarely are they loved. However, love is not too strong a word to describe the F1 paddock's feelings towards a man who, for no fewer than 424 Grands Prix, was an indispensable part of that cast.

Even more remarkably, it didn't represent his proper job. He was just a motor racing enthusiast who used his days off from a very demanding vocation, saving lives and healing wounds, to deal with lives and wounds in F1.

Professor Eric Sidney Watkins, OBE, BSc, MD, FRCS, has had a brilliant career as one of the world's foremost neurosurgeons, practising in the UK and USA. For some 30 years he was a pillar of the Royal London Hospital. He performed unnumbered operations, and developed ground-breaking new procedures. He launched the Brain & Spine Foundation, and led vital research into Parkinson's tremor, movement disorders, intractable pain and cerebral palsy. But he also happens to love motor sport, and during 26 seasons as F1's doctor he completely revolutionised the principles and procedures of driver safety. Thanks to him, lives were saved and injuries lessened. No Grand Prix, race or practice session, could start without him. To everybody in Formula 1 he was affectionately known as 'Prof'.



Sid is a lover of other good things in life, too. Since his retirement from the regular F1 grind five years ago he has more time for them: fishing, good whisky, the novels of John Buchan, his children and grandchildren, his house in the Adirondack mountains in upstate New York, and his Scottish home on the side of a steep hill overlooking the River Tweed. That's where I go to meet him. A mere lunch won't give us enough time to plumb a serious bottle of Glenmorangie (or for some scurrilous off-the-record stories, racing and medical, after the voice recorder is turned off). So he and his wife Susan invite me to spend the day and stay the night.

The house is superb: an early 18th century manse which Susan has flawlessly restored from a wreck, with the same attention to period detail that a Ferrari expert might bring to rebuilding a 375MM. It has »»

tall, gracious rooms, separate studies for Sid and Susan where each can write in peace, an Aga-warmed country kitchen, and a fishing tackle room for Sid. A subterranean tunnel, carved through rock when the house was built, runs from the wine cellar under the terraced garden to a balcony overlooking the river. Susan is a respected historian, with acclaimed books on Elizabeth I and Mary Queen of Scots among her works. Her authorised biography of Bernie Ecclestone, when it is published, should be extremely revealing.


Sutton

Sid came from humble beginnings. His family were miners, and his father first went down the pit aged eight, as a candle boy. But young Wally Watkins was determined not to spend his life at the coal face, and his means of escape was the bicycle. He became a professional racer, eventually riding for the Raleigh works team, and during the 1920s he scraped together enough money to set up a bicycle shop in Liverpool. The family of six, including Sid, the youngest, lived over the shop. Sid and his brothers went to the local school in Bootle – " a rough area then," Sid remembers. "The local copper used to take two Alsatians with him on the beat. One day, when I was about eight years old, our teacher asked the class what we wanted to do when we left school. The other kids had the usual ambitions – fireman, engine driver – but I said I wanted to be a brain surgeon. I don't know where it came from. All the others laughed at me, of course."

Young Sid was bright. He got a scholarship to Bootle Grammar School but, when he told his father he wanted to be a doctor, it didn't go down well. The bicycle shop had become a small garage, and Sid was expected to muck in. Undaunted, he got a scholarship to Liverpool University to read medicine. "The brain was my goal from the outset. In 1952 I qualified as a doctor and went into general practice, but my father still wanted me as a source of cheap labour. So I used to do morning surgery, then house calls, work in the garage during the afternoon – tuning twin carbs with my stethoscope – and then get cleaned up for evening surgery.

"National service got me in 1953, so I became an army doctor. I joined a physiological unit in West Africa with the rank of captain, doing research into heat exhaustion: went out there weighing 14 stone, and came back weighing eight stone. Then I did general surgery in Weston-super-Mare, and in 1958 I joined the Radcliffe in Oxford under the great American brain surgeon Joe Pennybacker. I'd already started to go to races as a spectator, with a colleague who was nuts about motor racing and had a Lotus-Climax. He introduced me to Dean Delamont, the RAC Competitions boss. Dean persuaded me to go to kart races as the medical officer, and then to car meetings."

> "Bernie said unless he got the thumbs-up from me he'd send the drivers home"
>
> PROFESSOR SID WATKINS

In 1962, when Sid was 34, he was appointed professor of neurosurgery at the University of New York in Syracuse. With an introduction from Delamont, he applied to Watkins Glen to be one of the circuit doctors for the US Grand Prix. "They had a small medical centre with no equipment. The first job before practice started was to sweep out the dead flies that had accumulated since the last meeting. If someone got hurt they couldn't do anything at the track, so the ambulance had to go to the nearest hospital. Sometimes that was closed, and they had to drive another 60 miles to one that was open. I arranged to take a team from my hospital in Syracuse to the race, so we could get an instant consultant's opinion for any injury. I attended regularly at Watkins Glen for the Grand Prix, and for the Canadian race when it was at Mosport and at St Jovite."

At the end of 1969 Sid returned to England to become Professor of Neurosurgery at the London. "Soon Dean got me involved in the British Grand Prix. When I'd first worked at Silverstone the medical centre was a primitive hut, staffed by Red Cross people. There'd be some ambulances and doctors, but nothing very sophisticated. When I took a proper team up to the British Grand Prix in 1973 – another neurosurgeon, an anaesthetist, a cardiac doctor, an orthopaedist and a nursing sister – I was told we weren't necessary for an F1 weekend, and our presence would be more appropriate at a club race where they had more accidents. So to stay out of the way of the locals I staffed the Louis Stanley Medical Unit with my people, and in the saloon race before the Grand Prix there was that huge pile-up, involving Dave Brodie, Dave Matthews and Gavin Booth. We found ourselves dealing with head injuries, a leaking lung, facial injuries, a broken femur. Then the Grand Prix started, and Jody Scheckter spun coming out of Woodcote and there was another pile-up. Fortunately only Andrea de Adamich was injured: he had a dislocated ankle, which we put back in the Stanleywagon.

"I continued to staff the Stanley unit at the British GP each year, and then in 1978 Bernie Ecclestone, whom I'd never met, called me at the London and asked for an appointment. I agreed to see him that evening at 7pm. He consulted me about a minor medical matter, but I realised that was just Bernie seeing what he made of me. Then he came to the point. He'd decided that F1's medical facilities weren't good enough. They varied widely from race to race, and he wanted the same levels of competence at each track. He proposed that I should go to every Grand Prix, and he said he'd pay me $35,000 a season for the 16 races. I was impressed by Bernie at once, his decisiveness, his clarity of thinking, and I said I'd do it. Then he said I would, of course, be responsible for my own travel and accommodation expenses. Typical Bernie: he did it very cleverly, and I just walked into it!

"The following Wednesday I flew to Anderstorp for the Swedish GP. It was the race when the Brabham fan-car appeared and caused such a furore. I got a lift from the airport to the

circuit with John Watson. In those days I paid my own way, booked my flights, made my own arrangements. Often I'd arrive at a circuit with no hotel to stay in, and had to scrounge a room from one of the teams. But, to be fair to Bernie, after a couple of years he said, 'I don't think we're paying you enough,' and put my fees up.

"At first there was pressure on me to set up a mobile team and take it to every race. But that would have brought all sorts of problems with professional licensing and insurance from country to country, and we wouldn't necessarily have had any privileges at the different hospitals. So it became my job to harass the locals at each race to get the nearest decent hospital standing by with surgical staff ready, and improve the level of response. There was a lot of opposition, of course, not so much from the local medical teams as from the circuit people, who didn't want to spend money on more staff and better facilities at the tracks.

"That first year at Hockenheim the medical centre was an old converted bus with only two doctors to staff it, neither of whom was an anaesthetist. The bus was parked out in the paddock and the crew camped overnight beside it. If a helicopter was required they had to call in the Autobahn traffic team, who might well be busy elsewhere. Then, as the grid was lining up on race day, they wouldn't let the chief medical officer into Race Control. I told Bernie, who said he'd stand in front of the cars on the grid and, unless he saw me give a thumbs-up from the Race Control window, he would get the drivers out and send them all home. The organisers, shocked, relented at once. The following year Hockenheim had a well-equipped new medical centre and helicopter availability all weekend."

Less than three months after Sid's first race in his new role came Ronnie Peterson's accident at Monza. Sid's procedure in those pre-medical car days was to follow what was going on from Race Control. When Peterson's accident happened he fought through the crowded paddock to the medical centre at the back of the paddock and got there just as Ronnie arrived in the ambulance.

"He had more than 20 fractures in his legs and feet. We stabilised him and took him on a stretcher to the helicopter and they flew him to the Ospedale Maggiore at Niguarda. I had to stay for the race. I also had to deal with Vittorio Brambilla, who was unconscious after being hit on the head by a wheel in the same accident, and Hans Stuck, who had concussion. For the restart Jody Scheckter went off on the warm-up lap and destroyed a lot of Armco, which had to be replaced. By the time the shortened race finally got done it was almost dark. I went to the Lotus motorhome to see Colin [Chapman] and Mario [Andretti] and they'd heard that Ronnie was being operated on. I would have treated him conservatively, but the blood supply to his legs had started to fail. At Niguarda they decided they had to straighten his legs to get the blood vessels working again. Mario set off for the hospital in his Rolls Royce, with me trying to keep up in my Fiat Panda hire car. We went across some fields and down a farm track because Mario said he knew a short cut to the motorway. We initially joined it going in the wrong direction, but the race traffic was so bad I was able to keep up with him. When we finally got to the hospital they were just finishing the operation. I thought the signs were that he would be OK, and I telephoned Ronnie's wife Barbro in Monaco and gave her some reassurance. But during the night he developed multiple blockages in the arteries to his brain, lungs and kidneys, emboli from bone marrow in his circulation, which was fatal. It was a terrible tragedy.

"I felt that the initial response to the accident had been a shambles. Reports of how long it took for the ambulance to reach the scene ranged from 11 to 18 minutes. I agreed with Bernie that I was going to have to take a much more active role. I wanted to be in a car, with life-saving equipment on board, to get to an accident in the shortest possible time, and run behind the field on the first lap.

"We had this two weeks later at Watkins Glen, an estate car with no rear seats, me in the front and the anaesthetist, Peter Byles, sprawled on the floor in the back. We borrowed a pair of helmets, Jody Scheckter lent me a set of overalls, and Peter got some overalls from James Hunt. He rather enjoyed giving autographs and kisses to the less knowledgeable female American spectators who saw the name on his overalls. The driver allocated to us was obese and sweating heavily, and obviously nervous. When the race started he set off in vain pursuit, hit the kerbs at the chicane and took off, landing very forcibly. We managed half the lap before peeling off, and just reached the medical centre before the field, led by Andretti, caught us up. After that Bernie made sure we had a proper car and a proper driver – usually one of the F1 chaps who hadn't qualified for the race, but at least knew his way around.

"Later on I had regular, trusted drivers at each track. Phil Hill was my driver at Long Beach, for example, and I've been driven, among others, by Niki Lauda, Carlos Reutemann, Derek Daly and Alex Ribeiro. Vittorio Brambilla used to drive me at Monza. He would greet people with a bone-crunching handshake and a big grin and say, 'I am the Monza gorilla!' When he first turned up to drive the medical car I asked him if he had fully recovered from his 1978 head injury. 'OK, OK, Doc,' he said, adding proudly, 'And I have another big head injury since then!' He enjoyed getting the medical car into sideways slides in the wet, looking across at me with a broad grin.

"My usual driver at the Australian GP was Frank Gardner, phenomenally quick, and wonderful in the wet. So precise: he'd spend time getting himself just right in the car, arms there, legs there, thumbs on the steering wheel rim, never around the spokes. Then he'd take off. The first time he drove me, in Adelaide, our medical car was a new Ferrari, and we had some trouble squeezing all the equipment in. We did a few practice laps to get used to the circuit, and afterwards he said, 'This old girl hasn't got any brakes any more.' They had to rebuild the brakes before the race.

"At the London in those days there were just two neurosurgeons, and we worked alternate weekends. I fitted that in with the Grands Prix, and for the long-haul races I just took more out of my holiday entitlement. I didn't have any holiday for years. I did 26 weekends at the hospital and 16 weekends at the races, so I was a busy boy.

"Initially the FIA were not fond of my activities, because I was appointed by FOCA. The FIA president, Jean-Marie Balestre, never opposed any medical improvements, but he didn't like anyone who was not part of the FIA exerting power. Then one year in the hotel in Montréal he swallowed a piece of steak the wrong way and went blue in the face. A chap at an adjoining table jumped up, did the manoeuvre around his chest and expelled the steak, thus saving his life, but in so doing he cracked a rib. In the middle of the night Madame Balestre phoned my room saying her husband was in pain, so I went and gave him a local anaesthetic and some painkillers. My reward came when I got to Zandvoort for the next race and found the FIA were now booking and paying for my hotel room.

"In 1981 Balestre set up the FIA Medical Commission, and I became its president. We began to hammer out standards for medical centres and procedures at every circuit. Balestre was a very smart chap, actually, but he was very short-tempered and would fly into a paroxysm of rage about small things. Nelson Piquet, who was very mischievous, used to tease him unmercifully. Once Piquet said he'd found Balestre's hotel key in the pitlane, and gave it to him. It had a metal tag attached which said, 'Admit one prostitute to the room of the president.' Another time Balestre was making an endless pompous speech at one of the drivers' briefings, and Piquet was standing beside him with a litre bottle of mineral water, pouring it into the pocket of Balestre's blazer. Everybody could see what he was doing, but it was a while before Balestre became aware of the wetness seeping through his trousers.

"I quickly got to know all the drivers on a personal level. I became a sort of father »»»

figure – although later I suppose it was a grandfather figure. They regarded me as one of them, in the sense that they knew I was at the back on the first lap, and I'd be with them as soon as possible if anything went wrong, in practice or the race. Gilles Villeneuve used to joke about it – he'd say, 'I hope I never need you, Prof.' That was the first thing that went through my head when he crashed at Zolder in 1982.

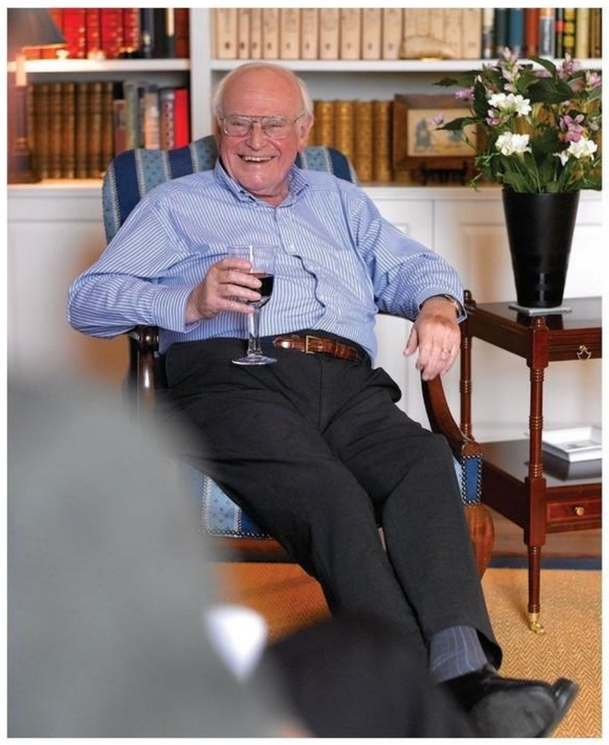
"Gilles was unconscious when we got to him but his pupils were working. He wasn't breathing, but he had a pulse, so I put a tube in and ventilated him until we got him to the medical centre. We kept him ventilated in the helicopter until we got him to the hospital in Liège. The X-rays confirmed that he had an irreparable neck fracture, and it was obviously going to be fatal. We kept him on a respirator until his wife arrived. We told her what the situation was, and she was very brave and dignified. Then we switched him off." Sid enunciates the medical details professionally, with apparent lack of passion, but the quietness of his voice confirms his deep sadness and heartfelt regret. Has seeing so many race accidents ever made him dislike the sport, or feel that it is foolish?

"No. I've lived my life with head injuries, motorcycle accidents, car crashes. Most of them are equally tragic. I was always very upset when a racing driver got killed. It was particularly upsetting because they were my friends. Luckily we didn't lose many. And it did get better."

The tragedies get remembered, of course, but Sid's successes should be, too: the tracheotomy performed on Mika Häkkinen at the trackside in Adelaide in 1995, which saved his life; Martin Donnelly's dreadful accident at Jerez in 1990, which so nearly killed him but saw him, under Sid's care, eventually make a complete recovery; and so many more potentially very unpleasant incidents which received his prompt action, like Gerhard Berger's fiery crash at Imola in 1989.

"Jody Scheckter I was very close to. He could be argumentative and sulk a bit, but he really cared about safety, and was outspoken about it. If anyone was hurt he was always on the phone wanting to know how they were. Nigel Mansell: well, I had a lot of amusement with him. He had this penchant for appearing injured when he wasn't. In Australia he drove gently into the barrier, got out of his car and limped to a nearby ambulance. James Hunt spotted it at once on television: 'Look, he's limping on alternate legs!'. But sometimes I didn't find it so funny. At Spa in 1990 somebody nudged him at the start and his Ferrari went into the barrier before La Source. As our car passed him I could see him slumped in the cockpit, head down, so I shouted to my driver to stop. There was another accident ahead and they red-flagged the race, but I ran back up the hill to him first. As I ran there was a sound like a pistol shot: I'd snapped a tendon in my leg. I was in some pain but I hobbled to the Ferrari's cockpit and Nigel was still motionless, his helmet down. So I tapped on the helmet and shouted, 'Nigel?' He looked up, opened his visor, and I said, 'What's wrong with you?' 'Nothing,' he said. I said a very rude word and limped back to the car and we went to check on the other accident ahead. Then I was driven to the medical centre to get my leg strapped up.

"All the drivers were good chaps in their different ways, and I got on well with all of them. The only one I didn't like was Didier Pironi. He was a surly fellow. He wasn't grateful for anything we did for him after his Hockenheim accident. When we got to him he knew his legs were terribly injured, and he implored me to save them. I said to him, 'There's no way your legs are coming off. Even if they're very bad, they're not coming off today.' But after we'd flown in the helicopter to Heidlberg and we were getting ready for a very long and complicated operation, I was surprised to hear the consultant surgeon say bluntly to him that an amputation might be needed. I repeated to Pironi that I would not agree to such an action at that point, whatever might be necessary later. Later he complained to Bernie that he'd heard me say, while he was in the car, 'Let's take his leg off. It will be quicker for getting him out,' which of course I hadn't. I said to Bernie, 'No, it was his head I wanted to cut off.' I'm delighted to say that Pironi went on to make a good recovery, although he never returned to Formula 1. Of course he died in that powerboat accident five years later.



"Nigel had this penchant for appearing hurt when he wasn't"

"I knew Ayrton [Senna] better than any other driver. We were very close. He came to stay with me up here in Scotland, and we fished together. He gave a talk at my stepson's school, Loretto, and was so patient and inspiring with the boys, answering all their questions. A bishop who was visiting the school at the same time remarked on how spiritual he was. Among his various projects for the poor of Brazil, he funded a programme for medical support for people in the upper reaches of the Amazon. We'd agreed to go together and see it in action at the end of the 1994 season...

"I was staying with him in Brazil once on his farm, and there was a terrible storm. All the electricity and phone lines were down. I'd promised to phone Susan at a certain hour, so we set out for the nearest village to try to phone from there. We drove through the storm on waterlogged roads for a long time, finally got to the village and found a garage with lights on. Ayrton explained to the man there that we wanted to use his phone to call Europe. The man recognised Ayrton, but at first he refused. Ayrton gently explained that if I used my BT phone card it wouldn't cost him anything. Magically the word had gone around and every child in the village had gathered at the door. While I made my call, Ayrton stood in the rain signing autographs by the light of a street lamp until every child had one.

"I knew Michael [Schumacher] pretty well, too, and it's interesting that the two greatest drivers in recent years were both capable of misbehaving on the track. Ayrton seemed to undergo a personality change when he got in the car. I don't know how he justified to himself something like that incident in Japan with Alain Prost in 1990. He was telling everybody it was an accident, but that night he admitted to me in private that it was deliberate. He said, 'I backed off a little bit, let my left front go close to his right rear, we touched, and off he went.' From the medical car I saw him jump out in a flash and run back to the pits in case there was a restart, while poor Prost was still slumped dejectedly in his cockpit. I can't think of anybody else who was quite so deliberately naughty.

"I said to him once, 'You don't have to drive so quickly when you're in front, you just have to be in the lead. You don't need to be a lap ahead.' Later he said, 'Sid, I always think of your advice when I see your medical car as I go round the circuit. But by the next corner I've forgotten it!'

"That weekend at Imola he was dreadfully upset by Roland Ratzenberger's accident on the Saturday. We'd had such a good run, you see. Some big accidents, some big injuries, but nothing life-threatening apart from airway



Watkins and his successor Gary Hartstein treat a concussed Takuma Sato following his crash with Nick Heidfeld at the 2002 Austrian GP

LAT

obstruction, and I was always there quickly enough to deal with that. The last fatality at a Grand Prix had been Ricardo Paletti in Montréal, 12 years before. Rubens Barrichello's accident on the Friday had been bad – he'd had an airway obstruction, too – but our procedures had all gone well on that occasion. After Ratzenberger's accident on the Saturday Ayrton got into the medical centre at the back, jumped over the fence, and came in to ask me what was going on. When I told him he broke down, and wept on my shoulder. I suggested he should withdraw from the race. Actually, I said he should give up for good. He'd proved he was the best driver in the world, he'd been World Champion three times. 'Give it up,' I said, 'let's go fishing.' Then he composed himself and said, 'Sid, there are things we can't control. I cannot stop. I have to go on.' That was the last thing he said to me.

"Mario Casoni was driving for me that day. When he got me to Tamburello and I saw it was Ayrton it wasn't as difficult as it might have been, because I was too busy to think about anything except the job in hand. But I did regret that I hadn't leaned on him more, not to race. We got him out of the car and, even in the heat of the moment, I noticed he felt terribly light as I cradled him in my arms and laid him down on the Tarmac. I cut the strap to his helmet, got that off, got an airway in, and then I could look into his eyes, and that told me it was going to be a fatal accident. He had a terrible head injury. Then he made a funny noise, like a sigh, and that's when I think brain death occurred.

"We called the helicopter, and Ayrton was flown to the Ospedale Maggiore in Bologna with the intensive care anaesthetist. There was no point in my going, because there was nothing more to be done to influence the situation. I took his helmet back to the medical centre. I hadn't been able to examine it fully when the police seized it. Later it was returned to Ayrton's family, and they quite properly had it destroyed. As soon as the race was over, and I'd checked out some mechanics who had been injured in the pits, I went in the helicopter to the hospital. Everything had been properly managed there, but it was clear there was no hope. Ayrton's brother Leonardo and his manager were there, and I explained the situation to them, and I spoke on the phone to Ayrton's brother-in-law in Brazil. There was nothing more for me to do, and I got a lift back to my hotel. Of course the TV kept on playing and replaying the whole nightmare."

Senna's death sent shock waves around the world. Including testing accidents for Lehto, Lamy, Alesi and Montermini, there had been six big F1 accidents in a matter of weeks. Eleven days later Karl Wendlinger had his practice accident at Monaco. The next day FIA president Max Mosley announced a new Expert Advisory Group, made up of Sid as chairman, race director Charlie Whiting, safety delegate Roland Bruynseraede, technical advisor Peter Wright, an F1 driver and an F1 designer.

"Our brief was initially to look at car and cockpit design, crash barriers, circuit configurations. We've always had a pretty clever committee down the years, with drivers like Gerhard Berger, Michael Schumacher and Mark Webber, and technical people like Harvey Postlethwaite, John Barnard and Pat Symonds. We commissioned proper research, and we worked on side penetration, wheel tethers, impact absorption front and rear, collapsible steering, leg protection. The crash testing was very expensive, but McLaren made a chassis available to us and we came up with solutions very quickly. In the early days I'd wanted to put a head protection cushion behind the driver's head, and the FIA recommended it. But you don't get anywhere in F1 if you recommend something. If it weighs a few ounces they won't put it in. So it has to be mandatory. And nobody will accept a change that you just think would be a good thing. You have to prove it.

"Max Mosley, who'd taken over from Balestre as FIA president in 1993, made the funds available to get all this work done. Poor old Max, he's had to live through a lot of garbage recently, but I have to say he's been tremendous in supporting our safety work and pushing it through. Things have come a long way. When I started, one in 10 accidents resulted in death or serious injury. Now the ratio is one in 300. Think of Robert Kubica's accident at Montréal last year. I was watching the race with Lauda on TV in the paddock and Niki said, 'What do you think?' I said, 'He'll be unconscious. At the very least.' Well, he was only briefly unconscious. He was cracking Polish jokes as they lifted him out."

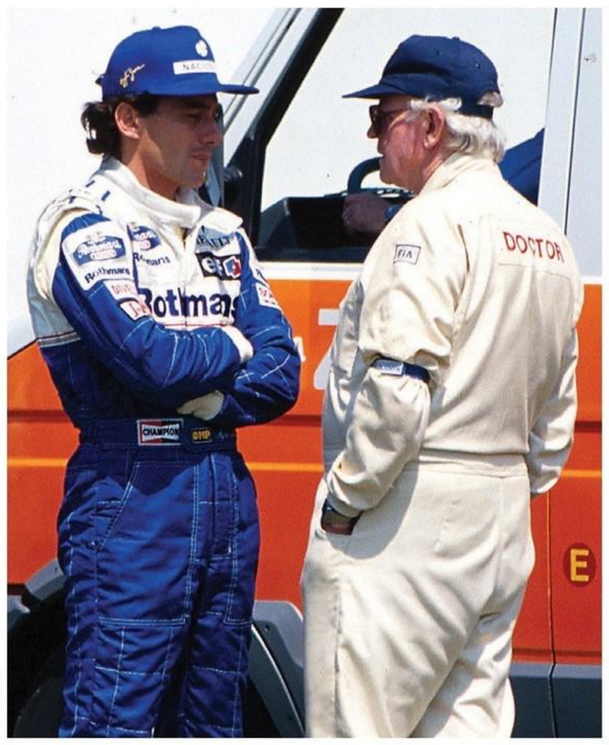


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"I knew Ayrton better than any other driver. We were very close"

In 2004 Sid retired as F1's medical chief at the races. "I handed over to Gary Hartstein. In some ways I had a sense of relief, not because I didn't want to do the job any more, but because of those endless long flights. I calculated I spent up to 140 days a year at the circuits, but I also spent 82 days physically in an aeroplane. Also, F1 has changed completely since the 1970s. There isn't the same sense of fun. Back then, even though there was tragedy, there was fun. The security is so high now, and the drivers, quite understandably, don't want to be bothered with all the people in the paddock. So they just do the disappearing trick. I used to have dinner with the drivers, enjoy their company, but in the end they would just go back to their rooms, have room service and go to sleep. Eventually that's what I did too."

Sid is still president of the FIA Institute of Motor Sport Safety. "We meet every three months, and we have a couple of scientific gatherings each year. We've developed a new type of safety barrier for use where there is little room for run-off, to stop a car from 200kph with acceptable rates of deceleration. After a lot of scientific testing using dummies, it was installed at Monza, at the second chicane and at the Parabolica. And it's not just about circuit racing. I took a look at a round of the World Rally Championship, and found it was like F1 in the 1960s. So we set up a research group. If a car hits a tree sideways it wraps around the tree, and the energy comes into the cockpit. It kills people. Now we've got new side protection in rally cars, which I believe has already saved lives. There's a karting group too. There were some karting deaths in children, and we've established that an adult-style crash helmet doesn't work properly on a child's head, even if it's the right size: there's a danger of neck injury. A lot of data was gathered by X-raying the heads of children from six to 18, and now we've got some new helmets for children of different ages."

Sid is 80 now, but his energy is still prodigious. When we met he'd just flown in from an Institute meeting at Indianapolis. "We co-operate closely with the Council for Motor Sports Safety in the USA, and we had NASCAR people there too."

Today there are already many drivers in F1 who do not know Professor Sid Watkins. But each time they line up on the grid they have reason to be grateful for his 30 years of dedicated work, his unruffled common sense, his down-to-earth determination to make things better. Generations of drivers still to come, and in fact every motor sport enthusiast, should also feel grateful. Thank you, Prof. Ⓜ

STADIUM RoCK

It's pure motor sport entertainment – drivers from different disciplines tearing round Wembley stadium to find out who is the best. And this year the Race of Champions celebrates its 20th anniversary

BY ED FOSTER

Was Senna better than Clark? How would Moss have stacked up against Schumacher? It can be fun to debate, but of course it's ultimately futile. The best we can do is compare drivers from the same eras. But what about Formula 1 stars versus their contemporary rally and touring car aces, to discover who is motor sport's ultimate champion? That's possible – because it happens every winter.

The Race of Champions, not to be confused with the old Brands Hatch non-championship F1 race, celebrates its 20th anniversary this year. There have been other concepts pitching drivers from different disciplines against each other – the International Race of Champions (IROC) stock car series and the Eaton Yale Rally Sprint, in which participants faced driving tests in fork-lift trucks, spring to mind. But none have been as 'fan friendly' as the stadium spectacle of the modern RoC.

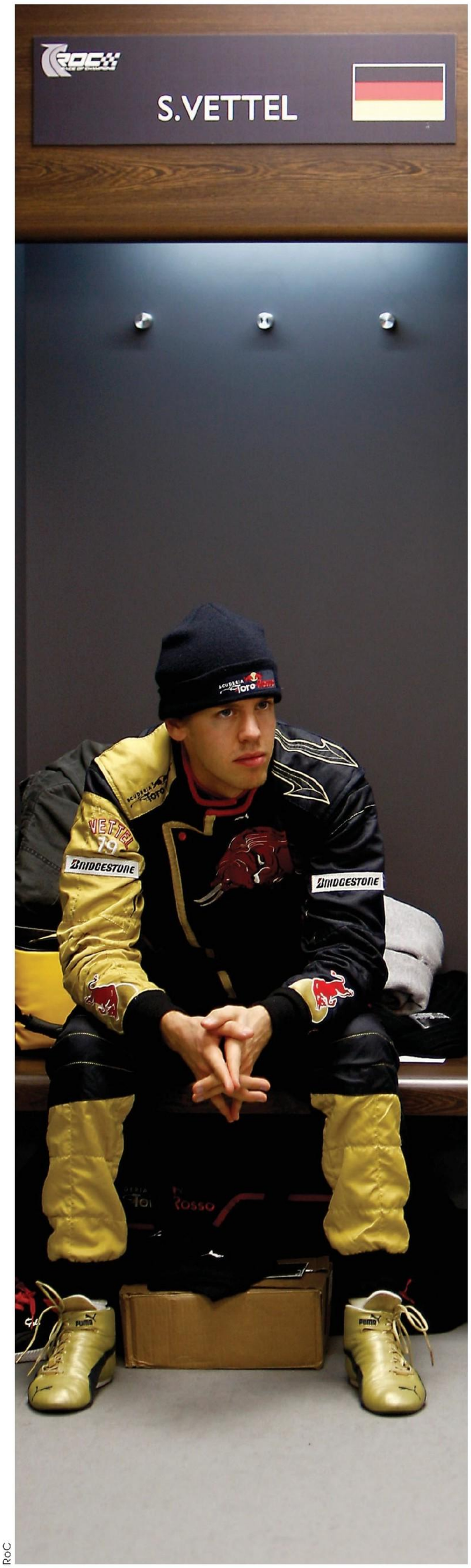
It is the creation of former journalist Fredrik Johnsson and rallying great Michèle Mouton, and was first staged at Montlhéry, then at the Nürburgring, Barcelona and Madrid, before running in the Canary Islands between 1992 and 2003 (thanks to a 12-year contract with the tourist board and the government). RoC switched to Paris for 2004 and finally to the new Wembley Stadium last winter.

Back in 1988 Fredrik and Michèle were both motivated to offer rally spectators more than the occasional passing car on a lonely forest stage. "I was working as a journalist for a big Swedish daily following Formula 1 and world rallying," Fredrik says. "I was out on rallies at that time and there was really only one manufacturer with the best car. So you knew before the season was starting who would be World Champion.

"I said that we'd have to invite all the world's best drivers and make them compete in identical cars to see who is really the fastest of all. I said, you know, we have to make it more spectator friendly, so the spectators can see the majority of the track and also TV can follow it, because at the time TV didn't have the resources to film the way it does today.

"So that's the way it came up with Michèle. We sat down and realised it was the 10th anniversary of the world rally drivers' championship in 1988, so we invited all the official World Rally Champions and they all accepted. We included the six cars that had been dominating the last 10 years (the BMW M3, Audi Quattro S1, Lancia Delta Integrale, Ford Sierra Cosworth, Opel Manta and Peugeot 205 Turbo 16) and it was really successful."

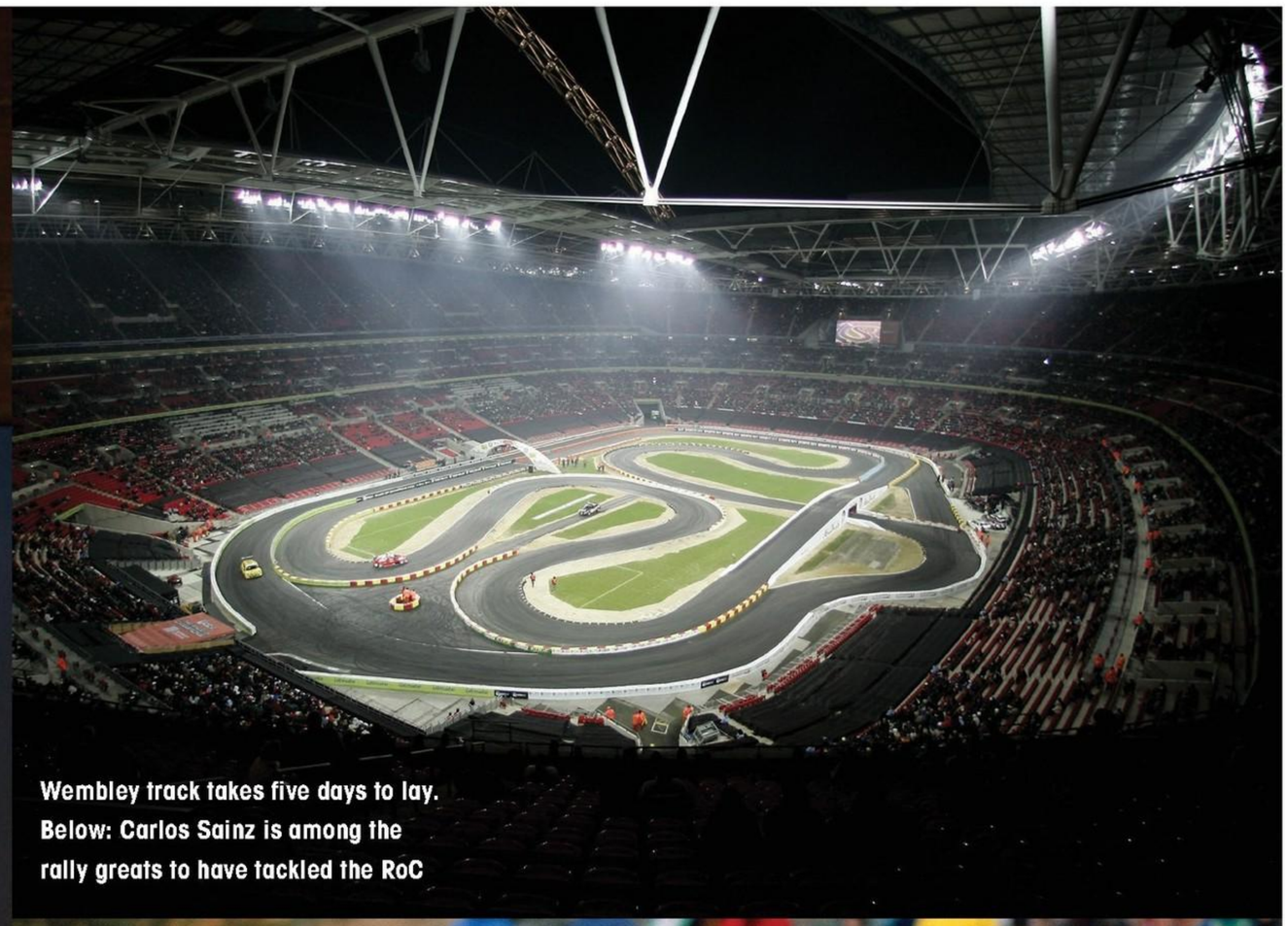
With names such as Björn Waldegård, Walter Röhrl, Hannu Mikkola, Timo Salonen, Ari Vatanen, Stig Blomqvist, Juha Kankkunen and Miki Biasion on the entry list, it comes as no surprise that despite driving rain 15,000 spectators turned out to see who was the 'fastest of all'. Kankkunen was crowned Champion ➤➤➤



RoC

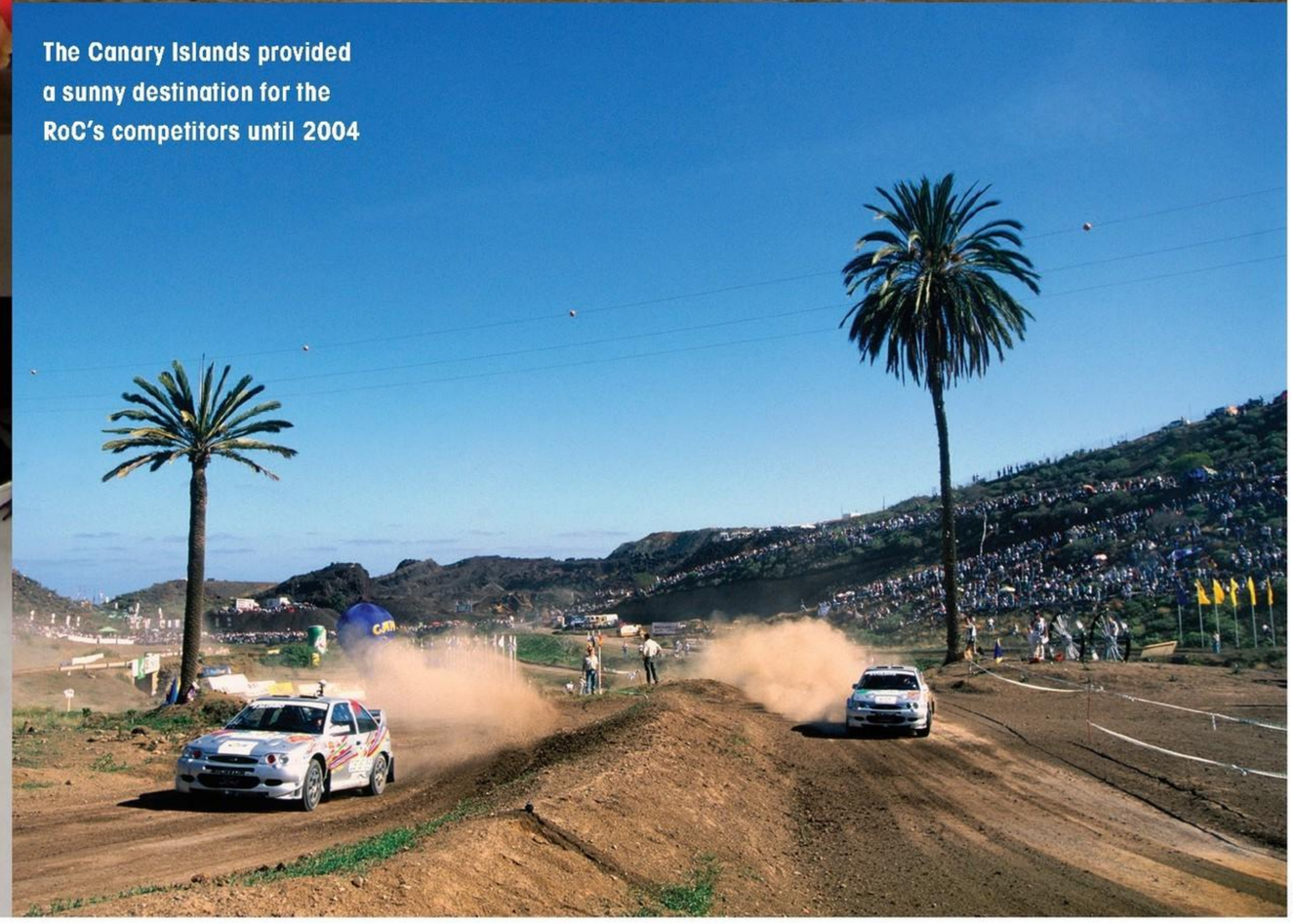


Vettel and Schumacher are sure to be favourites for this year's Nations Cup



Wembley track takes five days to lay. Below: Carlos Sainz is among the rally greats to have tackled the RoC





The Canary Islands provided a sunny destination for the RoC's competitors until 2004

LAT

of Champions after defeating Salonen in the final, and went on to win again in 1991.

But sometimes even the best recipes need a little extra spice. Look at IROC: it was a simple idea that worked well, but in March this year its assets were liquidated. It was a series well known for nail-biting finishes featuring racing so exciting that it had the hot-dog eating crowd's heart rates up to breaking point. Try visiting YouTube and typing in '1999 IROC, Dale Earnhardt and Dale Earnhardt Jr' to see just *how* close a finish oval racing can offer, not to mention just how serious father-son competitiveness can get.


RoC

"The drivers have no obligation, they really want to be here"

MICHELE MOUTON

Keeping it fresh is imperative, as Fredrik and Michèle understand so well. They introduced a parallel circuit to the RoC in 1989, so two cars could run together on separate yet identical-length tracks which offered, as Fredrik says, "a winner and a loser every few minutes". Then in 1999 they started the Nations Cup. This was perhaps the best thing that could have happened to the rally-dominated event, as now the entry was open to any type of racing driver.

Michèle admits that this was partly the result of Tommi Mäkinen dominating the WRC, but also thanks to Michelin. The tyre company sponsored the RoC and brought racing drivers from all aspects of the sport to come and watch. Fredrik says: "They all got so excited. 'I want to drive! Can I get in the car? Can you invite me next year?' They all wanted to come, so we said 'if they're all so excited, why don't we create a Nations Cup?' And we opened up to other drivers." Since then they have had the likes of Fernando Alonso, Felipe Massa, David Coulthard, Jenson Button, Jean Alesi, NASCAR ace Jimmie Johnson and MotoGP superstar Valentino Rossi making their stand to become the individual Champion of Champions.

As well as bringing a selection of cars from various manufacturers each year, RoC has also introduced its own machine, the RoC buggy, which is used to decide the Champion of Champions, a title that a certain Michael Schumacher missed out on last year with a final corner slip-up. The 'normal' cars are used for the Nations Cup, which this year is represented (so far) by Sebastian Vettel and Schumacher for Team Germany, Mark Webber and Troy Bayliss for Team Australia, Sébastien Loeb for Team France, Jenson Button and Andy Priaulx for Team Britain and Tom Kristensen and Mattias Ekström (the Champion of Champions in 2006 and '07) for Team Scandinavia.

As one can imagine, there is some pretty serious rivalry, especially since they have only a short time in the cars and on the circuit. With such talent on track any small mistake means your race is over. "For them it's fun, they have no pressure at all," Michèle tries to assure me. "But once you are in the car you have equal material, and you know that then you have to *really* concentrate because a little mistake and, BANG. You lose. So it's serious.

"For us the most important thing is that the drivers enjoy it. Because if they don't, they don't come back. They have no obligation, but they really want to be here. If you tell Tom Kristensen that he is not coming to the Race of Champions, then he will be mad! He just loves it."

Last year was the first time the event was held at Wembley, but Fredrik is keen to point out that it was the move from the Canary Islands to the Stade de France in Paris that gave the event a real boost.

"We felt we needed to be in a more central location. And being in a modern sports stadium in a big city really changed the dynamics of the event and opened it up to a larger audience. We went to Wembley because it is probably the most mythical and famous stadium in the world, and when they re-opened it last year they approached us. They are one of many stadiums who approached us but we just felt that was the best place to go. Also the fans in England are so passionate about motor sport.

"It takes us about five days to transform the stadium into a Tarmac racing track. We've managed to really nail down the operations and make it very efficient, so five days to build it and two to three days to clear it up. It's thousands of tonnes of Tarmac; it's a huge, huge operation."

A huge operation it may be, but it's an even bigger spectacle. This year's event on December 14 promises to be as loud, fast and competitive as ever. And as for who will win? Well, it usually comes down to a thousandth of a second gap, so be careful where you place your bets...



INSIGHT

MY RoC EXPERIENCE

A lap with Michèle and a 'spin' in a buggy are all part of the fun

The Race of Champions cars may be called 'buggies', but I can assure you they have very little in common with what you see on Halfords' shelves. The 475kg cars are equipped with a 1100cc, four-cylinder Blackbird motorcycle engine, which produces a punchy 170bhp at 9500rpm. When you put the power and weight together you're looking at a particularly enjoyable driving experience with a fairly excessive 358bhp per tonne.

When the editor offered me the opportunity to go and drive one of these machines at an RoC launch event, I jumped at the chance. Off to Düsseldorf in Germany I went (the cars are kept there in storage ready for their 'big day'), where Michèle Mouton was waiting to give me a guided tour of a specially set-up car park course in an Audi Quattro (above). After that I was shown to one of the buggies, which was fitted with rather thin tyres considering it was very wet. "It eez OK, you steer with zee throttle," said one of the mechanics as I tried to squeeze my 6ft 7in frame into the machine. "It is sequential, sort of. I mean, you pull the lever towards you and then it changes when you let go." What could go wrong?

On track it is *very* slippery, but after a few tentative laps the confidence builds and the car becomes an absolute delight to drive. It's easy to see why the Race of Champions drivers emerge from the cockpit with such huge smiles on their faces. These buggies are so utterly predictable and well set up that even someone as ham-fisted as me can steer them on "zee throttle" for a limited period. And then I spun it. Twice. I suspect my invitation to take part in the event has been put on hold...



After the hype, the verdict

The Nissan GT-R has made a deep impression in Britain this year. But with so much praise to live up to, does this bargain supercar meet expectations?

BY ANDREW FRANKEL

There is huge pressure among those who earn their living as I do not only to drive every important new car, but to do so before anyone else. Clearly there is a commercial imperative – if you've driven something no one else has, the resulting story will always be easier to sell – but there's also a pride factor: we want to tell and not be told what a car is like. But with some 150 new cars being launched every year, you can't cover them all, so you try to pick those you think will be of most interest. But even then, every year one or two inevitably fall through the net. And this Nissan GT-R was one of them.

By the time I finally made its acquaintance, I felt swamped by the tidal wave of hype upon which this all-wheel drive technological powerhouse had come surfing onto these shores. Colleagues who can normally be relied upon to remain level-headed in the face of even the most excellent and exciting of cars came over as giddy as a love-struck teenager back from a first date with the girl of his dreams.

And if I dared suggest I found it a little implausible that a car weighing more than an Audi A8 could somehow be more fun to drive than an Audi R8, I'd get the same withering looks I remember receiving from my brothers when they had children and I did not, and I dared make even the smallest observation concerning them. One was even good enough to explain, "until you have one, you couldn't possibly understand."

Maybe so. But now I've driven the GT-R on road and track, in the dry and wet, and I hope that I understand it well enough. And for what it is, it is perhaps the most remarkable road car I have driven. Point to point it's so quick I think a Ferrari 599GTB would struggle, and I mean really struggle, to keep up with it. Yet while Ferrari's fastest retails for a cool £202,425 when fitted with a paddle-shift gearbox like that used by the Nissan, you can park a GT-R outside your house for £52,900, or little more than a quarter of the cost of the Ferrari.

Part of this speed is explained by its 3.8-litre twin-turbo V6 motor, and if the one I drove had only the 480bhp claimed for it, they were the healthiest horses I've come across in a very long time. Nissan says it will cannon to 62mph in 3.5sec and I don't doubt it. That suggests a 0-60mph time in the 3.3-3.4sec region, which is just a tenth or two off a McLaren F1. Perhaps more relevantly, it's also a full second quicker than a Porsche 911 Carrera S fitted, like the GT-R, with four-wheel drive and a semi-automatic gearbox. At this level, that's a lifetime. And while the Porsche engine is almost 100bhp shy of that in the Nissan, the 911 itself is so much lighter, its actual power to weight ratio is only slightly inferior.







NISSAN GT-R

ENGINE: 3.8-litre twin-turbocharged V6, petrol
POWER/TORQUE: 480bhp at 6400rpm, 434lb/ft at 3200-5200rpm
GEARBOX: GR6 dual-clutch transmission
TYRES: f: 255/40; r: 285/35
FUEL: 23.2mpg
ACCELERATION: 0-62mph: 3.5sec
SUSPENSION: f: independent double wishbones, anti-roll bar, Damptronic dampers; r: independent multi-link, Damptronic dampers
BRAKES: f: Brembo 380mm ventilated discs; r: Brembo 380mm ventilated discs
PRICE: £52,900
TOP SPEED: 195mph



Just as remarkable, given the 1740kg of bulk the GT-R must carry from place to place, is its speed through corners. The tyres on the test car were distinctly sporting in construction and compound as you'd expect, but they weren't the cut slicks you now find on certain extreme performance machines. Yet they generate the lateral acceleration you'd expect from a lightweight, mid-engined supercar, not a lumbering coupé with an engine under its bonnet. For this thank a transaxle twin-clutch gearbox between the rear wheels (the first of its type in the world, says Nissan) helping optimise weight distribution while reducing shift times to faster than you can think.

The result: a 7min 29sec lap of the Nürburgring Nordschleife, to name but one more easily digestible statistic. Put into perspective, had it been entered for the last 1000km race held there in 1983 in the height of the Group C era, that lap would have qualified it 11th out of a 38-car entry. Strange to think that for £52,900 you can buy an air-conditioned road car with space for four and a big boot that will lap faster than a slick-shod, bewinged, full race Brun Motorsport BMW M1. Such is the pace of progress.

Whether such bald facts or indeed such raw performance makes the GT-R a worthy place to park such a sum is another matter altogether. Climb aboard and you'll think you've stepped into the cockpit of a space shuttle. Here you'll find out all those things you've been dying to discover, from your throttle opening, steering angle and brake pressure to your longitudinal and lateral acceleration and, of course, the torque split at any given time between the front and rear wheels. What amuses me about most of this information is that if you're driving fast enough for it to have any value, the last thing you should be doing is gazing at a display screen trying to read and decipher all those dancing diodes and flickering lines. It would make an interesting insurance claim: 'I was just checking to see if it really was pulling 1.4g lateral at the apex so wasn't actually watching the road…'

I think it's fair to say that the GT-R is the best car I've ever been disappointed by. Everything it did was as impressive as I'd been led to believe by all those who drove it before me. But sheer speed is not enough, even when it comes complete with the immaculate manners of the GT-R. I can remember slithering around a wet track in it, marvelling at the slip angles it would generate without even thinking of spinning, yet wondering why I wasn't enjoying myself more.

The truly great performance car lets you take the lead role in the action by providing you with a complete supporting cast of talents: in the GT-R I didn't even feel on the stage. My part was reduced to that of director – important, but always one step removed. For while I could issue ever more outrageous instructions and marvel at its ability to execute each one with dizzying degrees of deftness, there was no rapport, no chemistry between us. It was simply doing the job I asked it to, and doing it bloody well.

I wonder how I'd feel had I driven it before rather than after everyone else. In theory, the verdict should be no different; in fact you end up feeling like a jury member attending a case that has attracted considerable public interest and then being asked to ignore everything you've read and seen on TV. It's just not possible.

So if I ended up disappointed with the GT-R in a way that might not have been the case a few months back, my apologies to Nissan and the extraordinary car it has created, but through no fault of its own it turns out I approached it with a level of expectation higher than it was capable of reaching.

Driving a car after everyone else has been an interesting, even salutary experience and I shall be doing everything I can in future to make sure it doesn't happen again.



Marc Wright



Rulers of a racing empire

Gian Paolo Dallara and new business partner Andrea Pontremoli are the men behind the world's most successful yet understated racing car builder

BY DAMIEN SMITH

||| DALLARA AUTOMOBILI

Varano de' Melegari is a small 'municipality', a huddle of pretty villages nestling on the side of a valley 30kms south-west of Parma. Not far from the Tuscan borders, it hints at the 'rustic charm' idyll so adored by English middle-class families and Channel 4. The green rolling hills are a relief after the monotonous miles of harsh industrial flatness that characterises the drive from Milan. As the landscape rises ahead of us, we look for a sign – any sign – that the world's largest, most influential and most successful racing car builder of modern times is hidden away in this Italian *rifugio*.

The sat nav's confused. It's sent us down to the river, where locals bathe in the shadows of a bridge carrying an *autostrada*. Luckily I've been to Varano before, eight years ago, so we leave the bathers and head into the valley. We're close now, but I know it will be easy to miss. Sure enough we flash past the tiny sign: Dallara Automobili SPA. We head back to the anonymous turn and there it is. The simple, two-storey building set back from the road, adorned with a logo a million times less well known than Ferrari's prancing horse.

But modest impressions can be deceptive. Dallara doesn't appear to be an imposing presence, but its influence is felt from the top to the bottom of this valley. Gian Paolo Dallara, the local boy made good, owns large chunks of land and property in the area, including the Varano race track across the road from the factory. He is a respected and admired figure among the community – much as he is on the motor sport stage around the globe. He just doesn't shout about it, that's all.

Ingegnere Dallara has grafted for 36 years to create his family empire – and as I discover, he's not finished yet. This is an Italian gentleman in the old tradition: quietly charismatic, humble, warm and very proud. He's 72, but hasn't aged a jot since my last visit eight years ago.

But while he is the same, much has changed at his company. It has grown at least twice as large, thanks to the impressive addition of a second wind tunnel built on a neighbouring piece of land. And a new partner, who I shall meet later, has come on board to help spread the word: home-grown Dallara is a worldwide success – and now it's ready to shout about it.

IRL Indycar, GP2, World Series by Renault, Formula 3, Indy Lights, Grand-Am, German junior series Formel Master: these are just the series in which Dallara officially plies its trade. Its growing consultancy business also stretches into Le Mans, the DTM, road cars such as the Bugatti Veyron and the new KTM X-Bow, and yes, Grand Prix racing, too.

Last winter it was faced with the daunting target of building new cars for GP2, World Series by Renault, F3, extra IRL chassis for emigrating Champ Car teams following the Indycar unification, and a handful of Grand-Am cars. The total added up to nearly 200 racing cars. This is a truly remarkable company.

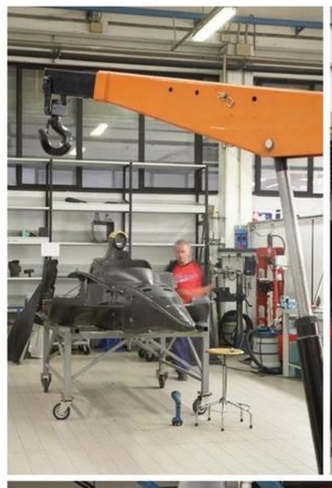
You could never accuse Gian Paolo Dallara of being ostentatious. His office is sparse and is dominated by a single, giant Western-style cactus, a hint of his successful raid into the US racing scene over the past 12 years.

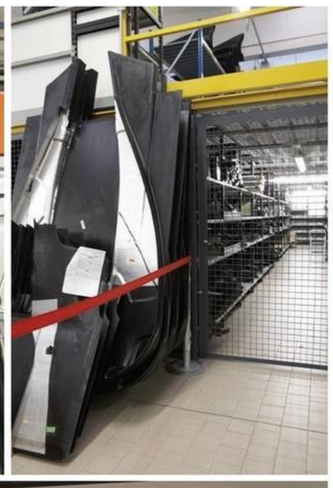
"I am not retiring," he states softly in his excellent English. "I still come in at 8am and leave at 6pm. And I am happy because now I see a future for the company." Dallara Automobili is expanding – but only on the boss's terms.

The boss is another of motor racing's Italian alumuni to have graduated from the Polytechnic of Milan. That was in 1959, when he was 22. "I was studying aeronautical engineering when Ferrari began hiring wind tunnel staff," he says. "Of course, when Ferrari asks, you go. It was at this point that I became fanatical about racing cars – as I continue to be."

What an apprenticeship – he worked under the wing of Carlo Chiti, joining Ferrari in the same month as Mauro Forghieri: "I was in the engine area, Forghieri was in the chassis area. And of course my work was in the office and I wanted to see the races..."

That ambition drove him towards Maserati, despite its best racing days being far behind it. "My first job was to follow the Cooper-Maserati at the Sebring 12 Hours in 1962, and the drivers were Bruce McLaren and Roger Penske," he says. "It was a fantastic experience!"







Production never stops at busy Dallara factory

But as Maserati's decline accelerated, Dallara was on the move again – to Lamborghini. In a few short years he had worked within Italy's three great motoring houses, lodging away vital experience he would one day call upon. But for now, in the mid-1960s, he was about to play a lead role in the creation of an automotive icon.

"Lamborghini was starting a new project – the 350GT," says Dallara. "By the end of the year I was in charge of the chassis design. I was not ready for this, but neither I nor Lamborghini realised I was too young! I should have paid them for what I learnt. We did the 350GT, the 400GT, the Miura and the Espada – fantastic."

He cites the Miura as one of the highlights of his career, but the call of the tracks was too much to resist. He joined De Tomaso and worked on the Formula 2 car raced by Jacky Ickx, Jonathan Williams and Piers Courage. Next was Formula 1 – with Frank Williams.

"We started with a white sheet of paper with the De Tomaso F1 car in 1970 – but paid a lot of attention to the Brabham. The car was not the best, but we were third with Courage in the International Trophy at Silverstone."

But tragedy soon followed. Courage was killed at Zandvoort, Williams was shattered and the De Tomaso F1 project faded away. Dallara was out of racing again – but not for long. It was time to go it alone.

Dallara Automobili was born in 1972. To begin with, Gian Paolo took on some consultancy work for another Italian giant, Lancia. The car? None other than the Stratos. On the track, the company specialised in small-capacity sports racers and the cars enjoyed Italian domestic success. A Group 5 project followed, Dallara modifying the Fiat X19 despite little funding from the works. But it paid off – the car was successful enough for Lancia to come calling with a proper budget. Gian Paolo joined the team heading to Pininfarina's wind tunnel to work on the Group 5 Beta Montecarlo, which claimed back-to-back World Championship for Makes titles in 1980 and '81. His work with Lancia would continue into the new decade, Dallara heading the chassis design on the open-top LC1 and the Group C LC2 closed car.

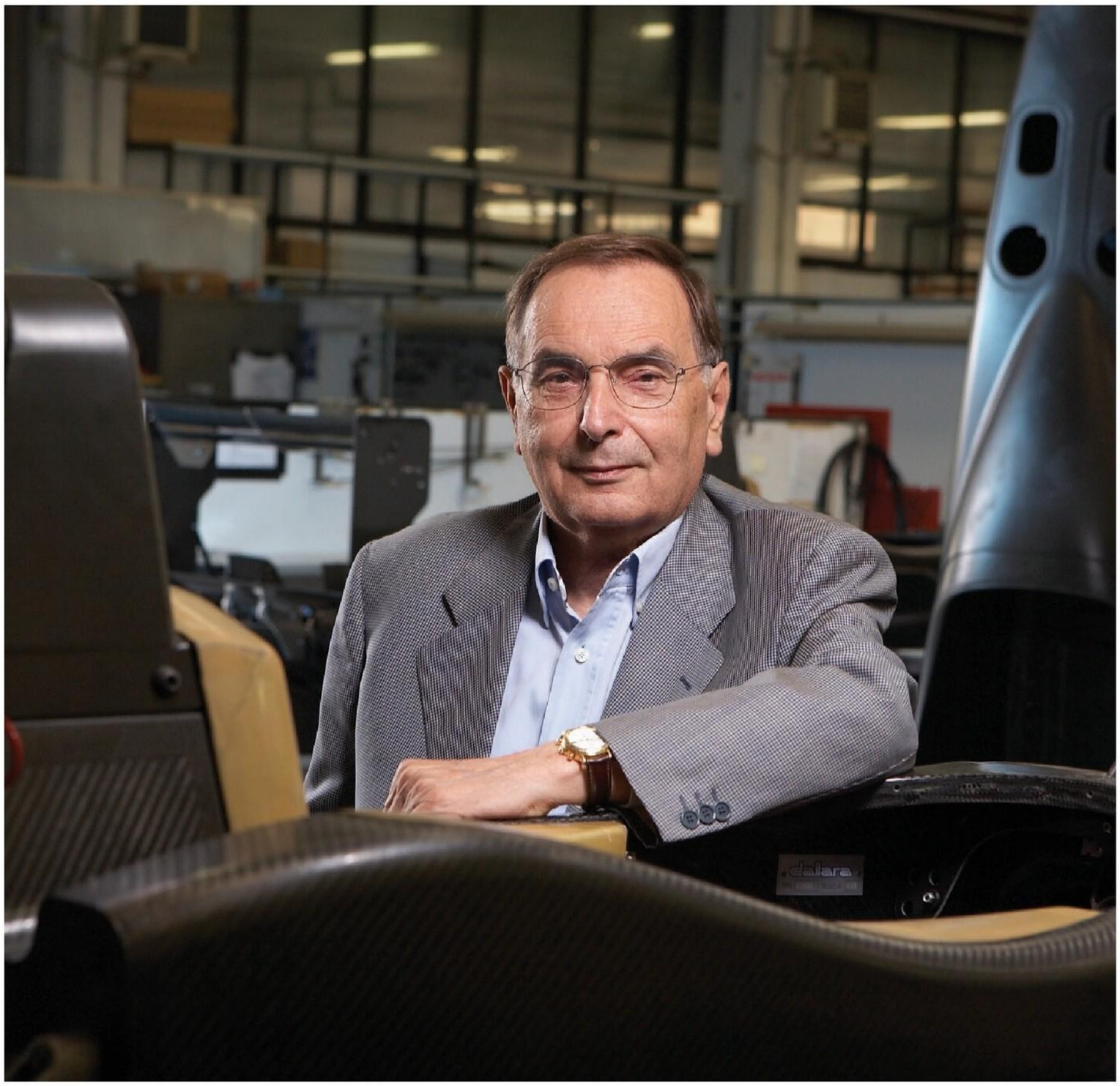
The Lancia sports cars earned Dallara further experience, kudos – and most crucially extra capital to develop his company. Dallara had been building F3 cars since 1978, and through the '80s it emerged as the dominant force in the junior category – at least on the Continent.

"We were successful in Italy, France, Germany – but not in England." Dallara winces. "If you win in F3 but you can't win in England it means you are not the best. But we became the best."

They sure did. Everything changed in 1993, when Dallara finally made its British »»

Clockwise from top left: Dallara worked on 1970 De Tomaso F1 before starting his own business; Lancia Group 5 Beta Montecarlo was an early success; F3 chassis caught on in Britain in '93 – Kelvin Burt won the title in one; Dallaras dominate unified IRL; company built F1 chassis for Scuderia Italia from '88-92, but with limited success; promising Honda mule, tested by Verstappen in '99, failed to come to fruition; Lamborghini Miura is a highlight of Gian Paolo's career; next target for Dallara is Grand-Am; consultancy work is growing and includes KTM X-Bow

All images LAT



breakthrough. It all began when the little-known Steven Arnold introduced a Class A Dallara to British F3 and started going quickly. When his highly rated team-mate Warren Hughes stormed from 21st on the grid to sixth at Thruxton in April – beating the pole time by 0.2sec – the tide began to turn. The teams were quick to spot Dallara's potential, and Reynard and Ralt suddenly found their customers deserting them. Edenbridge Racing's Oliver Gavin scored Dallara's first British F3 win at Silverstone in May, and by July all but a few Class A runners had switched to the Italian chassis – including Kelvin Burt, who discarded his Reynard to save his dwindling points lead. The Paul Stewart Racing ace went on to claim the championship in his new Dallara.

It had all happened so suddenly, in a few short months. Why then, when Dallara had been mopping up in Europe for years? "You cannot tell someone the car is good, you have got to show them," says Dallara. "We were expecting someone to come to us to run a car, but no one did, and we did not have a contact in England back then. It needed someone to take a risk."

For the past 15 years Dallara has dominated F3 the world over. The likes of Martini, Lola and Mygale have taken them on – and beaten them on occasion, as Mygale did earlier this year in Britain. But the reality is that F3 has more or less become a one-make chassis formula, such is Dallara's strangehold.

"Grand-Am is an investment to keep our company alive with the proper mentality"

GIAN PAOLO DALLARA

There have been sorties into F1 over the years, but the world's largest producer of customer racing cars isn't built for the specialities of running a Grand Prix team. From 1988 to 1992, the company produced F1 chassis for Scuderia Italia, but the programme only ever showed glimpses of promise with drivers such as Alex Caffi, Andrea de Cesaris, JJ Lehto, Emanuele Pirro and Pierluigi Martini. Then two years ago the company entered into a technical partnership with the Midland F1 team, a deal that worked closer to Dallara's consultancy strengths. Former Jordan and Stewart technical director Gary Anderson was brought in to head a development team, and it proved to be a fruitful project for Dallara. But when Midland's Russian owner lost interest and sold out to Spyker, the project came to a premature end.

Its best crack at Grand Prix racing never even made the grid. Back in 1998, Honda was quietly planning a return to F1 and commissioned Harvey Postlethwaite to design a chassis, which was then built by Dallara. The RA099 lapped quickly in pre-season tests in the winter of 1999, driven by ex-Benetton driver Jos Verstappen, and a Honda entry for 2000 was guaranteed. But following Postlethwaite's fatal heart attack in April, the project was cancelled. Honda chose to re-enter F1 as an engine supplier with British American Racing instead. One senses a degree of regret when Dallara talks about the Honda project – he clearly believes its potential was genuine – but by 1999 the company had already made another breakthrough into a market that would spur it on again.

When Tony George initiated the split in Indycar racing by forming the Indy Racing League, Dallara was quick to spot an opportunity to crack America. "Tony was looking for car manufacturers in 1996 and it was a great chance to enter a championship at the start," says Dallara. "He offered an advance payment for 15 cars and would pay the rest when they arrived in the States, and I suppose he made the same offer to G-Force. At the time it was a big fight between the two of us and it took about six years for us to become the best. For most of that time we were similar on performance.

"Probably because of better service we had the opportunity to attract the best teams and in the end we arrived at the situation we're in now: 100 per cent of the field."

Very simply, Dallara has risen to its position as the master of customer racing cars by doing the best job, building quality cars and offering great service to its customers. In the age of one-make racing, it is the king. But I'm intrigued: like his old friend Frank Williams, Gian Paolo Dallara is a true racer. Surely, one-make racing is anathema to a man such as this. Does it really interest him?

"Yes, because first you have to make the cars for a reasonable price, then you have to make it competitive to other series in terms of lap time. The cost should be in line with the quality of the car, it should also be safe, and you must organise good service. The car has to work immediately because you have to build the cars all at the same time and you cannot adjust them very much after they are delivered. It is not easy. You have to bring all your racing experience. That is why I believe Grand-Am is an investment to keep our company alive with the proper mentality."

The NASCAR-run sports car series is dominated by the American Riley marque. Dallara admits it could take at least five years to change that. But how interesting that he believes the challenge of multi-chassis competition will keep his workforce sharp. So would he welcome rivals into the reunited Indycar market when new rules are drawn up for 2011? »»

"We are open to what they decide. There are rumours it will be a multi-engine competition. On the chassis, I hope we will be allowed in. It depends on the politics of the IRL. If they decide to keep the price down they might go for a one-make car. It will depend on how strong the push is from the big teams to have more freedom to improve the performance of the cars."

To build a business on such a volatile, politically driven sport is dangerous. Which is perhaps why, aside from building racing cars, Dallara is expanding into the area where Gian Paolo began: consultancy. Its work with major (and minor) car manufacturers now makes up 30 per cent of the Dallara business, aided by the new wind tunnel. But the consultancy stretches beyond its excellent aerodynamic capabilities, into areas such as computational fluid dynamics, composites, vehicle dynamics, component testing and poster rig testing. Thus a project such as the KTM X-Bow is now a reality for Dallara, allowing him to fulfil a desire to build 'a Lotus 7 for the 21st century'.

But at 72, Dallara knows he must secure the future for his 170 employees, many of whom are loyal locals who have worked for him for years. And this is where his new partner comes in.



Where Gian Paolo Dallara is a traditional Italian gentleman, you could say that Andrea Pontremoli is his modern equivalent. At a glance, he is a sharp-suited high-roller who drives a pristine BMW (Gian Paolo drives a well-worn sky blue Alfa 156), and sure enough Pontremoli is concerned with image – both his own and the company's. But there is more to him than meets the eye.

"The company was becoming too big for my knowledge regarding organisation," Dallara admits. "I have fantastic people working for me and I cannot leave the company to collapse without me. I had to find a solution, to give it another 20-25 years of life. The most stupid and easy way would be to sell to some big corporation that might just close us down. So I decided on a relationship with Andrea. First, he is 22 years younger than me – and also he thinks in the same way I do."

Along with the modern BMW, Pontremoli owns a Jaguar E-type and raced motorcycles in his youth. But his speciality is electronics rather than cars. "My first job was at IBM," he says. "I thought I would move on and do something different. Instead I stayed for 27 years."

He worked from the bottom rung as an engineer and climbed to the top, becoming president and CEO of IBM Italy in 2004. Meanwhile, living just 20 minutes down the road from the Dallara factory, he struck up a friendship with Gian Paolo. It is at this point that Dallara's story is tainted by tragedy.

> "We are already a 'teaching' company and we want to proceed in this way"
>
> ANDREA PONTREMOLI

Pontremoli explains: "We started having discussions three years ago with Gian Paolo's daughter, Caterina, who sadly today is no longer with us [she died of leukaemia in January 2007]. I decided last year when Caterina passed away to take this opportunity, to change my job and follow another of my passions."

At the height of his career at IBM he managed 25,000 people – quite a downsizing to buy into a company employing 170. "There is one thing in common," he says. "I am working for a company that is a market leader. Dallara is number one in its niche. And the dynamics inside, despite the size, are quite the same."

Pontremoli's role is to help improve overall organisation, and to 'develop the brand' – "using marketing not to sell more, but to sell better".

Below the surface, perhaps he is not so different to Gian Paolo after all. For example, his new partner had found it easier squeezing up to make room for him than he expected. "It helps that we are friends and we share the same values," Pontremoli says. "Also our respective know-how is so completely different. I am taking away from him the things he doesn't want to manage – the organisation, the brand, the sales, the finance and so on. They are not in his heart. Now he can work on the technical part, which is what he likes."

The pair share another ambition, a vision that could almost be described as philanthropical. "The most important asset in any company is the people," Pontremoli states. Easy to say, but then he backs it up: "We would like to develop a university in this area. We have everything here in terms of design, composites – even a race circuit. We are already a 'teaching' company and we want to proceed in this way."

Pontremoli is a lot less reticent than his partner to admit to Dallara's involvement in the F1 world, but neither can name names. It's all highly confidential – "not even people on the inside know about everything we do," he says. But a full F1 project? No way – and no need. Neither want Dallara to grow too fast and too big.

As we return to the industrial plains around Milan I reflect on how much – and how little – has changed in eight years at this unpretentious company. Dallara has prospered and grown, and will continue to do so. But it is firmly rooted by its history and the man who built it. Ⓜ

THE GALLERY

PRESENTING THE FINEST IMAGES FROM THE BEST PHOTOGRAPHERS



Charles Coates

MARINA BAY, SINGAPORE – SEPTEMBER 26-28, 2008

Steven Tee gives an overview of shooting F1 at night: "Photographing F1 cars at night presents unique but thrilling challenges, requiring careful pre-planning, especially concerning where and when to place yourself at certain points on the track. The big wheel and city sunset shots were possible only while there was sufficient light in the sky. During Friday and Saturday's first practice sessions we had just a single lap to capture any general views – 10 minutes later and it would have been too dark. Locating interesting vantage points beforehand was also vital. For instance, the city sunset shot was taken from the 17th floor of the Ritz Carlton hotel. Photographing through the safety fence enabled Charles Coates to capture Hamilton's McLaren on the 100-year-old Anderson Bridge. Andrew Ferraro's shot is a perfect demonstration of the crowds' real proximity to the cars, which is a unique aspect of the Singapore circuit in this era of sanitised Hermann Tilke-designed tracks. My use of a starburst filter accentuated the glare of floodlights illuminating the grid as Lewis climbed out of his car. Overall, Singapore can feel very proud of its event; the bar has definitely been raised for future new venues."

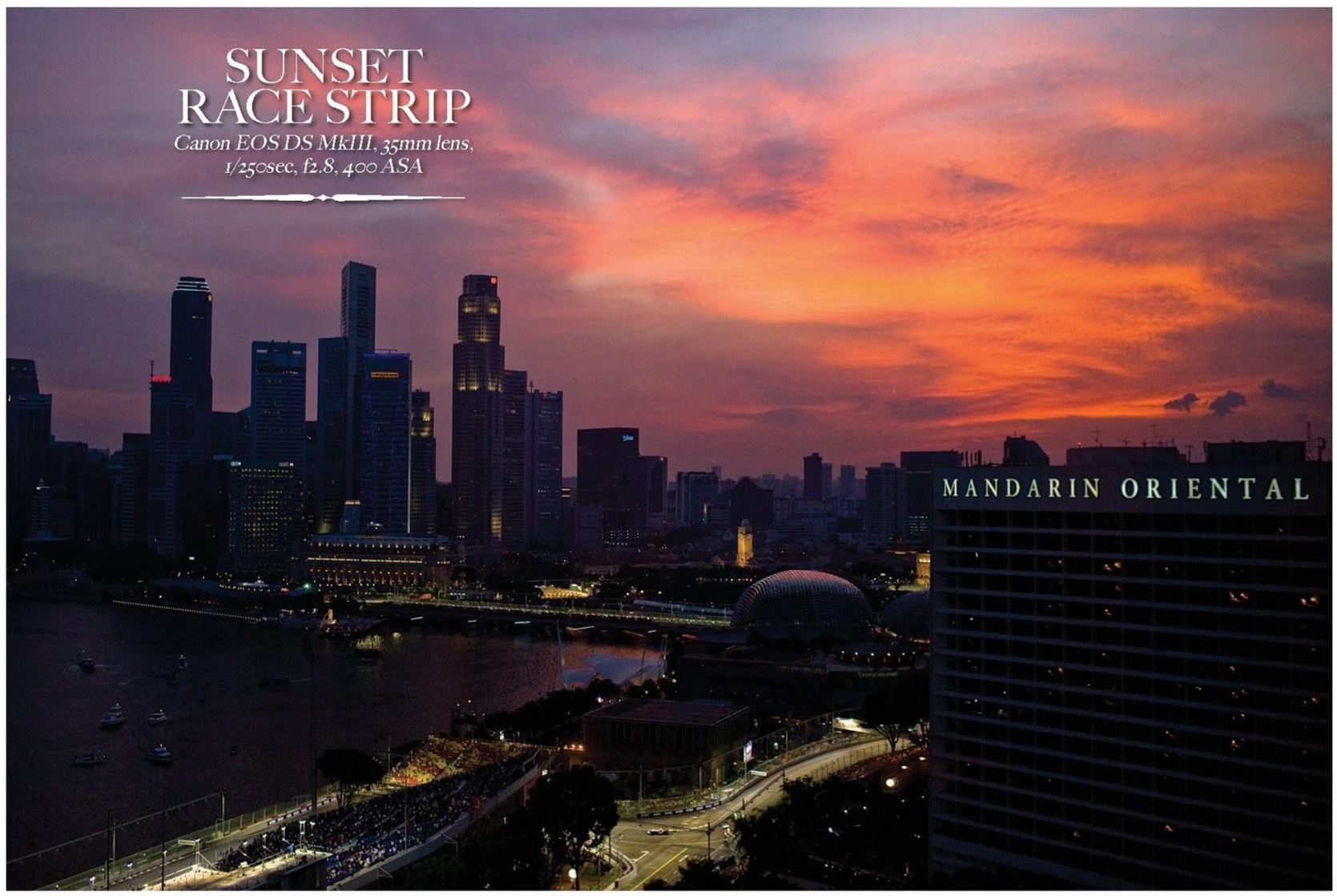
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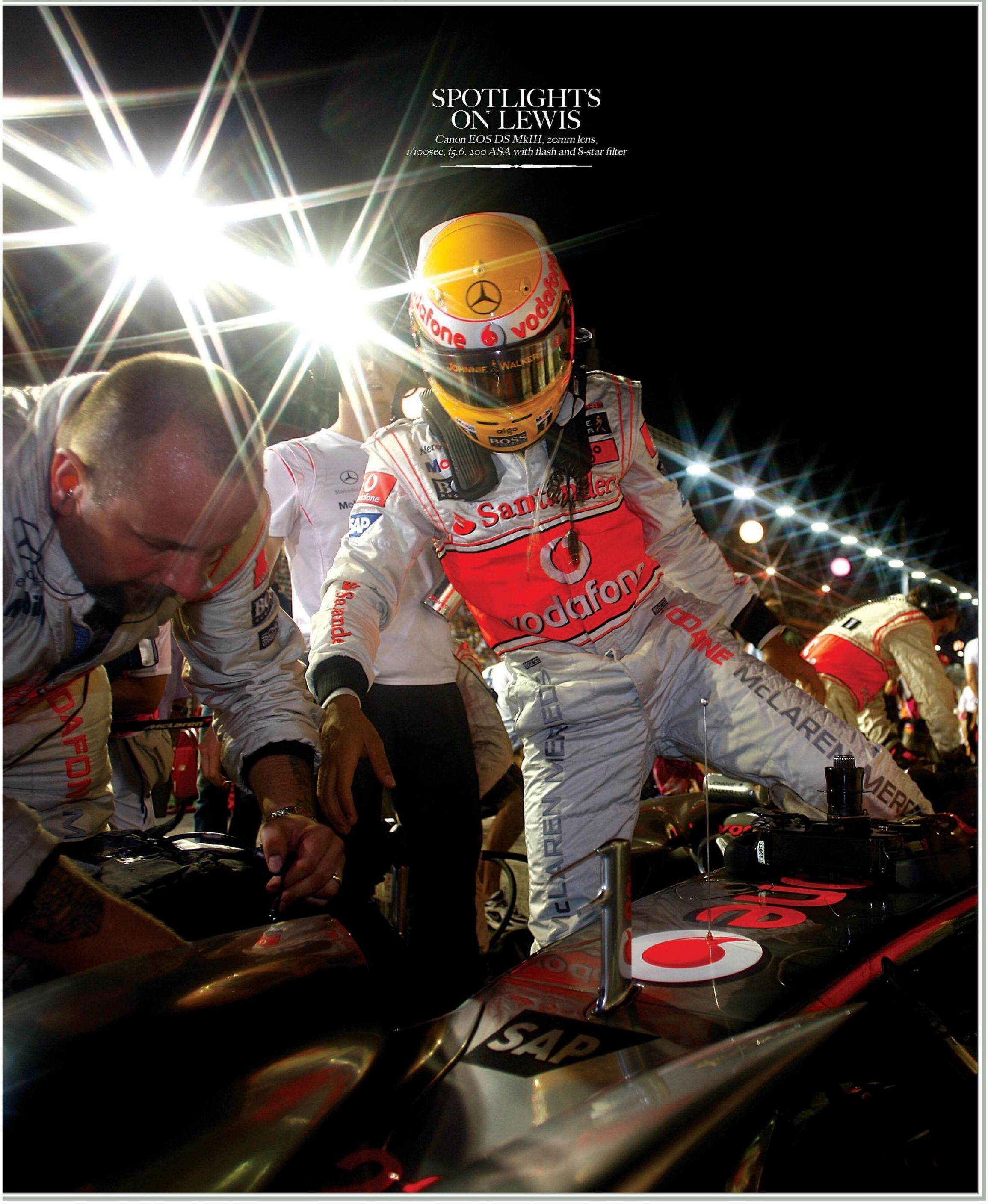
Charles Coates



Steven Tee

SPOTLIGHTS ON LEWIS

Canon EOS DS MkIII, 20mm lens, 1/100sec, f5.6, 200 ASA with flash and 8-star filter



Steven Tee

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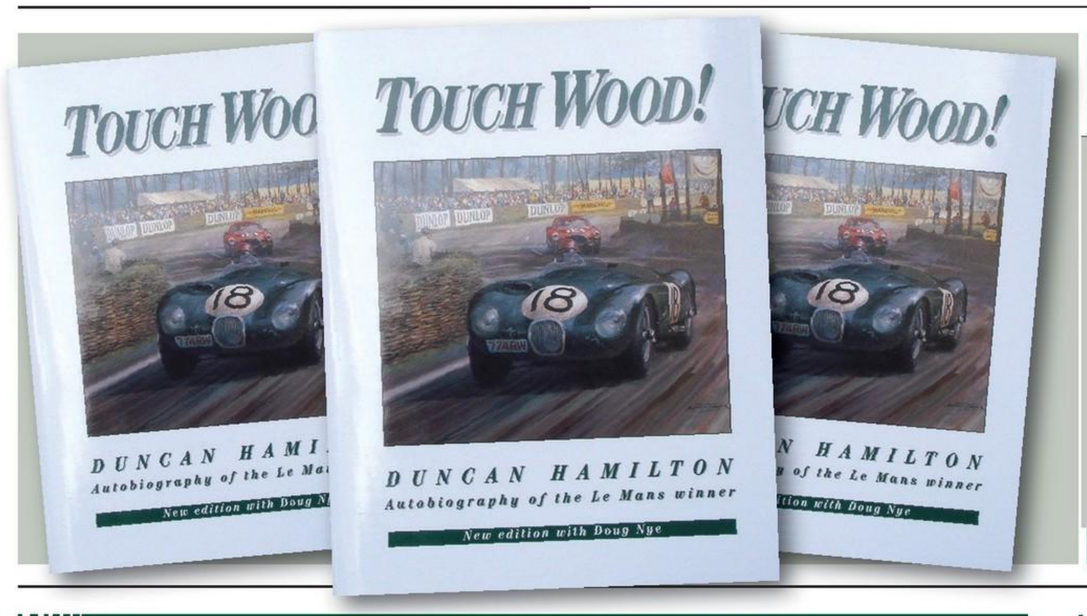
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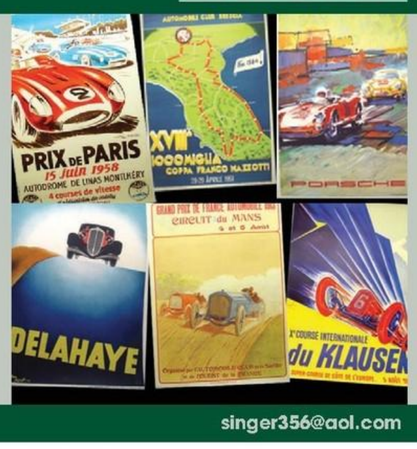
TOUCH WOOD by Le Mans winner Duncan Hamilton was one of the first, but arguably still the most hilarious, of all the motor racing autobiographies. This book charts the remarkably successful racing career of the larger-than-life Hamilton, who competed in no fewer than nine Le Mans endurance races, was a works driver for Ferrari, Jaguar and Healey, and a force to be reckoned with in his own D-type Jaguar. Punctuated with side-splitting stories of trespassing at Brooklands and his wartime service in the Fleet Air Arm, this is a non-stop read for any enthusiast. The most recent edition, edited and extended by Doug Nye, is available for £29.95, plus £7.05 p&p (UK), £9.50 p&p (Europe) and £14.50 p&p (worldwide).

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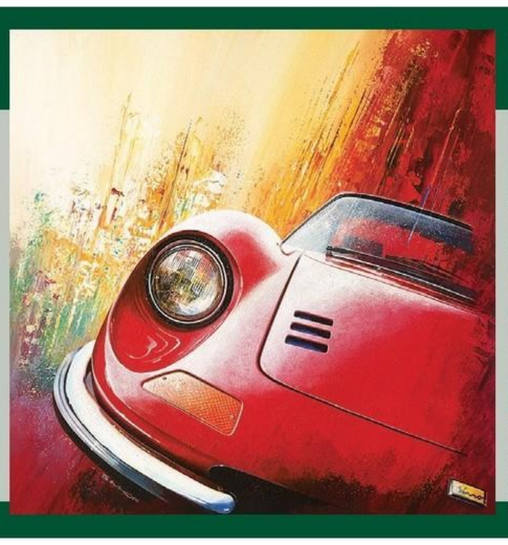


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Jim Houlgrave

Pau races get new promoter

THE GRAND PRIX DE PAU Historique is set to regain its former glory thanks to a new promoter.

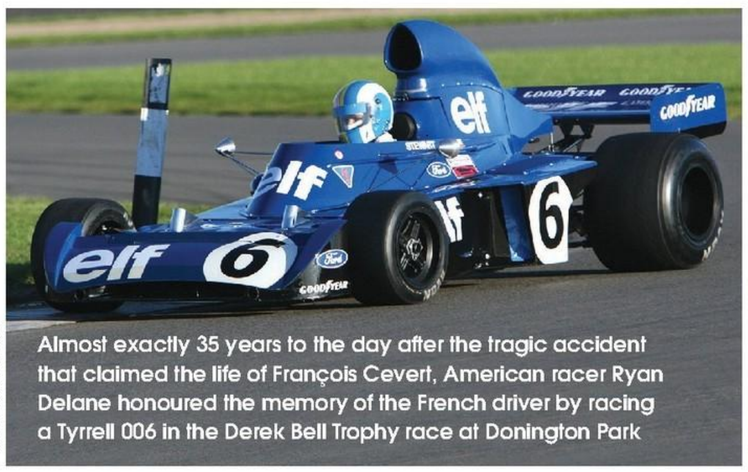
Local organising club the ACO Basco Bernais has signed up Patrick Peter's experienced company, Peter Auto, to run the street race meeting.

The first major change is that the French historic event will only run biennially, starting in 2009. It will not run on the years of the Monaco Historic Grand Prix and the Le Mans Classic, and organisers say this will help raise its profile.

"We want to make it a bigger event than it was in 2008," said Marine Allainguillaume of Peter Auto. "We will try to increase grid sizes and the quality of the cars, with more international entries."

Following a very low-key event this year, which lacked a headline race series, Peter Auto is now working to assemble a prestigious race line-up for the weekend of May 23/24 next year.

The news has been well received by former Pau entrants, including race winner Jon Minshaw. "After the 2008 event I didn't expect to be going back, but with Patrick Peter in charge it will be very different," he said.



Paul Lawrence

Almost exactly 35 years to the day after the tragic accident that claimed the life of François Cevert, American racer Ryan Delane honoured the memory of the French driver by racing a Tyrrell 006 in the Derek Bell Trophy race at Donington Park

Tour of Spain route unveiled

STARTING ON NOVEMBER 3 IN JEREZ, THE 10TH RUNNING OF the Tour of Spain will take crews via overnight halts in Jerez, Marbella and Granada before finishing at Malaga on November 7. The route will include 14 special stages on closed public roads as well as races at Jerez, Ronda and Guadix.

The Tour of Spain is widely regarded as a more relaxed and informal event than the corresponding Tour Auto in France. Last year's winner, when the event crossed the border into Portugal, was German rally champion Michael Stoschek, partnered by ex-F1 racer Tiago Monteiro in his Porsche 911.

Rally crews put to the test

STAR NAMES IN THE WORLD of historic navigational rallying are due to compete in the eighth running of the Rally of the Tests, which sets off from Bournemouth on November 20.

The four-day route takes crews up through the Welsh borders to a Sunday finish in Llandudno, via overnight halts in Taunton and Stoke-on-Trent. The route will take in a mix of regularity sections and special tests.

Paul Wignall, the winner in 2007, will return in his Alfa Romeo Giulietta, this time with veteran co-driver Nigel Raeburn. The 80-car field includes 11 Triumph TR3s/4As and six Porsche 911s.

F3 'screamers' to get mini-series

MORE RACES FOR 1-LITRE FORMULA 3 CARS ARE PLANNED IN Britain next season as the HSCC seeks to expand the Peter Hanson Trophy into a three-event mini-series. Races at Silverstone and Brands Hatch are likely to be added to the annual Oulton Park Gold Cup race.

"We hope to increase the number of Historic F3 'screamers' running with us. We had 18 of them at the Brands Superprix in 2007," said HSCC chairman Chris Sharples. Over 60 cars have been identified for possible use. They are likely to race in tandem with Classic Racing Car or Formula Junior races.

IN BRIEF

■ Patrick Watts will return to racing in 2009 to campaign a Ford Mustang in Top Hat Masters races. The former BTCC ace has spent the past four seasons in historic rallying in a Sunbeam Tiger and will still tackle selected events alongside a programme in the historic saloon series.

■ The Killarney Historic Rally, a major historic event on the calendar, will not run in December as planned following a move by the Irish governing body, Motorsport Ireland, to penalise the organising club over problems with the running of the '07 event. It is hoped the closed road rally will return in '09.



■ No fewer than 51 different types of Formula 1 car from the 3-litre era competed in Grand Prix Masters races in 2008. The statistic is thought to make the 2008 GPM season the most varied in F1 history. Among the cars were 19 makes from 1966-78, including rare marques such as Amon and Token.

■ The destiny of the 2008 MSA British Historic Rally Championship title will be decided at an MSA tribunal following eligibility dramas on the penultimate round, the Tour of Flanders. Issues over rear suspension components on the Porsche 911 of Steve Smith have thrown the title into doubt. Smith must win an appeal to be champion over Patrick Watts.

■ The British Historic Rally Championship will become a single-tyre series in 2009, with the news that Dunlop is to significantly increase its support for the series. Already up to 80 per cent of competitors use Dunlop tyres and the move will ensure a more level playing field as well as assist with a move to get regular TV coverage for the championship.

■ The prototype Lola Mk1 sports-racing car, the first car built by Eric Broadley, will race regularly in 2009 in the hands of Chris Williams. The 1958 car has been raced by Richard Wills for several seasons, but new owner Williams, a Lola enthusiast, plans to contest BRDC Historic Sports Car races.

Historic Racing News



Writtle Photographic

Wilson, Grist for RAC

TWO OF THE PEOPLE MOST CLOSELY associated with the late Colin McRae's rallying career will take part in the fifth Roger Albert Clark Rally in mid-November.

Malcolm Wilson, team boss of Ford's World Rally Championship team, will tackle the event for a second time in a freshly prepared Ford Escort Mk2, while McRae's former co-driver Nicky Grist will make his debut on the three-day rally alongside Phil Collins in an Opel Ascona.

Starting from Leeds on the evening of Friday November 14, the event runs primarily for historic cars and re-creates the golden era of the RAC Rally, with forest stages in Yorkshire, Kielder and the south of Scotland. Other leading entries include former British Historic Rally Champion David Stokes and 2006 Roger Albert Clark runner-up Jeremy Easson in Ford Escorts, as well as Steve Perez in his Lancia Stratos.

Collins will run his freshly prepared Opel on only its second rally. "I did the old RAC six times, but only finished it once," he said. For co-driver Grist it will be a return to his formative years in road rallying, as the event runs on maps rather than route notes as used on most modern rallies.

Saturday's route includes the famous Olivers' Mount motorbike track in Scarborough, before heading further north for two overnight halts in Carlisle. The final sting in the tail is Monday's leg in the Kielder forest complex in Northumberland, concluding with a demanding 18-mile stage in Broomylinn.



Mille Miglia gets strict

THE SELECTION PROCESS FOR ENTRIES IN THE Mille Miglia Retro will be even more rigorous for 2009 following an announcement from the organisers that mechanical and bodywork changes will come under close scrutiny.

For cars in the touring and grand touring categories, no mechanical or bodywork changes will be permitted unless there is documented proof they were done in period for the specific car and chassis number in the original Mille Miglia. The ruling does not include most of the Italian and French one-off specials, however, which competed in the Mille Miglia when it ran 24 times between 1927-57.

Running from May 13-17, the Mille Miglia is one of the biggest regularity rallies in Europe, with a heavily oversubscribed entry for 375 places despite an entry fee of 5775 Euros. Entry registration for the 2009 Mille Miglia Retro, the re-creation of what has been described as the greatest race in the world, closes on December 20.

Group C keeps to same format

GROUP C RACING WILL AGAIN feature at just four events next season, with double-header race weekends making up a schedule that does not include a race at the Le Mans 24 Hours.

Having organised the series in 2008, Charlie Agg has pledged a similar format for '09, when race dates will be split between the UK and mainland Europe. "Group C should be about getting the right cars on the grid a few times a year," said Agg, who is likely to scale back his role.

The regular format for next year will consist of a 30-minute sprint race and a 90-minute endurance race at each event. "Group C racing is all about endurance," added Agg.

New owner for Race Retro

THE INTERNATIONAL HISTORIC Motor Sport Show, Race Retro, will run under new ownership in 2009 after founder Ian Williamson sold the three-day event to Live Promotions Events Ltd. "Race Retro will be a wonderful addition to our annual events portfolio," said Colin Ward, the MD of Live Promotions.

Williamson will continue as a consultant for the show, which runs from March 13-15 2009 at Stoneleigh Park near Coventry, with Aston Martin as a featured marque. Live has considerable experience in event organisation. The company toured with the John Player Grand Prix Roadshow, featuring Nigel Mansell and Elio de Angelis in the 1980s.



Moss wins in own OSCA

FIFTY-FOUR YEARS AFTER HE won the Sebring 12 Hours in an OSCA, Sir Stirling Moss took his own version to a class victory in the one-hour Woodcote Trophy race at Spa.

Moss, sharing the drive with Roger Earl, raced the OSCA FS372 that he bought two years ago and entrusted to Hall and Hall for restoration. In its first race, they won the up to 1500cc drum-braked class.

"It came as a box of bits," said Rick Hall. "Stirling has always wanted an OSCA. He also managed to buy the only desmodromic head ever made for the OSCA, from Alfieri Maserati, which makes the car even more unusual."

Historic Napier in London-Brighton run

FORMER RACING MACHINERY WILL feature prominently in the annual London to Brighton Veteran Car Run on Sunday November 2, including the 1902 Napier – the first British car to score an international victory.

Selwyn Francis Edge won the 1902 Gordon Bennett race in the Napier, now owned by Daniel Sielecki. Another Gordon Bennett winner is the 1903 Mercedes of Tim Scott, used by Camille Jenatzy to win in Ireland that year.

Elsewhere in the vast field for the run is Peter Bartley's 1903 Achilles, which was a race winner at the final meeting held at Brooklands in 1939, and Ian Moore's 1899 Panhard et Levassor, which finished third in that year's Tour de France.

The oldest car with a racing background is the 1896 Peugeot of Rodney Anderson, which is claimed to be the oldest racing Peugeot in private hands. It won the 1896 Bordeaux to Langon event.



PERFECT PURDIE POWERS AHEAD

The young Nissan driver was a double winner at Donington as a revitalised Group C wrapped up a successful season

BY PAUL LAWRENCE



Classic Racing Car champion Ian Gray tails Tony Keele. Left: Purdie keeps a handle on 850bhp



Urs Eberhardt and James Claridge tangle wheels in Formula Junior



The E-types of Denis Welch and Jon Minshaw lead the start of GT and Sports Cars Cup race

The final pair of races this year in Group C headlined the last major historic race weekend of the British season at Donington Park, and delivered a dominant double win for Andy Purdie at the wheel of his father's Nissan R90CK.

This has been a rebuilding year for Group C. After several seasons of organisational upheaval, Charlie Agg was brought in to sort the series out for 2008 and beyond. Out went management by ever-changing committee and in came just what was needed, a firm-minded dictatorship.

"We got rid of the politics and the baggage," says Agg, always forthright. "Group C should be about getting the right cars on the grid a few times a year and I'm pleased to say we got there." No one can argue with the results, for the 20-car field at Donington aside, grids have been in the mid-30s.

There is also no doubting the spectacle of a Group C car in full flight. Purdie, with up to 850bhp on tap, was hitting 165mph as he plunged down the Craner Curves and his sub-60sec pole lap around the Donington national circuit compares well with the fastest contemporary sports-prototypes.

In truth, Purdie was never seriously troubled in either the 90-minute enduro or the 30-minute sprint race. With team-mate Mark Sumpter consigned to a managerial and car polishing role for the weekend while his Porsche 962 awaits a fresh engine, Purdie's closest challenge came from the Jaguar XJR9 of Chris Buncombe, but Buncombe was quick to acknowledge that he had no answer to his rival's pace.

"It's a phenomenal car and when the boost kicks in, you really just hang on," said 24-year-old Purdie of the V8 twin-turbo machine. His major concern in the enduro came as three safety car periods forced him to push hard to rebuild his lead each time the race went green.

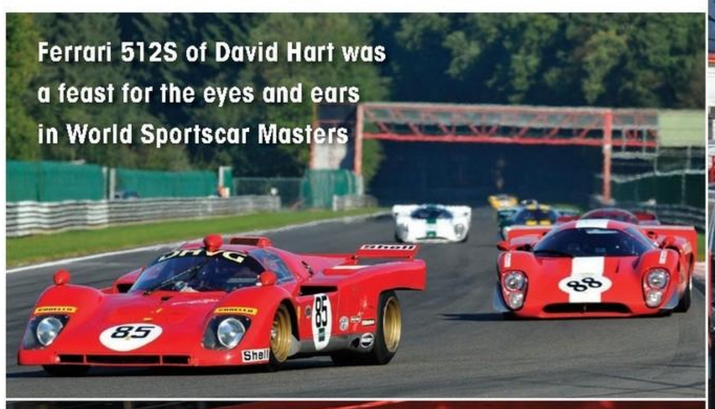
In the Lurani Trophy Formula Junior double-header, Edwin Jowsey won by an almost ridiculous margin in a class famed for close racing. In the opener, Martin Walford spun out of second place on the first lap and delayed the pack as Jowsey escaped, but in race two Jowsey needed no help to run away and hide at the head of the contest.

On a weekend when heavy rain on Sunday morning threatened to wash away the meeting, the Historic Sports Car Club did very well to get through its programme. Notable performances came from brothers John and Gary Pearson to win the GT and Sports Car Cup race, and Leo Voyazides who took a Saloon double in his Ford Falcon, while Ian Gray bagged the Classic Racing Car title by chasing rival Tony Keele home as Mick Lyons won the race.



Mark Garritt leans on Neil Wood in Historic Saloons

All images Paul Lawrence



Ferrari 512S of David Hart was a feast for the eyes and ears in World Sportscar Masters



Manfredo Rossi Di Montelera's Brabham BT42/44 ruled in GP Masters



David Fitzsimons/Alex Furiani Alfa Romeo Giulia Sprint leads the U2TC race, followed by the similar car of winners Dominik/Dieter Roschmann

Eric Sawyer

Spa treatment

The driving challenge at Spa is huge, as some found to their cost in this year's Six Hours. But the rewards are far-reaching

BY DAVID ADDISON

When a race offers 94 starters, you know you're somewhere special. The Spa Six Hours, this year blessed by glorious weather, has become a 'must do' on the historic racing calendar.

With races from the HSCC, the Masters Series and Motor Racing Legends adding to a programme predominated by endurance events, the Belgian paddock was packed with cars – and smiling faces. There was no shortage of track time on the fabulous Ardennes circuit and most people went home happy, although against the delight of Jason and Jon Minshaw, who won the Six Hours with Martin Stretton, came sadder tales. Howard Spooner had a trip to Malmedy hospital after destroying Philip Walker's rare Ford GT40 prototype when it shed a wheel, while Alan Harper went home with a broken arm after being T-boned mid-spin during practice. His assailant, Andrew Smith, guided his Lola T70 to World Sportscar Masters honours a day later.

While many of the cars were regular racers, with fewer 'new' cars to discover on the entry, there was no shortage of atmosphere. You could savour a walk into the forest and stand and watch cars working their way through Rivage and plunging downhill, or stand nose to the fence at Eau Rouge and watch Grand Prix cars as they used to be. The run-off areas may be different to accommodate modern F1, but the commitment of the GP Masters competitors mirrored that of the original drivers.

While there was a relaxed feel to the event, there was some fierce racing too. The U2TC race, for example, was decided at the last corner after 60 minutes of action. And racing is what this event is all about. Forget the heritage of the cars, which is so important at the Le Mans Classic, or the film-set backdrop to Goodwood – this event is about people racing their cars, pure and simple. Almost every class was catered for, from GP cars to Historic Formula Fords, and with Barry Sidery-Smith's open race for British Sports and GTs allowing in replicas and Modsports, there was no need for the purist to be offended. The spread of machinery was wide, too, with pre-war cars contrasting with the glorious-sounding Ferrari 512S of David Hart in World Sportscar Masters.

The highlights were numerous but included a three-way AC Cobra fight in the weekend's final race for Sports & GT cars, Simon Hadfield (Ferrari Test Rossa) and Gary Pearson (Jaguar D-type) in great form in the RAC Woodcote Trophy, and Manfredo Rossi Di Montelera's Brabham BT42/44 crushing the opposition in Grand Prix Masters.

Sitting on the bank in the sunshine at Pouhon watching a grid of 1970s Grand Prix cars, it is impossible not to be moved. You'd feel that way too. If not, you're reading the wrong magazine... Ⓜ

Crunch time

Some auction houses are denying any knock-on effects from the credit crunch, but they do exist

Is the credit crunch only affecting the affordable cars market? Or are its effects being felt across the board? Most auction houses will have you believe that they are immune, as their customers are investing in tangibles rather than stocks and shares, that the credit crunch has had little effect on their sales. It's understandable that they don't want to 'talk down' the market when things are hard enough as it is, but what is really going on in the wake of the banking crisis?



Motor Sport approached straight-talking Simon Hope of H&H Auctions to see how its latest sale at Haynes International Motor Museum on October 12 went, and whether the market is as stable as some people are claiming.

"The economic climate has been bad in recent weeks for people to make decisions," says Hope. "The problem is that a lot of people are waiting to see what happens and, although there's business out there, it's only for the really good stuff. It was a difficult day right across the board at Haynes, but the good items sold well."

According to Hope, the perception that the affordable cars market is the only one suffering isn't entirely true. "No, it's right across the board," he says. "If you've got something that somebody wants, then the money's there to buy it. If you've got something that nobody wants then it doesn't matter how cheap it is, there's no money for it – the market is very polarised. Good is good – it doesn't matter if it's a £5000 car, or a £500,000 car. But people are not putting money into average quality items.

> "There's business out there, but only for the really good stuff"
>
> SIMON HOPE

"We grossed in excess of £1 million and sold over 50 per cent of the lots at Haynes. Compared to our normal sales rate that is a disaster, but considering the rumours that were flying around about what the markets were going to do on the Monday when they opened, I think it was a very good result indeed. We probably had the worst weekend possible to try and sell cars during this banking meltdown."



H&H's latest sale at the Haynes motor museum was considered a success in the current economic climate

AUCTION DIARY

Our pick of the upcoming sales and the items you can't afford to miss

NOVEMBER 1 WORLD WIDE GROUP, The Hilton Head Sports & Classic Cars, Auction Arena at The Honey Horn Plantation, Hilton Head, USA, Tel: 001 800 990 6789



STAR LOT
EX-JIM CLARK/ ATTWOOD '63 F1 CHAMPIONSHIP-WINNING LOTUS 25, ESTIMATE: £490-802,000

NOVEMBER 16 BONHAMS & GOODMAN, Collection of the late Hon John Dawson-Damer of Historic Lotus Race Cars, Sydney, Australia, Tel: 0062 283 062 212

NOVEMBER 19 BONHAMS, Collectors' Motor Cars, Motorcycles and Automobilia, Yorkshire Event Centre, Harrogate, Tel: 08700 273618



STAR LOT
EX-PATSY BURT 1966 McLAREN M3A FORMULA LIBRE, ESTIMATE: £70-100,000

NOVEMBER 26 H&H, Classic Motor Cars, The Pavilion Gardens, Buxton, Derbyshire, Tel: 08458 334455

NOVEMBER 29, OLDTIMER GALLERIE, 100 Classic Cars, Toffen, Switzerland, Tel: +41 (0) 318 196 161

DECEMBER 1 BONHAMS, Important Collectors' Motor Cars, Pioneer and Vintage Motorcycles and Fine Automobilia, Olympia, London, Tel: 08700 273618

DECEMBER 8/9 BARONS, Classic Collectors and Historic Cars, Esher Hall, Surrey, Tel: 02380 668413

DECEMBER 20 BONHAMS, Collectors' Cars and related Automobilia, Gstaad, Switzerland, Tel: 0033 142 611 011

JANUARY 13-16 BARRETT & JACKSON, Collectors' cars and related automobilia, 7400 East Monte Cristo Avenue, Scottsdale, USA, Tel: 001 480 421 6694

JANUARY 14-18 RUSSO AND STEELE, 'Sport & Muscle in Scottsdale', 18601 North Scottsdale Road, Scottsdale, USA, Tel: 001 602 252 2697

JANUARY 16 RM AUCTIONS, Automobiles of Arizona, Arizona Biltmore Resort & Spa, 24th Street & Missouri, Phoenix, Arizona, USA, Tel: 001 519 352 4575



STAR LOT
1937 TALBOT-LAGO T150CSS TEARDROP COUPÉ, ESTIMATE: £1.7M

JANUARY 17 GOODING AND COMPANY, Historic Motor Cars, Corner of East Camelback and North 68th Street, Scottsdale, USA, Tel: 001 310 899 1960

It's doubtful that the current financial crisis is going to be over any time soon, so H&H and its rivals need to weather the storm. "Running any business properly is a matter of keeping the overheads under control, thereby being able to charge the right amount, and doing the right thing for your customers," says Hope. "We've done that since we started and you just keep on doing as many of the good things as you can. We've realigned some of our marketing which will result in an increase in our marketing spend for the next 12 months, and all the tenders, be them private or public, and the private treaty sales have worked very well this year and I believe they are set to continue to do so.

"None of us has any idea what's going to happen. Everybody can second-guess but I'm old enough to have lived through several recessions and they've all been different in some way. We'll find out what this one's about when it defines itself. All we know is that, for the first time in my memory, the banking system has shot itself in the foot instead of us. They have always led booms by lending too easily and then starved us into the void by not lending unless you had the money in the first place. This time they gambled with our money and lost. That's never happened before.


Aston Martin 15/98 sold well despite climate

"One of the things that we have always done is pay clients in eight working days from the sale, unlike some of our competitors who can take over a month or more," Hope adds. "But because of the worry people have in the banking system at the moment, we are running the payment schedule daily so that as soon as we have cleared funds for a sold car, we're sending the cheques out to the vendors – literally the same day. We feel it's prudent and right in these difficult times to stop them worrying about where their money is. As we operate a client account they're not worried about us but the banks themselves."

H&H deserves credit for its policy on payment, and Hope's honest assessment of the current climate is refreshing. Perhaps the fact that H&H has admitted sales are affected, and that it does have to tighten its belt, means it will weather the storm better than others. Ⓜ

AROUND THE DEALERS

Competition cars currently for sale here and abroad



HOLDEN COMMODORE HDT VC 'GROUP C'

Twelve identical VC Brock Commodores were created by HDT for the 'Group C' Race of Champions in the 1980 Australian Grand Prix at Calder Raceway. Each car was assigned to a driver, with the line-up including Jack Brabham, Didier Pironi, Peter Brock and Dick Johnson. It was this car, number three, that Dick Johnson drove and it is believed to be the only one still in totally original condition, including its signed steering wheel and CAMS-stamped roll cage.

POA, www.classicthrottleshop.com, Tel: 0061 299 222 036



FERRARI 312 B3

Chassis 014 was raced by Clay Regazzoni and Niki Lauda in 1974, with the highlights being two second places in Monaco and France. Clay was second in the drivers' championship, and Ferrari was runner-up in the constructors. The car was made race-ready by Bob Houghton in 1994.

POA, www.guikasgtc.fr, Tel 0033 (0) 491 830 150



ALFA ROMEO 8C-35

Chassis 50014 was bought from Scuderia Ferrari by Carlos Arzani in 1937, who raced it to fifth in that year's Naples GP. After shipping the car to Argentina, Arzani retired in '41 and sold it. The car was crashed by Pablo Pessatti, and this example is one of two built from the remaining parts by Paul Grist.

POA, www.janjuehn.com, Tel: 0049 (0) 172 530 3555



OSCA S 187

This OSCA was built in 1959 and raced by Jim Eichenlaub, winning the American H-Mod title. Such was the dominance of the 750cc OSCA that Eichenlaub won five of the 13 races he contested, and finished second in four. The car has its original body with matching numbers and is ready to use.

POA, www.galleriedesdamiers.com, Tel: 0033 (0) 28 40 59 24

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Auction results

What happened to the latest classic cars to go under the hammer

OCTOBER 4
BONHAMS AND BUTTERFIELDS
- 1908 Isotta Fraschini Tipo FENC Semi Racer: £94,980
- 1918 Locomobile Model 48-2 Sportif Touring Car: £91,850
- 1913 National Series V, Type N3 Model 40 Semi-Racing Type Roadster: £111,920

OCTOBER 4 COYS
- 1960 Jaguar XK150 Drophead Coupé: £74,400
- 1970 Ferrari 365 GTB/4 Daytona 'Plexi': £191,738
- 1974 Ferrari 246 GTS Dino: £98,985
- 1953 Bentley 4½-Litre Blower Special: £65,460
- 1955 Jaguar XK140 Fixedhead Coupé Competition, ex-Le Mans: £62,890

OCTOBER 10
RM AUCTIONS
- 1933 Duesenberg La Grande Phaeton: £967,800

OCTOBER 12 H&H
- 1924 Bugatti Type 30 Tourer: unsold
- 1939 Alvis Cadillac V16 Special: £60,500
- 1937 Aston Martin 2-Litre 15/98 Short Chassis: £91,300
- 1955 AC Ace racer: £104,500

OCTOBER 16-18
BARRETT & JACKSON
- 1949 MG TC Roadster Race Car (first car that Carroll Shelby drove in a road race): £162,825
- 1992 Jaguar XJ 220: £78,270
- 1969 Chevrolet Camaro RS/SS Pace Car Convertible: £41,725

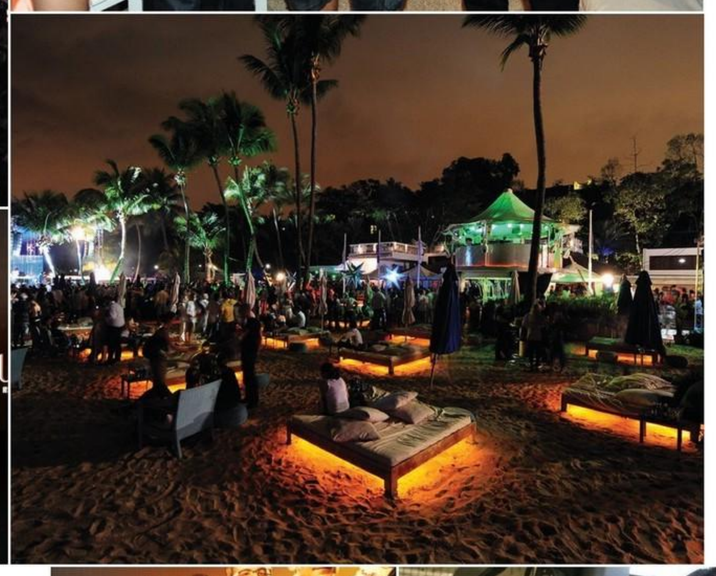


Louisa
Skipper's
SOCIAL DIARY



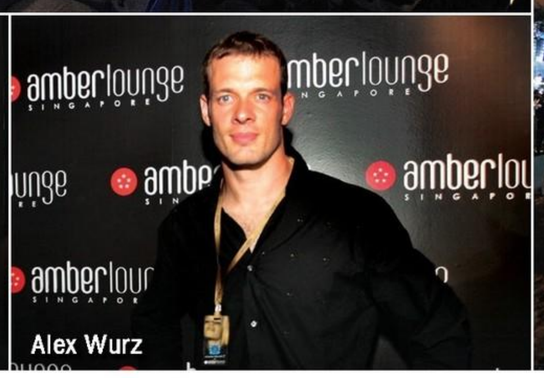


Mark Webber, Sebastian Vettel and David Coulthard




Jules Kulpinski, Jenson Button and Mike Collier

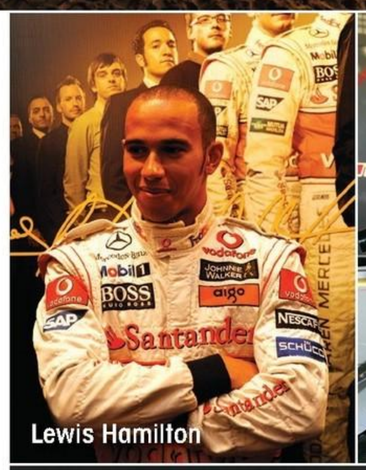

Nico Rosberg


Alex Wurz

THE STARS COME OUT AT NIGHT

The regular Red Bull Grand Prix party was hotly anticipated in Singapore, and not just because it was taking place over the weekend of the first Formula 1 night race. The energy drink company knows how to throw a party and on this occasion the Café del Mar at Siloso beach on the beautiful Sentosa Island played host to the event. Guests danced until the early hours to the tunes of motor sport fan DJ Maxi Jazz from the British band Faithless… and fittingly he played its most famous track, *Insomnia*.

Over at the Johnnie Walker party at the Amber Lounge, Mika Häkkinen steered a speedboat along the Singapore River to help launch a new Never Drink and Drive water taxi service. Guests at the exclusive post-race party were entertained by DJ Jack.E from St Tropez, who played to Jenson Button and David Coulthard as they unwound after the race. »»»


Lewis Hamilton


Shilpa Shetty



Mika Häkkinen


DJ Maxi Jazz


Karen Minier, David Coulthard and Leo Sayer

Louisa Skipper's SOCIAL DIARY


Jude Law and Tom Hardy


The Dunhill shop


James Purefoy


Yann and Cecille Debelle de Montby

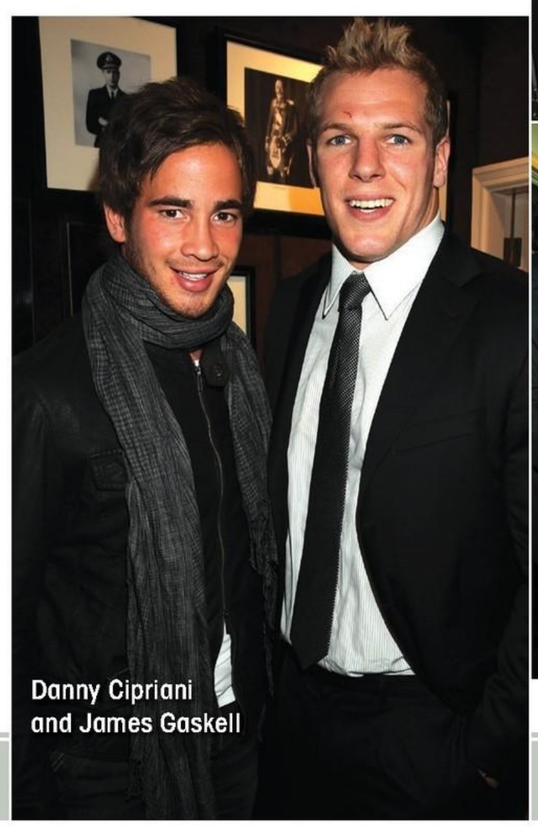
DUNHILL MAKES ITS MARK ON MAYFAIR

The atmosphere at the opening of the new Alfred Dunhill Bourdon House members club in Mayfair was as sophisticated and stylish as one of their tailor-made designer suits.

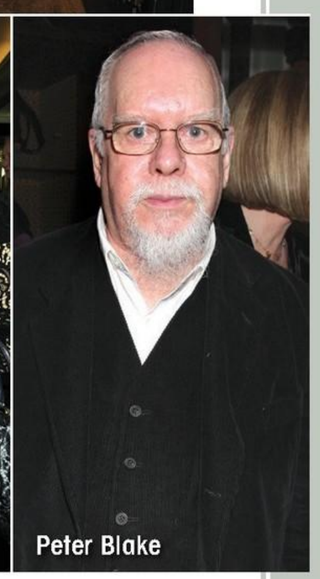
The company, sponsor of the drivers' club at Goodwood, has come a long way since its early days as a purveyor of fine motoring accessories. Actor Jude Law, the face of Dunhill, attended the opening and declared the beautifully restored Georgian House as being "somewhere I'd like to live". Not surprising when you consider the house has a spa, gentleman's barber and a restaurant overseen by ex-Ivy chef Mark Hix. Guests included actors Dougray Scott and James Purefoy, rugby star Danny Cipriani and artist Peter Blake.



Dougray Scott


Danny Cipriani and James Gaskell


Chris Colfer and Susie Menkes


Peter Blake


Piers Morgan and Louisa

MASERATI'S GOT TALENT

For the GranTurismo S's official UK debut, Maserati teamed up with Coys at the Bluebird Café in London. Coys sold three Maserati single-seaters: a 1936 Maserati 6CM, a 1948 Maserati 4CLT and a 1954 Maserati 250F which went collectively for several million pounds. I was whisked off down the Kings Road with former newspaper editor and TV personality Piers Morgan in the new GranTurismo S – on sale now with a price tag of £89,900. When I commented on its style, Piers quipped "enough about me, what do we think of the car?" Celebrities these days...


Chelsea pensioners join Silvia Pini and Louisa

Chevrolet Camaro

This piece of American muscle hopped across the Pond to duff up British saloon cars in the early '70s. And it's still throwing its weight around in today's historic series

BY RICHARD HESELTINE



What a brut! Stuart Graham won two Tourist Trophies (this is '75) and BSCC class titles in Fabergé-backed Camaro

The urge to say 'I told you so' must have been overpowering. Nobody thought it stood a chance. 'Not in Blighty; here we also turn right,' screamed a chorus of doubters. Top-flight touring car – or rather saloon car – racing was the preserve of Jaguar and Jaguar alone. Except somebody forgot to tell Dan Gurney. The ever-likable Californian had seemingly rocked up for the 1961 International Trophy support race with only his tow car. But no, this *was* his entry. A Chevrolet Impala '409'? A race car? *Really?*


Gary Hawkins
Heritage GT is among many modern series to play host to Camaros

After the race, nobody was laughing, least of all Gurney. A wheel had departed company at Becketts but not before he'd stormed into the lead, leaving a trail of overstretched Jaguars in the Detroit barge's wake. Point made. Obviously someone in Coventry read the writing on the wall as Gurney never got to race the self-financed Impala again: the Chev' was denied an entry for July's Empire Trophy meeting. The American ace even went as far as to fire off a missive to *Autosport*, railing: "I will, in time, get over the fact that I spent a lot of time and money in bringing the Impala to Great Britain, but I will not readily forget the suspicion that there may have been some behind-the-scenes sabotage to prevent the Chevrolet from running at Silverstone."

> "In an effort to reduce the Camaro's heft, 'shells were acid dipped"

Whatever the validity of the great man's claims, and somehow you suspect political chicanery was the root cause, the era of American dominance was but a few years away. But it wouldn't be Chevrolet that got to bask in the rosy glow of trailblazing posterity. Sure, Charlie Kelsey and Peter Sachs occasionally beat up on Jaguars with the shoestring Alexander Engineering Chevy IIs in 1962, but it wasn't until John Willment Automobiles entered 'Gentleman' Jack Sears in a Holman Moody-built Ford Galaxie in the 1963 British Saloon Car Championship that US iron really metered out a sustained kicking. As Paddy McNally wrote in his end-of-season review in *Autosport*: "Jaguar's dominance of the over 3-litre class was completely broken by the spectacular and extraordinarily fast 7-litre Ford Galaxies..." Chevrolet's time would have to wait.

Meanwhile in Detroit... General Motors was under siege from negative publicity for its 'personal coupé' Corvair following Ralph Nader's coruscating – and career-defining – book *Unsafe At Any Speed*. While it didn't actually single out the rear-engined Corvair, GM's knee-jerk reaction to smear Nader by all means necessary spectacularly backfired. With Ford racking up record sales with the Mustang, the Chevrolet brand desperately needed a shot in the arm. With the Camaro, it got just that.

Unveiled at its Dearborn proving ground on September 12 1966, this most vanilla of American marques was making its own entry into the galloping 'pony car' market. US racing – and by proxy British tin-tops – was about to embrace one of the most charismatic and brutish production-car based racers ever to turn a wheel.

Filching a bit of this and a bit of that from the corporate parts bin, Chevrolet produced a handsome machine with a bewildering array of engine options including small and big-block V8s. And here we'll conveniently forget about the in-line six-equipped horrors, which bore as much resemblance to a muscle car as a tabby cat to a Bengal tiger. Although GM had not been officially involved in motor racing since the 1957 AMA (Automobiles Manufacturers



LAT

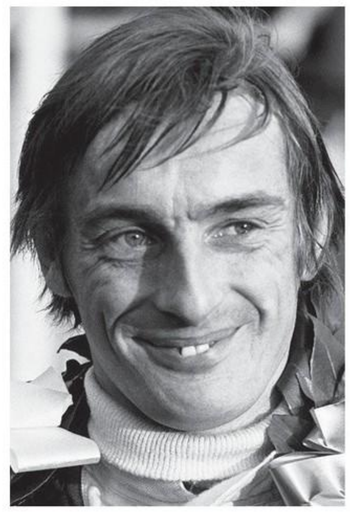


'Thin-skinned' Chevy of Mark Donohue/Craig Fisher at the 1968 Sebring 12 Hours

LAT

Association) ban on factory racing, it did allow a certain degree of backdoor assistance. Unlike Ford, which conveniently ignored the pact when it ushered in its Total Performance programme in 1962, Chevrolet never made a big play of its motor sport involvement ("We don't think racing is economical or necessary," claimed GM chairman Fred Donner at the time), and instead left it to outsiders to promote its wares trackside; media savvy sorts such as Roger Penske.

Having tied up Sunoco as a sponsor, Penske's eponymous Pennsylvania squad raised the bar in the SCCA's Trans-Am series. Driver/engineer Mark Donohue honed the Chevy with typical efficiency and scorched his way to back-to-back manufacturers' (and unofficial drivers') titles in 1968-69, the team often, cough, 'interpreting' the rules; the same ones that didn't allow significant modifications to a car's body. In an effort to reduce the Camaro's heft, bodyshells were acid-dipped. Problem was, the metalwork was so thin that it visibly wrinkled. Penske's response was to slap on a vinyl roof while claiming that it reduced aerodynamic drag. Inevitably, it wasn't long before rivals followed its lead...



"I RACED ONE"

STUART GRAHAM

A factory rider for Honda and Suzuki, this former motorcycle star found equal fame as one of the premier saloon car racers of the 1970s aboard a series of Camaros

"I still blame Jack Sears for getting me hooked on big V8s after I saw him driving the Galaxie. Well, Jack but also my brother Chris who was always reading *Hot Rod* and the like. I stopped racing bikes in 1970 but the competitive element was still there. At that time I was looking to replace my Jaguar E-type road car and bought a Camaro Z/28. It handled well and there was nothing to touch it for performance. Les Leston actually got me racing. He was going on a business trip and suggested I race his Camaro at Oulton Park. I put it on pole and won. He came back and said, 'Well I suppose you'd better drive it at Silverstone.' This was in the Castrol Production Saloon Car Championship.

"From there it was a gradual progression. We got sponsorship from Fabergé and moved into the BSCC (he was class champion in '74 and '75). At one point we were also running a big-block Camaro in modified saloons but it wasn't as good on tight circuits as, say, Nick Whiting's Escort. We also did some European championship rounds, and I was third in the Kyalami 1000km in '76 sharing with Reine Wisell. They were cars with real charisma and people still recall how they stirred their enthusiasm."

Equally predictable was the adoption of the Camaro by British drivers. By the end of the 1960s, the Ford Falcon had been developed out of all recognition. Of the 12 races held in '69, these by now largely glassfibre-shelled leviathans claimed six wins. Four of them were accrued by 1965 BSCC champion Roy Pierpoint who switched part-way through the year to a Bill Shaw-run Camaro, Syd Fox also swapping allegiances for the McNamara Racing squad. With the move to stricter Group 2 regulations for 1970, whereby cars had to be more standard, all things being relative, the Camaro was about to come into its own on UK circuits. And how.

One such early adopter was racer and preparation ace, Martin Thomas: "What really started it was Jack Brabham buying a bunch of Camaros for a charity race at Brands," he recalls. "I think there were maybe eight or 10 cars, all with the Dealer Pack. They had uprated small-blocks, bigger tyres and so on. Well, I bought one and at first raced it at club level. In the BSCC, it needed a lot more work to get on top of the Falcons which had enjoyed a good four years in Group 5. When the regulations changed, the Camaros had a fighting chance. I bought Pierpoint's car, which he'd rolled into a ball, and rebuilt it, and landed some sponsorship from Ovaltine. Then Brian Muir started going well in the Wiggins Teape car and, before long, Chevrolet had the top class sewn up. This was in the era when we were running the original [1967-69] bodystyle.

"We were helped a lot by Penske and were able to get a lot of parts homologated by GM Europe; airdams, rear deck spoilers and so on. I think the principal reasons why the Mustangs were never quite able to get on top of us was because that generation of car was a bit heavier than the Camaro. That and the pace of engine development; remember companies like Mathwall and Richardson were building F5000 Chevys so there was a lot of carry-over. Of course in historics, the pace of development has equalled out but back then a lot of parts just weren't available for the Fords.

"Engineering-wise, the Camaro was actually quite sophisticated. With the Group 2 rules we were allowed 10mm wheelarch extensions so we ended up with 14in wheels at the back and 11½s at the front so there was a lot of grip. Of all the cars I've been involved with, and that includes the Dolomite Sprints, Rover SD1s, Capris and so on, the Camaros were the most fun. At Silverstone, we were pulling 153mph before the bridge before lifting off between entering Woodcote and down to Copse. You tend to remember things like that!"

The results rolled in, Frank Gardner taking class honours in the 1971 RAC British Saloon Car Championship, and sealing the overall title two years later driving Adrian Chambers' big-block SCA Freight/Castrol-liveried example (with the '70½' body style). Wins outside the BSCC such as James Hunt's on the '73 Tour of Britain aboard Richard Lloyd's example, or former motorcycle TT winner Stuart Graham's exemplary solo runs to take four-wheeled Tourist Trophy victories in 1974-75, only added to the model's lustre. Although ultimately overtaken by rule changes, homologation running out in 1977, the Camaro's copper-bottomed status as a touring car legend was assured.

There would be future outings for the model in Europe, including the short-lived – and frankly rubbish – ASCAR series that soaked up old BSCC warriors, those that didn't disappear off to Sweden for its domestic Camaro one-make series. There were even Le Mans appearances (evergreen NASCAR legend Hershel McGriff being among the two-car driver line-up in '82), but the era of US heavy metal was over.

Until now, these compelling machines being eligible for a raft of historic race series: the Classic Touring Car Racing Club's Post Historic Touring Cars and Classic Modified Saloons contests; the HSCC Historic Road Sports Championship and the Masters' Stars of the Seventies series plus the Heritage GT championship, the latter often witnessing past BTCC veterans Pete Hall and four-times champion Andy Rouse blowing away the cobwebs in the former's rumbling muscle car.

Though never a purists' idea of *proper* motor sport, saloon car racing has often produced some truly epic moments, and few eras were as exhilarating as the early '70s. Truth is, the great years of the Camaro, whether on track or Tarmac, were over within a decade of its launch.

This being a car for which GM actually *under*-quoted horsepower figures so as not to upset the safety-first lobby – or the insurance industry for that matter. Somehow a diesel-powered SEAT Leon just doesn't have the same allure as a malevolent V8-propelled blunt instrument... Ⓜ

ONE TO BUY

1967 CHEVROLET CAMARO SS COUPE – £24,000

From: Coys 020 8614 7888



This 1967 model was originally purchased in California and has spent its life in the warm and rust-free West Coast climate. The car has recently been rebuilt to a high standard with all the SS options and converted to right-hand drive using original General Motors Holden parts. The block has been rebored and honed, the engine overhauled with new pistons, timing chains, bearings, oil and water pumps and gaskets, and the body stripped, sandblasted and repainted in classic Hugger Orange. Having completed only testing miles since the overhaul, the car is an ideal base from which to build a competitive racer.

OTHERS TO CONSIDER



FORD MUSTANG
Pre-66 cars are particularly coveted. Plenty out there and parts are available off the shelf.



DODGE CHALLENGER
Sounds like an earthquake and rides like a waterbed, but can be made to handle well.



AMC JAVELIN
Underrated – likely forgotten – muscle car won Trans-Am series in period and has BSCC history.

CAMARO SPECIALISTS

REEL STEEL 01895 440505 www.reelsteel.co.uk
GREENWOOD MOTORSPORT 01763 849133 www.greenwoodmotorsport.com
BRITISH AMERICAN ENGINES 01903 521618 www.britishamericanengines.co.uk
AMERICAN V8 ENGINES 07752 270008 www.americanv8engines.co.uk
MASS ENGINEERING 01909 550480

Reviews



CARS

FREEDOM, STYLE, SEX, POWER, MOTION, COLOUR, EVERYTHING

STEPHEN BAYLEY

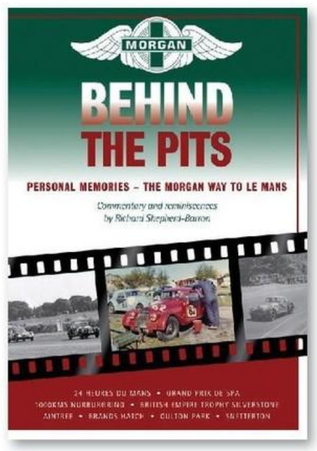
Don't be fooled by the title. This is not a book about cars in the strictest sense. If you're interested in horsepower and top-speed figures then this, I'm afraid, will be of no interest to you. But for those who delight in the beauty, form and detail of cars as diverse as the Citroën DS, Lincoln Continental and Renault Twingo, you'll be in sheer heaven.

This weighty, reassuringly expensive and perfectly produced book is a sumptuous celebration of 86 cars selected by renowned design commentator Stephen Bayley. His personal selection is beautifully photographed to an amazingly high standard that gives the same attention to a Renault 4 as a Ferrari 250 GTO.

Bayley has not only written a thoughtful overview of how cars – and what they represent – have come to be part of our lives, but has also given each of his selection an intelligent summary. Of course, not everyone will agree with his choices (Nissan Cube anyone?), but the style in which they are presented at least allows the reader to marvel in the detail.

Bound in tactile grey suede and printed on high-quality art paper, everything about this project oozes quality. It even comes with its own box sleeve to ensure more impact on the coffee table. An essential purchase for the design-conscious automobile devotee. **DC**

Published by Conran Octopus, ISBN 978 1 84091 504 4, £75



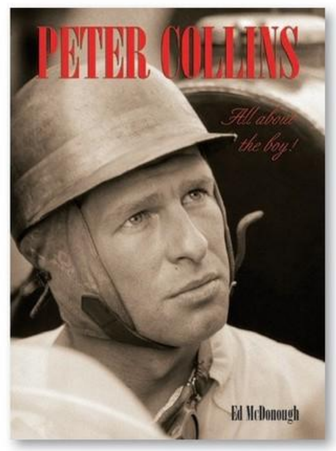
BEHIND THE PITS

PERSONAL MEMORIES – THE MORGAN WAY TO LE MANS

COMMENTARY BY RICHARD SHEPHERD-BARRON

This compilation of amateur cine film follows the Lawrencetune Morgan Plus 4s as they contest European GT races in 1961-62. You won't buy it for race action (though the Le Mans starts and the Goodwood TT are worth watching) but for the period atmosphere and back-scene life as the team convoys from Spa to the 'Ring, Aintree and Le Mans. Works driver Richard Shepherd-Barron talks about what's on screen, including his class win at Le Mans in '62 with Chris Lawrence. The footage is grainy and a bit wavy, but it's all in colour. An unusual insight into the paddock – and you'll get some great tips for period fashion for Goodwood. GC

Available from www.morgancars-dvd.com, £20



PETER COLLINS

ALL ABOUT THE BOY!

ED McDONOUGH

Published to coincide with the 50th anniversary of his death, this tribute to Peter Collins is both exhaustive and exhausting. The author tells the story of this 'golden boy' of the 1950s year by year, race by race. He then transcribes the thoughts of those who knew Collins well – including his wife Louise, who has donated letters she sent to her family during her tragically short marriage – and some who have written about him before. The book is illustrated by a wonderful collection of photographs, including in-car shots by the great Louis Klemantaski, and the life story is told in great detail. It's an admirable achievement, but perhaps a firm editor might have made parts easier to digest. DS

Published by Mercian Manuals Ltd, ISBN 978 1 903088 43 2, £39.95



MEMORIES OF RONNIE PETERSON

JOAKIM THEDIN AND THOMS HÄGG

As the title suggests, this is a compilation of memories of Ronnie Peterson rather than a historical account of his racing career. While setting up the Peterson website in 2005, and more recently the museum, Joakim Thedin talked to many people involved in 'SuperSwede's' career. In doing so he accumulated a diverse and touching book's worth of stories. There are contributions from the likes of Mario Andretti through to Doris Zwillich – a German fan who learnt Swedish so that he could get Ronnie's autograph and say 'tack så mycket' (thank you) in return. The range of characters who have contributed to the book is a fitting tribute to Peterson, and their words are complemented by some interesting race shots and behind-the-scenes pictures. **EF**

Published by Pole Text, visit www.ronniepeterson.se, ISBN 978 91 633 3256 2, £19.95

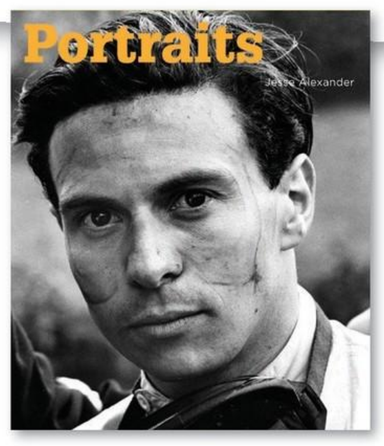
Reviews











PORTRAITS

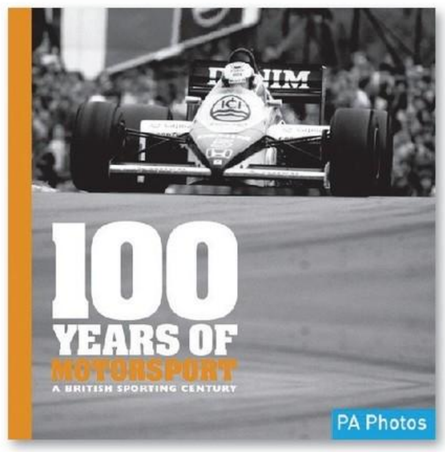
JESSE ALEXANDER

As signed-up members of the Jesse Alexander fan club based on the standard of his last two books – *Ferrari, Grand Prix Moments* and *Porsche Moments* – it will come as no surprise that we think this latest installation is equally good, if not better.

Titled simply as the all-encompassing *Portraits*, this work offers a much broader spectrum of photographs. It isn't the racing that stands out from the 90-odd pages, but the personalities it has thrown up over the years. Whether it is a stern-looking Roger Penske, a mischievous Innes Ireland or a smiling Tom Kristensen, Alexander has managed to capture the highs and lows of a sport that he has been photographing for over half a century.

This book is not cheap, but without a doubt it's worth every penny. It has been extremely well produced and, trust me, you'll be hooked from your first flick-through. **EF**

Published by David Bull Publishing, ISBN 978 1 893618 98 5, £39.99



100 YEARS OF MOTORSPORT

A BRITISH SPORTING CENTURY

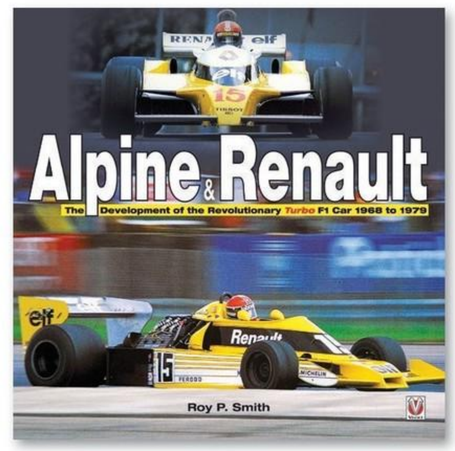
PA PHOTOS ARCHIVE

This book forms part of a series which includes editions on football, rugby, golf and cricket. If the others are anything like the motor sport volume, they'll be collectors' items in their own markets, too.

This is a fabulous book of photographs, made up of gems plucked from the Press Association's impressive archive, many of which have not been published since they were first seen in the newspapers of their day. The subjects and eras covered vary from Brooklands to modern Formula 1, touching on pretty much anything motor sport-related in between.

Inevitably, it is the pre-war shots that really stick in the mind. An incredible motorbike photo from 1938 of Noel Pope flying (and I mean that in the literal sense) around the Brooklands banking will make you gawp, as will the grass track sidecar passenger hanging off his contraption at Brands Hatch. But my personal highlight has to be Jackie Stewart sitting in his Matra in the pitlane – playing trombone, surrounded by Chris Barber and his band of jazzmen… **DS**

Published by Ammonite Press. Order at www.thegmcgroup.com, ISBN 978 1 906672 03 4, £14.99



ALPINE & RENAULT

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE REVOLUTIONARY TURBO F1 CAR 1968 TO 1979

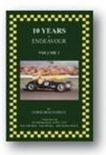
ROY SMITH

The further we get away from it, the greater the Formula 1 turbo era becomes. The memory of 1000bhp (and some more) is ingrained – and it's special because we'll never see its like again.

If you are an avid follower of this period, and of the Renault and Alpine partnership that introduced turbos to F1, you'll be delighted with this book. Roy Smith starts by charting the story of how the engine became a reality, and the troubled first couple of seasons where the results sheets are a testament to Renault's determination to make it work. The list of DNFs, ahead of Jean-Pierre Jabouille's breakthrough win at the 1979 French GP, would have deterred most teams and manufacturers.

The book tells of the eventual success of the concept in the succeeding seasons, and finishes with a look at how the idea overflowed into departments other than F1. Photographically, the behind-the-scenes stuff and technical details are the work's biggest strength, but at this price you'd better be keen. **EF**

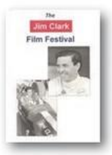
Published by Veloce, ISBN 978 1 84584 177 5, £45



10 YEARS OF ENDEAVOUR, VOL 1 Derek Bracegirdle. An in-depth look at motor sport since the '30s. And this is only the first 300-page volume! A bold self-publishing effort, but better editing would have helped to avoid such confusions as 'bazaar' and 'bizarre'. **Published by BBS Books, ISBN 978 1 903029 01 5, £12.99**



MOTORFILMS QUARTERLY, VOL. 21 Compiled and introduced by Doug Nye and David Weguelin. Another great selection of newsreel and film. Highlights include Triumph's exploits in rallying and at Le Mans, Austin-Rover in the British Saloon Car Championship and part one of the BRSCC's 1957 review. **www.motorfilms.com, £19.99**



THE JIM CLARK FILM FESTIVAL: YESTERDAY'S RACERS Gary Critcher and Michael Oliver. The film of this special event includes valuable contributions from a number of Clark's contemporaries, but could have benefited from the added excitement of some actual race footage. **www.jimclarkfilmfestival.com, £14.99**

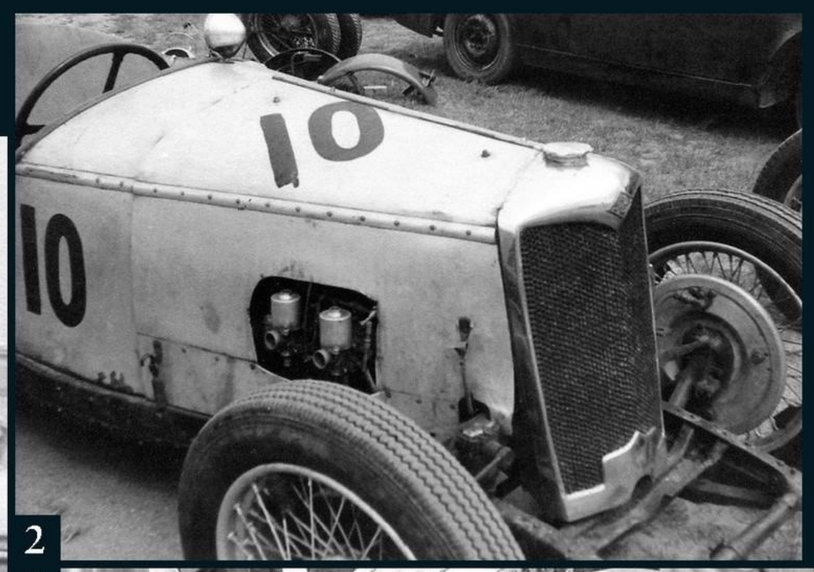
YOU WERE THERE

It's all '60s action this month – we have club racing from Snetterton and Sandown Park, and some rare Clark shots from Monaco

1



2



3

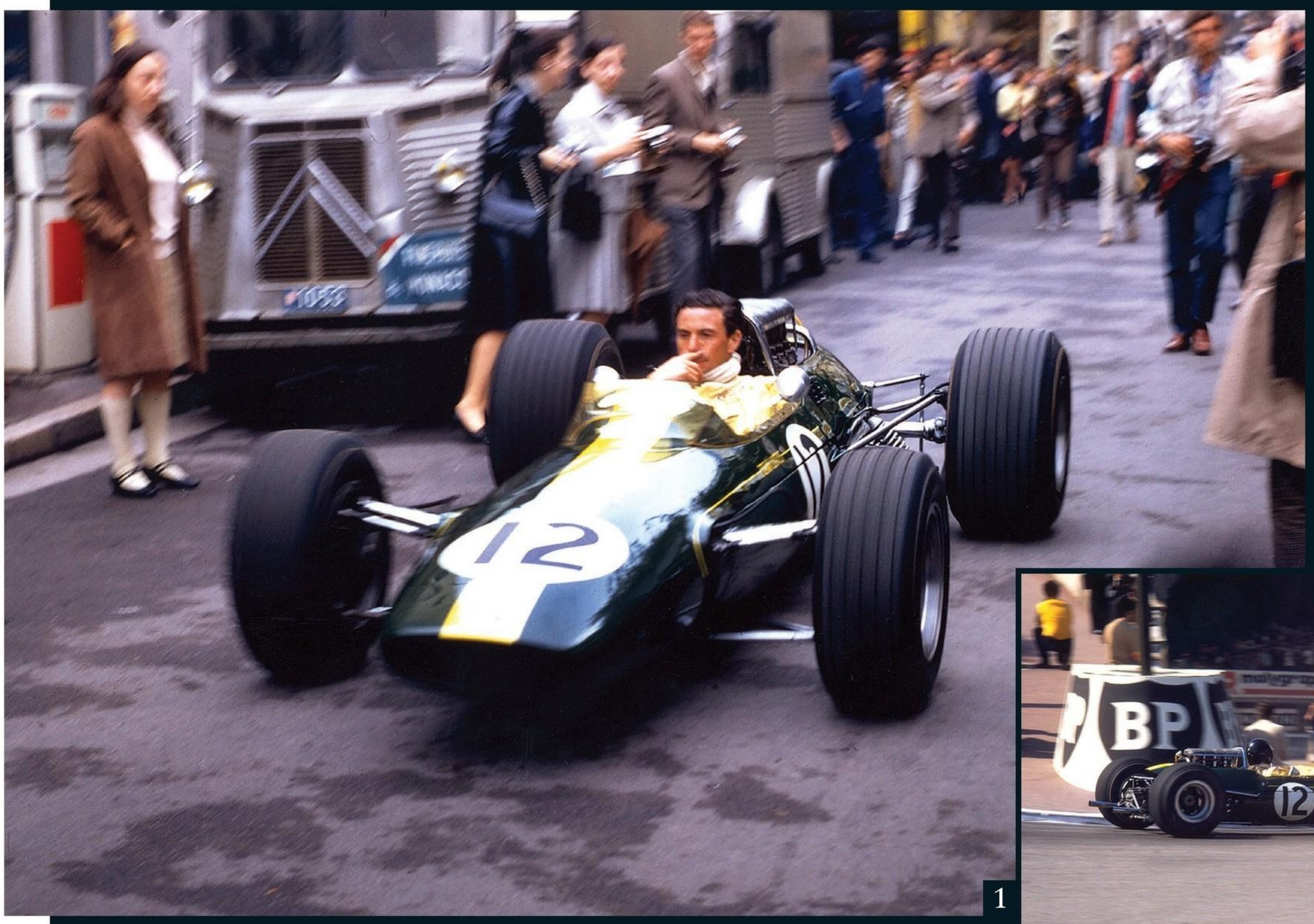


4



PADDY WILLMER

Snetterton is the setting for these shots from a club meeting in 1962, the year before Mr Willmer began racing himself. {1} Back then an Aston Martin DB3S was just an old racing car. {2} Riley close-up: preparation standards were looser then. {3} Derby-Maserati was a VSCC regular after its record years with Gwenda Stewart. {4} Frazer Nashes never fade away... PF is still racing



1



2

GAVIN ROSS

Mr Ross was a student in Scotland in the late '50s/early '60s and was therefore "able to see Jim Clark in the early stages of his career". These shots, however, are from the 1967 Monaco Grand Prix. {1} A "rather bashful" Clark threads his way through a side street during practice. {2} Rounding the Station Hairpin in Lotus 33.





1 2





3 4

JOHN COMBER

Aussie Mr Comber was a flag marshal at the 1963 Tasman Cup at Sandown Park, where he got these shots of four-time Australian GP winner Lex Davison. {1} Lex was racing a Ford Galaxie four-door sedan in a support race when he lost it after a series of bends {2}. {3} Damage to the Armco is clear, as well as the car which was owned by former champ Len Lukey (note Lukey Mufflers hoarding). {4} The sorry Galaxie is towed away.



All images: GP Library

HEROES OF THE REVIVAL

The Goodwood meeting was packed with stars, but this trio's presence was particularly appreciated

As far as I'm concerned there were three real heroes of the recent Goodwood Revival Meeting: Sir Jack and Lady Brabham, and dear old Win Percy. 'Black Jack' at 81 has been in kidney failure for some time now. He requires dialysis three times per week, yet he – so ably cossetted (when he cooperates…) by the formidable Margaret – travelled some 22,000 miles specially for the Revival's Tony Brooks tribute. With Aston Martin in 1958, Jack drove as a team-mate of Tony's in the TT. He raced against him in his Coopers while Tony shone so brilliantly in Rob Walker's Coopers, then Vanwall and Ferrari, and as friends and rivals there has always been immense respect between them.

The Brabhams planned their Goodwood flights to coincide with dialysis 'windows'. It was risky, but 'Blackie' was determined to make the trip. The wheels came off almost immediately as gales closed one of Sydney's runways and they missed their initial flight. Arriving late in England, Jack was in some difficulty, terribly dehydrated for his big day, Saturday's Brooks tribute. Again I found myself doing my usual amateur-night presentation on the grid, and I'd been told Jack was poorly and wouldn't be available. But in the assembly paddock I noticed Moss in the glorious Aston Martin DBR1, and clambering into its passenger seat was another of my heroes – 'Blackie' himself. I whizzed over to ask the inevitable but he saw me first and growled "D'you think this bloke's got enough experience to drive me round?". I told him if he wasn't satisfied he shouldn't pay the fare. My erstwhile Editor at *Motor Racing* magazine, John Blunsden – an old friend of them both – leaned in and told Stirling, "Now's your chance to put a wheel on the verge and throw some stones, just like he…" – accusing finger – "…used to!"

They rumbled away. I was then told on my headphones that Sir Jack wouldn't be available for interview, so once they'd all formed up on the tribute grid I nattered to Tony himself, seated in a 'Syracuse' Connaught, then the splendid Mike Oliver – not only Connaught development engineer and team manager but also chief test pilot of Folland Aircraft and one of the men responsible for the superb little Folland Gnat (of past Red Arrows fame).

As an inexperienced presenter I was fazed by various things. My own voice was being recycled back into my headphones after a few seconds delay – very discomfiting when the wits are working double-time to compose the next bit of blether. Then for dessert the floor manager's voice chimed in, "Doug, Sir Jack's to your left, ready to talk – Sir Jack's to your left…"

Stirling had parked the Aston several rows down-grid, and had walked up for the presentation, leaving Jack – feeling just terrible – sitting ashen in the car under his past mechanic Nick Goozee's attentive parasol. I'm told the old warrior suddenly said, "Who's he talkin' to? What's goin' on? I'm havin' some o' that", and before Nick and the hovering doc could prevail upon him to rest quiet, he had from somewhere summoned up the energy and intent to launch himself from the car and march up the grid.

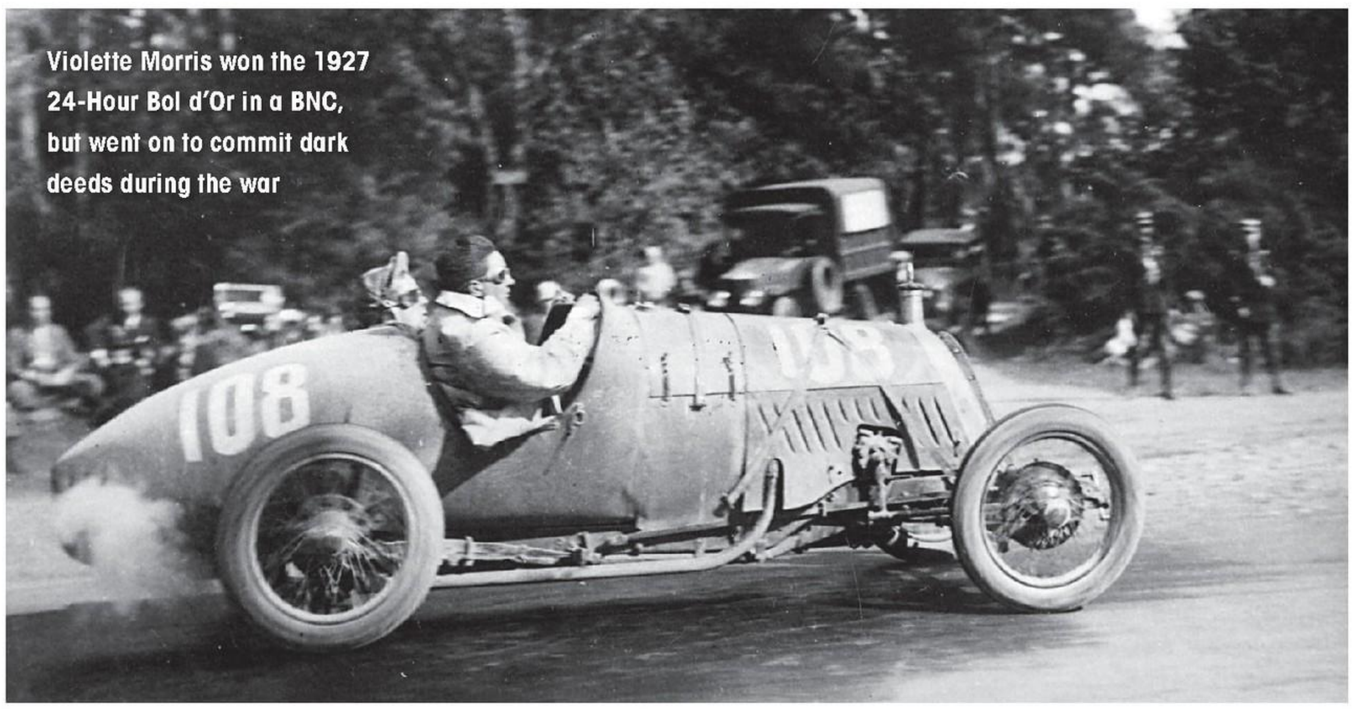
Unaware of this minor drama, but having received that tip-off, I turned to my left and – aah! – here was the triple World Champion, beaming at me about three inches from my face. So I introduced him and that wonderful Revival crowd erupted in thunderous, welcoming applause. He heard my questions, and paid his tribute to Tony with typical grace, wisdom and

wit. You'd never have guessed how ill he was.

It was a brilliant effort on his behalf – and I mean EFFORT! And as I wrapped up, behind my back he was assisted straight into an ambulance and off to hospital, so missing the rest of the meeting – which burned him no end. My missis and I dropped in to see him and Margaret a couple of days later, and found him after another dialysis session restored to sparkling form. He's simply the bionic man these days; "Here, feel just here – that's a stainless-steel union in there – isn't modern medicine fantastic! Look here, see the wires? Feel here, that's a pipeline!". I've always been squeamish, but I hope I made suitably approving noises. "I was not goin' to miss Tony's bit after comin' all this way…", he declared before confiding, "That bloke Moss, y'know, he nearly lost it halfway round. Yes, he did. He put one wheel on the grass and the whole lot went sideways. I thought, oh great – I feel like s***, and now we're going to crash!".

Stirling of course caught it, and all ended well – including Jack and Margaret's long flight (on time) back home. Respect!

Meanwhile, spending the entire weekend incarcerated in a TV cabin by the back of the corporate ablutions, Win Percy performed just superbly as Goodwood's expert judge of fact, glued to a battery of TV monitors throughout the action. His wise words at the driver briefings were simply invaluable. Win and his wife live in Spain these days, having sold up in Weymouth, and to see him – the multiple title-winning racing driver rendered paraplegic by diabolical medical negligence – now getting about on sticks and standing tall with the help of leg splints was truly humbling. He was Goodwood's Dickie Bird – the hugely experienced umpire who'd seen it all, knew all the excuses, and what few he hadn't learned from 'Whizzo' Williams he'd made up himself. Believe me – the commitment of this trio's presence was simply immense.



Violette Morris won the 1927 24-Hour Bol d'Or in a BNC, but went on to commit dark deeds during the war

How Violette met with a violent end

Motor sporting history is, of course, jam-packed with interesting characters, aces, no-hopers, good, bad, the weird, the wonderful. Few of them I would describe as evil – but the 1920s French driver Violette Morris must, I submit, come pretty close. I'm not convinced I believe all her bad press, but even allowing some margin this extraordinary brute comes straight from movie script – Rosa Klebb with attitude…

She was a once-married, profoundly masculine, lesbian French sportswoman. Built like a dump truck she excelled at shot put, discus and rowing, and played soccer for Femina Sports (1917-19) and Olympique de Paris (1920-26). She allegedly became a French international. Water polo was another of her sports, as was boxing. She frequently fought and beat men. She tried Graeco-Roman wrestling, weightlifting, tennis, archery, equestrianism and diving, and also raced bicycles, motorcycles and cars. In order to pursue her sports more comfortably she had a voluntary double mastectomy. Her masculine dress, habitually foul mouth, openly promiscuous lesbian lifestyle and above all her body modification led to her being barred from representing France in the 1928 Olympics.

Thereafter she ran a car components business in Paris. She competed regularly in the 24-Hour Bol d'Or race for solo drivers, and in 1927, at Fontainebleau, she actually won it, driving a BNC. Race regulations permitted a passenger, but not a co-driver, though a four-hour rest period was allowed. La Morris competed in several editions of this annual peculiarity, in Benjamin, BNC – rather piquantly Bollack, Netter & Cie – and her own Morris-Ruby cars.

But from 1935 she is said to have fed military intelligence to the German Nazi security services. Upon the occupation of France in 1940 she became an ardent collaborator. She lived in a houseboat on the Seine in Paris, and reputedly became a leading interrogator and sadistic torturer engaged in breaking suspects believed to be British-briefed SOE agents. Her name soared ever higher on the French Resistance's hit list, and on April 26, 1944, aged 51, they ambushed her while out driving with like-minded collaborators. The entire group died, riddled with bullets and shrapnel – to be buried in unmarked graves.

A lesson in left foot braking

Successive weekends in July 1955 saw two firsts for Stirling Moss – his first World Championship Grand Prix win (for Mercedes-Benz at Aintree) and his debut for Porsche in one of the more obscure Internationals, the 1955 Civil Governor's Cup race on Lisbon's Monsanto Park circuit in Portugal (below). In the race Stirling muffed his start, sitting on the line with the rear tyres alight, spinning uselessly, but he subsequently caught the field – including local star José Nogueira Pinto in



a sister Porsche 550 Spyder – and he won and set fastest lap, with the Portuguese driver second.

During practice Stirl and Jenks had been intrigued by Pinto's driving in the sister Porsche – balancing the car through ess bends with the throttle wide open, yet the brake lights flaring. "Hey – that bloke's braking with his left foot…" At the time it seemed a real novelty. Being brought up driving on largely dirt roads made more than only just Fangio and the Flying Finns…

Doug Nye



John Fitzpatrick overcame pitlane dramas to win the 1978 Watkins Glen Six Hours

Distracted from the racing...

In 1978 John Fitzpatrick was driving a Porsche 935 for Georg Loos's factory-supported Gelo team, contesting all the German and World Championship races, including Le Mans. Fitz recalls how, "Georg actually owned the cars and the transporters, but the cars were maintained in Stuttgart and were looked after at the races by Porsche works mechanics. The cars were always well prepared and if there were any new bits available we would be at the front of the queue alongside Kremer, Joest and Peter Gregg. Porsche was always very fair, tending not to make anything available until they had enough parts to go around. At their prices, they couldn't afford to upset anyone!"

Two outstanding points in his Gelo career became very apparent at the season-ending Watkins Glen Six Hours. "For some strange reason, Georg Loos never travelled to America but was represented by his girlfriend Ingrid, who also did the timing. We ran just the one car for me, Toine Hezemans and guest Peter Gregg. The only real opposition came from Dick Barbour's identical 935 for Rolf Stommelen and Manfred Schurti. We knew we'd have our hands full. The cars only ran for about an hour on the 100 litres of fuel so there would be six separate stints, two for each driver. But Peter was either not feeling well or just having a bad day and he lost a lot of time to Manfred and Rolf. Toine then took over from me and we clawed most of the time back, when Ingrid – who was sitting on an open timing stand in front of our pit wearing a white T-shirt with little underneath – called Peter over and told him most diplomatically "You vill not drive again, you are too zlow. John vill end ze race". This went down like a lead balloon, but in the circumstances Peter took it very well.

"Toine was due in after another lap or two, so I was starting to suit up and put on my helmet. Our pit was getting very busy as all the journalists and photographers gathered around to see an exciting pitstop which could decide the race – or so I thought. In fact, Ingrid was a very well developed girl and as the rain came down her T-shirt was becoming progressively transparent, and word had gone around. Never mind the racing, they were all crowding round gawping in admiration at Ingrid's magnificent chest...

"Just then, Toine came in at full speed, just as a photographer was walking backwards across the pitlane, absolutely focused upon Ingrid's attributes. Toine had to brake suddenly, and the driver's door, which he had been holding open to make a quick exit, slammed open, snapped its hinges and retaining strap, and flew off down the pitlane! While the car was serviced, he jumped out, I jumped in and the mechanics retrieved the door and tank-taped it into place.

"This drama was completely lost on 99 per cent of the photographers, pressmen and assorted mechanics crowded around, who were all mesmerised instead by Ingrid's moving parts beneath her sodden T-shirt as she gesticulated wildly to the team..."

> "Never mind the racing, they were all crowding round gawping in admiration at Ingrid"

As it happened the rain stopped, and the track – and Ingrid's T-shirt – dried out. Two or three laps was all it took for air pressure to overcome the tank-tape and Fitz's door blew off. He pressed on al fresco, and gradually caught Stommelen who had troubles of his own. "With two laps to go I finally caught him at the end of the straight and slipped down the inside as he closed the door. His front wheel was level with my seat and just brushed against the door-sill, about six inches from my arm. I managed to slip ahead and win. We seemed to be very popular with everybody after the finish, but I'm not entirely sure if it was meant solely for our win or for the show that Ingrid had put on..."

Race Results

FIA FORMULA 1 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

AUSTRALIA
MELBOURNE – MARCH 16

1	Lewis Hamilton	*McLaren*
2	Nick Heidfeld	*BMW*
3	Nico Rosberg	*Williams*
4	Fernando Alonso	*Renault*
5	Heikki Kovalainen	*McLaren*
6	Kazuki Nakajima	*Williams*
7	Sébastien Bourdais	*Toro Rosso*
8	Kimi Räikkönen	*Ferrari*

Fastest lap: *Heikki Kovalainen*
Pole: *Lewis Hamilton*

MALAYSIA
KUALA LUMPUR – MARCH 23

1	Kimi Räikkönen	*Ferrari*
2	Robert Kubica	*BMW*
3	Heikki Kovalainen	*McLaren*
4	Jarno Trulli	*Toyota*
5	Lewis Hamilton	*McLaren*
6	Nick Heidfeld	*BMW*
7	Mark Webber	*Red Bull*
8	Fernando Alonso	*Renault*

Fastest lap: *Nick Heidfeld*
Pole: *Felipe Massa*

BAHRAIN
BAHRAIN – APRIL 6

1	Felipe Massa	*Ferrari*
2	Kimi Räikkönen	*Ferrari*
3	Robert Kubica	*BMW*
4	Nick Heidfeld	*BMW*
5	Heikki Kovalainen	*McLaren*
6	Jarno Trulli	*Toyota*
7	Mark Webber	*Red Bull*
8	Nico Rosberg	*Williams*

Fastest lap: *Heikki Kovalainen*
Pole: *Robert Kubica*

SPAIN
BARCELONA – APRIL 27

1	Kimi Räikkönen	*Ferrari*
2	Felipe Massa	*Ferrari*
3	Lewis Hamilton	*McLaren*
4	Robert Kubica	*BMW*
5	Mark Webber	*Red Bull*
6	Jenson Button	*Honda*
7	Kazuki Nakajima	*Williams*
8	Jarno Trulli	*Toyota*

Fastest lap: *Kimi Räikkönen*
Pole: *Kimi Räikkönen*

TURKEY
ISTANBUL – MAY 11

1	Felipe Massa	*Ferrari*
2	Lewis Hamilton	*McLaren*
3	Kimi Räikkönen	*Ferrari*
4	Robert Kubica	*BMW*
5	Nick Heidfeld	*BMW*
6	Fernando Alonso	*Renault*
7	Mark Webber	*Red Bull*
8	Nico Rosberg	*Williams*

Fastest lap: *Kimi Räikkönen*
Pole: *Felipe Massa*

MONACO
MONTE CARLO – MAY 25

1	Lewis Hamilton	*McLaren*
2	Robert Kubica	*BMW*
3	Felipe Massa	*Ferrari*
4	Mark Webber	*Red Bull*
5	Sebastian Vettel	*Toro Rosso*
6	Rubens Barrichello	*Honda*
7	Kazuki Nakajima	*Williams*
8	Heikki Kovalainen	*McLaren*

Fastest lap: *Kimi Räikkönen*
Pole: *Felipe Massa*

CANADA
MONTRÉAL – JUNE 8

1	Robert Kubica	*BMW*
2	Nick Heidfeld	*BMW*
3	David Coulthard	*Red Bull*
4	Timo Glock	*Toyota*
5	Felipe Massa	*Ferrari*
6	Jarno Trulli	*Toyota*
7	Rubens Barrichello	*Honda*
8	Sebastian Vettel	*Toro Rosso*

Fastest lap: *Kimi Räikkönen*
Pole: *Lewis Hamilton*

FRANCE
MAGNY-COURS – JUNE 22

1	Felipe Massa	*Ferrari*
2	Kimi Räikkönen	*Ferrari*
3	Jarno Trulli	*Toyota*
4	Heikki Kovalainen	*McLaren*
5	Robert Kubica	*BMW*
6	Mark Webber	*Red Bull*
7	Nelson Piquet	*Renault*
8	Fernando Alonso	*Renault*

Fastest lap: *Kimi Räikkönen*
Pole: *Kimi Räikkönen*

GREAT BRITAIN
SILVERSTONE – JULY 6

1	Lewis Hamilton	*McLaren*
2	Nick Heidfeld	*BMW*
3	Rubens Barrichello	*Honda*
4	Kimi Räikkönen	*Ferrari*
5	Heikki Kovalainen	*McLaren*
6	Fernando Alonso	*Renault*
7	Jarno Trulli	*Toyota*
8	Kazuki Nakajima	*Williams*

Fastest lap: *Kimi Räikkönen*
Pole: *Heikki Kovalainen*

GERMANY
HOCKENHEIM – JULY 20

1	Lewis Hamilton	*McLaren*
2	Nelson Piquet	*Renault*
3	Felipe Massa	*Ferrari*
4	Nick Heidfeld	*BMW*
5	Heikki Kovalainen	*McLaren*
6	Kimi Räikkönen	*Ferrari*
7	Robert Kubica	*BMW*
8	Sebastian Vettel	*Toro Rosso*

Fastest lap: *Nick Heidfeld*
Pole: *Lewis Hamilton*

HUNGARY
BUDAPEST – AUGUST 3

1	Heikki Kovalainen	*McLaren*
2	Timo Glock	*Toyota*
3	Kimi Räikkönen	*Ferrari*
4	Fernando Alonso	*Renault*
5	Lewis Hamilton	*McLaren*
6	Nelson Piquet	*Renault*
7	Jarno Trulli	*Toyota*
8	Robert Kubica	*BMW*

Fastest lap: *Kimi Räikkönen*
Pole: *Lewis Hamilton*

EUROPE
VALENCIA – AUGUST 24

1	Felipe Massa	*Ferrari*
2	Lewis Hamilton	*McLaren*
3	Robert Kubica	*BMW*
4	Heikki Kovalainen	*McLaren*
5	Jarno Trulli	*Toyota*
6	Sebastian Vettel	*Toro Rosso*
7	Timo Glock	*Toyota*
8	Nico Rosberg	*Williams*

Fastest lap: *Felipe Massa*
Pole: *Felipe Massa*

BELGIUM
SPA – SEPTEMBER 7

1	Felipe Massa	*Ferrari*
2	Nick Heidfeld	*BMW*
3	Lewis Hamilton	*McLaren*
4	Fernando Alonso	*Renault*
5	Sebastian Vettel	*Toro Rosso*
6	Robert Kubica	*BMW*
7	Sébastien Bourdais	*Toro Rosso*
8	Mark Webber	*Red Bull*

Fastest lap: *Kimi Räikkönen*
Pole: *Lewis Hamilton*

ITALY
MONZA – SEPTEMBER 14

1	Sebastian Vettel	*Toro Rosso*
2	Heikki Kovalainen	*McLaren*
3	Robert Kubica	*BMW*
4	Fernando Alonso	*Renault*
5	Nick Heidfeld	*BMW*
6	Felipe Massa	*Ferrari*
7	Lewis Hamilton	*McLaren*
8	Mark Webber	*Red Bull*

Fastest lap: *Kimi Räikkönen*
Pole: *Sebastian Vettel*

SINGAPORE
SINGAPORE – SEPTEMBER 28

1	Fernando Alonso	*Renault*
2	Nico Rosberg	*Williams*
3	Lewis Hamilton	*McLaren*
4	Timo Glock	*Toyota*
5	Sebastian Vettel	*Toro Rosso*
6	Nick Heidfeld	*BMW*
7	David Coulthard	*Red Bull*
8	Kazuki Nakajima	*Williams*

Fastest lap: *Felipe Massa*
Pole: *Kimi Räikkönen*

JAPAN
FUJI – OCTOBER 12

1	Fernando Alonso	*Renault*
2	Robert Kubica	*BMW*
3	Kimi Räikkönen	*Ferrari*
4	Nelson Piquet	*Renault*
5	Jarno Trulli	*Toyota*
6	Sebastian Vettel	*Toro Rosso*
7	Felipe Massa	*Ferrari*
8	Mark Webber	*Red Bull*

Fastest lap: *Felipe Massa*
Pole: *Lewis Hamilton*

CHINA
SHANGHAI – OCTOBER 19

1	Lewis Hamilton	*McLaren*
2	Felipe Massa	*Ferrari*
3	Kimi Räikkönen	*Ferrari*
4	Fernando Alonso	*Renault*
5	Nick Heidfeld	*BMW*
6	Robert Kubica	*BMW*
7	Timo Glock	*Toyota*
8	Nelson Piquet	*Renault*

Fastest lap: *Lewis Hamilton*
Pole: *Lewis Hamilton*

BRAZIL
SÃO PAULO – NOVEMBER 2

1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		
7		
8		

Fastest lap:
Pole:

DRIVER STANDINGS

1	Lewis Hamilton	*94*
2	Felipe Massa	*87*
3	Robert Kubica	*75*
4	Kimi Räikkönen	*69*
5	Nick Heidfeld	*60*
6	Fernando Alonso	*53*
7	Heikki Kovalainen	*51*
8	Sebastian Vettel	*30*
9	Jarno Trulli	*30*
10	Timo Glock	*22*

MANUFACTURER STANDINGS

1	Ferrari	*156*
2	McLaren-Mercedes	*145*
3	BMW-Sauber	*135*
4	Renault	*72*
5	Toyota	*52*
6	Toro Rosso	*34*

FIA WORLD RALLY CHAMPIONSHIP

MONTE CARLO
JANUARY 24-27

1	Sébastien Loeb	*Citroën*
2	Mikko Hirvonen	*Ford*
3	Chris Atkinson	*Subaru*
4	François Duval	*Ford*
5	Petter Solberg	*Subaru*
6	Gigi Galli	*Ford*

SWEDEN
FEBRUARY 8-10

1	Jari-Matti Latvala	*Ford*
2	Mikko Hirvonen	*Ford*
3	Gigi Galli	*Ford*
4	Petter Solberg	*Subaru*
5	Andreas Mikkelsen	*Ford*
6	Dani Sordo	*Citroën*

MEXICO
FEBRUARY 28 – MARCH 2

1	Sébastien Loeb	*Citroën*
2	Chris Atkinson	*Subaru*
3	Jari-Matti Latvala	*Ford*
4	Mikko Hirvonen	*Ford*
5	Henning Solberg	*Ford*
6	Matthew Wilson	*Ford*

ARGENTINA
MARCH 27-30

1	Sébastien Loeb	*Citroën*
2	Chris Atkinson	*Subaru*
3	Dani Sordo	*Citroën*
4	Conrad Rautenbach	*Citroën*
5	Mikko Hirvonen	*Ford*
6	Federico Villagra	*Ford*

JORDAN
APRIL 24-27

1	Mikko Hirvonen	*Ford*
2	Dani Sordo	*Citroën*
3	Chris Atkinson	*Subaru*
4	Henning Solberg	*Ford*
5	Matthew Wilson	*Ford*
6	Federico Villagra	*Ford*

ITALY
MAY 16-18

1	Sébastien Loeb	*Citroën*
2	Mikko Hirvonen	*Ford*
3	Jari-Matti Latvala	*Ford*
4	Gigi Galli	*Ford*
5	Dani Sordo	*Citroën*
6	Chris Atkinson	*Subaru*

GREECE
MAY 29-JUNE 1

1	Sébastien Loeb	*Citroën*
2	Petter Solberg	*Subaru*
3	Mikko Hirvonen	*Ford*
4	Urmo Aava	*Citroën*
5	Dani Sordo	*Citroën*
6	Matthew Wilson	*Ford*

TURKEY
JUNE 13-15

1	Mikko Hirvonen	*Ford*
2	Jari-Matti Latvala	*Ford*
3	Sébastien Loeb	*Citroën*
4	Dani Sordo	*Citroën*
5	Henning Solberg	*Ford*
6	Petter Solberg	*Subaru*

FINLAND
JULY 31-AUGUST 3

1	Sébastien Loeb	*Citroën*
2	Mikko Hirvonen	*Ford*
3	Chris Atkinson	*Subaru*
4	Dani Sordo	*Citroën*
5	Henning Solberg	*Ford*
6	Petter Solberg	*Subaru*

GERMANY
AUGUST 15-17

1	Sébastien Loeb	*Citroën*
2	Dani Sordo	*Citroën*
3	François Duval	*Ford*
4	Mikko Hirvonen	*Ford*
5	Petter Solberg	*Subaru*
6	Chris Atkinson	*Subaru*

NEW ZEALAND
AUGUST 28-31

1	Sébastien Loeb	*Citroën*
2	Dani Sordo	*Citroën*
3	Mikko Hirvonen	*Ford*
4	Petter Solberg	*Subaru*
5	Urmo Aava	*Citroën*
6	Per-Gunnar Andersson	*Suzuki*

SPAIN
OCTOBER 2-5

1	Sébastien Loeb	*Citroën*
2	Dani Sordo	*Citroën*
3	Mikko Hirvonen	*Ford*
4	François Duval	*Ford*
5	Petter Solberg	*Subaru*
6	Jari-Matti Latvala	*Ford*

FRANCE
OCTOBER 10-12

1	Sébastien Loeb	*Citroën*
2	Mikko Hirvonen	*Ford*
3	François Duval	*Ford*
4	Jari-Matti Latvala	*Ford*
5	Petter Solberg	*Subaru*
6	Chris Atkinson	*Subaru*

JAPAN
OCTOBER 24-26

1		
2		
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4		
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6		

GREAT BRITAIN
DECEMBER 5-7

1		
2		
3		
4		
5		
6		

DRIVER STANDINGS

1	Sébastien Loeb	*106*
2	Mikko Hirvonen	*92*
3	Dani Sordo	*59*
4	Chris Atkinson	*45*
5	Jari-Matti Latvala	*42*
6	Petter Solberg	*40*
7	François Duval	*22*
8	Henning Solberg	*22*
9	Gigi Galli	*17*
10	Urmo Aava	*13*

MANUFACTURER STANDINGS

1	Citroën Total WRT	*169*
2	BP-Ford WRT	*146*
3	Subaru WRT	*87*
4	Stobart Ford Rally	*62*
5	Munchi's Ford	*22*
6	Suzuki WRT	*21*

Race Results

FIM MOTOGP CHAMPIONSHIP

QATAR
LOSAIL – MARCH 9

1	Casey Stoner	*Ducati*
2	Jorge Lorenzo	*Yamaha*
3	Dani Pedrosa	*Honda*
4	Andrea Dovizioso	*Honda*
5	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
6	James Toseland	*Yamaha*

Fastest lap: *Casey Stoner*
Pole: *Jorge Lorenzo*

SPAIN
JEREZ – MARCH 30

1	Dani Pedrosa	*Honda*
2	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
3	Jorge Lorenzo	*Yamaha*
4	Nicky Hayden	*Honda*
5	Loris Capirossi	*Suzuki*
6	James Toseland	*Yamaha*

Fastest lap: *Dani Pedrosa*
Pole: *Jorge Lorenzo*

PORTUGAL
ESTORIL – APRIL 13

1	Jorge Lorenzo	*Yamaha*
2	Dani Pedrosa	*Honda*
3	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
4	Colin Edwards	*Yamaha*
5	John Hopkins	*Kawasaki*
6	Casey Stoner	*Ducati*

Fastest lap: *Jorge Lorenzo*
Pole: *Jorge Lorenzo*

CHINA
SHANGHAI – MAY 4

1	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
2	Dani Pedrosa	*Honda*
3	Casey Stoner	*Ducati*
4	Jorge Lorenzo	*Yamaha*
5	Marco Melandri	*Ducati*
6	Nicky Hayden	*Honda*

Fastest lap: *Valentino Rossi*
Pole: *Colin Edwards*

FRANCE
LE MANS – MAY 18

1	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
2	Jorge Lorenzo	*Yamaha*
3	Colin Edwards	*Yamaha*
4	Dani Pedrosa	*Honda*
5	Chris Vermeulen	*Suzuki*
6	Andrea Dovizioso	*Honda*

Fastest lap: *Valentino Rossi*
Pole: *Dani Pedrosa*

ITALY
MUGELLO – JUNE 1

1	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
2	Casey Stoner	*Ducati*
3	Dani Pedrosa	*Honda*
4	Alex de Angelis	*Honda*
5	Colin Edwards	*Yamaha*
6	James Toseland	*Yamaha*

Fastest lap: *Casey Stoner*
Pole: *Valentino Rossi*

CATALUNYA
CATALUNYA – JUNE 8

1	Dani Pedrosa	*Honda*
2	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
3	Casey Stoner	*Ducati*
4	Andrea Dovizioso	*Honda*
5	Colin Edwards	*Yamaha*
6	James Toseland	*Yamaha*

Fastest lap: *Dani Pedrosa*
Pole: *Casey Stoner*

GREAT BRITAIN
DONINGTON – JUNE 22

1	Casey Stoner	*Ducati*
2	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
3	Dani Pedrosa	*Honda*
4	Colin Edwards	*Yamaha*
5	Andrea Dovizioso	*Honda*
6	Jorge Lorenzo	*Yamaha*

Fastest lap: *Dani Pedrosa*
Pole: *Casey Stoner*

NETHERLANDS
ASSEN – JUNE 28

1	Casey Stoner	*Ducati*
2	Dani Pedrosa	*Honda*
3	Colin Edwards	*Yamaha*
4	Nicky Hayden	*Honda*
5	Andrea Dovizioso	*Honda*
6	Jorge Lorenzo	*Yamaha*

Fastest lap: *Casey Stoner*
Pole: *Casey Stoner*

GERMANY
SACHSENRING – JULY 13

1	Casey Stoner	*Ducati*
2	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
3	Chris Vermeulen	*Suzuki*
4	Alex de Angelis	*Honda*
5	Andrea Dovizioso	*Honda*
6	Sylvain Guintoli	*Ducati*

Fastest lap: *Casey Stoner*
Pole: *Casey Stoner*

UNITED STATES
LAGUNA SECA – JULY 20

1	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
2	Casey Stoner	*Ducati*
3	Chris Vermeulen	*Suzuki*
4	Andrea Dovizioso	*Honda*
5	Nicky Hayden	*Honda*
6	Randy de Puniet	*Honda*

Fastest lap: *Casey Stoner*
Pole: *Casey Stoner*

CZ REPUBLIC
BRNO – AUGUST 17

1	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
2	Tony Elias	*Ducati*
3	Loris Capirossi	*Suzuki*
4	Shinya Nakano	*Honda*
5	Anthony West	*Kawasaki*
6	Chris Vermeulen	*Suzuki*

Fastest lap: *Casey Stoner*
Pole: *Casey Stoner*

SAN MARINO
MISANO – AUGUST 31

1	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
2	Jorge Lorenzo	*Yamaha*
3	Tony Elias	*Ducati*
4	Dani Pedrosa	*Honda*
5	Chris Vermeulen	*Suzuki*
6	James Toseland	*Yamaha*

Fastest lap: *Valentino Rossi*
Pole: *Casey Stoner*

UNITED STATES
INDIANAPOLIS – SEP 14

1	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
2	Nicky Hayden	*Honda*
3	Jorge Lorenzo	*Yamaha*
4	Casey Stoner	*Ducati*
5	Andrea Dovizioso	*Honda*
6	Ben Spies	*Suzuki*

Fastest lap: *Valentino Rossi*
Pole: *Valentino Rossi*

JAPAN
MOTEGI – SEPTEMBER 28

1	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
2	Casey Stoner	*Ducati*
3	Dani Pedrosa	*Honda*
4	Jorge Lorenzo	*Yamaha*
5	Nicky Hayden	*Honda*
6	Loris Capirossi	*Suzuki*

Fastest lap: *Casey Stoner*
Pole: *Jorge Lorenzo*

AUSTRALIA
PHILLIP ISLAND – OCT 5

1	Casey Stoner	*Ducati*
2	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
3	Nicky Hayden	*Honda*
4	Jorge Lorenzo	*Yamaha*
5	Shinya Nakano	*Honda*
6	James Toseland	*Yamaha*

Fastest lap: *Nicky Hayden*
Pole: *Casey Stoner*

MALAYSIA
SEPANG – OCTOBER 19

1	Valentino Rossi	*Yamaha*
2	Dani Pedrosa	*Honda*
3	Andrea Dovizioso	*Honda*
4	Nicky Hayden	*Honda*
5	Shinya Nakano	*Honda*
6	Casey Stoner	*Ducati*

Fastest lap: *Valentino Rossi*
Pole: *Dani Pedrosa*

SPAIN
VALENCIA – OCTOBER 26

1	
2	
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4	
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Fastest lap:
Pole:

RIDER STANDINGS

1	Valentino Rossi	*357*
2	Casey Stoner	*255*
3	Dani Pedrosa	*229*
4	Jorge Lorenzo	*182*
5	Andrea Dovizioso	*161*
6	Nicky Hayden	*144*
7	Colin Edwards	*134*
8	Chris Vermeulen	*125*
9	Shinya Nakano	*117*
10	Loris Capirossi	*111*

TEAM STANDINGS

1	Fiat Yamaha	*539*
2	Repsol Honda	*373*
3	Ducati Marlboro	*306*
4	Rizla Suzuki	*238*
5	Tech 3 Yamaha	*234*
6	San Carlo Honda	*174*

FIA WORLD TOURING CAR CHAMPIONSHIP

BRAZIL
CURITIBA – MARCH 2

Race 1

1	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*
2	Rickard Rydell	*SEAT*
3	Jörg Müller	*BMW*
4	Andy Priaulx	*BMW*
5	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*
6	Félix Porteiro	*BMW*

Race 2

1	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*
2	Andy Priaulx	*BMW*
3	Félix Porteiro	*BMW*
4	Jörg Müller	*BMW*
5	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*
6	Augusto Farfus	*BMW*

MEXICO
PUEBLA – APRIL 6

Race 1

1	Jordi Gené	*SEAT*
2	Rickard Rydell	*SEAT*
3	Nicola Larini	*Chevrolet*
4	Tom Coronel	*SEAT*
5	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*
6	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*

Race 2

1	Tiago Monteiro	*SEAT*
2	Rickard Rydell	*SEAT*
3	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*
4	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*
5	Jordi Gené	*SEAT*
6	Tom Coronel	*SEAT*

SPAIN
VALENCIA – MAY 18

Race 1

1	Robert Huff	*Chevrolet*
2	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*
3	Jordi Gené	*SEAT*
4	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*
5	Jörg Müller	*BMW*
6	Nicola Larini	*Chevrolet*

Race 2

1	Alain Menu	*Chevrolet*
2	Robert Huff	*Chevrolet*
3	Andy Priaulx	*BMW*
4	Jörg Müller	*BMW*
5	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*
6	Jordi Gené	*SEAT*

FRANCE
PAU – JUNE 1

Race 1

1	Augusto Farfus	*BMW*
2	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*
3	Jordi Gené	*SEAT*
4	Robert Huff	*Chevrolet*
5	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*
6	Rickard Rydell	*SEAT*

Race 2

1	Andy Priaulx	*BMW*
2	Nicola Larini	*Chevrolet*
3	Rickard Rydell	*SEAT*
4	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*
5	Robert Huff	*Chevrolet*
6	Augusto Farfus	*BMW*

CZ REPUBLIC
BRNO – JUNE 15

Race 1

1	Alex Zanardi	*BMW*
2	Félix Porteiro	*BMW*
3	Alain Menu	*Chevrolet*
4	Augusto Farfus	*BMW*
5	Jörg Müller	*BMW*
6	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*

Race 2

1	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*
2	Alex Zanardi	*BMW*
3	Augusto Farfus	*BMW*
4	Felix Porteiro	*BMW*
5	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*
6	Alain Menu	*Chevrolet*

PORTUGAL
ESTORIL – JULY 13

Race 1

1	Rickard Rydell	*SEAT*
2	Nicola Larini	*Chevrolet*
3	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*
4	Robert Huff	*Chevrolet*
5	Jordi Gené	*SEAT*
6	Andy Priaulx	*BMW*

Race 2

1	Tiago Monteiro	*SEAT*
2	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*
3	Andy Priaulx	*BMW*
4	Félix Porteiro	*BMW*
5	Robert Huff	*Chevrolet*
6	Nicola Larini	*Chevrolet*

GREAT BRITAIN
BRANDS HATCH – JULY 27

Race 1

1	Jörg Müller	*BMW*
2	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*
3	Andy Priaulx	*BMW*
4	Alex Zanardi	*BMW*
5	Tom Coronel	*SEAT*
6	Félix Porteiro	*BMW*

Race 2

1	Alain Menu	*Chevrolet*
2	Félix Porteiro	*BMW*
3	Alex Zanardi	*BMW*
4	Jörg Müller	*BMW*
5	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*
6	Augusto Farfus	*BMW*

GERMANY
OSCHERSLEBEN – AUG 31

Race 1

1	Augusto Farfus	*BMW*
2	Robert Huff	*Chevrolet*
3	Alain Menu	*Chevrolet*
4	Tiago Monteiro	*SEAT*
5	Jordi Gené	*SEAT*
6	Rickard Rydell	*SEAT*

Race 2

1	Félix Porteiro	*BMW*
2	Tom Coronel	*SEAT*
3	Robert Huff	*Chevrolet*
4	Jordi Gené	*SEAT*
5	Andy Priaulx	*BMW*
6	Augusto Farfus	*BMW*

ITALY
IMOLA – SEP 21

Race 1

1	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*
2	Rickard Rydell	*SEAT*
3	James Thompson	*Honda*
4	Robert Huff	*Chevrolet*
5	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*
6	Nicola Larini	*Chevrolet*

Race 2

1	James Thompson	*Honda*
2	Jörg Müller	*BMW*
3	Robert Huff	*Chevrolet*
4	Nicola Larini	*Chevrolet*
5	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*
6	Rickard Rydell	*SEAT*

ITALY
MONZA – OCTOBER 5

Race 1

1	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*
2	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*
3	Andy Priaulx	*BMW*
4	Tiago Monteiro	*SEAT*
5	Nicola Larini	*Chevrolet*
6	Robert Huff	*Chevrolet*

Race 2

1	Gabriele Tarquini	*SEAT*
2	Jordi Gené	*SEAT*
3	Nicola Larini	*Chevrolet*
4	Yvan Muller	*SEAT*
5	Alain Menu	*Chevrolet*
6	Tiago Monteiro	*SEAT*

JAPAN
OKAYAMA – OCTOBER 26

Race 1

1	
2	
3	
4	
5	
6	

Race 2

1	
2	
3	
4	
5	
6	

MACAU
MACAU – NOV 16

Race 1

1	
2	
3	
4	
5	
6	

Race 2

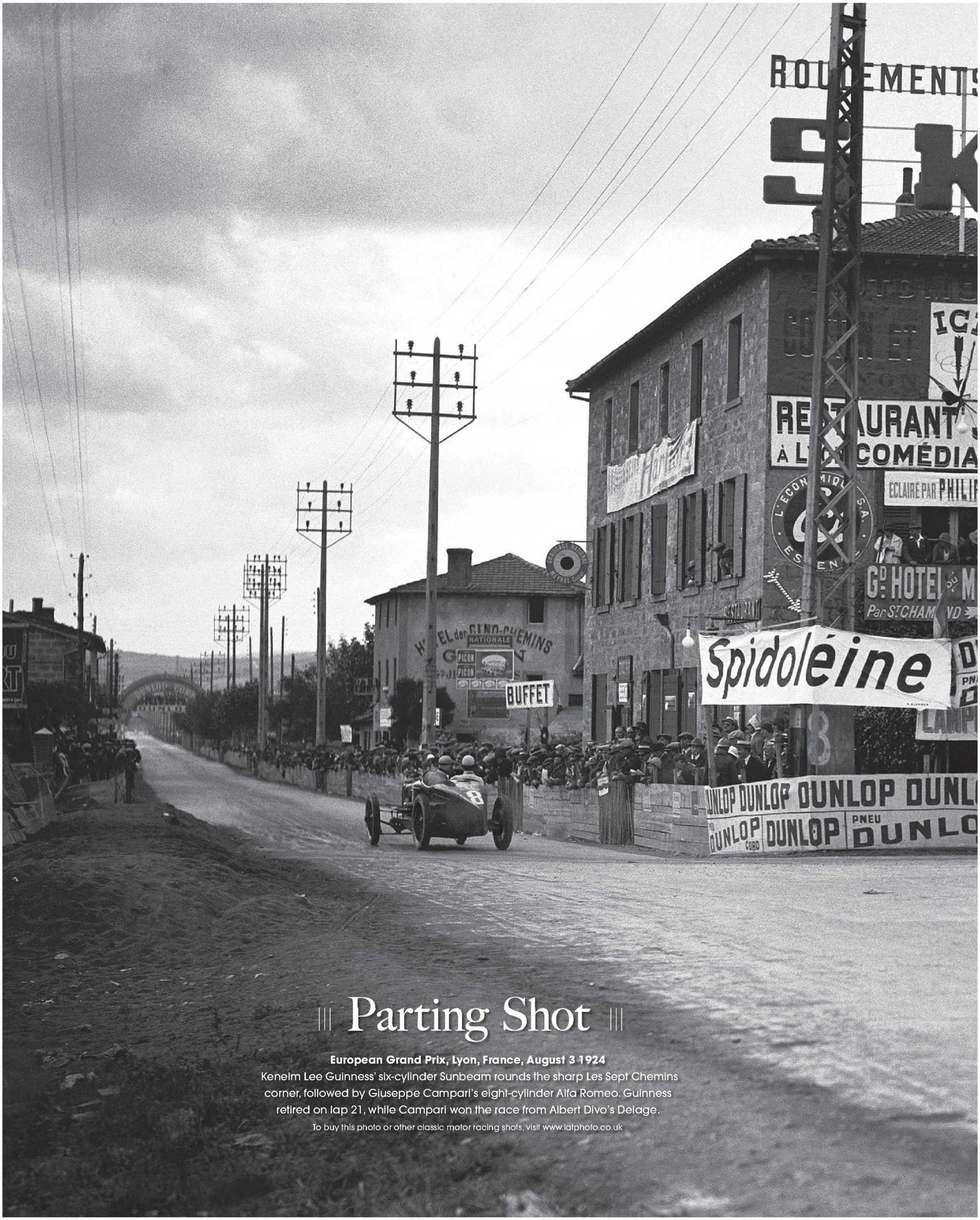
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DRIVER STANDINGS

1	Yvan Muller	*95*
2	Gabriele Tarquini	*86*
3	Robert Huff	*64*
4	Rickard Rydell	*62*
5	Andy Priaulx	*61*
6	Jordi Gené	*53*
7	Jörg Müller	*52*
8	Félix Porteiro	*50*
9	Nicola Larini	*48*
10	Augusto Farfus	*47*

MANUFACTURER STANDINGS

1	SEAT	*277*
2	BMW	*223*
3	Chevrolet	*197*
4	Honda	*46*



Parting Shot

European Grand Prix, Lyon, France, August 3 1924

Kenelm Lee Guinness' six-cylinder Sunbeam rounds the sharp Les Sept Chemins corner, followed by Giuseppe Campari's eight-cylinder Alfa Romeo. Guinness retired on lap 21, while Campari won the race from Albert Divo's Delage.

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L'ECONOMIQUE S.A.
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ESSENCE
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PNEU DUNLOP CORD
DUNLOP
PNEU DUNLO
PHILIPS
NLOP
LOP CORD
Spidoléine
HENRY Aîné
DISTILLATEUR
Mobiloil
L'AMORTISSEUR
HOUDAILLE