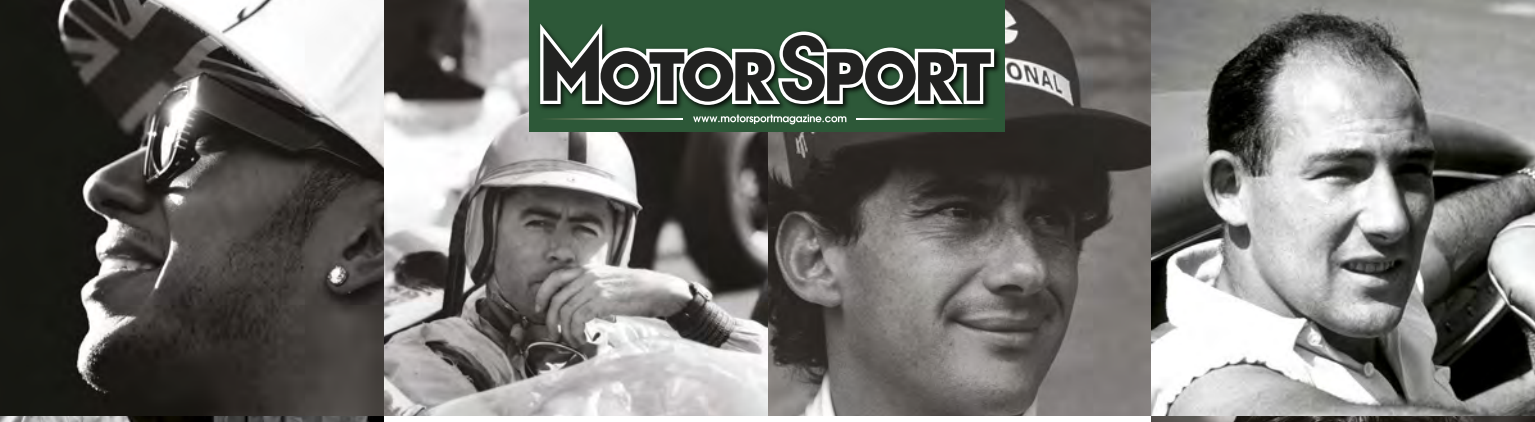


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20 of the finest Formula 1 drivers in history

GRAND PRIX LEGENDS



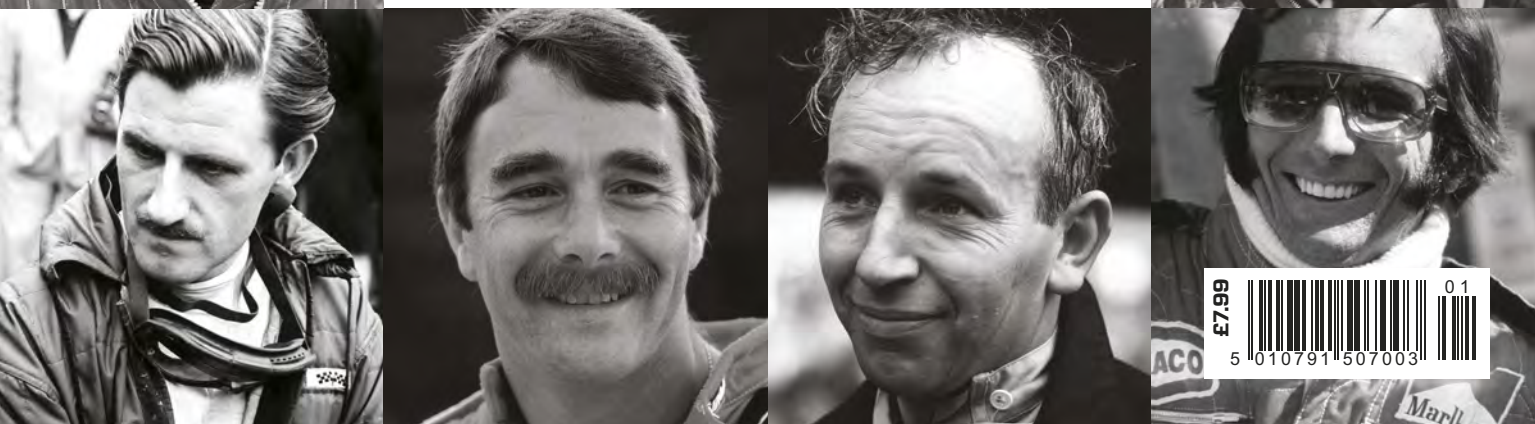






BEST OF MOTOR SPORT / VOL. 1

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WELCOME TO GRAND PRIX LEGENDS

What constitutes a Grand Prix 'legend'? Michael Schumacher's seven Formula 1 titles and 91 race victories ought to qualify him for such an accolade, but we suspect some might argue otherwise because of his occasionally hard-edged track etiquette. Ayrton Senna was similarly divisive, yet his beguiling charisma remains beyond dispute. And Gilles Villeneuve? He won only six Grands Prix, but became a symbol of our sport's essence, a cavalier spirit capable of conjuring victories that simply should not have been possible. He was also regarded as a symbol of fair play. More than 30 years after his passing, following an accident during qualifying for the 1982 Belgian GP, he continues to be idolised like few drivers before or since.

Ruthlessness, meet romance.

The latest in a series of *Motor Sport* special editions, *Grand Prix Legends* is ripe with such contrasts. Most of our subjects are world champions, often multiply so, while others defined sportsmanship, attitude, style… or perhaps a combination of the three.

Each of the following features was originally published in *Motor Sport* magazine and, as a whole, they reflect the human side of racing's evolution since the world championship for drivers became an annual staple in 1950.

We hope you enjoy it.

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JUAN MANUEL FANGIO

BY NIGEL ROEBUCK

I have often wondered what became of the fixtures and fittings and artefacts of The Steering Wheel Club. There were innumerable great photographs, but also more unconventional items, like the twisted steering wheel from Innes Ireland's Lotus 19, following a huge accident at Seattle in 1963. And autographs on the wall, too, including that of Juan Manuel Fangio. That I know, because I was present when the maestro signed. Saturday, June 2 1979: it was one of the more memorable days of my life.

Fangio was in England to participate in the Gunnar Nilsson Memorial meeting at Donington. This was a one-off event in aid of the fund set up by Gunnar in the last months of his life, to raise money for Charing Cross Hospital, where he had been treated for the cancer that was to claim him. Nilsson died in September 1978, little more than a year after his only Grand Prix victory, for Lotus at Zolder, and mere days after somehow making the journey to Sweden for the funeral of Ronnie Peterson, his fellow countryman and friend. He was a well-loved member of the Formula 1 fraternity, and a great number of celebrated racing figures went to Donington to honour him and raise money for his cause.

The central figure in the proceedings, of course, was Fangio, then 68 years old, and down to drive a 1937 Mercedes-Benz W125 on a series of demonstration laps. Out of the blue – and at very short notice – I was offered the opportunity to interview him in London, prior to setting off for Donington. The venue chosen could hardly have been more appropriate. Over the years, I had been privileged to meet Fangio a number of times, but this was to be the only occasion on which I interviewed him at any length, and I'll admit I was a touch apprehensive as I walked down Curzon Street that sunny morning. From childhood Fangio had been an idol to me, and I bought a new and expensive cassette recorder for the occasion: I needed to be sure that the tape would be fine and clear, but more fundamentally it seemed only right… ▶

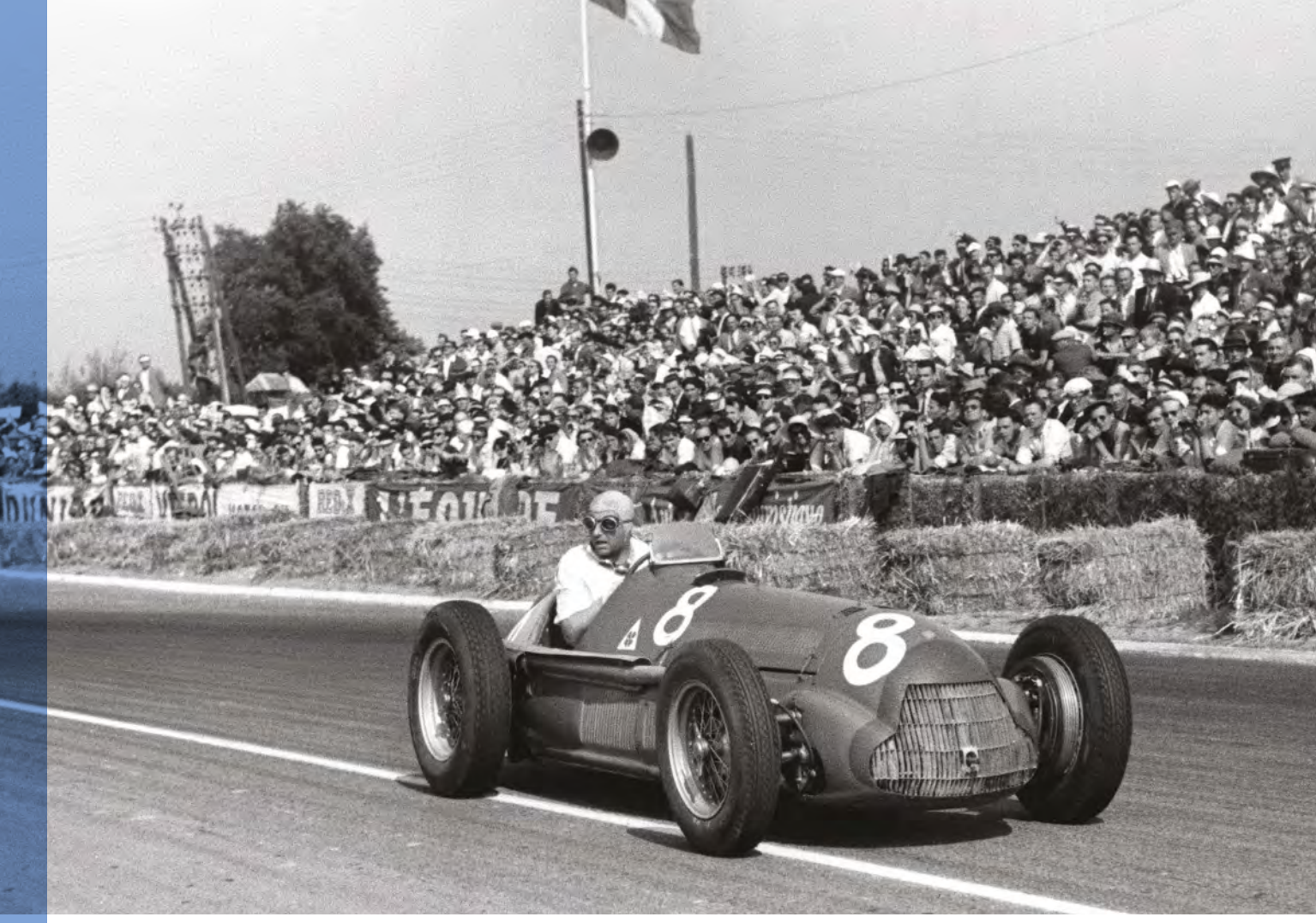
Meeting the maestro was an unmissable experience – and subsequently unforgettable for *Motor Sport's* future editor-in-chief. It remains a career highlight

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, NOVEMBER 2010





SEE FANGIO IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport digital edition



I got to 'The Wheel' ahead of time, but Fangio was already there, sipping a coffee and chatting to a Spanish lady who had come along to act as interpreter. She was, I remember, extremely attractive, and this had not escaped him.

Stirling Moss will brook no argument when it comes to the best racing driver of all time, but he has always maintained that Fangio was a greater man even than driver, that it was his humility – in the face of all that accomplishment – that one remembered most. "Fangio was a quiet man, not at all an extrovert," Stirling said, "but when he came into a room conversation would fade away, as everyone turned to look at him…"

From the beginning of 'my morning with Fangio', he was utterly charming, if anything more shy than I. Always a little bandy-legged – hence the nickname 'El Chueco' which he had come by early in his career while still in Argentina – he was also now a little stooped as he smilingly came over to shake hands, then to introduce me to our interpreter, who sparkled in his presence and proved well able to do justice to the nuances of his anecdotes.

It is amusing now, in this time of obsession over team orders, over favouritism towards one driver or whatever, to recall Fangio's response when I brought the subject up. At once he burst out laughing. In those days, such matters were dealt with on more of a… grass roots level.

"At Monza in 1953, my Maserati had a terrible vibration all through practice. It could not be cured, and I was worried that the car wouldn't last the race. In every team I drove for, you know, I always made sure of having the mechanics on my side – whatever I win, I would tell them, you get 10 per cent.

"Anyway, the night before this race I complained again about the vibration in the car – and on Sunday it was miraculously cured, and I won!" A pause, a sly grin. "I've no idea how they solved the problem — but I do remember that Felice Bonetto's teeth fell out…"

MY VERY FIRST MEETING WITH FANGIO WAS A matter of complete chance. I started work as a racing journalist in 1971, and the Monaco Grand Prix was only the second race I had covered. On the Monday I was killing time before leaving for the airport, and noticed that something seemed to be going on at Rampoldi's, one of my favourite restaurants, a wisp of Somerset Maugham's Cote d'Azur. Sundry vans were parked outside, and when I ventured in I found a small crowd around one of the tables, arc-lights and movie cameras everywhere.

On the table were several Solido model racing cars, and breadsticks arranged as part of 'a circuit'. Sitting there was Fangio, recreating the famous incident at Monaco in 1950, when there was a multiple accident at Tabac on the first lap.

Now, in London, I brought up the subject of that race.

"I led from the start in my Alfa," Fangio said.

"Villoresi was behind me, and behind him was Farina, who spun at Tabac in front of Gonzales and Fagioli. Maybe 10 cars were involved, and the track was completely blocked.

"I knew nothing of this, of course, because it had happened behind me. But when I arrived there on the next lap, I braked hard and stopped, just before all the wreckage. People said that I must have had a sixth sense, but it wasn't like that, really – I was lucky.

"There had been a similar accident in 1936, and I happened to see a photograph of it the day before the race. On the second lap, as I came out of the chicane before Tabac, I was aware of something different with the crowd – a different colour. And I realised that, instead of seeing their faces, I was seeing the backs of their heads. I was leading the race, but they weren't watching me – so something down the road was more interesting. And I remembered that photo…"

You may call that luck if you wish.

Throughout his career, though, Fangio indeed seemed to have a sixth sense when it came to choosing the right team at the right moment. In many minds he will be forever synonymous with Mercedes, in whose cars he won World Championships in 1954 and '55. But his first title had come at the wheel of an Alfa Romeo in 1951 (when he was already 40 years old), his fourth with Ferrari, in 1956, and his fifth, in '57, when he drove for Maserati in the car he loved best, the immortal 250F. "I have very good memories of my years with Alfa," he said. "In sentimental terms the Alfetta was perhaps my favourite car, because it gave me the chance to be World Champion for the first time. There were some wonderful races between Alfa and Ferrari – I had tremendous affection for [Alberto] Ascari, who led Ferrari for so many years. He and later Moss were without doubt the rivals I feared most. My team-mate at Alfa was [Giuseppe] Farina…"

The only problems were with the streamlined car in 1954 at Silverstone. I kept hitting the oil drums so I was only fourth

Had I not read that Fangio had described Farina as a 'madman'? He nodded. "Si, si, *loco*! I hated to drive with him in traffic on the way to a race… ay, ay, ay… Eventually, of course, he killed himself in a road accident." What he remembered most about the two seasons with Mercedes was the cars' dependability. "They were usually the fastest, of course, but they were also amazingly strong. To win with them was easy. The only problems I remember were with the streamlined car in 1954 at the small Silverstone circuit, where they marked out the course with oil drums. It was raining, and visibility from the cockpit was not good, and I kept hitting the drums, so I was only fourth.

"Later that season I had an oil leak at Barcelona, and the next year my engine failed at Monte Carlo. Otherwise, nothing went wrong. I drove 12 Grands Prix for ▶



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Top, Fangio's first title came with Alfa. Above, canny 1950 Monaco win was first of 24. Right, evidence of clashes with Silverstone oil drums

Mercedes, with eight wins, one second, one third, one fourth – and one retirement. In those days, you know, F1 cars were not so reliable, so the Mercedes was incredible in that way. Not so nice to drive as a Maserati, but you were almost sure to finish." Fangio's single year with Ferrari, 1956, he did not enjoy, despite the fact that it brought another title. "It was not a happy year for me, no. I never felt comfortable there, although I was on very good terms with all the drivers – Castellotti, Musso, Collins… All dead two years later, poor boys…

"At Ferrari I did not like the team manager. Also I had always had a mechanic exclusively on my car, but Ferrari had a different system, and it wasn't until halfway through the season that I was able to arrange that. Then everything was much better, and I won at Silverstone – the only time I ever won in England – and then at the Nürburgring." Twelve months on he won at the 'Ring again, now in a 250F. That race sits in the pantheon of Grands Prix, for it is doubtful that a man ever got more out of an F1 car than did Fangio that day as he chased down the Ferraris of Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins, making up over a minute on them after a stop – leisurely in those days – for fuel and tyres. A year earlier he had left the lap record at 9min 41.6sec; now he went round in 9min 17.4sec. From reclining in his chair, Fangio suddenly sat up at mention of the 1957 German Grand Prix. "I loved that Maserati," he said. "It wasn't very powerful, but it was beautifully balanced – I felt I could do anything with it. Even now, sitting here with you all these years later, when I think of that race I can feel fear. The Nürburgring was always my favourite circuit – I loved it, all of it, and I think that day I conquered it, but on

That day I took myself to the limit, and perhaps a little more. I had never driven like that before, and I knew I never would again



BUY THIS IMAGE







Fangio splits the Ferraris in '57 German GP – his superlative win. Far left, another title with Ferrari in '56, the cars he would defeat at the 'Ring a year on, left

another day it might have conquered me, who knows? Afterwards I knew what I had done, the chances I had taken – I believe that day I took myself and my car to the limit, and perhaps a little bit more. I had never driven like that before, and I knew I never would again."

BY COMMON CONSENT, THAT WAS FANGIO'S shining moment, and he agreed that it was the greatest race he ever drove. "Not my hardest race, though," he smiled. "That was the Grand Prix of Argentina in 1955, because the heat was so bad. Remember that the cars had the engine at the front in those days, so there was also all that heat coming back at you. There were drivers who were pulling out of the race, collapsing, and I think [Roberto] Mieres, another man from Argentina, and I were the only ones to get through the race without a relief driver. I felt as bad as they did – I got through it by trying to imagine I was waist-deep in snow…"

At the end of 1957, World Champion for the fifth time, Fangio decided that the time had come for retirement. "I was never tempted to come back, although I did race once or twice afterwards. I was 46 years old by then, and very tired after all those years of racing and travelling – and being away from home. I loved my 10 years as a Grand Prix driver, but I did not miss it afterwards, because there had been great sacrifices – necessary to stay on the top, but sacrifices nevertheless.

"Racing is beautiful when you are full of enthusiasm, but when it becomes work you should stop. By the end of 1957 it was becoming work for me…"

Fangio raced a Grand Prix car for the last time at ▶



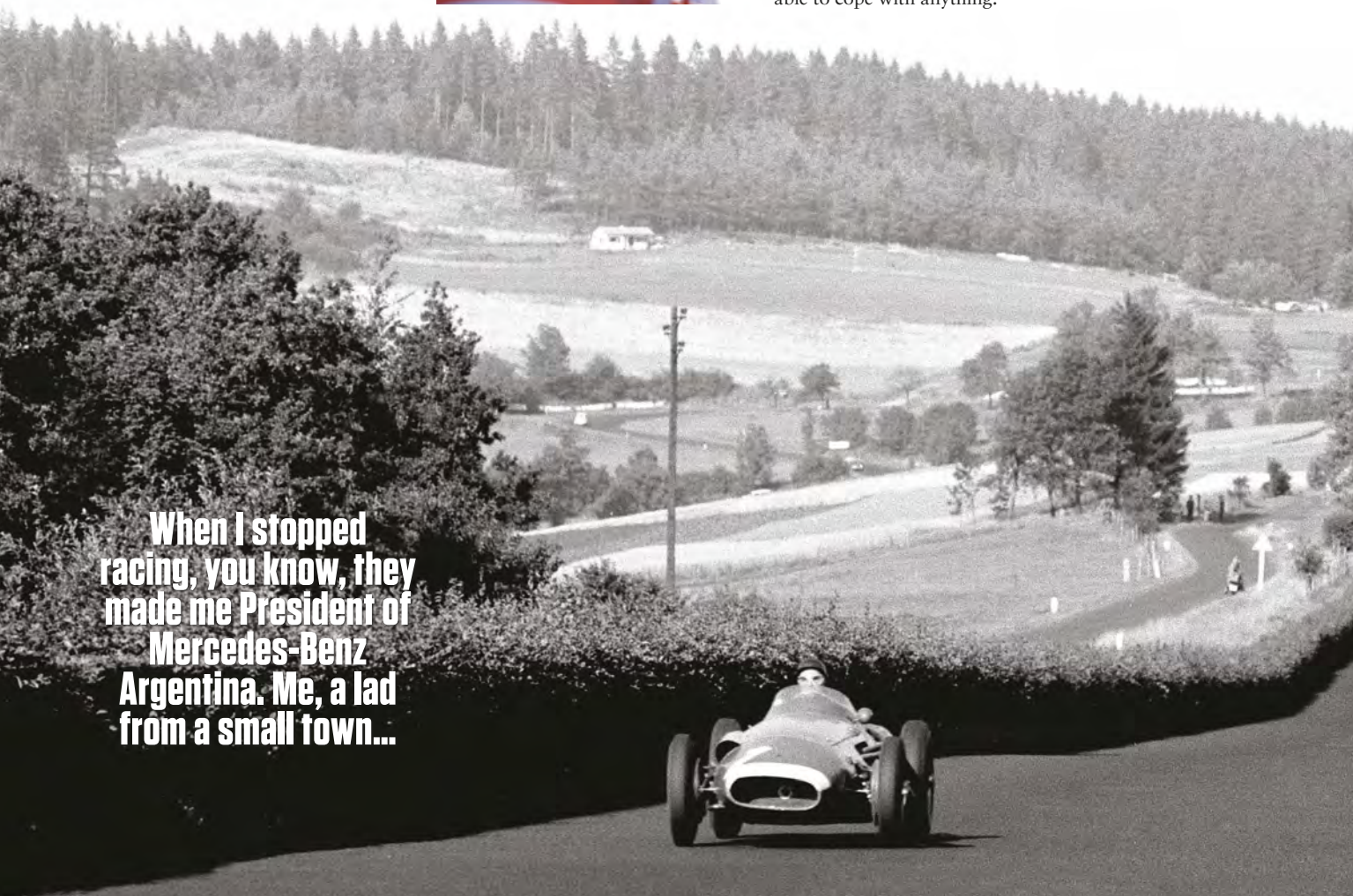


Fangio found Maserati 250F lovely to drive. Right, he remained a much-loved figure far beyond his racing life

Reims in 1958, primarily as a favour to Maserati, with whom his relationship was always affectionate and strong. "I had plenty of time to think in that race, because at Reims it was mainly straights. I thought about my career, how I'd come to Europe originally for just one year, and never thought I'd win a race – and in the end stayed 10 years and won five World Championships! But now I was wondering what I was doing here, and I knew then it was over, and time for the rest of my life.

"Musso died in the race that afternoon, and many people thought that was why I finally retired. It wasn't true. I had already made up my mind – and you must remember that during my time as a Grand Prix driver more than 30 men died. Although my sadness deepened every time, I did not allow it to influence me. When another driver dies, you always believe he made a mistake, nothing more or less. Therefore it was necessary to concentrate on not making mistakes – if you think you are going to die in the next race, it is better not to race at all. My team-mate at Maserati was [Jean] Behra. I liked him very much, and he was a very fast driver, but – too brave…

"In fact, I nearly retired in 1948 – before I ever came to Europe – after an accident in a long-distance road race in Peru, in which my co-driver Daniel Urrutia was killed. He was also my great friend, and I suffered a lot afterwards – I was the driver, but he was the one who died. I wept when my protégé, [Onofre] Marimon, died at the Nürburgring in 1954, but perhaps after Daniel, I was able to cope with anything."

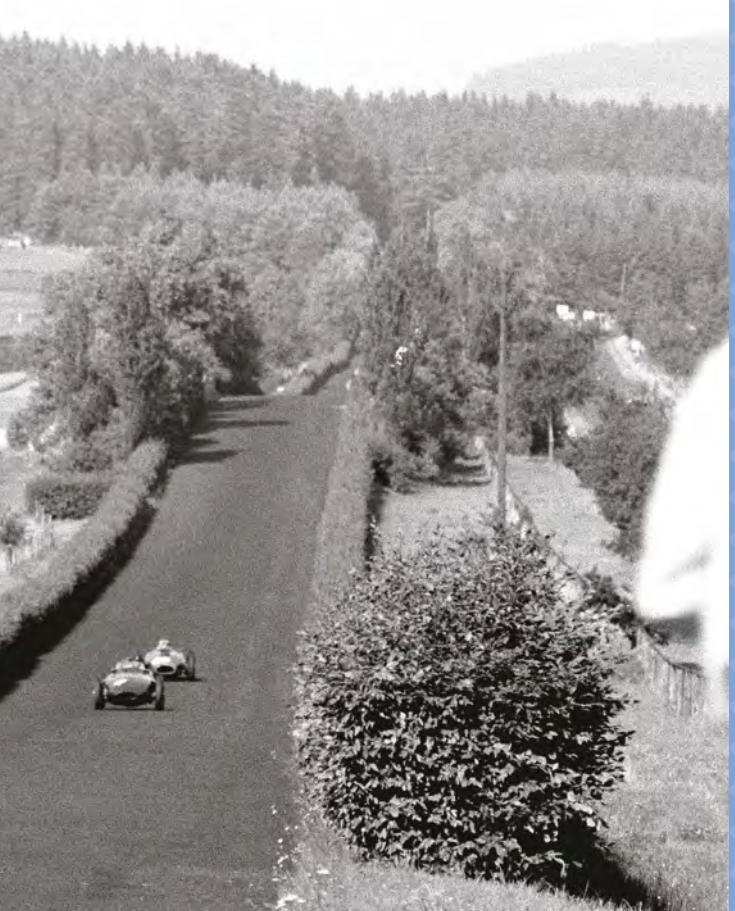


When I stopped racing, you know, they made me President of Mercedes-Benz Argentina. Me, a lad from a small town...

Fangio mesmerised me that morning, and again the following day at Donington. I saw him in the paddock shortly before his demonstration, and went over to thank him again for the interview. He said he knew what the spectators were expecting from him, and he hoped he had the nerve to do it. He didn't know Donington, and had never driven the Mercedes W125 before.

Eventually the supercharged 5.6-litre engine barked into life, and Fangio – short-sleeved polo shirt, open-face helmet, as ever – got on his way. Coming out of the chicane on his first lap, he dabbed the throttle a little too early and the tail flicked out of line, but it was checked before you could blink, and then the power was on again. Close by me, also standing on the pitwall, Dan Gurney and Mario Andretti whooped like schoolboys. And when Juan Manuel finally brought the car into the pitlane, the faintest of smiles on his face, they looked at him just as I – and everyone else – did, all of us knowing we had witnessed something we would never forget.

Two years later, over the weekend of the Italian Grand Prix, I went to a dinner at the Alfa Romeo museum in Arese, given in honour of the 30th anniversary of Fangio's first World Championship. "Ciao, Niguel!" he said when I went to shake his hand, and I felt I'd been greeted by God. The next day he climbed aboard the Alfa 158 at Monza, and he drove it like the wind. I thought him an enchanting man, and have many times recalled Stirling's remark about his humility. When I think back now to my morning with him those many years ago, perhaps what I remember most is a quiet remark he made while signing my many Fangio books. "When I stopped racing, you know, they made me president of Mercedes-Benz Argentina. Me, a lad from a small town…" ■



JUAN MANUEL

FANGIO

Born: June 24 1911, Balcarce, Argentina
Died: July 17 1995, Balcarce

51 STARTS

WINS 24

POLE POSITIONS 29

278.64 POINTS

WIN RATE 47.06%

FASTEST LAPS 23

WORLD CHAMPION
1951 1954 1955 1956 1957

46 years and 41 days – the oldest World Champion when he clinched the 1957 title by winning the German GP. He also became the third-oldest race winner that day

Juan Manuel Fangio is the only man to drive for two different marques in a championship-winning season – Maserati and Mercedes-Benz in 1954

94.12%. Juan Manuel Fangio started 48 of his 51 Grands Prix from the front row

Juan Manuel Fangio is one of three drivers to have won the World Championship four seasons in a row, the others being Michael Schumacher and Sebastian Vettel

Juan Manuel Fangio was 37 years and 24 days old when he made his Grand Prix debut in the 1948 French GP at Reims

ALBERTO ASCARI

BY NIGEL ROEBUCK

It's been 62 years since an Italian won the F1 World Championship. The last man to do so remains a legend, perhaps the fastest man of his era, as we recalled in 2012

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, JULY 2012

There are, remarkably, no Italian drivers in this year's World Championship, and that is a sadness not only for the *tifosi*. When I was first enthralled by motor racing, red cars were winning everything, and these things abide. The Italian Grand Prix has always been my favourite race.

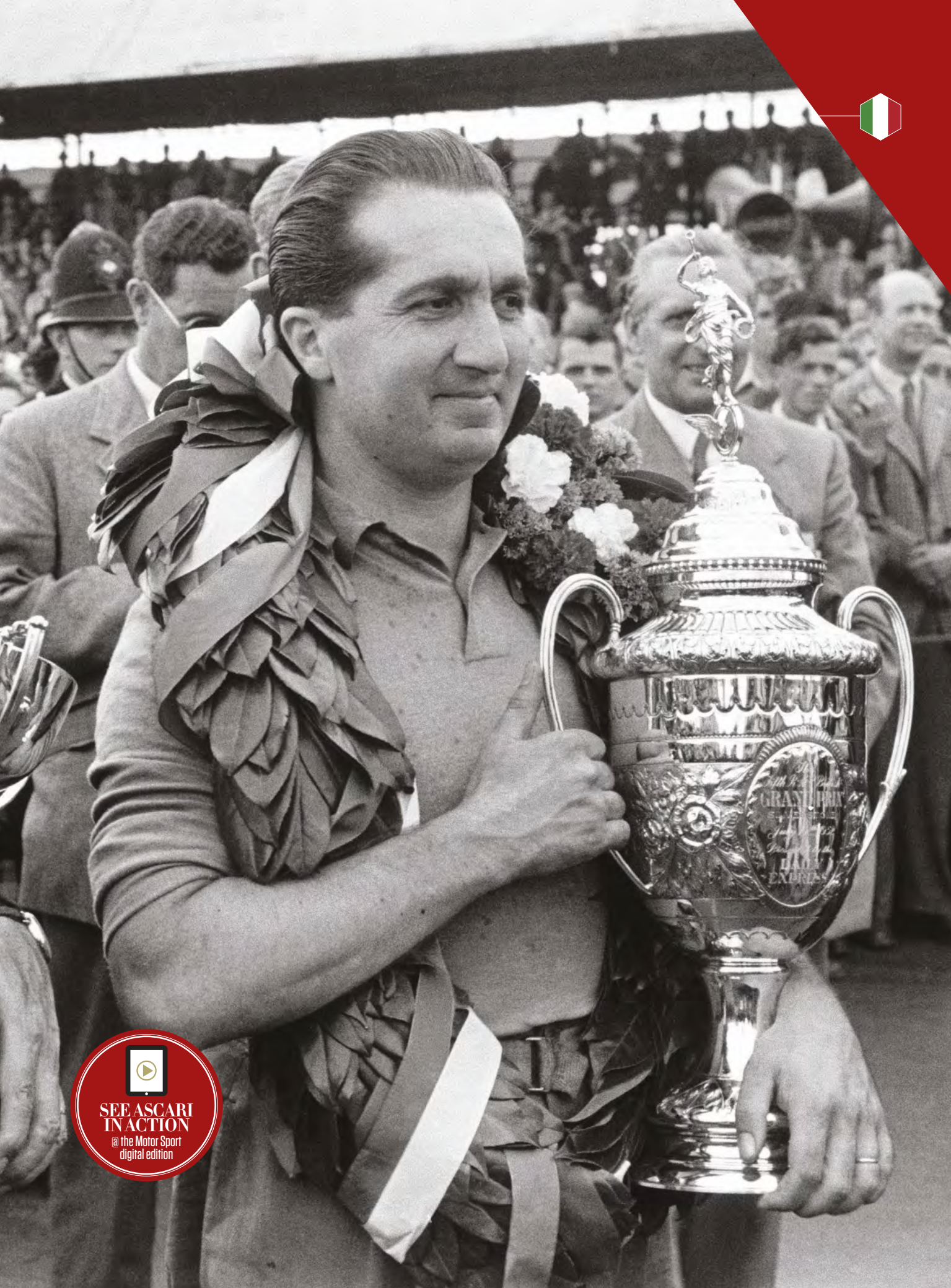
They may have removed a lot of trees in the old *Monza Parco* over time, and inserted too many chicanes, but still the circuit remains an iconic antidote to the vapid Formula 1 emporia which have lately sprung up across the globe. Monza is strong meat, and the richness of its flavour comes not least from the simple process of ageing. Racing began there in 1922, when Nuvolari was just getting started.

Monza has provided delicious moments of drama and triumph down the years, but it has also exacted its dues, and you feel it as soon as you walk through the gates, where the spirits abide of Campari and Borzacchini, of von Trips, Rindt, Peterson… The tragedy which resounded most through Italy, though, was the one which killed Alberto Ascari.

Time was when newspapers had a tiny 'Stop Press' space on the back page, allowing for last-minute news. When my parents' evening paper arrived on Thursday, May 26 1955, the section contained a few scratchy words: 'Milan. Ascari, racing driver, killed in crash'.

Only three days before, the papers had carried photographs of his Lancia's flight into the harbour during the Monaco Grand Prix. Although he had been only lightly injured, it seemed extraordinary that he would have been back in a racing car so soon.

Four days later Bill Vukovich was killed while leading the Indianapolis 500, and 12 days after that came the calamity of Le Mans, where Pierre Levegh and nearly 100 spectators were lost. It was the most catastrophic brief period in racing history. ▶



SEE ASCARI IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport digital edition

JUST AS PROST WAS NEVER GIVEN HIS DUE compared with Senna, so it has always been with Ascari relative to Fangio. Certainly he is remembered as a great driver, but the name synonymous with that era will always be that of Argentina's five-time World Champion.

Ascari, though, had his champions. "He was," Mike Hawthorn wrote, "the fastest driver I ever saw – faster even than Fangio…" And I remember a day at Denis Jenkinson's house, 20 or so years ago, when we talked through the drivers of the 'World Championship era', and he came up with his top five.

"Fangio," said Jenks, "was a great driver, with some qualities which have never been matched, but I always thought Ascari was better – in equal cars he could beat Fangio whenever he wanted. In my estimation Ascari was the greatest driver of the '50s, and he belongs in my 'pantheon' list, with Moss, Clark, Villeneuve and Senna."

As with many of his generation, Ascari began his racing career with motorcycles, then drifted into cars. His father Antonio had been a top driver, winning many races for Alfa Romeo before losing his life, while leading, in the French Grand Prix at Montlhéry in 1925, when Alberto was seven years old.

At 21, he took part in the 1940 Mille Miglia, and his car – known as the Tipo 815 – was in fact the very first Ferrari, although it did not yet carry the name, being built by Auto Avia Costruzione, a company founded by Enzo after his falling-out with Alfa Romeo.

In a matter of weeks Mussolini had taken Italy into the war, and Ascari, like many of his compatriots opposed to support of Hitler, contrived to spend the ensuing years



Ascari could beat Fangio whenever he wanted. He was the greatest driver of the 1950s and belongs in my 'pantheon' list

in establishing a transport business with his great comrade – and mentor – Luigi Villoresi. When hostilities ceased indeed Ascari, by now married with two children, showed no instant inclination to return to racing.

The pull, though, was always there. Villoresi, nine years older, resumed his own career, and he saw in his friend a natural talent far beyond his own. Ultimately Ascari, now 28, was wooed back – and ensnared. For two years he raced private Maseratis, finishing second to Villoresi at the first British Grand Prix, at Silverstone in 1948. The genial Alberto took very much to the English, and they to him: it was a relationship which would endure.

Following the death of Achille Varzi, he was offered a factory Alfa Romeo 158 for the French Grand Prix the same year, and he ran comfortably with team leader Jean-Pierre Wimille before finishing an obedient third behind Consalvo Sanesi. With Varzi gone, though, and Wimille being killed early in 1949, Alfa decided to sit out the season, whereupon Ascari did what he was put on earth to do and signed for Ferrari: at Berne he scored the company's maiden victory in a Grande Epreuve, and then won at Monza. Ironically, though, Ferrari's first 'World Championship Grand Prix' win, at Silverstone in 1951, went not to him, but to Froilán Gonzáles.

It was a fabulous year of Grand Prix racing, Alfa Romeo and Ferrari slugging it out, supercharged 1.5-litre against unblown 4.5. Following Gonzáles's success at Silverstone, Ascari won at the Nürburgring and Monza, and finished second in the championship to Fangio.

Now there came that curious two-season period, preparatory to the introduction of the 2.5-litre F1 in 1954, when the World Championship was run for 2-litre Formula 2 cars, and Ascari was literally unstoppable. He missed the opening Grand Prix of 1952, being otherwise occupied at Indianapolis (where his 'Ferrari Special' lacked Offenhauser power, but his driving greatly impressed the locals), but at the next race, Spa, he was unopposed.

This was June 22, and a year later – on June 23 1953 – Ascari won in Belgium again. In the course of those 12 months no one but he won a World Championship Grand Prix, and his record of nine consecutive victories was only matched by Sebastian Vettel in 2013: these two apart, ▶







Success in Maseratis with friend and team-mate Villoresi from '48, top and above, led to Ferrari seat. Right, Ascari (12) on front row for 1951 French GP at Reims



no one else has ever won more than five. If the Ferrari 500 was indisputably the best car, so it was equally beyond doubt that Ascari was on his own.

By now Ascari had become a national hero, rivalled only by Fausto Coppi, the first man to win the Tour de France and the Giro d'Italia in the same year. The two gods of Italian sport became friends, and were similar in the way they worked. "Once Coppi broke away from the *peloton*," wrote the French journalist Pierre Chany, "the *peloton* never saw him again…"

Ascari would take pole position as a matter of course, and be away down the road from the fall of the flag, whereupon 'the *peloton* never saw him again'. Smooth, consistent, paralysingly fast, he won his races as Jim Clark would do a decade later.

By the end of 1953, though, Ascari had come to feel that, as one who had achieved so much for Ferrari, he wasn't being paid enough, a resentment only increased after learning from Coppi that top Italian cyclists were paid greatly more than racing drivers.

Alberto lived in a pleasant apartment on the Corso Sempione in Milan, and there was a modest villa in the country, but drivers were hardly in the business to get rich. "Knowing what they earn today," Villoresi commented in the '80s, "I would be embarrassed to say how little we were paid in those times…" In 1997, indeed, at the age of 88, Villoresi died in penury.

IN ASCARI'S MIND ALWAYS WAS THE SECURITY OF his family. While he adored his kids, he was a little stern with them, and Enzo Ferrari once took him to task over it. Alberto replied that he gave them everything he could to make them happy, but he didn't want them to love him



Turin for a meeting with Gianni Lancia. Soon the news was confirmed that Lancia had embarked on the building of a Grand Prix car, designed by Vittorio Jano: Ascari and Villoresi would be the drivers, together with Alberto's protégé Eugenio Castellotti.

A long time passed, though, before the car was race-ready. Ascari first drove the D50 in February, but it did not race until October, and in the meantime there was the absurdity of the reigning World Champion having little to do: at Reims, where Mercedes returned, and Silverstone, he drove a Maserati 250F, but each time the car let him down.

The high point of the year was the Mille Miglia, which Alberto won in a Lancia D24. Sports car racing was never much to his taste, and this event in particular

Knowing what they earn today, I would be embarrassed to say how little we were paid in those times

he disliked, resolving not to take part again after an accident in 1951 in which a spectator was killed. Italian law being the curious way it is, Ascari was charged with manslaughter; it took three years for him to be formally exonerated. Although the Mille Miglia was excluded from his Lancia contract, he relented when Villoresi was hurt on a practice run, and agreed to take his place.

Delay followed delay with the D50, and hopes that it might make its debut at Monza came and went. It was unthinkable that the country's greatest star should be absent from the Italian Grand Prix, and a factory Ferrari was made available: Ascari was instantly on it, fighting with Fangio's Mercedes for the lead until his engine failed.

In the crowd that day were 14-year-old twins, Mario and Aldo Andretti, soon to leave for a new life in ▶

Left: nicknamed 'Chubby', Ascari was in fact very muscular, a plus for his 1954 victory in gruelling Mille Miglia, below

too much: that way they would suffer less if one day he didn't come home.

Close as they always were – Ferrari said he thought of Ascari as a son – their association ceased at the end of 1953. Through that year Enzo had been muttering about pulling out of racing, citing the lack of financial support from a country to which his cars had brought so much glory. When Ascari and Villoresi – always the double act – went to see him in December, he refused still to confirm his plans, but at the same time was insistent that Alberto should sign a new contract immediately, rather than wait for the expiry of the current one, on April 30 1954. Ascari's response was that if Ferrari would wait until then, he would probably re-sign, but if the decision had to be taken now, then it had to be no.

So it was that he and Villoresi sorrowfully took their leave of Maranello, and the very next day travelled to



GETTY

Nazareth, Pennsylvania. "Ascari was my man," says Mario. "My life just revolved around him – everything about him was right. I used to read about him in *Auto Italiana*, and when I finally got to see him at Monza it was one of the best days of my life – when he died, just days before we left for the States, it was one of the worst. I never met the man, but he had a greater influence on my life than anyone else."

The Lancia D50 made its debut in the Spanish Grand Prix at Pedralbes, and if the car was quick, it was also wayward, requiring Alberto temporarily to shed his silky style. He did, however, take pole position – a full second faster than Fangio – and led until his clutch failed.

Thus, if Ascari finished the year with not a championship point to his name, he looked to 1955 with optimism, confident of a car capable of fighting with Mercedes. In Argentina, the first round of the championship, he spun off on oil while leading, but then won non-championship races at Turin and Naples. In Monaco he started from the front row, sandwiched between Fangio and Moss.

In this race, extraordinarily, both the Mercedes failed,

Alberto was terribly fast, a driver of supreme skill. His only weakness was that he was so superstitious

and when Moss blew up, on lap 81, Ascari briefly – very briefly – led. At the chicane he found oil from Stirling's car, and that, combined with the snatching brakes which always plagued the D50, was enough to put him through the flimsy barriers and out into the harbour.

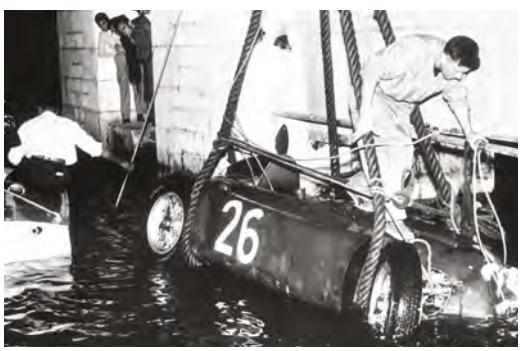
Among the eyewitnesses was Peter Ustinov, who told me that the moment remained sharp in his memory: "I remember the car shooting out of the tunnel – and then *nothing*! You couldn't see the car any more, and then there was suddenly a huge column of smoke and steam from the water. At first I couldn't take in that Ascari had actually gone into the water, and then I started to feel quite sick – he might be unconscious, might drown… Then, after what seemed an endless time, we saw him come to the surface, and start swimming towards a boat – that was really quite a moment…"

Maurice Trintignant, who won the race, visited Ascari in hospital the next morning, and wrote about it in his memoirs. "Alberto was sitting up in bed, sucking oranges, and he was in great form – if it hadn't been for the little bandage on his nose you'd never have known he'd had such a narrow escape. He held out his arms to me, and said, 'Let me congratulate you – I'm delighted with your win, you old bastard!'

"He said he knew he couldn't catch Moss, and his pit had told him I was catching him. 'To stop you,' he







Ascari briefly led the 1955 Monaco GP before plunging into the water in a cloud of steam. He was able to swim to safety



said, 'I had to take risks. At the chicane I slid on oil, and found myself heading for the sea. I went into the water in the car, but I managed to get out just as we were going down – it was a hell of a dive, and I hit the bottom. I was a bit stunned, but the cold of the water woke me up, and when I got to the surface a frogman was there to help me…'"

For another reason, too, the visit to Ascari made an impression on Trintignant. Alberto's nickname was 'Ciccio' – 'Chubby' – and it's undeniable that he liked his food and was never exactly sylph-like, but then neither was Fangio, to say nothing of Gonzales, and none ever seemed to have stamina problems in races way longer than they are today.

"As it was hot," Trintignant related, "Alberto was not wearing his pyjama top – and I realised we were wrong when we called him 'chubby'. He had a wrestler's powerful body, heavily muscled shoulders and a bull neck, strong biceps and forearms – exactly the right build for a rugby front row forward." Ferrari, indeed, remarked that, 'Ascari was one of the few who went into athletic training for races…'

Fangio always considered Ascari and Moss his greatest rivals: "Alberto was fast – *terribly* fast. He was a driver of supreme skill, and his only weakness was that he was so superstitious…"

He was indeed. Tales of his dread of black cats – he encountered one on the day of his first bad accident – are well documented, and he also had the more traditional misgiving about number 13 and its multiples: his father had been killed on the 26th of July.

As well as that, Ascari was obsessive about his racing equipment, and could not bear, as Villoresi noted, to have anyone else touch it. In particular, he had a thing about his pale blue helmet – always peakless – which he looked upon as his St Christopher. It is the more unfathomable, therefore, that on May 26 he should have chosen for once to set his phobias aside.



THAT MORNING AT MONZA CASTELLOTTI WAS testing a new, yet unpainted, Ferrari 750S, which became known as the 750 Monza. On the Sunday Ascari had been due to share the car with him in the Supercortemaggiore race, but Alberto – following the Monaco accident – had apparently decided to give it a miss.

Why, then, did he take to the track that morning? He had gone to Monza simply to watch Castellotti test, after all, and was wearing his always immaculate suit and tie, clearly with no intention of driving; then, apparently on a whim, he decided that it would be a good idea to get back in the saddle. Thus he took off his jacket, tucked his tie ▶



Ascari and Ferrari were a perfect fit. Above, leaving the Zandvoort pits in 1953 for the eighth of nine wins in a row

into his shirt, put on Castellotti's white helmet, climbed aboard, and never came back. On his third lap, going harder now, he crashed at the Curva Vialone, a corner which should never have troubled one such as he.

Vialone – now renamed Ascari – had no chicane before it in those days, and was a flat-out left-hander. In the middle of the corner lurid tyre marks indicated that the Ferrari had got sideways, then turned sharp left and begun to somersault, in the course of which Ascari was crushed before being thrown out. The car came to rest off the road, upside down, a long way down from the turn.

There had been no other car out there, and, hearing the sudden cut of the engine and the sounds of destruction, Castellotti, Villoresi and others rushed to Vialone, where they found Ascari barely alive, beyond saving.

Two days later the funeral took place, at the church of San Carlo al Corso in Milan, and as the cortege made its way there, the city was stilled, thousands lining the streets to pay final homage to an idol lost. Like his father, he was 36 years old.

Ascari had the clarity and presence of mind of Varzi and the fighting spirit of Nuvolari. There was no one better

The cause of the accident was never definitively established. There were fanciful notions that maybe his tie had blown in his face, and, as in the aftermath of Clark's accident at Hockenheim, there were those who suggested that maybe Ascari had swerved to avoid someone crossing the track.

Hawthorn's theory made more sense, a racer's explanation: "The tyres we wanted to use for these cars were 6.50-16, but they were not available at the time in the particular make we were using, and so 7.00-16 covers had

been fitted. I had driven the car with these tyres on it, and found it very nasty indeed at the Vialone Curve, where there were a lot of ripples in the road surface. I concluded that the rims were too narrow for the tyres, and had them taken off my car. Where Ascari crashed there were tyre marks, followed by marks of the wheel rims digging into the road, and it seemed to me that as he hit the ripples, the car started to slide, the tyres rolled under and the rims gouged into the road, causing it to somersault."

When I asked Phil Hill for his memories of that time, he made the point that Ascari was driving on Englebert tyres for the first time, Enzo Ferrari having done a deal with the Belgian company after countless years with Pirelli.

"They were odd tyres, those Engleberts, with very particular characteristics, good and bad. They had cotton carcasses, and as a result we had a lot of trouble with punctures, but for some weird reason they ran nice and cool. At the time of Ascari's accident the theory was that the tyres were too wide for the rims and tucked under, allowing the rims to dig into the road. Probably right, but you also have to remember that he was driving that car for the first time, and the 750 Monza was *extremely* unforgiving – absolutely not a car you took liberties with. I always thought it was a… malevolent car, in fact – if you took your eyes off it, it would kill you, sort of thing…"

LATER IN 1955, IN A SIMILAR CAR, PAUL FRERE had an enormous accident in Sweden, and was lucky to escape with a broken leg.

"As many drivers discovered to their cost, with Ascari at their head," he wrote, "the Ferrari 750 Monza does not forgive a mistake. I came into a bend a fraction too fast, and the tail of the car swung round so quickly I could not hold it – the car took complete charge of the situation."

Ascari's death brought an end to Lancia's racing activities. Although a distraught Castellotti was allowed to race a D50 at Spa, bravely putting the car on pole position, and although Hawthorn was signed to lead the team, Gianni Lancia then made a decision to pull out, and in July the cars were handed over to Scuderia Ferrari, who raced them – as pure Lancia D50s – only once, in the Oulton Park Gold Cup in September.

Had Ascari never been tempted to borrow a helmet that morning, to venture out in an unfamiliar car, and had Lancia thus continued with its F1 adventure, we can only imagine the season Alberto might have had – with Mercedes gone – in 1956.

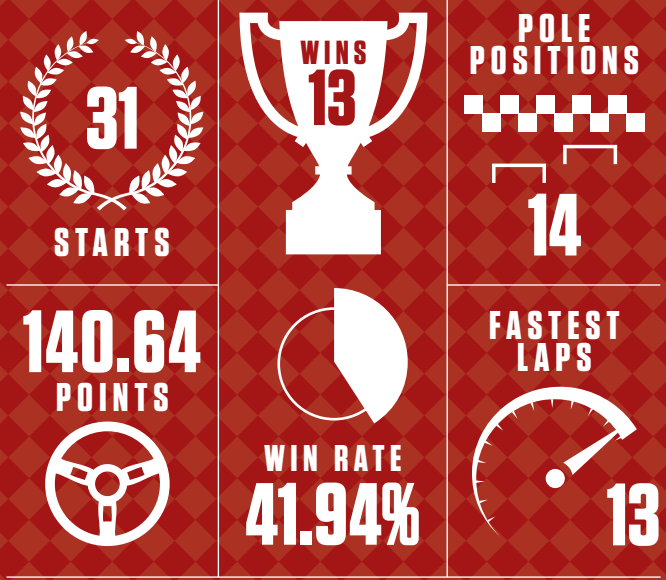
As it was, Ferrari, now receiving some financial help from Fiat, raced the progressively modified cars as 'Lancia-Ferraris', and Fangio's sole season with the team resulted in his fourth World Championship.

His third had come the year before. "I felt," Juan Manuel said, "that my title in 1955 lost some of its value because Ascari was not there to fight me for it. I lost my greatest opponent, and also a loyal and generous friend."

Sixty years on Alberto Ascari remains the last great Italian driver. "He had," said Villoresi, "the clarity and presence of mind of Varzi, together with the fighting spirit of Nuvolari. There was no one better…" ■

ALBERTO ASCARI

Born: July 13 1918, Milan, Italy
Died: May 26 1955, Monza





WORLD CHAMPION
1952 1953

Alberto Ascari won all six of the World Championship Grands Prix he entered in 1952. He also retired from that year's Indianapolis 500 which was officially a championship round at the time

Nine – Alberto Ascari shares the record for successive Grand Prix wins with Sebastian Vettel

377 days. That successful run (between 1952 Belgian GP and Mike Hawthorn's 1953 French GP win) meant that Alberto Ascari was unbeaten for 377 consecutive days

101 – Alberto Ascari won the 1952 German GP on the only occasion that the winning car had a number over 100

Italians Giuseppe Farina and Alberto Ascari won three of the first four World Championships to be held but no fellow countryman has won the title since Ascari

STIRLING MOSS

BY NIGEL ROEBUCK

Sunday, May 14 1961, and the mellifluous tones of Raymond Baxter on my 'transistor', a bunch of schoolboys huddled around it, willing Stirling on…

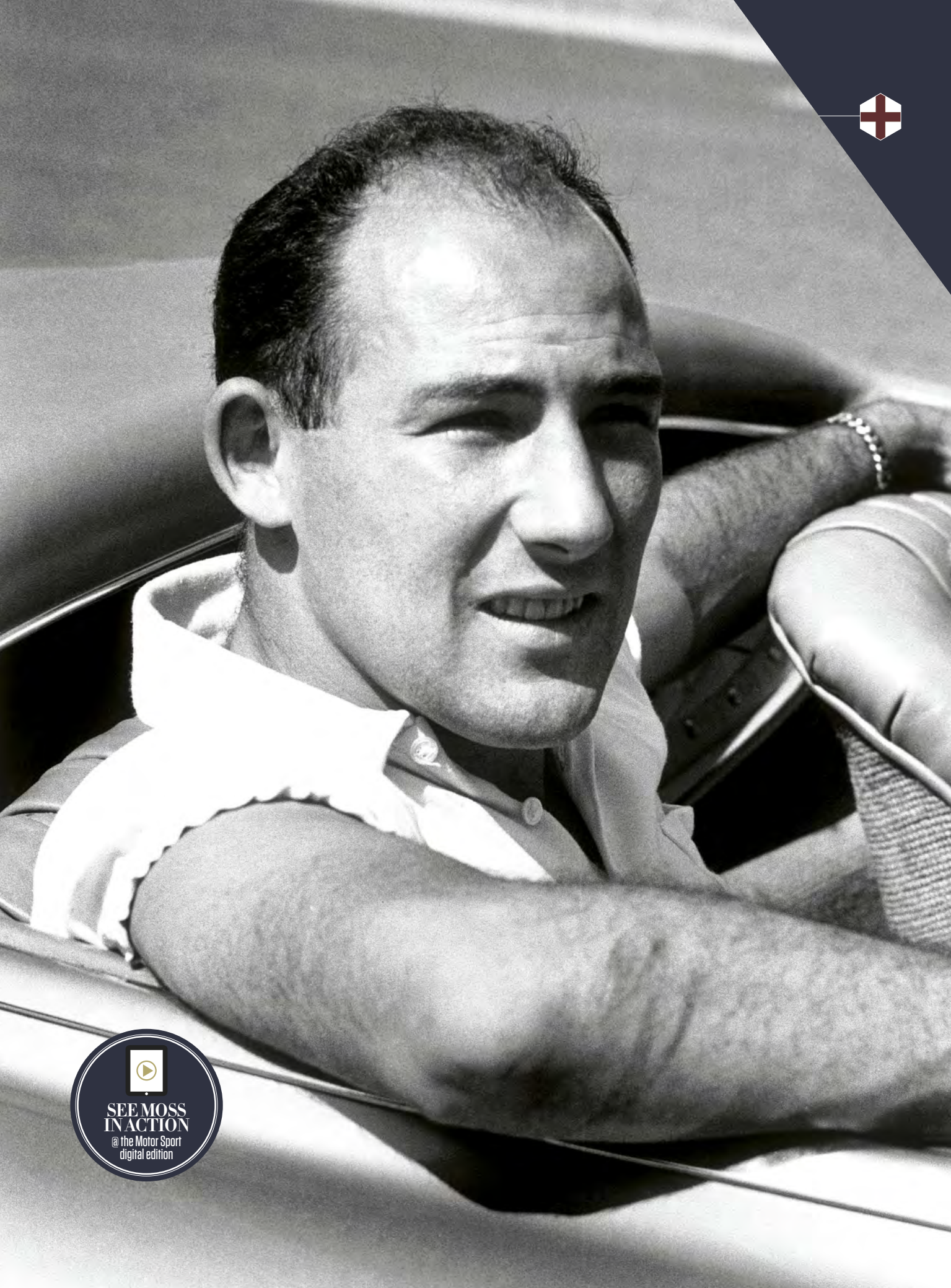
The BBC did not broadcast the entire race, and most of the afternoon we had been listening to a scratchy French station. For the closing laps, though, Baxter was back on the air.

"Undoubtedly," he said, when it was all over, "the race must go down as one of Stirling Moss's finest victories – and also one of the finest victories ever seen on surely the most historic, hazardous and beautiful circuit in the world. Any motor race won by three and a half seconds – after two and three-quarter hours – has obviously had its moments, and it is easy to see why the tension was such that at times it became positively difficult to breathe. Only one man stood in the way of complete Ferrari domination…"

Going into that Monaco weekend, the auguries for Moss and Rob Walker's private team were anything but bright. True, Stirling and the boxy Lotus 18 had won there the year before, but once Jack Brabham and Jo Bonnier had accounted for themselves Moss was unchallenged, winning by almost a minute. While by no means a classic Monaco Grand Prix, the race was notable, however, for a first victory for the marque Lotus – and for the debut of a car Enzo Ferrari had long said he would never build: Richie Ginther was the driver, and he sat in front of the engine. ▶

His motor racing feats were already legendary. But in May 1961 Stirling Moss enjoyed his day of days behind the wheel, as we recalled 50 years later

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, MAY 2011



SEE MOSS IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport digital edition



According to the diary I called in at the Ali Baba and went to bed at 2.15; then up earlyish for practice on Thursday morning

FOR 1961, HOWEVER, THE 2.5-LITRE FORMULA 1 was dropped, and F2 effectively became F1. The change (to 1.5 litres) was highly unpopular, but while the British teams moaned about it Ferrari got on with preparing for it. A prototype of their car had raced in the F2 Solitude Grand Prix the year before, and won it, too, in the hands of Wolfgang von Trips. Although the V6 engine had an obvious power advantage over the 'fours' from Climax and Porsche, however, still it was south of 200 horsepower, and it was hardly surprising that the drivers had little enthusiasm for the new F1. In *Motor Racing* magazine an interview with Moss was entitled, 'I Hate This Formula'. "It was supposedly about safety," said Stirling. "They were trying to say it was safer to have less power, which was bloody ridiculous. This was supposed to be *Grand Prix* racing – we weren't kids, playing about…

"They also introduced roll-over bars at the same time – I remember we had the breather for the fuel tanks taped to it, so at least there was one benefit from the stupid thing! The regulation said you had to have one, but there was no rule about the actual roll bar itself. And they were worse than useless – made of half-inch tube that you could bend with your hands!"

Ironic, then, that the very first Grande Epreuve run to the new, hated, rules produced what Stirling himself acknowledges as the best drive of his life.

His season, by Moss standards, had not started well. There had been a couple of victories in 'Intercontinental' events (run to the outgoing F1 rules) at Goodwood and Silverstone, but his Maserati 'Birdcage' had retired at Sebring, his Porsche RS60 at the Targa Florio, and in the non-championship F1 races he had been hampered by a chronic misfire.

Three weeks before Monaco, at the Syracuse Grand Prix, the blue Lotus popped and banged its way to



eighth place, prompting Denis Jenkinson to write in *Motor Sport*, that it was 'high time that Rob Walker stopped producing starting-money specials for Stirling Moss to drive'. This so upset Walker that he sued the magazine, eventually receiving an out of court settlement of £1000, which – Rob being Rob – inevitably went to charity. The misfire problem, as we shall see, was eventually resolved in Monaco.

More of a worry in Syracuse was that the 1961 Ferrari 156 – to be known for all time as the 'sharknose' – made its debut, and, in the hands of Giancarlo Baghetti, comfortably won. If a rookie could do this, how quick was this car?

As the Monaco weekend approached, Moss did not fly to Nice, but rather took a 'plane to Paris on the Tuesday. "God knows why," he said. "Can't remember now. At the time I was with an American girl – Shirlee Adams. She was a stewardess on American Airlines, which was how I met her – very good-looking girl, bit tall, but still… I said, 'Would you like to come to the Monaco Grand Prix?' and every time I'd go by the pits she'd clap me! I remember my mother saying, 'What a nice girl that is…' She later married Henry Fonda. Anyway…"

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THE FOLLOWING DAY STIRLING DROVE DOWN to Monaco, checking in to his hotel at 10.30. "According to the diary I then called in at the Ali Baba, and went to bed at 2.15… then up earlyish for practice on Thursday morning, when apparently the gear ratios were too high, and the engine still wasn't right…"

The precocious Jim Clark set fastest lap that day in the new Lotus 21, but at the end of the session went off at Ste Devote, damaging the car so severely that it was not seen again until race morning! Jimmy's time would, however, hold up for a place on the front row. ▶



BUY THIS IMAGE

In Friday's early morning session it was the turn of Ginther to head the times – and again Moss's Climax engine declined to run cleanly, at which point Alf Francis, mechanic of legend, decided enough was enough.

"The night before final practice," Rob Walker recounted, "Alf collared the Weber representative, and made him bring a brand new carburettor to our garage in Eze-sur-Mer. There they stripped it – and ours – down completely, and compared the two. And they found a small groove in the float chamber of the new carburettor that hadn't been machined in ours. Once that had been done, the engine ran perfectly the next day, and we never had any more problems. I don't think Alf ever bothered to tell Stirling that he'd spent the whole night working on the Webers, and I don't think Stirling was particularly surprised to find that the car was running properly for the first time for months – he'd just naturally assume that Alf would fix it in the end…"

Perfectly true, as Moss concedes. "I don't think I ever knew about all that at the time – in the diary I see I just said that the car was better, and I got pole position…"

Stirling's time, 1min 39.1sec, was half a second faster than anyone else, and he reckoned his next lap would have been quicker yet, had it not been interrupted by a serious accident to Innes Ireland in the tunnel.

"Lotus had their new 21s at that time, and Rob had tried to buy one for me, but Esso – who sponsored Team Lotus – wouldn't let [Colin] Chapman sell him one. It had a 'wrong way round' gearbox, and when Innes went to change up to fourth he got second, locked up the back wheels, and hit the barrier backwards…"

No seat belts in those days, of course, and on impact Ireland was thrown – a considerable distance – from the car, being very nearly run over by Lucien Bianchi's Emeryson as he lay in the road. Stumbling to his feet, he made it to the relative safety of the pavement, and lay down, bleeding profusely from a badly gashed leg. Moss stopped at the scene.

"Innes was pretty knocked about. I got him a cigarette from one of the marshals while we were waiting for the medical people to arrive, and the only other thing he asked me was, 'Is my wedding tackle all right?' Dear old Innes… later on that year he won at Watkins Glen – the first Grand Prix victory for Team Lotus – and then got dropped. Chapman was pretty horrible to him…"

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ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON THEY LINED UP LIKE this: Moss, Clark and Ginther on the front row, with the Hills, Graham (BRM) and Phil (Ferrari), on the second, then von Trips (Ferrari), McLaren (Cooper) and Brooks (BRM) on row three, followed by the Porsches of Bonnier and Gurney. As was the tradition in those days, only 16 cars went to the grid, the last of them being the Cooper of World Champion Jack Brabham.

It was hardly surprising that Brabham was back there, for he had arrived from Indianapolis on Thursday morning, taken part in the first practice session, then dashed back again to qualify for his first 500. By Sunday lunchtime Jack was back in the Principality once more,



Lotus had their new 21s and Rob had tried to buy one for me, but Esso wouldn't let Colin Chapman sell him one

and admitting to feeling a touch jaded.

On the grid Moss, too, had his concerns, for he had noticed what looked like a cracked tube in his car's spaceframe chassis. "I called Alf over, and said, 'Is that a crack?' He said yes, it was, and off he went to get an oxy-acetylene torch. The crack was right next to the fuel tank – which was full, of course. He covered the tank with wet cloths as best he could, and started welding…"

Francis was indeed made of stern stuff. "It was a very brave thing to do," Walker observed. "I watched him for a bit, but after a while discretion overcame valour, and I retired to a safe distance…"

"Everyone was leaning over," said Stirling, "watching what he was doing – and then when he lay down on the road, and lit this thing, everyone ran for it – including me! Rather doubt anyone'd be allowed to do anything like that now…

"Alf was an amazing bloke. He could be bloody irascible – every now and again he'd get pissed off about something, and throw his tools in the air, and at times like that you just kept your distance until he'd simmered down again, but if he was in a good mood, he was quite amusing. He knew nothing about designing a car – as he proved when he tried it! – but as a mechanic, particularly as an *improviser*, he was a genius. I trusted him absolutely – when he finished welding the tube that day, I never gave it another thought."

The day was hot, and for the first time Moss had a drinks bottle in his car: "Actually it was a Thermos ▶

Left: Moss thought the Ferraris were playing with him, but Ginther, above, leading Brooks, had no more to give



Top, pit board tells the tale – Ferrari cannot close the gap. Right, Moss had Lotus side panels removed for extra ventilation

flask, mounted in a bracket to the left of the seat. Races were long in those days…"

In the same vein there was one more thing to be done: Stirling decided that – in the interests of ventilation – he would like his car's side panels removed. "It was only a bit of fibreglass, but we had to get permission from the Clerk of the Course. He said it would be OK so long as there were still legible numbers on the car, so we put a new one on the back."

The rules decreed that every car had to be in position on the grid five minutes before the start, but although the Walker Lotus did not make it, there was a greater… flexibility in those days, and anyway Stirling was Stirling…

AT THE FALL OF THE FLAG GINTHER BURST AWAY into the lead, followed by Clark and Moss, but Jimmy – in his bogey race, the Grand Prix he was never to win – was in trouble almost immediately, pitting for five minutes at the end of lap two with a fuel pump problem.

Ginther apart, the Ferraris had got away poorly, Hill running seventh and von Trips ninth, and in the early laps it was the Porsches of Bonnier and Gurney which sat behind Ginther and Moss. "Richie was going well," said Stirling, "but I knew Phil would come into the picture, and I needed to get into the lead and try and make a break." On lap 14 he overtook the Ferrari, and Bonnier nipped by at the same time.

A dozen laps later a pit board from Alf Francis advised Moss that Hill was now up to second place, and gaining slightly. The game was on.

And on. On some laps the Ferraris – Ginther close in behind Hill – would narrow the gap, on others the Lotus would pull away again, but as Moss resolutely stuck to his task at the back of his mind was the thought that it was only a matter of time. "I felt that," he said, "because I could never get clear of them. I'd pull away a bit, but then they'd close up again – I really felt they were playing with me…"

In the Ferrari pit, however, they knew otherwise: Hill and Ginther were driving as fast as they knew. Some idea of the pace at which the race was being run may be judged by the fact that on lap 40 Hill went round in 1min 38.8sec, some three-tenths faster than Moss's pole position. Seven laps later Stirling himself got under it, with 1min 38.5sec, and the pattern for the second half of the Monaco Grand Prix was set. It was now Moss against Hill and Ginther, plain and simple, for although Bonnier's retirement allowed von Trips into fourth place, the third Ferrari was way behind.

Between laps 50 and 60 it began to look as though Moss's fears were justified, for Hill closed the gap from seven seconds to three – but he got no closer, and in fact Stirling then began to go away from him again, extending his lead to five seconds, and maintaining it.

On lap 75 it was Ginther who came by in second place: "I was wiped out by that stage," Hill said, "and when they held a board out to me, saying I should let Richie through, it made sense – I wasn't getting anywhere, so let him have a go… And it made sense in another way, too, because only he had the latest 120-degree V6 in his car – Trips and I had the 60-degree engines – and I knew, from running with Richie, that he had the edge on power…"

Moss, though, still believed he was at their mercy. From his own pit board he knew that now Ginther was ahead of Hill once more, but he suspected that the Ferraris were simply taking it in turns, *peloton*-like, to keep the pressure on him. At odd moments he could see red behind him, predatory as the sharknose cars always looked…

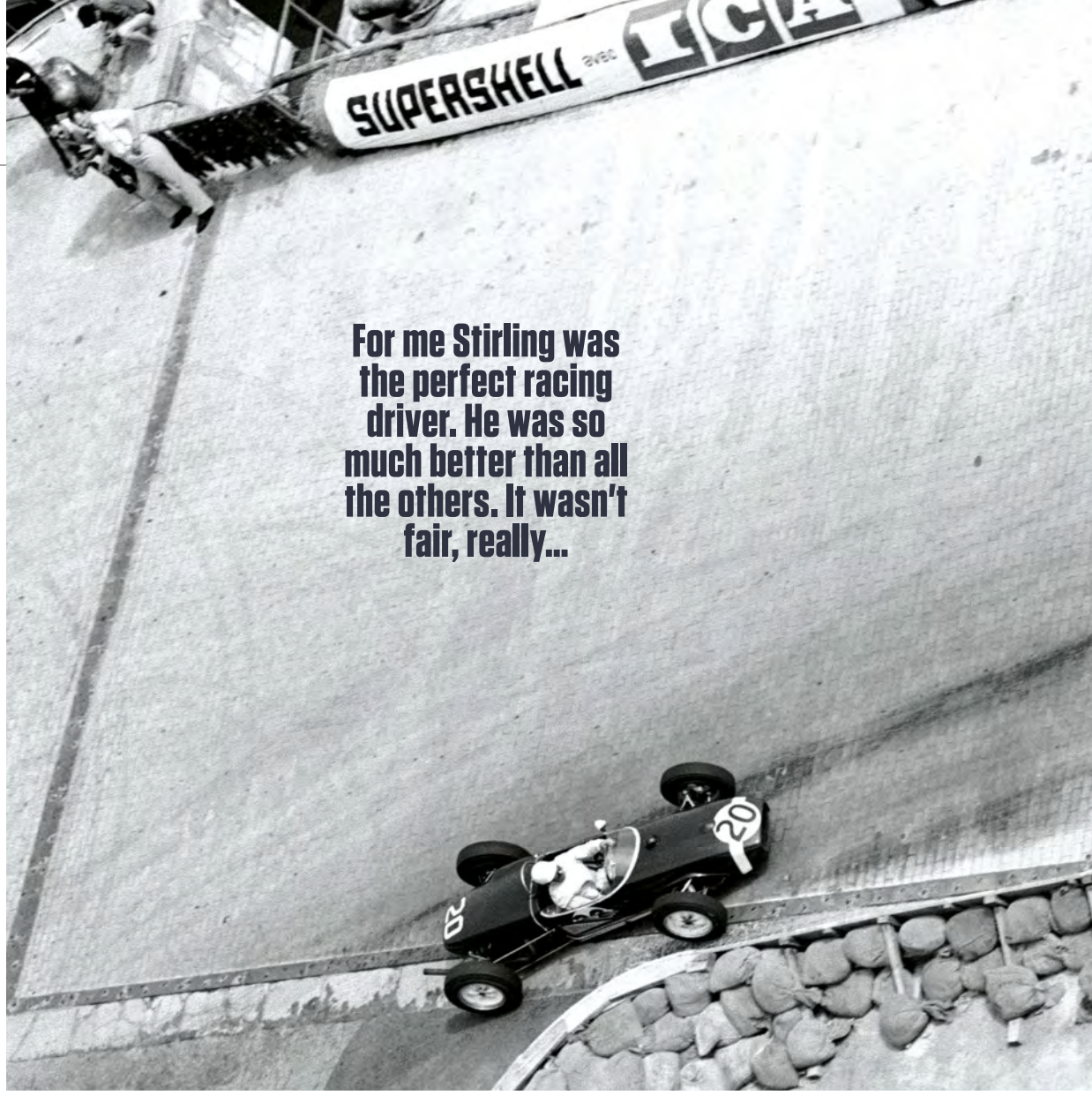
Through the last 25 laps the battle – now purely Moss versus Ginther, for Hill was fading – moved on to another level, into the realms of legend. As Ginther – in only the fourth Grand Prix of his life – took up the chase, he went round in 1min 37.7sec, whereupon Moss, too, went under the 1-38 mark. For every thrust there was an instant parry, it seemed, and in the Ferrari pit they were becoming desperate.

Ginther wasn't done, though. On lap 84 he took a full second from Moss, lapping in a scarcely believable 1min 36.3sec, but on the next lap Stirling turned in an identical time, and that, as Richie admitted, "Just broke my heart. I was running at the limit, and a bit more – and he instantly responded! I had no idea of the times we were doing – all I knew, every time past the pits, was the gap… Then, finally, I got a board saying, 'Ginther – Give All'! Jesus Christ, did they think I'd been stroking…"

At the flag Moss was 3.6 seconds to the good, after two and three-quarter hours of racing. 'Drove flat out all race', he wrote that night, underlining 'all'. "That was the only time in my career that I put something like that in the diary – I really was flat out the whole way, and that's why I think it was the best drive of my life."

Over the 100 laps, Moss's average lap time was 1min 39.5sec, only four-tenths shy of his pole position lap, and that rather beggars belief, as does the fact that ultimately he – and Ginther – lapped in 1min 36.3sec, almost *three seconds* faster than in qualifying. How – where – had it been possible to find that extra pace? ▶


UNDOP
DUNL



For me Stirling was the perfect racing driver. He was so much better than all the others. It wasn't fair, really...

"Honestly," Stirling said, "I don't know that I'm able to tell you. I wasn't really aware of going a lot quicker than in practice – I knew I was trying as hard as I could, that's all. I can remember getting into the lead, and thinking, 'Right, I'll hold on for as long as I can…'

"It wasn't a race I ever thought I was going to win – honestly, I thought the Ferraris were biding their time. I'd look in the mirror one lap, and there was Phil behind me – and a lap later it would be Richie! I thought they were just buggering about, swapping places for the sake of it – no way did I realise they were getting frantic pit signals, because of course I couldn't see them. I really believed they were waiting until towards the end – I thought they'd get me on power, on the hill up to Casino Square…

"The thing was, I knew I was going absolutely as hard as I could – and yet I was never able to get away from them, so I figured they were coping with my pace without too much trouble. As it turned out, of course, they were on the limit, too, but I didn't know that at the time.

"What I kept doing, through the race, was saying to myself, going into Casino Square or Tabac or wherever, 'OK, you're going to do a perfect lap from here…' Of course you never *can* do a lap that's perfect, but it was a test I kept setting myself, so as to keep my concentration where it needed to be. It's a lot more difficult, you know, to maintain concentration when you're in the lead – much easier when you're chasing someone, when you've got a goal to go for.

"I don't think I had a single problem with the car, which is surprising, because cars – other than Ferraris! – were pretty unreliable in those days. Thing is, if I'd had a problem, I wouldn't have won, simple as that."

Thinking back to that day, 50 years ago, does Stirling recall any major mistake, any moment when he just caught it?

"No, honestly not."

When, years after Ginther's retirement from racing, I asked him which had been his best drive, he didn't hesitate. "Oh, Monaco '61, no question. The race lasted going on three hours, and I was right on the limit all the way – and I think Stirling was, too. That son of a gun… believe me, any time you did well against him, you knew you'd really done something. People have said that was



his greatest drive… Well, if I was within three and a half seconds of his greatest drive, I'll take that any day!"

Was Moss the greatest driver Ginther ever encountered? "Oh, yes," he said, as if the question didn't need asking. "And by a long way…"

The day after the race Stirling went off to Como for a few days, and thence to Zandvoort, where the Dutch Grand Prix was run the following weekend. Here the Ferraris were well able to flex their V6 muscle, and von Trips won from Hill, with Moss fourth. Because it rained at Aintree Stirling was again able to threaten them, but the car let him down, and it wasn't until August, at the Nürburgring, that he was able to beat the Ferraris again. No one else beat them all season long.

"I was always in two minds," said Rob Walker, "about which of those wins was Stirling's best, but in the end I think it was Monaco – and if that was his greatest drive, for me that means it was the greatest drive by anyone. There really was no one like Stirling. For me, he was the perfect racing driver. When he was driving for me, I always felt that anything was possible, because he was so much better than all the others. It wasn't fair, really…" ■

STIRLING MOSS

Born: September 17 1929, Kensington, London, Great Britain

66 STARTS

WINS 16

POLE POSITIONS 16

186.5 POINTS

WIN RATE 24.24%

FASTEST LAPS 19

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP RUNNER-UP
1955 1956 1957 1958

16 – the highest number of Grand Prix wins without becoming World Champion

Four – Stirling Moss was championship runner-up on four occasions, a record he shares with Alain Prost. Moss's were consecutive (1955-58) while Prost (1983, '84, '88, '90) also won four titles during his career

Stirling Moss took over Tony Brooks' Vanwall to win the 1957 British GP – the first World Championship race victory for a British car

Five – Stirling Moss has won races with more constructors than anyone else (Mercedes-Benz, Maserati, Vanwall, Cooper and Lotus)

Stirling Moss' father Alfred finished 16th in the 1924 Indianapolis 500 and was a relief driver a year later

JACK BRABHAM

BY ROY SALVADORI

The only man to win F1 world titles as both a driver and a constructor was as tough as they come, as his old friend and team-mate Roy Salvadori told us back in 2007

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, DECEMBER 2007

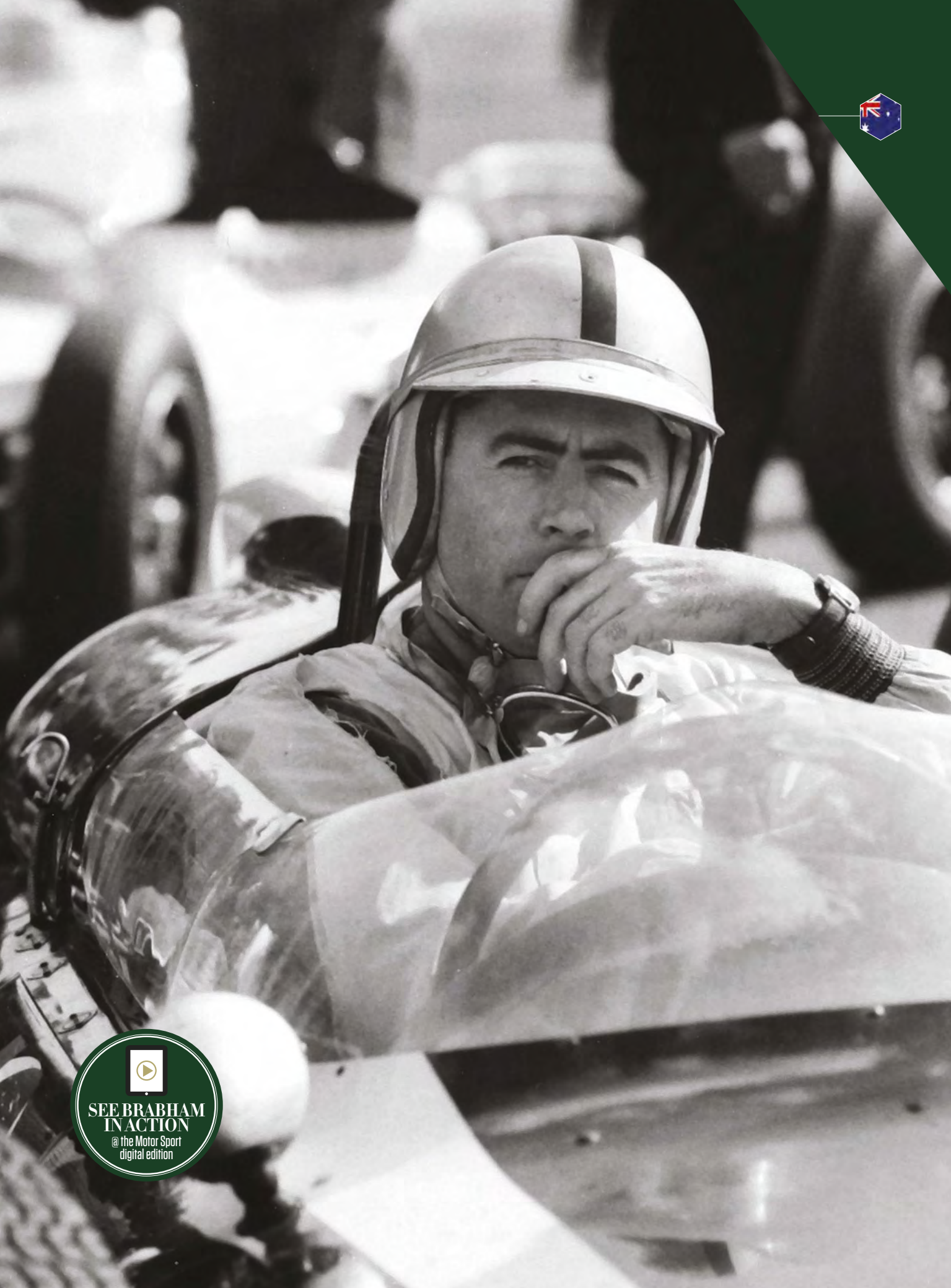


Roy Salvadori chose Jack Brabham unhesitatingly as his subject for our series on team-mates. He is clearly very fond of Jack and the two remain friends to this day, Salavadori saying that he would rather have raced alongside Brabham than with any of the other drivers with whom he competed over three decades. And the list is long.

"Jack is Jack," he says. "I first met him in the mid-1950s when we were both driving the bobtail Coopers, and what you saw was what you got. And what you got was what you saw. He was an Australian, a very straightforward type, and a good mechanic. He had done a lot of dirt track racing back home in Australia and that's why he was always driving the car sideways," smiles Roy. "He came to Britain with quite a reputation but it took him a while to break into the English motor racing scene."

They met, as so many did in those days, through their connections with Charles and John Cooper. In the early days Salvadori was a customer, while Brabham had already designed and built the Cooper-Bristol T40 in 1955 and was building cars in Surbiton when the two joined forces in the works team for 1958 in the T45 Climax-powered cars.

"We had a business just down the road from Coopers," remembers Roy. "That's how we met. He was building his own cars, preparing cars for the racing team and driving as well, of course. I always had great cars from Jack – I reckoned he'd be working to his own advantage – but I often had the more reliable car and he would have a gearbox failure or something like that. He got pretty pissed off with this and at one stage he was threatening to go back to Australia. But he got over that, and of course he then got to be where he should have been – a world champion." ▶



SEE BRABHAM IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport digital edition







SO WHAT MADE THE MAN SUCH A GREAT competitor, such a force to be reckoned with at the end of the 1950s?

"Well, Jack was a marvellous driver, and tough — really, really tough," he smiles. "There were no friends when the old flag dropped with Jack. He just went from strength to strength as a driver and, funnily enough, he was driving better than ever when he retired. He should have gone on for ever, Jack, he'd really got it all weighed up by then."

The friendship and rivalry continued when Brabham joined the Aston Martin sports car team where Salvadori was about to lay the foundations for his reputation as one of the great all-rounders. "Yes, it wasn't easy for Jack at the beginning when he came to Aston. He was paired with Moss in 1958 and he found it tough at first; they were very different heights and shapes and that's always tricky in sports cars. But, Jack being Jack, he soon found out how to cope with the Aston, you know, and they won at the Nürburgring. And then later in the season we drove together, coming second in the Tourist Trophy at Goodwood – less than a second behind Moss and Brooks that day."

SALVADORI RECKONS THAT BRABHAM WAS always going to win a world championship for Cooper. "Well, we must have been idiots if we didn't see that coming," he laughs, "I mean, he was quick and he was constantly scoring points, always consistent, and he took no prisoners. But it was his car control that was amazing, he was always sideways and you thought 'he's never going to get this back', but the bugger always did. That, and the black look he'd give you – you'd know not to push the move on him any further – the look was enough." More laughter at the memories of dicing with Black Jack.

'Black Jack' made his mark in Coopers – top, wrangling a T51 at Sebring, 1959 – and proved a tough team-mate for Salvadori, centre

"As much as we got on together, as much as we liked each other, it did get very nasty on occasions and we had some pretty tough matches, really getting at it together," he remembers with a twinkle in the eye. "But it never did me any good getting tough with him because every time I did, I suffered for it. It didn't pay to get rough with him." He grins. "I wasn't really a smooth driver myself, I was always pushing to get on top of the car, and maybe I developed this from Jack, I don't know, but I tended to push too much; we were similar in that way. We both had this style — you know, get the car moving — and with the Coopers you could push on like that, drift it, but with the Lotus you had to be very precise, very correct, and it didn't want to be drifted. It didn't like being drifted through the corners like we wanted to do."

Salvadori has enormous respect for Brabham's engineering abilities, his no-nonsense approach.

"Yes, this was Jack. You told him in one sentence what was wrong with a car, he didn't say much, just went away and got the job done," he says. "He was very good at the engineering, the set-up of the car, and just getting on with the job. I was paid to race the cars, not



to engineer them. I knew what needed doing but I didn't know how to get it done. But Jack did, and he was very good at that. He got on and did things, and when you worked with him things used to happen. So it was no big surprise when he won the championship with the Brabham-Repco, a car he constructed himself."

Salvadori is happy to reminisce about the great Australian all day long but we end on a theme that reveals much about the triple world champion. "When you raced Jack, and I got it across him a few times, you had to race bloody hard, be prepared for a good old bash, drive hard and rough," he laughs. "Nothing was ever easy with Jack – he'd know who he was racing against and once you'd given him a tough time, your name went down in his little black book. And he didn't forget much, I can tell you. So if you'd done him down in a previous race, you'd better watch it!

"You know, he was a fine test driver, the best tester of the lot. When he prepared a car, you knew it would be right, and that's why we were great team-mates at Cooper. We had a similar style, and I'd choose Jack as my team-mate over any of the others. We're both getting old now," – back comes that charming Salvadori smile – "we haven't got bloody long, so we need to see each other every now and then, pull each other's legs."

Good friends, great respect and raw rivals. A rare combination, and all recalled by a man who could surely persuade the birds down from the trees. And a man who earned his place in Mr Brabham's little black book. ■

Roy Salvadori died aged 90 on June 3, 2012. Sir Jack Brabham died aged 88 on May 19, 2014

JACK BRABHAM

Born: April 2 1926, Hurstville, Sydney, Australia
Died: May 19 2014, Robina, Queensland

126 STARTS

WINS **14**

POLE POSITIONS **13**

261 POINTS

WIN RATE **11.11%**

FASTEST LAPS **13**

WORLD CHAMPION
1959 1960 1966

Jack Brabham was the last man to successfully defend the World Championship for 26 years

Brabham is the only man to win the World Championship in a car bearing his name

Brabham lost the 1970 Monaco and British GPs on the last lap with Jochen Rindt benefitting on both occasions

Brabham won the Australian GP in 1955, 1963 and 1964. Previously a non-championship race, it was a round of the new Tasman Cup that latter year

Sir Jack became the first modern-day racing driver to be knighted in 1979

GRAHAM HILL

BY PAUL FEARNLEY

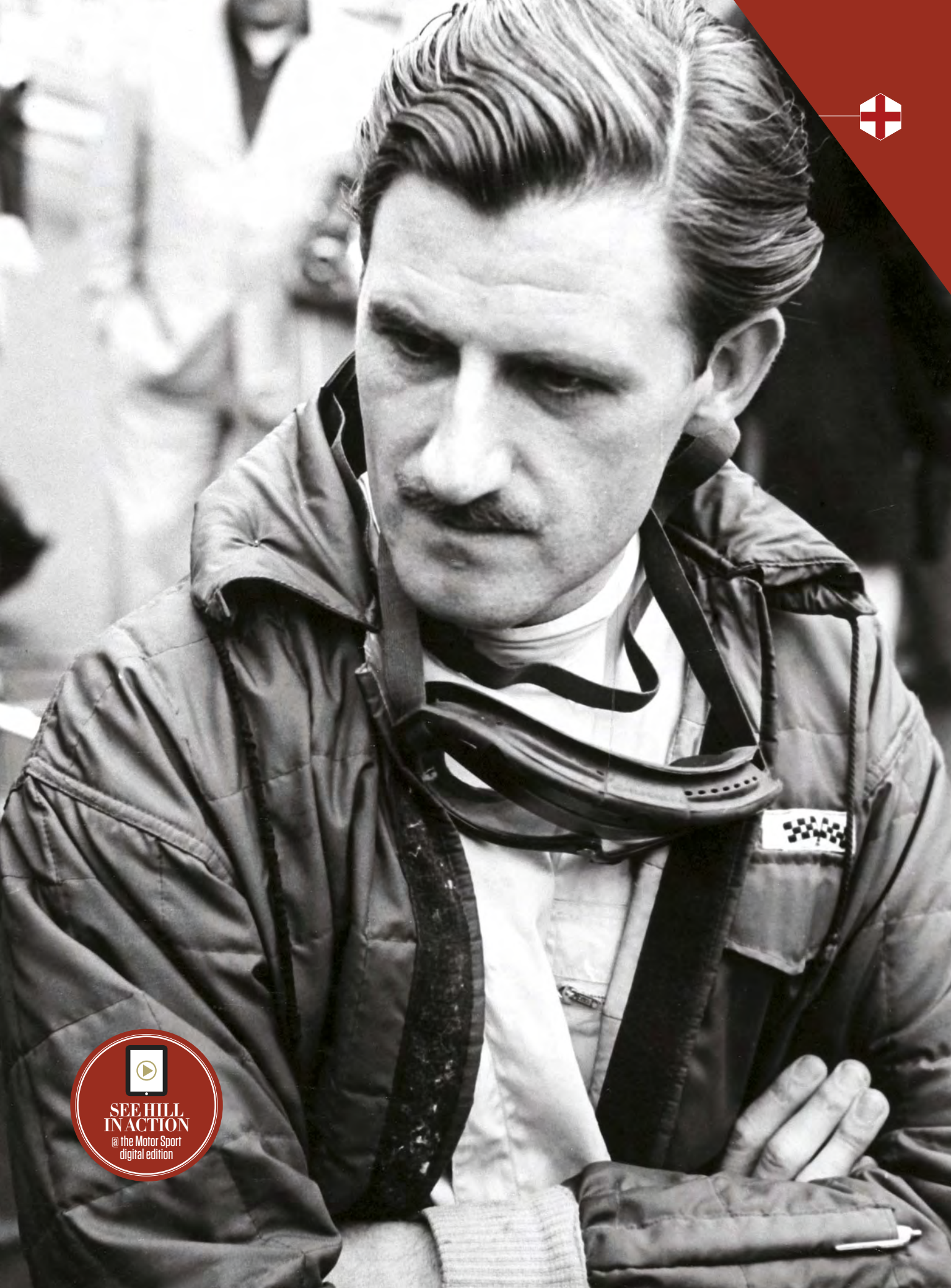
Time was running out. On several levels. The most pressing problem, however, was to qualify. This process would have been straightforward — until just a few days ago. Which is when, in response to the huge accident at Montjuich Park during the Spanish GP, the grid had been slashed from 26 to 18. Oh, and qualifying was being held over two days this year, rather than the traditional three.

The season was just four races old, but his team had been through the wringer already. First, there was the usual time-and-motion conundrum of building the new car and contesting the flyaway South American races. After back-of-the-grid performances in Argentina and Brazil, the new car arrived at Kyalami — and showed promise, team-mate Rolf Stommelen finishing just outside the points. The flip side was his own huge crash, on oil, in the old car, during practice, from which he was lucky to walk away.

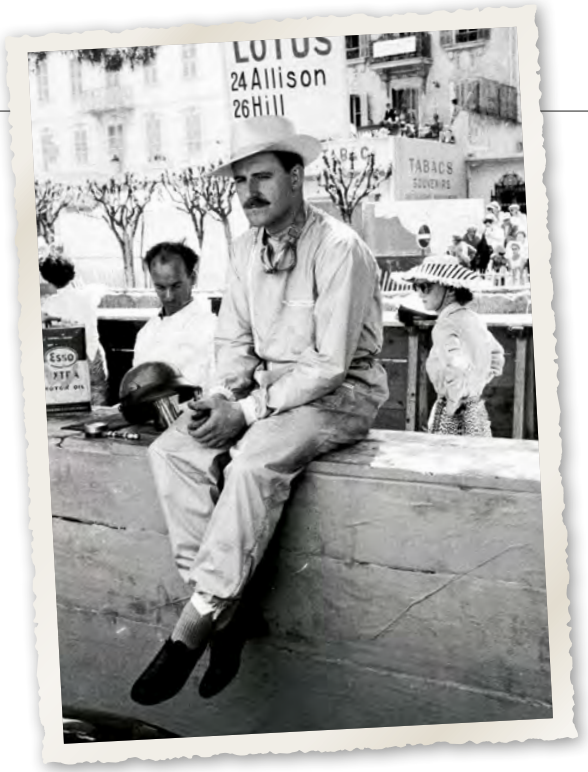
The rumour mill cranked into action again. For six years, ever since his leg-mangling somersault at Watkins Glen, the press had awaited the announcement of retirement. They thought it might have come after his 1971 International Trophy win. Or perhaps after his '72 Le Mans success. It didn't. ▶

He won both the Indy 500 and the Le Mans 24 Hours, but motor racing's unique triple-crown man would always be most associated with the most glamorous race of them all. Graham Hill was 'Mr Monaco' – and he still is

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, MARCH 2002



SEE HILL IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport digital edition



HE STOOD DOWN IN SPAIN, THOUGH, FOR journeyman François Migault, and endured a fraught introduction to the agonies and helplessness of 'competing' from the pitlane. Stommelen led a chaotic race for eight laps, until a rear wing failure over a 150mph crest caused his car to pinball between the barriers. He was badly hurt, and worse, four bystanders were killed. It was a sombre Embassy Racing with Graham Hill that pooled their resources and went to Monaco, where the boss would be their only driver.

And he was struggling. With 10 minutes of Friday morning's two-hour session to go, Mr Monaco was the wrong side of the cut. Ian Flux was the junior member of the team: "You could see he was really trying. He drove as hard over those last few laps as he had done for some of his wins at Monaco." Sadly, it wasn't enough.

For the first time in the then-longest F1 career (176 starts), Graham Hill had failed to qualify for a GP, falling 0.37sec short. "He was gutted," continues Flux, "and we were as disappointed as he was.

"But I only realised the next day what a big deal it was, when we gathered at the top of the hill in our team gear and walked towards Ste Devote behind Graham and [wife] Bette. He was all smiles and the crowd's reaction was incredible. It was then that it dawned on me what Monaco meant to him, and what he meant to Monaco."

An earnest and impecunious Graham Hill used to bluff his way into the Steering Wheel Club and nurse half a pint so he could mix with, and listen to, racing's establishment. Monaco must have been a motif and (no doubt embellished) stories of its glitz and glamour could only have inspired him. He was spannering for Lotus at the time, picking up drives when he could; nobody could ever accuse him of shirking, but good hotels, good food, success and adulation, all sandwiched between the crisp white Alps and the deep blue Med, was a strong, albeit distant, incentive.





Main photo: Mr Monaco took win no3 there in 1965 for BRM. Right, wife Bette and BRM's Tony Rudd await their winner



Nobody, however, not even Hill, could have predicted how inextricably linked he would become with the Principality. The connections are freakish: first Grand Prix, last Grand Prix, five wins, overhauling Fangio's record points haul (1970), his 150th GP start ('73) – all occurred at Monaco. But the relationship was more than simply statistics. He was the life and soul of motor racing's biggest party. He revelled in the atmosphere. And the appreciation was mutual. Ayrton Senna, who won six times, never replaced Mr Monaco, even though his flat was a toy's throw from Portier. Like all things for Hill, though, this symbiosis did not come easily. The apprenticeship was long, difficult, but crucial. For instance, he arrived in Monaco in 1958 for his and Lotus' GP debut (having buzzed through France in an Austin A35!) only to discover that the transporter had broken down. This delay put practice lappery at a premium, and he and team-mate Cliff Allison did well to squeak onto the 16-car grid – 12 others were not so lucky. This effort, however, had not been without incident: Graham hit a kerb at the Station Hairpin and his Lotus 12 folded underneath him.

"I remember spending all night putting it back together," recalls Allison. "None of the mechanics wanted to take responsibility for the welding; I'd done a course at BOC in Middlesbrough, and so I did it." Hardly ideal preparation for your GP debut.

In the race, Hill kept out of trouble, and was perhaps heading for a points finish when a halfshaft snapped after 70 laps and a rear wheel parted company. He hopped out and collapsed with heat exhaustion – a rare display of weakness for this tough competitor.

"Graham was very determined," says Allison. "I was testing a Lotus down at Brands Hatch once and ▶



watched him go round in someone else's Aston Martin. He spun five times or so – at just about every corner. He really got cars by the scruff of the neck and hurled them about I certainly didn't think I was watching a driver who'd win Monaco five times."

And so we reach that 'natural' thing. Already. The Jimmy Clark versus Graham Hill thing. The gifted versus the grafter thing. The Scot was certainly blessed, able to go quicker than his rivals while taking little out of the car. He could drive around problems; if there was any adapting to be done, he would find it within himself. In contrast, Graham attempted to extract every last ounce from a car's mechanicals, and was forever fiddling with its set-up in a bid to find an edge. But his record at the unforgiving, stop-start Monaco, one of the toughest tracks on car and driver, scotches the myth that he was an unfeeling car-breaker, that he was all arms and elbows as a driver.

Top, BRM brought first Monaco win in '63, and, far right, no2 a year later. Today team-mate Stewart, right with Clark and Hill, applauds Graham's abilities on track

BOB DANCE WAS LOTUS' CHIEF MECHANIC WHEN Graham took their 49s to victories at Monaco in 1968-69: "He didn't slip into a car as neatly or as easily as some. He tended to be more upright, which perhaps gave the impression that he was being a bit heavyhanded. But it wasn't as bad as it looked. He had a good mechanical feel for a racing car."

Hill suffered in comparison with Clark – and later Jackie Stewart, another uncannily smooth, seamless Scot – but who didn't? The bottom line was that he knew his strengths and those of his car (particularly his BRMs), and in an era that boasted John Surtees, Dan Gurney and Jack Brabham, Graham was the second-most successful driver after Clark. If Jimmy didn't win, Graham tended to. Which is basically what happened at Monaco.

The polarity of their results there is remarkable. Despite four poles and two fastest laps from six starts, Clark never completed the course and gleaned only three points (classified fourth in 1964). Hill scored just two poles and two fastest laps in his 17 starts, but clocked up 10 finishes (nine top-sixes in a row, 1962-70) and 58 points – 20 per cent of his eventual grand total of 289.

In Clark's defence, it was his Lotus that usually let him down – clutch, gearbox, engine, suspension. But his difficulty in nailing one of his trademark rocket getaways at Monaco, his first-lap clipping of the chicane's bales while attempting to establish one in 1964, and his and Chapman's decision to tackle Indy rather than Monaco in 1965, suggest that the spate of defeats here, and the track's attendant problems, were not something the dominant partnership of the era revelled in. "It's a special place with special pressures," says Stewart, BRM team-mate to Hill in 1965-66, Monaco victor in the latter year. "Graham demonstrated that he knew what it took to win there, that he could last the pace – he was a robust man, quite big for a racing driver. And he proved he could

drive very accurately. He'd learned that you didn't win by making mistakes. If you look at his career, he didn't have many accidents." Once BRM had given him a reliable, competitive car, Hill determined to make the most of it, to maximise his hard-won experience.

Stewart: "BRMs were never as good as a Lotus in terms of grip, but they were fast, strong and reliable – good Monaco cars."

Which is why they won four in a row (1963-66), securing eight podium finishes in the same period. They should have won in '62, too, but Hill's most dominant Monaco performance in the presence of Clark led to disappointment eight laps from home when his V8 croaked, dry of oil. Clark's gearbox failure with 20 laps to go in '63, which gave Hill his first Monaco triumph, was justice done.

In 1964, Hill, Clark and Gurney's Brabham slugged it out. Graham and Tony Rudd, BRM's technical chief, the two men most responsible for pulling the team around, had worked a stroke for this race, fitting ventilated rear discs from the 1960 2.5-litre car to the front of the new P261. Hill bided his time before picking off Gurney at Mirabeau, his favourite overtaking point, around mid-distance. He then staved off Clark to win, finishing with two gallons of fuel, only half-worn brakes and the fastest lap to his name. A calculating, dominant performance.

His hat-trick victory showed another side to Hill: the charger. Forced up the chicane's escape road by a backmarker on lap 25, he dropped to fifth, having lost 30sec pushing his car back onto the track and restarting it. Forty laps later, he was back in the lead. Some of the shine was taken off this by Clark's absence but, by Rudd's reckoning, it was still Hill's finest drive in a BRM.

His driver stated the car had not given him a moment's anxiety, even though he had "hammered it".

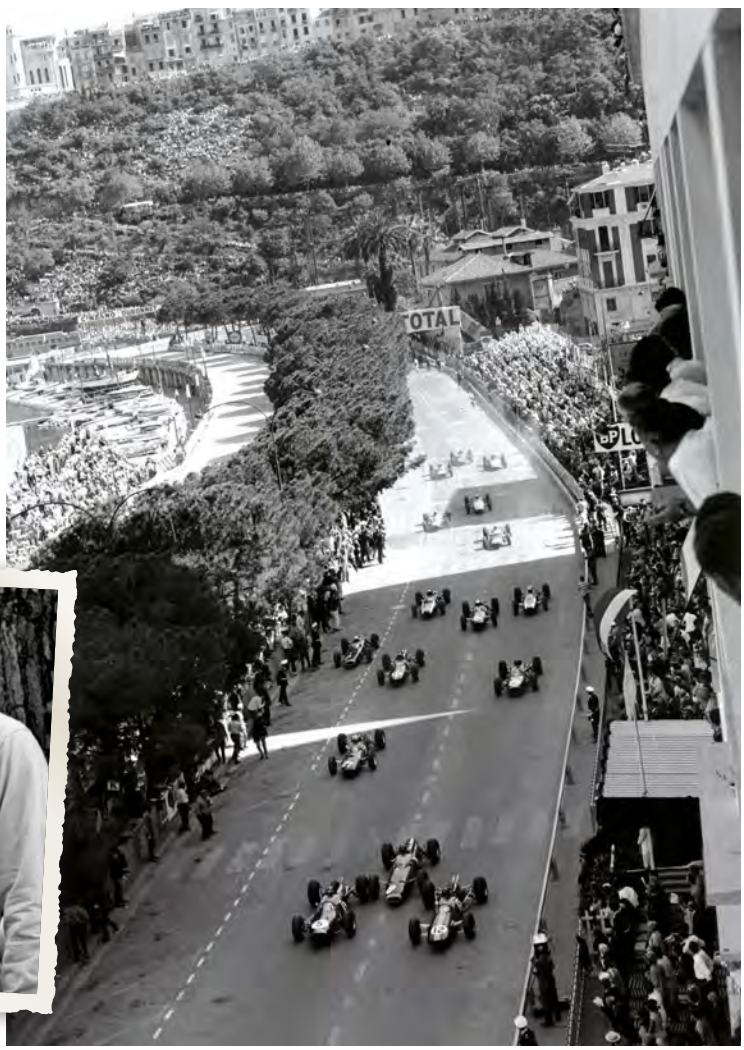
It wasn't always so. His next two years were spent nursing cars home. His Tasman-spec P261 gave him plenty to cope with in 1966 (slipping clutch, low oil pressure, engine cutting out and bad handling) as did his Lotus 33-BRM in '67 (gearbox, clutch, low oil and low fuel). He was lapped on both occasions, but still finished third and second.

"Graham certainly knew how to bring a car home," says longtime GP correspondent John Blunsden. "He was almost as good as Jack Brabham in that respect. Perhaps their mechanicking backgrounds helped them in this.

"There was no great expectation each year that Graham would win at Monaco. To be honest, the buzz was always, 'Will this be Jimmy's year?' You knew ▶

Graham proved he could last the pace, and drive very accurately. If you look at his career he didn't have many accidents







Graham would qualify well, have a good run and be in with a shout – especially as he seemed to go better on the slow to medium-speed circuits. I think he found it harder to be quick at Monza than he did at Monaco."

EARLY USE BY BRM OF ELECTRONIC SECTOR timing proved Stewart to be far quicker than Hill through a particular Snetterton corner. Jackie braked early and gently in order to carry more speed into the apex and get back onto the power earlier. Hill, who preferred a much stiffer set-up, braked late and hard, put the power down later, but more aggressively. Asked if he would adapt his style, he pointed out that he was quicker over the full lap. He stuck to what he knew. Which continued to serve him well at Monaco. Hill had moulded BRM around himself; but at Lotus he ran head-on into the Chapman/Clark axis. He was man enough to take it on the chin and step into the breach when Clark was killed at Hockenheim in 1968 and a distraught Chapman absented himself from the team. Chapman reappeared at Monaco and was, understandably, in an odd mood. The atmosphere was strained, but Hill kept his eye on the ball to score his fourth Monaco win, thus ending Lotus' seven-year Monaco victory drought with the first run of the 49B.

It was a strange race, Stewart non-starting because of a broken wrist, and 11 of the 16 starters retiring by lap 17. Hill provided an oasis of calm, while Richard





Switch to Lotus brought more wins (top, Monaco '69) but when Chapman replaced him he drove for Rob Walker (middle, 1970). For '73 he started his own team, running a Shadow, right

Attwood provided the only spark of interest. Replacing Mike Spence at BRM, and with just one GP start since 1965, he gave chase in the torquey V12 P126.

"I wasn't sure how to pace myself or the car," says Attwood. "It had been reduced to an 80-lap race that year, but at the end I realised I had enough energy to do 90 laps, or 100." Attwood, catching glimpses of the Lotus diving into Mirabeau, increased his pace throughout, setting the fastest lap on the last lap, but Hill controlled the gap. It was only when Attwood drove the 49B at Monaco in 1969, deputising for the injured Rindt, that he realised how good a car it was, and that Graham had probably had the '68 race in his pocket throughout.

The stronger B, its Hewland 'box better suited to Hill's preferred blockchanging style (eg fifth to second) compared to the sequential change (five, four, three, two) demanded by the 49's original ZF unit, gave him a perfect platform from which to restore Lotus pride and win his second title, in 1968. There was, however, only one more GP victory in the tank: a fifth Monaco win, in 1969. That

Graham was very confident about racing at Monaco. It suited his personality, his cars, his driving style and his approach to racing

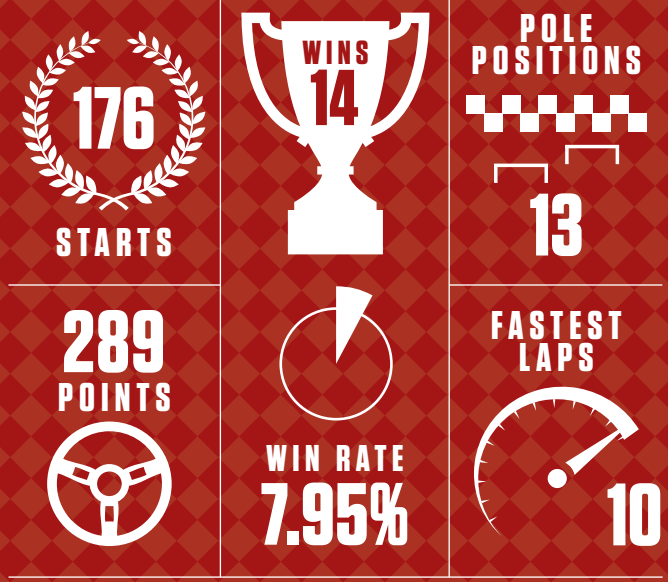
year he drove craftily, banking on practice problems recurring to put out leader Stewart's Matra and Chris Amon's chasing Ferrari. This is exactly what happened.

Attwood finished fourth: "Graham was very confident about racing at Monaco, understandably so, and was able to drive very precisely. And perhaps his method of driving [braking hard and late, and skipping gears] helped here." So Monaco suited his personality, his cars, his driving style and his approach to racing. Time, though, was running out and Chapman shipped him on to Rob Walker for 1970. Defying all prognoses, Graham was lowered into the royal blue Lotus for the first GP of the season. He finished sixth. He was fifth at Monaco, but not before he'd crashed in practice. A shunt on lap two of the '71 GP put a further dent in the reputation. He would become the sort of well-meaning backmarker he used to slice by, yet he plugged on, his new team thankful for his experience, if not his speed, in 1973-74.

It wasn't until he'd found the man he believed to be Britain's next champion that he felt able to retire. That 1975 Monaco walk was made easier by the warmth of the reception and his signing of Tony Brise on the Friday night. At the next race, after Brise qualified seventh at Zolder, his mind was made up: it was time to make way. It was the right decision, one that looked set to bear fruit in 1976. Only for time to run out on a foggy November evening when his plane crashed on landing. Unwittingly, Monaco and its favourite son had bade farewell. ■

GRAHAM HILL

Born: February 15 1929, Hampstead, London, Great Britain
Died: November 29 1975, Arkley, London





WORLD CHAMPION
1962 1968

176 – Graham Hill established the record for number of Grand Prix starts in 1975 that was equalled by Jacques Laffite in 1986 and only beaten by Riccardo Patrese at the 1989 Brazilian GP

Graham Hill is the only driver to win the F1 World Championship (1962 and 1968), Indianapolis 500 (1966) and Le Mans 24 Hours (1972)

Graham Hill clinched the 1962 world title on 29 December – the only time it has been decided after Christmas

Graham and Damon Hill are the only father and son to both win the World Championship

JIM CLARK

BY NIGEL ROEBUCK

I was at Brands Hatch when I heard about Jimmy. The first hour or so of the BOAC 500 had been rousing, with Bruce McLaren's new Ford F3L unexpectedly holding off the legion of Porsches, but now the race had gone flat: McLaren was out, and the day had settled into an endurance sports car grind.

We had been talking about Jimmy. As that red and gold Ford had flown by time after time, we'd lamented the fact that, originally down to drive the car, he wasn't here. Instead he was at Hockenheim, a circuit where only bravery and horsepower were required, where the best driver on earth was just another number on a cockpit side. What a waste of his time, we said.

I wandered off to the book shop. "Heard about Clark?" someone said. I said no, what about Clark? "He's been killed this morning – in Germany…" That voice is sharp in my mind even now, 40 years on.

At about the same moment Brian Redman was about to take over from Jacky Ickx in one of John Wyer's Ford GT40s. "Jacky did the first stint, as usual, and he was due in. I had my helmet on, ready to go – and just then a journalist came up to me, and said, 'Have you heard? Jimmy's been killed…'

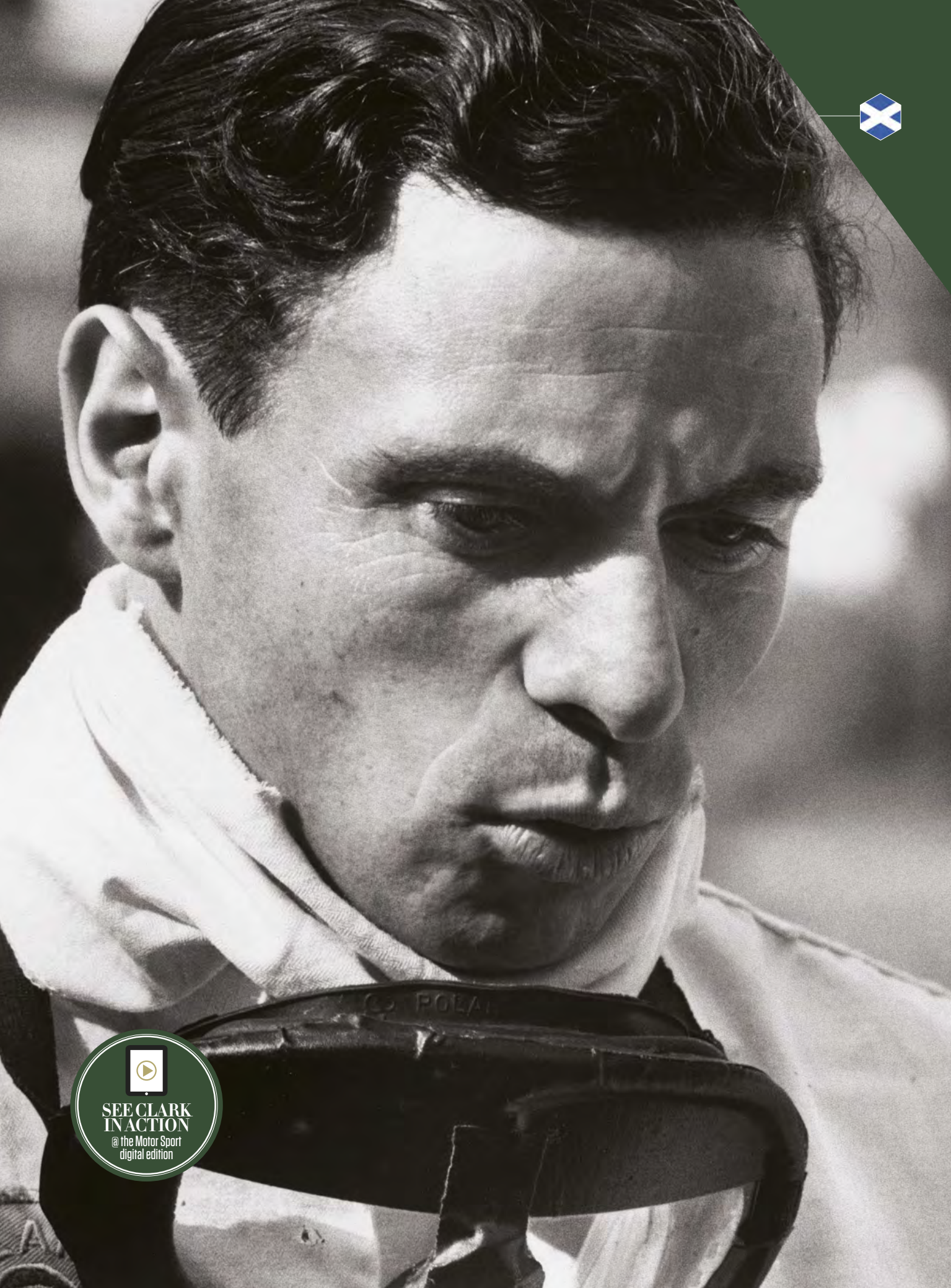
"I could hardly take it in. Jimmy was my hero – he was everyone's hero, wasn't he? And it wasn't just his fantastic driving ability, but also his general demeanour. He was a quiet man, with a lovely sense of humour – not a bit pushy."

Once in the car, though, Redman necessarily put thoughts of Clark from his mind. "You just had to get on with it, and concentrate on what you were doing. And the thing was, it didn't have the shock effect it would today, because it happened so often back then…"

So it did. "In '68," said Chris Amon, "we had that dreadful 'seventh of the month' thing that began in April with Jimmy." ▶

For those who knew him, no one will ever match this quiet farmer from the Scottish borders. The best of the 1960s? Undoubtedly. The best ever? There are many who say so

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, MAY 2008



SEE CLARK IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport digital edition

THE FOLLOWING MONTH MIKE SPENCE WAS killed in practice at Indianapolis (where, ironically, he was replacing Clark in one of the Lotus turbine cars); in June Lodovico Scarfiotti died in a Porsche at the Rossfeld hillclimb, and on July 7 Jo Schlesser perished in the flames of his Honda during the French Grand Prix at Rouen.

"A month after that," said Amon, "we were at the Nürburgring, and it was just like Hockenheim, wet as hell – and also foggy.

"It was August the fourth or something, and I recall being relieved that it wasn't the seventh. We were starting to get jittery…"

On the day of Clark's death an announcement was made over the Brands PA system, but this was much later in the day, and by then I had long since left, having no further enthusiasm for the BOAC 500, knowing what I knew. As I drove back into London, a scratchy French radio station finally made it real: 'un grand champion est mort aujourd'hui…'

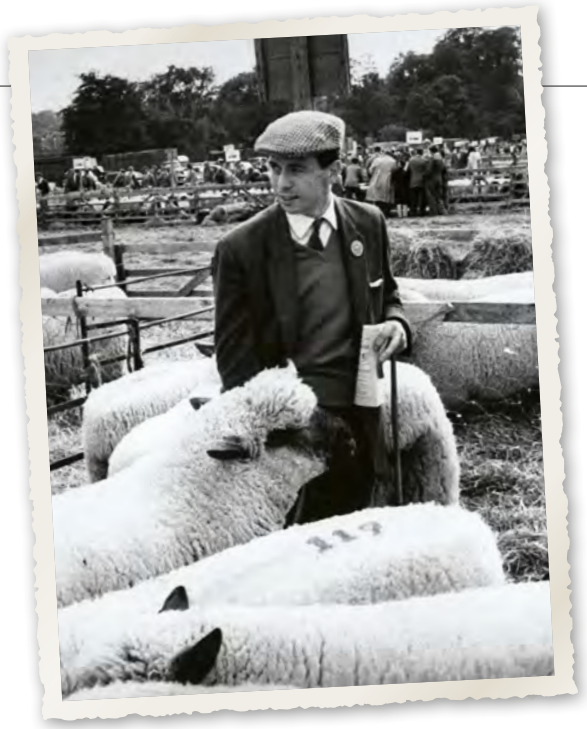
Twenty years on, I was at Silverstone, interviewing Alain Prost. It was midweek, and he was testing alone. At lunch we did the tape, and then there was a cloudburst. With time to kill, we stayed in the small McLaren motorhome, and fell to talking about heroes. Prost, who had idolised Clark, was 13 at the time of his death. "I thought Jim was fantastic," he said. "So much better than everyone else, so smooth, so easy. That's something I have always admired – a guy is really quick, but doesn't look it. Stewart was the same."

And you, I ventured.

Alain made a face. "No, really, I think Jim Clark was someone special. For me, the best ever…"

His contemporaries thought so, too. For them, the fact of his death was almost beyond comprehension. "Quite often," said Amon, "people used to get killed in those days. But when it happened to Jimmy, we were all shattered. Everyone loved him, and of course we grieved – but there was another dimension as well, a selfish thing, if you like. The realisation that even Clark was not immune was a shock.

"Jimmy's death frightened us. I think we all felt that. It seemed we'd lost our leader." It was a perilous thing to be a racing driver in those days, but no-one ever expected it to happen to Clark. Go to the Gates often enough, the saying goes, and eventually they will open, but Jimmy never seemed anywhere near them. "When you saw him sideways, you assumed he was having fun, rather than correcting a mistake. He was that good."



For me he will always be the best. Once or twice he talked of retiring; the idea of going racing without him was unthinkable

SOME WILL ARGUE THAT RACING IN CLARK'S era was less competitive than it is now, and it is undeniable that usually Colin Chapman provided him with the best car. But equally beyond doubt is that he was consummately the greatest of his generation. He was never better than in 1965, when there were 10 races in the World Championship, a driver's six best results to count. At the Nürburgring Clark won his sixth Grand Prix of the year, and thus clinched the title by early August. The German race was actually round seven, but a clash of commitments had kept Jimmy away from Monaco. He was in Indianapolis that weekend, winning the 500. Never in Formula 1 did Clark drive anything but a Lotus, and his working relationship with Chapman was as potent as Grand Prix racing has known. It wasn't that Jimmy was a particularly 'technical' driver, but there existed a sort of telepathy between himself and Chapman: a few words from him about the car's behaviour and Colin knew what to do. On the occasions when the handling remained off – as was quite often the case with the Lotus 49 in 1967 – such was Clark's genius that he simply adapted his style to compensate. It wouldn't work in today's F1 world, but in those less sophisticated times the driver had more to say. Jimmy won 25 of his 72 Grands Prix; only once did he finish second. Even a decade and more after the Hockenheim race, Chapman still found it difficult to accept the fact of Clark's death. "For me," he said, almost in a whisper, "he will always be the best. I'm sure in time someone else will come along and everyone'll hail him as the greatest ever. But not me. For me, there will never be another in Jimmy's class." These days, of course, Grand Prix drivers are just that, never racing in other than F1. But Clark excelled in everything. "I think only Dan Gurney was a serious rival in F1," Chapman said, "but think of Indy, of the sports cars, F2, the saloon car races with the Lotus Cortina…

"Once or twice Jimmy talked about retiring, and ▶

Clark's entire F1 career came with Lotus (top, winning '62 British GP in 21) but he was equally brilliant in Galaxie, Cortina – or Indy







JIM CLARK


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DAILY EXPRESS
4

it gave me mixed feelings. The idea of going racing without him was almost unthinkable, but at the same time I loved him as a human being, and didn't want him to get hurt."

You could never confuse Chapman with an overly compassionate man, but clearly the quiet fellow from the Scottish border country laid claim to a place alone in his thoughts. "Yes," he agreed. "Jimmy had more effect on me than anyone else I've known. Apart from his genius as a driver, and his association with Lotus, he was genuinely a good man. Intelligent, honest – in many ways rather humble. I've never felt quite the same about racing since '68."

It was a side of Chapman I had never seen before, nor ever would again. We were in his office at Ketteringham Hall, and at one point he almost broke down. When his secretary came in with tea he turned away, pretending to look for something while composing himself. Although Clark scored all but a handful of his 25 Grand Prix victories in the 1.5-litre F1 of 1961-65, when I think of him, and the life which late he led, he is always in a Lotus 49, during the unforgettable season of 1967.



In Lotus 25 Clark ruled 1963 season with seven wins, including margin of almost 5min at soaking Spa

WHATEVER THE RULES OF HIS TIME, THOUGH, Jimmy would still have dominated. I saw many of his races in the Lotus 25 and 33, and the race was always for second, behind this green metronome ticking off the laps. At Spa – the old Spa – he won four years on the trot, although he loathed the place. He had good reason to loathe it, too. In the Belgian Grand Prix of 1960, only the second F1 race of his life, he almost ran over the body of Chris Bristow, thrown from his somersaulting car at Burnenville. A few minutes later Clark's team-mate Alan Stacey was killed at Malmedy. These were dark images of Spa-Francorchamps which remained with Jimmy, and it was a mark of the man that he never allowed them to dilute his performances there. Similarly, if truth be told, at first he didn't care for Indianapolis. Initially, in 1963, it was an adventure, an opportunity to drive a single-seater of real power and substance. He finished second that year, beaten only by Parnelli Jones, a certain ignorance of the Brickyard rulebook and a chunk of Hoosier establishment prejudice. Still, he gained everyone's respect not least because he didn't make a fuss. Jones's roadster had been dropping so much oil that Clark's lightweight Lotus, then the fastest car in the race, fell back on the slick surface. Parnelli should have had the black flag, and had their roles been reversed, assuredly Jimmy would have. But while Eddie Sachs, who crashed on the oil in the late laps, got into a fight with PJ afterwards (a short-sighted decision), Jimmy kept his peace. Two years later he won the 500 and Parnelli was second.

Jimmy had more effect on me than anyone I've known. Apart from his driving genius he was intelligent, honest, rather humble

"At first," said the lamented Jabby Crombac, a close friend of both Clark and Chapman, "Jimmy didn't like the ambience at Indy at all. Those were different days, and he was very 'correct': he would walk into the garage area, and people would come up and talk to him, without having been introduced to him first!

"It was the same with Colin in fact, he would go as far as saying, 'In my country, you don't talk to people until you've been introduced to them!' It also infuriated him that they called Indianapolis the 'World Capitol of Auto Racing'…

"Jimmy was upset by his rookie test, too. He had almost won the World Championship the year before, and it offended him to have to drive so many laps at 100mph, then 110, or whatever it was. It made him really furious!

"The Americans were very friendly, but at the same time they were trying everything to screw Team Lotus. In qualifying, for example, there are certain procedures when you line up in the pits and they made sure Lotus didn't know these procedures properly. So there was a general air of crusade within Team Lotus, and Jimmy was very much a part of that.

"That first year, I shared a room at the Speedway Motel with Jimmy, Colin and Cyril Aubrey, the timekeeper! Jimmy and Colin had the two beds, Cyril had a cot, and I slept on a blanket on the carpet! There was nothing else – it was that or sleeping in the car. We were new to the place, you see, and could only get one room. The mechanics were in dormitories. The next four years we were at the Holiday Inn, across from the track." ▶



ANOTHER MAN CLOSE TO CLARK WAS THE LATE Fleet Street journalist Patrick Mennem. "One day," he told me, "I got a call from Jimmy: 'I'm at the airport. Can you come out here and meet me?' And when I got there, he was morose, and drinking brandy. 'I'm flying to Indianapolis,' he said, 'and I really don't want to go. All that fuss. I can't face it…" He had simply wanted to talk. Mennem told him he should follow his instincts, at which Clark, an amateur in spirit but a pro who kept his word, gave him a resigned smile, and went off to get his flight. "That was the second year, 1964," said Crombac. "Jimmy nearly didn't go, because his mother was scared of Indy. But from then on he started liking it more and more, because he got familiar with it. He got used to the way of thinking, the way of behaving, and became much more amenable to it and he'd also realised that financially it was a very good deal!

"Jimmy enjoyed driving at Indianapolis, although it never thrilled him the way, say, the Nürburgring did. But he knew it was a challenge, and he always revelled in a challenge."

This always seemed to me proof of Clark's real stamp. Plenty of front-running F1 drivers have failed at Indianapolis over the years. For Jimmy it was simply another race. In the same way, he adapted without problem to the Lotus 49 and its new Cosworth DFV engine, which he drove for the first time in practice for the 1967 Dutch Grand Prix. The DFV may have had more power than other engines of the time, but in its early days the power delivery was like an on-off switch. Add to that the wilful nature of the original 49 chassis

I got a call from Jimmy. He told me 'I'm flying to Indianapolis and I don't really want to go. All that fuss. I can't face it...'

– and then recall that Jimmy ran away with the race. Recall, too, that at the Nürburgring he took pole position by nine seconds. He lived in Parisian tax exile that last summer of his life, sharing a flat with Crombac and commuting to all the European Grands Prix in his yellow Elan. That was the whole thing about Jimmy – he adored driving for the sake of it, and could never resist any car which sparked his interest. "Oh," said Jackie Stewart, "Jimmy would drive things I wouldn't even look at! There was a historic race at Rouen one year, and there he was, driving Pat Lindsay's ERA – faster than Pat himself! We'd go and do the Tasman Series over the winter, and you'd find all kinds of weird and wonderful 'specials' down there, which he delighted in sampling. He just could not help himself. After Mexico, the last race in '67, we all came back to Europe, but Jimmy went off and did a NASCAR race at Rockingham! It amazed me that Colin let him do these things…

"The truth is that, in a car, Jimmy liked to show off a bit, which was in total contrast to his normal character. He dreaded making speeches, for example, and you had to push him into a VIP lounge at an airport. 'Don't you understand,' I'd say, 'that these things make travelling a bit easier to take?', and he'd agree. But he'd never do it on his own."

WHEN CLARK WENT INTO F1 HIS ORIGINAL intention was to race for three or four years, then return for good to Scotland, to the family farm at Chirnside. Many of his friends expected that he would quit at the end of 1965, the season of his second World Championship and the Indy win, that he would marry Sally Stokes, his long-time girlfriend, and depart the scene. In the event it was the relationship which came to an end, and afterwards Jimmy seemed more than ever committed to racing.

"A lot of people have said he was thinking seriously about stopping," said Stewart, "but I knew that wasn't the case. I also know he was never going back to farming again – not full time, anyway. That period of living in Paris changed him quite a bit. Out of a car he was still nervous in some ways – did you ever see his fingernails? – but he'd got used to quite a sophisticated way of life, and he liked it."

Perhaps he never would have settled permanently in Berwickshire again, but there is no doubt that, like most men in exile, he fed on dreams of home. Through that last summer he was able to visit Britain only once, for Silverstone and another memorable win.

"By the following April," Amon remembered, "Jimmy's year of tax exile was up, and right after the Hockenheim F2 race he was due to go back to Scotland. He hadn't been home for a long time, and he couldn't ▶

Golden year: Clark's second title came in 1965, with six GP victories, Tasman Cup and, lower right, triumph at Indy 500 in Lotus 38






LOTUS FORD
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I've often wondered what Jimmy would make of today's F1. Somehow I don't think it would be his thing at all





Even the 49's early vagaries did not bother Clark, left leading '67 British GP. Gold Leaf livery, right, arrived for '68 – but Clark would not see out the season



wait – in fact, he was very uptight that whole weekend. I was close to him, but it was difficult to communicate with him at Hockenheim.

"I'm not suggesting he had any sort of premonition of disaster – such as Bandini, I'm sure, did – just that he was preoccupied. We'd both done the Tasman Series, and I think, like me, he was very tired, and really didn't want to do that race.

"It was misty, wet and miserable on race morning. I was next to Jimmy on the grid, and we talked briefly before the start – we both knew we were wasting our time, because the Firestone 'wets' were useless. Once we got started, Jimmy was about the same distance in front of me every lap, but he was only about eighth, and not making any ground – that's how I knew how bad the Firestones were! Then one lap I noticed some dirt at the side of the road, and next time round saw a stretcher coming over the fence. It was flat out at that point, with no barriers, just trees, and it was fairly obvious if you went off there was no way of getting out of it. But it never entered my head it might be Jimmy, because that Lotus was still in the same place, ahead of me. Turned out that on the lap Jimmy crashed, Graham Hill made a pitstop, and rejoined in the same place, relative to me.

"At the end of the race I complained to Forghieri about the tyres, pointing out that even Clark hadn't been able to get anywhere. And Mauro said, 'Oh, Jimmy didn't finish…' I saw the look on his face, and then I remembered the dirt at the trackside…

"The following morning was sunny and beautiful, and I went off to Pontresina for a holiday – just to get away from motor racing for a while. There were stories at the time that I was thinking of quitting. Not true, but it was never the same for me after that."

Amon, like Stewart, like most drivers who knew Clark, loves to talk about him: "I've often wondered what Jimmy would have made of modern F1, with sponsorship and PR appearances and no driving anything else. Somehow I don't think it would have been his thing – at all."

At Jarama, the first Grand Prix following Clark's death, the sole Lotus entry was in the red, white and gold colours of the team's new sponsor. Jimmy's last Grand Prix win, at Kyalami on New Year's Day, came at the wheel of a 49 in green with yellow stripe. In more ways than one, an era had come to a close. ■

JIM CLARK

Born: March 4 1936, Kilmany, Fife, Great Britain
Died: April 7 1968, Hockenheim

72 STARTS

WINS 25

POLE POSITIONS 33

274 POINTS

WIN RATE 34.72%

FASTEST LAPS 28

WORLD CHAMPION 1963 1965

Jim Clark is the only World Champion to have spent his whole GP career with one manufacturer

Jim Clark led 47% of the race distance he completed – second only to Alberto Ascari

In 1965, Jim Clark became the first foreigner to win the Indianapolis 500 for over 40 years. In addition to that success, he won the F1 World Championship for a second time, the Tasman Cup and national F2 titles in both France and Britain. It was among the most dominant and versatile seasons on record

Eight – the number of races that Jim Clark won having led every lap from pole position and set fastest lap

4 minutes and 54 seconds – Jim Clark's margin of victory at the 1963 Belgian GP

JOHN SURTEES

BY NIGEL ROEBUCK

'Big John' we called him, didn't we? And in Italy, where it started, 'Il Grande John'. John Surtees has had a love affair with Italy for most of his life, and it began in 1955, when a 21-year-old motorcycle racing prodigy accepted that if his career were going to progress he would, as he put it, have to "go foreign".

Surtees had that year joined the Norton works team, and with considerable success, but he was frustrated by the company's refusal to enter for the World Championships, and pleaded his case with its MD, Gilbert Smith. It was not impossible, he suggested, that he and Norton could win a title or two.

"'Well, Surtees,' said Smith – he always called me 'Surtees' – 'I think you're right, but… no. I mean, d'you realise that if you won the World Championship you would earn more than a director of this company?'"

Fortunately for John, that summer he had been asked to ride a BMW at the Nürburgring. It was the first time he had ever seen the Nordschleife, and he proved virtually a match for Walter Zeller, BMW's star.

"More importantly," says Surtees, "I was ahead of the MV Agustas. Their team manager was Nello Pagani, who'd been World Champion in 1949, and he went back and said, 'We need Surtees'.

"I wanted to go to Gilera, but that got vetoed – the current riders didn't want me there. I also had a call from Moto Guzzi, but they weren't sure what they were going to do with their eight-cylinder. Then MV said, 'We'd like you to come here', and I said I'd go and try the bike.

"In retrospect, my whole career was a matter of getting enthusiastic about making this or that work, rather than getting myself the best machinery available. But the fact is, MV Agusta played a very important role in my life, and I think I did in theirs. At the time they needed me – and I needed them." ▶

The only man to win world championships on two and four wheels forged his greatest successes with two Italian powerhouses: MV Agusta and Ferrari. His love of Italy burns as brightly today as it ever did

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, AUGUST 2009


SEE SURTEES
IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport
digital edition

GETTY

THUS, WHILE SURTEES WAS AT MONZA HE TOOK the opportunity to go to Gallarate, to meet Count Domenico Agusta. "He loved his title," John smilingly says. "It'd come out of Sicily or somewhere. Italy was pretty feudal in those days – still is, in some ways!

"Agusta wanted to put himself on the map, and he chose motorcycles – he wanted to rival the families of Gilera and Parodi (Moto Guzzi). It was different, though, because for Agusta the bikes were a hobby. What was important was helicopter development, and there was also a transport aeroplane, a development project that just sat there – bringing in government money!

"By contrast, the Gilera family were racers – Gilera's son was a great friend of Dino Ferrari, and it was a terrible tragedy that both died young, before they could play their part in their companies' racing activities."

In 1950 Count Agusta had taken his company Meccanica Verghera into motorcycle racing, at the time poaching several people from Gilera, including designer Piero Remor, whose ideas, according to Surtees, were already out of date.

"When Remor left Gilera, Piero Taruffi went in there, and they made a slimmer, smaller, bike. Unfortunately, Remor recreated for MV what had been the old Gilera – a much bigger bike."

Surtees went to test at Monza, but it rained incessantly, and the track was covered in leaves. Lethal. Off they went to Modena, and more rain. "They said, 'We don't normally test in the wet'. I pointed out that sometimes it was wet on race days…"

Afterwards Surtees was taken to Count Agusta's office, in company with Pagani and Arturo Magni, the chief mechanic who was to become John's lifelong friend. "It was a rather dark office, and there was the Count, wearing dark glasses. After some bartering, he said, 'OK, here's the contract'. It was somewhat better than the one I'd had at Nortons…

"Then they said, 'One moment – there's a formality. Please stay…' And in came this lady, dressed in black, veiled and everything. She studied me, walked round me, then started jabbering away to the Count, who spoke to Callatroni, the interpreter, who said to me, 'John, you are accepted into the family…' This was the Countess, of course, the matriarch. And that was my introduction to Italy!"

Surtees swiftly warmed to the country and its people, establishing a good rapport with the mechanics (as he was to do throughout his career), and staying in a local hotel.

"I picked the language up as I went along. I'd go and see these dreadful cowboy films, with subtitles, and relate the words to the action – I learned a lot of my Italian that way."

They said, 'we don't normally test in the wet'. I pointed out that sometimes it was wet on race days...


GETTY

THE COUNT IS REMEMBERED BY SURTEES AS fundamentally an austere individual. "These people were a type, you know – whether it was Agusta or Ferrari or Honda. They had a certain aloofness. I'd wait outside the Count's office for hours, just for an opportunity to ask if we could try something different.

"It was all part of keeping you in your place. It wasn't unusual for people to behave like that in those days – I mean, even if you were a king, Ferrari would do that to you! These people all had their little ways…

"In fact, Ferrari never treated me like that – normally you'd get grabbed to have lunch with him at the Cavallino. And unless he was having one of his pompous days, that was the best opportunity of having a proper talk with him.

"At MV, though, it was more difficult, and the biggest step forward we made – to where I got the bike handling, despite its weight, to a point that I could get it on the edge – came after quite a saga. I'd got so frustrated at not being able to talk to the Count that, instead of driving, I booked on the same train as him coming back from the Belgian Grand Prix. Finally I had him captive! And by the time we got back it had been agreed that we would make an entirely new frame – essentially a version of the Norton frame. That transformed the bike."

It was not, though, until 1958 that John got what he wanted, and, given that Agusta must have wished his bikes to succeed, it's not easy to understand a dilatory, not to say obstructive, way of behaving towards his star rider.

"Well, at least the Count came to all the races – always with his handkerchief tied round his head! The saddest thing in my time with Ferrari was that the Old Man never went to races. I would have loved him to see first-hand his cars racing – and it would also have helped in getting him to appreciate what needed to be done. Instead of that, he stayed at home, listening to what people thought he wanted to hear, rather than the truth.

"The Count was a bit removed from what was happening. At times he had a few airs and graces, but of course it was 'old money'. Yes, you had meals with him, but it was mainly at race meetings that you got together. He had a sense of humour, and you could have an ▶

Far left, Surtees was invincible on an MV. Left, in 1959 he won BBC Sports Personality title, ahead of Bobby Charlton

enjoyable time with him – but at other times it was all very correct, and you had to go through the formalities…"

Surtees duly became World Champion in 1956, the one dud in his five seasons with MV coming the following year, when the bikes were plagued with unreliability. Thereafter, though, he was essentially unbeatable, 350 and 500 World Champion for three years.

As time went by, however, frustrations set in. Although John rode for MV in the World Championships, a dozen or so race weekends a year were hardly enough to satisfy one such as he, and initially he was free to race his own Norton in other events – predictably with great success. By the end of 1957 this had begun to upset MV.

"They started showing me cuttings in the Italian press, saying 'Surtees doesn't need MV to win'." When John signed a new three-year contract with the Count, he was precluded from riding anything but an MV.

"I could understand it to some extent, but at the same time I thought, 'I love racing! I can't be happy to do only 12 or 14 races a year'. There was, however, nothing in the contract that said I couldn't race other things…"

What started Surtees thinking about cars was MV's decision to do World Championship events only in 1960. In his first couple of car races, he finished second to Jimmy Clark and Innes Ireland, both in Lotuses, and not long after there came a call from Colin Chapman. "'You're doing F1', he said. I said, 'I can't – I'm a motorcyclist, and I've got a World Championship to do…' He said, 'Well, when you haven't got a bike race, drive a car', so that's how that happened."

IN ONLY HIS SECOND GRAND PRIX, AT Silverstone, Surtees finished second. In his third, at Oporto, he took pole. "When I look back now, probably the Lotus 18 was the most competitive F1 car, relative to its opposition, that I ever drove…"

By now John had concluded that his future lay with cars. It was at Monza, appropriately, that he raced a bike for the last time, and of course he won. Taking his leave of motorcycle racing, Surtees's record read thus: 348 races, 255 victories. Statistics to make you blink.

"Agusta were good about my racing cars – they could have kicked up about it. When I said I was stopping racing bikes at the end of 1960, the Count said, 'Well, I'll build you a Grand Prix car!'"

As one Italian chapter of John's life closed, so another became tentatively ajar. But when he got the first call from Ferrari, at the end of 1960, he said no: "I thought, 'I've to learn my trade first…'

There followed a season with the Bowmaker team, run by Reg Parnell, and using uncompetitive 'customer' Coopers. Come the autumn, there was another call from Maranello.

"Again," says Surtees, "I concluded, 'No, if I come here, it's got to be with more clout than I've got now'. They had a long list of drivers, and I could see myself getting lost in the crowd – that wasn't my scene at all."

This was the occasion of John's first meeting with Enzo Ferrari, and when he turned down the offer Ferrari said, 'You know we won't ask again…'

"I didn't really believe Ferrari when he said that – I'd been around Italians enough by then! To be honest, what I actually thought was, 'You're going to need me at some time…'

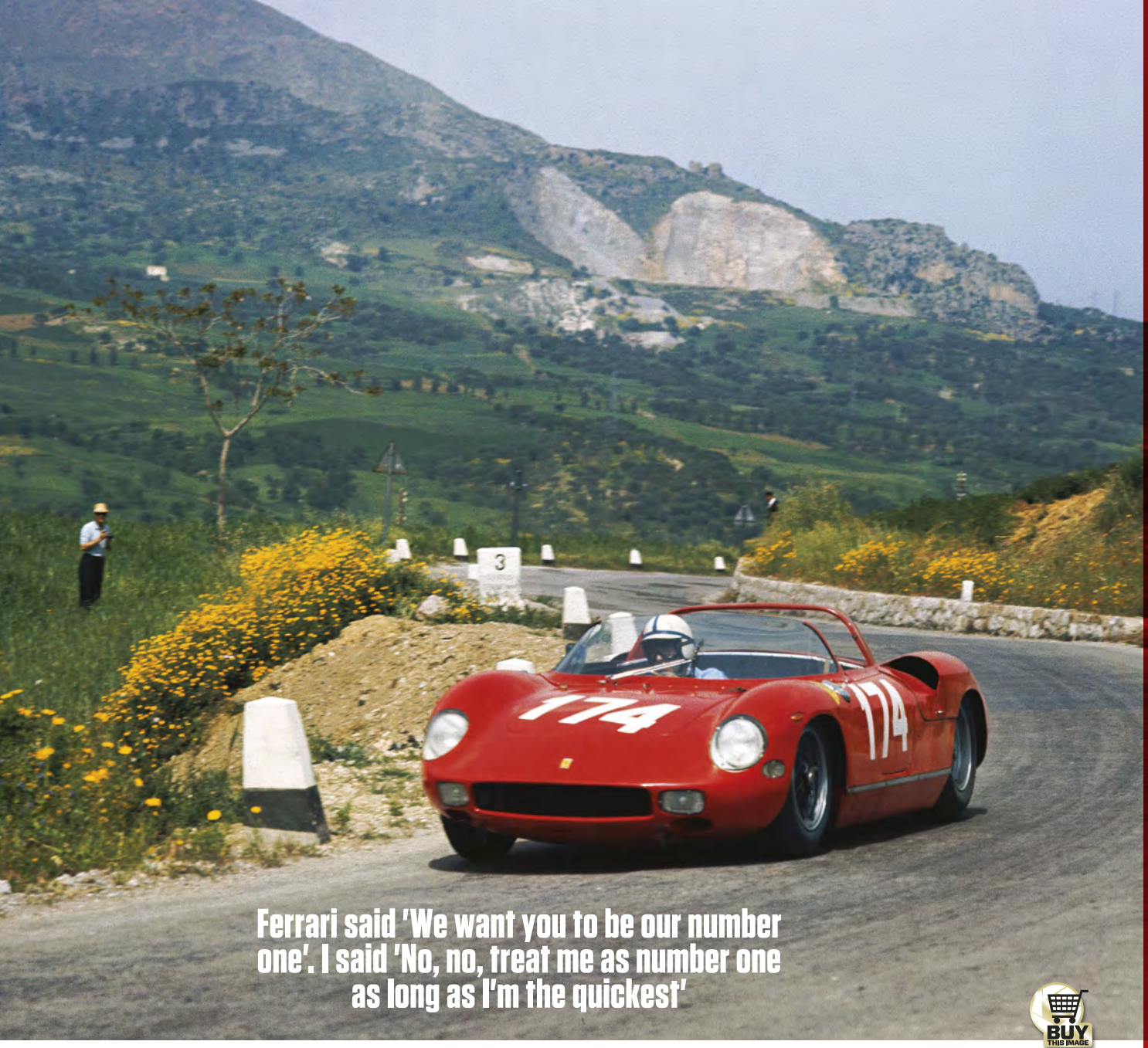
"I didn't have many choices for '62. I'd blown it with Lotus by not staying with them in '61, and that was a shame because I liked Colin and his cavalier attitude. He made the quickest cars, and if they'd been built to the engineering standards of Ferrari, no one else would have had a look-in. Mind you, if I'd stayed there I might not be sitting here, talking to you now…"

In the end Surtees stayed with the Bowmaker team, this time – at his instigation – running cars from Lola. He finished fourth in the championship – in front of all the Ferrari drivers. "Then I got the call again…"

Twelve months earlier John had detected arrogance and complacency at Ferrari, who had won everything in 1961, and clearly anticipated more of the same in '62. In

First year in Ferrari GP team brought promise – and frustration. Right, sports car effort was enjoyable, but diluted emphasis on F1





point of fact, the team didn't win a single Grand Prix, and by now was in a state of upheaval. Oddly, for Surtees, this was not without its attractions.

"The situation, compared with that on my previous visit, could hardly have been more different. [Carlo] Chiti had gone, which was probably a good thing – he'd always ridden on [Franco] Rocchi's back. Rocchi was a wonderful man, so quiet and modest. Fortunately, when so many engineers left at the end of '62, he stayed.

"The other thing was, all the drivers had gone, too! Ferrari said, 'We want you to be our number one', but I said, 'No, no, treat me as number one as long as I'm the quickest.'

"The Old Man said, 'We don't have that much money – but there are other advantages', one of which was that I could stay at the Real Fini for 1800 lire a day, full board! That was the equivalent of one pound!

"It was just like going back to MV – a team in the doldrums, but looking for a new horizon and determined to get there. It was super. Some days they'd say, 'Go and test a road car'. Other days I'd be out in the sports cars, pounding round Modena…"

The young Mauro Forghieri joined Ferrari at the same time, he and Surtees getting along fine – but new on the scene, too, was Eugenio Dragoni, who was to become a blight on John's life.

Dragoni had been involved with Scuderia Sant Ambroeus, the private team which fielded a Ferrari for Giancarlo Baghetti in 1961. He was a wealthy man, and a well-connected one too, but none could understand why Ferrari appointed him team manager a year or so later. Where, after all, lay his credentials for the job?

"You know," Surtees sighs, "I can't answer that. He was a perfume manufacturer! Somehow within Ferrari he had more influence than his position warranted – certainly I believe there were connections into the Agnelli family, ▸



for example. He would manipulate things in a way I knew the Old Man didn't approve of – but the fact is that he got away with it."

Happy as he was to be at Ferrari, John was taken aback by the emphasis on sports car racing, on Le Mans. "You'd go out in the F1 car – and then you didn't see it again for ages.

"My first race for Ferrari was Sebring – and Dragoni immediately tried to bring me to heel. I'd tested all the cars, and was allocated the one I liked best, but when I got there I found that the last one they'd made – which I hadn't tested fully – had my number on it.

"I was driving with [Lodovico] Scarfiotti, and we suffered because fumes got sucked into the cockpit – all the other cars had been modified to ease this problem. We were getting gassed out, but we got through, and headed a Ferrari one-two, only to have the result protested – by our own team!

"Luckily Pat, my first wife, was probably the finest timekeeper-cum-lap charter in the business, and her chart precisely matched the organisers' – although not the team's! It was a question of 'keep the new boy in his place', and very much at Dragoni's instigation."

Although Surtees enjoyed the sports cars and understood their commercial significance to Ferrari, he was irked by the way they took precedence over F1. Through that '63 season he was rarely in contention to win – save at the Nürburgring, where he took his first GP victory.

THE NEXT YEAR, ON THE LAST LAP OF THE LAST race, in Mexico, he took over the championship lead when Clark's Lotus faltered, and thus became – eternal cliché – 'The first man to become World Champion on two and four wheels'. It's a title he will likely hold for evermore.

Throughout his time at Ferrari, John was

uncomfortably aware of the company's insularity. "I think I was a bit before my time! OK, it was an Italian team – but all Italians? We needed to capitalise on what was happening elsewhere – our bodywork, for example, was aluminium, whereas the British teams were using fibreglass. I wanted us to build proper monocoques, and said that Lola could help. My feeling was that if Ferrari were set on doing things one way, and everyone else was doing it another way, then we had to move.

"I wanted to make Ferrari a more international team, and in a way the Old Man had already given his blessing, because he'd agreed I could work with Lola, as long as it wasn't a 'works' effort, and as long as it was in a series in which Ferrari weren't involved."

The other frustration was the company's convoluted policy on engines, which to this day Surtees doesn't understand. "I think they were largely flying kites, quite honestly…"

In 1965 he invariably had a V8 in his car, whereas Lorenzo Bandini had a flat-12, which John felt inherently better. In '66, the first year of the 3-litre F1, he had a V12, while Bandini started the year with the older, but superior, V6.

In the autumn of 1965 Surtees had the worst accident of his life, driving his own Lola T70 at Mosport Park. Severely injured, he was nevertheless fit enough to begin testing the following spring, and spent days flogging round Modena in the little 2.4-litre V6 – his 'convalescence car', as he called it.

"There was this 'new' V12 for '66 – but in reality it was a just a short-stroke sports car engine, giving less than 300bhp. Because the engines always sounded wonderful, they'd fool themselves that there was power to match…"

When he came back to Maranello after his accident, Surtees was moved by his reception, notably from the mechanics. Even though he had been injured in a car other than a Ferrari, the Old Man had said from the outset that no other driver would be signed, and Surtees committed himself even more tightly to Ferrari, moving into a flat in Modena. He was expecting, he said, to see out his career with the team – but still there loomed the spectre of Dragoni.

"Part of the problem was that Dragoni – and some of his assistants in the conspiracy, like Michael Parkes – were jealous of the good, relaxed relationship I had with the Old Man…"



Opposite, 1964 brought world title for Surtees, who got on well with Enzo himself, left

JOHN EVIDENTLY REMEMBERS ENZO FERRARI with affection, and loves to reminisce about him. "Oh, I thought of him as a likeable old rogue! I never had any doubts that he had hauled himself up by hook or by crook, and I don't think he was very particular about how he did it. Above all, what he wanted to do was stamp the name 'Ferrari' on the world – and it just happened that he did it with motor cars.

"Modena was one thing, but when you got out to Maranello he reigned – he literally reigned. He had his little nucleus of friends, and I used to love it, for example, when old Vittorio Jano would turn up. It was wonderful to be able to chat with a man like that. Pinin Farina, too. These were people who'd been part of Ferrari's life, and there was always an added sparkle about him when they were around.

"He loved his whisky, and one day we had the sales director of Glen Grant at Maranello – I went out for lunch with the two of them, and afterwards had to give this bloke a drive through the hills. He produced a bottle of malt – which was clear – and the Old Man was thrilled: 'Ah, whisky bianco!' And thereafter, every time I was going back to England, he would whisper, 'Whisky bianco', and I'd take some out for him.

"Another thing I remember was that he was absolutely fascinated by [Alec] Issigonis. When he arrived with a Mini, everything else was forgotten! We'd go off in it sometimes down to his house on the coast, with Pepino the chauffeur driving, Ferrari in the passenger seat and me in the back. He absolutely loved the Mini.

"As for his own cars, he had very… particular views. The Lusso, for example, wasn't an out-and-out sports car, but it was a nice car – and beautiful to look at. But the Old Man said it was too beautiful, and not a proper Ferrari, and so he got Pininfarina to make something more brutal! That was the first of the GTBs – which was a dreadful car. I got into trouble for saying that, actually, and that was the start of the problems with Parkes, because he'd done the development on it.

"The first cars, with the very short nose, looked horrible. Even the Old Man had his doubts – but the problem was that he had to make loads of them, because it was the first car Pininfarina had set up tooling for! Because of that, they couldn't change it too quickly – and so people got stuck with these ugly bloody GTBs…"

Given his close relationship with Ferrari, it seems unfathomable that the Old Man was so often influenced by the word of Dragoni, but, as Surtees points out, the world was very different back then.

"In a way he'd lost touch – there wasn't TV coverage of all the races in those days, and so he was reliant on hearsay being fed back to him. Having said that, he ▶

very much ran the team so that we were all puppets on a string. There was a bit of the devil in him, in that he always felt he had to set people against each other in order to get the best out of them."

In the spring of '66 Surtees won the Syracuse GP in the V12 car, but the opposition was negligible, and he stressed that it simply wasn't quick enough. "We ran it in the International Trophy at Silverstone, but I couldn't stay with Brabham – and Jack's car had no horsepower."

All the while the Dragoni situation worsened. At the Monza 1000Kms John won, partnered by Parkes, but it was an edgy afternoon, given that the rain was unceasing – and the new 330P3's wipers quickly became inoperative.

"In effect," says Surtees, "you had to go faster to be able to see – faster than you wanted to go, quite honestly. But Dragoni even tried to turn that round with the Old Man, saying that, 'It was only because of Michael that the car continued – John would have retired it…'"

On to Monte Carlo. "At Modena the little V6 car was three seconds a lap faster than the V12, and I said to the Old Man, 'I'll win you Monte Carlo with this'. But then I was told by Dragoni, 'Ferrari produce 12-cylinder cars – it would be bad for their lead driver not to be in the 12-cylinder car'. I said, 'But we want to win the race, don't we?' I rowed the V12 car into the lead, but it broke – and Bandini was second in the V6…"

I thought, 'Oh, what's the point? I don't feel part of this family anymore'. Bit of a short fuse, I admit, but it was just too much



At Spa, though, Surtees was supreme. By now Rocchi had done a cylinder head redesign, and the V12 was giving a more respectable 320bhp. In torrential rain John sat behind Jochen Rindt's Cooper-Maserati, then took the lead with half a dozen laps to go, and won conclusively.

"Afterwards everyone was really happy, but Dragoni never said a word to me. Not a word. I reckon I drove a heady race that day, but he moaned to the press that, 'Surtees let a Maserati-engined car stay in front'. I said, 'Yes – but I was in the right place when the bloody race finished'.

The situation was becoming ridiculous. Here was Surtees, driving with consistent brilliance – and here was the team manager, seeking to undermine him at every opportunity. At Le Mans it went past the point of no return.

"The strategy we'd worked out was a tortoise-and-hare thing, and rely on the Ferrari not stopping for some stupid reason. Mechanically, it was unlikely to break – you could drive it virtually like a Grand Prix car. We reckoned, though, that the 7-litre Fords, driven by racers like Gurney, might well break if you pushed them hard enough.

Surtees took his F1 title by a bare point from Graham Hill after a last-lap pass of team-mate Bandini

"The plan was for me to go like hell from the beginning – but then Dragoni said, no, Scarfiotti was going to do the first stint. And why? Because Gianni Agnelli was attending the start of the race – and it would be nice for him to see his cousin, Lodovico, drive the car!

"I thought, 'Oh, what's the point? I don't feel part of this family any more'. Bit of a short fuse, I admit, but it was just too much. I've always believed that Dragoni – and, to some extent, Parkes – created a conspiracy designed to get me out of Ferrari. I think it came about because of people who were stupid and vindictive – it had nothing to do with Scarfiotti or, particularly, Bandini. I got on fine with Lodovico, and as for Lorenzo… he almost cried when I said I was leaving. He was such a good lad – I remember him with great fondness."

And Parkes? "Well, we were both Ferrari drivers, and both British, but… he did what he had to do, and so did I. The only time we ever came together was when we went to a race. He was, of course, desperate to be in F1…"

Thus, Surtees went straight to Maranello, and there it was agreed with Ferrari that there should be a parting of the ways. "I knew what I was leaving," John says. "I think I would have won at least one more championship with Ferrari, and I was very sad. In a way, I staked two large sections of my life to two families…



"What I'd tried to do was to get a 'Schumacher movement' going, to make Ferrari much more international in its outlook. But, you know, even in the Schumacher era there was always a strong nucleus of 'the best of Italia'.

"The Italians have wonderful abilities… there's this strong artistic sense, this appreciation of beauty, be it in architecture or art or the beautiful lines of a motor car. It was vital that these things played a major part in everything they did. What was wrong was that this was the only ingredient – and you were competing against people who had more ingredients."

Surtees and Enzo Ferrari parted well, and stayed in touch to the end of the Old Man's life. "I last saw him at the launch of the F40, not long before he died, and that day he said to me, 'We must remember the good times, and not the mistakes…'

"After his death, I said that Ferrari would see their best days from now on, and they have indeed gone on to greater and bigger things. There was no way that the Old Man, with his way of controlling everything, could have moved into the 21st century, but the foundation of it all came from him – from one man.

"Part of me is still out there in Modena, and always will be." ■

JOHN SURTEES

Born: February 11 1934, Tatsfield, Surrey, Great Britain

111 STARTS	WINS 6	POLE POSITIONS 8
180 POINTS	WIN RATE 5.41%	FASTEST LAPS 11

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP WINNER 1964

John Surtees is the only man to win the World Championship on two and four wheels. He won seven motorcycling titles for MV Augusta – 500cc in 1956, 1958, 1959 and 1960; 350cc in 1958, 1959 and 1960

77.55% win rate in World Championship bike races with 38 GP wins from 49 starts

Surtees clinched 1964 World Championship by passing team-mate Lorenzo Bandini on the last lap in Mexico. The only other man to pass another car on the last lap of the season to clinch the title was Lewis Hamilton in 2008

John Surtees won the inaugural Can-Am Challenge in 1966 driving a Team Surtees Lola T70-Chevrolet. The first Surtees F1 car was introduced in 1970 and his cars won both the F2 and F5000 titles in Europe during 1972

JACKIE STEWART

BY NIGEL ROEBUCK

Just like Clark and Chapman, Stewart and Tyrrell would become a driver-and-owner partnership that defined an era. The pair were the dominant force of the early 1970s

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, DECEMBER 2011



When we speak of legendary partnerships in motor racing, perhaps the one that would spring first to most minds is that of Colin Chapman and Jim Clark: throughout his eight-year Formula 1 career Jimmy never raced other than a Lotus, after all, and one can scarcely imagine him in anything else. He and Chapman communicated in a way that was almost telepathic, and beyond that was a friendship Colin rarely enjoyed with those who drove for him.

Friendship was even more at the heart of it in the case of Ken Tyrrell and Jackie Stewart. It was Ken who brought Jackie into the big time, and ultimately they went on to win three World Championships.

"No question about it," Stewart says, "Ken was the most influential man in my motor racing life – and the best leader of a racing team that I ever came across. He was always absolutely his own man, never in any way diverted from his mission, and his leadership wasn't directed only towards the drivers: everyone in the team respected him, and to the highest level. I liked the way Ken did things – it suited me."

They met first in the early 1960s, but Stewart doubts that Tyrrell would have had any memory of it. "I wasn't in the sport then – I was the brother of Jimmy Stewart, and that was the only connection with racing I had – but I was friendly with Bob McIntyre, and I went with him when he had a test with Ken at Goodwood. To be honest, I didn't even know Ken Tyrrell's name at that stage. Bob drove the car, but he didn't like the sensation of sliding – he wasn't used to it on a bike, after all – and nothing came of it."

By 1964 Jackie had begun to make a name in racing, and now he met Tyrrell again. "This was Goodwood again and he'd invited me to have a test in his Formula 3 Cooper. Bruce McLaren was there – twice he went out to set a time in the car, and both times I managed to beat it. John Cooper was watching at Madgwick and afterwards – in my hearing – he said to Ken, 'You've got to sign him!' It was one of the great moments of my life…" ▶


SEE STEWART
IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport
digital edition



IN TYRRELL'S COOPER, STEWART DOMINATED the F3 season to a point that he was invited to join the BRM team for 1965. In his first season there he won a Grand Prix (at Monza), and in his second was victorious at Monaco. The '67 season, though, was pretty barren and Jackie began to look elsewhere.

"All the Lotus mechanics were nervous about the fragility of Chapman's cars – that was one of the reasons I didn't drive for him. I could have stayed with BRM, but my best option was to go to Ferrari. I shook hands with the Old Man, and I was very enthusiastic about the idea of driving with Chris Amon in '68.

"Then Ferrari did a double-cross on me, as I saw it – I was in Maranello on the Wednesday and on the Friday at Enna Franco Lini, the team manager, offered Jacky Ickx the drive 'if he took it that weekend'! I wasn't against Jacky at all – he had nothing to do with it – but when I heard about it I told them to forget it. To do that was a big deal…"

It was indeed, for no other alternative to BRM appeared obviously available. Tyrrell, for whom Stewart had continued to drive in Formula 2, had a plan to progress to F1, using a Matra chassis and a Cosworth engine. But a plan is all it was at that stage, and when the two men discussed a possible deal Jackie suggested that Ken couldn't afford him.

What sort of a retainer did he have in mind? The same as Ferrari had offered, Stewart said: twenty thousand pounds. Tyrrell got the money from Walter Hayes of Ford – and suddenly the game was afoot. For the remainder of his F1 career Jackie, using Matra, March and finally Tyrrell chassis, drove only for Ken – and,

Then Ferrari did a double-cross on me. When I heard about it I told them to forget the drive. To do that was a big deal

what's more, without a contract.

Given that Stewart is known for his zeal in wishing to have everything just so, clearly this was a very special relationship. "Ken was as modest as the day is long," he says. "He couldn't understand why I went to drive for him when I could have gone to Ferrari, but my trust in them was gone, and that was the thing about Ken Tyrrell – I trusted him implicitly. I had a contract in 1964, the first year, but we never had another one after that. "My actual 'retainer' in '64 – to make it legal – was £5! Actually he offered me an alternative of £10,000 in return for 10 per cent of my future earnings, but I had enough savvy to go for the £5…"

By the time of the F1 agreement Stewart was being managed by IMG, Mark McCormack's organisation, and there must have been some disquiet, I suggested, about the lack of a formal contract with Tyrrell.

"Yes, sure, but I told them that was the way it was – I think if I'd asked Ken for a contract it might have blemished the relationship. If I'd had a letter of agreement and given it to McCormack, he – like any good manager – would have said, 'You've got to include this and that

and the next thing'. And if I'd done that Ken would have said, 'That means you don't trust me…'

"He was an honest man, and the people who worked for him were fiercely loyal to him. He was opinionated – quite socialist in his attitudes in some ways – and he treated those who worked for him very well. For example, every member of his team had private health care if required – and a pension.

"Ken was an extraordinary motivator – and he had a great ability to choose the right people. Other Tyrrell drivers, like Jean Alesi, always spoke of the 'family' atmosphere in the team, and it was true – in that respect it was like no other and Ken's wife, Norah, played a big part in that. Teams were generally much smaller then than now, of course, and Tyrrell was smaller than most…"

The Stewart years at Tyrrell were of course the team's great years. Others – Scheckter, Depailler, Alboreto – would win Grands Prix for Ken after Jackie's retirement, but there was never the hint of another World Championship to go with those of 1969, '71 and '73.

FOR THE FIRST COUPLE OF YEARS IN F1 THE team ran Cosworth-powered Matras, while the French company's far less successful works cars were powered by its own V12 engine. By the end of 1969 Matra wanted Stewart, the new World Champion, henceforth to race a V12 car, and Tyrrell would have been involved in that, but both Ken and Jackie were adamant about sticking with the DFV and so the association ended. For 1970 Tyrrell had no alternative but to buy cars from the fledgling March company, and the 701 was so awful that a decision was swiftly taken for Tyrrell to become a constructor in its own right.

In absolute secrecy the project got underway and by the autumn, remarkably, the car was ready to race. It was the same with the P34 a few years later: I can still hear the collective gasp in the room when the wraps came off revealing this F1 car with six wheels…

"Ken," says Stewart, "was never 'yesterday's man' – there was no looking back on great happenings or anything like that. The only time he ever complimented me after a race was at Monaco in '71, when I won the race having done the whole of it with front brakes only. He said, 'I just want you to know that was a great drive' – I nearly fell over!

"There's a scene in *Weekend of a Champion*, the Roman Polanski movie made at that race, from just after the finish: one of my mechanics, Roger Hill, is there with a bottle of Coca-Cola for me, and Ken's in the background, packing things away. The race was just over – and as far as Ken was concerned it was already yesterday. He didn't come to the podium with the rest of the team – it was a matter of, 'Right, what's the next race?'

"Ken had his small coterie of friends – and they always remained his friends, as loyal to him as he was to them. Take someone like Frank Faulkner: he was one of the world's leading authorities on paediatrics. Frank loved racing, but there wasn't really a lot he could offer the ▶





Stewart's F3 success, left, led to an alliance with Tyrrell for his whole GP career. Matra's MS80 let JYS dominate '69 season





Jackie and Helen toast 1971 Monaco victory, in a gruelling title season that followed a barren year in a March, right

team – although he gave a lot of help to Danny Sullivan, who eventually drove for Ken. He was always at a race when he could be, though, and Ken respected him and thought the world of him. When he wasn't well – towards the end of his life – Ken and Norah went to San Francisco to see him, and so did I.

"Frank was exactly the sort of person to become a friend of Ken's. All the people you met with Ken were quality people – but not grand people, because he wasn't into grand people and felt uncomfortable with them. It would never have occurred to him to stay in the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo – he always used the same little hotel in Roquebrune. 'Why would I want to stay anywhere else?' he'd say.

"In general, Ken's hotel choices were awful! In the early days we'd go to the most unspeakable places – I remember [my wife] Helen and me being in this place in Rouen, with rats in the room and a bare bulb hanging from the ceiling… Hotels were chosen because they were cheap!

"And think of the way Ken dressed. Always in a collar and tie – never in a 'race' outfit. He wasn't 'social' – never had parties at home or anything like that – but he was an entirely genuine man. When people die, and things move on, it's very easy to sort of over-romance relationships, but there was no time in my professional career with Ken when I felt angry or upset or felt I was being taken advantage of."

No arguments, then? "Oh Christ, sometimes we had huge arguments – huge arguments! Ken was very opinionated: he'd phone up to discuss something we were going to do and sometimes, if he didn't agree with you, it was a real 'froth job'! But sometimes, too, he would change his mind – he was never afraid to do that."

And then he would say, 'Sorry, I was wrong?' "No, no, there was never a 'sorry' – just a sort of gruff, 'Well, OK, we'll do that then…'"

Some of their arguments stemmed from Ken's belief that Jackie was taking too much on, that ultimately this was bound to affect his performance in the car. This was not the era in which a top driver confined himself to F1.

"I remember when François Cevert joined the team, and the role Ken played in getting me together with him, helping him – initially that was almost entirely down to Ken, not me. I liked François immediately, but at first I thought, 'I'm not a nanny' – I was busy trying to win myself!

"I was pretty stretched out in 1971. It was the year I got the mononucleosis, the year I made 43 trips to America – crossed the Atlantic 86 times! Ken knew that wasn't good for me – on the other hand, in those days, if you were trying to make money…

"My retainer with Ken was £20,000 – that was what we agreed when I went there and I don't think it ever changed! Of course the total money changed, because we began to get more benefits from outside – performance bonuses if you won a race and that sort of thing. It came from the Elfs, the Dunlops, then the Goodyears – but it still wasn't a huge amount of money, so I was doing Can-Am with Carl Haas which paid pretty well, and driving Capris for Ford Germany occasionally, and Alan Mann's cars – that was how you made money. By 1970 I was earning a million, but it certainly wasn't all from Formula 1."

IF TYRRELL MIGHT HAVE PREFERRED STEWART not to drive for anyone else, he recognised that he wasn't in a position to impose it. "He didn't like it, no – and he was right! As I say, that was when I got the mononucleosis, and again, if you look at the Polanski film on Monaco '71 you can see that I was stuffed! I was very fatigued – but the adrenalin kicked in when it had to…"

There were other things, too. Stewart, after all, was involved in everything, not least the safety crusade which occupied much of his time.

Ken was very opinionated: he'd phone up to discuss something and if he didn't agree with you it was a real 'froth job'

"Certainly there were times when Ken thought I was taking on too much – he was sure it must have been disrupting me. 'How can you be arguing with the CSI [then the sport's governing body] about some safety thing 10 minutes before qualifying,' he'd say, 'and then go out and deliver?' He thought I was taking too much out of myself doing that – but at the same time, of course, he was there when all these accidents were happening…

"I was doing all sorts of things at that time – for example, after Piers Courage's accident at Zandvoort I arranged the transportation of his body back to the UK, because I knew how to do it as it had happened so many times before. Most airlines wouldn't take a coffin in a passenger plane. People nowadays have no idea what it was like then – we were losing so many people, and of course we were driving so many different types of car, not just F1." ▶


elf
DUNLOP
Ford



Top, taking pole and lapping all bar Fittipaldi, Jackie's '71 Monaco win was not in doubt. Right, Ken celebrates Tyrrell 1-2 at Watkins Glen in '72

As Stewart says, Tyrrell was indeed 'there when all these things were happening'. In the course of their six seasons of working together, the lives were lost of Clark, Spence, Scarfiotti, Schlesser, Mitter, McLaren, Courage, Rindt, Rodríguez, Siffert, Bonnier, Williamson and Cevert – not all of them in F1, it's true, but as Jackie says, 'we were all driving so many different types of car'.

Only once did Tyrrell have to order Stewart to get into a car. "At the Nürburgring in '68 the weather was so awful on race morning that they gave us an extra session, and Ken thought I should go out. I said, 'I really don't want to – the rain's so heavy, the visibility's bad, there are rivers all over the track…' He said, 'Yes, but you'll never know where the rivers are if you don't go out – you need to do it.' It was the only time I ever remember Ken saying, 'Jackie, I'm the boss, and this is very important, for you and the team.' I never thought of not driving in the race – I just didn't want to do this extra session. I thought, 'I know the 'Ring – this just seems an unnecessary risk.' But Ken said what he said, and I went out – I think I just did one flying lap.

"On the one hand, Ken was right – I did see rivers I never knew were there – but on the other he was wrong, because in the race the rivers were in different places from lap to lap as the drains got plugged up."

In more extreme circumstances, according to Stewart, Tyrrell would always remain pragmatic in the face of deep shock. How, I wondered, had he been on the Saturday afternoon at Monza in 1970, when Jochen Rindt was killed during final qualifying and the session was afterwards resumed?

"No nonsense. He said, 'Listen, you've got to get in the car again', and I knew he was right. I was very upset because I'd been with Jochen – he hadn't had the Last Rites at that point, but I knew he was dead. There was a lot of turmoil because [his wife] Nina was there with him eventually, and Helen. It wasn't a nice thing.

"Practice restarted and Ken said, 'Look, there's only 15 minutes left – we've got to get a time.' I got in and set the fastest lap I had ever done round Monza. I always talk about 'mind management' and that was a good example of it, because I was crying once I was in the car, and then I straightened myself out during the warm-up lap, did my time on the next lap, and then started crying again when I came in.

"Ken was very strong – I never saw him emotionally upset. He was always very clinical in situations like that, which was surprising because he could be such a


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fantastic time, but during that week he kept saying to Helen, 'Is Jackie going to retire or not?' And Helen, of course, did not know. He'd been asking me, too, and I kept saying, 'I haven't made up my mind.' I mean, if I didn't tell Helen, I couldn't tell him…

"François had kept telling me he was getting offers from Ferrari and so on, and I said, 'Well, that's good – but you don't have to decide until the season's over. I think you should stay with Ken.' He said, 'Well, Ferrari are saying if I don't sign they'll get someone else…' I said, 'Who are they going to get who's better than you? And next year's Tyrrell's going to be awful good…'

"Anyway, we got to the Glen, and Ken was the only person there who knew this was my last race. On the Friday he said, 'Jackie, you know what would be a really nice thing to do? If the two of you are running 1-2 at the end, it would be nice to let François past and win…'

"I said, 'Ken, this is my last Grand Prix – that's a lot to ask…' He said, 'Yeah – but, you know, you'll look like a king if you do that.' I said, 'Yes, but if I do it the wrong way, it'll look like I'm letting him win…' It didn't really bother me but I said, 'Let's leave it 'til Sunday – let's see how we go in qualifying because we may not be that fast and it might be a situation that won't occur…'

"That was typical Ken, really. He thought it would be the correct thing for me to do – and that doing it would make me look great. He knew very well what it meant to me – but that was the way he thought."

Then, late in the Saturday morning session, Cevert crashed at the ultra-fast uphill Esses. It was an accident of extraordinary violence, and could have had but one outcome. "Chris [Amon] was also driving a Tyrrell that weekend, and he stopped at the scene. So did Jody, and then so did I. It was truly shocking – fortunately ▶

compassionate man. He isolated himself on those occasions – even when François died. I never saw him shed a tear and that weekend, more than any other, would have been the one that really hurt him, because François was driving a Tyrrell when it happened. He was very affected by it all, but he never broke down."



WATKINS GLEN IN 1973 WAS ALWAYS GOING TO be Stewart's last race. Some months earlier he had resolved to retire at season's end, but confided only in Tyrrell and Ford's Walter Hayes. Helen should not know, Jackie concluded, because he wanted to spare her the ordeal of mentally counting down the races through the year.

"At Mosport, two weeks before the Glen, François was involved in a shunt with Jody [Scheckter] and got a bit knocked about. Helen and I were going to have a break in Bermuda – I thought it would be a good idea to have some time on our own because she was suffering a lot because of everything that had happened. [My son] Paul had asked me, 'When are you going to die?'

"In Canada, after his accident, we said to François, 'Look, why don't you come with us?' He said, 'No, no, it's your time' and so on but we insisted – and we had a



Ken never did see it.

"At first he wouldn't believe that François was dead. 'How d'you know?' he said to me. I said, 'Ken, I was there…' 'Yes – but how d'you know? Have you got proof?' I said, 'Look, I know he's dead…'

"That was very Ken. Until the official statement was issued, nothing was certain. He was terribly shocked – but he was not emotional. He had to phone the family in France, of course, and then we sat in the little team caravan and discussed the decision that had to be made.

"I wasn't against doing the race – quite honestly, when you get into a race something like that disappears until it's over, at which point it comes rushing back. But when Ken said, 'What are we going to do?', I said, 'I really think we should withdraw in respect to François'. It was the right thing to do."

Before this was announced, however, Stewart and Amon went out again in the afternoon session. "Ken

I said 'Listen, we've got to go out – the boys think it's something to do with them'. They were so distressed I had to go out

didn't want me to do that actually, but I said, 'Listen, we've got to go out – the boys think it's something to do with them…' They believed it must have been a mechanical failure, because they didn't think François could have made a mistake at the place where it happened. I thought I knew what had happened, but they were so distressed I felt I had to go out – even though I knew I was never going to race again."

Once out of the car, Jackie told Helen that was it, he was now a retired racing driver. "How she coped with that much emotion in one day I'll never know – having to clear up François's room and everything. Horrible…"

Thus, in the most tumultuous circumstances imaginable, the partnership between Ken Tyrrell and Jackie Stewart came to an end. The two men would remain the closest of friends, however, to the end of Tyrrell's life in 2001.



Top, Stewart was more than just a driver to Tyrrell, and they remained close. Right, Jackie breaks the record for GP wins at 1973 Dutch race

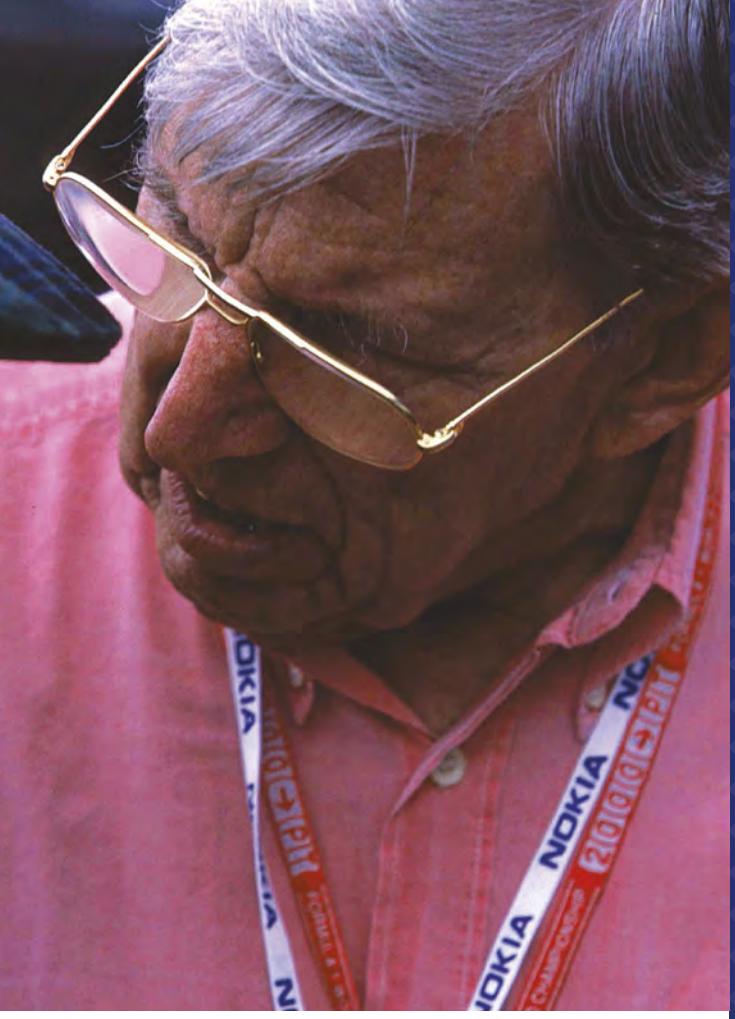
FORTY YEARS AGO AN F1 TEAM WAS A MUCH smaller, much more intimate organisation than anyone would recognise today. In 1971, the year of Stewart's second World Championship, Tyrrell had a total of 27 employees. And even at the end, when Ken sold out to BAR in 1998, there were no more than 120.

While demonstrably the best driver ever to work with Tyrrell, Stewart was much more than that. "I went all over the world for Ken – I did the deal with Goodyear, for example, and without that money it would have been very difficult for the team.

"I was at Goodyear talking to Larry Truesdale, the competitions manager, and he said he didn't have the budget to give us what we needed. Fortunately the company chairman, Chuck Pilliod, walked into his office. He said, 'Hi Jackie – didn't know you were here. How's it going?' I said, 'Well, not well – we'd like to do a deal with Goodyear, but Larry can't do it and I'm going to have to go to Firestone…' He said, 'Well, why don't you come and have lunch with the board?'

"I was always involved in these sorts of deals – it really was a partnership between us in a way that would be impossible these days, I suppose.

"When Ken sold the company he hated it – he



absolutely hated it. I remember him coming to the Canadian Grand Prix one year after he'd sold the company – he and Norah were in the Paddock Club – and he didn't enjoy it at all. 'It's awful being here – and not being part of it,' he said. Ken absolutely lived for motor racing.

"It was Bernie [Ecclestone] who did the deal for the sale of Tyrrell to BAR, but Ken was very embittered that he had to sell. Towards the end of the team's life, when they'd moved into the new factory, Ken was struggling financially and he needed the money that was his – and that Bernie held, for more than a year. Ken was livid about that, and also embittered by certain other things that had happened with Bernie and Max [Mosley] down the years. Shortly before he died, he asked me to organise his memorial service, and he told me he didn't want either of them to be there – he was vehement about it, and if it had come to it I would have told them.

"Towards the end, when I used to go and see Ken, I'd lie on the bed next to him, because he couldn't hear all that well by then. To cheer him up I told him I was going to spread the news that I'd been in bed with Ken Tyrrell, and he'd get very wound up – 'Oh no, you mustn't do that!'

"It was an extremely close relationship between Ken and Norah and Helen and me, and I'm still in touch with a lot of Ken's friends. It upsets me still that he never got so much as an OBE – if ever in my life I've met a patriot it was he, and something like that would have meant so much more to him than to most people. Such a wonderful man, wasn't he?" ■

JACKIE STEWART

Born: June 11 1939, Milton, Dunbartonshire, Great Britain

99 STARTS

WINS 27

POLE POSITIONS 17

360 POINTS

WIN RATE 27.27%

FASTEST LAPS 15

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP WINNER
1969 1971 1973

27 – his record for Grand Prix wins that lasted from 1973 until Alain Prost scored his 28th in Portugal 1987

Jackie Stewart's breakthrough victory at Monza in 1965 was the Grand Prix with the most changes of the lead – 39 to 43 across the finish line (according to source) and many more out on the circuit

Jackie Stewart finished the 1969 Spanish GP two laps ahead of Bruce McLaren. The only other driver to win a championship GP by two clear laps so far is Damon Hill (Australia 1995)

Jackie Stewart is the only British driver to win the World Championship on three occasions

Jackie Stewart's victory in the 1972 Argentine GP was the only time car number 21 won a Grand Prix

JOCHEN RINDT

BY NIGEL ROEBUCK

It doesn't happen often, but just once in a while you get a race that not only lives up to its promise but actually exceeds it. Anyone who was there will tell you that the 1969 British Grand Prix was one such. Stewart versus Rindt. Matra against Lotus. The rest nowhere.

"There were something like 30 lead changes between us," says Stewart, "although they didn't necessarily register at the start-finish line because they happened out on the circuit. We'd pass each other on the Hangar Straight and on the approach to Woodcote, but intelligently, not trying to block – in fact quite the reverse, because we were drawing away from the competition. We got miles ahead because we weren't blocking each other."

Eventually Rindt's car suffered problems and Stewart won comfortably. It was, he has always said, the most enjoyable race of his career. "Oh yes – how many times in your life are you going to have a race like that? Jochen and I were so evenly matched on ability and it was the same with our cars. Off the track Jochen was my closest friend, and on it he was a man I trusted implicitly."

They had met five years earlier, at Reims, and hit it off immediately. "I was doing the Formula 3 race for Ken Tyrrell, and also the 12-hour sports car race in a Ferrari GTO with Chris Amon," recalls Stewart. "Jochen was there for the F2 race and that's when I first became aware of him. Actually, I'll tell you why I remember: it had nothing to do with Jochen – it was more because Nina came along! Hot pants were just coming in, and Nina was wearing them..." ▶

The sport's only posthumous world champion could have ended up running F1 with his friend Bernie Ecclestone, had he lived beyond Monza 1970. Instead, he is remembered as a charismatic charger whose light shone all too briefly

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, APRIL 2005



SEE RINDT IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport digital edition



STEWART'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HER HUSBAND were that he was casual and friendly. "Very relaxed – but confident too. And gangly. I remember thinking that he didn't walk well – kind of hen-toed and awkward. But everyone recognised that he could drive. We became friends very quickly, as did Helen and Nina. We were both new boys and were both seen to have had some potential.

"Some people thought he was arrogant but I never did. Mind you, I saw him throw the odd wobbly. When he got angry he was very demonstrative – he'd stamp his feet! I remember at one race there was a problem with his licence or his medical certificate. He was just raging..."

Did it work?

"I don't know! I just left – I'd come into the office and he didn't see me. I saw this and thought, 'Oops, I'm obviously not needed here...' "

The name of Rindt first reverberated around the racing world in the spring of 1964 when as a virtual unknown he won the F2 race at Crystal Palace, beating Graham Hill in the process. Throughout the season he was a front-runner in the class, and at the first Austrian Grand Prix – run that year on a rough airfield track in Zeltweg – he was offered a one-off drive in one of Rob Walker's Brabhams. For 1965 he joined the Cooper team, partnering Bruce McLaren, and at the same time Stewart came into Formula 1 as team-mate to Hill at BRM. "The first Grand Prix was South Africa, in East London, and the race itself was on New Year's Day. We were staying in the King's Hotel, I remember, and Hogmanay there was obviously going to be noisy and boisterous and not ideal for the night before a race – I was nervous and well wound up about my first ever Grand Prix. I wanted to escape. Helen wasn't there and neither was Nina, so Jochen and I went to a drive-in movie together! Two fellows! Okay, today it would not be unusual, but then it was pretty extreme..."

For Jackie it was the beginning of a remarkable first Formula 1 season – he finished third in the World Championship, beaten only by Jim Clark and Hill, and he won the Italian Grand Prix – but Jochen had a terrible time of it, a fourth at the Nürburgring being his best result.

Outside Formula 1, though, things were much better. Increasingly Rindt was becoming the star in F2

Some people thought he was arrogant, but I never did. Mind you, I saw him throw the odd wobbly...

and, sharing a NART Ferrari 250LM with Masten Gregory, he also won the Le Mans 24 Hours.

"Jochen didn't really feature in F1 much at that point," says Stewart. "It took a while – he didn't have a car nearly as good as my BRM."

Was there ever any jealousy in evidence? "No, nothing like that. For one thing, in F2 he was the man to beat. I won the odd race – I remember one at Karlskoga, involving Jimmy and Jochen particularly – but there were some races when he just left everyone behind. In those days Jochen was always a big sideways merchant and I always thought him over-exuberant – incredibly spectacular but not, I thought, as fast as he could have been.

"He was certainly confident in his own driving, but in those days you could drive an F2 car like that – you could do anything with it. I was never a sideways driver, but Jochen was. An F1 car was considerably less agile and I think he overdrove to a point where... sometimes if you drive a car too hard it just stalls on you in the same way as when you try and climb too high in a plane."

For three years Rindt and Stewart stayed with Cooper and BRM respectively but, while Jackie was invariably thereabouts, Jochen struggled with increasingly uncompetitive machinery. Freak circumstances, as in the terrible rains of Spa in 1966 (where his Cooper-Maserati finished second to the Ferrari of John Surtees, having led 20 of the 28 laps) allowed him the occasional opportunity to show genius, but otherwise he was not a contender for victory, and '67 was even worse: six points in the entire season.

In 1968, while Stewart moved to Tyrrell's new F1 team to drive a Matra, Rindt transferred to Brabham and had perhaps the happiest year of his racing life, for he got on famously with Jack and much enjoyed the four-cam Repco-powered car – when it was moving. Again there were flashes of what could be – he beat Stewart to pole position at Rouen by more than a second – but reliability was lamentable: eight points this time.

BRABHAM, WHO LATER DECLARED THAT, IN his opinion, Rindt was the greatest natural driver of all time, desperately tried to persuade him to stay for 1969. And that, given that the team was to use Cosworth DFV engines from now on, might have been the smart thing to do. An offer from Lotus, though, proved irresistible. By now Jochen's manager was a certain Mr Ecclestone. "I remember very well," said Bernie, "at the end of '68 we had the choice of the Goodyear deal with Brabham or the Firestone deal with Lotus. And I said to Jochen, 'If you want to win the world championship you've got more chance with Lotus than with Brabham. If you want to stay alive you've got more chance with Brabham than with Lotus'. It wasn't a bad thing to say; it was a matter of fact. That was what the pattern was, for whatever reason: people did get killed in Lotuses. Maybe Colin [Chapman] took things to the edge a bit – and anyone who drove for Lotus was prepared to go along with that and take it to the edge. ▶







Rindt's Cooper T77 flies towards fourth place in the 1965 German GP, opposite. This page, clockwise from top left: Nina, joking with Jackie Stewart and winning Le Mans in 1965

And Jochen was prepared to accept that."

Maybe so, but Rindt's relationship with Chapman was edgy from the start. "He'd done Cooper, he'd done Brabham," says Stewart, "but there was a big question mark over going to Lotus. When I was first coming into F1 I got offered much more by Chapman than I did by BRM – he doubled the offer, then doubled it and doubled it again. But there were no number twos working well at Lotus – and a lot of them were in hospital.

"Jochen went there but he really wasn't sure about Colin. He was concerned about the fragility of the cars, and that lasted all the way through.

"Even his road car... he had an Elan Plus 2 and I remember setting off from the house to Clermont-Ferrand. I was driving a Ford of some sort. Nina hated the Lotus and said she'd only go with Jochen if we travelled behind them. 'It's going to break down', she said. 'There's no way it'll get there'. She was right to be worried – the passenger door fell off in the road! Helen and I were behind and there were bits of fibreglass going everywhere. We couldn't get it back on so we just put it in the boot. And Jochen insisted that Nina stayed in the car for the rest of the journey – he wouldn't have her travel with us!"

In the Lotus 49 Rindt was instantly, as expected, a front-runner, but at Barcelona there were major accidents for him and team-mate Hill, both caused by the failure of the high rear wing. Graham somehow walked away without hurt, but Jochen was badly knocked about.

"That was a big shunt," says Stewart, who inherited victory that day. "He wasn't well after that. I went to see him that night – he was being looked after by the father of Alex Soler-Roig who was a very eminent surgeon. There were all sorts of risks of head injury – there'd been an awful lot of blood around his face when he crashed. That wasn't a good time."

Rindt's injuries caused him to miss Monaco, and during his convalescence he wrote a letter – in words of

Rindt's injuries caused him to miss Monaco and he wrote a letter – in words of one syllable – to Chapman



Remember when F1 cars had suspension travel? Rindt and Stewart engage in their epic duel, Silverstone 1969

one syllable – to Chapman, detailing his safety concerns about driving for Lotus and suggesting that so quick were the cars that Colin's absolute obsession with lightness was unnecessary. It was not well received, but Jochen remained unrepentant. When he returned to the scene he picked up where he had left off as the most serious rival to Stewart, but although he frequently led he rarely finished, and Lotus's lack of reliability – combined with his safety fears – inclined him more and more towards a return to Brabham for 1970.

CLOSE FRIEND OR NOT, STEWART REMAINED the thorn in his side. After Silverstone, one of the great battles of history, came Monza – still a flat-out slipstreamer in those days – where Rindt missed scoring that first Grand Prix victory by perhaps a metre to the inevitable JYS, who also clinched his first world championship that day. "He was well pissed off that I beat him at Monza!" laughs Stewart. "He said that Chapman had got the board wrong. I had put the long gear in so as to cross the line without changing, because chances were it was going to be a tight finish. Jochen reckoned that he could have won had he known that it was the last lap. He told me he didn't know it was and I said, 'Yeah, yeah, yeah...' "

At Watkins Glen Rindt took pole position, as so often that year, but this time his luck for once held and he led all the way. "By that time I'd won six races and clinched the championship," says Stewart. "I remember going to the Jochen Rindt Racing Car Show in Vienna and he had his trophy in the back of the car. Of course I took the piss out of him: 'He's won one bloody Grand Prix and he takes the trophy everywhere...'" By this time Chapman had won Rindt round, shown him drawings of the forthcoming 72, assured him it was going to be a championship-winning car, persuaded him to stay. For the first time in their respective F1 careers it was Stewart who was on the back foot: "I was stuck with the March 701 in 1970 and there was no catching him – not from where I was anyway."

Initially, though, the 72 looked anything like a world-beater. Its disappointing early showings necessitated quite fundamental changes, and in the meantime Rindt was obliged to revert to the 49, now into its fourth season.

It was in this car, as it turned out, that he had his day of days, pressuring Brabham into a mistake at the



last corner of the last lap of the Monaco Grand Prix. Believing himself to have no chance, Jochen had been disinterested in qualifying and apparently in the early part of the race, but, as Stewart and Chris Amon fell by the wayside, suddenly there was a whiff of possible victory and in those circumstances Rindt became inspired, his last astonishing lap 2.6sec inside his qualifying time.

One of the great photographs, in *Automobile Year*, shows Stewart standing out on the track, delightedly cheering his buddy over the line. "Afterwards one of Brabham's mechanics, who'd seen my joy, said, 'You bastard!' And I felt bad about it – but Jochen was my friend...

"I'd bought my house in Switzerland in '68 and Jochen wanted to live close by. At that time there was a little cluster of us in the area – Chris Amon, Jo Bonnier and so on – and I found a house for him to rent which was about 400 yards from mine. It wasn't a terribly nice house, but it had a good view and it was fine until he got his own place built. Eventually he bought a patch of land from Bonnier and the house was finished in '70 – but he was never to live in it."

The redesigned 72 appeared at Zandvoort and instantly everyone else knew they were in trouble, for Rindt walked the race. Perhaps it was because, for the first time, he had the best car and didn't feel the need to hustle it so much; whatever, according to Stewart, Jochen changed his driving style in 1970. "There had been the beginnings of it even in '69. During that battle

We talked about it a lot and I think he was ready to retire. Like everyone he was terribly upset by the loss of Piers and Bruce

we had at Silverstone there were not many times when Jochen was on opposite lock. I think maybe he'd realised that if you wanted to do it that way, okay you'd get the cheers of the crowd, but it wasn't going to make the bank manager happy. In 1970 he had the best car and he realised that driving smoothly was the way to get the best out of it."

True enough. For all his bravura in a Lotus 49, there are few photographs of Rindt sideways in a 72. And none at all of him smiling after his Dutch Grand Prix win, for Piers Courage, one of his closest friends, had lost his life in the race. Three weeks earlier Bruce McLaren had been killed in a testing accident at Goodwood.

"We were having a lot of deaths at that time," says Stewart, "and Jochen was very supportive of any safety moves. The only driver he really did not like was Jacky Ickx, because he didn't want to do anything on safety. Between Jochen and Jacky the chemistry just didn't work."

Was it the case that Rindt either took to you or did not – and that was it for good and all?







Clockwise from top left: receiving the keys to a new Elan; with Chapman at Zandvoort in 1970; and winning that summer at Brands Hatch. Opposite, heading for a famous Monaco win



BUY THIS IMAGE

"Yes. If he didn't like you, boy, did you know it! There was one particular guy – a journalist/ entrepreneur if you like – and that was like the kiss of death. Jochen hated this guy. If you were doing well you couldn't get rid of him – but only as long as you were doing well. Jochen didn't like that.

"He didn't suffer fools gladly. He was a hard man – hard with Nina too. But he was very straightforward. He liked making money! He always thought a lot of Bernie and people have suggested that if he had survived he would be running F1 today with Bernie. I wouldn't have been surprised by that. They were very close."

ALTHOUGH RINDT AND THE LOTUS 72 WERE AS good as unbeatable through the summer of 1970 and clearly on course for the world championship, there is no doubt that Jochen was giving increasing thought to retirement. "We talked about it a lot," says Stewart, "and I think he was ready to retire. Like everyone else he was terribly upset by the loss of Piers and Bruce and there's no doubt he was very nervous of that 72 – that was probably weighing on his mind more than anything else. He wasn't happy with Colin and he wasn't happy with his contract. He reckoned he was going to go into business and that would give him as much as driving. I think he could have retired at the end of 1970."

After the victories at Monaco and Zandvoort, Rindt also triumphed at Clermont-Ferrand, Brands Hatch and Hockenheim. A blown engine put him out at the Österreichring, but still he went to Monza with a comfortable points lead. During qualifying on Saturday afternoon his Lotus 72 snapped left under braking for Parabolica and struck a guardrail mounting post at perhaps 170mph. "I was in the pits when it happened," says Stewart. "Peter Gethin told me Jochen had had a big shunt, but said he thought he was all right. I went to Nina and said, 'Look, Jochen's had a bit of a bang – I don't know how he is, but it seems he's okay'. Then I went to the control tower and I found that he wasn't okay.

"They wouldn't tell me anything. In 1970 I was Schumacher, if you like, and for them not to tell me anything was not right. I said, 'Where is Jochen?' They told me he was at the medical centre and I ran down there. Jochen was lying in the back of an open pick-up truck, in his overalls, and he was dead. I knew that immediately, because his foot was nearly torn off and there was no blood coming from it. An open wound that's not bleeding means the heart is not beating. There was a priest there who told me he had given Jochen the last rites, but there was nobody with him – nobody with him at all.

"I thought, 'Oh my God, he's dead'. I didn't want to say it – didn't want to admit it. Eventually he was taken out of the circuit in an ambulance, and Nina and Helen went with him. It was only when he got to the hospital ▶



BUY THIS IMAGE

JOCHEN RINDT

that they said he was dead on arrival. In Italy, as you know, no one is ever pronounced dead at the racetrack."

For all his grief, Stewart still had a job to do. "Ken said, 'Get in the car'..."

Had he not felt like saying he really didn't want to drive? "No. Never, although I was in tears – I'd just come from where Jochen was. After the ambulance left practice was restarted – and I did the quickest lap I'd ever done at Monza. I was crying when I got in the car and I wasn't shy about it. Okay, I had the helmet on and not everybody knew. And when I got out I did the same thing.

"Some people would say, 'Oh yeah, it was a death-wish type of thing', but it was one of these occasions when you recognised where mind-management was. I left the pitlane, got up to speed, went past Parabolica, had a look, got out of it, and on the second lap I put my quick time and at that point it was pole position.

"I got out of the car and, I'll never forget, someone gave me a Coca-Cola. I took one drink out of it and smashed it against a wall. I'd never done anything like that in my life before. Just the whole thing was so stupid – here is a guy who's gone. Just like that. And you've been with him.

I was crying when I got in the car and I wasn't shy about it. And when I got out I did the same thing

"It's one of these emotional experiences that the current generation of drivers wouldn't understand – that you would go back into the car after something like that. Somehow or other, racing drivers dealt with death in a different way then." The following day Stewart's March finished second behind Clay Regazzoni's Ferrari. And although Ickx, the only man able to beat Rindt's points tally, then won for Ferrari in Canada and Mexico, no one was more relieved than he that the world championship went, in death, to Jochen.

"When I won the championship the following year," says Stewart, "I was given the freedom of the city of Graz, simply because they knew I'd been Jochen's pal. Meant a lot to me. And I remember taking my son Paul to the Austrian Grand Prix one year in the mid-80s, driving there and visiting the grave on the way.

"The two truly great drivers I raced against were Jimmy Clark and Jochen Rindt, no question, although Jimmy I always thought was on a higher level because I don't think Jochen was as precise.

"When I think of Jochen now I remember a great friend and somebody who was really a tough onion to crack as a driver. I don't remember ever having a cross word with him. And, boy, he was awful good on the track." ■

JOCHEN RINDT

Born: April 18 1942, Mainz, Germany
Died: September 5 1970, Monza, Italy

60 STARTS

WINS **6**

POLE POSITIONS **10**

109 POINTS

WIN RATE **10%**

FASTEST LAPS **3**

WORLD CHAMPION **1970**

50 – the number of races it took Rindt to win his first Grand Prix

50% – his win rate over the next 10 races, the last of his career

While his initial F1 career may have been largely frustrating, Jochen Rindt was the undoubted "King of Formula 2". He won a record 12 European F2 Championship races between 1967 and 1970

At 23 years, two months and a day old, 1965 winner Jochen Rindt is the fourth youngest (after Alex Wurz, Luis Fontes and Chris Amon) in the history of the Le Mans 24 Hours



EMERSON FITTIPALDI

BY ROB WIDDOWS

He made the dream come true. He fought his way to the top and survived. He won the world championship. Twice. He retired at 33, returning four years later to win the Indy 500. Twice. He won the CART Indycar championship. He was a trail-blazer, sparking a passion for Grand Prix racing in South America. And Formula 1 had never seen sideburns quite like it.

That is the story of Emerson Fittipaldi in a rapid strafing of sentences.

Named after American author and philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson, he was born in São Paulo, not a city famed for its motor racing connections, in 1946. His parents, however, did race production cars and by the time he was 14 he was competing on motorcycles. In 1969, having won the Brazilian Formula Vee championship, he packed his bags and came to England. By the summer of 1970, he was sitting in a Lotus 49 at the British Grand Prix. When Jochen Rindt was killed at Monza, Fittipaldi became team leader and in October he won the United States Grand Prix. Two years later he was world champion, at 25 the youngest ever driver to be crowned. In 1974 he did it again, this time with McLaren. He was walking on water.

In 2012 the Goodwood Festival of Speed celebrated 60 years of Lotus and of course Emerson was there, back in the cockpit of the black and gold 72 that carried him to that first title. Sitting quietly, in a corner away from the crowds, he recalls those early years. ▶

The Brazilian revived South America's love affair with Formula 1, winning a pair of world championships before conquering the Indy 500. We met him at the Goodwood Festival of Speed

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, SEPTEMBER 2012


TEXACO
Marlboro
SEE FITTIPALDI IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport digital edition

"IT WAS WINTER WHEN I ARRIVED," HE SAYS, with a smile. "I had almost no English and wanted to turn around and go home. But I had a dream that one day I would start a Grand Prix, that's all I wanted. Then everything happened so fast. I met the right people, I was in the right place, I was lucky. The first time Colin [Chapman] asked me to drive for him was in October 1969, I'd just won the Formula 3 title. I told him I wasn't ready. It was hard to say no to Colin. Then Frank [Williams] called and again it was tough to say no, but I wasn't ready.

"But Colin and I made a deal for Formula 2, which was good because in those days I could get experience against the F1 drivers. He then called again in March 1970 and asked me to do the Dutch Grand Prix. It was tough, I was so young, still not ready, but we agreed to start at the British GP and I tested the Lotus 49 at Silverstone. Jochen [Rindt] set the car up, out I went and I told Colin it was understeering. Jochen came to the cockpit and said: 'Just use the throttle, then the understeer goes away'. Can you imagine, Jochen is holding out the pit board for me on my first day in an F1 car? Unbelievable. Everything happened so fast."

These days, of course, achieving success so young is not so rare. Fernando Alonso, Lewis Hamilton and Sebastian Vettel have all beaten Emerson's record for 'youngest ever world champion'. These are different times but these sportsmen all share the same DNA: they have talent and they've worked hard. If you're good enough, you're old enough, as they say.

"Yes, they are there because of their talent, they are the best of their generation and they came from karts like I did," says Emerson. "They worked hard. It's difficult to make it to Formula 1. There are no gifts along the way and sometimes you will need to bring sponsorship. Above all you have to win, you require the capacity to deliver what is expected. It was tough in my day, it's tough now. It's always been the same, but they start so early now. I mean, my grandson Pietro is already a junior NASCAR champion and he's 15 years old…" A very proud grandfather chuckles. "I see myself in him. His mind is full time into motor racing and he always wants to find the next level. I tell you, this is when motor sport gives you nightmares. At first you have only pleasant dreams, then you're on the way to succeeding. We went to Hickory short oval and we did some laps together and at first he says, 'Hey, Granddad, you're slowing so early for the turns I nearly hit you from behind', but by the end I was only half a second slower than him. Fantastic, life is beautiful. These are moments you cannot buy, to be out on the racetrack with my grandson. Maybe I'll do a NASCAR race one day. No, maybe not."

HE HAS SEEN MANY YOUNG DRIVERS COME and go, some who made it, some who fell short of greatness. He doesn't want to name names but has firm opinions on why so many failed to fulfil their ambitions.

"There is too much expectation," he says. "Some







I trusted Chapman. He played a big part in my life but never wanted to get close to me after what happened to Jim Clark

get more horsepower, they reach a higher level and they cannot grow. Others come to life with more power, more performance, like James Hunt or Nigel Mansell. The buzz word today is PR. There is too much PR and many young drivers cannot live up to the image that is created for them. There is too much expectation and then they cannot deliver. This has happened to many drivers. You know, AJ Foyt has the best answer to the false expectation created by a PR campaign. One day, at Indianapolis, he was asked: 'Who is your PR company?' He said: 'My right foot'. For me, this sums it all up. When the flag drops, the bullshit stops. When you start believing you are the best, you start losing."

Emerson survived a horribly dangerous period of Grand Prix racing. Things came to a head for him when Rindt was killed at Monza and he went to the next race as team leader for Lotus. There were mutterings that Chapman's cars were too fragile.

"There was fear, yes," he says sombrely, before pausing for thought. "When I won my first title I went home and I told my brother and father I was retiring. My dream had been to start a Grand Prix, and now I was world champion. It was too dangerous and I wanted to stop, but they said, 'No, it's a waste of your talent, you must continue. There is always a risk, yes, but you could die in the São Paulo traffic'. So I went on. I was behind Jo Siffert when he died in 1971. I stopped but couldn't save him – and again I wanted to quit, but went on.

"When François Cevert was killed at Watkins Glen in 1973, I couldn't take it any more. I saw the car sticking out from under the barrier and thought it was Jackie [Stewart], but then heard it was François. I felt sick. I prayed and asked God whether or not I should retire. There was so much tragedy, but still I loved it, still I had the passion. From there on it became a little safer, but three times I nearly stopped and three times I went on."

HOW, THEN, DID HE DEAL WITH COLIN Chapman during the dark days of the early 1970s? There must have been times when he had doubts about the cars.

"After Jochen's accident at Monza we sat down and talked," he says. "Colin thought the problem had been with a driveshaft. He was going to make something much stronger and we didn't have any problems after that. I trusted him. He played a big part in my life, though he told me he never wanted to get close to me after what happened to Jimmy Clark and then Jochen. He was very honest, said he was afraid of losing another friend. He was focused on winning but had his human side. He felt strongly about things, but hardly ever spoke about them."

A belief in God has steered Emerson throughout his life, devotion to Christianity coming from a grandmother who fled from Russia to start a new life in Brazil. Many times, when faced with danger or doubt, he relied on the faith instilled in him by his family. ▸

Fittipaldi won his first GP at the fourth time of asking, above. Opposite, Emmo in 1970 and driving the Lotus 56B turbine at Monza in '71


CAFÉ
DO
BRASIL
TEXACO
TEXACO
Emerson Fittipaldi
TEXACO





"This brings me to Ayrton Senna," he says. "He was a close friend, from his karting days, and faith was so important to him. But he was obsessed, he demanded so much of himself, too much against himself and I tried to help him." Emerson smiled at these memories and added: "He over-reacted to Alain Prost. He made too much of it, especially when Prost did not want him to join Williams. Ayrton always dreamed of driving for Frank, but he applied too much emotion to the situations he faced. He needed to treat it more as a business. In the end, when he was negotiating with Williams, I called Frank. I said, 'If you have your cheque book ready, I have the best driver for you' and passed the phone to Ayrton. It was nice. He wanted to leave McLaren and at the time Williams was his most competitive option, but the rules were changing."

SWITCHING TEAMS TO REMAIN MOTIVATED AND competitive is, and always has been, part of staying at the sport's pinnacle. But Emerson's sudden departure from McLaren at the end of 1975 mystified the entire paddock. Why would he do that? Who or what was Copersucar anyway? It seemed like the end of a great career.

"It was not so easy, but my brother Wilson and I had always dreamed of building our own F1 car," he says. "As teenagers back in Brazil we had worked together building cars. We broke the lap record at Interlagos with our Fittipaldi-Porsche sports car. To have our own Brazilian F1 team was more difficult than we thought, the biggest challenge of my life, but we had the Cosworth/Hewland package and it was easier to build a car at that time. It takes a long time to get the right people, and a team is all about the people. But when I stopped, in 1980, we had Harvey Postlethwaite, Peter Warr as team manager, Adrian Newey – who'd just left Imperial College – and Keke Rosberg in the car. We had the best people, but we lost the sponsorship. People in Brazil didn't believe in us any more and Copersucar went away just when we had finally got it all right. I was hurt, yes, both mentally and financially. It wasn't easy."

It was surely time to retire, but no. Emerson simply couldn't walk away from his first love, his passion for racing. And so, after four years away to regroup, he made a new start, in America this time.

"As a boy I would watch films of the Indy 500," he says, "and I was fascinated by those roadsters with all that power and the engine in the front. I used to ask Colin to tell me about Indianapolis – I was always keen to know more. I had to see what it was like, so I did a sports car race in downtown Miami and was so excited to be back in the cockpit. Then an offer came to do the Indy 500...

"You know, in 1974, after Watkins Glen, I drove Johnny Rutherford's McLaren Indycar and loved the ▶

Opposite, with Colin Chapman in '72. Above, leading away at Kyalami that year and fooling around with compatriot Carlos Pace

You need natural talent, of course, and incredible car control. But there is more...





Family F1 team brought few rewards. Right, back at the helm in 2014

ovals, the speed and those fast corners. I promised myself that I would go back one day. Anyway, I made my way to Penske and won the 500 in '89 and '93. Incredible. I was lucky," he says, grinning at the winner's ring on his finger.

EVENTUALLY, IT SEEMED, RETIREMENT WAS forced upon him, an extraordinary career coming to an abrupt halt against a concrete wall at Michigan at the end of July 1996. But that's not quite how it happened.

"I had already decided to retire," he says. "On the Saturday afternoon I told Roger [Penske] that I would stop at the end of the year. Then, at the start of the Michigan 500, Greg Moore touched me and I had a huge crash. I thought, 'thank God I'm still here' and that was it. I retired in perfect condition. It was time to be with my family. They were happy, I think, that I wasn't going to drive any more. It was a big accident."

He fails to mention that, having recovered from the Michigan crash, he was flying over his orange farm in Brazil when his aeroplane lost power and crashed, causing more serious back injuries. Just another page in the book, another challenge to overcome.

It beggars belief, then, that we heard the name Fittipaldi mentioned in connection with Grand Prix Masters, a travelling show that would reunite legendary names from the past for a series of supposedly not-so-serious races in identical cars. What was he thinking?

"They kept asking me to do it," he says, "so I tested



the car at Kyalami. It was fast, a real racing car, what should I do? I called my mother in Brazil. I knew she was scared I would do something like this. I said, 'Mummy, I want to drive again. What do you think?' She replied, 'You still love it, do it. Don't waste your time, do it. In life you never know what's going to happen – drive'." So I did and I enjoyed every minute of it. Will I race again?" he bursts into more laughter. "Why not? Sports cars maybe? Look, I don't want to say I'm not going to race again – you never know. [In 2014 he went on to race a Ferrari GT in the São Paulo Six Hours.]

"The memories are so good but I always look forward, the future is coming and retirement is the worst word for a man. A man is like a bicycle, if he stops he falls. Pedal slower, yes, but never stop."

Right now, Mr Fittipaldi shows no sign of slowing, let alone stopping. He attended Le Mans that same year we spoke, he has been a steward at Grands Prix, his company is behind the São Paulo Six Hours, a round of the FIA World Endurance Championship, and he is involved in helping grandson Pietro through his NASCAR career.

At the Goodwood Festival of Speed he was mobbed, hardly able to take a step forward without posing for another photograph, signing another autograph, while his family, youngest son Emerson, baby daughter Victoria and third wife Rosanna waited patiently in the background.

It occurs to me that there will always be a new 'youngest ever world champion', be it by days or weeks. They are getting younger, are they not? If anyone knows what is required, Emmo knows. And I could listen to him all day, he's that kind of man.

"You need natural talent, of course, and incredible car control," he says. "But there is more. Think all the time, think how to improve the car, improve the driving. Ask yourself questions, what do you need to learn to get to the next level? Your mind must be totally focused, to achieve a better sporting performance. Then you are on the way to your dream. Is that OK?" he looks at me, hand on my arm. "I have more time, there is no hurry."

Yes, they always have more time, the champions, they are never in a hurry. For Emerson, it was more than 40 years ago, but the fundamentals remain the same. ■

EMERSON FITTIPALDI

Born: December 12 1946, São Paulo, Brazil

144 STARTS

WINS 14

POLE POSITIONS 6

281 POINTS

WIN RATE 9.72%

FASTEST LAPS 6

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP WINNER
1972 1974

25 years 8 months and 29 days — Emerson Fittipaldi's age when he clinched the 1972 title. It was a record that would stand for 33 years

Having won an impressive 20 per cent of his races with Lotus and then McLaren at the start of his Formula 1 career, the last 74 GPs with the family team featured just one second place finish in the 1978 Brazilian GP

Emerson Fittipaldi is one of five drivers to win the world championship and Indianapolis 500, a list completed by Jim Clark, Graham Hill, Mario Andretti and Jacques Villeneuve. From that select list, Emmo is the only one to have won both twice

Fittipaldi won the 1970 United States Grand Prix on just his fourth start, a result that confirmed former Lotus team-mate Jochen Rindt as F1's only posthumous world champion

RONNIE PETERSON

BY ALAN HENRY

Many of you, I'm certain, will remember him, head tilted slightly forwards, in the cockpit of that elegant, gold pin-striped, jet black JPS Lotus 72. Rear tyres chirping audibly as he slammed through Woodcote during practice for the 1973 British Grand Prix. Or perhaps skimming the barriers in the blood-red STP March 711 on his way to second place behind Jackie Stewart in the 1971 Monaco Grand Prix. Or winning at Monza '76 with the March 761, slightly against the odds, perhaps, but a great victory nonetheless.

The expression 'going for it' could have been coined for Ronnie Peterson, but for me the most vivid memories of this motor sporting giant are rooted in the rough-and-tumble of early 1970s Formula 2, that split-second cauldron of frenzied competition.

Ironically Max Mosley was the man who indirectly gave Ronnie Peterson the crucial final leg-up – stop tittering at the back, if you don't mind – which guaranteed that 'SuperSwede' would be in a position to vault straight into Formula 1 at the start of the 1970 season. No, I'm not talking about Mosley in his role as a director of March Engineering – although that would later be a crucial component in the Peterson story – but Max the failed future world champion.

The occasion was the Albi F2 international in south-west France in early September, 1969. Winkelmann Racing – then the Mercedes of the '60s second division, if you like – fielded a third car for Peterson. It was the Lotus 59 previously driven by Mosley – as modestly paced a racing driver as he was brilliant as a barrister – which had lain vacant since its driver retired from racing following a spill at the Nürburgring earlier in the year. ▶

'SuperSwede' won 10 Grands Prix, but it was natural talent, style and a warm personality rather than career statistics that marked Peterson out as a hero of the ages

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, OCTOBER 2008



SEE PETERSON IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport digital edition



RONNIE FINISHED FIFTH, BUT IT WAS HIS performance in practice that really marked him out as something special in the eyes of Winkelmann team manager Alan Rees. “I simply couldn’t believe it,” he told me. “Ronnie happened to go out of the pits during a rain shower in practice and came up onto the tail of Jackie Stewart’s Matra and kept up with him for five laps on a soaking track.

“You could see Stewart glancing in his mirrors, trying to work out who was chasing him. He could see it was one of our Lotuses, but it wasn’t Graham Hill or Jochen Rindt driving it. That’s a real test of a driver, the wet, and Stewart had to come into the pits to get rid of him. I was 100 per cent sure that Ronnie would win Grands Prix on the strength of those five laps. It wasn’t speculation, it was obvious.”

Thus were laid the foundations of a career that would last for 123 Grands Prix across nine seasons, yielding 10 wins, 14 pole positions and runner-up status in the world championship on two occasions. More significantly, Ronnie left a special legacy in that he was one of the very few drivers about whom I never heard a catty or vindictive remark. Even those who wanted to be annoyed with him found their resolve melting in the face of his sheepish, self-deprecating – and often guilty – grin.

I still find it hard to believe that so much time has passed since that horrifying start-line shunt at Monza left this fine man with legs so badly shattered that, within hours, a bone marrow embolism escaped into his bloodstream and killed him. It will come as no surprise, I'm sure, that I can still remember the precise place in the paddock where I last chatted with him. “Morning, albatross,” he said cheerfully. He’d called me that ever since the March F2 lads had introduced him and Niki Lauda to the zany, off-beat humour of Monty Python’s Flying Circus during his European Trophy-winning ’71 season. Looking back, quite how we explained to a baker’s boy from rural Sweden and a well-heeled banker’s son from Vienna precisely why shouting “Stormy petrel on a stick” seemed so uproariously amusing is lost in the mists of time. But both Ronnie and Niki joined in and laughed politely. They must have thought we were barking.



I HAD FIRST MET RONNIE ON A BRIGHT, BREEZY and very cold day at Silverstone. It was late January 1970. It was the launch of the March 701 and there was a media scrum the like of which you’ve rarely seen, even in today’s high-profile world of intensely televised international sport. From one pit reigning world champion Jackie Stewart, wearing an unusual tinted visor helicopter pilot’s helmet, was having his first run in the Tyrrell team’s dark blue 701. Further along, Chris Amon was getting to grips with the power and punch of

a Cosworth DFV for the first time in his career, having turned his back on the Ferrari team the previous year after three largely fruitless seasons.

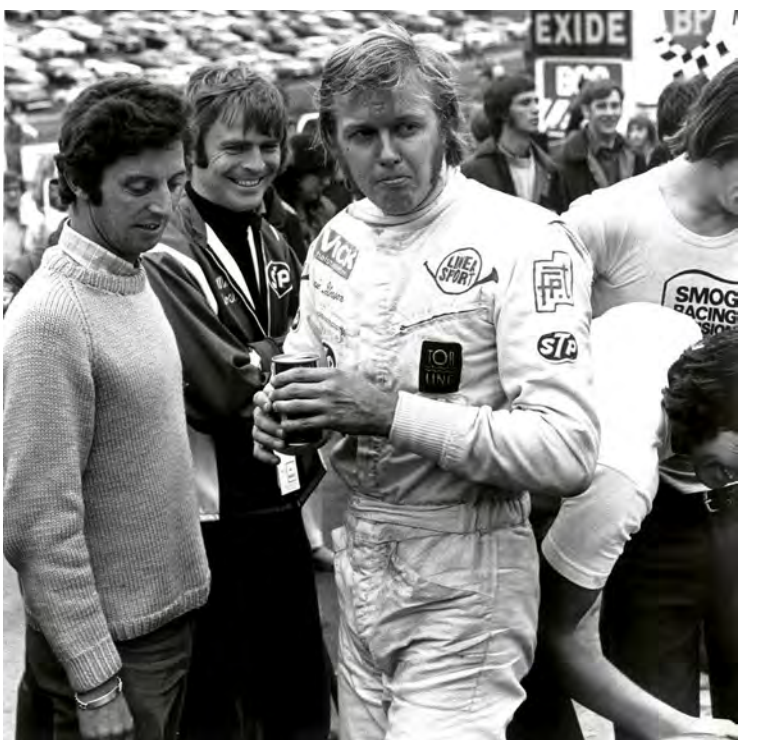
At the centre of all this activity were March directors Max Mosley and Robin Herd, both masters of the polished sales spiel, who spent their day 'bigging up' this latest commercial venture in their own uniquely compelling style. Mingling in this crowd of racing personalities was a tall and curiously youthful-looking blond Swede wearing an ankle-length fur coat complete with an astrakhan collar. Both his wrists bore horrifying scarlet burns, the legacy of a frightening accident at the wheel of the prototype F3 March 693 the previous year at the Montlhéry circuit near Paris. He looked much younger than his 27 years.

Outwardly he was a mild-mannered fellow who projected a cautiously unruffled charm. But when the visor on the front of that helmet snapped down, Peterson was transformed into a dazzlingly spectacular automotive acrobat. The cut-and-thrust of Formula 3 would deliver the defining moment of Ronnie's emergent career. Now equipped with one of the legendary, short-wheelbase, kart-derived Tecno F3 cars, he journeyed to Monaco in 1969 to compete in the prestigious Grand Prix support race. Added piquancy was given to the battle by the fact that Ronnie would be going head-to-head with his arch-rival Reine Wisell, who was driving the works Chevron. Ronnie came home the clear winner. Throughout his three-year F1 contract with the March team, Mosley was impressed with his loyalty. "He was the only driver I ever met who appreciated just what a risk we were taking offering him a three-year contract," he once said to me. "We paid him £2000 in 1970, £5000 in 1971 and £10,000 in 1972. He was totally loyal and would never have dreamed of breaking that commitment."

Yet when that March contract expired, the lure of Lotus proved irresistible. Highly motivated, Ronnie could see that a very real possibility of challenging for the world title was now beckoning. Even though moving to Lotus was calculated to put sitting tenant Emerson Fittipaldi's nose out of joint – he was the reigning champion, after all – Ronnie grabbed the chance. Fittipaldi won three races in 1973, Peterson four. But the two Lotus pace-setters spent much of the year inevitably taking points off each other. It allowed Jackie Stewart to dodge through to win his third championship, although the possibility of Fittipaldi retaining his crown remained on the cards right up to the Italian GP at Monza, where he shadowed Ronnie for the entire distance, waiting for him to relinquish the lead as his own title bid was now over. It says much for Peterson's endearing character and infectious good nature that Fittipaldi attached no blame to Ronnie for his failure to concede the race: "My ▶

Quite how we explained why shouting 'Stormy petrel on a stick' seemed so amusing is lost in the mists of time





Leading Stewart and Cevert at Monza '71, above left. In the ex-Mosley Lotus 59 at Albi, above. Right, with Mosley and Max Le Grand at Brands Hatch in 1971







With Barbro after winning at Watkins Glen '73, above. Above right, Brands Hatch start in '74 and the Monza podium '73. Opposite, Fittipaldi follows the winner at Monaco in '74

relationship with Ronnie remained absolutely fine, but it was never quite the same with Colin [Chapman] and, after that, I think it became clear to me that I would have to leave Lotus at the end of the season."

● ● ●

YET LIKE SO MANY GREAT DRIVERS, IT IS NOT simply the races he won that stand out in the memory. Watching at the Nürburgring in '74, you could see that Ronnie still had the spark as he threw himself into a four-way fight with Jacky Ickx in the other Lotus, Mike Hailwood's McLaren and local hero Jochen Mass. After 11 laps Mass's superb drive in front of his home crowd came to an end when the engine in his Surtees TS16 suddenly failed. That left the two Lotus drivers fighting it out with 'Mike the Bike' and I recall at the time thinking the whole thing seemed luridly precarious...

Disastrously, Mike's McLaren landed slightly askew after leaping over the crest at Pflanzgarten. It speared right into the guard rail with a ferocious impact that left Hailwood with a badly broken ankle and out of racing for the rest of the season. In fact, Mike the Bike never raced again on four wheels through to his untimely death in 1981. This led to suggestions – admittedly only from the sport's wilder fringe – that Ronnie had been driving erratically in the heat of their battle, and that Mike's injuries were somehow the by-product of the Swede's recklessness.

When I mentioned this to Hailwood he sprang to Ronnie's defence. "No, not at all," he told me years after the accident. "I just can't imagine that anybody could say such a terrible thing about that lovely guy. There was absolutely no way that Ronnie drove improperly. He never put a wheel wrong that I could remember." Mike may have nicknamed him 'Mad Ronald' but I always got the impression that Hailwood, another real gentleman in every sense of the word, loved him like a brother.

Tim Schenken, who drove with Ronnie in the Ferrari sports car team throughout 1972, echoes Hailwood's sentiments more than half a lifetime later. One of the handful of surviving 'old guard' from Peterson's early days in F3 and F2, the genial Australian remembers his old friend with genuine pleasure and affection. "Ronnie was a lovely guy who never changed from the moment I met him during our F3 days through to the time he died, by which time he was a world title contender," recalls Schenken, now clerk of the course for the Australian GP in Melbourne. Still as fit and trim as he was when he partnered Peterson at Ferrari 36 years ago, Schenken confesses that just talking about Ronnie brings a lump to his throat. "I must be getting old and sentimental, but Ronnie was totally uncomplicated with a really gentle side to his character.

"I first met him at Brands Hatch when we were racing in F3 in 1969. I used to guard all the details of my car's technical set-up really closely, particularly the ▶



Like so many great drivers, it is not simply the races he won that stand out in the memory

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Peterson's Tyrrell stint yielded little in '77, left, but he was happy in his second spell at Lotus, alongside Andretti



gear ratios, but when Ronnie innocently inquired ‘can you help me with the gear ratios?’ all my rules went out of the window and I gave him all the help he needed.”

IN 1971 HIS STAR QUALITY WAS BRILLIANTLY underscored by his victory in the European F2 Trophy series. His sheer speed at the wheel of the March 712M was almost baffling to behold. There were several such cars contesting the championship, but Ronnie wrapped his around his little finger like a kart. It literally danced around the circuits of Europe, carrying its intrepid young driver to his greatest success as an aspiring star.

All of us in the close-knit F2 community felt that Ronnie was let out of our sight on licence on alternate Sundays to compete in GPs. He was ours and we didn’t like sharing him with the snooty F1 brigade. And Ronnie seemed to understand that, even identify with it. He and his long-time girlfriend Barbro Edvardsson were our pitlane royalty and we jealously guarded our friendships with them both.

Clearly by now he was ready to win Grands Prix, but not until he switched to Lotus in 1973 would he be

Has there been anybody else like him? Two decades later, as I watched Häkkinen get stuck in, I was aware of a certain familiarity

in the right place at the right time. Determined to prove he was still a world championship contender, Ronnie gambled on rejoining Colin Chapman’s team in 1978 – but accepting number two status to Mario Andretti, freely acknowledging that the American’s great talent at test and development work had been responsible for making the new ground-effect Lotus 79 into the race-winning tool it became. It didn’t take long for the old Peterson to re-emerge; fast, focused and fitter than he had been before. He was honourable enough to abide by his agreement to defer to Andretti, but by the same token he would make Mario work as hard as he could for every ounce of his well-deserved success.

Then came Monza and the brutal severing of the story line for thousands of F1 fans across the world. And for this writer, the end of a warm friendship with a man who, it always struck me, radiated genuine iconic status. Has there been anybody else like him? Perhaps. Two decades later, as I watched Mika Häkkinen getting stuck in on a good day with his McLaren, I was aware of a certain familiarity resonating across the years. And in my mind's eye I was back at Vallelunga, Brands Hatch or Mantorp Park. Watching a yellow March F2 car, driven by my great hero, flying on the wings of the wind. Making the impossible seem possible again. ■

RONNIE PETERSON

Born: February 14 1944, Orebro, Sweden
Died: September 11 1978, Milan, Italy

123 STARTS

WINS 10

POLE POSITIONS 14

206 POINTS

WIN RATE 8.13%

FASTEST LAPS 9

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP RUNNER-UP
1971 1978

Ronnie Peterson won the Euro F2 title and finished a distant second in the world championship during 1971. He was also narrowly deprived of his maiden GP victory that year — finishing second in Italy as 0.61sec covered the top five

Ronnie Peterson passed Patrick Depailler on the last lap to win the 1978 South African GP. That is one of only 12 occasions when the winner has led only the last lap of the race

Ronnie Peterson never won his home Grand Prix — denied by a puncture two laps from the finish in 1973’s inaugural race

Peterson’s victory in the 1976 Italian Grand Prix was the only time the works March team won a full-length GP. Its other two victories were courtesy of the Ken Tyrrell-run Jackie Stewart (Spain 1970 on the marque’s second appearance) and in the rain-shortened 1975 Austrian GP (thanks to Vittorio Brambilla)

NIKI LAUDA

BY ALAN HENRY

Michael Schumacher turned Ferrari from an infamous underachiever to a true superpower. Three decades earlier a bucktoothed Austrian pulled the same trick

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, MARCH 2005

Watkins Glen paddock, Sunday October 5, 1975. Niki Lauda is next to me in a queue for a helicopter. A queue, mind. No special treatment here. An hour or so earlier he had hopped out of his Ferrari 312T at the end of the United States Grand Prix after nailing his fifth win (sixth if you include Silverstone's non-championship International Trophy) of the season – a season in which he had secured Ferrari's first F1 world title for 11 years. Putting them into the context of their time, Lauda's achievements had saved Ferrari's reputation in much the same way Michael Schumacher's did during the 2000s.

Fast-forward almost 29 years to the 2004 Australian GP. Not much changes: I am shooting the breeze with Lauda in an F1 paddock. Except this time the interruption is human, not mechanised: Michael Schumacher, sleek and groomed in white T-shirt and designer jeans, moves in to chat. Lauda, the very antithesis of F1 'high fashion' in his crumpled jeans, sloppy sweatshirt and scuffed Timberlands – a cross between an off-duty mechanic and a binman – smiles and listens, hands stuffed in pockets. Niki has always been thus. But this is a very different Schumacher: no trace of arrogance or confidence, just respectful good nature. They are equals in F1 status, but Michael happily defers to the older man. You can sense his admiration for this veteran who put Ferrari back on the F1 map, when Schuey was only six.

Even by the time Niki joined Ferrari in 1974 there was every sign that he was something special. BRM team manger Tim Parnell had no doubt: "You could see straight off that he had that little bit extra; up to that point I had never seen such dedication. Niki also came into F1 at a time when physical fitness had become an issue; he worked away at it and became what I can only describe as 150 per cent fit. He was terribly serious about his racing. It never surprised me that he made it to the top." ▶



SEE LAUDA IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport digital edition

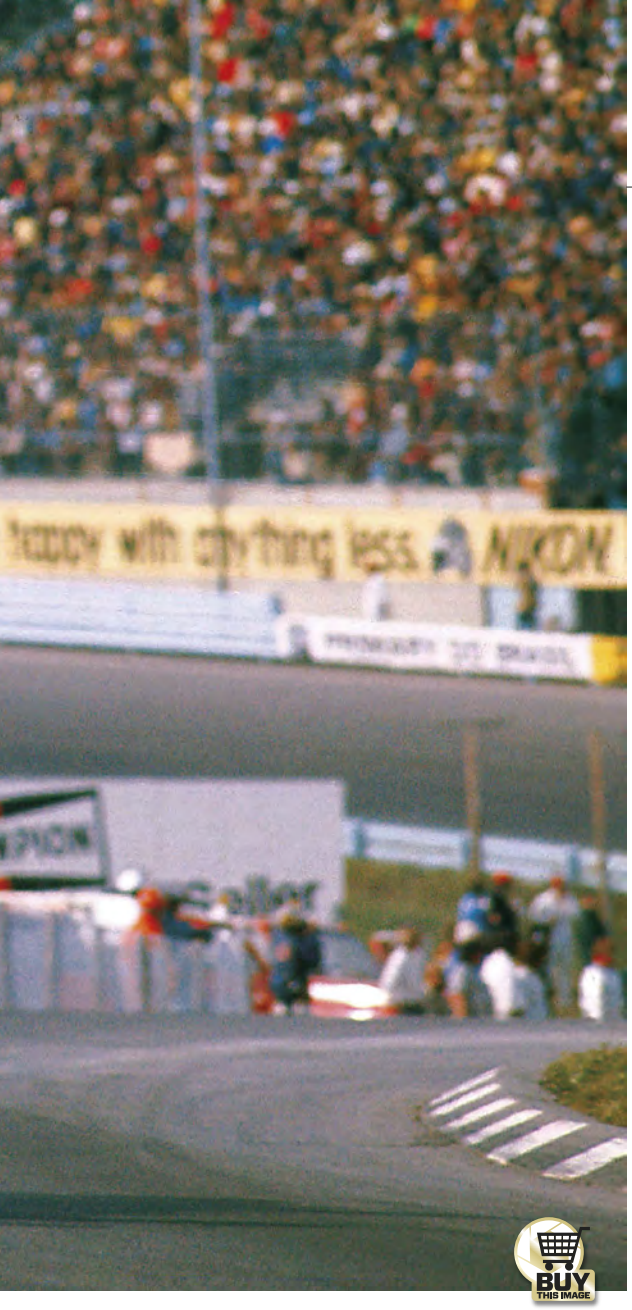


But Niki admits, with a sly grin, that switching from BRM to Ferrari at the end of 1973 involved something of a risk: "Louis Stanley, the boss of BRM, had already signed me for 1974 and '75 when I ran out of sponsorship during the course of the year ['73]. It was one hell of a gamble but I had no other choice. Then when I signed for Ferrari it was also a big risk because I knew I would have to fend off legal action from BRM as a result. But, really, it was obvious by then that BRM was going nowhere and that if I wanted to have a chance of making it as a professional driver I had to accept that Ferrari deal. If I'd turned it down I don't think it would have been offered again."

Enzo Ferrari had watched Lauda manhandle his BRM P160E round Silverstone in the opening stages of the 1973 British Grand Prix [he leapt briefly to second place from the fourth row at the restart], but he would later give credit to Clay Regazzoni, the Swiss driver who was returning to Ferrari in '74 after a fruitless year with BRM, for the decision to sign Lauda. "It was he [Regazzoni] who encouraged me in my choice of the racer I had been considering since the British Grand Prix to fill a gap in the team for 1974," wrote Enzo. "Lauda is young and unknown, but he seems to be bright," Regazzoni told me. "I think he could do a lot with Ferrari." And there was a lot to be done, for Lauda had joined the Scuderia at one of its lowest ebbs. Having missed two mid-season GPs altogether, it ended 1973 as a one-car team and joint sixth (with BRM) in the constructors' standings with just 12 points to its name.

But there was reason for hope, remembers Niki: "When I thought about the facilities I'd experienced with my previous F1 teams, March and BRM, I just could not believe what was available at Ferrari. My first impression? 'Why don't they win all the races?' But of course I was new to it all and didn't understand the subtleties of working with the Italians."

To be fair, the Italians themselves were still wrestling with that ticklish problem. Fiat, who had been funding Ferrari since 1969, had decided to take a much more active role and to this end plonked a young Luca di



Montezemolo, go-ahead scion of the Agnelli family, into the role of team manager. He was there to protect Fiat's interest – but he did much more than this, handling the unpredictable Enzo with respect and honesty, greatly reducing the team's Whitehall Farce antics and shielding Lauda from what politics remained. These two men swiftly became great allies: the prototype Schumacher and Jean Todt.

Enzo, though, was still capable of theatrical gestures. Lauda: "I suppose, as a pragmatic Austrian, that the whole sense of drama was difficult for me to understand. But I like to think that I was pragmatic enough to play the game the way they wanted me to. For example, when I first drove the B3 at Fiorano I told Piero Lardi, who was translating for his father Mr Ferrari, that the car was shit. Piero nervously told me that I really should pull my punches. So I said that it had too much understeer, which it did. So Mr Ferrari told me that I had a week in which to lap one second faster round Fiorano, otherwise I was out. So we made the modifications and delivered the result. It was a piece of cake, actually." That 'we' was another reason for hope: Mauro Forghieri was back. After a disappointing 1972 Ferrari's long-time race designer had found himself sidelined at Special Projects and replaced by Sandro Colombo. This ex-Innocenti designer took the unpopular step of having the new F1 car's monocoque built in the UK by TC Prototypes of Northampton and then oversaw a season of spiralling apathy and pathetic results. Forghieri was recalled to the team by Fiat before August's Austrian GP, and he revamped the B3 in just 20 days. It proved only a marginal improvement, but it was a start. Forghieri was not averse to the occasional madcap tantrum himself – but he was brilliant, had a point to prove and was mulling over a big idea. A formidable talent capable of designing all aspects of a race car, he'd been worn down previously by his concurrent team manager role – of Ferrari's F1 and sports car outfits. But this pressure had been eased by the arrival of di Montezemolo and the abandonment of the ▶





Lauda leads Fittipaldi en route to victory at Watkins Glen in '75, top. With BRM in '73, above. Early F1 days with the March 721X in the 1972 Monaco GP, right

sports car programme after 1973. Forghieri was thus able to forget his 'Ross Brawn' role and concentrate on his 'Rory Byrne'. Lauda and Forghieri did much more than dial out that understeer. During an intensive winter of R&D at the new Fiorano track (another major plus) the B3 was extensively reworked: for 1974 it featured a much-revised weight distribution – its cockpit being positioned further forward to accommodate more of the 47-gallon fuel load in the centre of the car – and many aerodynamic improvements. Its 3-litre flat-12 now boasted 485bhp at 12,200rpm, a useful 20bhp more than the best of its Cosworth rivals. Lauda used it to great effect to put in the foundations of his reputation and begin the restoration of Ferrari's. He took comprehensive wins at Spain and Holland, recorded nine poles and two fastest laps, and led in South Africa, Monaco, France, Belgium, Italy and Canada. He wasn't flawless – he got tangled up on the first lap at the Nürburgring having started from pole – but he was also denied wins at Brands and Mosport by late dramas: a slow puncture and a crash caused by the unflagged detritus of somebody else's off. He finished fourth in the overall standings, while the slower but more consistent Regazzoni fell just three points shy of the title. It had been a sensational turnaround… and Forghieri had yet to unleash his big idea.

I'd pulled so much out of the bag to beat Tom Pryce's Shadow to pole that I was trembling when I got out of the car

Towards the end of 1974 Mauro told Lauda that he was thinking of using a transverse-mounted five-speed gearbox fitted ahead of the rear axle line on his '75 design. "I have to admit," says Lauda, "that I was very sceptical of the advantages it would offer. Forghieri was talking about reducing the car's polar moment of inertia by concentrating all the mass as close to the centre as possible. I'd been through all that with Robin Herd and the March 721X way back in 1972, so I thought, 'No thanks'. But Mauro persuaded me this would be different. And it was.

"I didn't fully appreciate the advantages it would offer because it seemed such a big change from a chassis about which we knew everything. But the 312T [Trasversale] really did possess totally neutral handling and a wide torque curve. It was a true gem, a lasting monument to Forghieri's abilities."

Despite the new car's apparent technical potential its race debut was held back until the third round of the 1975 world championship, the South African GP at Kyalami. So Niki started the season on a gentle note at the wheel of the old B3, finishing sixth at Buenos Aires and fifth at Interlagos. Then he crashed the 312T in testing in South Africa and could only finish fifth there. It was a huge disappointment. But the car's performance shortcoming was explicable. "When the team got it back to Maranello they examined my engine very closely," says Niki. "They found that the belt driving the fuel metering unit was slipping so badly that the engine was about 80bhp down. There had been criticism in the Italian media of our poor showing in South Africa and this had sapped morale in the race shop. So I suggested that we take a B3 and a 312T over to Fiorano for a back-to-back demonstration. I set a time in the B3 and then broke the track record in the 312T. And everybody was happy again."

Prior to the start of the European Grand Prix season, Lauda ran in the International Trophy. On the wide-open spaces of the Northants aerodrome circuit he just fended off the McLaren M23 of reigning world champion Emerson Fittipaldi to give the Trasversale its first win. Satisfying yes, but just that bit too close for comfort.

"Emerson was certainly the man to beat in 1974, but James Hunt's Hesketh had led the opening stages at Silverstone," remembers Lauda. "I switched off the rev-limiter and gave it a quick burst to 12,800rpm, but it didn't make any difference." Niki made the mistake of mentioning this to the press and was rewarded when an Italian paper suggested he had been fortunate to win after abusing the engine. The first European round of the championship was at Barcelona's superb Montjuich Park,







but the race took place amid a furore over track safety. The guardrails were poorly installed and the drivers threatened a boycott, only to reverse this stance and compete after the governing body intimidated them. Niki was on pole, but Mario Andretti's Parnelli tipped Regazzoni's 312T into its sister car on the run to the first corner, eliminating it from a race that would unfold into bitter tragedy when Rolf Stommelen's Hill vaulted a barrier and killed four onlookers standing in a prohibited area. Lauda's girlfriend of five years, Mariella Reininghaus, a usually serene member of Salzburg's brewing dynasty, accused Niki and his colleagues of being hypocrites: "You should be ashamed of yourselves."

AT MONACO NIKI WAS AGAIN ON POLE – "I'D pulled so much out of the bag to beat Tom Pryce's Shadow to pole that I was trembling when I got out of the car" – and ran away with the race. Victories followed in the Belgian and Swedish GPs, the latter being a particularly satisfying success given that the Anderstorp track didn't seem to suit the 312T's handling characteristics. Then came a memorable Dutch GP at Zandvoort – and a defeat at the hands of Hunt's Hesketh 308. "James was my kind of guy," says Niki. "We would become cast as rivals but we'd been close friends ever since we'd been in F2 together in 1972 and I'd come over to live in London for the first time.

"James drove beautifully that day, but the wet/dry conditions stacked the odds slightly in his favour because I was grappling with a wet-weather set-up on a drying track, and also I didn't want to risk my championship challenge. Scoring more points was the most important thing." And second was perfectly adequate. Niki now had 38 points, 13 more than Carlos Reutemann, who was driving Bernie Ecclestone's Martini Brabham BT44B, and 17 ahead of Fittipaldi. And he would need that cushion as the next few races yielded mixed fortunes. He ran away with the French GP at Paul Ricard, leading from start to finish from pole, but then his bid began to unravel. In the chaotic, rain-spoiled British GP at Silverstone he lost a wheel in the pitlane after a fumbled tyre stop and was trailing, out of the points, when a huge thunderstorm brought proceedings to a halt, with Fittipaldi the winner. A puncture dropped him back to third place at the Nürburgring after he'd led the first nine laps. And then he splashed home sixth before his home crowd at a sodden Österreichring, his race compromised by a dry set-up.

"Austria was a disappointment," Niki recalls ruefully, "because the flat-12's wide power band gave us a potential advantage in the wet, which, on this occasion, the wrong set-up eliminated.

"I still thought that we had the edge overall, but although we were consistently scoring points, these minor problems were getting in the way. We certainly should have won more races in 1975." Even so, the championship was there for the taking a race early, and in front of the ▶

Leading away at the start of the ill-fated 1975 Spanish GP, above. Far left, celebrating in Monaco '75 and chatting to James Hunt, simultaneous friend and foe

tifosi at Monza, too. Despite a minor problem with a rear damper, Niki paced himself to third place behind Regazzoni and Fittipaldi. It was enough to clinch the first of his three world titles.

"It was strange. Almost an anticlimax," says Lauda. "There was a mixture of satisfaction and sense of achievement. But so much had happened during the previous four years that it seemed much longer since I'd originally started in F1.

"Ferrari was an amazing place and Forghieri was a genius. We had the best car, but I like to think that I made good use of it."

But how good was Lauda? It can be difficult to assess. Most fans remember him post-accident: canny and astute, but not the fastest. People forget that he scored 18 GP poles in 1974-75. And in '76, before the Nürburgring fire, he had exhibited Schumacher-style dominance: first, first, second, second, first, first, third, retired, first.

There's no doubt that Lauda and Schumacher understand where each is coming from. They both pulled an ailing team – Formula 1's most famous at that – around

His turnaround years at the Scuderia bear comparison with Michael Schumacher's. That's how good Niki Lauda was

and behind them, minimising its negatives, maximising its positives. Lauda was denied the long period of pay dirt success that Schumacher's initial Ferrari spadework brought him, but his turnaround years at the Scuderia certainly bear comparison with Michael's. That's how good Niki Lauda was. Schumacher knows it and is happy to show it. And so should we be.

Lauda would continue with Ferrari for another two seasons, justifiably gaining heroic status for the manner in which he bounced back from near fatal burns sustained at the Nürburgring in 1976 to win another title in '77, after which he left Maranello to join Brabham.

He retired from F1 for the first time midway through a practice session for the 1979 Canadian GP. He was deeply into his airline business at the time and his interest in racing was fading, particularly as his young team-mate Nelson Piquet was putting him under a lot of pressure. Two-and-a-half years later, though, he returned to F1 with McLaren, won the third race of the 1982 season and went on to bag his third title in '84 by the wafer-thin margin of a half-point ahead of team-mate Alain Prost. In '85 he scored his 25th and final GP victory, at Zandvoort, narrowly beating Prost in a bare-knuckle fight.

But Niki was by now visibly tiring. He was 36 and anxious that he should stay alive until the end of what would be his final season. But out of the car he was just the same: gently nodding head, buck-toothed grin, well-versed





The comeback years. Lauda quit F1 in 1979, returned in 1982 and won the world title two years later. Right, he's pictured winning the British GP at Brands Hatch



grasp of zany British humour and winding up Ron Dennis on every occasion he could. He briefly led his final race, the Australian GP at Adelaide, but spun into the wall after problems with a grabbing brake. There was to be no dream finale for the man affectionately known as 'The Rat'.

Let Prost have the last word: "I was happy that Niki stayed on for 1985. Okay, he won the '84 championship, but I could live with that. What was important was the trust between us. I didn't know Niki when I came to McLaren, but I believed him to be completely honest: by the end of the '84 season I was certain of it."

That's what a good bloke Lauda was.

Nothing's changed. ■

NIKI LAUDA

Born: February 22 1949, Vienna, Austria

171 STARTS

WINS 25

POLE POSITIONS 24

420.5 POINTS

WIN RATE 14.62%

FASTEST LAPS 24

WORLD CHAMPION
1975 1977 1984

Niki Lauda beat McLaren team-mate Alain Prost by just half a point to win the 1984 world championship, the narrowest winning margin in F1 history

To date, the longest gap between Formula 1 world titles is the seven-year period separating Niki Lauda's second and third successes in 1977 & 1984

Niki Lauda ended Ferrari's 11-year wait for the world championship in 1975 – the Scuderia's second longest run without such a success

Lauda won the 1978 Swedish Grand Prix to give the famous, if controversial, Brabham BT46B 'fan car' victory on its only appearance

JAMES HUNT

BY ROB WIDDOWS

Now immortalised in the movies, the Englishman will always be associated with his incredible championship season of 1976. His team manager recalls the twists and turns of a landmark F1 season

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, SEPTEMBER 2013

A large Greek called Demis Roussos topped the charts. Water was rationed as Britain sweated in the hottest summer on record. Björn Borg beat Ilie Nastase to take the first of five Wimbledon titles. Viking 1 landed on Mars, the first spacecraft to visit the red planet. And on July 18 James Hunt became the first Englishman to win the British Grand Prix since Peter Collins in 1958.

Or did he?

This was the summer of 1976. Hot weather and hot tempers came together at Brands Hatch in a cauldron of a Grand Prix that had the Brits out of their seats, stamping their feet. None of us will ever forget that weekend in Kent.

Life in Formula 1's pressure cooker had been intensifying all year. Something, or somebody, was going to blow. And it happened at Brands in mid-July.

The season began as the previous one had finished, with reigning champion Niki Lauda winning the first two races in Brazil and South Africa. The Ferrari 312T looked unstoppable, the Scuderia taking a one-two at the next race in Long Beach, albeit this time with Clay Regazzoni coming home ahead of Lauda. Most observers believed the Austrian's second title was a foregone conclusion. In the McLaren factory at Colnbrook they had other ideas. Barely recovered from the abrupt defection of Emerson Fittipaldi, their tails were up and the trusty old M23 was evolving nicely. Signing James Hunt from the defunct Hesketh team was an enforced risk, but a very close second place at Kyalami was encouraging. Team manager Alastair Caldwell was the man charged with keeping the lid on their new, somewhat volatile, driver. ▶



SEE HUNT IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport digital edition



"IT WAS AN INTERESTING YEAR," SAYS Caldwell, "and we'd had the abdication of Fittipaldi, which meant a ragged end to the previous season. We were still testing with Emerson, but he kept telling me he had another job. I don't think anyone else believed him, but Emerson was a businessman first and foremost and for '76 wanted a big salary rise, which Teddy Mayer didn't want to pay. This went on until nearly Christmas, when suddenly the shit hit the fan. Emerson announced his new Copersucar team and off he went. Philip Morris, our sponsor, was a bit surprised by this, to say the least. Anyway, with about a month to go before the first race we didn't have a driver. At the same time Lady Hesketh had pulled the plug on her son's racing team and so Hunt was out of work. He rang up and said 'I guess I'm your new driver', so we replied 'Well, we guess you are'. That's how it happened. We told him we weren't going to pay him anything – after all, he was out of work and we had the second best seat in Grand Prix racing. So we paid him a pittance and off we went."

Time was tight, the learning curve steep and there was no time to feel their way into a new season. "We didn't know if he was quick," says Caldwell. "We knew he'd had a lucky win at Zandvoort with Hesketh, and we'd seen him racing, but you don't know about drivers until you get them in your car. We thought the whole Hesketh thing, including James, was a bit foolish and foppish and he would not have been our first choice, not our style of driver at all.

"Anyway, we were stuck with him and took him off to Silverstone to see what he could do. First impressions? He was odd physically, with those long legs, and he was hunched, a bit round-shouldered, with that weird shambling gait. He didn't fit our car – that was the first problem. We had to cut the front bulkhead out then move the master cylinders forward, and he had to cut the ends of his shoes off to fit inside the monocoque.

"Anyway, off we went to Brazil and nobody really knew if he'd be any good or not. Poor old Jochen Mass.

Leading Depailler in Spain, where Hunt was stripped of his win... but eventually got it back. Opposite, Peterson beats him away from pole at Mosport Park





He wanted to know who was number one, and I told him that would be whoever was fastest. That was sorted pretty rapidly when James got pole at Interlagos and Jochen was halfway down the grid. And that's how it stayed."

THE M23 WAS THREE YEARS OLD AND NEEDED some revisions for 1976. A new six-speed gearbox was introduced for Brazil and later in the year Caldwell hounded Texaco into brewing a new fuel for the team's exclusive use. The drivers stopped whingeing about gear ratios and the engines stopped blowing up. Progress was being made.

"It's cutting a long and technical story short," says Caldwell, "but the new gearbox and fuel, with its better engine numbers, certainly helped us get on terms with Ferrari as the year went on. As well as that, we had new pistons made for the Cosworths, but Keith Duckworth wasn't too happy – we'd forgotten to tell him – and the service contract with Nicholson forced us to go back to the old ones. Anyway, then came the Spanish fiasco."

We had new pistons made for the Cosworths, but Keith Duckworth wasn't too happy – we'd forgotten to tell him

This was the first major controversy of a very tense season – and it was all down to a team error.

"Yeah, we screwed up," admits Caldwell. "Stupidly, I didn't measure the car after we'd moved the oil coolers to the side and, at the same time, Goodyear came up with new, fatter tyres that protruded just outside the rims. We hadn't actually changed the width of the car itself, but when they came to measure up in Jarama it was illegal, no question.

"We'd won the race, beaten the Ferraris, but the bloody car was illegal and it was my mistake. We were disqualified on the spot but much later won our appeal and victory was restored. Meanwhile, we changed the car back to its original spec before we went to Belgium and it was a lot slower. We were nowhere."

Where was James Hunt in all this? How did he cope with this rollercoaster ride?

"He wasn't really that interested in the detail. He hated testing. It bored him to tears and we really shouldn't have used him at all. He wasn't a constant fiddler like Fittipaldi or Lauda, he just drove as hard as he could – he was good at that. James thought he knew about being a racing driver, he'd studied it all, but he didn't have the application.

"We went testing at Paul Ricard. I'd invented the air starter, saving us a ton of weight, and we'd put skirts on the car. One of my jobs was to read the rulebook and I ▶

Ferrari had 10 times the people, two lawyers at every event. That didn't bother me. We just got on with the racing



always made the most of the regulations, studying what they said and not what they meant. But still we weren't competitive. We were nowhere in Belgium, Monaco or Sweden and Lauda won two of those, so we redesigned the configuration of the oil coolers, putting them into sidepods between the front and rear wheels. This gave us more downforce and this time it was narrower, and legal, having shortened the driveshafts to compensate for the wider tyres. And hey presto, the car was a whole second a lap quicker at Ricard. We went to the French Grand Prix and James won easily. Ferrari had new engines and Niki, with his mind games, came down to tell us the new engine was the dog's whatsits and they'd run away. But that was a classic example of what not to do when trying to win a championship, you never race a new development engine mid-season – and they both went bang after about 10 laps or so. It was after this that we got the points back from the disallowed win in Spain."

Regazzoni triggers Brands shunt in '76, above, and (inset) Hunt celebrates... for the time being. Far right, Hunt was second at Kyalami. Regazzoni leads Hunt and Lauda in Brazil

THE JOY OF WINNING IN FRANCE, QUICKLY followed by the Spanish reinstatement, put McLaren on the front foot as the circus headed for Brands Hatch in July.

"This is where it got quite exciting," says Caldwell. "We were head to head with Ferrari, the gloves were well and truly off. We ignored the bullshit, that was the McLaren ethos, and ignored the drivers between races in those days. Ferrari had 10 times the people, two lawyers at every event, but we had no spare capacity. It was just Teddy [Mayer] and me – and Teddy wasn't the best politician. So, yeah, we were stupidly under-staffed in the politics department. But that didn't bother me, because we just got on with the racing.

"The old M23 was now competitive again and Lauda only just pipped James to pole on the Saturday. It was going to be a hot, dry race – we knew that at least – and then, on Sunday afternoon, it all went wrong. Regazzoni lost it going through Paddock Bend on the first lap and all hell let loose. The race was stopped and James was off with damaged suspension.

"He got the car to the pits and we set about fixing it for the restart, but the stewards decreed he'd had 'outside assistance' and was therefore not allowed to take part. As soon as the crowd got wind of this they started jeering, cat-calling and shouting, encouraged by me I have to say, because I could see there would be politics later. They yelled abuse at all and sundry – I've never seen anything like it, before or since. The noise was incredible. They started throwing stuff and then the stewards relented, despite a protest from Ferrari, which was fairly predictable.

"James was getting pretty edgy and, when he sat in the car, it was jigging about on the stands. He was often



like that before a race. Anyway, we got it all sorted, took the car out to the grid at the last minute and away they went. The race itself was equally dramatic, Lauda leading for 45 laps before gearbox trouble slowed him and James zapped past to win. Unbelievable. But it wasn't over yet. Not until September did an FIA court rule that the win would be disallowed. By then, of course, Lauda had suffered his accident at the Nürburgring." On August 1, after changing to wets at the end of the first lap of the German Grand Prix, Lauda crashed, the car caught fire and he was horribly burned. For a while there were rumours that he would not survive but, in a staggering display of courage, he was back in the Ferrari at Monza in September, having missed just two races. Hunt, meanwhile, had won in Germany, picked up a fourth in Austria and won again in Holland. By Monza, Lauda led Hunt by just two points.

"I have never seen bravery like it, not in any sport," says Caldwell, "Lauda's face was badly disfigured, he was in a lot of pain and after the race his balaclava was soaked in blood. Unbelievably he'd finished fourth and James had started from the back and spun off early on, having had his qualifying time disallowed because of what they called 'fuel irregularities', although of course we disputed that." So now the gap was five points and James was pleased to see Lauda back. They were good friends and enjoyed each other's company. "The only time they fell out was when Niki went to the FIA hearing after the British Grand Prix. It was a political thing, probably under pressure from Enzo [Ferrari] or Daniel [Audetto, Ferrari's team manager] and he wore a bandage with blood on – it must have been tomato ketchup because by that stage he was well healed after the Nürburgring crash. But they made up and in Japan they were chasing girls together, the banter and the repartee back to normal. They just wanted to fight each other for the championship, never mind all the bloody politics, though it must be said they both spent Sunday morning at Fuji trying to get the race stopped."

SURELY THERE COULD BE NO MORE DRAMA IN this spellbinding rollercoaster of a Grand Prix season? Wrong. Hunt was in sparkling form in North America, winning at Mosport and Watkins Glen while Lauda scored a single third place. When they arrived in Japan, for the final showdown, Lauda led Hunt by three points. The tension was almost too much to bear as those of us back home rose before dawn to watch the final act unfold. "It was pretty spooky at Fuji," says Caldwell. "The Sunday weather was terrible, with heavy rain and the top of Mount Fuji hidden in cloud. Everyone was a bit tense and the race was delayed until the last possible moment. Most of them didn't want to race at all, including James:









Fuji 1976, Hunt in action, top; with Lauda and Peterson, right; sharing a joke with Herbie Blash and Barry Sheene, below; being James, far right



he said it was too dangerous, and the crowd became very restless. I told him, 'Don't be a prick, no race, no world championship. We can win this'. Out on the pitwall we encouraged the crowd to ramp up the boos and jeers. Eventually the race went ahead, and James got away in the lead. At the end of the second lap we saw Lauda come down the pit road, park the Ferrari and walk away, saying the conditions were just too dangerous. It looked like we had it in the bag, but towards the end the track dried out and we were looking at a stop for tyres.

"Now James only needed fourth to take the title, but he went back out in fifth, and it wasn't over yet. With just two laps left he passed Regazzoni and Jones and came home third. It was just about dark by now but we didn't care, James was world champion.

"He was confused by the last few laps and thought he hadn't made it. So he was pretty tensed up and very vocal when he got out of the car – but once he'd understood what he'd done the piss-up started and went on for a very long time, through the night and into the next day if I remember rightly.

"He never said thank you, not to me or Teddy [Mayer] anyway, and I don't think he ever bought anyone a drink all the time he was with us. That was James. If Niki had won he'd probably have found a way of getting his hands on a Rolex for every Ferrari employee."

So how does Caldwell view the on-going fascination with Hunt's place in racing folklore?





"James had charisma," he says. "He had chutzpah, was never boring and lit up a room when he walked in. He was a jolly person most of the time, always had a positive attitude and this made him very enjoyable company. So, yeah, he was a star and, let us never forget, he was a bloody good racing driver. He was very quick. He was the playboy driver, yes, and did it to a fine art, but you can't make yourself into something you aren't.

"He knew exactly how he was meant to approach it, knew he should be serious about spring rates, gear ratios, oversteer, all that stuff, but he didn't do it because he was bored by it all. He hardly ever came to the factory and, if he did, he'd chat to me and then go home again.

"Niki, on the other hand, would have walked around, spoken to everyone, asked them how they were, what they were doing, told them his last win was all down to them. James just wasn't like that, he couldn't be arsed."

A hell of a year, then, 1976, with unique dramas contested both in court and on track.

You couldn't invent a script like it. ■

JAMES
HUNT

Born: August 29 1947, Belmont, Surrey, Great Britain
Died: June 15 1993, Wimbledon, London

92 STARTS

WINS 10

POLE POSITIONS 14

179 POINTS

WIN RATE 10.87%

FASTEST LAPS 8

WORLD CHAMPION 1976

James Hunt became the first driver to be disqualified from winning (without a subsequent successful appeal) at Brands Hatch in 1976

Hunt led the championship for one race — the crucial Japan '76

While James Hunt clinched the F1 world championship, his friend Barry Sheene recorded the first of his back-to-back 500cc motorcycling titles. It was the seventh year that both were won by British competitors following 1958 (Mike Hawthorn/John Surtees), 1962 (Graham Hill/Mike Hailwood), 1963 (Jim Clark/Hailwood), 1964 (Surtees/Hailwood), 1965 (Clark/Hailwood) and 1973 (Jackie Stewart/Phil Read). Such success has not been repeated since

During its two seasons with James Hunt at the wheel of its Harvey Postlethwaite-designed car, Hesketh won the 1975 Dutch GP, finished fourth in that year's championship and twice qualified on the front row (second at Watkins Glen '74 and Österreichring '75)

GILLES VILLENEUVE

BY MARK HUGHES

A long time ago there was a racing driver, a fantastic driver, who did many impossible things. He took his first GP victory – at the end of his first full season – by choosing a compound his tyre supplier said was way too soft. But he knew better; he had an uncanny feel for how to nurse the rubber but still conjure winning speed from it. His team-mate, renowned as one of the most sensitive drivers of all time, knew he couldn't make these tyres last, opted for the harder ones – and finished third.

The driver took his next victory early the following season by pushing his new team-mate hard enough to make him overwork his tyres. That done, he simply glided past and reeled off the remaining laps, untroubled, serene.

He took his third victory in the very next race by going a whole compound softer than his team-mate. Again, the tyre men drew sharp breaths and shook their heads. Again he confounded them, winning by more than half a minute.

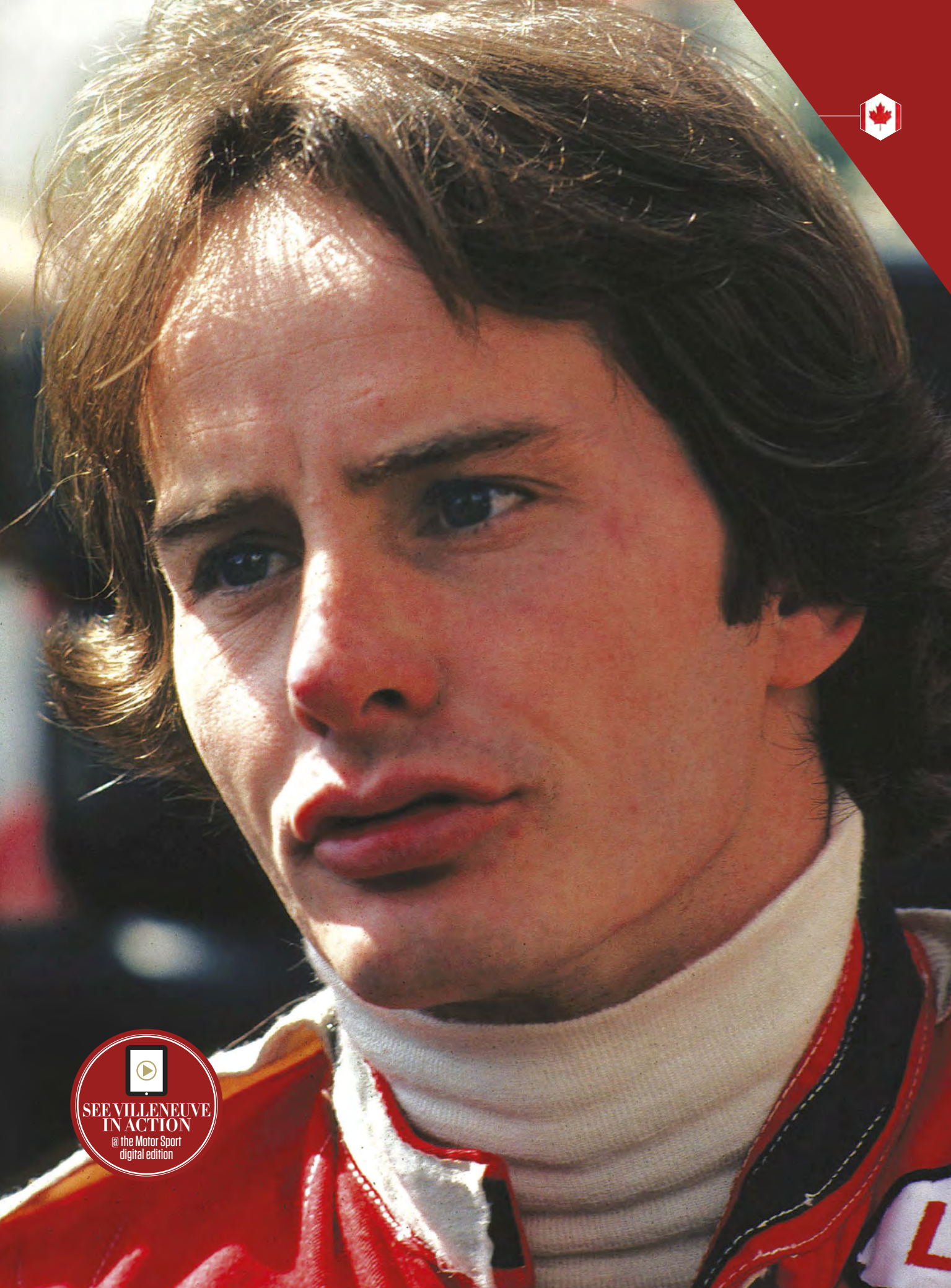
In the last race of that season he took win number four. This time he had to conserve a sick engine, its oil pressure almost non-existent for the last 20 laps.

Who was this angel of *simpatico* with the touch of silk? Gilles Villeneuve, that's who. Surely not? This is the man once described by Enzo Ferrari as "a high priest of destruction", isn't it?

The very same. It's the driver, one of the fastest and most spectacular of all time, whose image is forever captured in racing minds for three-wheeling back to the pits at Zandvoort, or sitting in the middle of the track at Imola with not a wheel on his smouldering wreck. ▶

The mercurial French-Canadian gained a wild reputation, but one that was actually unfair. Smooth and easy on tyres as well as devastatingly talented, there are myths about Villeneuve that still require debunking today

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, APRIL 2002


SEE VILLENEUVE
IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport
digital edition



Debut Grand Prix at Silverstone earned him Driver of the Day award, below right. Opposite page, Long Beach '78 was one that got away, top; snapshots from Zandvoort and Zolder in 1979

THE PARADOX IS ONLY SUPERFICIAL. Villeneuve was one of the greatest drivers the world has ever seen, of a calibre that comfortably compares to such accepted greats as Senna, Clark, Schumacher, Fangio or Moss. That's not the general perception, because his life was cut short before the overwhelming glories that were his due ever got to play out. But it's the reality. Look beneath the surface, beneath the snapshots of drama that have lasted more vividly than the subtleties, and the evidence is overwhelming.

Mauro Forghieri described Gilles as having a "rage to win" greater than any driver he had known, and it was this competitive intensity that drove him on. And that, allied to a twist of DNA, allowed him impossible victories like Monaco or Jarama 1981. It was this same rage, however, that sparked incident and spectacle when in 1980-81, at a time his career should have been coming into full flower, Ferrari provided him with dogs. "He was an innocent believer," says Forghieri. "He had surrendered his own chances [of the world championship] for the team in 1979 with Scheckter, and he believed that he would be paid back." When circumstances conspired against that, desperation occasionally surfaced.

Mauro Forghieri described Gilles as having a "rage to win" greater than any driver he had known

But what about before 1980-81? There was incident then, too, surely? But Villeneuve's close friend and fellow Grand Prix driver, Bruno Giacomelli, puts that into perspective.

"You have to make the distinction between early in his career and later," he says. "Those who talk about Gilles as crazy, I think they got it wrong. You must remember that he had no real experience when he first came into F1. I mean, he didn't even have international experience, just Formula Atlantic in Canada and North America. He had to learn so much more than the rest of us brought up on racing in Europe. If you think, he came to F1 without any international experience, he had





to learn the tracks as well as all about F1 and with all the pressure of being a Ferrari driver.

"Of course he made mistakes! There were only two possible outcomes in that situation, no matter how talented you were. You would either not have been quick enough or you would have accidents. And if you're not quick enough, you're not going to get to stay in F1. So there was only one option. I think he did incredibly well. Jesus, he almost won one of his first races!"





THAT WOULD BE LONG BEACH '78, HIS SIXTH GP, a dominant victory lost only by failing to allow for Clay Regazzoni's notoriously limited peripheral vision when he came up to lap him. Testing for his first GP with McLaren at Silverstone in 1977 was probably where the reputation for wildness took root. It's now the stuff of legend how many times he spun. But it wasn't clueless spinning; it was the result of a calculated strategy to get up to speed in time for qualifying in a car far more powerful than his Atlantics, on a track he didn't know, and when there was only one chance to make a favourable impression. Not once did he hit anything; he chanced his arm only where he could recover, and his spin recovery was quite fantastic. Come qualifying and race, he was flawlessly polished and sensationally quick. With an obsolete M23 he set the race's fifth-fastest lap, and had he disregarded the information of a faulty temperature gauge, he would have finished fourth.


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Mega-talented though he was, he was still in over his head in terms of experience. If the McLaren run had been in at the deep end, stepping in at Ferrari later the same year as a short-notice replacement for the legendary Niki Lauda, and in a car that handled diabolically in the autumnal cold, was akin to leaving the toddlers' pool to swim in shark-infested waters. In Japan, his second race for the team, he messed up, getting airborne after misjudging a move on Ronnie Peterson. At this point, yes, he was wild. "When he first arrived, his driving style was not really suitable for F1," says Giacomelli, "or any single-seater, really. He was still quick, but the style made him have accidents, too. But he learned and actually, though he remained spectacular, he became smooth as well. People get the two confused. You can still be super-smooth but be right on the limits, using all the track and more. People saw him pushing like hell because his cars weren't competitive in 1980 and '81 – up on the grass, crazy things – but I tell you, he was smooth in the way that he used the car, in the way he made the inputs into it. You could see that just watching his car."

CARLOS REUTEMANN, STUNNINGLY QUICK and with many years of experience, was Ferrari team leader in 1978 and performed brilliantly to win four races in an outdated car. His average performance was, not unexpectedly, higher than that of his rookie team-mate. But never did he take the fight to a fit and healthy ground-effect Lotus 79. Villeneuve did so twice – pressuring Mario Andretti for victory virtually all the way at Zolder and Monza. Which merely

Twin 1981 victories in the 126CK – Spain, below, and Monaco, above, were won against the odds. Right, Scheckter and Villeneuve rubbed along well





confirmed that his potential was off the scale.

His payback for the bad luck of Long Beach came in Canada thanks to the retirement, when well in front, of Jean-Pierre Jarier's 79. But Gilles' style was evidently smoothing out. How else did he make those soft Michelins – which even super-sensitive Reutemann shunned – last?

For 1979, Jody Scheckter came on board at Ferrari as the established superstar, the world champion elect. The plan was for Villeneuve's second season to be one of support. He agreed, but in the first half of the year was conclusively quicker. His victory at Kyalami was a stunner, forcing a pace upon Jody that did for his tyres, overturning Scheckter's logically 'correct' choice of slicks in a race that turned out to be only briefly wet. Villeneuve had begun on wets. That shouldn't have been the right strategy, but he made it so.

At Long Beach, he again trounced Scheckter, this time by going for another of his marginal compound choices and delicately making it work – from the front of the field throughout. Shouldn't have been possible.



ON THE EVE OF THE BELGIAN GP, FERRARI issued a statement to the effect that Scheckter had until Monaco, one race before the halfway point, to score a victory, otherwise the team would switch its championship effort to Villeneuve. Scheckter, being Scheckter, won in Belgium – and Monaco. But the Belgian win was incredibly fortuitous, and with hindsight is the pivot upon which the perception of Villeneuve's career stature swings. Scheckter made a clumsy first-lap passing attempt on Regazzoni at the chicane, the two making hefty contact. Jody got away without damage, but Regazzoni was cannoned into Villeneuve, who had to stop for a new nosecone and rejoin last. Gilles made a stunning comeback, his lap times showing that he could have dominated the race from the front. He was up to third when he ran out of



In underdog terms that's Senna, Moss and Nuvolari territory. All that and a Clark/Prost feel for tyres, too



Heading for third in Canada, 1981, above, and furious at Imola '82, right, after feeling he'd been cheated of victory. Jackie Stewart is on hand to offer advice

fuel on the last lap. Even had he scored those four points – and not the nine Scheckter's error probably cost him – Villeneuve would have been that year's world champion, despite Scheckter's number one treatment.

"I've read people say he couldn't have won a championship," says Giacomelli, "and I really don't understand what they are talking about. He would have won in '79, but he handed it to Scheckter on team orders at Monza. He would have won in '82, for sure, and he could have won many titles after that. No doubt about it."

The mind boggles, in fact, at the statistics that might have been set had he not perished at Zolder '82 and instead lived to accept Ron Dennis' repeated offer to join McLaren. Zandvoort 1979: the three-wheel incident, I hear you say. Totally irrelevant in assessing Villeneuve's worth as a driver. The only reason he had damaged the rear end was that he had suffered a tyre blow-out. While leading. Having passed Alan Jones' far superior Williams FW07. Around the outside of Tarzan. He hadn't made a mistake. Just as he hadn't at Imola 1980: the famous accident after which that corner is now named. Again a tyre blow-out was the culprit.

NOW CONSIDER THIS: IN HIS FOUR-AND-A-BIT Formula 1 seasonss, 67 Grands Prix, he crashed out due to driver error no more than five times. Legend would suggest far more.

Now consider this: rock apes aren't quick in the rain. Watkins Glen 1979: wet first practice. Villeneuve was fastest by 8.5sec. Monaco 1980: a late-race downpour. Villeneuve was faster than anyone else by



5sec – in the hopeless 312 T5.

Now consider this: crazy guys hanging on by their fingernails cannot sustain pressure from behind for any length of time. Jarama 1981: running at the front with four faster cars lined up behind him for virtually the entire distance. Not a single mistake, nor even a hint.

This was a very, very great driver indeed.

And that's without even talking about the miracles. Putting a car that should really have struggled to qualify at all on the Monaco front row in 1981 – pipped by Nelson Piquet's illegally light Brabham. Getting the T5 up to third place at Zandvoort in '80, in a field of FW07s, BT49s, Ligiers and Renaults. Leading with it in Brazil and setting second-fastest lap. In underdog terms, that's Senna, Moss and Nuvolari territory. All that and a Clark/Prost feel for tyres, too.

"He wasn't only fantastically quick," says Giacomelli, "he had everything. He knew a lot of the technical side – in fact, he was a connoisseur of that. He knew exactly what the car was doing and he could talk about it very well.

"He was a very sensitive driver, actually."

"He was the greatest driver I ever saw." ■

GILLES VILLENEUVE

Born: January 18 1950, St-Jean-sur-Richelieu, Québec, Canada.
Died: May 8 1982, Leuvern, Belgium

67 STARTS	WINS 6	POLE POSITIONS 2
17 POINTS	WIN RATE 8.96%	FASTEST LAPS 8

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP RUNNER-UP 1979

Gilles Villeneuve was a classified finisher in only 35 of his 67 starts (52.23%) – crashing out 11 times

Winner of the 1978 Canadian GP, Gilles Villeneuve is one of only nine drivers to score their breakthrough success on home soil. The others are Stirling Moss (1955 British GP), Tony Brooks (1957 British), Lodovico Scarfiotti (1966 Italian), Carlos Pace (1975 Brazilian), Jean-Pierre Jabouille (1979 French), Alain Prost (1981 French), Nigel Mansell (1985 European GP at Brands Hatch) and Johnny Herbert (1995 British)

Villeneuve led the 1979 F1 championship after five rounds, but running out of fuel in Belgium proved a turning point. Team-mate Jody Scheckter won that day and stayed ahead all year. Villeneuve did not lead the championship again during his all-too-brief career

ALAIN PROST

BY PAUL FEARNLEY

A four-time world champion, yet destined always to be remembered in the shadow of his nemesis. Understated and subtle in the mould of a Clark or Stewart, he deserves so much more

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, AUGUST 2001

This was no time or place to make your Formula 1 debut. Even 'Happy' Jacques Laffite wanted out. He'd planted his Ligier on the outside of the front row, yet reckoned everybody should pack up and go home there and then. The only man who had gone quicker than him agreed with him – in principle. But Alan Jones is a no-nonsense sort of bloke: Buenos Aires was a bloody long way to come not to race.

The Grand Prix Drivers' Association was in flux, again, railing against this and that, and being railroaded into the other. There was plenty of bleating about the crumbling track in Parque Almirante Brown, but eventually the field was shepherded onto the grid.

'Down' in 12th, almost a second faster and five places ahead of his team-mate, a young man viewed these machinations in the same calculating manner that would become his trademark, his strength, his weakness. Sure, he could see the track was in no fit state, but boy, oh boy, he wanted to race. He'd skipped Formula 2 for this. He was in a hurry. A measured hurry.

For this was the time for a cool head in a hot climate. An inch off line and you'd be in the boonies. Plus there were a lot of het-up guys ahead. The crowd had gone ape when 'Lole' climbed aboard his Williams. You didn't get that in F3. ▶


SEE PROST
IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport
digital edition



A 24-YEAR-OLD ALAIN PROST MADE UP FOUR places on that opening lap, his first in F1. Smoothly slicing, not slipping, not sliding, not skittering. But then one of his car's aerodynamic skirts began to disintegrate. The McLaren M29, an update of Gordon Coppuck's Lotus 79 facsimile, verged on the oh dear when everything was *au point*. Now, with what little ground effect it had leaking away, this balloon, surely, had been pricked. There might indeed have been some deflation in the cockpit, but there was no outward sign of panic. Instead Prost adapted and metronomed around as fast as he felt comfortable. Which is to say fast enough for a distant sixth. Brazil was even better. He finished fifth despite another melting pot of oozing Tarmac and sabre-rattling. His late-race dissection of Riccardo Patrese's Arrows during a 10-lap dice displayed staggering maturity. No wild, all-locked-up dives, just a parrying, jinking assessment. Followed by a neat, swift kill. Immediately confirmed by his fastest lap – on lap 38, of 40, in broiling heat, around the old Interlagos, which curled and twisted like electric-flex 'spaghetti'.

Speed, savvy and stamina. Sensation. Already the mechanics, as is their straight-talking wont, were taking the rise out of John Watson. He was McLaren's supposed number one – a man heading towards his 100th GP – yet he was being made to look a novice by a novice. Prost sprung to the Ulsterman's defence, had a quiet word, told the guys to back off. There is no reason to doubt part of him was genuine about this,

His dissection of Patrese's Arrows showed staggering maturity. No wild dives, just parrying assessment



but how big a part? Was he empathising or patronising? A bit of both? Difficult to tell. If there was though, a disingenuous whiff surrounding him, it was made pungent by others' jealousy. That was what caused them to gag. He was so damned good, you see. And it was all so effortless. Jackie Stewart-like. And he bit his nails. Jimmy Clark-like.

But he couldn't be that capable and that nice, could he? Probably not, no. Like most things Alain Prost, however, the good would be understated, the bad overplayed. Already, in the eyes of some, he could do no right for doing wrong.

THIS WAS NO WAY TO MAKE YOUR F1 RETURN. Three-time champion back on track should have been a positive note on which to kick off the 1993 season. Incredibly, FISA made Prost feel wanted only in the sense that Interpol was desperate to meet with Carlos the Jackal. Max Mosley, the sport's president, had the brass neck to write to Prost's latest employer, Williams Grand Prix Engineering, to ask if they thought the Frenchman, a driver with 44 GP wins and 699.5 points (net) to his name, was a fit person to receive a superlicence. Okay, so Max was fuming over some verbal bullets Prost had fired off at F1 during his 1992 sabbatical – but come on! Prost was called to account, whereupon his lawyers pointed out he had been a private citizen when he made those remarks. He was out of FISA's legal reach then, but boy, oh boy, they made him pay. Made him miserable. Made him realise he didn't need this any more.

'Unhappy' Alain wanted to pack up and go home as early as round three, after his seven-stopper third place during Donington's deluge. As he attempted to explain the myriad niggling problems he'd experienced during the race, it dawned on him nobody was listening. Senna, whose brilliance had shone through ▶



Prost en route to sixth on his GP debut, above, in Argentina 1980. Left, all set at Imola 1984. Right, preparing to return ahead of the '93 campaign



the gloom, barely feigned interest before pointedly asking Alain if he would like to swap cars. It was cruel. The truth can be. Publicly at least, Senna was still in control of F1's most fractious relationship.

The only place Prost felt comfortable that year was when wrapped in Williams' cocoon. Frank and Patrick were getting it in the neck too. They'd sent their entry in two days late. And rules is rules. This piffling clerical oversight put them at the mercy of the other teams – remind us again why we should let you line up in South Africa, etc. Max rode to their rescue, but then used this 'saintly' deed as a stick with which to beat them throughout his anti-gizmo crusade. More than ever, therefore, the utilitarian factory in the shadow of Didcot's cooling towers became a citadel. Those on the inside were privileged to witness first-hand a year-long Prost master class; those on the outside, though, could not, or chose not to, see it. Handed demonstrably the best car by Adrian Newey and Patrick Head, and placed alongside an inexperienced team-mate – once-bitten-twice-shy Nigel Mansell had stalked off to Indycars rather than face 'The Professor' again – Prost found himself in a lose-lose situation. Few appreciated his wiles, his wins, while many gloried in his frustrations, his failures. Professionally, he rose above it; privately, he hated every minute of it.

At the height of their McLaren spat, the Brazilian had proved always willing to leap onto the next level of risk

IT WAS ALL STILL INTACT: THE UNRUFFLED, unerring speed, the uncanny ability to do just enough – how that could grate sometimes, even with his fans – but would Senna have gone any faster in the same car? Probably. True, Prost had enough in reserve to respond, but would Senna have beaten him to the title even so? Probably.

At the height of their McLaren frat spat, the Brazilian had proved always willing to leap onto the next level of risk. On the days when Senna was better, he'd be gone; on the days Prost was better, he knew the Brazilian was never going to let him go, no matter what.

When Prost took Senna off at Suzuka in 1989, he did it hairdresser-style, at 50mph. In fact, he didn't even take him off. Only he could keep it on the island when 'crashing'. When Senna took Prost off at Suzuka in 1990, he did it harum-scarum, at 150mph. Only Senna could have taken them so far off.

And that was the difference. Both men had been pushed to the ultimate driving sanction by the depth and intensity of their rivalry, but only one of them had







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carried it off with any conviction. Despite his unsubtle, foot-hard-in thwack, the bulk of the sympathy was always going to land at Senna's door, for he was the racers' racer, the all-or-nothing qualifier who made his car dance, the quicker man who had been robbed the previous year. Prost, in contrast, was the thinker, the man who won races at the slowest possible speed, they said, the devious one who crossed the talent divide by poring over data and fiddling with springs that went up in iddy-biddy 25lb increments. Who cared if Senna used Prost's settings initially? It was minutiae versus maximum attack. No contest.

And so what if Prost scored 12 fastest laps compared to Senna's six in their two years together – Senna outscored him 26 poles to four.

And it went deeper than statistics. When Prost piped up, he was whingeing; when Senna chimed in, it was a *cri de coeur*. It was easier to like Senna, his heart on his sleeve. To admire Prost was akin to being in a secret club, required a bit of effort even though his heart was so obviously in the right place.

Prost fans would carefully construct their case: was it Prost who almost put his team-mate into the pitwall at Estoril in 1988? Was it Prost who manoeuvred Derek Warwick out of a drive? Was it Prost who struck a deal with a driver from another team to compromise his main rival's race? Valid point upon valid point. But all Senna fans had to do to bring this edifice tumbling ▶

Imola 1990, above: Ferrari heralds Prost's 40th F1 win, last time out in Brazil. From left, winning the 1990 Spanish GP; two lots of post-Senna aftermath; struggling at Donington in 1993







Leading Senna in Spain, 1993, and celebrating the victory that followed. Opposite, Australia 1993: Senna's final win, Prost's last F1 race

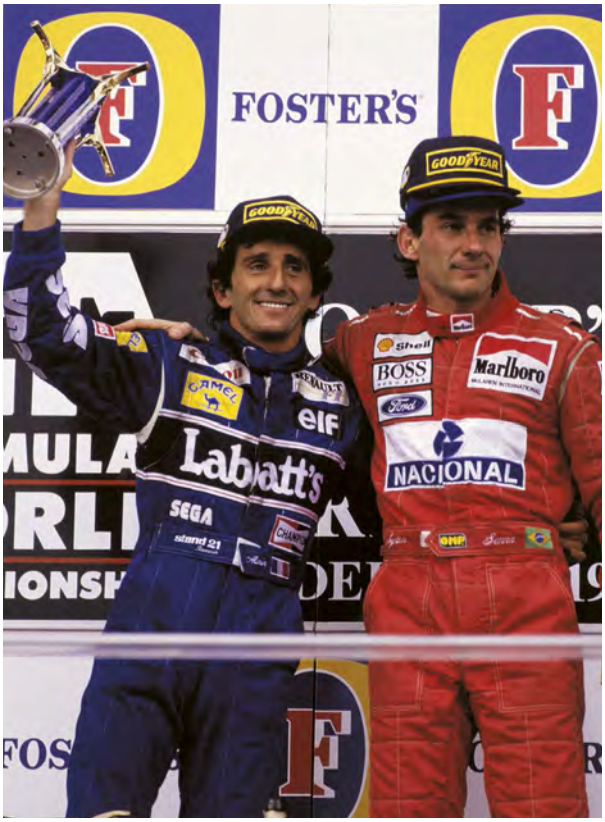
down was point out that their man was the faster. And Prost fans, being Prost fans, knew this to be true. And it hurt. There was no answer to that speed, that messianic commitment.

Ah yes, but didn't Prost come so very close to finding the answer? Okay, he basically gave up on qualifying, but is it wrong to shed your weaknesses to concentrate on maximising your strengths? How else are you to deal with such a situation? Imagine you are Alain Prost, the world's best driver. Until, suddenly, you are not. Now you're only the world's fastest human faced by a God-given talent. There are days when you feel puny, crushed. Yet somehow you win seven times to his eight in 1988. And somehow you beat him to the title in 1989. There are days when you look him straight in the eye and feel the strength rise up within you – and you do for him, in equal equipment. Just like that. And to do this, if your devil is in the detail, then so be it.

AND WHO COULD BLAME YOU FOR BALING out after two years? It must have felt like 10. At least. Nobody else could've stuck it.

And how you stuck it to the critics who said you were running scared. How you moulded Ferrari in your own image. It didn't last, of course. It never could, pre-Todt, pre-Brawn, pre-Byrne, but while it did, you were in your pomp. Even Senna was worried, saw you as an equal. It is for 1990 that Alain Prost should be remembered: the Mexico charge, the bewitching drive at Jerez, the sheer slog of pulling the Scuderia around, the innumerable race distances

He will never receive the adulation of a Senna, or a Schumacher, or a Mansell, but in his defence he never wanted it



covered in front of empty, soulless grandstands.

He seemed stronger, yet strangely more vulnerable, than he had ever been. He didn't call impromptu press conferences to bemoan his fate, or make grand sweeping gestures, he simply knuckled down and punched over and above his weight.

But why, oh why, did he let that chink of light shimmer down the inside at Suzuka's first corner? He'd nailed the start, another Jerez appeared on the cards. But then he eased left, cracked open the door – and Senna put his boot against it.

It was as if Prost knew what was coming. A kind of closure. He had lost the title, but won the war. Senna felt he had won the war, too. And so he had – for they had never been playing to the same rules of engagement. They're still not.

It is clear he will never receive the adulation of a Senna, or a Schumacher, or a Mansell, masters of understeer never do but, in his defence, he never wanted it. Not to that level.

He wanted to be competitive and maintain his dignity. That such a simple concept should seemingly be beyond the ken of the many is their problem, not his. He is not free to cast the first stone (he wouldn't want to) but, by and large, you would have to say he achieved both aims with an understated style.

Alain Prost: saint or sinner?

Neither. A winner.

À votre santé, Monsieur Prost. ■

ALAIN
PROST

Born: February 24 1955, Lorette, France

199 STARTS

WINS 51

POLE POSITIONS 33

798.5 POINTS

WIN RATE 25.63%

FASTEST LAPS 41

WORLD CHAMPION
1985 1986 1989 1993

Alain Prost became the first Frenchman to win the world championship in 1985, 79 years after the Automobile Club de France organised its first Grand Prix

Having replaced Nigel Mansell and Riccardo Patrese for 1993, Alain Prost and Damon Hill continued a record run of 24 successive Williams pole positions that ended only when McLaren's Ayrton Senna qualified quickest for that year's Australian GP

Six — the number of times Alain Prost won the French GP. That is the record for success in a driver's home GP, although Michael Schumacher won nine times in Germany (four German GPs and five European GPs)

13 years, 11 months and 13 days — Alain Prost held the record number of Grand Prix wins from scoring his 28th in the 1987 Portuguese GP until Michael Schumacher surpassed his final total of 51 at the 2001 Belgian GP

AYRTON SENNA

BY NIGEL ROEBUCK

The great Brazilian is still idolised by millions more than 20 years after his death. But Ayrton Senna was no saint. As anyone who knew him would attest, he was much more complex than that

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, JULY 2011

A few days after seeing the *Senna* film, I couldn't get the man out of my mind, and perhaps not surprisingly so. I had, after all, been present at all but a handful of his 161 Grands Prix, and inevitably the movie brought that time alive again, releasing a deluge of memories.

I thought back, for example, to a morning in the spring of 1983, when a phone rang in the *Autosport* office and I picked up. The voice at the other end asked for Jeremy Shaw, then the magazine's Formula 3 correspondent. "He's not here – I'll give him a message," I said. "Who's calling?"

"Ayrton Senna," said the voice. "Who's that?" I told him. "Ha! We should meet, have a meal. I want to talk to you – I'm going to be in Formula 1 next year..." And so he was, with Toleman. At Kyalami, his second race, he was sixth, but so unfit – in F1 terms – that he had to be lifted from the car. This, like virtually every other weakness in his game, he would swiftly address.

Everyone remembers Monaco that year, where – in torrential conditions – Senna was on the point of taking the lead from Alain Prost when the race was stopped. There's no doubt it was a remarkable drive, although easily forgotten is that another rookie, the lamented Stefan Bellof, was catching both of them when the red flag came out.

From the outset Ayrton behaved like a man who belonged in F1. And from the outset, too, there was about him an indefinable quality not quite earthly, which borrowed not only from his driving but also from his voice, his manner, his whole being. Undoubtedly this unsettled his rivals, but what worried them more was the uncomfortable certainty that soon this *arriviste* was going to be the best. ▶



SEE SENNA IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport digital edition

THE EARLY RACE THAT STAYS WITH ME MORE than Monaco came in 1985, at Estoril, where Senna – now with Lotus – was so dominant in the rain that one thought of Jimmy Clark. First pole, first win, and Denis Jenkinson was as impressed as anyone: "Villeneuve all over again, isn't it? A driver who's ahead of his car..."

The next day Senna flew back to London – commercial – and found himself sitting next to none other than DSJ to whom he'd never spoken, for while Jenks enjoyed close contact with F1 engineers, like Patrick Head, he had long since adopted a different policy with drivers: "Don't talk to them any more – waste of time..."

Senna introduced himself, however, and they chatted all the way back to Heathrow. By the time the aeroplane touched down, Jenks had a new hero. When I talked to Ayrton about that race in Portugal, he was disarmingly frank. "People seem to think I made no mistakes – but I've no idea how many times I went off! Once I had all four wheels on the grass, but the car came back on the circuit, and everyone said, 'Fantastic car control!' It was just luck..."

Well, maybe on that occasion, but it was a drive for the gods, and would hold a special place in Senna's affections. Eight years on, in similar conditions, he would win for McLaren at Donington, his opening lap as mesmeric as any the sport has known, but Ayrton scoffed at those who thought it his greatest drive: "No way! I had traction control! It was a good win, sure, but compared with Estoril '85 – turbo engine, a lot more power, no traction control, normal gearbox — it was nothing, really..."

Just as no three-year contract had been enough to keep Senna at Toleman for more than one season, so it was always clear that Lotus – a couple of Grand Prix wins a year was never what Ayrton had in mind – was no more than a staging post. What he required was the best team, the fastest car, and that meant McLaren, whose new partnership with Honda coincided with his arrival in 1988.

If ever F1 has had a 'super team', this was surely it. "Think about it," Bernie Ecclestone said, "Prost, Senna, Honda... with that lot you could start a bleedin' war!"

So you could, and the two greatest drivers on earth,



Senna rated Estoril '85 as one of his finest victories. A year earlier, he'd revealed his wet-weather gift in Monaco, far right





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facing limited opposition from elsewhere, ultimately did just that – between themselves. It would end only when Prost retired at the end of 1993.

WHEN FIRST THE NEWS BROKE THAT SENNA had signed for McLaren-Honda, many wondered at the wisdom of it. "I'm curious," said John Watson, "to see how Senna will fit into the McLaren machine, as he represents their long-term driver future. This season, competing with Prost, could make him into an old man..."

Not a few agreed, for Alain was widely acknowledged as the best – which was why, of course, Ayrton had him in the cross-hairs from the outset. Soon he confirmed that – day for day – he was quicker than anyone, especially in qualifying, and Prost could live with that, for he was better than anyone at setting up a car, unequalled when it came to driving and thinking at the same time.

His dislike of Senna's ruthlessness on the track, however, was profound. "Ayrton had his rules, and he believed in them, and that was it. In his own mind he was always right – on the track and off. No, I didn't like a lot of the things he did – but then, how often was he sanctioned? Never. So, in a way I can't blame him." The most extreme moment came in 1990, after they had ceased to be team-mates. At Suzuka Senna simply took aim at Prost's Ferrari into the first corner – the telemetry showed that he never lifted – and speared into it at 150mph. For me, this remains the most reprehensible incident ever seen at a racetrack: immediately behind them were 24 other cars, and Alain's rear wing – sheared off in the impact – could have come down anywhere.

This was Senna at his most absolute, his most terrifying, and even his own team found it difficult to defend him. After the race I came across a couple of engineers, formerly colleagues, as they sifted through the day's events. "Well," said Tim Wright of McLaren, "that was a bloody waste of everyone's time, wasn't it?"

It was always clear that no three-year contract was going to keep Senna at Toleman for more than one season

"Yes," shrugged Steve Nichols, now with Ferrari. "Still, er, congratulations..." Someone else piped up, "Ron [Dennis] says it would never have happened if Ayrton had been allowed to have pole position on the left side of the track..." At that Nichols erupted: "Jesus Christ, where the hell does this end? It wouldn't have happened, either, if they'd just given Senna nine points and not run ▶

the goddam race!" Wright stared at the ground.

"It was that day," said Jo Ramirez, who somehow contrived to remain a friend of both drivers, "that made me realise Ayrton was capable of doing whatever was necessary to secure the title. Ron was the only McLaren man to congratulate him..."

Prost spoke about it quietly. "OK, he's won the title, and he's welcome to it – but if what he did is acceptable then racing is finished, dead. This is supposed to be sport, not war..." Senna said that Prost had left a gap, and he had simply gone for it, but by the time of Suzuka a year later he admitted that he had indeed taken his rival out. The blame, though, lay elsewhere, he claimed, for he had requested that pole position be moved from the right to the left side of the track, and insisted that this had been

Ayrton was capable of doing whatever was necessary to secure the title. Ron was the only McLaren man to congratulate him

prevented only by FIA president Jean-Marie Balestre – a fellow countryman of Prost. That being so, he clearly felt he had *carte blanche* to respond as he saw fit. "If pole had been on the left," he told us, "I'd have made it to the first corner in the lead, and then we could have had a clean race. I said to myself on Saturday, 'If, at the start, because I'm in the wrong place Prost beats me off the line, at the first corner I'm going for it – and he'd better not turn in ahead of me, because he's not going to make it...'" So now we knew: the plan may have been hatched in emotion and anger, but it was carried out in cold blood.

Ayrton effed and blinded his way through the press conference and, a couple of weeks later in Adelaide, a statement was issued: "I now feel that my remarks concerning Jean-Marie Balestre were inappropriate, and that the language used was not in good taste." That


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Senna was ever in his element at Monaco, where he won a record six times. Jo Ramirez (Marlboro shirt, kneeling, below right) managed to remain on good terms with Senna and Prost







smacked more of Woking than São Paulo – the giveaway was 'inappropriate' – and no one took any notice of it, for all who had been at Suzuka knew that Senna had been speaking from the heart. Unpalatable it may have been, certainly in part, but assuredly it was impassioned and free of the political correctness that now infects GP racing.



WHEN THE *SENNA* MOVIE WAS MADE AVAILABLE on DVD I looked at the buyers' reviews on Amazon, and one, from a consummate Senna fan, read thus: "It was well put together and honest – although it didn't show much of Senna's dark side, which we all knew he had. It is not a film trying to prove how good or bad he was; it shows how dedicated, passionate and humble he was. You don't have to be a Senna fan to enjoy this. You just have to enjoy good documentary making."

If, as the reviewer says, there is little coverage of Senna's 'dark side', so we should remember that many more days were bright – blinding, even. I think of him, for example, at Monaco, when the left flick into the swimming pool area was marked not by a painted line, but by solid masonry. To stand right there, to watch him on qualifying tyres, boost up, was to understand the meaning of commitment, nothing held back at all. It was genius, and it made you tremble.

I think of Ayrton, too, at Adelaide in November 1993. Through the practice days he worked with the McLaren engineers, as usual, then took pole, then won the race. Yet another victory in the familiar red and white. ▶



Prost finished second for Williams-Renault, but this had not been after one of their epic battles, for Alain, already confirmed as world champion for the fourth time, was retiring, albeit through circumstance rather than choice.

Renault was a big spender in those days. Having won the world championship with Nigel Mansell in 1992, it was always likely that the firm would do it again with Prost in '93, yet in the middle of the year Renault decided it wanted more yet: Senna was the target for '94, theoretically as Prost's team-mate, although it must have been known that Alain, once burned, would never agree. Thus Prost departed, the second season of his contract paid off, and Senna made the move to Williams-Renault. Big spenders, as I said.

Senna and Prost had also finished first and second in the penultimate race, Suzuka, and afterwards Alain suggested that, as this might be their last press conference together, it might be a good moment publicly to shake hands, even exchange helmets. The response was non-committal, which Prost took as tacit agreement, but at the conference Senna didn't so much as look at him.

The thing wasn't done, you see: there remained one more race – and Ayrton, as ever, was absolute. Two weeks later, on the Adelaide podium, he was all smiles, putting his arm round Alain, joking with him that now he was retiring he was going to get fat, and so on.

"In Adelaide it was his idea," Prost smiles today, "and therefore it was OK! Still, it was nice to finish like that..." At the post-race concert Tina Turner had Senna up on stage as she sang *Simply The Best*, and there was even more than usually an end-of-term feel about the day. In point of fact, it was the end of an era, bringing to a close not only Prost's career but also the sport's most tumultuous feud.



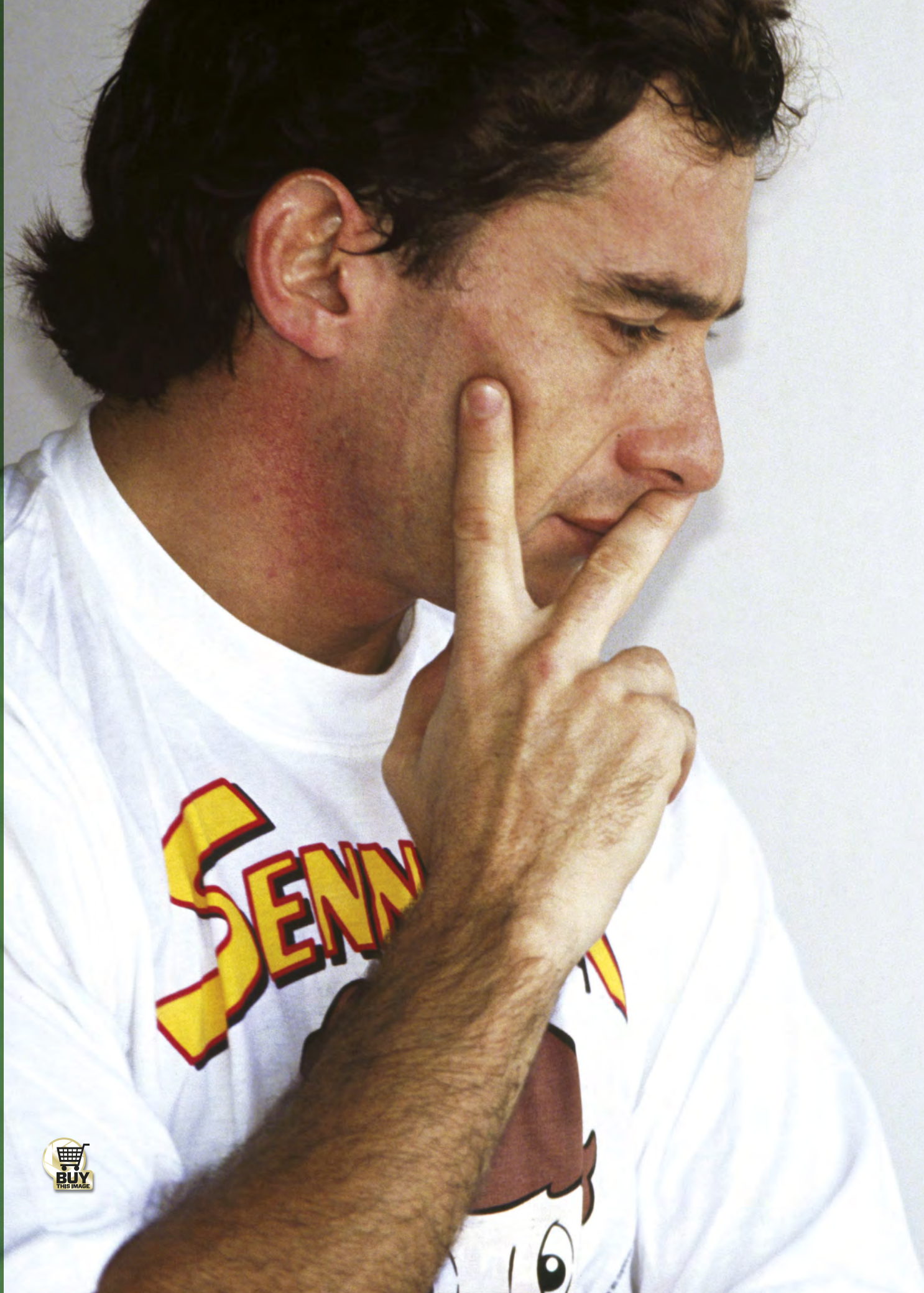




SENNA'S EMOTIONS WERE MINGLED – JOY from winning the race, but also a certain melancholy from knowing this was the last time around with McLaren. Ahead was a new life with Williams – and without Prost, always the mainspring of his motivation. When next I saw Ayrton, at Interlagos in March 1994, I sensed a man somewhat changed, and there was more to it than seeing him in an unfamiliar pit, wearing blue rather than red. Of course he was getting accustomed to a team with a very different culture, but suddenly he looked every one of his 34 years, and somehow not at peace with himself. The Williams FW16 didn't help, of course. Having watched Mansell and Prost waltz to successive championships, Senna had assumed that he, too, would be handed a title-winning car. But in its early guise the FW16 was wayward, and no match for the Ford-powered Benetton B194 – or, at least, the one being driven by Michael Schumacher.

For all that, in each of his races with Williams – Interlagos, Aida, Imola – Senna put the car on pole. "Williams wasn't on pole for those three races," said David Brown, his race engineer. "Ayrton was..." In Brazil Senna, chasing Schumacher, uncharacteristically dropped it, and in Japan he was turfed off at the first corner. Rather than walk back to the pits, though, Ayrton stayed to watch for a while, and returned with the conviction that some Benettons were more equal than others. And the more equal one won, as it had at Interlagos. This was to weigh considerably on Senna's mind. As one who savoured what he called 'pure' racing cars, Ayrton had been delighted by the newly introduced ban on 'gizmos' such as active suspension, traction and launch control, ABS and so on. But he wasn't sure Schumacher's Benetton was quite as 'back to basics' as it might have been. ▶

Clockwise from top left: Senna conjured five wins in '93; taking aim at Prost, Suzuka 1990; with Ron Dennis; bundled off, Aida '94


SENN

NO ONE WAS CLOSER TO SENNA THAN Professor Sid Watkins. “He was very upset about those races,” said the Prof. “There’s no doubt he felt very much pressured that he had to win at Imola – in fact, I believe he felt trapped by every aspect of his life at that time. I honestly think he would have liked to step back – that was the impression I’d been getting for a while.

“I always worried for Ayrton. He’d be leading easily, and I’d be sitting there in the medical car, willing him to slow down a bit – but he couldn’t help himself, and that was his main fault as a racing driver, in my opinion. I used to tell him that the clever driver is the one who wins by taking the least out of himself and the car, and he’d say, ‘Yes, I know you’re right – every time I go past your car I remember what you said, and I feel guilty about it. But by the time I get to the next corner, I’ve forgotten...’ ”

The horror of that Imola weekend will for ever stay with anyone who was there, and none more than Prost, for in the last weeks of his life Senna had several times phoned, seeking his help and advice in matters of safety.

“We had agreed to talk about it at Imola,” said Alain, “and that made that weekend even more horrible. Ayrton was talking all the time about safety, and he was much

Ayrton stayed to watch for a while and returned with the conviction that some Benettons were more equal than others

softer than before – for me, he had changed completely. He seemed very down, and without the same power as before. We talked on the Friday, and then again on the Sunday morning – he was really trying to be friendly. He wanted help – he needed someone, that was obvious...”

Could they in time have become friends? “Mmm, it’s not impossible,” said Prost. “In spite of everything, we always had a great respect for each other as drivers, and that was the most important thing. I don’t think either of us worried too much about anyone else.”

Senna was indeed a special force in motor racing, and I suspect he would have been that way in any walk of life he might have chosen. Without a doubt his was the most complex character I ever encountered in the sport, and not without its contradictions. As a driver he was utterly uncompromising and, off the track, too, could be cruel if he felt the circumstances demanded it. But he could also be gentle and disarming, and there were many tales of his private kindnesses: the man who would – literally – push a rival off the track would also weep at a small gift from a shy fan.

The film is a fine and moving tribute to a poet of a racing driver, but Ayrton Senna was no saint. There was much more to him than that. ■

AYRTON
SENNA

Born: March 21 1960, São Paulo, Brazil
Died: May 1 1994, Bologna, Italy

161 STARTS

WINS 41

POLE POSITIONS 65

614 POINTS

WIN RATE 25.47%

FASTEST LAPS 19

WORLD CHAMPION
1988 1990 1991

Five – the record for consecutive wins in a single event (Monaco from 1989-93)

Eight – the record number of successive pole positions Ayrton Senna recorded between 1988 Spanish and 1989 United States GPs

Senna started 40.37% of his Grands Prix from pole position

19 – the record for leading every lap of a Grand Prix

Ayrton Senna won 35 races for McLaren, more than any other driver

NIGEL MANSELL

BY DAMIEN SMITH

Back-to-back F1 and Indycar titles were vindication to Mansell's believers that he really was something special. But many had thought the opposite during his long, gruelling apprenticeship

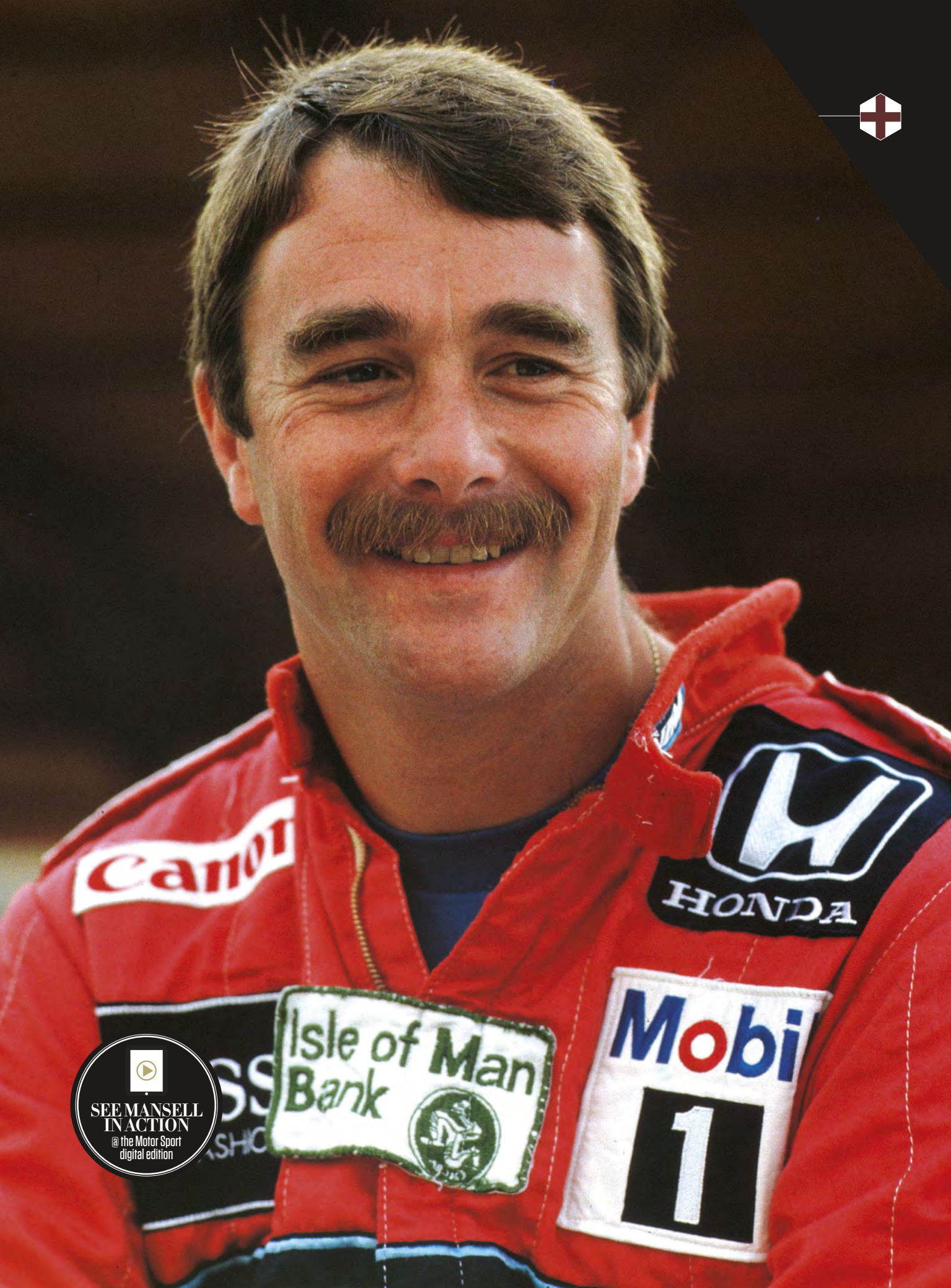
TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, FEBRUARY 2005

Key scenes. Act One: first Formula 1 test. He snaps up the chance to take part in a Lotus young-driver try-out at Paul Ricard – just weeks after breaking his back in an Oulton Park F3 shunt. Popping painkillers like sweets, he tells the team he is perfectly fit and is the last of the eager quintet to go out. As darkness falls he completes 35 laps, ignoring his agony until he is out of the car. It's worth it: he's rewarded with the test driver role for 1980.

Act Two: first Grand Prix. Lotus runs a third car at Zeltweg and the test driver steps up to the plate. It's an unforgettable day – for all the wrong reasons. Mechanics spill fuel down his back as they top-up the car on the grid. They drench him in water to dilute the petrol, but it's no good: he suffers severe burns to his backside and legs. His ordeal ends when the engine blows after 40 laps. Then he struggles to walk away; fuel has shrunk his... hamstrings.

Act Three: first podium. Shaken by a moment of horror at the start of the 1981 Belgian GP at Zolder – Arrows mechanic Dave Luckett is crushed between his team's cars as Siegfried Stohr runs into the back of a stalled Riccardo Patrese – the Lotus driver thinks he has just seen a man die and wants no part in the restart. But his wife, his staunchest supporter, urges him to stay in the car. Two hours later he stands on the podium beside Carlos Reutemann and Jacques Laffite.

Pain, bravery, drama: it could only be Nigel Mansell. ▶



SEE MANSELL IN ACTION
@ the Motor Sport digital edition

LATER – MUCH LATER – WOULD COME 31 GP victories and back-to-back F1 and Indycar titles. This, though, meant little to Peter Warr, the man who kept Team Lotus afloat in the turbulent wake of Colin Chapman's unexpected death. When Mansell moved to Williams for 1985 Warr famously said: "He will never win a GP as long as I have a hole in my arse".

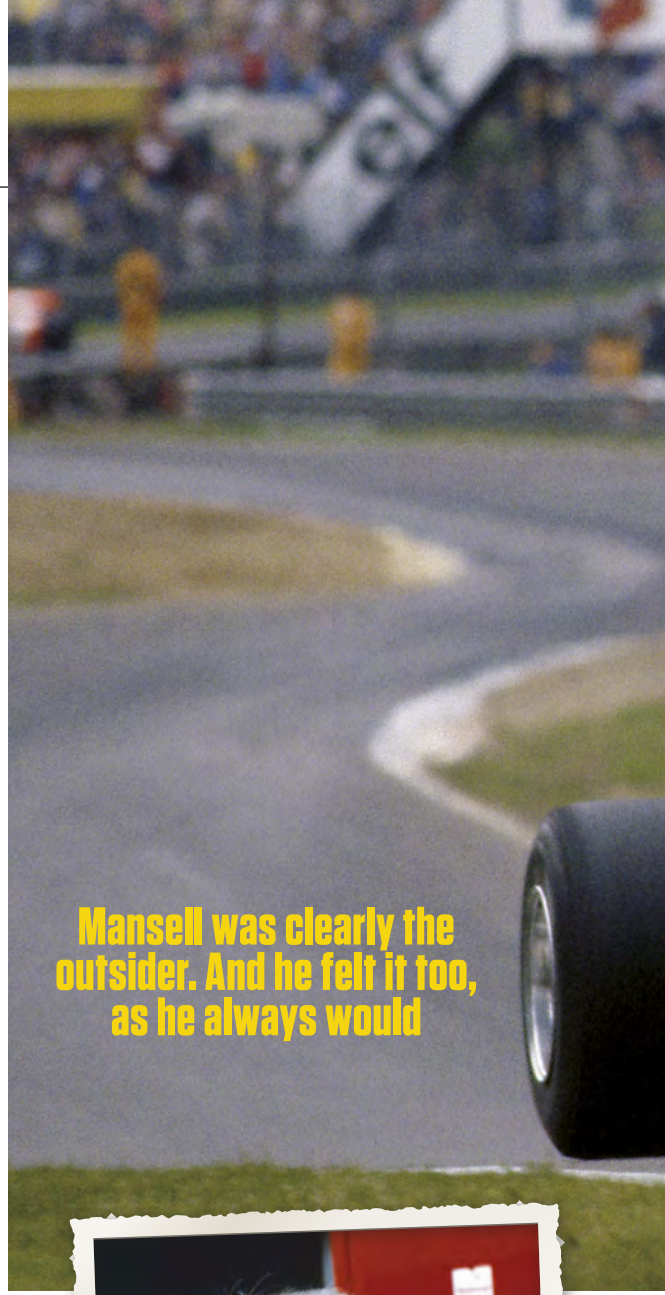
Amusing, yes, but a mite rash with hindsight. But still there was no hint of regret years later: "I assess Nigel now no differently than we did at the time – he wasn't as quick as he was made out to be. It's a fact that Nigel at Lotus was not the racing driver he subsequently became. That's the kindest thing I could say."

Mansell's was certainly a long F1 apprenticeship. After two GPs and a DNQ as third driver during 1980, he landed a full-time seat for '81. He was 27, and would partner Elio Angelis for the next four seasons, scoring five third places, one pole position and 38 points. In the same period de Angelis would score 73 points, one win and two poles.

Mansell was second-best.

"Nigel wasn't as quick as Elio, and he never would be," said Warr, "which begs the question that had de Angelis survived and enjoyed Nigel's luck what sort of F1 world champion would he have been?"

Warr was adamant that Mansell was a "late developer" who eventually flowered at Williams because of its superior cars and no-nonsense approach. But that's too glib, surely? Better machinery, yes, but Frank Williams and Patrick Head are not renowned for driver management skills; yet Mansell grew into a regular winner with them. Exactly where does that leave Lotus in the talent-nurturing stakes? True, the racer's racer who would mug Ayrton Senna in Hungary in 1989 and conquer Indycars at his first attempt in '93 would have been hard to spot in the early '80s – but Chapman had seen something special in him, hadn't he? Not the next Jim Clark perhaps, but something worth developing. And there were others convinced by Mansell's talent. Problem was, it lay dormant at Lotus, buried in results that hardly dazzled. But there were nuggets of potential if you bothered to look – and looked hard enough.



Mansell was clearly the outsider. And he felt it too, as he always would



MANSELL'S RISE THROUGH THE RANKS HAD been a financial grind punctuated by two crashes that could have left him paralysed. But it was a rapid one. When he joined de Angelis, Stephen South, Eddie Cheever and Jan Lammers at Paul Ricard in the autumn of 1979 he was only four years out of karts. And yet he was clearly the outsider. He felt it too, as he always would. His way in was tortuous: de Angelis was snapped up as Mario Andretti's team-mate for 1980 and South was offered the testing contract; it was only when the latter baulked at signing on the dotted line that Mansell gratefully accepted the deal.

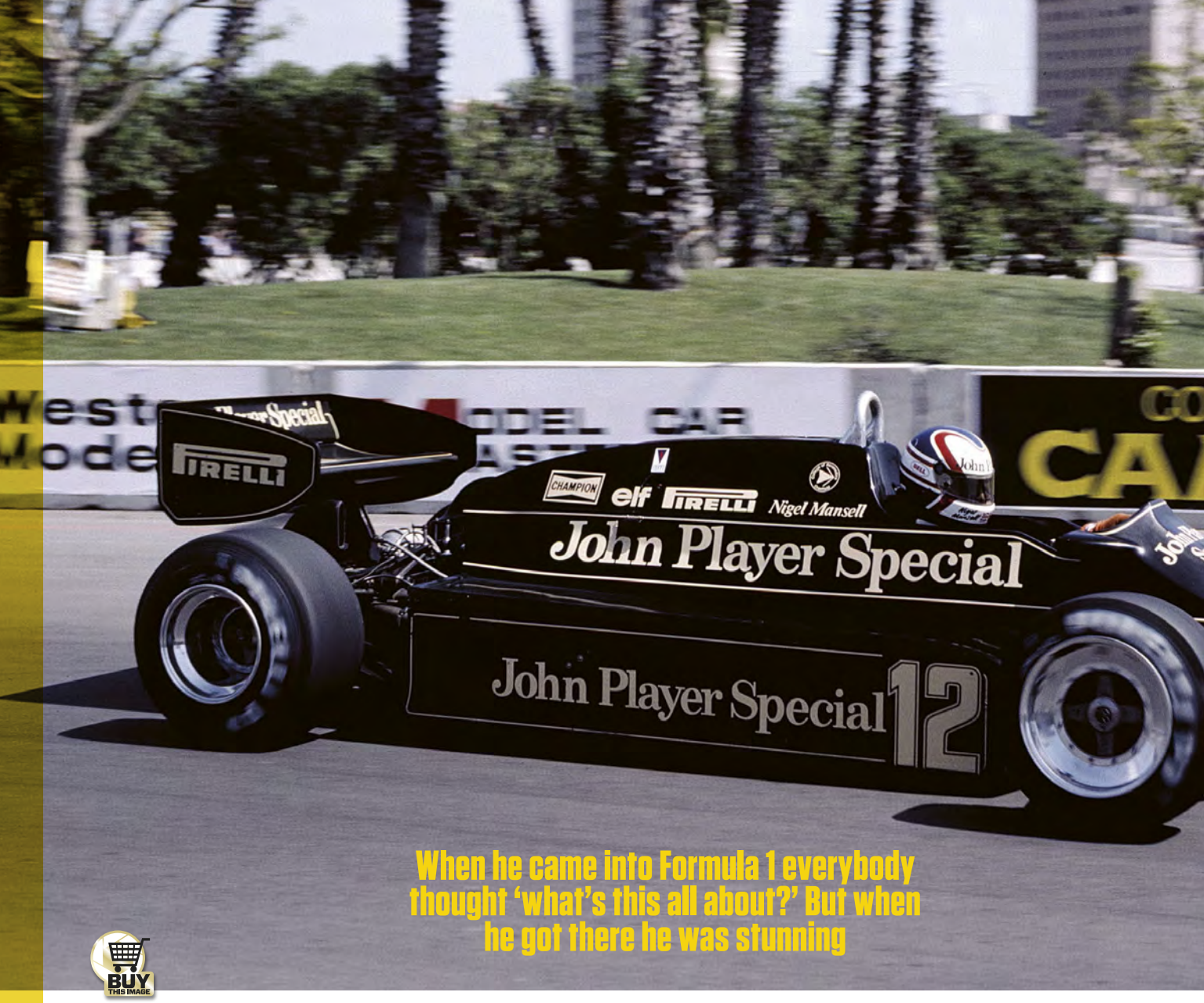
Derek Warwick was racing for Toleman in Formula 2 and was widely tipped as Britain's next F1 title hope: "Nigel didn't have much of a record. When ▸







Top and above, first podium, at Zolder. Left, fuel-soaked debut in 1980. Far left, critical Peter Warr



When he came into Formula 1 everybody thought 'what's this all about?' But when he got there he was stunning

BUY THIS IMAGE





Near win at wet '84 Monaco, left, was heart-breaking moment; with team-mate Elio de Angelis, above





he came into F1 everybody thought, 'What's this all about?' There was confusion. But once he got there he was stunning."

Those doubts were understandable. Nigel played only a bit part in F2 in 1980 aboard a works Honda-powered Ralt at the beginning of its development curve. Team boss Ron Tauranac saw talent, but admits it was raw: "Nigel was inexperienced. I remember him qualifying sixth at Zandvoort. It rained during the race but he continued with his usual dry line and was frequently passed by slower but more experienced men.

"Afterwards he admitted this and took my comments in good part. I don't regard myself as a good enough judge of driving talent to pick a future champion, but he did have the determination, the drive, to overcome obstacles."

Mansell carried out his test duties for Lotus at Silverstone and Brands Hatch, impressing with his pace. "We were just relieved that he was not a wanker," admits chief race engineer Nigel Stroud.

Team manager Peter Collins and F1 journalist Peter Windsor were vociferous Mansell fans and badgered Chapman to give him a full-time race seat. He did, for 1981, but insiders doubt the strength of the much-vaunted Chapman/Mansell axis. It wasn't clear exactly what the Old Man thought of his new driver.

"I don't think Colin believed in him that much," says Warr. "But he did have a hankering to sign another British driver. He'd had one or two unsuccessful driver relationships; the last decent one had been with Andretti [whom Mansell replaced]. Deep down he was searching for another Jimmy-type relationship."

MANSELL, THOUGH, WAS NO CLARK – A MAN who rarely complained win or lose, mainly because he tended to win; in contrast Nigel's 'whinger' tag was already beginning to stick. But Stroud possibly saw what Chapman liked about him: "Nigel was a good bloke – but very emotional. When Luckett was hurt at Zolder, Nigel was weeping in the car, really crying. I was sent to get his wife Roseanne to help calm him down. He was probably the sort of bloke who could wind himself up into that kind of state – but he was sincere."

His third place in that restarted race showed a resilience that was fast becoming a Mansell trademark. Fourth in a blisteringly hot season finale in Las Vegas gave an indication of his physical strength, too. The bloke had grit, an essential trait as this famous team went through turmoil during the early 1980s. Its cars were off the pace – and then Chapman died in December '82; Mansell had lost his mentor, one of the few prepared to keep faith in him. Chief designer Martin Ogilvie sums up the attitudes Mansell was facing: "We didn't think he had a great deal of talent; he was always complaining and never showed any real spark in a Lotus. Man, machine and company just never hit it off."

More bad news: Collins jumped ship to Williams and Warr, who had just returned to the Lotus fold, was ▸







It would be with Williams, above, that Mansell hit his stride. Left, stalking Senna in Hungary. Right, Indycar title in '93 followed F1 crown

now in charge. He promptly secured a Renault turbo for 1983. But the problem for Mansell was precisely that: a turbo engine. Just the one. Mansell had failed to threaten de Angelis's position as team leader in '82 and there was no question which of them would be given the V6. For eight races Mansell would struggle with a Cosworth-powered 92.

Fortunately, he wasn't missing much. The Renault-engined 93T was a dog. Warr had to act fast; the out-of-favour Alfa Romeo designer Gerard Ducarouge entered stage left. "He arrived in May and looked at the 93T," says Warr. "You could tell by the way his nose wrinkled up and his shoulders shrugged that he thought it was a heap of crap."

In just six weeks Ducarouge and a revitalised team came up with the 94T. Mansell made his turbo debut in it at Silverstone – and finished fourth. Another nugget.

But his relations with Warr did not improve. Despite having a firm contract, signed with Chapman, his place was under threat for 1984. John Player Special's demand for a British driver saved him this time, but Mansell knew he needed a new team for '85. Williams had shown interest as long ago as '81…

Mansell battled on. He finished third at Dijon. And only then told the team that his mother had died three days earlier

Equipped with Ducarouge's 95T, the best Lotus since the ground-effect 79, Mansell battled on. He finished third at Dijon. And only then told the team that his mother had died three days earlier.

Then came Monaco. Act Four: first (should-have-been) GP win. Mansell turns it on in foul conditions and overtakes Alain Prost's McLaren for the lead. He continues to lap 2-3sec quicker than the rest, possibly to prove his detractors wrong. Then up the hill the black car slithers on a white line and slaps the barrier. Over and out. In more ways than one?

Had Warwick not turned down Williams for 1985 would Mansell have disappeared without an F1 trace? Maybe. For Lotus cast a long black shadow over this sensitive soul. But there was a golden lining. He hadn't been entirely convincing at Lotus, but he still had a strong conviction: he was too good to simply peter out.

Lotus in turn now had Senna in what turned out to be its final realistic tilt at a return to the glory days. Mansell got his second chance (and ultimately third in 1991-92) with Williams. Both upped their games. But whereas their preceding civil war had been too close to call in terms of culpability, victor and vanquished, there was a clear winner of this all-turbos-blazing, them-and-us second phase. It wasn't Lotus. ■

NIGEL MANSELL

Born: August 8 1953, Baughton, Worcestershire, Great Britain



Five – most consecutive wins at the start of a season, 1992, a record shared with Michael Schumacher

It took 176 Grands Prix for Nigel Mansell to win the World Championship, five more than Jenson Button

87.5% – highest percentage of races started from pole in a season (14 of 16 in 1992)

Nigel Mansell started 95 races in a Williams, one more than Ralf Schumacher

'Il Leone' became the first Briton since John Surtees to win for Ferrari on his debut for the team in the 1989 Brazilian GP

MICHAEL SCHUMACHER

BY GARY WATKINS

The new kid always gets the worst jobs. That's the way it would have seemed if you had wandered into the Sauber Mercedes pit garage on a bright winter's day at Paul Ricard in November 1989. One of the sports car team's Group C Silver Arrows has clearly had an off and it is the job of a fresh-faced youngster to clean out the gravel that has found its way into every nook and cranny.

Only something isn't quite as it seems. The lad wielding the vacuum cleaner is wearing Nomex, not to mention an expression of acute embarrassment. He's not Sauber's gofer, rather one of its latest influx of Junior racing drivers. The name on his overalls? Michael Schumacher.

This is the first step in one of the most successful programmes ever designed to seek out young talent. The 20-year--old Schumacher is present in France along with fellow German Heinz-Harald Frentzen and Austria's Karl Wendlinger, two of his sparring partners from that year's German F3 series. Mercedes has secretly decided that it is on its way back to Formula 1 and so is aiming to prep this trio of German-speakers for Grand Prix stardom via the defence of its World Sports-Prototype Championship in 1990.

The masterplan doesn't require Mercedes to be in Formula 1 until 1992 at the earliest, and only one of the three is in a hurry to get there. Schumacher, who finished behind Wendlinger and Frentzen in the German F3 title race, appears to have ignored his new team boss Peter Sauber's pep talk prior to their first run in one of that year's Sauber Mercedes C9s. ▶

The record books would be at his mercy in F1, but the German won his spurs as a junior in sports car racing. Those two years with Mercedes would be the making of the most successful racing driver in history

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, FEBRUARY 2005



SUTTON



"PETER MADE A SPEECH IN WHICH HE TOLD us we were now factory drivers and we were to do as we were told," recalls Wendlinger. "Above all we were told not to crash."

Not only was Schumacher "spinning all over the place", according to outgoing Sauber team manager Dave Price, but he contrived to get involved in a wheel-banging match with a Porsche 962C driven by Jo Winkelhock. The result was a trip through the gravel for the Sauber and a slap on the wrist for its driver.

"When the 'kids' asked us how they were comparing with the other drivers we told them that we weren't timing them and that the whole point of the test was for them to get used to the car," recalls Bob Bell, who engineered the Junior drivers at Ricard. "When Schumacher went off we made him clean out the car." Bell says that Schumacher was the slowest of the three over the two days. "He spoiled it for himself," explains the Brit who moved with Price to Nissan's Group C team for 1990. "He wasn't so fast because he didn't get so many laps."

Exactly who was fastest isn't clear 15 years on. Bell reckons that it was Wendlinger, though the notes that would confirm it are lost. Most of the other people involved in the programme believe it was Frentzen. Certainly the latter, who was 22 at the time, emerged fastest of the trio during subsequent tests at Ricard, Jerez and Hockenheim.

Michael learned in one year what other people learned in three or four years – and not only technically

These winter runs were designed specifically to prepare for a WSPC campaign during which the Juniors would take turns at the wheel of the second Team Sauber Mercedes car alongside Jochen Mass. The sports car veteran, who would tutor the youngsters – and the architect of the Junior programme, Mercedes race director Jochen Neerpasch – rate Frentzen as the one who showed the most potential at this stage. "We clearly had three very good drivers," says Mass, "but it was Heinz-Harald who had the most obvious speed."

Or at least it was the oldest of the three who got up to speed the quickest. "Frentzen would be the one who was on the pace straight away, then Schumacher and then Wendlinger," explains Neerpasch. "Heinz-Harald clearly had a lot of natural talent. I wouldn't say he didn't take it seriously, but it seemed easier for him. Michael had to work at it – and so he did. He was more systematic and more analytical."



SUTTON





Top, first victory in Mexico, 1990, with Mass. Right: the juniors: Michael, Sauber, Wendlinger, Frenzen. Above, wheel to wheel with Brundle's Jaguar

SCHUMACHER'S BURNING DESIRE TO MAKE himself and his car ever faster, a cornerstone of his record-breaking F1 career, became evident in his maiden sports car season, in which he contested three races in that year's Mercedes C11. A fourth, his scheduled debut at Silverstone, turned out to be a false start when he was disqualified in practice for receiving assistance beyond the pitlane.

Mass: "He was constantly asking questions and always thinking about how he could change the car. I was in charge of its set-up and often had to tell him to leave things alone."

Neerpasch calls the Schumacher of 1990 vintage – a driver in only his third season of car racing – a "rough diamond". It was his desire for self-improvement that allowed him to quickly polish up his skills. "He was like a baby," says Neerpasch. "By that I mean he had a baby's ability to learn. He learnt in one year what other people learn in three or four years, and not only technically."

Even before the end of the 1990 season, Schumacher was emerging as the standout among the three.

"We thought Michael was the one over the winter, but he confirmed it during the season," Neerpasch says. "We realised that he was much more than a very good driver, that he was something outstanding."

That much was evident from the outside, too. It was ▶



SUTTON

Schumacher who made the biggest impression, even though Wendlinger achieved almost identical results alongside Mass. Frentzen, meanwhile, was in the process of ducking out of the Mercedes Junior programme. First, he had opted to concentrate on his debut season in Formula 3000 with Eddie Jordan and found time to take in just one WSPC round. Then he quit altogether to focus full-time on single-seaters for 1991. Wendlinger contested three of the opening four races courtesy of greater flexibility in his single-seater programme; he was undertaking a handful of F3000 outings with his manager Helmut Marko's squad, while Schumacher was mounting a successful bid to emulate his new team-mate by winning the German F3 title. So Wendlinger had already notched up two runner-up places behind Sauber's lead entry driven by the reigning champions, Jean-Louis Schlesser and Mauro Baldi, and had also scored a fortuitous victory at Spa-Francorchamps by the time Schumacher's sports car career began in earnest at Dijon in July. The future superstar took over from Mass in second place behind Baldi and cut a 16sec lead in half over the course of his stint. What's more, he also brought the car back onto its fuel schedule. Group C, remember, was still at this stage a fuel formula, with a fixed allocation of gas for each car.

Schumacher impressed again at the Nürburgring and then in the rain at the season finale in Mexico City. This race gave him the first of his two world



SUTTON





BUY THIS IMAGE

Jordan F1 debut at Spa was brief but impressive . Opposite middle, with Mass at Mercedes, a useful mentor for GP progress, bottom

At Benetton he was nothing special, but he took a big step forward during '94. That has been the key: he kept on improving

championship sports car wins, though he was even more fortunate to gain full points than Wendlinger had been at Spa. The victory came some time after the race had finished, when Schlesser/Baldi were disqualified for having been given too much fuel. Direct comparison between the three – Schumacher, Wendlinger and Frentzen – isn't easy because they never drove together at the races. But the following season the first two teamed up in Mercedes' stab at the new 3.5-litre atmo GpC regs during the renamed Sportscar World Championship. This time any comparison is made difficult because the C291 was no match for Jaguar's XJR-14 or the evo version of Peugeot's 905 that appeared midseason; nor was it reliable, its complex flat-12 plagued by electronic and machining problems.

Wendlinger insists he was on a par with Schumacher in 1991: "We took qualifying in turns, so it was not easy to say who was fastest. But, for example, at Autopolis [a race Schumacher/Wendlinger won] it was his turn to qualify. He set the time, but I also got a set of tyres and ended only about five or six hundredths behind him. He was not unreachable at that time." Wendlinger maintains, too, that in 1990 and '91 the world had yet to see the ultimate Schumacher. "If you look at his career he kept on improving," he explains. "In his first year at Benetton in '92 he was good, but nothing special. He was better the following year, and then clearly took a big step forward in his own performance during the '94 season. That has been the key to his success; he kept on improving."

⬢ ⬢ ⬢

ONE INCIDENT DURING THE 1991 SEASON gave the world a taste of a different side of Schumacher, the man who would gain infamy for his sideswipes at Damon Hill and Jacques Villeneuve in the F1 finales of 1994 and '97. This time his 'victim' was Jaguar's Derek Warwick, and the 'scene of the crime' was the Nürburgring's SWC meet in August.

"I knew Michael was on quallies and saw him coming and moved over, putting nearly the whole of the car on the kerbs," says the Briton. "I made it look as though I was getting out of the way, but I knew it would screw his lap." What happened next was a "total over-reaction", according to Warwick. "He cut straight across me and took my nose off." ▶


UNITED COLORS OF BENETTON
CAMEL
SCHUMACHER
CAMEL

Both cars came into the pits and an incensed Warwick jumped from his Jaguar and chased Schumacher out of Sauber's pit and through one of its trucks before cornering him in the back of the second transporter.

"I remember holding him down over what I think was a massage table, with Mass trying to pull us apart and Schlesser yelling, 'Hit him, Derek, hit him!'"

Little did Warwick know that a well-aimed punch could have prevented one of the most memorable Grand Prix debuts in recent history. For few knew that discussions were already under way to make Schumacher an F1 driver in time for the following weekend's Belgian Grand Prix. And the young man who arrived at Spa to drive the Jordan vacated by the imprisoned Bertrand Gachot was more than qualified for the job; Jordan team manager Trevor Foster, who also engineered the newcomer that weekend, reckons his two seasons with Mercedes had been the perfect stepping-stone: "It was a phenomenal grounding. He knew how to work with a big team and how to get it working for him. What's more, those Group C

I remember holding him down over a massage table and Schlesser yelling 'Hit him, Derek, hit him!'

cars were capable of lap times not too dissimilar to an F1 car, and he had gained experience of running on qualifying tyres, too."

A driver whose F1 experience stretched to a little over two dozen laps of the Silverstone South circuit prior to arriving at a track he didn't know ended up out-qualifying team-mate and Spa specialist Andrea de Cesaris. Seventh-fastest made the establishment take notice, even though he cooked his clutch and only got as far as Eau Rouge in the race. "We could tell he was special," says Foster. "A real talent."

That was something which all at Sauber and Mercedes already knew. ■



MICHAEL SCHUMACHER

Born: 3 January 1969, Hürth-Hermühlheim, Germany

307 STARTS

WINS 91

POLE POSITIONS 68

1566* POINTS

WIN RATE 29.66%

FASTEST LAPS 77

WORLD CHAMPION
1994 1995 2000 2001 2002 2003 2004

1813 days – the longest reign as current World Champion

116 front row starts – Senna (87) is next best

Eight French GP wins – the most in a single event

22 races with a clean sweep of pole position, fastest lap and victory – twice as many as the next best driver, Jim Clark

Michael Schumacher clinched the 2002 World Championship on July 21– the earliest in the year that anyone has ever wrapped up the title

*INCLUDING YEARS IN WHICH 25 POINTS HAVE BEEN AWARDED FOR VICTORY

FERNANDO ALONSO

BY NIGEL ROEBUCK

He is widely regarded as the all-round best of his generation, but he couldn't add to his world title tally at Ferrari. In 2010, his first year at the team, he was full of optimism. Now, it seems a long time ago

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, DECEMBER 2010

On the basis of cream rising to the top, perhaps we shouldn't have been surprised that the five fastest qualifiers for the Singapore Grand Prix were the five contenders for the 2010 world championship: Alonso, Vettel, Hamilton, Button, Webber. The race, though, swiftly distilled to a two-hander between Alonso and Vettel, Bernie Ecclestone's dream team. Were he still a team owner, Bernie says, Fernando and Sebastian would be his drivers of choice.

"Let's be really blunt," said Martin Brundle last winter. "If you were starting a Formula 1 team, there are three guys on the 'must-have' list, aren't there? Alonso, Vettel, Hamilton – you'd need to have one of them. I know Alonso can be a difficult character sometimes, but boy, does he deliver!

"Fernando is a great racing driver — and, for me, his greatness was confirmed at Monza that year they gave him a five-place grid penalty for supposedly holding up Massa..." This was 2006, and the circumstances were these: in the closing minutes of qualifying Alonso's Renault suffered a rear puncture, which meant a long lap back to the pits. The car was damaged, but after a swift safety check Fernando began the mother and father of all out-laps, striving to get back to the line in time for a final banzai run. He made it by precisely two seconds and then drove a quite stupefying lap, setting fifth-fastest time in a car with significantly damaged rear aerodynamics. ▶


MUBADALA
ABU DHABI

THAT WASN'T THE END OF THE STORY. Fernando's out-lap may have been the fastest in history, but it wasn't quite as quick as Massa's final flying lap, and afterwards Felipe complained that he had been held up. There was no protest from Ferrari, but the FIA stewards concluded that Alonso 'had impeded another driver during the qualifying session', and, while allowing that 'such action may not have been deliberate', deleted his three best laps.

Going into Monza, with four races left, Alonso headed Michael Schumacher in the world championship. The stewards' decision moved him down to 10th on the grid. It was a good day for conspiracy theorists.

"That was utterly scandalous," said Brundle, "but Fernando's final qualifying lap was unbelievable — how he set the time he did, with the sidepod hanging off that car, I will never understand.

"It was folklore stuff – instead of penalising him, they should have carried that car to an honorary pole!

"In the Renault days Alonso had this bizarre driving style, and I remember thinking, 'How will he ever get on in a McLaren?' – and he went to McLaren, and drove in a completely different way. The bizarre style in the Renault was simply Fernando adapting to the car's terminal understeer – it wasn't his natural style at all, but he could produce it if he had to. He can simply adapt to whatever he has to drive, and that skill is a step above the others. The guy's awesome..."

In a way Ferrari was always in my head, but I think that's natural. Kids normally play with red cars, don't they?

A Latin he may be, but fundamentally Alonso is remarkably composed. Engine mapping problems could have compromised his qualifying in Singapore, but he and the team calmly sorted everything out, and Fernando duly stole a crucial pole position from Vettel's faster Red Bull. On his slowing-down lap there was no whoop of delight on the radio: "Thank you everybody, thank you..." was all he said.



YEARS AGO ALONSO TOLD ME THAT THE ONLY disagreeable aspect of life as an F1 driver was that he truly did not enjoy fame. At the time he was with Renault, living in Oxford, and he found it a way of life entirely to his taste. If he went out to a restaurant, he said, people didn't bother him, and he appreciated that. At Monza, where Fernando and I sat down to talk in 2010, I reminded him of what he had said. Given that he didn't care to be famous, surely moving to Ferrari had only amplified the problem... He gave a resigned smile.

"Well, for sure it's not an ideal situation – privacy is one of the secret dreams you have every night when you go to sleep. You say, 'Well, maybe tomorrow I'll be completely anonymous, and able to lead a normal life...' That is one of my dreams, but... it's the way it is, and there's nothing we can change. I try to be as normal as possible when I'm away from racing – I try to be in places where there aren't many people, and to have a very calm lifestyle."

I recalled a Monza evening the previous year, when I'd been sitting with friends on the terrace at the Hotel de la Ville, and Alonso arrived with an entourage of maybe a dozen people, none of whom I recognised.

"Yes," Fernando smiled, "I remember. It was two particular friends with their families who had come for the race. Still, my best friends – my real friends – are the ones I made at school, people I knew in the early days – not part of motor racing. It suits me very well." Life in his native land, he went on, has become ever more difficult – when he is there, it is as if he were under house arrest. "Honestly, I'm not in Spain very much, and when I am I spend most of the time with the family – at home, rather than in a shopping centre or anything like that. I concentrate on very relaxed days, to wind down and recharge batteries..."

An intensely private man, then, which Fernando concedes is at odds with being a Ferrari driver: "It's the same everywhere you go. In Melbourne, for example, you could really feel it there – there are Ferrari fans everywhere. But, you know, in a way it's nice too, to feel all this passion from the fans – all these people wishing for good things for you. Yes, it's a nuisance sometimes, in restaurants and so on, but it's the price you have to pay, and... it's OK."



ALONSO IS THE FIRST WORLD-CLASS RACING driver to come out of Spain, and until his arrival the country, while traditionally besotted with motorcycle racing, showed little interest in four wheels.

"No, F1 was not very important – it was not easy to follow it in Spain. For all Spanish kids racing karts at that time, I suppose the name we knew best was Ayrton Senna – he was the man, the big idol – but it wasn't until 2003 that F1 was televised live in Spain. When I started in F1, in 2001, my parents had to watch recordings on Italian TV!"

Like Mark Webber, Fernando came into F1 with the much-loved, now defunct Minardi team, and I wondered if that spawned hopes of one day driving for Ferrari.

"Not really," he said. "Something like that was far in the distance. Really all you think about is driving a better car. In a way Ferrari was always in my head, yes, but I think that's natural for anyone who loves motor racing. Kids normally play with red cars, don't they? That has nothing to do with Ferrari, but the red colour is... competition, is passion, isn't it? If you ask people if they would like to drive a Ferrari, even on a motorway or in the city, 99 per cent will say yes – so imagine what it's like for an F1 driver to be asked to drive for Ferrari!"

For years it seemed inevitable to me, and others, that one day Alonso would be bound for Maranello. "Fernando's very much a typical Ferrari driver, isn't he?" said Bernie Ecclestone. "He's a fighter with a lion's heart – he has a passion for competing."

For most of 2009, it was an open secret that Alonso's move to Ferrari – agreed long before, and originally set for 2011 – was likely to be brought forward a year. In the meantime, though, Fernando was stuck with an uncompetitive Renault, and I suggested that it must have been difficult to keep his motivation alive. "Not really," he said. "To know after qualifying that you are at best eighth or ninth is not really my thing, but I'm a competitor, and I don't like to lose. In terms of the complete package we were not competitive, but I went to every race in the hope of being on the podium, or maybe – if the weather conditions were unusual – winning.

"In one way I was counting down the races – you ▶

Alonso joined Ferrari in 2010, a year earlier than originally forecast. Left, leading the pack in Singapore that season

think that very soon you are going to achieve one of the targets of your career: you are going to drive for Ferrari. Of course your mind turns to the future, you have some telephone calls with the designer of the car you will drive. So yes, you start thinking about next year, but... You know, with all the history I had at Renault, with a lot of success and a great group of people – most of them very good friends of mine – in a way I was sad, knowing that every race was a little bit closer to the final one. Seven of my nine years in F1 had been spent with Renault. The last race was very emotional for me."

AS WAS THE FIRST TIME HE TOOK THE WHEEL of a Ferrari. Spain may once have been lukewarm about F1, but the Alonso factor long ago changed all that. "When I first drove the car, it was at Valencia, and it would be difficult to think of a better place to make my debut in a Ferrari – in my own country, just a test, but with 40,000 people there. It was like a big party. I felt very emotional and a little bit stressed, I must admit – it was not a normal test!"

Integration with Ferrari has proved easier than Alonso expected. "Being part of the team, knowing the philosophy... For some reason I thought that would be difficult for me, but the culture is similar – I am Spanish, they are Italian, and we have the same philosophy of life. The integration into the team was very straightforward, from day one.

"From the outside, Ferrari is big – very impressive – but from the inside it's much more. When I arrived, I was surprised by the town of Maranello – in fact, by the passion for Ferrari everywhere in Italy. Whether they like motor racing or not, they feel that Ferrari is theirs – it's as if they all own Ferrari. Then there's the factory, the people working there... The road cars are made 200 metres away from the F1 cars, and the people there also feel part of the successes and problems of the race team. When I arrived at Ferrari, it was like finding a big family – everyone with the same passion, whether they work on F1 cars or road cars, whether they are engineers or cooks or whatever. They are all Ferrari, and I love that."

In the second half of the season, Alonso and the team really began to come on strong, but prior to that the cars' competitiveness was patchy. Through it all though, Fernando continued to stress that this was the best, the happiest year of his career to date. Even more so than the 2005 and '06 seasons with Renault, when he was world champion?

"Yes, really," he said firmly. "For one thing, my personal life is better than ever, and in part this is thanks to being at Ferrari, to the great atmosphere in the team. All right, it's true that I won championships with Renault, but still it wasn't complete somehow – I didn't feel 100 per cent happy with myself and my life. Now I have more experience and maturity – and also I'm not too stressed any more about media or anything like that. Overall my quality of life is much better now – there is no comparison. It's true that the championship makes you very happy, yes, but overall – whether we win or whether we don't – this year will be the best so far."



Perhaps, I ventured, he has been more relaxed about the press since 2007, his unhappy single season with McLaren, on the basis that nothing could ever again be as bad as that? Fernando laughed. "Well, I did not exactly have my best time at McLaren, but... I think it's something you get with experience – you learn how to separate the important things from the unimportant things. Nowadays, whatever the questions at the press conference, whatever the papers say that morning,

Whatever the questions at the press conference, whatever the papers say that morning, I sleep all night long

I sleep all night long – whether it's good news or bad. I know that working with the media is a very important part of the job, but... It's not something that gives you performance..."

Performance. The word defines Alonso. It was Martin Whitmarsh, after Fernando's dominant victory for McLaren at Sepang in 2007 (only his second race for the team), who described him as 'a lean, mean, killing machine' – a man, in other words, put on earth to win.



That remark about the media chimed with one Brundle had made to me.

"Whenever I've interviewed Fernando," Martin said, "I've always had the feeling of, 'Will you make any difference to my career? No, so I'll do whatever I have to do with you, but if it's not affecting the stopwatch, then don't expect any more from me...' And you know what? He's absolutely right."

ALONSO WON HIS FIRST RACE FOR FERRARI IN Bahrain, but thereafter went through a difficult period with a car neither as quick nor – more surprisingly – as reliable as he might have anticipated. Untypically for Fernando, there were also quite a few mistakes, and we suspected that he was trying to compensate for the car's deficiencies. "No, it wasn't that," he said. "I was always on the edge – not only this year. I accept that maybe I have made more mistakes this year than any other, and I have no problems in admitting that."

Perhaps the most surprising error came at Shanghai, where Alonso's Ferrari got on the move some little time before the lights went out. Not like you, I said.

"I know," Fernando shrugged. "It never happened to me before, and hopefully it never will again. I saw green – and it was not green!" Perhaps he feels that he has come in for more criticism than others. "Look at Spa, for example. On lap one [Rubens] Barrichello hit me from behind, and I was immediately last – but what people will remember about Spa is my spin, seven laps from the end. Yes, I admit it was my mistake – but look at the first two in the race: Hamilton was in the gravel and was lucky to miss the barrier, and Webber lost six places at the start when he was slow off the grid. I thought to myself that if I had done that kind of thing, we would have seen a two-week review of my mistakes!"

Most costly of all was the error in practice at Monaco. Alonso had been fastest in both Thursday sessions, and looked like a contender for pole – until, in the Saturday morning session, he hit the fence at the entry to Casino Square. "That was the worst," he agreed. "The car was good at Monte Carlo, and we were very confident after the first day – quickest in both sessions, good on low fuel, high fuel... Then I braked late and crashed. Of course I was upset with myself, but I thought it would be a matter of changing the suspension and the front wing – I hadn't had the chance to try the soft tyres, but I thought, 'No problem, I'll use them in qualifying, and I'll be away...' I never imagined that the car couldn't be repaired in time for qualifying, but when it was brought back to the garage they found the chassis was damaged." No spare cars in this era, of course, which meant that Alonso started this, of all races, from the back. A fine drive took him to sixth place and eight points – but of course there lingered the thought that he should have been at the sharp end, running with the Red Bulls. Perhaps Fernando's best drive in the first half of the season came at Sepang.

His engine failed in the late laps, but prior to that he had coped brilliantly with a clutch problem, and remained among the front-runners.

"It was not possible to downshift, so... When I ▶

Alonso heads to victory in the 2010 German GP



I'm not here to be distracted by off-track disputes. I'm here to win – and nothing's going to get in the way of that

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was, say, on a straight in seventh gear and needed second for the next corner, I had to downshift with the paddle normally – although the gears did not engage – and then, at the last moment, go back on the throttle to get the gear I had selected. A combination of things – all in 50 metres! I did 50 laps like that – it was busy..."

After Silverstone, the halfway point in the season, Alonso's championship aspirations looked about done: fifth in the table, he had 98 points, while Hamilton was on 145. On the plus side though, Ferrari's competitiveness was improving – at Montréal Fernando finished third behind the McLarens, but he was in the mix all afternoon and reckoned that had he not been held up by backmarkers, he might have won. As for the championship, he continued to assert that he wasn't out of it. He was right. At the next race, Hockenheim, he won – albeit in controversial circumstances, for this was the day when Massa was instructed to move over, and Ferrari's intention to concentrate on Alonso for the title became clear.

Celebrating on the Monza podium, 2010, above. Fans show appreciation in Istanbul, inset, Opposite, Alonso following his successful Ferrari debut in Bahrain

The German Grand Prix marked the beginning of an Alonso spree: second at the Hungaroring, a blip at Spa, then superbly flawless victories – each from pole position – at Monza and Singapore. Five races, post-Silverstone, yielded 93 points; in the same period Webber scored 74, Vettel 60, Button 44, Hamilton 37.

One driver not a factor in the world championship is Michael Schumacher, and that has been to the surprise of many, not least Alonso. "For sure, I thought he would go better. In fact, when we were winter testing I expected him to be a contender for the championship – although I also thought that Nico Rosberg was at a very good level, and Schumacher would not have an easy time.

"Maybe his performance has not been as good as we all expected, but I don't think Michael has forgotten how to drive cars. OK, this year has not been perfect for him, but next year I expect him to be a contender – from race one."

Really?

"Yes. Since he retired, F1 has changed a lot. We have gone onto these very hard Bridgestones, and the downforce we have now is maybe half what we had when he raced in the past. I think the cars are more tricky to drive. He needs time – even Michael..."

I brought up the subject of Schumacher's driving ethics, citing the incident with Barrichello in Hungary. Alonso responded tactfully: "Well, I wasn't in either of the cars, so I don't know the situation exactly..."

All right, I said – but as long ago as 2003 you were in the Renault that was shoved onto the grass on the Hangar Straight at the beginning of the British GP...

"Hmm, OK, yes! Michael has always been... aggressive, when you go to overtake him. I think he needs to be careful with manoeuvres of this kind..." His



response reminded me of the unruffled manner in which he has dealt at press conferences with endless hostile questions about the 'team orders' controversy: I'm not here to be distracted by off-track disputes – I'm here to win, and nothing's going to get in the way of that.

Alonso the private man has a fascination for cards – and, more unusually, for card tricks. "I've always loved playing all the games, with friends. As for the tricks, that came from my grandfather when I was a kid – he was doing tricks with me, and I was fascinated. He started teaching me, and always gave me books and DVDs about card tricks as birthday presents."

Some time ago, at the Renault motorhome, Fernando one day gave an impromptu performance of some of his tricks, and it made quite an impression on everyone present, including me.

"Ah," he smiled, "I remember that, but you saw me four or five years ago – I've improved a lot since then! Now I do tricks with fire and everything, and my favourite at the moment is this: you choose a card, you look at it, and you write it down on a piece of paper – I don't see any of this. Then you burn the paper, and I pick up the ash and rub it on the inside of my arm – and you see the name of your card..."

After the interview I thought of something Brundle said to me last winter: "So here we are, near the docks, late at night, and we get caught up in something. Gangsters everywhere, threats, guns, all that stuff. You've got all the drivers there. Which of them are you going to get to sort it all out?"

"Alonso?" I said.

"Exactly!" said Martin. "I rest my case..." ■

FERNANDO ALONSO

Born: July 29 1981, Oviedo, Spain

235 STARTS

WINS 32

POLE POSITIONS 22

1767* POINTS

WIN RATE 13.62%

FASTEST LAPS 21

WORLD CHAMPION 2005 2006

1767 – the record number of points scored albeit with the last five years having 25 points for a win and double awarded for the final race of 2014

19 years and 218 days – the youngest future world champion (so far) to start a Grand Prix. Alonso is fourth overall

15 podium finishes in a row from 2005 Turkish to 2006 Canadian GPs (second to Michael Schumacher in the records)

Fernando Alonso holds the record for Formula 1 races won (17) and started (105) with Renault

*INCLUDING YEARS IN WHICH 25 POINTS HAVE BEEN AWARDED FOR VICTORY. FIGURES CORRECT FROM END OF 2014.

LEWIS HAMILTON

BY MARK HUGHES

Britain's current world champion polarises opinion thanks to the force of his personality. But no one can deny he's the fastest Grand Prix driver of the modern era

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, OCTOBER 2014

Lewis Hamilton is the most exciting performer on the Formula 1 grid. He's also, without any question, the most divisive. Drama and controversy stalk him. For every fan that is excited by the audacious moves and phenomenal car control, there's another that has a big downer on the personality behind the performer, who sees everything he does through that prism of dislike – even hatred in some cases if the various reader forum boards are any guide.

The most obvious comparison in F1 history is Nigel Mansell, similarly combative, audacious, controversial, occasionally paranoid – and with a similar ham-fistedness in trying to project a certain image, something that gets picked up on as insincere, inauthentic. But it extends beyond that with Hamilton, who is perceived in public as spoilt, narcissistic – and not a team player.

Talking extensively – both on the record and off – with those who work and have worked with him over the years, and observation from close-up, reveals some of those perceptions as accurate, others as wildly wrong. But Hamilton, uniquely, has to answer these negative perceptions of his personality; he seemingly isn't allowed by the fans to exist only as a racing driver, a deliverer of performance. Those perceptions also impinge upon the assessment of his level as a racing driver, even though logically they have nothing to do with it.

His level? He is possessed of a natural talent beyond the norm even of a top F1 driver, is extravagantly gifted in the way only a handful of drivers have ever been. Neutral observers can see this very clearly and obviously. Those privileged to have had a close-up view of what it is he does in a car, some of the things he routinely achieves that would be seen as miraculous by others, can put meat upon the bones. ▶





The first time we ran him at McLaren we asked 'How's the car?' and he said 'Fine'. His natural car control was extraordinary

MERCEDES-BENZ TEAM BOSS PADDY LOWE IS on his second stint of working alongside him, having first encountered him during his time as McLaren technical director.

"Lewis is an extraordinary driver," he says. "The first time we ran him at McLaren [as a rookie late in 2006], I recall the guys looking at the steering trace at the Silverstone test. The oversteer corrections in all the braking zones and corner entries were massive. We were waiting for his feedback and he didn't mention that. We asked 'How's the car on entry?' and he said, 'Fine'. His natural car control was extraordinary. Most drivers would have been quite unhappy with such instability."

He is more comfortable with corner entry oversteer probably than any other driver on the grid and uses that as an asset. In simple terms, because of the way the aerodynamics work, F1 cars tend naturally to oversteer in high-speed corners and understeer at low speed. The more comfortable a driver is with high-speed oversteer, the less understeer he needs to tolerate at low speeds – and the faster the car is around the lap. Illustrious team-mates have discovered much the same things as the data engineers.

"In my time at Ferrari," says one senior ex-Scuderia man, "Lewis was the only other driver Fernando [Alonso] worried about. Yes, other drivers might have been in faster cars and he'd accept that. But on a Grand Prix weekend whenever you'd discuss the challenges, it was only ever Hamilton that Fernando referenced as being a threat, solely because of what he could deliver as a driver. I think Fernando had matured since 2007 when, as a team-mate, he'd been shocked that a rookie could be at his level, be a threat to him immediately and had not reacted well. With hindsight, he understood that Hamilton alone stands as something beyond the norm.

He's great for his ability to race. The public just love that fighting spirit. For me that overpowers all behaviours out of the car





Hamilton's long-time patron Ron Dennis applauds another pole with the team that nurtured a karting kid into a champion

I got the impression that there was no one else on Fernando's radar as a rival."

Jenson Button infamously moved into 'Hamilton's team' at McLaren in 2010 as reigning world champion. He was very confident – and instantly successful there. But as the season wore on, and he studied the telemetry details, he happened upon a moment of revelation. His message to his dad was along the lines of, 'If ever Lewis works out how to get the best from himself and the engineers, the rest of us might as well go home.' Publicly he said, "Lewis is one of the fastest drivers the sport has ever seen." Sitting alongside at an FIA press conference, a surprised Lewis looked across and said thanks. His surprise wasn't in the assessment, just the public recognition of it.

"He is one of those drivers that, as an engineer, you want in your car," adds Lowe, "because whatever he delivers you know he's wrung the car's neck and that's the maximum of what it will do. There are not many drivers of that quality and for an engineer that's the most satisfying aspect. It gives everyone confidence and such a great platform to work from. So he has massive talent and extraordinarily good racecraft – and both were evident right from the start. Remember the number of drivers that got pissed off at being overtaken by him in the early days? He's great in the team for the reason of his performance and ability to race. That captures the public eye as well, because they just love that fighting spirit. I don't want to mention any contemporary drivers but someone like Nigel Mansell gave the same sort of reaction. People loved to watch Nigel. There were similarities at Silverstone in 2014 with 1992 – the crowd just love that sort of driver. For me that overpowers all behaviours out of the car."

WE'LL RETURN TO THOSE 'BEHAVIOURS OUT of the car', but his extraordinary ability behind the wheel sits at the very core of how he defines himself. "That's not true of all F1 drivers," says someone who has worked with many, "or even many of them. More than ▶

any driver I've known he has 100 per cent belief in his ability and when things go wrong everything returns to that belief – it's his balancing point. You never need to build him back up."

There is not one iota of doubt in his mind that he can drive a car faster than anyone else. There is also a widespread acceptance of that in the paddock – from teams, engineers and even other drivers. The only ones who don't see that are those on the outside who have only the correlation of results to judge it by. But F1 is too complex, and Hamilton too flawed in ways other than raw speed, for that correlation to be obvious. It can be seen only in split seconds of astonishing car control, can be appreciated by the engineers who are looking at the tyre loading and aero numbers and seeing how he can transcend them in the dying moments of qualifying even when he hasn't quite honed the car's balance. Virtually since the day of his arrival in F1 he has been the sport's fastest driver. Not necessarily always the best – but the fastest.

Now that he sits in F1's fastest car, with only his team-mate for competition, Hamilton expects to be the fastest outright – and is disappointed when he isn't. A practice session in which he's emerged quicker than Nico Rosberg by only 0.1sec will have him questioning his engineers about where it's going wrong, the subtext being that he knows he is naturally more than a tenth quicker than Rosberg – or anyone else.

But it isn't only talent without application. As someone who defines himself by his racing, he eats, sleeps and drinks it, immerses himself in it to a degree that's unusual. "He reacts and learns," says Mercedes engine boss Andy Cowell, who tells an anecdote about when the prototype for the current engine was on the dyno as Hamilton paid a visit to the Brixworth factory. "We were doing a race distance simulation run and I was pointing out through the glass different features of the engine as it was screaming away and Lewis asked which circuit we were running. I didn't know, I wasn't running the test. So he listened for maybe 10 seconds, then said, 'It's Budapest,' and it was! 'Yeah, that's through Turn Two into Three, running up the hill. Oh, there are fewer shifts compared with before.' He has huge knowledge and familiarity with it all.

"He learns on track, in the simulator, from watching laps on his laptop, replaying the data log in his head in

Every aspect of his life has a roller-coaster element to it – but that's part and parcel of a mercurial personality



Hamilton's personal life has affected his racing at times, but since switching to Mercedes in 2013, opposite, he has a new maturity. Right, with Paddy Lowe



time with what's shown on the screen, and watching others driving the cars. He thinks about it a lot. That's one of the reasons that he's not only quick – but efficient with tyres and fuel."

He is invariably easier on fuel than his team-mate, even when lapping faster. That ease with entry oversteer allows him a level of momentum that requires less re-acceleration. This gives him access to lower starting fuel loads or more engine power for longer – varied according to which is more advantageous.



BUT HE'S NOT A DRIVER WITHOUT WEAKNESS. He's emotional and sometimes lacks control over expressing those emotions. Every aspect of his life has a roller-coaster element to it that can be destructive at worst (in 2011 he was going through an intense personal relationship problem with his famous girlfriend and it seemed to have an effect on his performances), energy-draining at best. But that's part and parcel of a mercurial personality. That same buzzing, never restful, energy is part of what allows him to conjure some of the performances he does – that and the regard in which he holds his own ability and his showman, Mansell-like, need to demonstrate it.

It's not a conventional personality, by any means. But why would it be? How would it be? Quite aside from the natural make-up of a performer at this level, consider his background. He's been set apart from normality since the age of eight, pushed hard and controlled by an ambitious disciplinarian father and, from 13 until his early 20s, further controlled and managed by Ron Dennis, the man who gave him the opportunity of transcending his family's limited financial circumstances. This doesn't come without a cost to the outward sheen of those from more conventional backgrounds. There are examples throughout sport of how the intense childhood of a sporting phenomenon leaves a mark on the personality. By the time Hamilton finally was in a position to be free of those controlling him, he was a multiple millionaire with the world at his feet – an over-age teenager let loose in the sweet shop. But it wasn't lack of discipline that brought him there, rather an excess of it.

Then there's the level of fame he has to deal with; ▶

it's in a different league to that of any other driver. He's the only current driver whose fame totally transcends the sport. "Surveys have shown he is the most marketable sportsman in the world bar none, of all the sports," points out Lowe. "Yet his F1 record isn't the best around – either at the moment or in history. So why is that following so huge? Because people enjoy his qualities, the spectacle he creates. That's not the case with other drivers. I can't quite capture why that is, but there's a drama around him. I've followed him around public places and it's debilitating – he couldn't walk down the street anywhere in Europe or Japan without being mobbed within 15 seconds and having to get back in the car. He didn't choose that and celebrities are often accused of going out looking for attention or that level of fame; he was just a good driver and it's happened. No other driver in this paddock is hampered at that level. Take account of that and you can forgive him certain behaviours he must have to build up as protections. I think if you're not in that world you cannot judge it."

Couple an emotional character, one with an almost skewed need to demonstrate his level in the car, with the complexities of F1 and there is bound to be occasional fall-out, the odd moment of stupidity. Putting his telemetry comparison with Button on social media at Spa 2012 – to show that the lap time deficit was down to his wing choice and not his driving – was not the smartest move. It isn't that Hamilton lacks intelligence, more that his easily-triggered emotions sometimes override it. Yes, that will over time prevent him converting all of his talent into results – but the emotion is also what fuels many of his performances. You cannot have one without the other. He is also aware of his shortcomings. He even asks team members for help in getting around their effects. "He's very quick to recognise his failings," says one. "Then after you've dealt with it he says 'Yeah, but you still need to help me with this because I will do it again.' That's actually very helpful."

He couldn't walk down the street anywhere in Europe or Japan without being mobbed in seconds and having to get in the car





He has in the past railed against the need to conserve tyres, but that was when Pirelli was providing delicate rubber that often needed to be driven 2-3sec off the pace to get adequate stint lengths. Hamilton felt quite strongly that F1 had developed in a way that didn't allow the fastest to be fully rewarded, but this has been less of an issue with the move to tougher tyres. But angry radio



messages to those trying to help his race haven't helped Hamilton's public persona – though from the inside the picture is actually very different.

"Because he's an emotional person, when he thinks something, he'll just say it," observes Lowe. "He'll even say things he didn't mean and will then regret it. We just deal with it. We're calibrated to it. We all have a certain behaviour and teams work around the strengths and weaknesses of the people they have. No one falls out over it. Lewis has talked to me about it and I've just said just be how you are, you should never stop being how you are, that's what works for you. You don't have to be someone you're not and we don't want you to be. I don't find it an issue. But it does come across badly sometimes."

In fact the whole idea of Hamilton being some arrogant self-centred brat with no interest in the team of people working around him is a million miles from the reality. "He's actually a really lovely person to work with," says Cowell. "I don't think I've ever encountered a driver who so readily looks to blame himself. There is absolutely no book of excuses. He is humble if it's gone wrong. If there's a mistake he doesn't bullshit his way out of it, he's hugely honest. He will say, 'I f***ed up guys, sorry'. He doesn't seek anywhere to hide even when there are obvious places he could.

"In general he is not so much a demanding character as someone who contributes, enquires but in a respectful way. There are two sides to it. If there's a technical problem and as an engineering group you're not getting anywhere near solving it, the driver's going to get proper grumpy and start banging the table – as any of us would. But outside that Lewis will put things forward and it's down to us to act upon it or explain why we won't. But he is bringing ideas and contributing – and he's hugely ▶

Fans love Lewis's attacking style, the same way they took to Mansell, inset



Home ground: riding high on victory, Silverstone 2014, from his lowest British Grand Prix start – sixth

motivational because of what he does in the car."

The way he inspires those working for him is something that he hasn't fully grasped yet – the sheer power of it. What he is also just beginning to understand is the reverse of the same process: how demotivational any negativity on the radio can be. Amid the intensity of a grinding battle with his team-mate, a certain competitive paranoia is bound to creep in – and was heard from both Mercedes drivers at different points during 2014. This resulted recently in a strong talking-to by Niki Lauda – reportedly along the lines of 'you are incredibly fast but also sometimes incredibly stupid'.

HE IS JUST BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND THAT many of the things he previously thought were outside his control are actually partly inside it. But even if that process continues, we are never going to see Lewis Hamilton as some sort of perfected performer. The flaws derive from the same place as the brilliance. Similarly, the transmitting of an image, the laying-it-on-with-a-trowel way he can have of projecting himself to the world is not going to go away – and will continue to irritate many. But much of the vitriol directed towards him comes from what that image is – not the fact that



We will never see Lewis as a perfected performer – the flaws derive from the same place as the brilliance

he's trying to convey it. He's from a culture with very different social mores to those of the conservative motor racing crowd. He's the rapper in the yacht club and many fans don't like the fact he has diamond ear studs, wears his trousers like Drake, tattoos his body. But what would they expect him to be into – Pink Floyd and Ben Sherman? He's not of that world or generation. What really is the difference between those choices and Jackie Stewart's long hair in the '60s or Jochen Rindt's pink shirts and mohair coats? Rappers and motor sport; there could barely be two more divergent cultures – yet he's of them both. Lewis Hamilton, love him or hate him. ■

LEWIS HAMILTON

Born: January 7, 1985, Tewin, Hertfordshire, Great Britain

148 STARTS	WINS 33	POLE POSITIONS 38
1486* POINTS	WIN RATE 22.30%	FASTEST LAPS 20

WORLD CHAMPION
2008 2014

Four – most wins in debut season (with Jacques Villeneuve)

Nine podium finishes in a row at the start of that 2007 campaign

By choosing to retain number 44 for his 2015 campaign, Lewis Hamilton becomes the first reigning champion since 1973 to begin his defence without number one on his car.

Lewis Hamilton has won 12 races for Mercedes-Benz. The other drivers to win for the 'Silver Arrows': Fangio, Rosberg and Moss.

Hamilton is the only F1 World Champion also to win motor racing's second tier title (European F2, FIA F3000 or GP2 Series)

Hamilton beat 2014 title rival Rosberg to the 2000 Formula A European kart title though both retired from that year's World Championship

*INCLUDING YEARS IN WHICH 25 POINTS HAVE BEEN AWARDED FOR VICTORY. FIGURES CORRECT FROM END OF 2014.

SOME KEY TOP 10s
1950-2014

WINS

Michael Schumacher	91
Alain Prost	51
Ayrton Senna	41
Sebastian Vettel	39
Lewis Hamilton	33
Fernando Alonso	32
Nigel Mansell	31
Jackie Stewart	27
Jim Clark	25
Niki Lauda	25

POINTS

Fernando Alonso	1767
Sebastian Vettel	1618
Michael Schumacher	1566
Lewis Hamilton	1486
Jenson Button	1198
Mark Webber	1047.5
Kimi Räikkönen	1024
Felipe Massa	950
Nico Rosberg	887.5
Alain Prost	798.5

FASTEST LAPS

Michael Schumacher	77
Alain Prost	41
Kimi Räikkönen	40
Nigel Mansell	29
Jim Clark	28
Mika Häkkinen	25
Niki Lauda	24
Sebastian Vettel	24
Juan Manuel Fangio	23
Nelson Piquet	23

WORLD CHAMPIONS

Michael Schumacher	1994, 1995, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004
Juan Manuel Fangio	1951, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957
Alain Prost	1985, 1986, 1989, 1993
Sebastian Vettel	2010, 2011, 2012, 2013
Jack Brabham	1959, 1960, 1966
Jackie Stewart	1969, 1971, 1973
Niki Lauda	1975, 1977, 1984
Nelson Piquet	1981, 1983, 1987
Ayrton Senna	1988, 1990, 1991
Alberto Ascari	1952, 1953
Graham Hill	1962, 1968
Jim Clark	1963, 1965
Emerson Fittipaldi	1972, 1974
Mika Häkkinen	1998, 1999
Fernando Alonso	2005, 2006
Lewis Hamilton	2008, 2014
Giuseppe Farina	1950
Mike Hawthorn	1958
Phil Hill	1961
John Surtees	1964
Denny Hulme	1967
Jochen Rindt	1970
James Hunt	1976
Mario Andretti	1978
Jody Scheckter	1979
Alan Jones	1980
Keke Rosberg	1982
Nigel Mansell	1992
Damon Hill	1996
Jacques Villeneuve	1997
Kimi Räikkönen	2007
Jenson Button	2009

*Points for a win: 1950-53: 8 plus extra point for fastest lap, 1960-8 with no point for fastest lap, 1961-90: 9, 1991-2009: 10, 2010 to date: 25. Figures correct from end of 2014.

STARTS

Rubens Barrichello	323
Michael Schumacher	307
Jenson Button	266
Riccardo Patrese	256
Jarno Trulli	252
David Coulthard	246
Fernando Alonso	235
Giancarlo Fisichella	229
Mark Webber	215
Kimi Räikkönen	212

POLE POSITIONS

Michael Schumacher	68
Ayrton Senna	65
Sebastian Vettel	45
Lewis Hamilton	38
Jim Clark	33
Alain Prost	33
Nigel Mansell	32
Juan Manuel Fangio	29
Mika Häkkinen	26
Niki Lauda	24

FRONT ROW STARTS

Michael Schumacher	116
Ayrton Senna	87
Alain Prost	86
Lewis Hamilton	72
Sebastian Vettel	67
Nigel Mansell	56
Jim Clark	48
Juan Manuel Fangio	48
Damon Hill	47
Nelson Piquet	44