THE RACES THAT MADE THE LEGENDS

100 GREATEST GRANDS PRIX

SOUVENIR SPECIAL



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The Grand Prix motor races we can never forget...



Welcome to this special one-off magazine, dedicated to our love of Grand Prix racing and produced by the same team that brings you *Motor Sport* each month.

It seemed a good idea: whittle down 107 years of racing history to come up with 100 GPs that could be considered the 'greatest' – then rank them in meritocratic order. By week three, the old grey matter was beginning to ache…

Defining greatness was the first task. There were the obvious races – the wheel-to-wheel duels, the comeback classics. But there were also individual performances of supreme dominance, races that might not necessarily have been the most exciting to witness. Greatness goes way beyond thrill-a-minute, we decided.

Then there were those races of prominence, attached to a certain time or place that made them hugely significant. I'm thinking specifically of Belgrade, 1939. Only five entries took the start of a race that didn't sound particularly scintillating. But as it happened to take place on the very day WWII broke out, we felt it worthy of inclusion. Meanwhile, Sebastian Vettel's remarkable maiden GP win at Monza in 2008, for lowly Scuderia Toro Rosso, was left on the cutting room floor. Is that fair? You decide. We also opted to include a few races that weren't Grands Prix, leastways in name, although the strength of entry was such that they might as well have been...

Choosing which races should make the list was hard enough; ranking the top 100 in some sort of order was even tougher, especially when it came to the crunch: which should be number one? We never did agree unanimously on the 'greatest', but if the magazine was to be finished a decision had to be taken. And that's what I'm here for!

Will you agree with our choice and order? Probably not. But if steam begins to issue from your ears, take a deep breath. In any exercise such as this, there is no definitive list – because there can't be. Our top 100 is based on opinion, nothing more, designed to be a bit of fun and to spark good-natured debate among fans of the world's greatest sport.

So turn the page, delve in – and whatever you do, don't take it too seriously.

Damien Smith, Editor

PS. You can also read this magazine on tablet devices, iPad or Android. Our digital version includes video clips from a selection of the Grands Prix listed, while some of the images are available to purchase via our online photo store:
photos.motorsportmagazine.co.uk

Tell us what you think of our choices at:
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1988 ITALIAN GP

SEPTEMBER 11, MONZA

It was an archetypal Monza day: mist lifting to reveal a hazy sun as the tifosi to begin with seeped and then flooded over, around and through the perimeter fence. Only one thing was missing.

The increasingly hermitic Enzo Ferrari had not attended his home GP for many years. No matter. The less he did, the more significant he became. Put it this way: Il Papa John Paul II had in June visited Il Commendatore, not vice versa – and Enzo, unwell, had stood him up; they spoke on the phone.

Knowing that Enzo was alive, holed up in his moodily-lit converted Fiorano farmhouse, watching the race on TV, waiting for the celebratory or explanatory phone call, had long been sufficient. But now he was gone. Aged 90.

Jean-Louis Schlesser was about to make his Formula 1 race debut one day short of his 40th birthday. Williams' Nigel Mansell was indisposed because of a secondary infection triggered by chickenpox and its preferred subs Martin Brundle, Al Unser Jr and Roberto Moreno were unavailable. So Schlesser, a former test driver for the Didcot team, got the call.

The sports car ace, who had failed to qualify a March-RAM for the 1983 French GP at Paul Ricard, struggled in an unfamiliar environment. He crashed his Judd-powered car in practice, qualified only 22nd – more than two seconds slower than team-mate Riccardo Patrese – and tugged in the race. He will, however, always be fondly remembered by Ferrari fans.

The all-conquering McLaren-Honda turbos of pole man Ayrton Senna and Alain Prost – the pair not yet at war but jousting – led the early stages, albeit at a cost. The latter, hampered by a misfire that eventually caused a rare retirement on lap 35 (of 51), had harried his team-mate into a fuel deficit.

Radioed to further reduce his speed in case of a melting piston, Senna suddenly came under pressure from the Ferraris of Gerhard Berger and Michele Alboreto. The latter, racing angry because Williams had welched on a handshake for 1989, set the race's fastest lap on lap 44. Berger recorded his personal best five laps later to close to within five seconds of Senna.

Two laps remained when the forceful (and perhaps flustered) Brazilian dived by Schlesser at the first part of the first chicane. The undoubtedly flustered Frenchman, who had already been lapped once, ran wide on the dirt, locked up and bumped clumsily across the apex kerb before tipping the leader into a spin and retirement when Senna became beached on the exit kerb; marshals, though able to rock the McLaren as if it were a toy, were unable to get it rolling. The Woking team's sequence of wins thus ended at 11.

It was left to Berger to lead home a famously raucous Ferrari 1-2. The Austrian had driven superbly after a torrid preparation. His car had developed a sticking throttle on a formation lap. He pitted and hopped into the spare, which handled abominably. He pitted once more and climbed aboard his repaired race chassis, only for its throttle problem to resurface. With time running out, he was forced to race the spare, to make some adjustments on the grid, and to hope for the best.

Motor racing's god was smiling down on him that Monza day. **PF**

1st Gerhard Berger
(Ferrari)

2nd Michele Alboreto
(Ferrari)

3rd Eddie Cheever
(Arrows-Megatron)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 17min 39.744sec, 142.001mph

Pole position
Ayrton Senna
(McLaren-Honda), 1min 25.974sec, 150.909mph




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1935 TRIPOLI GP

MAY 12, MELLAHA

North African heat and dust would play havoc with tyres on this flowing 135mph circuit. So Continental brought 50 covers apiece for its three Mercedes-Benz and two Auto Unions. That was only just sufficient.

1st Rudolf Caracciola (Mercedes-Benz)

2nd Achille Varzi (Auto Union)

3rd Luigi Fagioli (Mercedes-Benz)

Winner's time & speed 2hr 38min 47.6sec, 123.028mph

Pole position **René Dreyfus** (Alfa Romeo), position decided by ballot

Although this 40-lap Formule Libre race necessarily attracted a huge grid because its result decided a state lottery, the battle for victory was always going to be between the five Silver Arrows; Tazio Nuvolari's fearsome and even faster – at 198mph – twin-engine Alfa Romeo *Bimotore* was even heavier on fuel and rubber.

Achille Varzi, Auto Union's star off-season signing, led for much of the way. Mercedes-Benz had decided on a three-stop strategy compared with its main rival's two, but early punctures and delaminations threw its plan into turmoil – yet not once did Rudi Caracciola give up. Having struggled with injury throughout 1934, he was determined now to prove his fitness and confirm his priority over feisty Italian team-mate Luigi Fagioli, a consummate winner of the Monaco GP in April.

With five laps to go, Varzi, holding a commanding lead, punctured as he rushed past the pits. Not only was he forced to run on the rim, but also the damaged wheel jammed on the hub at the subsequent stop. Caracciola inherited the lead and set the fastest lap – at 136.8mph – in an attempt to ram home his advantage.

On fresh rubber and teetering on the edge of exhaustion, however, Varzi hunted down his quarry and was lining up for the kill on the last lap when he punctured again.

Caracciola's greatest season was under way. **PF**



MARK SPITZLEY



DAIMLER

1939 BELGRADE GP

SEPTEMBER 3, KALEMEGDAN PARK

The German teams' domination during the 1930s – an overwhelming display of technical expertise dispatched with military efficiency – had long seemed a precursor to something more sinister. The clouds had bubbled. Now the storm broke.

Word spread after the first day of practice that German troops were massed on the Polish border. Indeed, Friday's practice session would be held on a war footing. And by Sunday, Britain and France had entered the conflict. Yet the racers were ordered to keep on racing. New developments were tried, and team-mates locked horns as they bid to set the fastest time around this short, bumpy and cobbled in places street circuit.

Tazio Nuvolari arrived on Saturday morning after a tortuous train journey. Meanwhile, according to Mercedes-Benz' corpulent team manager Alfred Neubauer, Manfred von Brauchitsch, whose uncle Walter was Germany's Commander-in-Chief, had to be hauled from an aeroplane bound for Switzerland.

The day of the race was understandably tense. Von Brauchitsch, never the smoothest, drove like a man possessed and threw up a stone that shattered team-mate Hermann Lang's goggles and cut an eye. Though signalled to slow, he then spun away his lead directly opposite the French embassy.

Auto Union's Hermann Müller hit the front, only to suffer a tyre failure, whereupon team-mate Nuvolari took on a lead he would hold until the end.

Contested by just five cars and lasting not much longer than an hour, this pallid race brought a Homeric era to an uninspiring conclusion. It was apt that its greatest driver should win it – but that meant little given the context.

The Mercedes-Benz team snuck home on dusty back roads and upon its return to Stuttgart its trucks were commandeered. Now the racers were at war. **PF**

1st Tazio Nuvolari
(Auto Union)

2nd Manfred von Brauchitsch
(Mercedes-Benz)

3rd Hermann Müller
(Auto Union)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 04min 03.8sec, 81.3mph

Pole position
Manfred von Brauchitsch
(Mercedes-Benz), 1min 14.2sec, 84.2mph

2005 SAN MARINO GP

APRIL 24, IMOLA

It was staring us in the face, yet we couldn't quite believe our eyes: such had been the lulling effect of Michael Schumacher and Ferrari's five consecutive seasons of supremacy.

1st Fernando Alonso (Renault)

2nd Michael Schumacher (Ferrari)

3rd Alex Wurz (McLaren-Mercedes)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 27min 41.921sec, 130.011mph

Pole position
Kimi Räikkönen (McLaren-Mercedes), 2min 42.880sec, 135.486mph

Although Renault and Michelin had won the first three races of the year – one victory for the patchy Giancarlo Fisichella and two for Fernando Alonso – it was unthinkable that the seven-time world champion and Bridgestone, for so long his ace card, would not soon get to grips with the new regulation banning tyre swaps during races.

And, yep, here he came, right on cue, looming threateningly in leader Alonso's mirrors after a charging drive – from a disappointing 13th on the grid – that included 20 maddening laps spent as the lead carriage in Toyota's 'Trulli train'.

The young Spaniard, who had assumed the lead when Kimi Räikkönen's pole-sitting McLaren broke a driveshaft after nine runaway laps, was acutely aware of the connotations of this challenge: crumble like so many had, or resist like only 'the few' could. He calmly but resolutely fended off the jinking German for the last 12 laps and crossed the finish line two-tenths ahead.

That blink of an eye was an age for Schumacher. Not even he could hold back time – though he had come closer than most to achieving it. A new generation had arrived. He knew it. Alonso, confirmed as being of (patch-free) world champion material, knew it. (So, too, did Räikkönen – he just didn't say.) The silenced tifosi knew it. And now, finally, we knew it. **PF**





1973 BRITISH GP

JULY 14, SILVERSTONE

The monumental pile-up at the conclusion of the first lap overshadowed all else. True, it was a humdinger, eliminating in one fell swoop and a loop eight of the original 29 starters.

1st Peter Revson (McLaren-Ford)

2nd Ronnie Peterson (Lotus-Ford)

3rd Denny Hulme (McLaren-Ford)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 29min 18.5sec, 131.756mph

Pole position
Peterson (Lotus-Ford), 1min 16.3sec, 136.875mph

All three Surtees, a works Shadow, a BRM, a works March, the McLaren of perpetrator Jody Scheckter and the Brabham of its sole casualty: Andrea de Adamich, whose broken ankle counter-intuitively proved the wisdom of the new crash-resistant structures mandatory for every car.

The race, when finally it was restarted, was not without merit or incident, however. Jackie Stewart, who earlier had grabbed the lead from the second row with a typically mind-managed opening lap, suffered an out-of-character spin when attempting to again wrest the lead from the Lotus of the ever-spectacular Ronnie Peterson on lap seven. A tricksy clutch caused the Scot to muff a downchange at Stowe Corner and he fishtailed into, through and out of the infield's corn, clogging his radiators and damaging his nose-cone.

Peterson, adopting angles that took the breath away at this still chicane-less venue, held sway for a further 31 laps – until suave New Yorker Peter Revson, his smooth driving groomed on America's ovals, eased his oh-so-stable McLaren, a design that owed a great deal to the team's recent successes in Indycars, into the lead after a brief squall.

In contrast, newcomer James Hunt was elbowing his way towards the front – and into his country's affections – aboard jolly Lord Hesketh's privateer March. Third for a time, he set the race's fastest lap, but ultimately the McLaren of Denny Hulme nudged him back to fourth.

This quartet was covered by fewer than four seconds at the finish. Crash? What crash? **PF**



SUTTON



1982 AUSTRIAN GP

AUGUST 15, ÖSTERREICHRING

This swooping circuit in Styria was turbo country – as Kyalami, Rio, Imola, Montréal, Zandvoort, Paul Ricard and Hockenheim had all proved to be in their turn as the Grand Prix season had unrolled.

The writing was on the wall, and even Lotus boss Colin Chapman, joint-founder of the Cosworth DFV dynasty in 1967, had been forced down the forced-induction route: he announced his team's 1983 deal with Renault at this race.

This was music to the cultured ears of his Italian number one Elio de Angelis, who promptly re-signed. In the short term the atmo car delighted him in practice; only the Williams of Keke Rosberg was faster – sixth – in the 'best of the rest' battle.

But the turbos fluffed their lines on race day. The Ferrari of Patrick Tambay picked up an early puncture. The pace-setting Brabhams of Nelson Piquet and Riccardo Patrese suffered engine failures, the latter's BMW locking solid and sending him spinning out after 26 laps in the lead that included the first scheduled pitstop of the modern era. And the Renault of Alain Prost retired five laps from victory because of fuel injection bothers.

This left the composed de Angelis in the lead, albeit hounded by Rosberg, who was increasingly happy with his car's behaviour on a lightening fuel load. Both men were seeking their maiden GP win.

The Lotus's DFV hesitated on the final lap and Rosberg drew alongside. The Finn would have won, too, given another couple of yards. Instead he missed out by five-hundredths. De Angelis threw an arm up in triumph – in the manner of a hopeful Peter Gethin at Monza in 1971 – while Chapman hurled a celebratory cap into the air for the first time since the 1978 Dutch GP.

Tragically, the DFV's 150th victory would also be Chapman's last before he suffered a fatal heart attack in December. **PF**

1st Elio de Angelis
(Lotus-Ford)

2nd Keke Rosberg
(Williams-Ford)

3rd Jacques Laffite
(Ligier-Matra)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 25min 02.212sec, 138.071mph

Pole position
Nelson Piquet
(Brabham-BMW), 1min 27.612sec, 151.713mph

1966 BELGIAN GP

JUNE 12, SPA-FRANCORCHAMPS

Friday and Saturday had been hot and sunny. Indeed, the latter's practice session was delayed for 45 minutes by a forest fire above Burnenville. Sunday, however, dawned overcast and threatening.

Spa's microclimate had everybody guessing on the grid. With reports of rain emanating from the far side of this ultra-fast 8.75-mile road circuit, John Surtees, his Firestone-shod Ferrari on pole position by more than three seconds, decided to make a late switch to proven Dunlop wets. A wise decision, as it turned out.

The opening lap was wilder, more surreal than anything Hollywood could have conjured up – director John Frankenheimer was busy here collecting footage for his *Grand Prix* film. The rain had swept across the circuit – and the engine in Jim Clark's Lotus had already gone bang – by the time the field reached Burnenville. Caught unawares, seven cars were eliminated: Mike Spence (Lotus) and Jo Bonnier spun – the latter's Cooper-Maserati left dangling precariously over a high brick parapet; Denny Hulme's Brabham-Climax slapped into the back of Jo Siffert's Cooper-Maserati; and the BRMs of Graham Hill, Bob Bondurant and Jackie Stewart spun at the Masta Kink.

The latter struck a telegraph post, hit a cottage and was trapped in a car bent like a banana and fast filling with fuel. He had to be rescued by Hill and Bondurant, the former borrowing a spanner from a spectator to remove the steering wheel and free his team-mate after 25 nervy minutes. Stewart's lucky escape – no thanks to the organisers – was the genesis of his controversial safety campaign. Being tended to by nuns and taken to hospital in an ambulance that got lost en route had opened his eyes, if not yet those of some others.



Jochen Rindt, an impressive second-fastest qualifier in the dry, was another to endure a monumental spin in the sudden downpour. He somehow avoided hitting anything at the daunting Masta Kink and by the fourth lap had forced his Cooper-Maserati past the Ferraris – a 3-litre V12 for Surtees and a 2.4-litre V6 for Lorenzo Bandini – into the lead.

Surtees was content to play a waiting game and hung back just far enough to steer clear of Rindt's hanging spray. As the rain began to ease, the Englishman increased the pressure on the precocious Austrian, whose limited-slip differential began to wilt under the increased forces exerted by a drying track.

With four laps to go, Surtees made his move and pulled away relentlessly thereafter to score what would be his final victory for the Scuderia. His had been a calculating display of virtuosity and strategy. Not that Machiavellian team manager Eugenio Dragoni saw it that way. He complained that Surtees had let a rival team's car lead for 20 laps. Rightly incensed, Surtees hit back. When the meddlesome Dragoni again undermined him at the following weekend's Le Mans 24 Hours, he walked out, never to return. **PF**

1st John Surtees
(Ferrari)

2nd Jochen Rindt
(Cooper-Maserati)

3rd Lorenzo Bandini
(Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 09min 11.3sec, 113.940mph

Pole position
Surtees (Ferrari), 3min 38.0sec, 144.479mph





1975 DUTCH GP

JUNE 22, ZANDVOORT

With a peer of the realm for a boss, a team manager called 'Bubbles' and a public school-educated driver, hard-partying Hesketh Racing was a round peg in an increasingly square sport.

1st James Hunt (Hesketh-Ford)

2nd Niki Lauda (Ferrari)

3rd Clay Regazzoni (Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 46min 57.40sec, 110.491mph

Pole position
Lauda (Ferrari), 1min 20.29sec, 117.743mph

But the team with the silver spoon in its mouth also had a spine of steel: the schoolmasterly 'Bubbles' Horsley got the best from the mercurial James Hunt, while designer Dr Harvey Postlethwaite provided him with a handsome white charger: the 308.

Zandvoort, however, was flat-12 Ferrari territory and Niki Lauda, who arrived in Holland on the back of three consecutive victories, grabbed an emphatic pole position ahead of team-mate Clay Regazzoni. Hunt, who arrived on the back of five consecutive retirements, was the fastest of the Cosworth-powered runners: third. James knew, however, that he would have to gamble if he wanted to beat his mate Niki: he would start a wet race on dry settings, with a view to switching to slicks at the first sign of a drying line.

Hunt peeled in first, from fourth place, on the seventh lap. He had done something similar at Monaco only for the team to fumble the stop. This time it was more cautious. Even so, its man took the lead when Regazzoni eventually pitted for dry tyres on lap 14; Lauda had stopped one lap earlier – yet still too late.

'Hunt the Shunt' had tossed away the leads of GPs before. Not this time. It helped that Lauda had his hands full with the Shadow of Jean-Pierre Jarier, whom he eventually scrambled by for second place on lap 44 (of 75), but although the Austrian was then able to haul Hunt in, he was unable to pass him.

Lauda knew better than most how good the Englishman potentially was and it crossed his mind that he might have freed Hunt's genie from its bottle. And so he had. **PF**





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1973 ITALIAN GP

SEPTEMBER 9, MONZA

Few drivers have made winning appear easier than Jackie Stewart. And at times it was easy for him, so fastidiously had he worked to bolt advantages on to his natural talent.

As was the case for his mentor Jim Clark, it was on the occasions when he didn't win that he had to dig deeper. Clark had done so at Monza in 1967. Now it was Stewart's turn.

His stubby Tyrrell was not at its best on fast tracks, even now that Monza's flow had been stemmed by two chicanes, and he was 1.3sec off the qualifying pace of the Lotus of Ronnie Peterson, the new King Pole. He was slower than the McLarens of Peter Revson and Denny Hulme, too – and the Surtees of Carlos Pace. Stewart held a 24-point lead over reigning world champion Emerson Fittipaldi – fourth-fastest in his Lotus – but there was no guarantee that the Scot would wrap up the title here.

Stewart's famed ability to compartmentalise was tested further on race morning. A problem with a valve spring forced his team to fit a new Cosworth, and its ignition was still being retimed – and the brakes still being bled – as the car sat on the grid.

The Lotuses rocketed to the front at the start in the order PET-FIT. Stewart, meanwhile, settled down to do what he had to do: third place would put him out of reach come what may. He was running fourth in the early stages when his handling began to deteriorate. A nail had vented his left-rear Goodyear and he was forced to pit at the end of lap eight. He resumed 19th.

A few of those ahead of him fell handily by the wayside. But Jacky Ickx, back at Ferrari on a freelance basis, did not. Nor did Mike Hailwood (Surtees). Nor did Carlos Reutemann (Brabham). They were clinically picked off by one of the greats off the leash: Stewart set a lap record that was eight-tenths quicker than his best practice time.

Tyrrell team-mate François Cevert dutifully stepped aside and Stewart's charge to fourth – he was catching Revson at the rate of two seconds per lap but fast running out of laps – meant that Fittipaldi had to win to keep the title race open.

Emerson thought that a deal had been struck whereby Ronnie would wave him through – as he had in the preceding Austrian GP only for Fittipaldi to retire from the lead because of a disconnected fuel line. Both men were waiting for a signal from the pit.

It never came. Peterson backed off approaching the line when he saw Colin Chapman leaping up and down – but still won by eight-tenths. His animated boss, in thrall to Superswede's raw speed, was in fact delighted by his team's first 1-2 result since Watkins Glen 1967. Fittipaldi, furious at the team rather than with Peterson, immediately began to look for alternative employment.

Meanwhile, joy was unconfined in the Tyrrell camp. Stewart, who had in his own estimation driven as well as he had in winning by more than four minutes in the fog at the Nürburgring in 1968, knew now that he would end his career as a three-time world champion. Only two races remained, whereupon Cevert would step into his shoes…

There were some things that not even Stewart could control. **PF**

1st Ronnie Peterson
(Lotus-Ford)

2nd Emerson Fittipaldi
(Lotus-Ford)

3rd Peter Revson
(McLaren-Ford)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 29min 17.0sec,
132.637mph

Pole position
Peterson (Lotus-Ford),
1min 34.80sec, 136.291mph



2006 BRAZILIAN GP

OCTOBER 22, INTERLAGOS

Felipe Massa, his Ferrari future secure, became the first Brazilian since Ayrton Senna in 1993 to win his home GP. He controlled the race from pole position, eking out a sufficient gap to retain the lead throughout his second planned pitstop.

1st Felipe Massa (Ferrari)

2nd Fernando Alonso (Renault)

3rd Jenson Button (Honda)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 31min 53.751sec, 124.139mph

Pole position
Massa (Ferrari), 1min 10.680sec, 136.350mph

It was, however, team-mate Michael Schumacher – iconic symbol of the team's recent past – who stole the headlines.

Did Schumacher really want to retire? His announcement at Monza in September had been emotional but not entirely convincing. Ferrari, planning ahead, had placed him between a rock and a hard place: Kimi Räikkönen confirmed for 2007 at the expense of friendly Felipe – if Michael wanted to stay, that is. This was no way for Ferrari to treat the most successful driver in its history, and there was a distasteful hint of Enzo-like disdain in boss Luca di Montezemolo's handling of the situation.



Schumacher won in Italy, and also in China, to draw level with Renault's reigning world champion Fernando Alonso at the top of the points with two rounds remaining. But an engine failure while leading in Japan made the German the rank outsider at the finale: Alonso needed just a single point in Brazil.

The Bridgestone-shod Ferraris were the quickest at Interlagos, but a sudden drop in fuel pressure at the start of Q3 forced Schumacher to start from 10th. Worse, he dropped to last on lap eight when he clipped the front wing of Giancarlo Fisichella's Renault and picked up a rear puncture. His subsequent charge to fourth, which included putting an aggressive Räikkönen firmly in his place – both men were attuned to the significance of the moment – served to emphasise that Schumacher had plenty more to give. If his second retirement came perhaps a year too late in 2012, his first had definitely come at least two, and possibly three, too early. **PF**



1963 GERMAN GP

AUGUST 4, NÜRBURGRING

Nine tenths apart around the Nordschleife? Nothing in the overall scheme of things – and symbolic of the parity John Surtees felt existed between himself and Jim Clark.

We'd seen glimpses in 1960, when briefly they'd been together at Lotus, but after walking away from Colin Chapman it had taken a couple of years for the seven-time motorcycle world champion to secure a recognisably competitive F1 seat. That said, he had qualified on the front row in Germany one year earlier, before taking his unfancied Lola Mk4 to second behind Graham Hill's BRM. He knew the Nürburgring on two wheels and was no less accomplished on four.

This time Surtees was 16sec clear of the field (no, there shouldn't be a decimal point) during the opening practice session, although Clark's Lotus 25 had the upper hand (by a less spectacular 2.6sec) during the wet afternoon. Ferrari had plumped for Bosch fuel injection in a bid to get their six cylinders on a par with the Climax-powered Lotus's eight and Chapman opted to give Clark a fresh engine overnight – a tactic Ferrari also adopted.

The Scot went on to beat Surtees's previous best by the aforementioned nine tenths, although the Ferrari driver was now hampered by a chassis crack. As a mark of the gulf separating the top two from the rest, Lorenzo Bandini – third fastest in Scuderia Centro Sud's BRM, almost three seconds clear of Graham Hill's works car – was another 7.6sec in arrears.

Clark's dynamite starts were by now a trademark – and he duly chalked up another. He was unable to build his customary advantage, however, because his engine began intermittently



SUTTON

to lapse onto seven cylinders. Only Surtees, though, was sufficiently close to capitalise.

Even then, Clark was able to remain in touch for the first nine of the 15 laps… at which point Surtees posted a time only three tenths shy of his briskest in practice. The slipstream was henceforth broken – and with a couple of laps to go the same was starting to apply to the Lotus's transmission. Clark was obliged to nurse his car to the finish – oddly, his only second place in a points-scoring F1 race – and Surtees went on to secure his maiden world championship Grand Prix success (with a wheel at each corner)... and Ferrari's first since September 1961, at Monza. It hadn't been wholly comfortable, either. In addition to Clark, he'd also had to deal with a leaking saddle tank that left him soaked in fuel by the end.

As Surtees told *Motor Sport* writer Paul Fearnley earlier this year, "I was in a rhythm. I was enjoying myself. That feeling of being at one with your machine always gave me a lot of satisfaction. I got satisfaction from passing Jim, too, but the nicest thing about that day was seeing all the smiling faces in our pit. They were so pleased. The 1962 season had been dreadful for them and my victory picked them up a bit. It showed them that they could be successful again in F1." **SA**

1st John Surtees (Ferrari)

2nd Jim Clark (Lotus-Climax)

3rd Richie Ginther (BRM)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 13min 06.800sec, 95.829mph

Pole position
Clark (Lotus-Climax), 8min 45.8sec, 97.042mph





1990 MEXICAN GP

JUNE 24, MEXICO CITY

A race of several distinct phases, this one, although its signature moment was a late passing manoeuvre that continues to tickle neck hairs more than 20 years on.

1st Alain Prost (Ferrari)

2nd Nigel Mansell (Ferrari)

3rd Gerhard Berger (McLaren-Honda)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 32min 35.783sec. 122.823mph

Pole position
Berger (McLaren-Honda), 1min 17.227sec, 128.057mph

Riccardo Patrese led the opening lap for Williams, but was soon demoted by the McLaren-Hondas of Ayrton Senna and Gerhard Berger – although the Austrian provided a foretaste of things to come when he pitted for fresh tyres on lap 13.

Alain Prost had not made much of an impact during qualifying, lining up 13th after opting to concentrate on getting both chassis and Goodyears right for the race: his cerebral approach paid dividends, but it would take the Frenchman until the 60th lap (of 69) to catch and pass Senna. The Brazilian pressed on, in a bid to make the finish without a stop, but three laps later a rear tyre exploded and he damaged his suspension trying to make it back to the pits.

Nigel Mansell should have been second at this point, but a quick spin dropped him behind the recovering Berger. As Prost went on to become only the second F1 driver to win more than once in Mexico – Jim Clark beat him to it – Mansell aimed high and wide around the fast, banked Peraltada sweep on the penultimate lap and carved an overtaking opportunity that really shouldn't have existed. True, it was only Gerhard Berger… but had it been Senna you just knew he'd still have tried it.

It was a Ferrari one-two born of both calculation and courage. **SA**





GETTY

1938 PAU GP

APRIL 10, PAU

It's an elegant sculpture, the Delahaye 145, and unmistakably a sports car. This wasn't quite like tackling a Lotus 49 with an MGB, but you wouldn't have given it much hope against the might of mid-Thirties Germany. Except, perhaps, in Pau...

Alfa Romeo was supposed to provide the stiffest opposition to Mercedes, but didn't eventually take part. Tazio Nuvolari's car caught fire during practice, because chassis flex caused the fuel tank to split, and Luigi Villoresi's sister car was withdrawn as a precaution.

The Mercedes W154, meanwhile, proved a touch unwieldy around the narrow streets, slipping its clutch and oiling its plugs. Hermann Lang eventually slid off the road during practice, although team-mate Rudolf Caracciola took pole and Merc eventually decided to focus on a single-car effort.

Caracciola grabbed the lead initially, but René Dreyfus was able to stay in touch in his nimbler Delahaye. The writing was on the wall because the Delahaye's gentler fuel consumption – it was roughly twice as efficient as the Merc – meant it would be able to run non-stop. The German car's power deficit was also diluted, because the surface was becoming ever more slippery (1930s machinery being prone to oil leaks even when new) and Caracciola couldn't transmit his surplus bhp to the road.

Caracciola surrendered the lead when he pitted at half-distance – and Lang took over at that point, because the circuit's labyrinthine nature had caused his team-mate to aggravate an old leg injury.

Lang suffered further plug trouble during the race's second half, but Mercedes had to concede that even a healthy car probably wouldn't have been much help. By the end, Dreyfus was almost two minutes clear. **SA**

1st René Dreyfus (Delahaye)

2nd Rudolf Caracciola/ Hermann Lang (Mercedes-Benz)

3rd Gianfranco Comotti (Delahaye)

Winner's time & speed
3hr 08min 35.783sec. 54.64mph

Pole position
Dreyfus (Delahaye), 1min 48sec, 57.37mph

1977 BRITISH GP

JULY 16, SILVERSTONE

"Patrick Depailler better win, or there will be some bruised heads around here..." I never established the precise source, but during my first night on a Grand Prix campsite this taped mantra crackled repetitively from a nearby tent.

1st James Hunt (McLaren-Cosworth)

2nd Niki Lauda (Ferrari)

3rd Gunnar Nilsson (Lotus-Cosworth)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 31min 46.060sec. 130.357mph

Pole position
Hunt (McLaren-Cosworth), 1min 18.490sec, 134.478mph

There were other significant cries of support, too, for John Watson, Jody Scheckter and – obviously – James Hunt.

The McLaren driver made a sluggish start from pole, dropping to fourth as Watson led away in his Brabham-Alfa. Having picked off Scheckter's Wolf and Niki Lauda's Ferrari, however, Hunt was able to track down the leader. It was a splendid spectacle, no-nonsense cut and thrust between two Brits in their home event, but Watson remained resolute until his luck faltered along with his fuel system and Hunt swept through to victory.

It was a bitter-sweet conclusion to a weekend ripe with firsts – one that began with a pre-qualifying session to sift out the weakest elements in a 36-car entry. Renault was allowed to skip that session with F1's original turbocharged car (fitted with pioneering radials from world championship newcomer Michelin), but the third McLaren driver wasn't thus spared. Progress proved to be a breeze for Gilles Villeneuve, though, as he set some corking lap times between countless spins.

His venerable M23 split the works M26s of Hunt and Jochen Mass in qualifying, although a faulty temperature gauge would trigger a needless pitstop that denied him a likely points finish. Running a lap down behind Watson and Hunt, however, he spent a fair while all but matching their pace. A few clues there, then. **SA**




12



1951 BRITISH GP

JULY 14, SILVERSTONE

The world championship might have been in its infancy, but there was still a minor stir that – Indianapolis 500 apart – Alfa Romeo had been knocked from pole position for the first time.

The manner of execution caused a greater commotion: big numbers were something to treasure in the pre-digital age and José Froilán González's quickest practice lap was the first to break the 100mph average around Silverstone. While he and compatriot Juan Manuel Fangio tussled for supremacy, BRM was racing simply to get its cars ready. In the end its V16-engined P15s skipped practice altogether and were delivered to the circuit on Saturday morning, in time to start from the back of the grid.

Stirling Moss won the curtain-raising 500cc F3 race in his new Kieft, after which the stage was set for the main event. All four front-row qualifiers made tyre-smoking getaways, which allowed Felice Bonetto to lead from row two for Alfa, but González and Fangio soon worked their way to the front to leave rivals trailing. The pair swapped places during the event's first half, Fangio leading from laps 10-39, but for the afternoon's greater part González remained in control.

And control is the word. His performance is often characterised for the way in which his ample frame dominated the Ferrari 375's cockpit, González clipping oil drums and bales as he sought extra fractions of performance, but they were exaggerated details on a day when he had but one possible equal. And he dispatched Fangio fairly and squarely to record Ferrari's maiden world championship victory (and Alfa's first defeat, Indy again excepted). Ferrari had been quicker than Alfa with its refuelling, but not by a margin that explained the 51sec gap separating the two Argentines after 90 laps. González had been running Ferrari's 12-plug engine, too, rather than the newer 24.

Luigi Villoresi took third for Ferrari, two laps behind the afternoon's main protagonists, with Bonetto fourth.

Despite their unpromising start, both BRMs finished: Reg Parnell took fifth and Peter Walker seventh, albeit five and six laps shy of the full distance. Writing in *Motor Sport* at the time, Jenks noted: "By finishing they have fended off some of the bitter criticism to which they have been subjected since scratched from Reims. Their performance must have dismayed many of the national paper boys who have been busy severing connections with Bourne of late.

"Also, the BRM at its present level is a year out of date. Parnell averaged 90.5mph, which would have placed him third in the 1950 British GP, but BRM is now on the fringe of the racing map."

And for those who believe the world was a better place back then, think on this – the sign-off to Jenks's race intro: "The weather was fine and the organisation good, save for the threat of a strike by medical officers if their wives were not allowed on the circuit and further petty pilfering from the car parks, of which we have twice been victim at Silverstone. Let us hope this will not be the last time a classic race is held at this venue."

It wasn't… **SA**

1st José Froilán González (Ferrari)

2nd Juan Manuel Fangio (Alfa Romeo)

3rd Luigi Villoresi (Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 42min 18.200sec, 96.120mph

Pole position
González (Ferrari), 1min 43.400sec, 100.584mph



1967 BELGIAN GP

JUNE 18, SPA-FRANCORCHAMPS

It was the summer of love – but also innovation. Colin Chapman had just moved the F1 goalposts, hardly a first, and in early June the Cosworth DFV-powered Lotus 49 made a winning debut in the Dutch GP at Zandvoort.

It was no surprise, then, that the architect of that success, Jim Clark, should take pole a fortnight later in Belgium.

Clark led away, but his fellow front-row qualifiers were less fortunate. Dan Gurney was swamped after failing to select first, while Graham Hill suffered a flat battery and started from the pits. Jochen Rindt thus led the pursuit, from Jackie Stewart and Mike Parkes, but the latter crashed heavily at Blanchimont before the lap was out, sustaining serious injuries that heralded the end of his fleeting world championship career.

Stewart soon passed Rindt for second, while Gurney clawed his way through to third. The American pitted on lap 12, however, losing a few seconds while reporting possible loss of fuel pressure. Clark peeled in shortly beforehand for a plug change, so Stewart now headed Gurney by about 15sec.

The Scot continued to lead until gear selection problems obliged him to steer with one hand while using the other to hold his gearlever in place. With seven of the 28 laps to go, Gurney overtook the hobbled BRM and steadily increased his advantage to the chequered flag, with Stewart taking second from Chris Amon and Clark restricted to sixth.

It would be Eagle's only F1 championship victory and concluded a particularly sweet week for Gurney. Seven days beforehand he and AJ Foyt had shared the winning Ford MkIV in the Le Mans 24 Hours.

Also a summer to love, all in all. **SA**





1st Dan Gurney (Eagle-Weslake)

2nd Jackie Stewart (BRM)

3rd Chris Amon (Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 40min 49.400sec, 145.988mph

Pole position
Jim Clark (Lotus-Cosworth), 3min 28.100sec, 151.566mph

1958 MOROCCAN GP

OCTOBER 19, AIN-DIAB

The F1 world championship's maiden appearance in continental Africa embraced a circuit and nation that have not since reappeared: Ain-Diab, in the suburbs of Casablanca, Morocco.



Constructed in a matter of weeks close to the Atlantic coast, Ain-Diab welcomed teams for a non-championship race in October 1957, when Jean Behra won for Maserati and Stirling Moss flew home early after being struck by an Asian flu pandemic that was sweeping the globe. The event, wrote Jenks, was "on a scale equal to any of the Grandes Épreuves held this year". One year on, it would be the stage for the title decider.

Britain would have its first world champion and the mathematics were simple: Moss needed to win for Vanwall and collect a bonus point for fastest lap, then hope Mike Hawthorn could finish no higher than third. For Hawthorn, second place would be enough no matter what Moss achieved. They qualified first and second, with Hawthorn's Ferrari on pole and Stuart Lewis-Evans completing the front row in his Vanwall.

Moss made a brighter start and soon found himself tussling with a Ferrari – albeit that of Phil Hill – and this pair would be the class of the field. Hill lost a little time early on, when he slid up an escape road, and Moss survived a clash with lapped backmarker Wolfgang Seidel's Maserati, the Vanwall sustaining a scuffed nose but suffering no loss of performance. The team hung out a "WATCH TEMP" board, just in case, but Moss remained calm and controlled.

His championship prospects seemed ever brighter when team-mate Tony Brooks moved up



to third, ahead of Hawthorn. The Ferrari driver soon recovered the position, but back came Brooks again – a perfect foil for the race leader. On lap 31 (of 53), however, his Vanwall's engine blew and left Moss ahead of two Ferraris. Soon afterwards the Italian team's pit crew gave Hill a signal to back off… although the first two were so far ahead that it took Hawthorn a few laps to catch, pass and take the second place he needed.

Moss went on to win by 1min 24.7sec – his fourth victory of the campaign (one with Cooper, three with Vanwall) – but consistency, superior reliability and a single win were enough to make Hawthorn champion by a point. Hill took third, from BRM drivers Jo Bonnier and Harry Schell.

Vanwall had won six of the season's 11 races and became F1's first champion constructor, but triumph fused with tragedy in the immediate slipstream of Morocco. Lewis-Evans crashed out of the race when his engine seized and sustained serious burns that claimed his life six days later.

Deeply affected, team-owning industrialist Tony Vandervell announced in January 1959 that he was withdrawing his backing and Vanwall entered a period of sharp decline before disappearing from the sport.

That same month, 29-year-old Hawthorn died when he crashed his Jaguar MkI on the Guildford bypass. It was only a matter of weeks since he'd announced that the 1958 season had been his last as a racing driver. **SA**

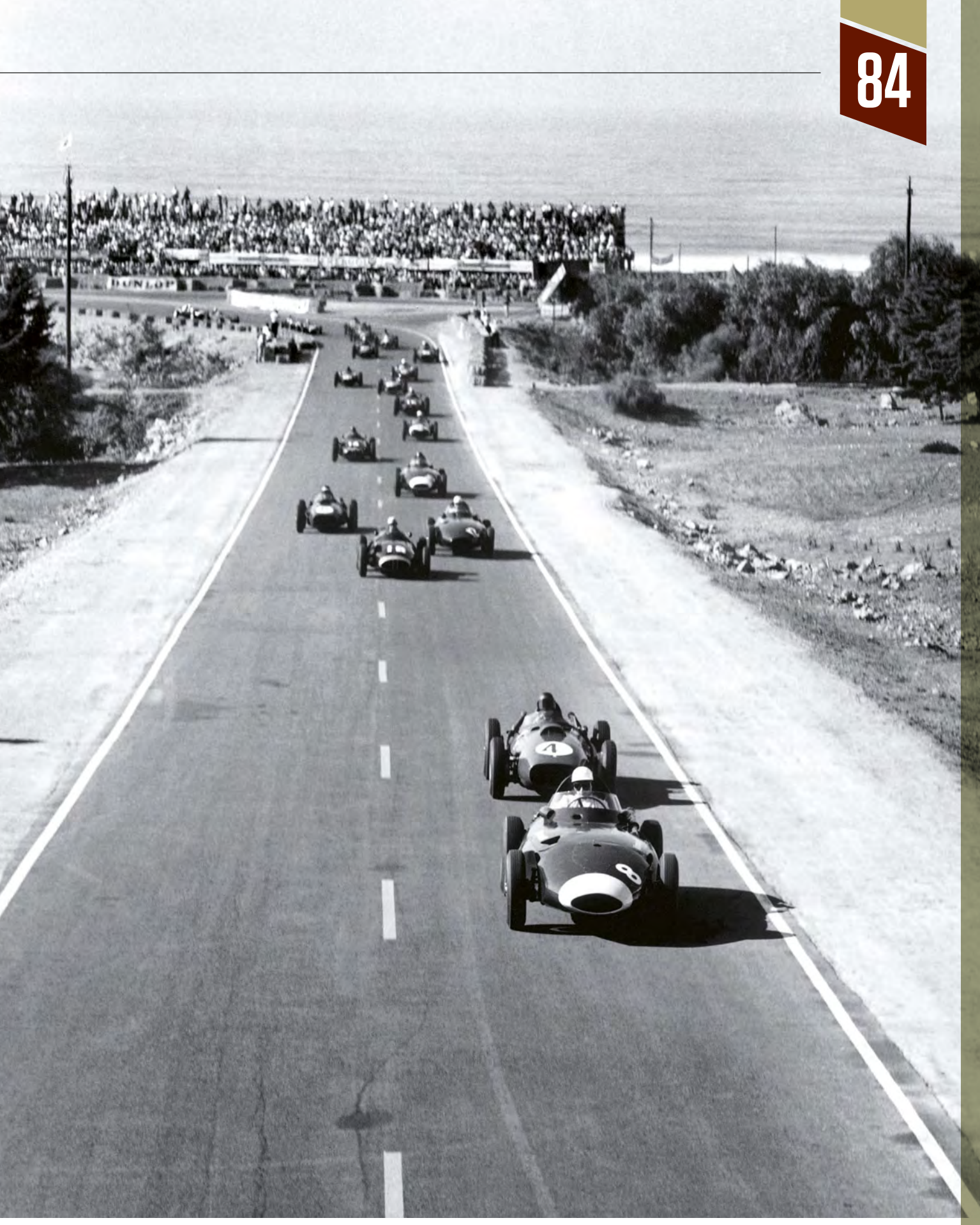
1st Stirling Moss
(Vanwall)

2nd Mike Hawthorn
(Ferrari)

3rd Phil Hill
(Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 9min 15.100sec,
116.462mph

Pole position
Hawthorn (Ferrari),
2min 23.100sec,
119.084mph


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1956 BRITISH GP

JULY 14, SILVERSTONE

It was another mid-Fifties victory for Juan Manuel Fangio, but this wasn't the Argentine at his most dominant – he even lost time with an early spin at Becketts.

1st Juan Manuel Fangio (Lancia-Ferrari)

2nd Alfonso de Portago/Peter Collins (Lancia-Ferrari)

3rd Jean Behra (Maserati 250F)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 59min 47.0sec, 98.661mph

Pole position
Stirling Moss (Maserati), 1min 41.0sec, 104.329mph

For much of the afternoon, indeed, it was an uplifting race for the home crowd.

By the end of lap 14, Jenks noted, "The situation was unique, for the first four places were occupied by British drivers and a British car was in the lead. Back in the field, more British cars and drivers were really sorting out the Continentals." One was Archie Scott Brown, making his only world championship F1 start and running well until his Connaught suffered stub-axle failure.

That leading quartet? Mike Hawthorn (BRM), Stirling Moss, Roy Salvadori and Brooks, but the balance of power soon changed. Moss's Maserati passed Hawthorn at Copse on lap 16, as Fangio demoted Brooks, and Moss then pulled away. Brooks's BRM later somersaulted, but he was thrown clear and suffered relatively mild injuries.

A failed universal joint forced Hawthorn out and Salvadori lost time after stopping to fix a broken retaining strap (before eventually retiring with low fuel pressure). That promoted Fangio to a distant second – although the gap closed when the leader pitted for oil. Moss then lost power, but was still able to keep Fangio at bay until further loss of revs prompted another stop.

Fangio thus inherited the lead, while Moss continued at reduced pace until his gears went AWOL. That left second to the shared Lancia-Ferrari of Peter Collins and Fon de Portago – the first time a Spaniard had appeared on the F1 world championship podium… and also the last prior to the invention of Fernando Alonso. **SA**





SUTTON

1978 SWEDISH GP

JUNE 17, ANDERSTORP

Like most of Gordon Murray's designs, the Brabham BT46B was a paragon of proportional elegance. It had a feature unlike any other, though, and also holds the distinction of winning every world championship grand prix it started... albeit just the one.

Colin Chapman had recently created an F1 template that endures by using aerodynamics as a performance aid – and for much of 1978 his Lotus 79 was borderline untouchable. In Sweden, however, it came up against Murray's BT46B, which featured a large fan mounted vertically beneath the rear wing. Brabham argued that its primary function was to cool the car's Alfa Romeo flat-12: the fact it also sucked air from beneath the chassis, creating a partial vacuum and colossal downforce, was apparently happy coincidence.



Mario Andretti took pole for Lotus, ahead of the Brabhams of John Watson and Niki Lauda… but there was a strong feeling that the latter had both been sandbagging. Andretti took the lead at the start, with Lauda second as Watson dropped swiftly to fifth, behind Riccardo Patrese and Ronnie Peterson. The Ulsterman would retire after 20 laps, when a sticking throttle caused him to spin.

Lauda shadowed Andretti for the first 38 laps, then took the lead and cruised away to win at his leisure, his margin of superiority only slightly amplified when Andretti stopped with piston failure.

The result stood, despite other teams' unhappiness, but Brabham then voluntarily withdrew the BT46B from service. Was this benevolence or politics? Fact: team chief Bernie Ecclestone had recently taken over as chief executive of the Formula 1 Constructors Association (FOCA)… and might just need his rivals' support. **SA**

1st Niki Lauda
(Brabham-Alfa Romeo)

2nd Riccardo Patrese
(Arrows-Cosworth)

3rd Ronnie Peterson
(Lotus-Cosworth)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 41min 00.606sec, 104.147mph

Pole position
Mario Andretti
(Lotus-Cosworth), 1min 22.058sec, 109.867mph

1994 JAPANESE GP

NOVEMBER 6, SUZUKA

The world title should long since have been settled, but this was a season scarred by tragedy following the deaths of Roland Ratzenberger and Ayrton Senna at Imola, and controversy as teams, Benetton in particular, were accused of flouting the rules.

1st Damon Hill (Williams-Renault)

2nd Michael Schumacher (Benetton-Cosworth)

3rd Jean Alesi (Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 55min 53.532sec, 94.322mph

Pole position Schumacher (Benetton-Cosworth), 1min 37.209sec, 134. 940mph

Michael Schumacher had been disqualified at Silverstone and Spa – and barred from taking part at Monza or Estoril, following his failure to respect a black flag in Britain – so the campaign's dominant force was effectively competing in 12 races to everybody else's 16.

As a result, he led the standings by only five points when teams arrived in Japan – where Damon Hill needed to beat the German to be sure of taking the title fight to the Australian finale.

In a proper Japanese deluge, Schumacher led initially and was 6.8sec clear of Hill when the race was red-flagged after 14 laps, Martin Brundle having spun off and struck a course worker – the latest in a string of mishaps, including accidents on the pit straight. The unfortunate marshal suffered a broken leg and the race resumed once he had been treated and the rain eased.

Hill took the lead when Schumacher refuelled – Benetton opting for two stops to Williams's one – and although they tussled for the aggregate lead on slightly different parts of the track, Schumacher's second stop gave his adversary a decisive advantage.

Hill has often cited it as one of his finest victories, given the conditions. "It felt like I had a voice talking to me in one ear, telling me to push," he said, "while my mother was in the other, asking me to slow down…" **SA**



SUTTON

1972 FRENCH GP

JULY 2, CLERMONT-FERRAND

"Bravo Stewart, but thank you Mr Amon," read a French newspaper headline the following day. Matra had won Le Mans in June, and now it had pulled out the stops to conquer the French Grand Prix, too.

Its driver certainly delivered the performance required – only for his infamous bad luck to rob him once again.

Then again, the puncture that cost Amon the race did lead to a fabulous, charging comeback. The Kiwi had been imperious around one of the last great road racing circuits and in many ways it was a performance that would define the career of a Grand Prix great – and a man destined never to win a World Championship race.

It must be said, Jackie Stewart's victory shouldn't be forgotten, given that Clermont-Ferrand marked his return to the cockpit following treatment for the ulcer that had forced him to miss six weeks of the 1972 season. But in truth, this race was all about Amon.

He'd qualified on pole position in the new MS120D, eight tenths clear of Denny Hulme's McLaren, which joined him on the front row ahead of Stewart and Jacky Ickx's Ferrari. From the start the three fastest qualifiers drew away and Amon began to build a gap as Stewart passed Hulme for second on lap 17.

But three laps later Stewart emerged in the lead, Amon's flat left-front tyre leading to a 50sec stop to replace it. The partisan home crowd groaned.

Loose stones on the swooping, demanding track had been a problem throughout practice, and one had already cost Helmut Marko his F1 career. In the early laps of the race a stone was flicked up by a fat slick tyre, smashing through Marko's helmet visor and into his eye, causing irreversible damage. Consequently, his Formula 1 career is a footnote, and he's better known as Red Bull's outspoken driver development manager – Sebastian Vettel's biggest fan.

Following Amon's puncture, Stewart consolidated his lead as Emerson Fittipaldi moved up the order, the pair taking care to avoid the 'marbles' that had done so much harm. Amon pushed his wailing V12 to its maximum, throwing caution to the wind as others pitted with punctures. He passed both Ronnie Peterson and François Cevert on one lap, on a twisty circuit at which overtaking was difficult, and at the flag was just four seconds down on Fittipaldi.

Denis Jenkinson, not exactly known for dishing out praise, described the drive as "fantastic and almost unbelievable". It was one that deserved so much more. **DS**

1st Jackie Stewart (Tyrrell-Ford)

2nd Emerson Fittipaldi (Lotus-Ford)

3rd Chris Amon (Matra)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 52min 21.5sec, 101.56mph

Pole position
Amon, (Matra) 2min 53.4sec, 103.91mph



SUTTON




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1986 SPANISH GP

APRIL 13, JEREZ

It was the heart of the turbo era, and while power was at its peak the races were dominated by fuel and tyre conservation. Parts of this recipe might just sound a touch familiar...

1st Ayrton Senna (Lotus-Renault)

2nd Nigel Mansell (Williams-Honda)

3rd Alain Prost (McLaren-TAG)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 46min 47.735sec, 104.471mph

Pole position
Senna (Lotus-Renault), 1min 21.60sec, 115.623mph

Like today, Grand Prix racing was far from perfect in the 1980s, but as Formula 1 returned to Spain for the first time since '81 it proved it could still throw up a nail-biting thriller.

Ayrton Senna's Lotus 98T was the fastest thing around the brand new Jerez circuit in the spring of 1986, but with fuel consumption marginal over a race distance the Brazilian knew he couldn't afford to use all that performance for the duration.

At half-distance Nigel Mansell made his move and took the lead. No panic from Ayrton. He maintained his pace as Alain Prost kept a wily watching brief in third.

Senna's pure speed in qualifying dominates how we remember him today, but races such as this underlined the power of his racing brain. In the best traditions of nemesis Prost, he won this race using his head.

Mansell's push to pass had taken the edge from his tyres and he was forced to pit for fresh



Goodyears. Now he went for broke in typical fashion and closed on Senna, sniffing a last-gasp victory. Nigel caught the Lotus and, as they rounded the hairpin for the final time, he charged for the line – missing out by just 0.014sec.

Unlucky Mansell? Or had Senna managed the duel to perfection, doing just enough to get the job done? You decide. **DS**





MARK SPITZLEY

1933 BELGIAN GP

JULY 9, SPA-FRANCORCHAMPS

Fernando Alonso falls out once and for all with Luca di Montezemolo, signs a secret agreement to drive a Red Bull, makes his own last-minute design changes before his maiden race in the car – and wins by three minutes. Sounds fanciful?

Tazio Nuvolari – the Alonso of the 1930s if you like – had finally endured enough of Enzo Ferrari and the team lacking a P3 in the wake of Alfa Corse's withdrawal from racing. So, after talks with the Maserati brothers, he set up his own team with Baconin Borzacchini, bought the 8CM-3000 previously driven by Raymond Sommer and became a works-assisted Maserati driver. Arch-rival Luigi Fagioli stormed off to replace Nuvolari in Scuderia Ferrari's Alfa Romeo team.

At Spa, Nuvolari took his Maserati bow – and was horrified to discover how the chassis flexed on the fast Belgian roads. After practice, he took the 8CM off to the nearby Imperia factory and directed as the mechanics got busy welding.

Back at the circuit he'd been drawn on the back row for the start, but wasted little time once the flag dropped. The welding had clearly made a difference. Nuvolari, aged 40, led every lap bar three in the middle of the race, after taking on fuel and new tyres. He left everyone, even the great Achille Varzi, in his dust.

Interestingly, the race is officially Scuderia Ferrari's only win using a Maserati. As a contractual compromise between driver and team, the 8CM was entered under the name of the Prancing Horse – even if it didn't carry the now-famous yellow shield on its flanks. **DS**

1st Tazio Nuvolari (Maserati)

2nd Achille Varzi (Bugatti)

3rd René Dreyfus (Bugatti)

Winner's time & speed
4hr 09min 11sec, 89.2mph

Pole position
Louis Chiron (Alfa Romeo) Grid drawn by ballot

1956 MONACO GP

MAY 13, MONTE CARLO

The maestro had been brilliant in practice, comfortably claiming the £100 for pole position around the Principality. But come the race Juan Manuel Fangio would put in one of the most uncharacteristically ragged drives of his career.

1st Stirling Moss (Maserati)

2nd Juan Manuel Fangio/Peter Collins (Lancia-Ferrari)

3rd Jean Behra (Maserati)

Winner's time & speed
3hr 00min 39.0sec, 64.93mph

Pole position
Fangio, (Lancia-Ferrari) 1min 44.0sec, 67.646mph

Ahead of him, his former pupil from their year together at Mercedes truly came of age. Stirling Moss's first victory in Monaco, driving his beloved Maserati 250F, is less celebrated than his glorious defeat of Ferrari five years later, but it was a consummate performance nonetheless.

Moss took the lead from the start, seeing off Eugenio Castellotti and Fangio at the Gasworks hairpin, and was never headed thereafter. As for Fangio, he was soon in the wars. He spun at Ste Devote, then in his recovery caused Luigi Musso to ram the straw bales, breaking the Lancia-Ferrari's steering. It also forced Harry Schell's Vanwall into a wall, which bent its front suspension. Red-faced Fangio continued – but there was more to come.

On lap 32 he clobbered the harbour wall and damaged a wheel, which forced him to pit. Castellotti, who'd already retired his Lancia-Ferrari, took the helm while Fangio caught a much-needed breather. Meanwhile, young Peter Collins was running an impressive second, but he'd pit and hand his car over to Fangio – it wouldn't be the last time – and the Argentine set off once more after Moss.

With 10 laps to go, Stirling led by 28sec, but the gap began to come down as Fangio pushed. On the 100th and final lap the champion set the fastest time of the race, but Moss was unruffled and won by six seconds. His only scare had been nosing into Cesare Perdisa as he lapped the Maserati, causing his bonnet to lift a little. Other than that, 'The Boy' had out-mastered the master. **DS**





1938 GERMAN GP

JULY 24, NÜRBURGRING

'Heil, Seaman! Heil, Mercedes!' shouts the innocent headline in *Motor Sport*. How startling that looks today. Over the page, there's *that* photograph of the victorious Richard Seaman, brow furrowed as he raises his arm in a half-hearted Nazi salute...

In the context of 1938, the result was amazing – the first Grand Prix win for a British driver in 15 years. In the context of today, a British aristocrat racing and winning for Mercedes-Benz little more than a year away from a world war is startling. Seaman would make a great subject for a movie…

Ahead of the race, Tazio Nuvolari was the centre of attention, this being the Mantuan's first race for Auto Union following his sensational defection from Alfa Romeo. Could he defeat the fancied Mercs in a car he barely knew?

The answer came at the end of the first lap: no. He retired with a dented tail, but later took over Hermann Müller's car to share fourth place.

Hermann Lang led Seaman across the line on lap one, followed by an unwell Rudi Caracciola and Manfred von Brauchitsch. On lap three Lang slowed, oiled plugs dropping his W154 down the order. He would eventually sub for 'Caratsch', whose stomach ache would become too much to bear, and finish second.

Von Brauchitsch was already past Seaman and apparently on his way to victory – until a now-infamous pit fire on lap 16. The W154 was extinguished and covered in foam, but still von Brauchitsch returned to the track. He would later run off the road while lying third and thus failed to make the finish.

Seaman was left to deliver Mercedes its home win. *Motor Sport*'s period report takes us back to incredible moments in history: "As Seaman crossed the line victorious, 'God Save the King' blarred sonorously from the loudspeakers, and the whole vast crowd stood with right arms uplifted in salute of the British driver. '*Deutschland über Alles*' followed for his car…" **DS**

1st Richard Seaman (Mercedes-Benz)

2nd Hermann Lang/ Rudolf Caracciola (Mercedes-Benz)

3rd Hans Stuck (Auto Union)

Winner's time & speed 3hr 51min 46.1sec, 83.8mph

Pole position Manfred von Brauchitsch (Mercedes-Benz), 9m48.4s, 86.6mph

1965 MONACO GP

MAY 30, MONTE CARLO

It's not often that a Grand Prix winner hops out to push his car back into the race. But that's what Graham Hill had to do during his quest to chalk up a hat trick of wins in the Principality. 'Mr Monaco' earned his title during one of his very best drives.

1st Graham Hill (BRM)

2nd Lorenzo Bandini (Ferrari)

3rd Jackie Stewart (BRM)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 37min 39.6sec, 74.37mph

Pole position
Hill (BRM), 1min 32.5sec, 76.05mph

Hill and his young BRM team-mate Jackie Stewart had dominated the early stages of a race that was missing both Jim Clark and Dan Gurney, who were on duty at the Indianapolis 500. But as Hill shot out of the tunnel on lap 25, there was Bob Anderson's Brabham crawling towards the chicane with a driveshaft problem. Graham took to the escape road in avoidance, resuming in fifth "with a very black and angry look on his face and his moustache bristling," as Denis Jenkinson put it.

Now for the comeback. Ahead of him, Stewart threw away hopes of a first GP win by spinning on to the pavement at Ste Devote, leaving Lorenzo Bandini's 12-cylinder Ferrari ahead of Jack Brabham and John Surtees' V8 Prancing Horse. Stewart had rejoined in fourth, but soon allowed his BRM team leader past. Hill was on a mission.

Brabham took the lead from Bandini, but a broken rev counter would eventually contribute to a blown Climax engine. By lap 50, half-distance, Bandini led once again from Surtees, but Hill was right with them. The unstoppable Graham went on to pass both red cars and set a new lap record on his way to a third Monaco win on the trot. Had he been there, even Clark might have struggled to hold him back. **DS**





1982 SOUTH AFRICAN GP

JANUARY 23, KYALAMI

The ill-starred drivers' strike tends to dominate when thoughts turn to South Africa 1982. But after the politics, bus trips and 'lock-ins', the drivers delivered a classic Grand Prix as the turbo era began to get into its stride.

The Renaults, Ferraris and Brabham-BMWs showed dominant pace, and no one could live with Alain Prost and René Arnoux come Sunday, but poor reliability and tyre dramas gave the Cosworth hordes hope and brought the race alive.

These days, Prost is too easily labelled as the intelligent driver who won by stealth. His sheer speed, particularly at this early stage of his F1 career, can be overlooked. Perhaps that was because he made it look so easy. When he lost a dominant lead with a puncture, the Frenchman used his power advantage to charge back to the front from eighth. As Jenks put it: "It had not been spectacular to watch for Prost is not a spectacular driver, but fast he undoubtedly is, his driving well suited to the very efficient Renault."

His team-mate Arnoux also suffered Michelin problems, picking up a chronic tyre vibration that forced him to slow. It allowed Carlos Reutemann's



normally aspirated Williams to finish second, outlasting the ailing turbos. What a difference from the final race of '81 in Las Vegas, when a watery performance cost him the title. On this occasion, the 'real' Carlos turned up. But soon he would be gone, quitting Williams and F1 to return home for a life in politics, enigmatic to the last. **DS**

1st Alain Prost (Renault)

2nd Carlos Reutemann (Williams-Ford)

3rd René Arnoux (Renault)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 32min 8.40sec, 127.86mph

Pole position
Arnoux (Renault), 1min 06.35sec, 138.36mph

1958 GERMAN GP

AUGUST 3, NÜRBURGRING

One of Tony Brooks's finest days in a racing car, but also an occasion forever overshadowed by the loss of Peter Collins, who crashed fatally during a three-way battle for the lead – right in front of his Ferrari team-mate Mike Hawthorn.

1st Tony Brooks
(Vanwall)

2nd Roy Salvadori
(Cooper-Climax)

3rd Maurice Trintignant
(Cooper-Climax)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 21min 15.0sec, 90.30mph

Pole position
Mike Hawthorn
(Ferrari), 9min 14.0sec, 92.10mph

This was Vanwall vs Ferrari, four British drivers dominating at the Nordschleife in a manner never seen before. Stirling Moss, almost inevitably, made the early running, stretching out a lead in his Vanwall before stopping at Schwalbenschwanz with magneto failure on lap four. At this stage it appeared the two Ferraris had the race under control, with Brooks 22sec in arrears. But then Tony began to reel in the red cars.

Brooks engaged the Ferraris in a memorable duel, taking the lead decisively as they started the 11th of 15 laps. Then disaster: Collins, running ahead of Hawthorn, went off the road at Pflanzgarten, suffering severe head injuries from which he later succumbed. Hawthorn raced on, but clutch failure forced him out one lap later.

Hawthorn later pipped Moss to the title in Casablanca's season finale, but didn't have much time to savour his success. He died in a road accident in January 1959. **DS**





1910 AMERICAN GP

NOVEMBER 12, SAVANNAH

Handsome and charming, New York socialite David Bruce-Brown chose to spend his considerable wealth on motor racing. When he defeated Europe's finest in a gruelling road race in Georgia, he became America's first Grand Prix hero.

The 'Grand Prize', as the race was known, had been organised at short notice having initially been cancelled following the death of two riding mechanics and some serious spectator injuries in the Vanderbilt Cup. Then the Savannah Automobile Club stepped in, setting up a 17-mile road course. Given the timescale, it was no surprise that there were just six European entries.

Setting off at 9am at 30-second intervals, Victor Hémery set the early pace for Benz ahead of Arthur Chevrolet, but it was the great Italian Felice Nazzaro who was the man to watch. But having set a course record on lap seven, he slid into a ditch and bent his rear axle. Fiat team-mate Louis Wagner took up the lead, but he too went off and struck a tree. He resumed, but front axle damage caused him to cartwheel out of the race.

Ralph de Palma then looked on course for an American victory, only for a cracked cylinder to force him out on the penultimate lap. As the six-hour mark approached Hémery crossed the line first thanks to the time trial format, then waited… Bruce-Brown's 15.1-litre Benz had set the fastest time in practice, but he sagely chose to run the 415-mile race at a conservative pre-set pace.

As the Europeans created havoc, he kept to his game plan and rumbled across the line. Had he done it? Yes – by just 1.42sec. Remarkable. **DS**

1st David Bruce-Brown (Benz)

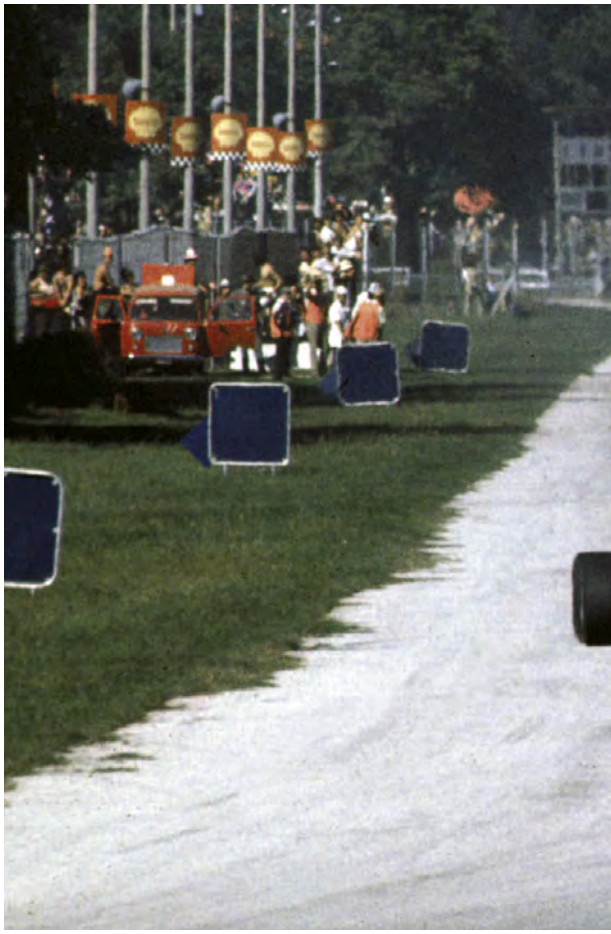
2nd Victory Hémery (Benz)

3rd Bob Burman (Marquette-Buick)

Winner's time & speed 5hr 53min 05.35sec

Pole position n/a





1970 ITALIAN GP

SEPTEMBER 6, MONZA

"Jackie Stewart spent practically the whole race battling against 12-cylindered cars," wrote Denis Jenkinson. "If it wasn't a Ferrari it was a BRM, and if they weren't there it was a Matra, so he must be getting fed-up with the sound of 12 cylinders on full song."

Stewart's March-Cosworth V8 had been at the heart of a slipstreaming classic typical of the era. But it's the context of his performance that really makes one gasp, for the day before his close friend Jochen Rindt had died after his Lotus 72 snapped left into a barrier on the approach to the Parabolica. For those who would later accuse Stewart of cowardice over his stance on safety, his strength of character at Monza that weekend should have been remembered. There was, in fact, none more brave.

Unlike the race that would play out a year later, the battle for Monza '70 would not go to the line, Clay Regazzoni's Ferrari breaking the tow late on to claim a clear win that sent Italy into raptures. Stewart was left in his wake, edging Jean-Pierre Beltoise's Matra and Denny Hulme's McLaren for second. He'd raced to win, as usual, despite everything.

Jacky Ickx's clutch failure would contribute to Rindt eventually becoming Formula 1's only posthumous world champion – something that





mattered not at all to Jenks. In Continental Notes, he wrote: "There are so many occasions when I get sick and tired of the Drivers' World Championship… at Monza I had to be very short with a lot of people. They were not saddened by the death of Rindt or the loss to Team Lotus, all they were worried about was whether the rules allowed a dead man to be World Champion.

"There have been years when I personally would not have awarded a World Championship to any driver, and other years when the choice has been obvious, irrespective of the points scored under FIA rules. The fact that Rindt was killed while he had an almost unassailable lead in the points race for the title of World Champion put so many people into a flutter that it was really sickening…

"To win a Championship by scoring more points than the next man is a bit like winning the football pools. To win all the races is much more impressive. So dead or alive, champion or posthumous champion, let's not forget that in 1970 Jochen Rindt had a record that read 1st Monaco GP, 1st Dutch GP, 1st French GP, 1st British GP, 1st German GP. A worthy driver, if not among the great artists of the sport of motor racing."

Jenks had been hard on Rindt and he would be tough on Stewart in the future, too – in both cases unfairly so. But his assertion that a race hard-won counted for more as a single entity than a title of world champion is one by which *Motor Sport* still stands. Or as he put it: "I still think that the reason for motor racing is for the combination of car and driver, coupled to the rest of the team that operate out of the limelight, to beat all the opposition and win the race for which they are entered."

Simple, isn't it? **DS**

1st Clay Regazzoni (Ferrari)

2nd Jackie Stewart (March-Ford)

3rd Jean-Pierre Beltoise (Matra)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 39min 6.88sec, 147.07mph

Pole position
Jacky Ickx (Ferrari), 1min 24.14sec, 152.86mph

1982 SAN MARINO GP

APRIL 25, IMOLA

Political wrangling between the governing body and the member teams of FOCA meant only 14 cars presented themselves at Imola. It hurt the fans, of course, but also the FOCA teams themselves, for Ferrari finished 1-2 – and needed those points

The fastest cars at Imola were the Renaults of Prost and Arnoux, but Gilles Villeneuve – a second and a half faster in qualifying than Ferrari team-mate Didier Pironi – took the fight to them from the beginning, and when they broke looked set fair to win his first race in Italy.

Once the Renaults were gone, Villeneuve – mindful that the Ferraris were very marginal on fuel – backed off, allowing Pironi to catch him, and even occasionally overtake. Gilles assumed he was playing to the crowd, but was concerned by fuel consumption, for whenever Didier led the pace was a couple of seconds quicker.

Towards the end, Villeneuve was in front again, slowing the pace once more, and at this stage he believed his team-mate was behaving honourably, observing the 'Hold' signals from the Ferrari pit.

Not so. As they cruised round the final lap, just before Tosa – the last overtaking opportunity – Pironi suddenly spurted past, leaving Villeneuve no chance to respond. The crowd, it appeared, believed they had been 'racing'.

After a furious slowing-down lap, Gilles brought his car into the paddock, slewing it to a stop after a final burst of throttle. As he stepped out, and removed his helmet, his face was livid. As I caught his eye, he uttered a single word – English, and of four letters – to sum up his feelings about his team-mate. He did not accompany Pironi and third man Alboreto on the lap of honour.



On the podium his expression said it all. This was farce, nothing less, and after a token appearance he left for the park where his helicopter awaited.

Two days later we spoke on the phone, and he told me he intended never to speak to Pironi again. Nor did he: in the last minutes of qualifying at the next race, Zolder, he clipped a slower car cruising in the middle of the track, and died in an accident of extraordinary violence. For some of us, at a time when so much else was awry with F1, the loss of Villeneuve was almost too much to take in. **NSR**



1st Didier Pironi (Ferrari)

2nd Gilles Villeneuve (Ferrari)

3rd Michele Alboreto (Tyrrell-Ford)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 36min 38.887sec, 116.651mph

Pole position
René Arnoux (Renault), 1min 29.765sec, 125.597mph



2003 BRITISH GP

JULY 20, SILVERSTONE

Two God-fearing men, one in a saffron skirt and the other in a Day-glo Ferrari, grabbed the headlines at Silverstone. The first, a former priest, scared the Bejaysus out of the drivers he ran towards on the Hangar Straight.

Cornelius 'Neil' Horan was clearly unhinged, the end of his world not for him quite nigh enough. Yet many found Rubens Barrichello's reasoning difficult to fathom, too.

The Brazilian had chosen to swim against the tide when he entered the temple of the Scuderia's 'Chosen One' in 2000. Criticised for passivity, he was under extra pressure at Silverstone because of a lacklustre first half of the season. He had, however, kept faith in his ability – and was swearing by a new, harder Bridgestone of a construction different to that selected by team-mate Michael Schumacher.

Barrichello was terse rather than his usual accommodating, cheery self. He'd had enough of the sniping. Beaten from pole by the Renault of Jarno Trulli and Kimi Räikkönen's McLaren, on lap 11 he secured second place with an inventive and muscular pass of the latter.

Enter Mr Horan to trigger the second bizarre Safety Car period in quick succession; the first had been caused by the self-ejecting head restraint of David Coulthard's McLaren. The pack was shuffled by stacking in the pits and Räikkönen moved back ahead of Barrichello when the latter was boxed in his box by gamesmanship on Williams' part; Rubens dropped to eighth as a result.

He was not to be denied, though. Once past Trulli and the lagging Toyota of Olivier Panis, he uncorked a Schuey-like sequence to reduce Räikkönen's advantage from 9.4sec to under a second inside four laps. The McLaren still led when Barrichello emerged from his late second stop, but the Ferrari man 'simply' sat it out side-by-side through the daunting Bridge to take the lead on lap 42.

On a day when overtaking was the new religion – Praise be! Everybody was at it – Barrichello had revealed his devil within. **PF**

1st Rubens Barrichello (Ferrari)

2nd Juan Pablo Montoya (Williams-BMW)

3rd Kimi Räikkönen (McLaren-Mercedes)

Winner's time & speed 1hr 28min 37.554sec, 129.72mph

Pole position Barrichello (Ferrari), 1min 21.209sec, 141.590mph

1979 CANADIAN GP

SEPTEMBER 30, MONTREAL

Racing's toughest nuts butted heads for almost two hours on a circuit that was hard on tyres and brakes. According to Denis Jenkinson of *Motor Sport*, they "made everyone else look like a bunch of old women." He wasn't wrong.

1st Alan Jones (Williams-Ford)

2nd Gilles Villeneuve (Ferrari)

3rd Clay Regazzoni (Williams-Ford)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 52min 06.892sec, 105.350mph

Pole position
Jones (Williams-Ford), 1min 29.892sec, 109.732mph

Alan Jones was clearly the quicker of the two, his Williams' newfound reliability having allowed him to win three of the four previous rounds. Ferrari's Gilles Villeneuve, however, did not know when he was beaten. More than half a second slower than the Australian in practice, the local hero burst from the outside of the front row to take a lead that he was to hold for 50 laps.



Jones, with nobody in his mirrors, was able to sit tight and maintain an ominous presence and unrelenting pressure, feinting this way and that, and quickly making up time lost behind an inattentive backmarker. He was in control, though not in the lead, and his outbraking move at the hairpin appeared decisive when it came. Having swiftly established a three-second lead, he felt able to switch to conservation mode.

His irrepressible rival immediately locked on again and Jones was forced to set the race's fastest lap seven laps from the end. His advantage at the finish was a whisker over a second.

Such was the pace of the top two, only Jones's team-mate Clay Regazzoni finished on the same lap as them – and the Swiss, a renowned tough nut himself, was well over a minute behind. **PF**





1972 MONACO GP

MAY 14, MONTE CARLO

Jean-Pierre Beltoise had come close to winning a GP several times since his debut in 1966 but, at 35, time was running out. Plus he had coped for eight years with an injury that reduced his locked left arm to not much more than a steadying prop.

Hence the undeniable sense of his released frustration in the early stages of this race.

The Frenchman's BRM bolted from the second row and squeezed by the Ferrari of Jacky Ickx on the run to a Ste Devote recently narrowed by new Armco. It was a do-or-die manoeuvre. Beltoise knew that this was his big chance. His torquey V12 was competitive and the Manchester-like rain would ease the strain on his arms; he was forever asking the team to lighten his steering. With a clear view ahead, he sawed, all arm and elbow, at the wheel and skittered between kerbs. The chasing Ickx, in contrast, was smoothness itself; the Belgian wet-weather ace was also slower than the inspired leader.

After 20 laps of near mania, Beltoise settled into a necessary rhythm. It was going to be a long race, so slow was the average speed. It was a busy race, too. Retirements were few and the leader was forever picking off slower cars. Chris Amon, for instance, finished three laps in arrears in his Matra and yet still scored a point. Fourth-placed Jackie Stewart, suffering the symptoms of the ulcer that would cause him to miss the next GP, was two laps behind in his misfiring Tyrrell. And pole-sitter Emerson Fittipaldi finished a lapped third in his Lotus.

There was a hazard cloaked in mist around every corner of the soaked street circuit – only one of the seven DNFs did not result from an accident – and yet Beltoise single-handedly navigated them all. **PF**

1st Jean-Pierre Beltoise (BRM)

2nd Jacky Ickx (Ferrari)

3rd Emerson Fittipaldi (Lotus-Ford)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 26min 54.7sec, 63.851mph

Pole position
Fittipaldi (Lotus-Ford), 1min 21.4sec, 86.418mph

2012 EUROPEAN GP

JUNE 24, VALENCIA

He was a fraction over two-tenths slower than Q2's fastest lap – but 11th on the grid was 11th on the grid. Although it meant he had a set of fresh slicks for the race, disappointment for once peeked from behind his usual punchy optimism.

1st Fernando Alonso (Ferrari)

2nd Kimi Räikkönen (Lotus-Renault)

3rd Michael Schumacher (Mercedes)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 44min 16.649sec, 110.43mph

Pole position
Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault), 1min 38.086sec, 123.577mph

Fernando Alonso had come up short at home.

Sunday dawned hot. His getaway wasn't great but his car's body language was positive. Every first-lap opportunity had to be grabbed. He ran wide over Turn One's kerb but kept his foot in to pass Jenson Button. Tenth. Nico Rosberg and Paul di Resta, clumsily mixing it and distracted, were outfumbled entering and exiting Turns Four and Five. Ninth. And eighth.

Alonso's second push was launched just before the first round of stops. Sixth by lap 14, he stayed out longer than most, pushed like hell, and gobbled up another couple.

Now came the crux. Emerging behind a gaggle going long, he launched his third push immediately: Mark Webber, Bruno Senna, Michael Schumacher – eighth, seventh and sixth in the space of two laps.

Rosberg pitted. Fifth. One-stopping di Resta was a sitting duck on old rubber. Fourth. Only then did Alonso get his first break. Two in fact: a Safety Car because of debris – and a cocked-up stop for Lewis Hamilton. Third. Romain Grosjean was lightly tagged and solidly mugged at the restart. Second.

Leader Sebastian Vettel was right to be disappointed: he would have run away with it had not his Red Bull's alternator packed up. But Alonso only won because he thought he could and drove like he might right from the start. He had walked tall at home. **PF**





1963 BELGIAN GP

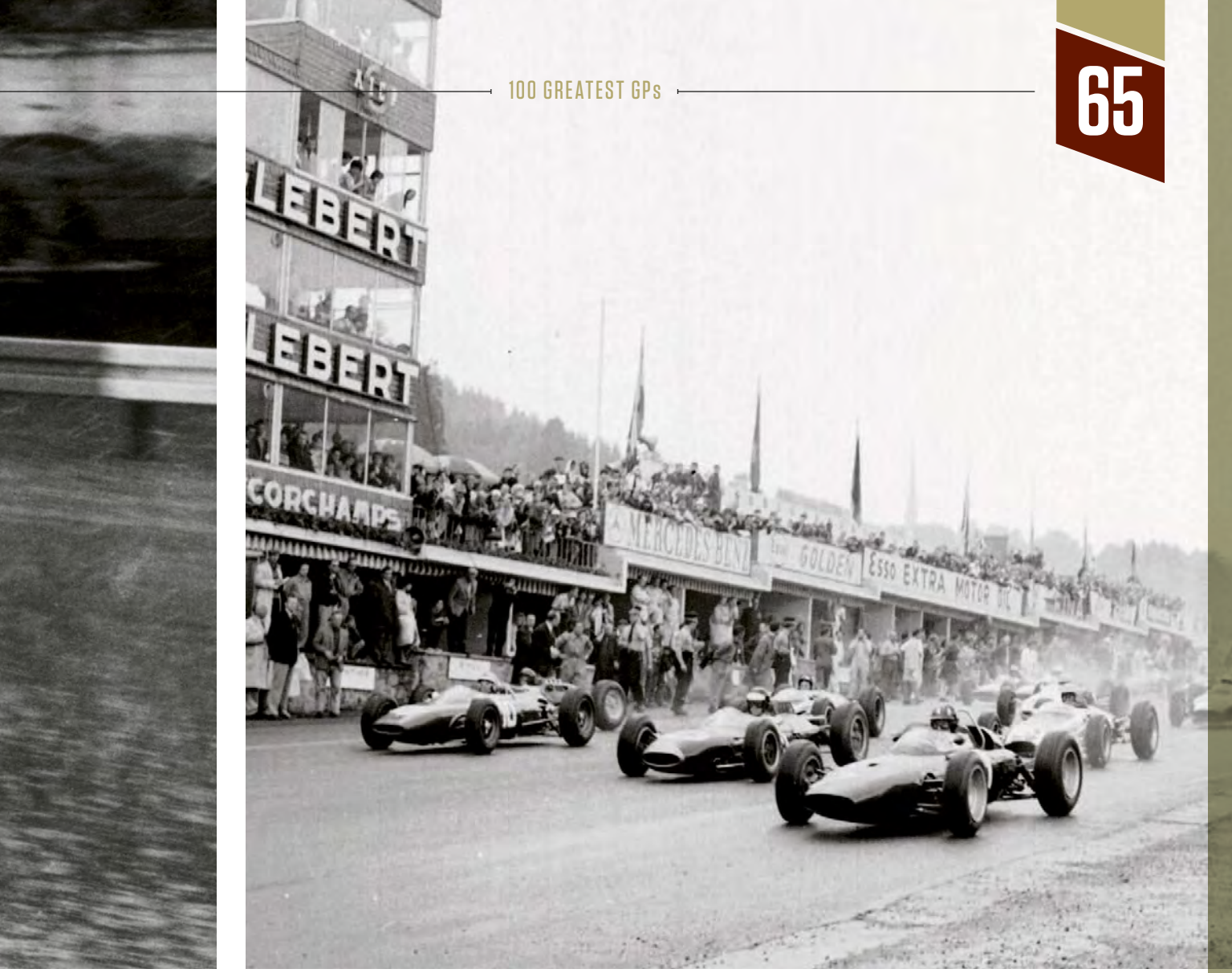
JUNE 9, SPA-FRANCORCHAMPS

Jim Clark was spooked by Spa. He almost jacked in the sport after his '58 international debut there in Border Reivers' Jaguar D-type, when the battling Lister-Jaguars of Masten Gregory and Archie Scott Brown lapped him as though he were standing still.

Then later he'd driven through the smoke of compatriot Scott Brown's fatal accident.

He'd almost jacked it in two years later, too, despite finishing fifth in only his second GP: the Belgian, at you know where. For Lotus had endured its grimmest race meeting: Stirling Moss and Mike Taylor were badly injured in practice crashes caused by mechanical failures and Alan Stacey was killed during the race when he lost control after being struck in the face by a bird. Clark, who ended the race with blood on his car – he had skimmed past the lifeless body of another Brit, Chris Bristow – had understandably seen enough. Almost.

Yet Spa also gave him his first world championship GP victory. In 1962, after a troubled practice, he gradually increased his pace during the race and took the lead on lap nine. Even then, he




SUTTON

had to bear witness to team-mate Trevor Taylor's 130mph tangle with the Ferrari of Willy Mairesse, which both men somehow contrived to survive.

Yorkshire Trev suffered another purler at Spa in 1963, cutting a cartoon-like hole in a wooden observation hut when "something went" during practice. Clark, meanwhile, was kicking his heels because of gearbox woes.

Having qualified only eighth, for a place on the third row, Clark stared uneasily at the back of the Ferrari of 'Wild Willy'. Suitably spurred, the Scot led into Eau Rouge and rocketed away, albeit with the BRM of Graham Hill in tow. The circuit was damp and his Lotus kept jumping out of top gear, so Clark had his hands full until Hill retired at half-distance because of transmission bothers.

At which point it began to rain. Biblically.

As lightning lit a brooding sky, Clark dropped his pace dramatically. Reduced to 60mph in places, one of his laps took 6min 40sec compared to his 3min 58.1sec fastest lap. Yet still he was quicker than his rivals.

His boss Colin Chapman tried to get the race halted prematurely, but it ran its full 32-lap course. Soaked, and hardly in the mood to celebrate, Clark stopped mere yards beyond the chequered flag and trudged up the hill to the sanctuary of his pit. He had finished almost five minutes ahead of the Cooper of runner-up Bruce McLaren, whom he had allowed to unlap himself, but still the end could not come soon enough. Victory was a sideshow. Survival was paramount. **PF**

1st Jim Clark
(Lotus-Climax)

2nd Bruce McLaren
(Cooper-Climax)

3rd Dan Gurney
(Brabham-Climax)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 27min 47.6sec, 114.11mph

Pole position
Graham Hill (BRM), 3min 54.1sec, 132.28mph

1982 MONACO GP

MAY 23, MONTE CARLO

Ever since his pole-setting Renault team-mate René Arnoux had spun out of a big lead on lap 15, Alain Prost had been calmly making a mockery of the old saw that a turbo couldn't win in Monaco.

1st Riccardo Patrese (Brabham-Ford)

2nd Didier Pironi (Ferrari)

3rd Andrea de Cesaris (Alfa Romeo)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 54min 11.259sec, 82.184mph

Pole position
René Arnoux (Renault), 1min 23.281sec, 88.961mph

For some reason, however, he was unwilling to slacken his pace when the drizzle began with 10 laps to complete. This Prost still had some rough edges in need of polishing.

Riccardo Patrese had been fast and composed all weekend. He qualified second, and though outgunned by Prost's boost on the second lap, had kept the Frenchman honest (and a little worried, apparently) while holding the Ferrari of Didier Pironi at bay. But Prost's wheel-shedding crash at the Chicane on lap 74 (of 76) changed everything.

Now in the lead, Patrese, who was chasing his first GP win, appeared helpless as he spun in slow-mo at Loews Hairpin – and stalled. Murray Walker's trousers, smoking after Prost's shunt, went up in a flash.

New leader Pironi ran out of fuel in the Tunnel. Andrea de Cesaris would have taken the lead if his Alfa Romeo hadn't also run dry. And Derek Daly, in his second outing with Williams, might have inherited the lead had he not bashed his wing and gearbox against the barriers at Tabac.

Meanwhile, Patrese, having been pushed by marshals because he was deemed to be in a dangerous position, had bumped-started his DFV on the descent to Portier. Disorientated, it was only when he passed the stationary Ferrari and Alfa on his slowing-down lap that he realised he might have won.

Had Patrese not been able to restart, the result would have been a 1-2 for the Lotuses of Nigel Mansell and Elio de Angelis. The latter, in an obstreperous mood throughout – he clashed with Prost and Pironi as they lapped him – was further enraged by his team-mate's pass for fourth place. On the last lap. Naturally. **PF**



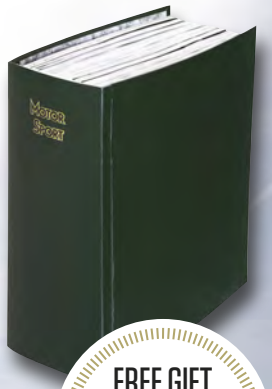
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SUTTON

1970 BELGIAN GP

JUNE 7, SPA-FRANCORCHAMPS

Spa had become divisive. Jackie Stewart despised its naked dangers – and said so. If it rained, he told Ken Tyrrell, he would not race. And his team boss couldn't argue as he felt this throwback road circuit had two years of Formula 1 left in it. At most.

Pedro Rodriguez loved its naked dangers – and said so. Even if it rained, he told his GPDA peers at a meeting on Saturday evening, he would not give it a second thought: he would race. Hard. The Mexican, who had recorded a startling 160mph fastest lap in a Porsche 917 during May's 1000-kilometre sports car race here, was not a rival that Stewart entirely trusted on-track, although Stewart would concede that the faster the circuit, the better Pedro drove. Perhaps, thought Stewart, he needed the danger to perform, to concentrate.

In the same way, Stewart's 'enemies' had to concede that the Scot was no chicken. JYS disliked his March almost as much as he did Spa and yet he put it on pole by more than two seconds. Rodriguez, expected to shine in the V12 BRM, could do no better than sixth after losing much running time during practice because of gearbox and then engine problems. Chris Amon, who missed the entire final session while the engine was changed in his works March, would start from the outside of the three-car front row.

Stewart's problems occurred during the (bone dry) race. His Cosworth V8 broke an outer valve spring on the warm-up lap and, although he took the lead from Amon on the second lap, he sensed his impending doom as his engine ran progressively flatter before detonating as he passed the pits at mid-distance.

1st Pedro Rodriguez (BRM)

2 Chris Amon (March-Ford)

3 Jean-Pierre Beltoise (Matra)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 38min 09.9sec, 149.949mph

Pole position
Jackie Stewart (March-Ford) 3min 28.0sec, 151.425mph



Rodriguez and Amon were long gone by this stage. The latter, his new engine running particularly strongly, had felt invincible – until Pedro blew by him on lap five. Chris ducked into the streamline, tucked his elbows in and clung on. A slide for Rodriguez exiting La Source on lap eight allowed the red March alongside – and to be credited with the lead of that lap – but nobody was braver than Pedro through Eau Rouge and he promptly resumed the lead.

The pair of them were rarely more than two seconds apart but Amon could do nothing about the super-concentrated Rodriguez. The New Zealander set the fastest lap on the last lap – just 152mph because of the insertion of a first-gear chicane at Malmédy – to close to within a second of the staunchly resonant BRM. And that was that.

Rodriguez had the victory he so craved. BRM had ended its four-year drought. And Spa, the old Spa, had held its last Grand Prix. Stewart had been incontrovertibly right about the track. But at least Pedro had got his chance to be gloriously, magnificently wrong. **PF**

1931 GERMAN GP

JULY 19, NÜRBURGRING

Grand Prix motor racing could not afford to be picky in financially straitened times, hence its 'adoption' of Formule Libre. As a consequence, the monstrous 7.1-litre Mercedes-Benz SSKL dwarfed Bugatti's 2.3-litre Type 51.

1st Rudolf Caracciola (Mercedes-Benz)

2nd Louis Chiron (Bugatti)

3rd Achille Varzi (Bugatti)

Winner's time & speed 4hr 38min 10.0sec, 67.259mph

Pole position Manfred von Brauchitsch (Mercedes-Benz), grid decided by ballot

All the machines entered were two-seaters – but some were more 'sports car' than others. Studiously stripping its extraneous equipment and copiously drilling its girder chassis could not hide the fact that the Merc was a bit of a bus. Its number one driver Rudi Caracciola practised assiduously – on the track and in the pits swapping tyres – and hoped for rain.

He got his wish and, despite the presence of a legion of top drivers – among them Louis Chiron and Achille Varzi at Bugatti, Alfa Romeo's Tazio Nuvolari and Maserati's Luigi Fagioli – the German 'Rain Master' romped into an early lead. The minute's advantage he required to change his Continentals was achieved after just five of the 22 laps.

The heavy SSKL was certainly happier in such conditions – and easier on its otherwise tortured rubber – but none of the other Stuttgart machines made any impression on their lighter, more nimble opposition.

It was Caracciola who was the difference, which is why Mercedes-Benz favoured him with its best equipment.

Although the track began to dry after 14 laps, it wasn't until four laps later that Chiron was able to make any inroads into Caracciola's lead. Rain or shine, 'Caratsch' had it under control. He was a match for anybody in terms of speed prior to his crash at Monaco in 1933. Only after it would he have to rely more on his superior strategic grasp. **PF**

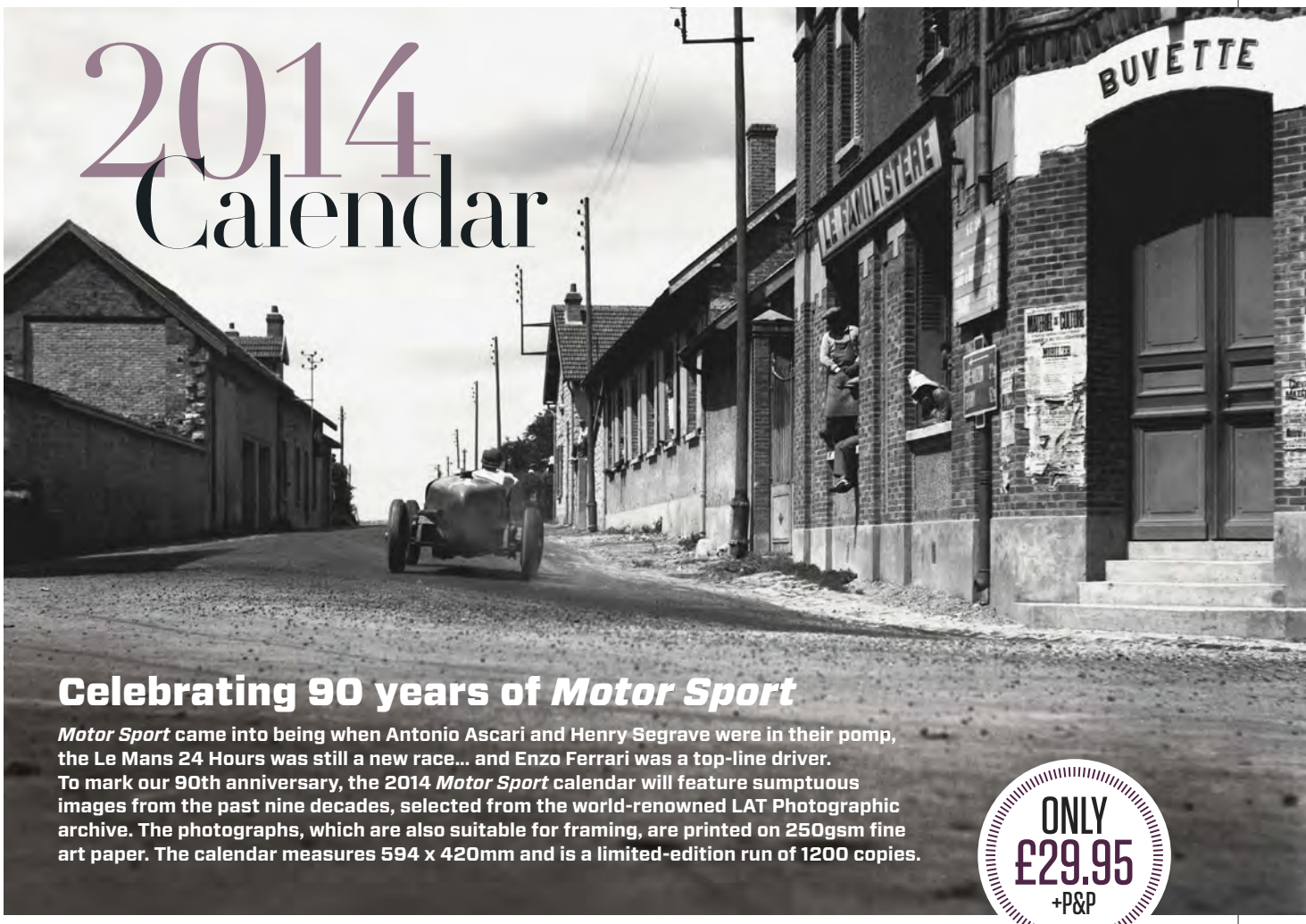




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1955 BRITISH GP

JULY 16, AINTREE

The word was that Mercedes-Benz might let Stirling Moss win at home as a logical way of building bridges between the two countries. There were, however, no official team orders forthcoming from M-B's famed fat controller Alfred Neubauer.

If the young Englishman were to be helped by his inestimable number one Juan Fangio, he would have to earn it. Pole position – two-tenths faster than the Argentinian superstar – was, therefore, a good start.

Moss had spent the preceding 100-lap Dutch GP grooved in Fangio's wheel tracks: mainly learning, partly proving a point and always convinced that the maestro could pull away at will should he so wish. Aintree was different: he took the lead on the third lap. 'Okay, let's see what you can do.'

Fangio certainly kept him on his toes. Moss, running a shorter final drive than his team-mate and more at ease with the car's 'back to front' gearbox now that an interlocking mechanism had been fitted to prevent botched changes – was driving as hard as he knew how.

The silver machines were soon in control. Only the Maserati of Jean Behra was able to harry them, and it gave up the ghost with a cracked oil pipe after only 10 of the 90 laps. Thus the way was open for another display of German superiority, albeit softened by a British twist. Moss had displayed indisputable patriotism in the frustrating early stages of his GP career. Now, if he – and Britain – were to progress at the highest level, he needed to show that he could win in top-quality machinery.

Fangio moved ahead again for eight laps – mainly teaching, partly proving a point – before Moss repassed. With clever use of backmarkers, the local hero was then able to establish a



10-second lead a little beyond half-distance.

Neubauer hung out 'Regulare': hold position. Was that the sign?

Then 'Piano': gently. No, was that the sign?

Moss throttled back, Fangio less so, and they were nose to tail once more.

On lap 88, Moss matched his pole time to set a new lap record – definitely making a point: fast and fit. Exiting the last corner of the final lap, however, and unsure of the etiquette on this loaded occasion, he hesitated, glanced and gestured. If there was a plan, be it Fangio's or otherwise, he was not privy to it. Fangio drifted wide and crossed the line still two-tenths in arrears, neither man going flat chat.

Although nothing was said in the immediate aftermath, Moss's gesture of placing the laurel wreath over his team leader's shoulders spoke volumes. Many years later, he asked directly if he had been allowed to win. Fangio replied, 'No. It was your day.'

Perhaps Fangio could have won. Perhaps Moss could have pressed home his advantage in the second half. Undoubtedly, the respect between them was total. Fangio considered Moss a worthy winner. And Moss was a worthy winner because it had not been handed to him on the plate.

Mercedes-Benz finished 1-2-3-4 that day – but it had crushed with a velvet glove. Moss and Fangio, team-mates Karl Kling and Piero Taruffi, Neubauer and designer Rudi Uhlenhaut had struck a perfect balance in every respect. That's a rare thing in GP motor racing. **PF**

1st Stirling Moss
(Mercedes-Benz)

2nd Juan Manuel Fangio
(Mercedes-Benz)

3rd Karl Kling
(Mercedes-Benz)

Winner's time & speed
3hr 07min 21.2sec, 86.47mph

Pole position
Moss (Mercedes-Benz), 2min 00.4sec, 89.676mph





1932 MARSEILLE GP

SEPTEMBER 25, MIRAMAS

By 1932 Tazio Nuvolari was confirmed as Italy's finest racer and had won six Grands Prix that year for Alfa Romeo. But at Marseille the 'great little man' suffered a rare lapse in judgement.

1st Raymond Sommer (Alfa Romeo)

2nd Tazio Nuvolari (Alfa Romeo)

3rd Guy Moll (Bugatti)

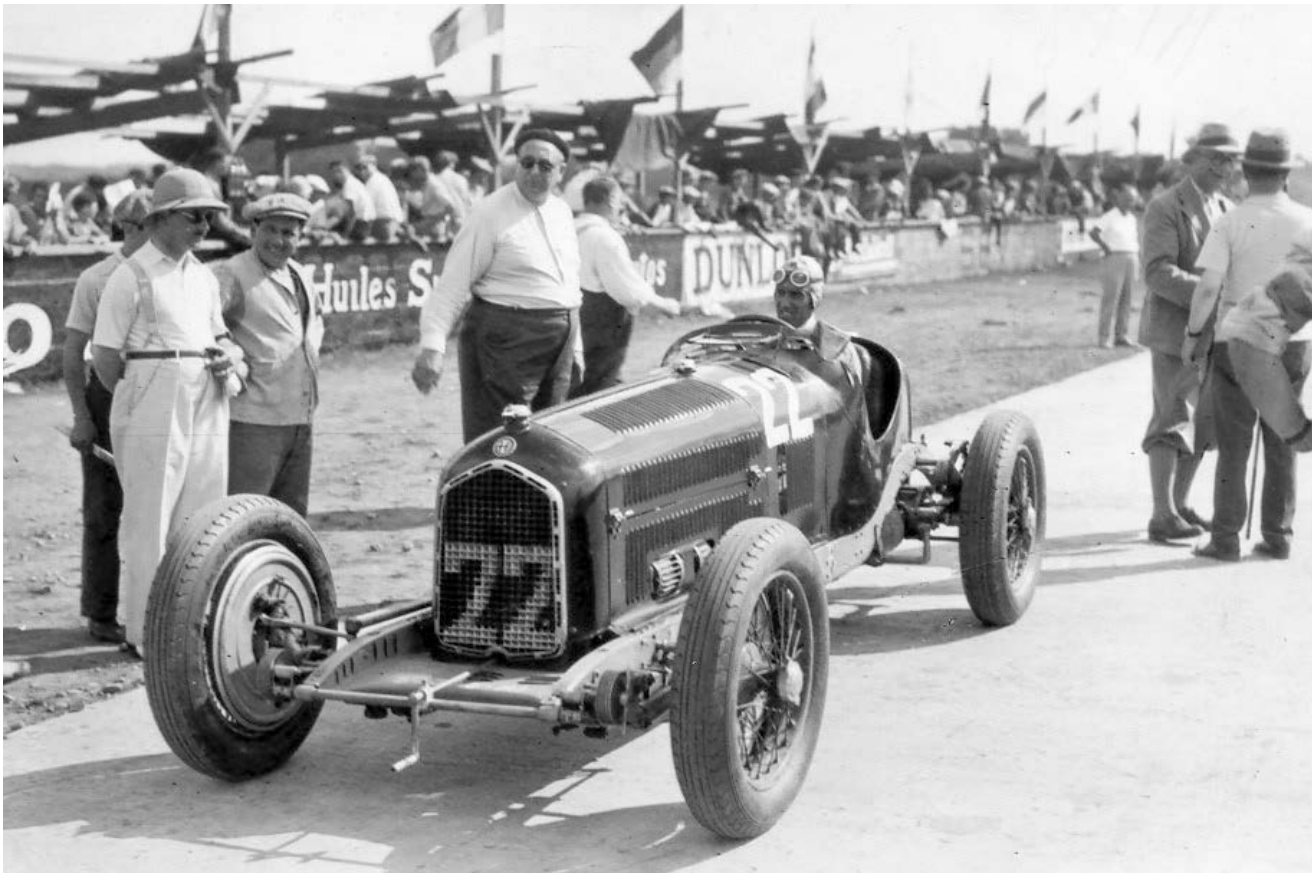
Winner's time & speed
2hr 17min 58.4sec, 109.750mph

Pole position
Moll (Bugatti), determined by ballot

At around the halfway point of the race, believing his lead to be unassailable, Nuvolari pitted. It was a leisurely stop, his mechanics topping up fuel and changing spark plugs and tyres while he took a drink. Unbeknownst to any of them, the privately entered Alfa of Raymond Sommer was not far behind. The Frenchman had made his name earlier that year by driving for 20 hours en route to victory at Le Mans, but had yet to score a Grand Prix win in his young career.

After three minutes in the pits, Nuvolari set off again with the quick-stopping Sommer just ahead. Still thinking the race was all but over and that he was a lap to the good, Nuvolari watched Sommer speed off into the distance gaining five seconds each tour, already a lap ahead. The Italian ignored pit signals for some time before stopping to find out "what was the cause of all the bother". Tearing away from the pits, now fully aware of his situation, he set a record-breaking pace in his pursuit, but his tyres could not keep up and a puncture ended his chance of victory.

Lost in all the excitement was a fine third-place finish for Guy Moll driving an ageing Bugatti in his first Continental race; such was the pace of the Alfa duo he finished four laps behind. **ACH**





1996 SPANISH GP

JUNE 2, CATALUNYA

When Michael Schumacher signed for Ferrari for '96 it looked like his ego had got the better of him. Moving from Benetton, where he was about to win his second title, to a chaotic team that had won two races in five seasons seemed like insanity.

Indeed, events leading up to the Spanish round were hit and miss. Three podiums were followed by a lap-one crash at Monaco after starting from pole, and at Catalunya he started third, a second slower than polesitter Hill in the Williams.

Then, on race day, it poured. Villeneuve sped off into the lead as Hill and Schumacher floundered in the wet, but by lap 12 the German had caught and passed the Canadian. As Hill spun into the pitwall and out of the race, Schumacher set about building an insurmountable lead. He was in a class of his own, lapping up to three seconds faster than his rivals and finishing with a 45-second advantage.

On the podium the driver many fans saw as a robot jumped for joy and embraced team boss Jean Todt. With all that came afterwards it is easy to forget that Schumacher's early days with Ferrari helped rehabilitate his public image. No longer the dominant force in F1, he became the willing underdog, dragging a weary team back into contention. Stirling Moss, who was never a fan of Schumacher's, remarked: "That was not a race. It was a demonstration of brilliance." **ACH**



1st Michael Schumacher (Ferrari)

2nd Jean Alesi (Benetton-Renault)

3rd Jacques Villeneuve (Williams-Renault)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 59min 49.307sec, 95.558mph

Pole position
Damon Hill (Williams-Renault) 1min 20.650sec, 131.110mph

1997 EUROPEAN GP

OCTOBER 26, JEREZ

After a second season with Ferrari, Schumacher's reputation was sky-high. While some could not forgive his title-winning chop on Damon Hill in '94 he had driven with tenacity in the third-best car and now had a chance to win the title.

1st Mika Häkkinen (McLaren-Mercedes)

2nd David Coulthard (McLaren-Mercedes)

3rd Jacques Villeneuve (Williams-Renault)

Winner's time & speed 1hr 38min 57.771sec, 115.103mph

Pole position Villeneuve (Williams-Renault), 1min 21.072sec, 122.177mph

Benetton wasn't the sole reason for his success. Heading to Jerez for the final round of 1997 Schumacher led Jacques Villeneuve by one point; if he could simply finish ahead of the Williams he would win the title. Villeneuve, Schumacher and Heinz-Harald Frentzen bizarrely all set identical times of 1min 21.072sec during qualifying, but the Canadian would take pole as he had crossed the line first.

Schumacher seized the initiative with a fine start and led into the first corner, with Frentzen also beating his team-mate. After Williams gave the order to switch positions Villeneuve began to close in on Schumacher until, on lap 48, he was less than a second behind.

At Dry Sack Villeneuve dove down the inside, nosing ahead of the Ferrari. Schumacher hesitated for a moment, as if weighing up his decision before steering into the Williams. The two cars tangled, then separated, Villeneuve gingerly carrying on, Schumacher beached in the gravel, the championship lost.

The FIA stripped him of his place in the standings and although he kept his race results for the year, he lost the respect of many. Not even the best of his generation could get away with that. **ACH**





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1959 UNITED STATES GP

DECEMBER 12, SEBRING

Formula 1 visited the United States for the first time in 1959 (if we set aside the Indy 500s that counted towards the championship in years past), settling on Sebring, Florida, for its inaugural Grand Prix.

Already established on the sports car calendar, the venue was new to single-seaters and provided a challenge very different to even other airfield circuits. With punishing bumps and tyre-shredding surface changes it looked to be a race of attrition even before the cars ventured out of the pits.

Cooper's Jack Brabham arrived in Florida with a five-and-a-half point lead over Stirling Moss in Rob Walker's T51 and eight points ahead of Ferrari's Tony Brooks. All he had to do was beat his two rivals and the championship would be his. If only everything were that simple.

Cooper's plan was to have Masten Gregory – the team's fastest but least consistent driver – play the hare and goad Moss and Brooks into pushing the mechanical limits of their cars on the bumpy track. But Gregory had sustained serious injuries when he leapt from his Tojeiro Jaguar as it careened towards the earth bank at Goodwood months before. The feat saved his life but cost Cooper its ace in the hole. Young Bruce McLaren was tasked with beating the two older drivers instead.

Moss lined up first on the grid with Brabham, Schell, Brooks, Trintignant and von Trips up next, setting up a Cooper/Ferrari showdown. McLaren lay 10th, scuppering the works team's plans further.

Moss rocketed away at the start, building a 10-second lead in the first five laps before a gearbox failure put him out of the running. Brooks



was subject to a bump from team-mate von Trips in the first corner and, ever careful, pitted to make sure his car was safe to continue. The championship was now Brabham's to lose.

The race settled down into an orderly procession, only punctuated by retirements and Trintignant in the remaining Rob Walker Cooper tearing after the leading cars. McLaren had made a good start and now lay second behind his team leader. The two works cars were taking it easy by this time; with Brooks still in the race Brabham still had to finish.

Even with Trintignant making up time the race slowed to a procession with Brooks behind in fourth. That is, until drama erupted on the last lap. Brabham, having opted to run a risky fuel strategy, began to slow, his Climax engine sputtering and finally giving up 400 yards from the finish line. He waved McLaren past, giving him the first victory of his illustrious career, and leapt out of the car. He pushed the Cooper to the line, losing out to Trintignant and Brooks but arriving in fourth. The new world champion collapsed, exhausted but jubilant. His was the first F1 championship for an Australian, the first for Cooper, the first for Climax and the first for a rear-engined car.

In one season the little team had upset the established order and ushered in a new era. **ACH**

1st Bruce McLaren (Cooper-Climax)

2nd Maurice Trintignant (Cooper-Climax)

3rd Tony Brooks (Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed 2hr 12min 35.7sec, 98.827mph

Pole position **Stirling Moss** (Cooper-Climax), 3min, 104.000mph

1936 COPPA CIANO

AUGUST 2, LIVORNO

Early in 1936 the Silver Arrows battle seemed to have gone Auto Union's way, with the inexperienced but spectacular Bernd Rosemeyer winning the European Championship and plenty of races in between.

1st Tazio Nuvolari (Alfa Romeo)

2nd Antonio Brivio (Alfa Romeo)

3rd René Dreyfus (Alfa Romeo)

Winner's time & speed 1hr 44min 40sec, 74.81mph

Pole position **Achille Varzi** (Auto Union), 3min 22sec

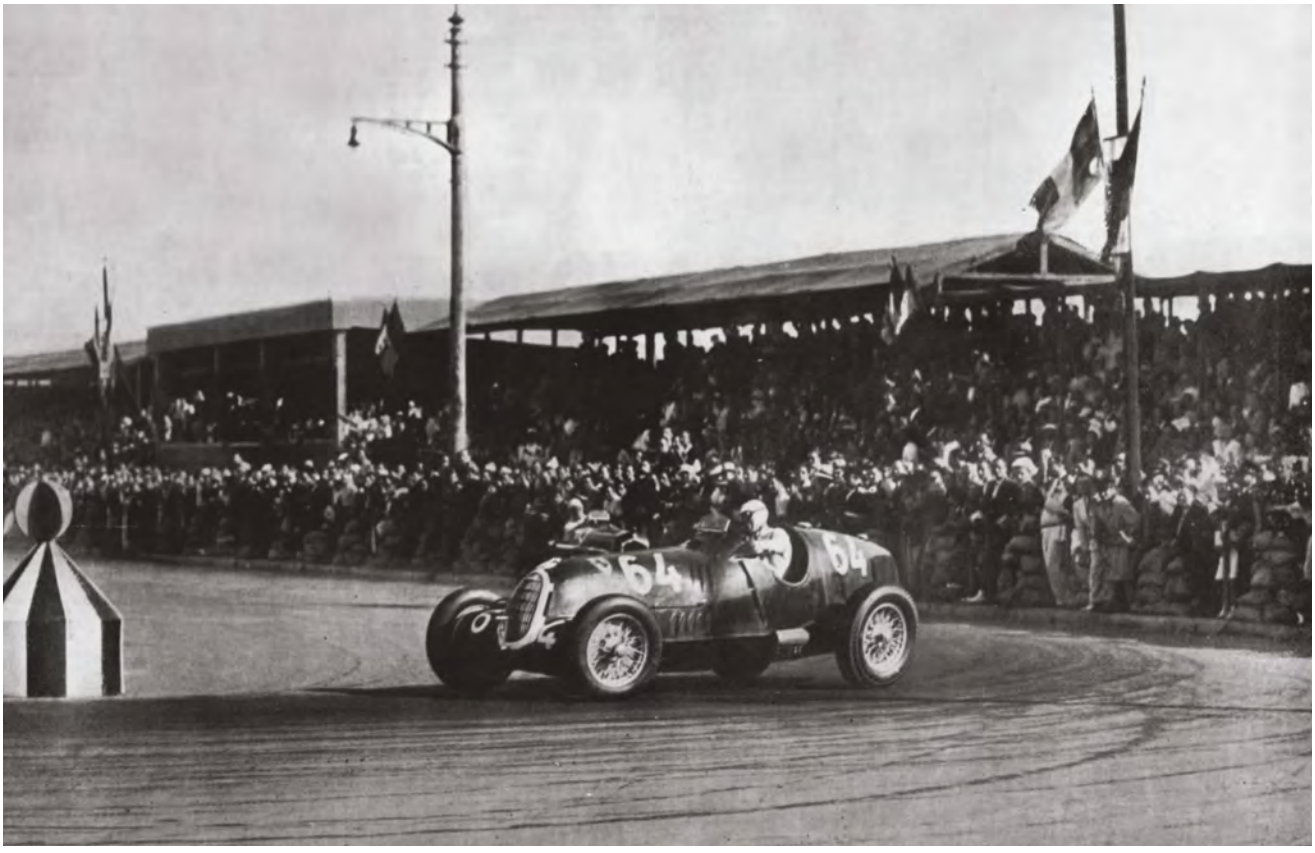
Grids began to dwindle as Mercedes withdrew its entries, but Alfa Romeo was still out in force with Nuvolari leading the way.

The Coppa Ciano was held in Livorno for the first time in '36 and Nuvolari sat in the middle of the front row in between the Auto Unions of Varzi and Rosemeyer. At the start the two German machines took the lead with the third car of Stuck following through; Nuvolari suffered a broken rear axle and returned to the pits in a rage.

The tiny Italian tore through the Scuderia Ferrari pits demanding a replacement car, threatening to leave the team if not given one. After three laps Carlo Pintacuda was called in and Nuvolari roared out of the pits in his team-mate's less powerful car to begin one of his greatest charges.

Rosemeyer retired after six laps, apparently so nervous about his new wife's trans-continental flight he couldn't concentrate. As drivers swapped and cars failed Nuvolari pushed his Alfa as far as it could go, first unlapping himself, then moving into second place behind arch-rival Varzi.

When Varzi's brakes started to wilt Nuvolari took the lead and kept on pushing. By the end it was a Ferrari-Alfa 1-2-3 with Stuck the only AU driver left, three minutes adrift after jumping in Rosemeyer's car. Nuvolari's legend was built on races such as these. **ACH**



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1976 BRITISH GP

JULY 18, BRANDS HATCH

The summer of 1976 was a scorcher in Britain, the hottest for 350 years. Maybe it was the heat that caused the rather un-British reaction to James Hunt's troubles at Brands Hatch, but there was definitely something in the air that July.

Niki Lauda was on pole with Hunt alongside; it had long been obvious that the championship would be a two-horse race, if Hunt could shed his bad luck and get in the game. Hunt had won two Grands Prix to Lauda's four after the former was reinstated as winner in Spain.

At the start Regazzoni, in the second Ferrari, got alongside Lauda at the top of Paddock Hill but lost it and the pair made contact. Hunt, immediately behind, was tagged by Clay's car as it rolled backwards, flew into the air and crashed down, breaking the McLaren's suspension. The race was red-flagged and the damaged cars made their way back to the pits. Hunt took a shortcut down an escape road, saving him valuable time.

As the cars were being repaired in the pits, things looked bleak for McLaren. There was no way they could get the car out before the officials





reformed the grid and Hunt had hurt his hand in the accident. When the cars came out without Hunt, the crowd began to respond.

In the sweltering Kent heat jeers rained down on the officials as bottles, cans and anything the crowd had to hand was thrown onto the track. The chant rose: "We want Hunt."

The delay gave McLaren time to patch up the number 11 car, and now fearing a riot the organisers felt they had no choice but to let it race. The restart went off without a hitch. Lauda led Hunt for 45 laps but could never pull out a significant gap. The McLaren was not in perfect shape after the shunt, even with the repairs, but got better as the race went on and as Lauda began to have trouble with his gearbox, Hunt pounced. He increased his lead all the way to the finish while Lauda nursed his car home in second.

All seemed well after the race, but Ferrari had a plan brewing. Two months afterwards, with three races to go and Hunt only five points behind Lauda, the Italians protested the results of the British Grand Prix, saying that because Hunt had used an escape road and therefore not completed the lap, he had not done the full race distance. The FIA agreed and Hunt now found himself 17 points behind.

Now thinking himself out of the running the Brit drove sublimely without any pressure in the next two races, winning them both. Being disqualified might just have given Hunt the boost he needed to win the title. **ACH**

1st Niki Lauda (Ferrari)

2nd Jody Scheckter (Tyrrell-Ford)

3rd John Watson (Penske-Ford)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 44min 19.66sec, 114.254mph

Pole position
Lauda (Ferrari), 1min 19.350sec, 118.594mph

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The landmarks continued under the leadership of Ron Dennis from 1981: the first all-carbon fibre Formula 1™ chassis; world championships with Niki Lauda, Alain Prost, Ayrton Senna, Mika Häkkinen and Lewis Hamilton; the creation of an iconic supercar for the road, the F1; its evolution into an endurance racer that would win the Le Mans 24 Hours at the first time of asking.

All of this – and more – is at the heart of what the McLaren P1™ represents, featuring advanced technologies Bruce McLaren could only have dreamed of 50 years ago.

The McLaren P1™ is an aerodynamically led design, creating more downforce than any other production car in history. It has the performance of a traditional 3.8-litre twin-turbo V8 internal combustion engine coupled to the instant throttle response of an electric motor offering a combined power output of 903hp and an electronically limited top speed of 217mph.

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Q&A: Paul Mackenzie

McLAREN P1™ PROGRAMME DIRECTOR

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We first started talking about the P12, as it was then known, in 2009. At that point we wanted to redefine the 'hypercar'. The brief is to build the best driver's car ever produced. And also to produce a car that was uncompromised on road or track.

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McLaren made its name at the pinnacle of world motor sport, and celebrates 50 years this year. The McLaren P1™ is the culmination of these five decades of success and race-winning expertise. For the McLaren P1™ programme, we looked for the best people, and ended up recruiting a number from Racing. For example, we understood for the best fuel efficiency we could have a relatively small engine boosted by electric power to give us performance, good CO_2 and the potential for EV power only. We didn't have that technology within Automotive, so we took on one of the bright engineers who had been working in the KERS Formula 1™ programme. Also, aerodynamics are absolutely key on the McLaren P1™. We needed a design that was low drag, but also high-downforce and could deal with the high-performance powertrain and dissipate its heat. So again we recruited from McLaren Racing. Simon Lacey, who was the chief aerodynamicist, came and joined us at the beginning of the programme. So there is a lot of Formula 1™ in the car. A lot of it is technology transfer, but it's also to do with people.



HOW DOES THE ENERGY RECOVERY SYSTEM DIFFER FROM THOSE USED IN McLAREN'S FORMULA 1™ CARS?

On the McLaren P1™ you don't have KERS as it is in Formula 1™, you have the engine and the electric system working together to maximise what you want. It's all designed to be self-sustaining so you don't run out of power, which is why we have a relatively big battery. The Boost Button takes power away from the powertrain and your accelerator and puts it at your disposal via the IPAS button on the steering wheel. But you have to have your throttle more than 80 per cent depressed for it to work, and then you get about 160kW of additional boost. It gives you a nice little kick in the base of your spine... Also, whereas GP drivers have extra power for just a few seconds, with this car you can depress it for a minute. Or even two.

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On a Formula 1™ car only one element goes back, but on ours the whole wing moves. When you are in race mode the rear wing comes up 300mm and is set for maximum downforce. Then if you go over 150mph in a straight line the rear wing will start backing off on its own. The car will know it doesn't need downforce any more. Then at the front of the car, ahead of the front wheels, we have flaps on the floor working in conjunction with the rear wing to make sure the balance of the car doesn't change and it remains poised. The car does it all on its own, but if you come out of a corner, are accelerating on a short straight and want to reduce the drag yourself, you can press the DRS button, as you do in a GP car, and the pitch will change to lower the drag.

SO MANY INNOVATIONS ARE BANNED IN FORMULA 1™. HOW LIBERATING WAS IT TO DESIGN AND BUILD A CAR WITH SO FEW TECHNICAL LIMITATIONS?

We obviously have to adhere to road car regulations, which are pretty tight. But when you press that race button for the track you can throw all that away. I like to think we've got banned, current and future Formula 1™ in the car – because we've also got the pure EV driving in there as well, which is coming to Formula 1™.

FORM FOLLOWS FUNCTION, JUST LIKE IN RACING. SO HOW TRICKY WAS IT TO MAKE THE CAR PLEASING TO THE EYE, TOO?

It's a good question. We did something unique with the McLaren P1™. You normally let the styling studio loose for six months, but we didn't let them do that. We had a clear view from an engineering point of view about the ideal shape dimensions. So we gave them the most efficient, shrink-wrapped body design over the car, then it really was a three-way process between the styling studio designers, the aerodynamicists and the engineers to turn that into something pleasing.

HOW EASY IS THE CAR TO LIVE WITH ON THE ROAD, DAY TO DAY?

It is incredibly usable. In road mode, it is comfortable, versatile and very easy to drive. Power delivery is very predictable, even at low speeds, and the design of the cockpit is such that there is a lot of glass, giving fantastic visibility.

WHAT'S THE ONE THING YOU TAKE AWAY FROM THE DRIVING EXPERIENCE OF THE McLAREN P1™?

It's just the instantaneous power, delivered through the integration of the electric motor and the petrol engine. Despite having 916PS at your disposal, it does not feel intimidating, but when you want to, the performance and the acceleration is relentless.



1989 JAPANESE GP

OCTOBER 22, SUZUKA

As expected the title protagonists and 'team-mates' qualified 1-2, with Ayrton Senna ahead, but Alain Prost quietly confident. "I'm going to drive an aggressive race," he said.

1st Alessandro Nannini (Benetton-Ford)

2nd Riccardo Patrese (Williams-Renault)

3rd Thierry Boutsen (Williams-Renault)

Winner's time & speed 1hr 35min 6.27sec, 121.73mph

Pole position Ayrton Senna (McLaren-Honda), 1min 38.04sec, 133.68mph

"I want to win the championship by winning the race, and I've told the team there's no way I'm going to open the door any more – I've done it too many times…"

Prost was ever the master of set-up, his focus on race day. In the morning warm-up he was quicker than Senna, and immediately before the formation lap got his mechanics to remove a Gurney flap from his McLaren. With overtaking so difficult at Suzuka, Alain wanted to be quick in a straight line.

At the start he left everyone breathless, and drove a stupefying opening lap. After a dozen laps he was more than five seconds up on Senna, and even when he hit traffic, where Ayrton was usually demonstrably quicker, the gap barely reduced.

Over the long haul, though, Prost's lead was gradually whittled away: with six laps to go Senna lunged down the inside at the chicane, his right-hand wheels across the pit lane entrance, then on the grass, as he forced his way alongside Alain.

Prost indeed 'did not open the door', as he had promised before the start. Locked together, the two McLarens came to a halt in the middle of the track, both engines dead.

Alain at once climbed out, but Ayrton waved for a push – to which he was entitled, given that his car was in 'a dangerous place'. Problem was, he allowed himself to be shoved into the escape road, and although this was no longer 'a dangerous place', he got a push start, and rejoined the race.

After stopping for a new nose, Senna caught and passed Nannini's Benetton and took the chequered flag, apparently the winner. Later, though, he was disqualified, and thus Prost was the World Champion of 1989.

The whole scenario happened in front of me, and I walked back with Prost. "I couldn't believe he tried it on that lap," he said, "because he was so far back – he'd been closer the lap before. At first I didn't realise he was trying to overtake me, but at the same time I thought, "There's no way I'm leaving him even a one-metre gap…"

"The chicane was the only place I could pass," said Senna, "and somebody who should not have been there closed the door…" Quite why Prost 'should not have been there', no one quite understood, but that was Ayrton. **NSR**





2000 BELGIAN GP

AUGUST 27, SPA-FRANCORCHAMPS

If you asked anyone in F1 at the time, plenty would have said that Michael Schumacher needed a good talking to. But Mika Häkkinen, the quiet Finn who liked to let his driving speak for him, might not have topped the list of candidates to dish it out.

Qualifying at Spa threw up a few surprises, namely the Jordan of Jarno Trulli and the Williams of rookie Jenson Button splitting the two title rivals on the grid. But early in the race the interlopers clashed, setting up a showdown.

Rain started to fall and Schumacher caught Häkkinen hand over fist until the latter spun, handing over the lead in the process. Schumacher's lead grew to almost 12 seconds, but it wouldn't last. As the track dried Häkkinen came back with a vengeance until, with only four laps to go, he caught his quarry through Eau Rouge.

As they raced down the Kemmel Straight it looked like a done deal. That is until Schumacher abruptly closed the door at 190mph, taking off a chunk of the McLaren's front wing in the process, something that would bring on strong words from the Finn after the race.

Häkkinen backed off for a few corners and then renewed his attack. Catching Schumacher at the same spot, they came upon Ricardo Zonta's BAR in the centre of the track. Schumacher went left, Häkkinen dared to go right. Zonta had no idea the McLaren was even there but left enough room, unwittingly becoming part of one of the most audacious lead changes the sport has seen.

Exactly what Häkkinen said to Schumacher after the race may never be known, but for once he got his point across directly. His rival couldn't help but take note. **ACH**



1st Mika Häkkinen (McLaren-Mercedes)

2nd Michael Schumacher (Ferrari)

3rd Ralf Schumacher (Williams-BMW)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 28min 14.494sec, 129.536mph

Pole position
Häkkinen (McLaren-Mercedes), 1min 50.646sec, 140.872mph

1937 DONINGTON GP

OCTOBER 2, DONINGTON PARK

Modern racing is still capable of throwing up surprises now and again, and ground-breaking designs like the DeltaWing still trickle through. But what's missing is the shock of seeing something truly monstrous take to the circuit for the first time.

In 1937 that sight is exactly what greeted British fans in the peaceful Leicestershire countryside.

The powerful and mysterious cars driven by highly strung, heroic drivers had been tearing across the Continent for a few years but after practice on their first trip to British shores, there was little doubt of their superiority. Four Mercedes and three Auto Unions filled the first two rows on the grid. The best of the German bunch, Manfred von Brauchitsch, was over 14 seconds quicker than the best of the rest, Prince Bira in his Maserati.

When the race started Lang shot into the lead, followed by Caracciola, von Brauchitsch, Seaman, Rosemeyer, Müller and Hasse. The seven silver cars fought hard, Rosemeyer dispatching Seaman who went off after colliding with Hasse. Von Brauchitsch took the lead as Lang started to suffer from handling problems. He pitted and the mechanics discovered a broken front damper, putting him out of the race. Shortly afterwards a similar problem did for Seaman's chances, his car having being damaged in the collision.

After the first pitstops the race settled down, but at the front Mercedes' von Brauchitsch and Auto Union's Rosemeyer were fighting tooth and nail, sideways out of every corner and tearing away from the chasing pack. When the leader pitted again he was 26sec ahead and Rosemeyer continued at a blazing pace, trying desperately to extend the gap before his second stop.

He might as well not have bothered – shortly after his stop Von Brauchitsch suffered a tyre failure at over 100mph. He managed to corral the wayward Merc and returned to the pits, but the race was Rosemeyer's. Tragically it was to be his last, the young prodigy soon losing his life on the *autobahn* during a speed record attempt.

Five of the German cars finished, taking up the top five spots. The only other classified finisher was Prince Bira, although he was two laps down. The English in their ERAs had been hopelessly outclassed, the likes of Earl Howe, Raymond Mays and Arthur Dobson suddenly relegated to the status of also-rans.

Motor sport exists in a bubble, but in the context of history this race could be seen as a dark foreshadowing of the events of two years later. Reports of the time raved about the performance of the Mercedes and Auto Union teams, their organisation and efficiency, reflecting very well on Hitler's Germany – just as they were supposed to.

But in those more innocent days before the war, all the fans knew was that they had seen a first-class display, and in 1938 the crowds were bigger yet. **ACH**

1st Bernd Rosemeyer
(Auto Union)

2nd Manfred von Brauchitsch
(Mercedes-Benz)

3rd Rudolf Caracciola
(Mercedes-Benz)

Winner's time & speed
3hr 1min 02.5sec,
82.9mph

Pole position
von Brauchitsch
(Mercedes-Benz),
2min 10.400sec







1962 SOUTH AFRICAN GP

DECEMBER 29, EAST LONDON

During 1962 Jim Clark and Graham Hill had emerged as Britain's premier racing talents and their teams – Lotus and BRM respectively – were without doubt the ones to beat.

1st Graham Hill (BRM)

2nd Bruce McLaren (Cooper-Climax)

3rd Tony Maggs (Cooper-Climax)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 08min 3.3sec, 93.594mph

Pole position
Jim Clark (Lotus-Climax) 1min 29.300sec, 101.400mph

By the last round at East London each had won three Grands Prix apiece and Hill was ahead on points due to the BRM's greater finishing record – but only just, due to the system of dropped scores. Whoever won the race would win the title.

Clark started from pole with Hill alongside him and it was the Scot who took the lead on the first lap. From there he built up an unassailable lead of the type F1 would become accustomed to over the next few years. Under the circumstances the unflappable Hill did well to build up a huge lead of his own over the chasing pack – the Coopers of McLaren and Maggs were fighting closely with Jack Brabham – but there was nothing he could do about Clark way up ahead.

The two circulated far apart for 61 laps until the Lotus started to leak oil. Clark stopped and the mechanics found that a locking washer had not been fitted, causing a two-inch bolt to fall out and allow oil to spray over the exhaust. Whatever the result now, Hill would be champion.

The BRM crew couldn't relax just yet though, as there was still a race to be won and Richie Ginther's sister car had suffered an engine problem. No such troubles plagued Hill though, and as he crossed the line the demons of BRM's '50s mediocrity were exorcised and one of history's most popular champions was crowned. **ACH**





1964 MEXICAN GP

OCTOBER 25, MEXICO CITY

Two years after the dramatic seasonal finale in South Africa – Graham Hill taking race and title for BRM after Jim Clark's Lotus sprang an oil leak – the same pair vied for the big prize again, this time with John Surtees as a third interested party.

Clark needed to win with Hill no higher than third, while second would suffice for Hill, irrespective of other results. Second might be enough for Surtees, so long as Clark was behind him and Hill – who had to drop one score, with only a driver's best six results counting – finished no higher than third.

Got all that?

As was the custom throughout the early Sixties, Clark led away from pole with Dan Gurney (Brabham) running second ahead of Hill and Surtees's team-mate Lorenzo Bandini. Surtees was back in fifth – and seemingly out of title contention.

Hill's chances were then partially torpedoed by Bandini, who ran into the BRM, spinning it around and damaging its exhaust pipe at the expense of a few bhp. Clark looked ever more likely a champion… although with a few laps to go his Climax V8 began to leak oil.

On the penultimate lap the leader was forced to park with a seized engine and the advantage passed to Hill, but only until Ferrari gave Bandini a signal to slow and let Surtees through. While Gurney swept to victory, Bandini complied during the final lap and, for the sake of one point, Surtees became the first – and so far only – competitor to secure world championships on both two wheels and four. In the space of a lap and a half, the title had changed hands three times. **SA**



1st Dan Gurney (Brabham-Climax)

2nd John Surtees (Ferrari)

3rd Lorenzo Bandini (Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 09min 50.320sec, 93.321mph

Pole position
Jim Clark (Lotus 33-Climax), 1min 57.240sec, 95.400mph




GETTY

1937 AVUSRENNEN

MAY 30, BERLIN

Not a Grand Prix, per se, but such was the entry's quality that it counts in all but name. Hans Stuck was absent – competing in the next weekend's Rio de Janeiro GP – but Auto Union's other main drivers were present, as were those from Mercedes.

At the time AVUS was recognised as the world's fastest circuit, Luigi Fagioli having averaged 148.3mph while winning the corresponding fixture for Mercedes in 1935. The track had since been modified, with a new, steeply banked North Curve that made it potentially brisker still – and the works teams' multi-faceted approach reflected as much.

Auto Union brought along two streamlined speed-record cars for Bernd Rosemeyer and Luigi Fagioli, plus a brace of standard Type Cs for Ernst von Delius and Rudolf Hasse. Mercedes had a new streamliner for Rudolf Caracciola, while Manfred von Brauchitsch and Goffredo Zehender had V12-engined W25s, the former's with a streamlined body. Hermann Lang had a stretched 1936 W25 speed-record car with a straight-eight engine and Dick Seaman was entered in a conventional W125 Grand Prix car, slower along AVUS's long straights, but less likely to overheat its tyres.

The potential crudity of period aerodynamics was illustrated during practice, when Lang – running with closed wheels – found his fronts lifting at more than 200mph on the straight. He brought the car under control and asked Mercedes to remove the wheel covers. Rosemeyer set the quickest practice lap, during an unofficial session – 4min 04.2sec, 176.7mph (think about that, when the concept of everyday motoring equated to an Austin Seven) – but Fagioli was quicker when it mattered.

Drivers were separated into two six-car heats and the works drivers ran fairly conservatively in the first, to nurse tyres and ensure a non-stop race. Rosemeyer and Caracciola eventually indulged in a wonderful slipstreaming contest, taking the North Curve side by side on the final lap before Caracciola crossed the line seven tenths to the good.


AUDI

The second heat was less well managed, the quicker initial pace taking its toll as Fagioli suffered transmission failure and Lang was delayed by a blown tyre. He rejoined, though, to finish third behind von Brauchitsch and Hasse.

Planning to stop once, Caracciola flew away at the start of the final – but von Brauchitsch was an early casualty, an oil line having come loose after the prevailing heat caused its solder to melt.

His car still on only 13 cylinders (as it had been towards the end of heat one), Rosemeyer ran second initially before having to make an early tyre stop and ceding to Lang. Seaman was pushing the latter, compensating his straight-line disadvantage with swifter cornering, but that would take a toll on his tyres, too. On lap three the leader retired, having suffered an identical failure to von Brauchitsch. Lang, luckily, had a newer-spec transmission without the solder. He went on to win from von Delius and Hasse – and his 162.594mph average made this the fastest race yet run. And in the first heat, Rosemeyer managed a fastest lap of 4min 11.2sec, or 171.78mph.

It would not be until 1968, when Joe Leonard took pole, that a driver qualified at more than 170mph for the Indianapolis 500… **SA**

1st Hermann Lang
(Mercedes)

2nd Ernst von Delius
(Auto Union)

3rd Rudolf Hasse
(Auto Union)

Winner's time & speed
35m 30.2sec,
162.594mph

Pole position
Rudolf Caracciola
(Mercedes-Benz),
determined by heat
results

1984 PORTUGUESE GP

OCTOBER 2, ESTORIL

Speed vs stealth. Today Alain Prost has a reputation as the master strategist, a driver who prioritised race set-up over qualifying panache, but in 1984 he was a regular front-row qualifier while team-mate Niki Lauda relied on canny racecraft.

The Austrian led the championship by 3.5 points coming into the season finale – the first Portuguese Grand Prix since 1959 – and to take the title Prost needed to win with Lauda third or lower, finish second with Lauda fifth or lower or third with Lauda outside the points. It was all going swimmingly, too.

Pole qualifier Nelson Piquet was slow away, but Prost dropped behind Keke Rosberg (Williams) and Nigel Mansell (Lotus), although it took only until lap nine for the Frenchman to work his way to the front. At that stage, Lauda was still mired in the top 10's lower reaches and France appeared destined to crown its first world champion.

As the race wore on, though, and Prost pulled away, Lauda made steady progress, picking his way through the pack with a succession of passing manoeuvres, mostly under braking for Turn One.

By the time he'd made it up to third, on lap 33 of 70, he was half a minute behind the second-placed Mansell and the title looked more distant still. The Lotus later began leaking brake fluid, however, and on lap 51 Mansell lost time with a spin. Next time around he spun again, handing McLaren a one-two and giving Lauda the title by half a point – the tightest margin in championship history. **SA**





1st Alain Prost
(McLaren-TAG Porsche)

2nd Niki Lauda
(McLaren-TAG Porsche)

3rd Ayrton Senna
(Toleman)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 41min 11.753sec, 112.183mph

Pole position
Nelson Piquet
(Brabham-BMW), 1min 21.703sec, 119.098mph



1983 USA GP WEST

MARCH 27, LONG BEACH

This was a race whose grid bore little relation to the racing reality. Ferrari seemed in good shape, with Patrick Tambay and René Arnoux locking out the front row, but McLaren's drivers struggled to make their Michelin qualifiers work.

They lined up in close company, though, John Watson 22nd and Niki Lauda 23rd…

Tambay led into the first corner as Keke Rosberg separated the Ferraris, the Finn thumping Arnoux's front right wheel in the process. Rosberg then spun a couple of corners later, but lost a place only to team-mate Jacques Laffite.

Tambay continued to lead, using his Ferrari's straight-line speed to repel the nimbler Williams-Cosworths (Rosberg ahead once again after slicing cleanly past Laffite). On the 26th lap, however, Rosberg dived inside Tambay at the hairpin and tipped the Ferrari into a spin. Rosberg then collided with both Laffite and Jean-Pierre Jarier's Ligier before the lap was out, leaving Laffite at the head of the field from Riccardo Patrese's Brabham and the two McLarens, which worked brilliantly in race trim and had carved through the field. Lauda was now ahead, but Watson passed him on lap 31.



The McLarens moved up again when Patrese slid wide in his endeavours to usurp Laffite, but Watson showed how it should be done on lap 45. Lauda followed suit and the McLarens romped home well clear of Arnoux, the only other driver to finish on the same lap as Laffite slowed with tyre wear. An eventful sign-off, then, as Long Beach prepared to abandon F1 in favour of CART… **SA**

1st John Watson
(McLaren-Cosworth)

2nd Niki Lauda
(McLaren-Cosworth)

3rd René Arnoux
(Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 53min 34.889sec, 80.625mph

Pole position
Patrick Tambay
(Ferrari), 1min 26.117sec, 85.070mph

1981 MONACO GP

MAY 31, MONTE CARLO

If ever proof were required to banish the notion that Gilles Villeneuve lacked finesse, this surely was it. Ferrari's first turbo car was bullet-quick in a straight line, but that ought to have been less of an advantage in Monaco than anywhere else...

Didier Pironi qualified his 126 CK 17th, which was a more accurate barometer of the car's potential, while Villeneuve was 2.476sec faster. It was a bit like putting a steroidal Triumph Herald on the front row.

It looked as though the French-Canadian's qualifying cameo would count for little, though, with Nelson Piquet's Brabham-Cosworth streaking away from pole position and controlling the race very comfortably. At least, he did once it eventually began.

Shortly before the scheduled start, a blaze had broken out in the Loews Hotel: it was swiftly put out, but the fire brigade's extinguishant leaked through the floor and landed on the road below… which also doubled as the Monaco tunnel. "And that," said Murray Walker, as the camera zoomed in, "is a very wet patch of water."

It took about an hour before conditions were declared adequately dry, but the wait didn't appear to faze Piquet. Later in the race, though, a couple of slower cars would…

After a moderately clean start – only two drivers failed to complete the opening lap, Mario Andretti and Andrea de Cesaris having collided at the exit of Ste Dévote – Villeneuve held second initially, but didn't waste much time trying to defend against Alan Jones when the Williams closed in. He allowed the Australian room down the inside at Mirabeau – not much, but just enough – and Jones later complimented his adversary's sound racecraft. He felt that Villeneuve would have gone off or broken his car if he had invested too much energy trying to keep the much more effective Williams at bay.



SUTTON

That sound judgment would be rewarded in due course. On lap 54, Piquet – aware that Jones was edging closer – came up behind Eddie Cheever's Tyrrell and Patrick Tambay's Theodore, both of which had previously been lapped. Rather than wait as Cheever sliced past Tambay, the leader allowed his line into Tabac to be compromised and slid straight into the Armco, his race run.

That left Jones with a sizeable advantage over Villeneuve, but then his Cosworth began to misfire. He had time to pit without losing his lead, but an airlock had developed in his fuel system and there was no quick fix. He rejoined only a few seconds clear of Villeneuve… and with his DFV still faltering. With four laps to go the Ferrari took the lead as they raced towards Ste Dévote, the springboard for one of Villeneuve's finest and least likely victories. Jones and Jacques Laffite (Ligier) completed the podium, while Cheever and Marc Surer (Ensign) completed the top six – a fine result for the Swiss, who had to progress through pre-qualifying before being allowed to take part in the rest of the meeting.

Pironi? He plugged on to finish fourth, more than a lap in arrears. **SA**

1st Gilles Villeneuve (Ferrari)

2nd Alan Jones (Williams-Cosworth)

3rd Jacques Laffite (Ligier-Matra)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 54min 23.380sec, 82.039mph

Pole position
Nelson Piquet (Brabham-Cosworth), 1min 25.710sec, 86.440mph




MICHELIN
FIAT
LONGINES
27
Olivetti
Agip
arexons
brembo

1961 FRENCH GP

JULY 2, REIMS

This debut victory remains perhaps the purest of all Formula 1 fairy tales – although Milanese driver Giancarlo Baghetti wasn't quite the raw newcomer of popular perception.

1st Giancarlo Baghetti (Ferrari)

2nd Dan Gurney (Porsche)

3rd Jim Clark (Lotus-Climax)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 14min 17.500sec, 119.850mph

Pole position
Phil Hill (Ferrari), 2min 24.900sec, 128.165mph

By the time he came to Reims for his first world championship GP start, he had twice represented Ferrari in F1, winning non-championship events in Syracuse (where he overcame strong opposition) and Naples (which was a bit more of a stroll). Despite his 100 per cent record, though, he wasn't strongly fancied in France – not least because there were three other Ferraris, handled by Richie Ginther plus title contenders Wolfgang von Trips and Phil Hill. While Hill took pole ahead of von Trips and Ginther, Baghetti lined up 12th, on row five.

Hill led initially from Ginther and von Trips, but Stirling Moss took third for a period while Ginther recovered from a spin. Behind the leading quartet, Baghetti formed part of a slipstreaming group of seven drivers, with the Porsches of Dan Gurney and Jo Bonnier, the works Lotus 21s of Jim Clark and Innes Ireland, Graham Hill's BRM and Bruce McLaren's Cooper. Moss gradually slipped back into this maelstrom after slowing with fading brakes.

Ferrari had issued instructions that von Trips should lead, but a failed head gasket sidelined the German after 18 laps. Hill then took over until he spun and stalled, rejoining a lap in arrears, while failing oil pressure stopped Ginther.

The slipstreaming mob was now fighting for the lead and it eventually boiled down to a two-way scrap between Gurney and Baghetti. The American was ahead exiting Thillois for the final time, but Baghetti was handily placed in his tow and ducked out to complete a hat trick.

It was also his last major F1 success. **SA**



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WAMAR
26



1957 PESCARA GP

AUGUST 18, PESCARA

The Nordschleife's reputation was forged through its hazardous essence and improbable length – but it lies only second in F1's world championship record books in terms of circuit distance. At 16.055 miles on public roads, Pescara just has the edge.

Races had been staged close to the Adriatic town since the 1920s, but it hadn't featured on the calendar during the world championship's first seven seasons. In 1957, however, the sport had been forced to recalibrate following the Suez Crisis and motor racing's governing body needed willing promoters. The Dutch and Belgian GPs had been cancelled at short notice, after the organisers asked participating teams to accept reduced appearance money – a request twice declined. There was a risk that the calendar might be reduced to six Grands Prix – Argentina, Monaco, France, Britain, Germany and Italy – plus the Indy 500, so Pescara was gratefully embraced. It would be the first time two world championship races had taken place in one country during the same season.

Motor Sport contributor Richard Williams wrote a fine book on Pescara '57, *The Last Road Race*, and spoke to several participating drivers. "It was fantastic," Tony Brooks told him, "a real race circuit. To me, Grand Prix racing is road racing and anything less than that is nothing like as rewarding or satisfying. It was a great challenge."

Jack Brabham was a little less effusive. "I thought it was horrible," he said. "Those road courses were bloody dangerous and nasty, nearly all of them, and Pescara was the worst."

The race may have featured a repeated series of laps, as had all such events since the 1906 Grand Prix de l'Automobile Club de France, but the track's length and character meant it had something of the spirit of bygone city-to-city contests.

Ferrari was effectively absent as a works entity: the Scuderia had been under pressure since that year's Mille Miglia, when the Alfonso de Portago/Ed Nelson Ferrari 335S left the road, killing its crew and nine spectators. There had since been endless legal complications and Enzo Ferrari saw no purpose in adding another home race to his team's itinerary. He did, though, loan a car to Luigi Musso, so that the Italian could defend second place in a championship already won by Juan Manuel Fangio. The Argentine was present in one of 10 Maserati 250Fs, with the works Vanwalls and Coopers completing the 16-car entry.

Fangio took pole from Moss, but Musso led initially from the outside of the front row. Moss moved ahead on lap two – and stayed there for the best part of three hours.

The fierce heat swiftly took its toll, Brooks (Vanwall) and Jean Behra (Maserati) retiring with engine failures while Stuart Lewis-Evans (Vanwall) lost time with a couple of tyre failures. Musso remained second until the 10th of the 18 laps, when his engine seized: he'd been leaking oil for a while and created a slick that caused Fangio to spin and damage a wheel.

The champion rejoined after pitting, but Moss continued in a parallel universe and won by more than three minutes as he moved up to second in the points table at Musso's expense. Such was his control that he had the luxury of being able to pit, on lap 13, for some precautionary oil and, at least as useful, a glass of water… **SA**

1st Stirling Moss (Vanwall)

2nd Juan Manuel Fangio (Maserati)

3rd Harry Schell (Maserati)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 59min 22.700sec, 95.695mph

Pole position
Fangio (Maserati), 9min 44.600sec, 87.876mph

2012 BRAZILIAN GP

NOVEMBER 25, INTERLAGOS

Trailing Sebastian Vettel by 13 points, but with 25 at stake, Fernando Alonso arrived in Brazil on the back foot, but his mission received 'outside assistance' within seconds of the start.

1st Jenson Button (McLaren-Mercedes)

2nd Fernando Alonso (Ferrari)

3rd Felipe Massa (Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 45min 22.656sec, 108.229mph

Pole position
Lewis Hamilton (McLaren-Mercedes), 1min 12.458sec, 133.028mph

Vettel was chopped by team-mate Mark Webber, dropped to seventh and then spun at Turn Four following contact with Bruno Senna's Williams. The Red Bull was damaged, but driveable.

Lewis Hamilton led initially, but rain soon hit and triggered a series of tyre stops – although Jenson Button and Nico Hülkenberg stuck with slicks and pulled well clear as the track dried. Hülkenberg led when the safety car was deployed on lap 23, because of track debris.

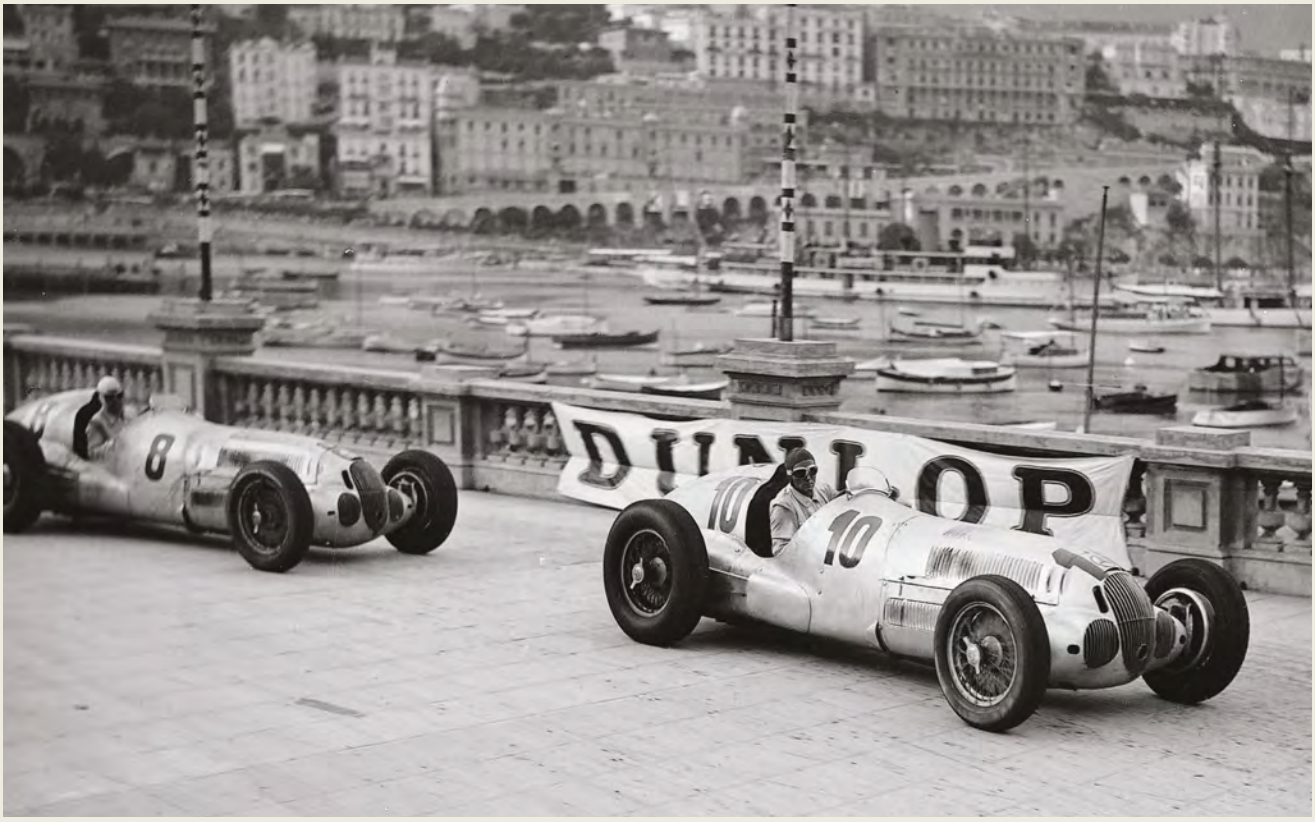
When the race resumed the top two headed Hamilton, Alonso and Vettel, who had been flying in the wet (despite iffy aero balance). Hamilton passed Button on lap 31, then led after Hülkenberg half-spun. Back came the German, though, and when it rained again he was quicker… though his efforts to recapture the lead ended in a collision that eliminated Hamilton. Cue a drive-through…

That left Button clear of the Ferraris – and second would be enough for Alonso only if Vettel finished eighth or lower, which never looked likely.

The German partially lost his radio shortly before half-distance: he could hear his crew but not reply. He pitted on lap 52, for mediums, but returned two laps later because of rain. The team wasn't expecting him, though, and had no intermediates prepared. He remained seventh, though, which became sixth when he passed Michael Schumacher. The title was his. "In terms of stress," said Red Bull team principal Christian Horner, "I have never known a race quite like it." **SA**







MARK SPITZLEY

1937 MONACO GP

AUGUST 8, MONTE CARLO

Disobedience is perceived as a relatively fresh motor racing phenomenon – but that's nonsense. Team orders have always played their part. In 1937 it was Manfred von Brauchitsch who opted to ignore them.

There were a few key names missing from the Monaco GP entry, because Hermann Lang was unwell and Dick Seaman was recovering from injuries sustained at the Nürburgring. Tazio Nuvolari, meanwhile, was otherwise engaged testing for Alfa Romeo at Monza.

There was still a fine field, though, Rudolf Caracciola leading initially from Mercedes team-mate von Brauchitsch, with the Auto Unions of Bernd Rosemeyer and Hans Stuck following. The Mercedes duo gradually pulled away at the front, but Rosemeyer then closed the gap and had all but caught von Brauchitsch when steering failure pitched him off the road. In his absence, the Mercedes drivers continued to set a fierce pace until Caracciola pitted with a serious misfire, shortly before half-distance. Repairs took more than three minutes and von Brauchitsch was clear.

The new leader made what should have been a routine stop on the 68th of 100 laps… but a front brake jammed and he lost just enough time to rejoin in front of the hard-charging Caracciola, who had recovered to second. The pair resumed where they had earlier left off… and team chief Alfred Neubauer signalled that von Brauchitsch should cede – an invitation he declined. He resisted until lap 80… and then only because he knew Caracciola had trashed his tyres, so would have to pit afresh. He did – and the prototype Sebastian Vettel cruised to the flag. **SA**

1st Manfred von Brauchitsch (Mercedes-Benz)

2nd Rudolf Caracciola (Mercedes-Benz)

3rd Christian Kautz (Mercedes-Benz)

Winner's time & speed 3hr 07min 23.900sec, 63.270mph

Pole position Caracciola (Mercedes-Benz), 1min 47.500sec, 66.168mph

1954 SWISS GP

AUGUST 22, BREMGARTEN

Funny to think that the Swiss Grand Prix was once perceived as a staple – an ever-present fixture once the FIA had followed the Fédération International de Motocyclisme's example by creating a world championship.

1st Juan Manuel Fangio (Mercedes-Benz)

2nd José Froilán González (Ferrari)

3rd Hans Herrmann (Mercedes-Benz)

Winner's time & speed
3hr 00min 34.500sec, 99.202mph

Pole position
González (Ferrari), 2min 39.500sec, 102.100mph

That all changed in 1955, when the Swiss authorities banned circuit racing in the wake of the Le Mans disaster and implemented a ban that endures to this day (although hillclimbs along mountain passes are absolutely fine, obviously).

Located to the north of Bern, Bremgarten was a long, challenging, tree-lined track and there was no reason to think it might be consigned to history within the year. As it turned out, the 1954 race would be an appropriate swansong – not so much a nail-biting classic but a showcase for Juan Manuel Fangio's gift.

The Argentine took the lead at the start, his Mercedes heading Froilán González's Ferrari and Stirling Moss's Maserati. The Englishman soon moved up to second, but the leading Silver Arrow was fast becoming a shiny dot ahead.

Mike Hawthorn picked his way through the field to hold second for a while, but a sticking throttle delayed him and oil pump failure eventually sidelined his Ferrari. Moss retired for the same reason, allowing González to reclaim second, but such were mere details on a day when Fangio drove without flaw. He won by almost a minute and in the process clinched his second world title.

Today, a motorway bisects parts of the old track: fragments exist still, but clues to their glorious past are a touch scarce. **SA**



GETTY



1967 DUTCH GP

JUNE 4, ZANDVOORT

Was £100,000 ever better spent in Formula 1? It's hard to see how. Ford's top brass travelled to the circuit in the Dutch sand dunes to witness their big investment's bow, to be rewarded with a searing landmark in the history of Grand Prix racing.

The race itself was hardly thrill-a-minute, but that's irrelevant: this was a 'great' Grand Prix for what it represented. Cosworth's Double Four Valve V8, the most successful and important engine in F1 history, arrived in a blitz of fastest practice times and a stunning debut race victory. What's more, Colin Chapman's all-new Lotus 49 to which it was bolted relied on the DFV for more than power. For the first time, both chassis and engine were mated as one, the block a fully integrated stressed member. Once again, Chapman had changed everything.

Perhaps true justice would have awarded Graham Hill this historic win. After all, he'd carried out the development tests in 49/1. Indeed, it was Graham who set the practice pace while team-mate Jim Clark lost learning time in newly minted 49/2 with a hub failure. But despite taking a commanding lead from the start, Hill's DFV failed him, broken teeth on camshaft driving gears changing the passage of fate. Clark, catching up for lost time, played himself in and then struck, passing Jochen Rindt and Jack Brabham on consecutive laps. As Jenks described in *Motor Sport*, from there he "just motored relentlessly into the distance".

Hill's failure was more indicative of the short-term frustrations of the DFV in that 'summer of love'. But for now, the significance of Clark's peerless performance was clear to all: a new F1 superpower was born. **DS**

1st Jim Clark (Lotus-Ford)

2nd Jack Brabham (Brabham-Repco)

3rd Denny Hulme (Brabham-Repco)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 14min 45.1sec, 104.40mph

Pole position
Graham Hill (Lotus-Ford), 1min 24.60sec, 110.86mph

1981 CAESARS PALACE GP

OCTOBER 17, LAS VEGAS

For some, Carlos Reutemann represents the archetype of a Grand Prix driver. He looked the part, a moody, enigmatic figure who drifted in and out of focus through the 1970s and early '80s with a languor that belied formidable talent and explosive speed.

1st Alan Jones (Williams-Ford)

2nd Alain Prost (Renault)

3rd Bruno Giacomelli (Alfa Romeo)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 44min 9.07sec, 97.99mph

Pole position
Carlos Reutemann (Williams-Ford), 1min 17.82sec, 104.91mph

Reutemann should be listed as the 19th man to claim an F1 world championship. That he isn't only adds to his flawed magnificence, especially given the nature of his capitulation in Sin City, of all places.

The Las Vegas car park in which the '81 championship came to a head was a shabby backdrop, perhaps suitably so for a stylish man who deserved better. Carlos arrived at the final race of the year with a slender one-point lead over ambitious Nelson Piquet, but that made it simple. Having already bagged a convincing pole, the Williams just had to finish ahead of the Brabham to claim the crown.

But by the end of lap one, Reutemann had slipped to fifth, and the drift continued. The moment of truth came on lap 17, Piquet making his move – and passing seemingly without resistance. "He made it easy for me," said Nelson later. "Braked early, left the door open…"

As Alan Jones scored his final GP victory, the new world champion struggled to get to his feet, heat exhaustion Piquet's only genuine rival when it mattered. Reutemann too had wilted, but this sporting tragedy – of almost Grecian proportions – had nothing to do with the weather. Surely the oddest title decider we've yet seen. **DS**



SUTTON





1957 BRITISH GP

JULY 20, AINTREE

"Those last 10 laps were exhausting," wrote Tony Brooks in *Motor Sport*. "I was listening anxiously to the engine, changing gear with exaggerated care, and giving the cars I was lapping a generous berth." All from the confines of the Vanwall pit, not the cockpit...

Brooks had long given up his car for team leader Stirling Moss; now he joined the massed crowd in crossing his fingers. Surely this would be the first World Championship GP victory for a British car?

The driver-share scheme had been pre-arranged, with Brooks' unquestioning blessing. Tony had been stuck in bed just a week before Aintree, after his Aston Martin Le Mans shunt. He'd survived a heavy DBR1 rolling on him, yet here he was a month later outpacing the great Moss in practice.



But a GP distance? That was a different matter.

Brooks was running fifth when the call came. Moss had charged past Jean Behra's Maserati to build a strong lead, only for a misfire to thwart his progress. Now on lap 26 Tony hauled his aching limbs from the cockpit – and Stirling set off on another signature charge.

At half-distance the gap to Behra was a full minute, with Mike Hawthorn, the third Vanwall of Stuart Lewis-Evans and Peter Collins between them. But soon Collins would be gone, his Lancia-Ferrari suffering a water leak, then Behra's Maserati engine detonated – and Hawthorn picked up a puncture on the debris. Vanwall was back in the lead!

Moss was by Lewis-Evans before they'd even passed the giant grandstand, and now the tension began to rise. Nerves tightened further when Lewis-Evans slowed with gear-linkage problems, but Great Britain would not be denied today.

For Moss, Aintree '55 had been special, but this was something else again. Instead of foreign silver he'd done it in his beloved British Racing Green. **DS**

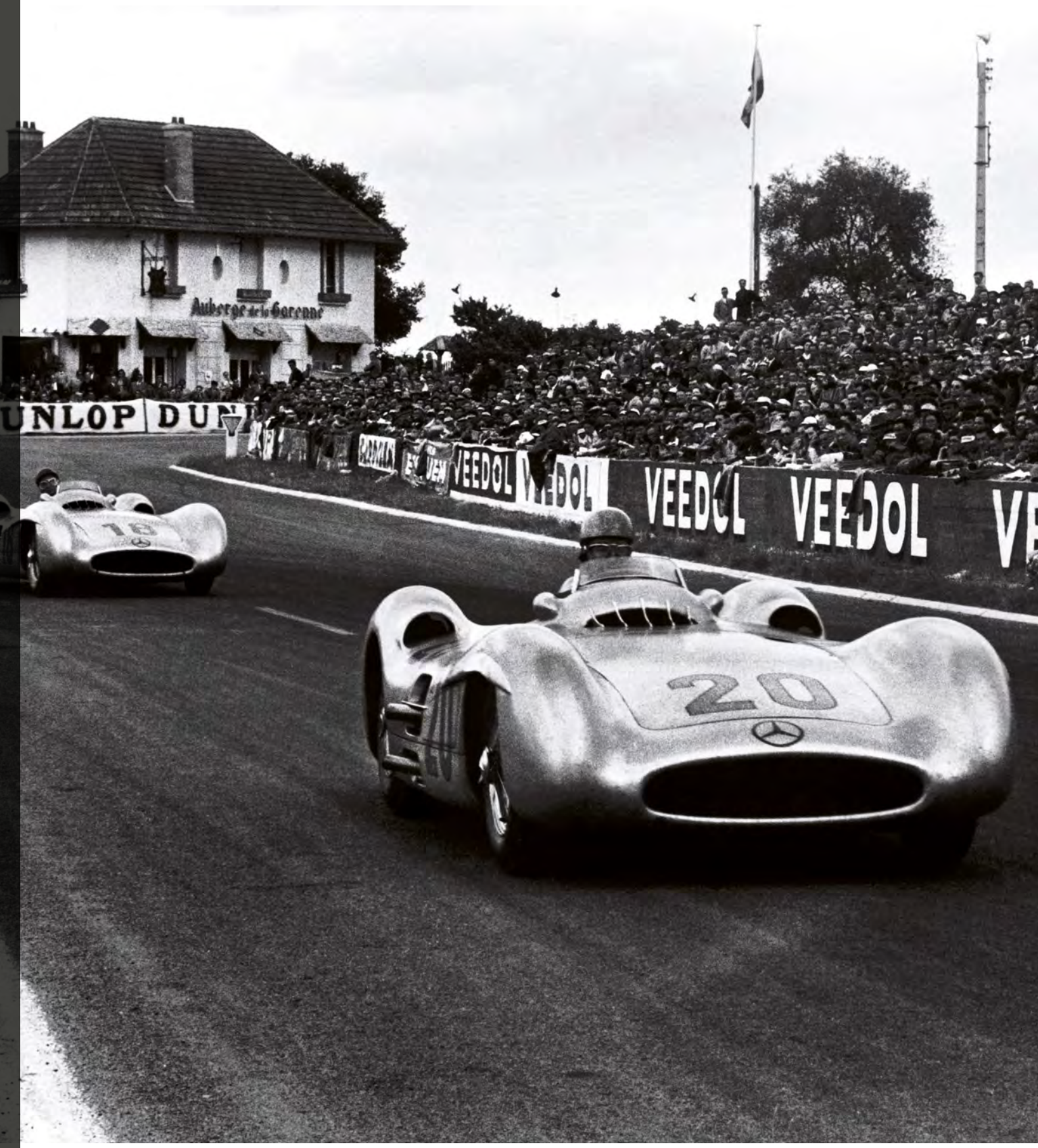
1st Tony Brooks/ Stirling Moss (Vanwall)

2nd Luigi Musso (Lancia-Ferrari)

3rd Mike Hawthorn (Lancia-Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
3hr 6min 37.8sec, 86.80mph

Pole position
Moss (Vanwall), 2min 00.2sec, 89.85mph


Auberge de la Garenne
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1954 FRENCH GP

JULY 4, REIMS

"Grand Prix racing had certainly started on a new era of science vs the rest, with the rest found wanting," concluded Denis Jenkinson at the end of his race report for *Motor Sport*.

Just nine years after the end of WWII, the German might of Mercedes-Benz was back, resuming exactly where it left off in September 1939. The motor racing world prepared once again to be in thrall to the Silver Arrows.

It's races such as this for which we long to time travel, and not simply because of the on-track spectacle of front-engined Grand Prix cars driven hard around the fast sweeps of an open road circuit. Given how much France had suffered in the six-year conflict, one can't help but wonder how the crowds responded to this latest formidable German invasion. Yet all *Motor Sport* tells us of is fascination as the four closed-bodied streamliner Mercedes W196s – three race cars, one spare – rolled into sight for the first time.

On the grid, Juan Manuel Fangio, newly signed to Mercedes, was welcomed with the biggest cheer, despite the presence of Gordini, Jean Behra and the like. Even at this stage, with 'just' one of his eventual five world championships to his name, the maestro had won the hearts of the crowd – whoever he was driving for.

He and team-mate Karl Kling were forebodingly dominant at Reims, finishing a full lap ahead of third-placed Robert Manzon. Perhaps Alberto Ascari, on loan from Lancia to Maserati to allow an Italian presence at the GP, might have given them something to think about had his transmission lasted beyond the first few yards.

1st Juan Manuel Fangio (Mercedes)

2nd Karl Kling (Mercedes)

3rd Robert Manzon (Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 42min 47.9sec, 115.97mph

Pole position
Fangio (Mercedes)
2min 29.4sec, 124.30mph



Then Froilan Gonzalez characteristically gave his all, but his Ferrari couldn't stand the pace: his engine blew just 13 laps in.

There was some hope in Hans Herrmann's retirement with engine woes in the third W196 – perhaps these complex machines could be vulnerable after all – and trouble with Silverstone's oil drums in the following British GP showed they could be beaten. But these were minor setbacks. The tide had turned, and it began that day in France.

Speaking to our editor-in-chief in June 1979, Fangio recalled just how remarkable the second era of the Silver Arrows had been during '54 and '55. "They were usually the fastest, of course, but they were also amazingly strong," he said. "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 Monaco. Otherwise, nothing went wrong. I drove 12 Grands Prix for Mercedes, with eight wins, one second, one third, one fourth and one retirement. In those days 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." **DS**

2006 HUNGARIAN GP

AUGUST 6, HUNGARORING

The promise and optimism of his first F1 season seemed like a long time ago – probably because it was. Seven seasons is an age in Grand Prix racing and for Jenson Button a lot of water had flowed since that bright debut at Williams in 2000, aged just 20.

Much of that water had been turbulent, but he'd survived the rapids with dignity intact. After all, he always had been good in the wet.

Amid the turmoil of an increasingly political Ferrari versus Renault championship battle, F1 arrived in usually balmy Budapest only to discover meteorological storm clouds too. The weekend started badly for Button and his Honda team, a spectacular engine failure landing him a 10-place grid penalty. He would start 14th.

But in mixed conditions, Button stealthily climbed the order while others lost their heads: Kimi Räikkönen dozed off and slammed into the Toro Rosso of Tonio Liuzzi; Michael Schumacher raced erratically on poorly performing Bridgestone tyres, eventually breaking a track rod after starting a penalised 11th; while Fernando Alonso, who started a place behind Button after also being docked places for brake-testing Robert Doornbos in practice, lost a wheel after a botched Renault pitstop.

But despite the travails of others, few could begrudge Button his first victory since Formula 3, especially as he had won through intelligence, racecraft and that uncanny knack of reading the trickiest conditions.

With what we know now, how strange it seems that until 2009 and the Brawn GP phenomenon Button looked set to be remembered as a modern equivalent of Jean-Pierre Beltoise: one GP win scored, on a day of days when rain levelled the playing field. Just as well for Jenson that water kept flowing. **DS**



1st Jenson Button (Honda)

2nd Pedro de la Rosa (McLaren-Mercedes)

3rd Nick Heidfeld (BMW)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 52min 20.94sec, 101.76mph

Pole position
Kimi Räikkönen (McLaren-Mercedes), 1min 19.59sec, 123.11mph





1998 HUNGARIAN GP

AUGUST 16, HUNGARORING

The wins are so numerous they tend to blur into each other. Even Michael Schumacher and Ross Brawn themselves might struggle to recall them all. But we bet they both remember this one.

Hungary '98 was special, perhaps the best example of their partnership working at its most devastating best.

McLaren's MP4/18 held the upper hand in Hungary, as it did on most occasions in 1998, but tactical instinct and relentless pace won Ferrari the day. As Mika Häkkinen and David Coulthard circulated out front, Brawn rolled the dice. He switched Schumacher away from the standard two stops to three, bringing Michael in early for his second. McLaren's pitwall knew straight away what was happening and reacted by bringing in its pair, but it was already too late. Schumacher's pace was enough for a classic undercut and now he led.

But the real work was still to come. The task Brawn set Schumacher was to build a 27-second lead over the McLarens to allow him to pit for a third time and still retain his lead. Ross radioed Michael the good news. The response? "Thanks very much." Then Schumacher got his head down.

It helped that by this time Häkkinen was struggling with a broken shock absorber – and that McLaren delayed its decision to order Coulthard by to give him a chance of beating Schumacher. Frustrating for the Scot – although if truth be told, he probably would still have struggled to beat Michael on this day.

That third stint was like a string of qualifying laps, Schumacher's own version of Monaco 1961. As was typical of the time, there were no heroic passing moves, no banging of wheels. But it was still captivating, a classic of its era – and of all time. **DS**

1st Michael Schumacher (Ferrari)

2nd David Coulthard (McLaren-Mercedes)

3rd Jacques Villeneuve (Williams-Mecachrome)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 45min 25.55sec, 108.15mph

Pole position
Mika Häkkinen (McLaren-Mercedes), 1min 16.97sec, 115.43mph

1987 BRITISH GP

JULY 12, SILVERSTONE

I'd been counting down the gap, lap by lap, as the Williams duo blasted past into the braking area for Stowe. Nigel Mansell, the 'true grit, true Brit' hero of the masses, had been forced to pit for new Goodyears thanks to vibrations from a tyre imbalance.

Before the days of pitlane speed limits, he'd charged in and out in a fury – and was now refusing to accept defeat in front of his 'barmy army' of patriotic fans.

Despite the best efforts of Alain Prost at the start, Nelson Piquet and Mansell had already crushed the opposition in the Silverstone sun, Honda power and their brilliant FW11Bs a cut above the rest. Prost jumped the Williams pair from the second row, but by Maggotts poleman Piquet was through and Mansell was soon to follow. With an eye on tyre wear and fuel consumption, they still left the rest for dead.

The gap after Mansell's stop had been more than 25 seconds. We'd all thought it was over. But now the tension built as Mansell closed in on the enemy within – the team-mate whom he couldn't stand. We didn't need the snatches of commentary from the useless speaker system to tell us what was possible. We could see, as lap records tumbled.

If I close my eyes, I can still see it all unravelling in a 190mph flash from my perfect vantage point: the cars appearing into view from Chapel Curve almost as one, the violent vibrations of speed down the Hangar Straight, the dummy left, Piquet's jink to defend and Mansell's glorious swoop to the inside. Through the turn the Canon-liveried rear wings were side by side, almost touching. But Mansell was past and gone – on lap 63 of 65. We roared as one, a moment of purest sporting joy.





It had been all or nothing, 'Red Five' running out of fuel after the flag. We swamped the track in celebration – then dutifully climbed back over the sleepers in time to see 'the moustache' riding pillion on a police motorcycle. They stopped in front of us, Mansell climbed off – and kissed the track, Pontiff-style, at the point opposite me where he'd sold his dummy. Blessed was he that day…

At Club corner, unknown future colleagues and friends cursed Piquet's luck, having already seen through Mansell's pantomime histrionics. But as an impressionable 13-year-old, cynicism had yet to catch on. He'd defeated Piquet at Brands in '86, and would win here again in crushing fashion in both '91 and '92. But '87 was something else. It was the greatest race I'd ever seen. It still is. **DS**

1st Nigel Mansell (Williams-Honda)

2nd Nelson Piquet (Williams-Honda)

3rd Ayrton Senna (Lotus-Honda)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 19min 11.78sec, 146.20mph

Pole position
Piquet (Williams-Honda), 1min 07.11sec, 159.26mph




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1956 ITALIAN GP

SEPTEMBER 2, MONZA

Fear of tyre failures is nothing new. But if modern Formula 1 drivers were prepared to boycott after the troubles at the British GP this July past, what would they make of those at Monza 57 years ago?

1st Stirling Moss (Maserati)

2nd Peter Collins/Juan Manuel Fangio (Lancia-Ferrari)

3rd Ron Flockhart (Connaught-Alta)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 23min 41.3sec, 129.73mph

Pole position
Fangio (Lancia-Ferrari) 2min 42.6sec, 137.57mph

This wasn't just flat-out Monza, remember – this was Monza complete with the rough, rubber-shredding banking. So much about the race that was officially called the *Gran Premio d'Europa* simply couldn't be countenanced today.

The Lancia-Ferraris were fast but vulnerable on their Engleberts, against the Pirelli-shod Maseratis and the Dunlop-tyred Vanwall of an inspired Harry Schell. Against all reason, Eugenio Castellotti and Luigi Musso ignored Ferrari's tyre fears and raced hard – until they were forced to stop for new sets. Castellotti would subsequently throw a tread on the banking, walking away from a frightening accident. It wasn't the only close call that day.

At the front, Moss looked peerless until his 250F faltered, out of fuel thanks to a leak. Maserati privateer Piotti saved the day, thinking quick to run up behind and push Moss's car pitwards (imagine!). Stirling was back in the race, behind new leader Musso. But then the Lancia-Ferrari suffered a steering arm breakage, the subsequent tyre blow-out sending Luigi into a pits-bound slide. As Jenks reports, "By sheer luck he came to rest a matter of inches from the pit counters and was helped out weak and very shaken, with the Italian GP once more wrested from his grasp."

Thus Moss took victory from the Lancia-Ferrari of Peter Collins – but now driven by Juan Manuel Fangio. Yes, the ultimate example of F1 as a team sport. The Briton gave up his car for the maestro (Musso wouldn't have it), allowing his team leader to claim his fourth title. Scandalous? No. Back then, simply sporting and the act of a gentleman. **DS**





SUTTON

1988 JAPANESE GP

OCTOBER 30, SUZUKA

He'd come this close, nothing would stop him now. Was this destiny? Perhaps, if you believe in such things. For the rest of us, it was a performance of sheer guts and determination from the most driven man we'd yet seen in Formula 1. He just refused to lose.

But that first title so nearly slipped from Senna's grasp when he stalled from his pole position. The slope at Suzuka's startline saved him, Ayrton just managing to bump start his Honda as McLaren team-mate Alain Prost disappeared into the lead. Now the comeback began.

As Senna charged, Prost found himself distracted – not the first time in '88 – by the 'minnow' that was Ivan Capelli in his Leyton House. The turquoise March even led briefly, before the Italian's brilliance was curtailed by electrical failure. But now Prost had Senna on his tail.

Unlucky with traffic and managing a gearbox niggle, Alain had no answer to Ayrton. When the rain came, Prost hung on – his weakness in the wet was always a myth – but ultimately ceded the race and the world title. He'd scored more points than his team-mate, but on the curious dropped scores rule Senna was champion.

In later years Suzuka would be the scene of more controversial, untidy – and plain ugly – championship showdowns. But in 1988, before the war that was to come, it brought out the best in Ayrton Senna. Now he'd achieved what had driven him from the start: he was champion of the world. **DS**

1st Ayrton Senna (McLaren-Honda)

2nd Alain Prost (McLaren-Honda)

3rd Thierry Boutsen (Benetton-Ford)

Winner's time & speed 1hr 33min 26.17sec, 119.22mph

Pole position **Senna** (McLaren-Honda), 1min 17.74sec, 128.67mph



1970 MONACO GP

MAY 10, MONTE CARLO

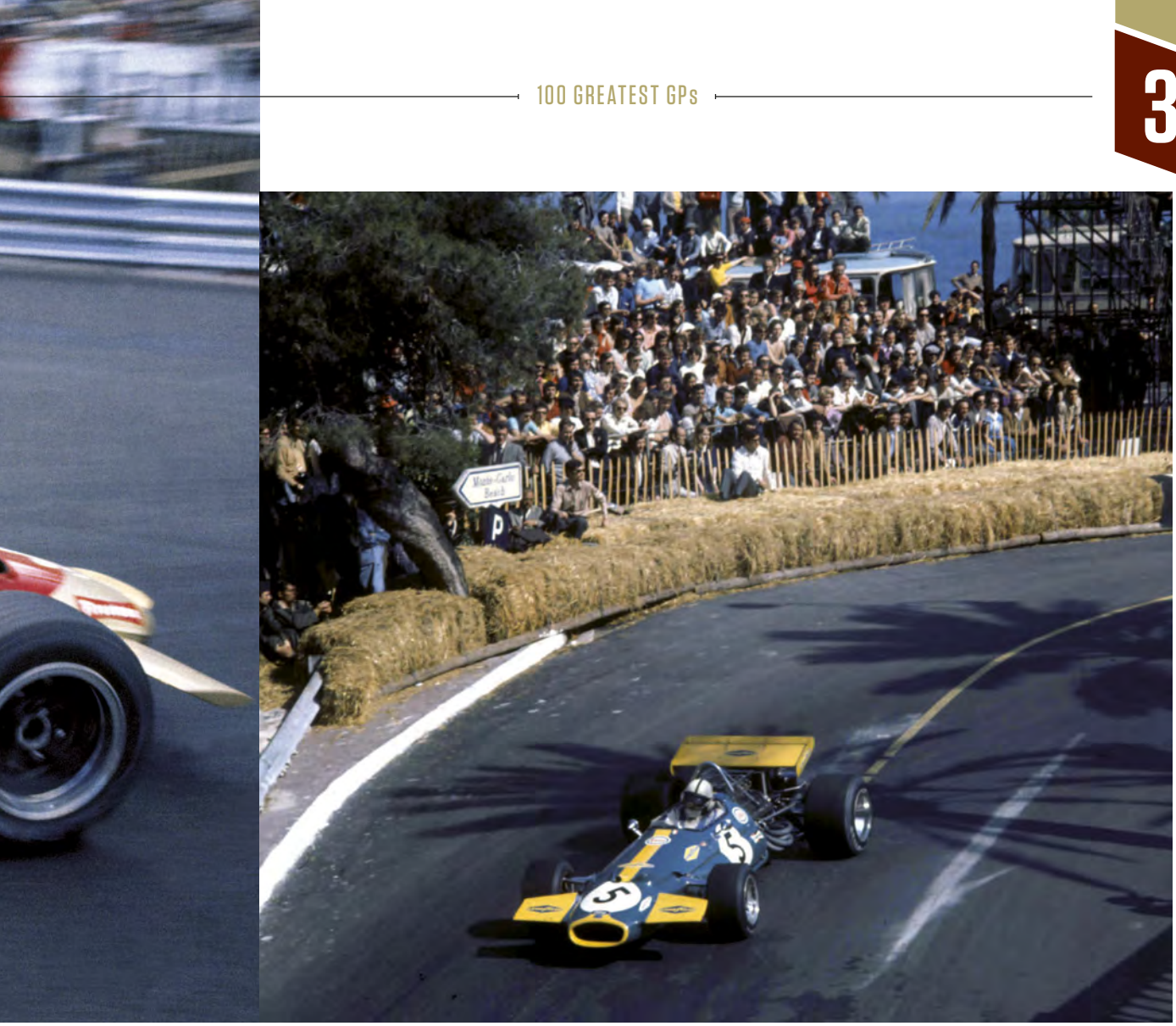
If this race had played out as it started, there's little chance the 1970 Monaco GP would have made this list. But thanks to its unlikely and (depending on your perspective) comical finale, it is one of the most infamous F1 races in the venue's long history.

Aside from the climax, this Monaco GP was also notable for the all-March front row, during those amazing first months for the Johnny-come-lately F1 constructor. Jackie Stewart famously hated the Tyrrell-run 701, but that didn't stop him taking pole, with Chris Amon's STP works car alongside.

Jackie subsequently ran away and hid in the race, victory seemingly a formality. He stretched away from Amon in the early going with apparent ease, while veteran Jack Brabham, Jacky Ickx, Jean-Pierre Beltoise, Denny Hulme and Jochen Rindt followed.

For Rindt, the weekend had been a struggle, Team Lotus's all-new wedge-shaped 72 proving wayward around the narrow streets. He'd been forced to fall back on the ageing 49C for the race, and expectations were not high.

But as the race unfolded the old 49 rose up the





SUTTON

order. Stewart lost a dominant lead with a misfire, gifting the lead to Brabham who'd already passed Amon. Chris would retire when a suspension bolt dropped out, Ickx and Beltoise were early casualties and Hulme fell off the pace with gearbox trouble. Thus Rindt found himself second, albeit 15sec down the road from Brabham. There was no hope of victory – was there?

Jenks picks up the story: "With five laps to go Brabham had the race won and was easing back to cruise home to a safe victory, for Rindt was no danger, but suddenly the Austrian seemed to wake up and respond to pit signals."

A 9sec lead then shrank to five when Jo Siffert unintentionally baulked the leader, and with two laps to go Brabham was in Rindt's sights. Still, the old man (the three-time champion was 44 and in his final season) had it all under control – didn't he?

Back to Jenks for the last lap: "Out of the Tabac corner on to the promenade Brabham was still four lengths ahead, and all seemed safe, but as he approached the Gasworks hairpin he passed [Piers] Courage and just in case Rindt tried any tricks like driving through on the inside, Brabham took a line for the apex, to shut the door, rather than the normal line swinging out to the left. He braked really late, locked his wheels and slid helplessly into the barriers. An amazed and amused Rindt took the normal line… and the lead to win the Monaco GP for Lotus with an apparently obsolete car, while a red-faced Brabham trailed into second with the nose cowling smashed. The 'old man' had goofed." **DS**

1st Jochen Rindt (Lotus-Ford)

2nd Jack Brabham (Brabham-Ford)

3rd Henri Pescarolo (Matra)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 54min 36.6sec, 81.84mph

Pole position
Jackie Stewart (Matra), 1min 24.0sec, 83.75mph





1961 GERMAN GP

AUGUST 6, NÜRBURGRING

Once Jack Brabham had deposited his leading Cooper in the bushes at Hatzenbach on the opening lap, it was left to the old, Rob Walker-run, four-cylinder Lotus of Stirling Moss to take the fight to the more powerful Ferraris.

It was Monaco all over again. Always keen to take a gamble as an underdog, Moss had decided to start (from third on the grid) on Dunlop's high-hysteresis D12 rain tyre even though the circuit was merely damp. Dunlop's Vic Barlow advised vehemently against this, warning of overheating, chunking and sudden failures, but Moss felt that he had no choice if he were to win, which is all this inveterate racer ever wanted to do. Plus Team Lotus's Innes Ireland had won the recent non-championship Solitude GP in the dry on the same boots. The extra grip they afforded was worth the risk.

Having painted over the tyre's indicating green spot to disguise his ploy, Moss was 10 seconds ahead after just three laps, at which point the 'Sharknoses' – Ferrari had heeded Barlow's advice – began to circle as the track dried. Phil Hill and Wolfgang von Trips, though able to lap faster than Moss – both broke the nine-minute barrier – were, however, enduring a difficult ride on suspension that caused them to ground over bumps. (Hill reckoned his pole lap freakish.)

The Lotus they were chasing was more composed – as was its driver.

Nobody could hold a candle to Moss at the Nordschleife, which was hosting its first GP since 1958. Yet the Ferraris' extra oomph was beginning to cause him concern as Hill and von Trips wound each other up and towed each other down the long finishing straight. Though Moss's car had been fitted with newer, smoother bodywork since his Monaco miracle, its top-end speed was still shy of the optimum.

Fortune favoured the brave. The rain began again, allowing Moss to stretch his lead to 21.4sec over the last three laps. His chasers, left to fight among themselves, were lucky to reach the finish so hectic was their internecine scrap.

Moss's final GP victory lacked the claustrophobia of Monaco – the most traffic he experienced that day in Germany was a 40-minute jam near Düsseldorf while on his way home – and so he did not rate it as highly. However, it undoubtedly reaffirmed his position as the world's best driver – by a margin never bettered in any era before or since. **PF**





1st Stirling Moss (Lotus-Climax)

2nd Wolfgang von Trips (Ferrari)

3rd Phil Hill (Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 18min 12.4sec, 92.144mph

Pole position
Hill (Ferrari) 8min 55.2sec, 95.179mph

1934 FRENCH GP

JULY 1, MONTLHÉRY

Scuderia Ferrari's Alfa Romeos mopped up while the Germans prepared for action: 1-2s at Monaco and in the Targa Florio, plus a 1-2-3-4 at Alessandria, a 1-2-3 in Tripoli and a win in Morocco, with Guy Moll, Louis Chiron and Achille Varzi sharing the spoils.

1st Louis Chiron (Alfa Romeo)

2nd Achille Varzi (Alfa Romeo)

3rd Felice Trossi/Guy Moll (Alfa Romeo)

Winner's time & speed 3hr 39min 14.0sec, 84.978mph

Pole position Hans Stuck* (Auto Union) Grid decided by ballot

They even finished 1-2 – Moll from Varzi – at the Avusrennen (May 27) in the debut presence of Auto Union, although Hans Stuck's radical rear-engined device had disappeared over the horizon before suffering a broken clutch.

Mercedes-Benz arrived later, at the Nürburgring's Eifelrennen on June 3, and promptly ended Alfa's run of success, courtesy of Manfred von Brauchitsch; Stuck was second. That, though, was home soil. The French GP would be a truer test of the preparedness of the Silver Arrows.

Though fast in practice, they were found wanting in the heat of the race. All three Auto Unions – one didn't even make the start – and all three Mercs failed to finish, retiring through a range of faults indicative of the newness of these complex cars: defective steering, a disintegrating supercharger, failed brakes – there was debate whether this was caused by Luigi Fagioli's excursion rather than vice versa – and a fractured fuel feed. Only one Silver Arrow, Stuck's, made it beyond half-distance, by which time it was out of contention because of a long pitstop caused by the problem that eventually sidelined it: a weakening water pump.

Alfa Romeo was thus handed another 1-2-3. In defence of its winner Chiron, however, the classy Monégasque had matched the German machines from the moment he accelerated into the lead from the third row; only Stuck headed him. It wouldn't be long, however, before the Silver Arrows wedded experience to experiment and the Alfa, a three-year-old design, was made to look its age.

Stuck did not take up his pole position. He started from the middle of a depleted front row having taken over team-mate August Momberger's car. The latter switched to Hermann zu Leiningen's chassis and started from the second row.* **PF





SUTTON

1989 HUNGARIAN GP

AUGUST 13, HUNGARORING

Ayrton Senna could 'do business' with Nigel Mansell. Racing against Alain Prost was akin to nailing jelly to a tree, whereas the moustachioed Englishman was a passionate racer, at his happiest wheel-to-wheel.

Beating Prost was more important. Beating Mansell was more fun. Hell, losing to Mansell was more fun.

His Ferrari handling badly, as was Gerhard Berger's, Mansell concentrated on race set-up during qualifying, which caused him to line up 12th – and be quickest in morning warm-up. Although overtaking was notoriously difficult here, he had passed four by the time he exited the first corner.

After a period of consolidation, he then picked off Thierry Boutsen's Williams and Alex Caffi's Dallara (on Pirellis) before chomping into Prost's 17-second advantage. The latter's Honda turbo was hesitant, while team-mate Senna was bottled up by the leading Williams of Riccardo Patrese, the unexpected pole-sitter. The usually dominant McLarens had been denied their escape.

Buoyed by the news that Berger's stop for new Goodyears had been unnecessary, Mansell passed Prost without difficulty and closed on Senna for what became the lead when poor Patrese's radiator was holed by mechanical debris.

With 25 laps to go, Mansell was prepared to wait for his chance. It came six laps later when Stefan Johansson's Onyx emerged in front of the leader. The Swede had pitted because of a gear-selection glitch, which proved elusive to his team but promptly returned once back on the track. Badly baulked, Senna braked... and rapid-response Mansell flicked right to pass him.

Senna gave chase until Mansell set fastest lap on lap 66 and Senna's fuel read-out flashed 'red'. It was rare for him to settle for second yet he was smiley at the finish. The reason? He had 'done business' with Mansell and beaten Prost. **PF**

1st Nigel Mansell (Ferrari)

2nd Ayrton Senna (McLaren-Honda)

3rd Thierry Boutsen (Williams-Renault)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 49min 38.650sec, 103.866mph

Pole position
Riccardo Patrese (Williams-Renault) 1min 19.726sec, 111.306mph

1953 FRENCH GP

JULY 5, REIMS

It almost didn't happen. Angered by its disqualification from the lead of the supporting 12-hour sports car race, which started at midnight, Ferrari threatened to take its ball home and boycott the GP.

1st Mike Hawthorn (Ferrari)

2nd Juan Manuel Fangio (Maserati)

3rd José Froilán González (Maserati)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 44min 18.6sec, 113.639mph

Pole position
Alberto Ascari (Ferrari)
2min 41.2sec, 115.905mph

Given that it had won 10 on the bounce, however, and that its reigning champion Alberto Ascari had registered yet another pole, it realised that this would be cutting off its nose to spite its face.

Maserati, in contrast, was champing at the bit, having continued to narrow the performance gap to its Modenese neighbours. Its plan now was to upset Ascari's preferred rhythm at the front by starting Froilán González on half-tanks. The ruse might have worked, too, but for a mid-race spurt by team leader Juan Fangio, who also dragged along the Ferraris of Ascari, Luigi Villoresi, Giuseppe Farina and Mike Hawthorn, plus the Maser of his protégé Onofré Marimón. It was into the middle of this frantic slipstreaming scrap that González plopped.

The Maserati held the edge in terms of acceleration, whereas the Ferrari was better on the brakes. This led to a high-speed game of cat-and-mouse that nobody expected the inexperienced Hawthorn to win. Yet the young Englishman, 24, more comfortable than Ascari in the hurly-burly, took the fight to Fangio, the pair of them passing and repassing. On lap 58 (of 60), they crossed the line in a dead heat, as did Ascari and González a few lengths behind.

Hawthorn braked desperately late for the final corner yet also managed a good exit, and although the battling Maseratis drew closer on the long straight run to the flag – Ascari had been dropped by three seconds – he held on to score a remarkable victory by a single second. **PF**





1981 SPANISH GP

JUNE 21, JARAMA

Winning as slowly as possible was not Gilles Villeneuve's usual modus operandi. He had no option on this occasion, however, his truck-like Ferrari lumbering at the head of a 16-wheel trailer.

Attacking starts were much more him. Blasting from the fourth row, and bending the front wing of Alain Prost's Renault in the process, he slotted into third on the run to the first corner. His wayward chassis at its best when anchored by full tanks, he then brazenly jumped the Williams of a surprised Carlos Reutemann for second place at the start of the second lap.

This opportunism was rewarded when easy leader Alan Jones locked up and buried his Williams in the sand on lap 14. Not that Villeneuve expected his lead to last. Already he was struggling. The chasing Reutemann, his transmission jumping out of third gear, did not seem in the (right) mood, however; the Argentine was shadow boxing rather than looking to land the knock-out punch.

In contrast, 'Happy Jacques' Laffite was fighting mad. Fastest in practice, a dragging clutch caused him to peck at the start and his Ligier reappeared in 11th place. By lap 62 he had recovered to second place, passing Reutemann, and bringing John Watson's McLaren with him, when a backmarker intervened.

Villeneuve, weakening as he wrestled his car in 100-degree heat, now faced his strongest opponent. For 18 more laps, the so-called Québécois wild man tiptoed clear of the marbles on the twisty back section before launching his boosted V6 rocket down the pit straight. So watertight was this defence that Laffite began to worry more about losing second, third and fourth places to Watson, Reutemann and the Lotus of Elio de Angelis, so closely coupled was this Spanish caravan.

The spread was just 1.24 seconds at the finish. But Villeneuve, a class apart, had been in a world all his own. **PF**

1st Gilles Villeneuve (Ferrari)

2nd Jacques Laffite (Ligier-Matra)

3rd John Watson (McLaren-Ford)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 46min 35.1sec, 92.682mph

Pole position
Laffite (Ligier-Matra) 1min 13.754sec, 100.452mph

1936 EIFELRENNEN

JUNE 14, NÜRBURGRING

It had been 12 months since Rudi Caracciola wagged a finger, the established ace considering his young rival to be in over his head: but for a missed shift entering the home straight, Bernd Rosemeyer would have won the 1935 Eifelrennen, too...

1st Bernd Rosemeyer (Auto Union)

2nd Tazio Nuvolari (Alfa Romeo)

3rd Antonio Brivio (Alfa Romeo)

Winner's time & speed 1hr 56min 41.2sec, 72.879mph

Pole position **Nuvolari**, grid decided by ballot

Caracciola was correct in that Rosemeyer's maiden season would prove to be a curate's egg. Despite topping it off with a victory at Brno in Czechoslovakia, Bernd had much to learn. Where Caracciola erred – and how possibly could he have known? – was that Rosemeyer was a genius: a natural, ideal for an 'unnatural' car. This he demonstrated at a Nürburgring wrapped in an unsafe blanket of fog.

Caracciola and Tazio Nuvolari, the era's two finest, led the early wet stages of this 10-lapper, with Rosemeyer, who had endured a difficult start to the season, keeping a watching brief: Mercedes-Benz, Alfa Romeo, Auto Union.

Caracciola soon retired and Nuvolari took the lead. The Alfa had 60bhp less than the chasing Auto Union but handled better – and was driven by the superstar who had pulled off a sensational victory in the previous season's German GP at the same circuit.

All the more astonishing, therefore, that Rosemeyer, apparently unconcerned by the diminishing visibility – down to 20 metres in places – should sweep ahead and boom into the gloom. He lapped half a minute faster than his rival from thereon to win by more than two minutes. The 300,000 crowd could scarcely believe its eyes. Rosemeyer trusted his implicitly. **PF**





ERIC SAWYER

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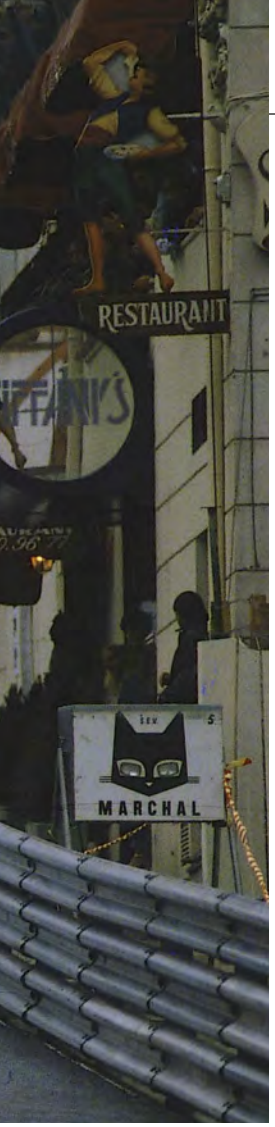
1984 MONACO GP

JUNE 3, MONTE CARLO

Jacky Ickx, arguably the greatest wet-weather driver, had seen enough. Twelve years on from finishing second after 80 laps in similarly horrendous conditions, the Belgian, as Clerk of the Course, called a halt after 31.

His decision split opinion: McLaren's Alain Prost wholeheartedly agreed; Toleman's brilliant newcomer Ayrton Senna was fundamentally opposed. Two very different personalities and styles set on a collision course.

Prost had much to lose and Senna, making only his fifth GP start – and his second on Michelins following his team's split from Pirelli – everything to gain. The Frenchman was leading the championship thanks to two victories with his new team. The Brazilian had already caught the eye with two sixth places: in South Africa and Belgium. The Frenchman had started from pole but was struggling with his brakes. The Brazilian had started from 13th and tweaked his suspension when he clouted a kerb at the Chicane. The Frenchman, having brushed a marshal attending a spun-and-stalled car at Portier and watched Nigel Mansell's Lotus spin helplessly from a brief lead on lap 16, had lost his appetite. Senna, blessed (and cursed) with Tunnel vision, was thirsting for success. The gap between them was less than four seconds – the equivalent of one more lap at Senna's closing speed – when the red flag was







brandished and the result backdated.

This wasn't the only great what-might-have-been: Stefan Bellof, another newcomer, was catching the pair of them. The German had squeezed onto the 20-car grid – his Tyrrell the only non-turbo to do so – and was busy making hay while the rain fell. He was 13 seconds behind Senna when the race was stopped.

Could Senna and Bellof, neither a respecter of reputation, have shared the same piece of road without colliding? Probably not. Would canny Prost have let them get on with it in the hope of picking up the pieces? Probably. What was sure was that the awarding of half-points – because three-quarter distance had not been reached – could not reduce the significance of this race. Prost knew now that Senna was gunning for him. It was personal. Bellof, too, would clearly pose a major threat with the right weapon to hand. Both had bright futures.

Bellof's would be tragically short. Killed at Spa's sports car encounter the following September, he had been linked with Ferrari for 1986. Denied his third place at Monaco – Tyrrell had been retrospectively struck from the season because of a weight infringement – and now denied his big-break meeting with Enzo, we'll never know how good he might have been.

Senna would not be denied. He, too, would be snatched away cruelly – but nobody, Prost in particular, could be in any doubt about his ability, speed and outlook. Those 32 laps at Monaco – Senna was still racing when Prost meekly parked up – were not bullet points. They constituted a new racing manifesto still in effect today. **PF**

1st Alain Prost (McLaren-TAG)

2nd Ayrton Senna (Toleman-Hart)

3rd René Arnoux (Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 1min 7.740sec, 62.619mph

Pole position
ºProst (McLaren-TAG) 1min 22.661sec, 89.628mph

1906 FRENCH GP

JUNE 26-27, LE MANS

Not the first motor race with a GP suffix – that was Pau in February 1901 – but the first international event so called. It ended with a Renault victory – the result of clever strategy, a sorted chassis with a tyre advantage and faster pitstops.

1st Ferenc Szisz (Renault)

2nd Felice Nazzaro (Fiat)

3rd Albert Clément (Clément-Bayard)

Winner's time & speed 12hr 14min 07.0sec, 62.880mph

Pole position Fernand Gabriel (Lorraine-Diétrich) Cars started individually at 90-second intervals

Much has changed since, of course. The race was held over two days – Tuesday and Wednesday – and covered 769 miles. Its circuit was 64.11 miles in length and short sections were wooden. And the winning car had a 13-litre engine – far from the largest in the field.

Created to circumnavigate the Gordon Bennett Trophy's restrictive three cars-per-country rule, the GP attracted 34 entries, 32 of which started. Nine French marques, seven of which mustered three cars, faced sparse but stiff opposition from Italy (Fiat and Itala) and Germany (Mercedes).

Paul Baras in a Richard-Brasier set the fastest lap – 73.376mph from a standing start – and led for the first two, but Renault's Ferenc Szisz controlled proceedings thereafter.

Hungarian-born but based near Paris – his true surname was bastardised to François by a French public eager to adopt him – Szisz drove with a mechanical sympathy befitting his engineering background. He also benefited from Michelin's detachable rims. As the temperature rose and the track deteriorated, punctures became common. Szisz and his riding mechanic Marteau could not avoid them, but this quick-change system – four minutes per corner! – meant they lost less time.



The *jante amovible* was heavier than a normal wheel, which proscribed many teams from using it lest they were tipped over the 1000kg limit. That Renault, Fiat and Clément-Bayard could use it was due to better preparation and attention to detail.

Szisz led by more than 26 minutes at the conclusion of the first day's six laps – a gap he increased by a further six over the second six.

There was, however, a key place change. Fiat's Felice Nazzaro jumped Albert Clément on the 10th lap and pipped him – by 3min 20sec – to second. The latter had gone against his team-owner father's advice and shunned detachable rims – a decision that cost him victory. **PF**





SUTTON

1962 GERMAN GP

AUGUST 5, NÜRBURGRING

Fussing over goggles steaming up in the rain and fretting about fouled spark plugs, Jim Clark forgot that he'd switched off his fuel pumps to avoid the latter. He remembered just as the carbs of his Lotus ran dry and the soggy flag dropped.

Angry at his schoolboy error, he belatedly tore into the race determined to atone. He would drive faster in his career but never more wildly.

Tenth at the end of the first lap, he was fourth by lap eight. Freed from traffic, he immediately chopped eight seconds from the advantage of those ahead. Whereupon they responded to shed only two more to him next time around. The gap measured 14 seconds entering the 11th lap (of 15). Whereupon Clark scared himself silly with a tank-slapper of epic proportion. Realising that he was overstepping the mark, he settled for fourth. That he did so having got so close highlighted how brilliantly the leading three were performing.

Graham Hill, whose BRM had taken the lead from Dan Gurney's pole-sitting Porsche at the start of the third lap, and the Lola-Climax of John Surtees had circulated nose to tail throughout: harrying, jockeying, hoping to force a mistake. But none was forthcoming. Surtees annexed second on lap five while Gurney mulled over the best way of 'relocating' the battery suddenly adrift in his cockpit, but thereafter a status quo of the tingling variety gripped them and the crowd.

Hill's BRM was faster on the long straight that funnelled them to the finish, but Surtees had a plan: get a good run exiting Schwalbenschwanz, nip by and then hold the centre of this narrow stretch of road. What he couldn't factor in was the sudden appearance of a backmarker in his path.

Hill, the winner by 2.5sec, reckoned this to be his greatest drive. **PF**

1st Graham Hill (BRM)

2nd John Surtees (Lola-Climax)

3rd Dan Gurney (Porsche)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 38min 45.3sec, 80.285mph

Pole position
Gurney (Porsche) 8min 47.2sec, 96.965mph

1969 BRITISH GP

JULY 19, SILVERSTONE

They had since Jim Clark's death fought a tacit battle to be the best: Jochen Rindt, perhaps the faster, attempting to put the fragility of his Lotus to the back of his mind, and Jackie Stewart, the more complete, revelling in his Matra's strength and security.

The latter had been doing the winning: four victories and a retirement (when leading) from the first five GPs of the season to establish a huge championship lead. Rindt was in a very different place. The 'King of Formula 2' had yet to win in F1. He was also at daggers drawn with his team boss over wings – drastically lowered since his terrifying flight and crash-landing from the lead of the Spanish GP – and Lotus's impassioned development of a four-wheel-drive F1 car. An unconvinced Rindt flatly refused to drive the thing. A convinced Colin Chapman dug his heels. And the team suffered.

Matra was also assessing a four-wheel-drive chassis, but Stewart and his boss/mate Ken Tyrrell viewed it as an interesting sideline rather than a battle plan. That's why JYS was first out of the pits for practice and Lotus arrived late in the day.

It was Rindt, however, who grabbed pole, albeit by default. Stewart was two-tenths quicker when he clipped a dislodged piece of inside kerb, burst a rear tyre and spun backwards into the retaining bank at Woodcote. Forced to switch to team-mate Jean-Pierre Beltoise's car and settings, he had to forfeit his best time and start over. Second fastest was a fine effort in the circumstances.

Rindt led Stewart into Copse – just – and it was obvious by the end of the first lap that this would be a two-horse race. Stewart replied under braking for Stowe on the seventh lap, only to be baulked nine laps later by, ironically, Beltoise, relegated to the unfamiliar 4WD because of Stewart's accident.

Back in front, Rindt crossed the line first for the next 46 laps. Their dice, however, was never anything other than captivating and beautiful, both men scribing graceful arcs, trusting to their skill and mutual respect as they peered over the edge without blinking.

Stewart increased the pressure at two-thirds distance with a fastest lap just one-tenth slower than his qualifying mark. But Rindt didn't falter. His car did. A rear wing endplate came adrift and the collapsing structure began to rub on a tyre. Stewart immediately pulled alongside his friend and rival to warn him, an action that suggested he had been holding something in reserve though he had been without a clutch since the start. Rindt knew only one way at this stage of his career: flat out. Stewart knew several ways.

Rindt returned to the fray after a 30-second stop to have the offending item ripped off, only to pit again when his DFV, low on fuel, stuttered eight laps from home.

Stewart's Cosworth also fluffed towards the end – and the Scot switched calmly to his reserve tank. Tyrrell had decided not to swap engines despite the enforced car change and Stewart, therefore, had been 600rpm down with an older-spec engine. Consistency, from within himself and his team, is what made him the best since Clark. **PF**

1st Jackie Stewart (Matra-Ford)

2nd Jacky Ickx (Brabham-Ford)

3rd Bruce McLaren (McLaren-Ford)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 55min 55.6sec, 126.949mph

Pole position
Jochen Rindt (Lotus-Ford) 1min 20.8sec, 130.099mph








McLaren
Canon
Canon

1993 GP OF EUROPE

APRIL 11, DONINGTON PARK

It was always going to be a momentous day. Since reopening the Donington Park circuit in 1977, driving force Tom Wheatcroft had pledged to bring Grand Prix racing back there for the first time since the Silver Arrows captured local imagination in the 1930s.

Mission accomplished. Wheatcroft defied medical wisdom to attend – he was recovering from a recent heart attack – but that was too great a trifle to keep him away… or prevent him completing a pre-race demonstration run (via a gravel trap detour) in a Mercedes-Benz W154.

The mood was bright, but the same could not be said of the conditions. The Williams-Renaults of Alain Prost and Damon Hill had dominated Saturday's sun-dappled qualifying, but now things were distinctly British Racing Grey. Prost and Hill led away, while serial nuisance Ayrton Senna made an uncharacteristically sluggish start from row two and was scrapping for fifth place as the field scrambled through Redgate for the first time. When he reappeared at the same spot 90-odd seconds later, he led by several lengths. Where others wondered about grip on the greasy surface, he'd simply found it and sliced his way to the front. Such was the Brazilian's lead that McLaren assumed Prost must have been off the road – which he hadn't.

It was the opening gambit in a topsy-turvy, rain-affected afternoon during which pit stops were fumbled – and also made unnecessarily in the frequently changing conditions. Prost came in seven times (once with a puncture), Hill six and Senna five… although the latter didn't actually stop during one of those, netting him fastest lap



as an unforeseen consequence of Donington's pit layout. A sticking left rear wheel cost Senna time during his third stop, but for most of the afternoon he remained in firm control as he went on to win by more than a minute from Hill, with Prost a lapped third. Afterwards, the Frenchman listed all the things he felt had compromised his race. At that stage McLaren was using a customer Cosworth V8 to counter Williams's Renault V10, so with comic timing, Senna turned to his nemesis and said, "Maybe you should change cars with me."

Despite being on the back foot, he'd won two of the campaign's opening three races – Interlagos and now Donington – in awkward climates.

There were other fine cameos, too. In only his third F1 start, Rubens Barrichello mastered the conditions to haul his Jordan-Hart from 12th on the grid to run as high as second on the road, although his chances of a top-four finish were dashed by failing fuel pressure with only six laps remaining.

And Johnny Herbert proved that multiple stops weren't really necessary at all. The Lotus driver switched from wets to slicks at the end of lap 10… and stayed out thereafter. "You couldn't really tell what the weather was going to do," he said, "so I thought it best just to keep going." His persistence was rewarded with fourth place.

It was Donington's only post-war Grand Prix to date – and it lingers still in the memories of all who attended. **SA**

1st Ayrton Senna (McLaren-Cosworth)

2nd Damon Hill (Williams-Renault)

3rd Alain Prost (Williams-Renault)

Winner's time & speed 1hr 50min 46.570sec, 102.921mph

Pole position **Prost** (Williams-Renault) 1min 10.458sec, 127.724mph

2011 CANADIAN GP

JUNE 12, MONTREAL

Six pit stops, one puncture, two collisions, a drive-through penalty, and taking a race restart in last position. It's not normally a winning strategy, but Jenson Button hadn't read the script...

1st Jenson Button (McLaren-Mercedes)

2nd Sebastian Vettel (Red Bull-Renault)

3rd Mark Webber (Red Bull-Renault)

Winner's time & speed
4hr 04min 39.537sec, 46.518mph

Pole position
Vettel (Red Bull-Renault), 1min 13.014sec, 133.608mph

Persistent drizzle dictated a safety car start and the field was unchained at the end of lap four, pole winner Sebastian Vettel edging clear until the safety car reappeared on lap eight.

Lewis Hamilton clattered into team-mate Jenson Button on the pit straight and pulled off with his car in a precarious position, while Button pitted for a check-up.

Rain intensified a few laps after the restart and the safety car reappeared, Button having served a drive-through for lapping too quickly when it was last out. Everybody switched to wets, but even safety car speeds felt treacherous and the race was suspended for more than two hours.

It resumed with everyone on wets, but was soon neutralised again after Button and Fernando Alonso collided at Turn Four. The Spaniard retired and Button crawled to the pits with a front-left puncture. When the race restarted he was 21st – and last.

It took about 10 laps for the track to be sufficiently dry for slicks and Button, who had steamed into the top 10's lower reaches, was one of the first to switch. He rejoined in ninth and began lapping 3sec faster than anybody – Vettel included. "The car was obviously pretty good in those conditions," said McLaren team principal Martin Whitmarsh, "but most of that performance was down to Jenson."

Button spent the rest of the race edging closer to the front – and began the final lap 0.9sec behind Vettel. The German then ran slightly wide through Turn Five… and opened the door to one of history's unlikeliest conquests. **SA**





1924 FRENCH GP

AUGUST 3, LYON

It meant an early start on central France's eastern fringe – but the reward justified the effort. A local newspaper reported a record crowd, with more than 100,000 people lining a 14.38-mile course described in *The Brooklands Gazette* as "comparatively short"...

With cars due to assemble at 8.30am, half an hour before the start, a crepuscular invasion was essential.

Timed qualifying having yet to be invented, Henry Segrave drew pole for Sunbeam in a pre-race ballot and led away a strong, 20-car field representing the cream of France (Bugatti, Delage, Rolland-Pilain), Italy, (Fiat, Alfa Romeo), Britain (Sunbeam) and America (Miller): blue vs red vs green vs white.

Segrave retained his advantage after an opening lap in 12min 22sec, but soon ceded to Pietro Bordino (Fiat), Antonio Ascari (Alfa Romeo) and Sunbeam team-mate Kenelm Lee Guinness. Ascari took the lead when Bordino stopped for brake repairs, fresh tyres and a steering alignment check – and appeared to be in a strong position for much of the contest's balance.

With two laps to go, he and Alfa team-mate Giuseppe Campari were little more than a minute clear of Albert Divo's Delage… but then a fouled plug condemned the leader to make a pit stop from which he was unable to rejoin. Campari was thus free to cement an Italian victory, from Delage duo Divo and Robert Benoist, Louis Wagner (Alfa P2) and Segrave, Lee Guinness having retired with engine problems.

The race lasted little more than seven hours and passed off without serious incident and, contrary to predictions, more than half the starters were still running by the end – a triumph for both strength and depth. **SA**



1st Giuseppe Campari (Alfa Romeo)

2nd Albert Divo (Delage)

3rd Robert Benoist (Delage)

Winner's time & speed 7hr 05min 34.80sec, 70.957mph

Pole position **Henry Segrave** (Sunbeam), drawn by ballot



1908 FRENCH GP

JULY 7, DIEPPE

What would Jacques Laffite have thought? The Frenchman arrived in his pyjamas before the 1984 Dallas GP, a protest against a 7am start for Sunday morning warm-up. A few generations before, his antecedents were ready to race at 6am...

Dieppe hosted the French GP for a second time and there were new rules this year, with fuel restrictions lifted and a higher, 1100kg minimum weight limit. The theory ran that heavier cars would be sturdier and safer… although they didn't appear to stop so well. There is a demonstration of period handling frailties on YouTube, in a short, charming sequence swiped from a Shell VHS documentary.

The 48 cars set off at one-minute intervals, with Dario Resta (Austin) balloted to lead away. The host nation had high hopes, with strong representation from Renault, Clément-Bayard, Panhard-Levassor, Mors and others, but most major manufacturers were present – including Itala and Fiat from Italy, Benz, Opel and Mercedes from Germany, Austin from England and Thomas from America.

Panhard-Levassor's latest car featured a 12.5-litre engine and had a claimed top speed of 100mph, but frequent tyre changes prevented it mounting a challenge to the Germans. Leader Christian Lautenschlager was among the many to run wide and hit the flimsy trackside fencing, but there was ample time to extract his Mercedes, turn the crank and restart to win by more than eight minutes. Benz drivers Victory Hémery and René Hanriot completed a clean sweep for German manufacturers, with Victor Rigal's fourth-placed Clément-Bayard best of the French contingent, more than half an hour adrift. **SA**

1st Christian Lautenschlager (Mercedes)

2nd Victor Hémery (Benz)

3rd René Hanriot (Benz)

Winner's time & speed
6hr 55min 43.80sec, 69.045mph

Pole position
n/a



1969 ITALIAN GP

SEPTEMBER 7, MONZA

You'll notice that Bruce McLaren's name doesn't feature in the results panel to the right... even though he finished less than two tenths behind Jackie Stewart's winning Matra. At pre-chicane Monza, such margins were no guarantee of a headline result.

There had been a one-month break since the German GP, although most leading teams had taken part in the Oulton Park Gold Cup (where Jo Bonnier had crashed his Lotus seriously enough to have to withdraw from Monza). Long acknowledged as F1's next big thing, following the loss 17 months earlier of Jim Clark, Jackie Stewart came to Monza with a 29-point lead over Brabham rival Jacky Ickx and a chance of clinching his first world title. The Scot qualified third, behind Jochen Rindt's Lotus and Denny Hulme's McLaren, but all three would feature in an engaging, race-long battle featuring up to eight cars. Ickx, meanwhile, started at the back following a string of engine problems.

Matra brought along a four-wheel-drive MS84 – F1's fad du jour – for Stewart to try, but he would race the conventional, better sorted MS80. Lotus persisted with the 4WD experiment, though, entering a 63 for John Miles (not that many people noticed, because its engine would fail within a handful of laps).



SUTTON



Ferrari had a low-key presence. Its new 312B had proved troublesome in testing, so it brought a lone 312 for Tino Brambilla to drive initially, although Pedro Rodriguez subsequently took over for the duration. The Mexican qualified only 12th, but that failed to deter the tifosi: in line with tradition the royal park was absolutely rammed on race morning.

People talk fondly about the days of Formula Ford 1600 slipstreaming contests, but this was virtually FF3000 as each of the cars in the lead group was propelled by a Ford-Cosworth V8. Rindt, Stewart and Hulme were deeply involved, of course, along with Piers Courage (Brabham), McLaren, Jean-Pierre Beltoise (Matra), Graham Hill (Lotus) and Jo Siffert (Lotus).

The lead swapped and changed constantly, mostly between Stewart, Rindt, Hulme and Courage, but period reliability eventually began to take its toll. Brake trouble slowed Hulme, Siffert stopped with engine problems, Courage began to suffer fuel starvation and, with five laps remaining, Hill pulled off with a broken halfshaft.

On the final lap, Stewart led on the run towards Parabolica but had to cede as Beltoise drew alongside in the sister Matra. The Frenchman had his nose in front as he entered the long, final right-hander, but began to drift wide and lost just enough impetus for Stewart and Rindt to slip ahead on the sprint to the line.

Stewart's sixth win of the season secured that first title, with three races to spare, and he beat Rindt by 0.08sec, Beltoise by 0.17sec and McLaren by 0.19sec. The unlucky Courage was more than half a minute back in fifth and Rodriguez completed the top six, having been lapped twice.

Who came up with the bright idea of chicanes? **SA**

1st Jackie Stewart (Matra-Cosworth)

2nd Jochen Rindt (Lotus-Cosworth)

3rd Jean-Pierre Beltoise (Matra-Cosworth)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 39min 11.260sec. 146.968mph

Pole position
Rindt (Lotus-Cosworth), 1min 25.480sec, 150.472mph

1914 FRENCH GP

JULY 2, REIMS

The tension had deeper roots than a mere motor race when teams and drivers gathered at Reims in July 1914. Little more than a month afterwards, the world would be at war.

1st Christian Lautenschlager (Mercedes)

2nd Louis Wagner (Mercedes)

3rd Otto Salzer (Mercedes)

Winner's time & speed
7hr 08min 18.400sec, 65.504mph

Pole position
n/a

In a parallel universe, 37 cars representing 14 manufacturers took part in the final race of a great era, with Mercedes and Peugeot to the fore. Peugeot had been experimenting with aerodynamics – with assistance from respected tower designer Gustav Eiffel – and had four streamlined cars ready for its home race. Mercedes brought five cars – but unlike the Peugeots its cars had brakes only at the rear. Drivers would set off two at a time, at half-minute intervals, and fight against the clock rather than wheel to wheel.

National hero Georges Boillot started fifth, but his Peugeot was first to show at the opening lap's end. The crowd's delirium was offset only by the news that Mercedes rival Max Sailer was ahead on corrected time – and would remain so until his engine blew on the sixth lap of 20. That left Boillot alone against the surviving Merc quartet and, despite making more tyre stops, he maintained a slight lead. No matter how hard he pressed, however, there was always a Mercedes lurking. Not until lap 18, though, did Boillot cede,



Christian Lautenschlager moving ahead as the Peugeot began falling apart: its brakes were shot and a misfire had set in. It expired during the final lap and Lautenschlager went on to spearhead a Mercedes 1-2-3.

It was Boillot's finest race but also his last. He died on May 19, 1916, shortly after his fighter plane had been shot down. **SA**





2005 JAPANESE GP

OCTOBER 9, SUZUKA

Reverse grids might be anathema to F1 purists, but when they're caused by natural phenomena – rather than regulatory artifice – the results can be uplifting and spectacular in equal measure.

It began to rain during the decisive qualifying session, leaving Ralf Schumacher to take pole for Toyota as potentially faster rivals were forced to deal with an ever wetter track. This, after all, was during the days when drivers qualified one at a time. Giancarlo Fisichella looked in best shape, third on the grid in the Renault R25 that had just carried Fernando Alonso to his first world title. "We have two McLarens at the back," the Italian said. "It will be difficult for them to get on the podium but it's going to be an interesting race." Michael Schumacher lined up 14th, Alonso 16th, Kimi Räikkönen 17th and Juan Pablo Montoya 18th.

Fisichella took the lead after the first round of pit stops and should have had the race under control as his peers scrambled through the midfield morass. Alonso pulled off the afternoon's best move, slicing around the outside of Schumacher at 130R: Renault's telemetry clocked the Spaniard at 206mph at the pivotal moment.

By the time the race moved into its closing phase, traffic had been dispatched and Fisichella led from Räikkönen, his advantage diminishing with each passing corner, while Alonso ran a distant third. On the penultimate lap the leader took a defensive line at the chicane: he was blocking only air molecules, but it cost him just enough momentum to allow Räikkönen to steal ahead as they entered Turn One for the 53rd and final time. **SA**

1st Kimi Räikkönen (McLaren-Mercedes)

2nd Giancarlo Fisichella (Renault)

3rd Fernando Alonso (Renault)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 29min 02.212sec, 128.790mph

Pole position
Ralf Schumacher (Toyota), 1min 46.106sec, 122.424mph

1968 GERMAN GP

AUGUST 4, NÜRBURGRING

It's an oft-repeated cliché that this was the apotheosis among many fine moments in Jackie Stewart's Grand Prix career, but the full circumstances bear repetition.

In April 1968 the Scot fractured his right wrist in an F2 accident at Jarama and had since competed with his forearm in a plastic splint. He'd been obliged to skip the Grands Prix in Spain and Monaco, but the setback hadn't stopped him winning the rain-affected Dutch GP. It would be rather more ferociously wet in Germany.

During the build-up Stewart learned that he wouldn't require corrective surgery at the campaign's end, but there remained doubts that he'd be fit enough to withstand the Nordschleife's pummelling twists and leaps. As a precaution, his Monaco stand-in Johnny Servoz-Gavin completed many laps in a Matra 530 road car prior to the race weekend, to acclimatise to the track lest he should be needed.

He wasn't.

Stewart's Matra was initially fitted with a steering damper to reduce loads transmitted through the wheel, although he eventually requested its removal so as not to compromise feel. He qualified sixth, fully 50 seconds shy of Jacky Ickx's pole-sitting Ferrari, but the Belgian posted his time when conditions were merely misty rather than sodden.

Stewart's lap should have put him on row two, but so foul were the conditions that the organisers opted to convert the grid from 4-3-4 to 3-2-3, for reasons of safety. That put Stewart to the inside of row three. He made a flying start, though, picking



his way through the spray to lie third behind Graham Hill's Lotus and Chris Amon's Ferrari. He swept by the Kiwi before Adenau, then passed Hill exiting Schwalbenschwanz and was the best part of 10sec clear by the time he reached the finishing line for the first of 14 times.

Progress wouldn't be wholly smooth thereafter. The persistently heavy rain never eased and even the best view in the house wasn't particularly clear, with mist lingering in the adjacent forest. Stewart also had to cope with an occasionally sticking throttle and, at around half-distance, briefly dipping oil pressure, but neither problem persisted. He continued to pull away by about 10sec per lap and finished more than four minutes clear of Hill – although the runner-up lost one of those when he spun on lap 12. He got out, straightened the car, set it rolling and then hopped back in to give himself a bump start. Amon spun at about the same time, but was unable to rejoin and handed third to Jochen Rindt, while Ickx, Jack Brabham and Pedro Rodriguez completed the top six. Dan Gurney might have featured, too, but suffered a front puncture that dropped him from fifth to ninth. The American left his mark, though, having competed in a Bell Star, the first time a full-face helmet had been used in the F1 world championship.

The biggest impact, though, was created by Stewart. A set of highly effective 226-compound Dunlops had been no hardship against his closest rivals' Firestones and Goodyears, but the greater contribution had been his own. **SA**



1st Jackie Stewart (Matra-Ford)

2nd Graham Hill (Lotus-Ford)

3rd Jochen Rindt (Brabham-Repco)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 19min 03.200sec, 85.714mph

Pole position
Jacky Ickx (Ferrari), 9min 04.000sec, 93.898mph


6
DUNLOP
JACKIE STEWART

1985 PORTUGUESE GP

APRIL 21, ESTORIL

In time the unexpected would become the expected, but this was only Ayrton Senna's 17th Championship Grand Prix – and the first for which he'd taken pole. Sunday dawned dry, but by late morning it was tipping down and the air was too still to shift the clouds.

1st Ayrton Senna (Lotus-Renault)

2nd Michele Alboreto (Ferrari)

3rd Patrick Tambay (Renault)

Winner's time & speed
2h 00min 28.006sec, 90.198mph

Pole position
Senna (Lotus-Renault), 1min 21.007sec, 120.121mph

Nowadays you'd have a safety car start, but this was 1985. Senna took off at the green light, settled into a consistent rhythm and left adversaries trailing by an ever-growing margin.

While he looked in total control, rivals were anything but. Jacques Laffite gave up because his Ligier was beyond gripless and he saw no point persevering until he crashed. The team later withdrew team-mate Andrea de Cesaris, because if Laffite couldn't cope… Meanwhile, championship leader Alain Prost was caught out by deep standing water on the pit straight and spun off to the left.

"The lack of visibility was hideous," says Martin Brundle. "The thing I recall most vividly is Keke Rosberg's Williams. He crashed at the final turn and the car sat in the middle of the track for several laps. Every time you approached you'd think, 'They must have shifted it by now', but there it would be, inviting you to pass either side. It was incredibly dangerous."

Unfazed by the surrounding bedlam, Senna pressed on to such effect that only Michele Alboreto's Ferrari – more than a minute in arrears – was unlapped by the end. The Brazilian had one or two moments, but far fewer than most. It was an imperious display at a time when the only form of traction control was governed by one's right foot. **SA**





1933 MONACO GP

APRIL 23, MONTE CARLO

The fifth Monaco Grand Prix would be a landmark event, in that the grid would be determined by practice times rather than ballot – an idea borrowed from America. Eighty years on, it has proved quite durable.

It was the first time in 1933 that all major teams had entered the same event, although one big name was lost before the start when Rudolf Caracciola crashed his Alfa Romeo after brake failure obliged him to tackle Tabac at too ambitious a speed. The German sustained hip injuries that would keep him out of action for more than a year.

Achille Varzi became the first driver to qualify for a Grand Prix pole and would engage in a wonderful duel with Tazio Nuvolari's Scuderia Ferrari Alfa Monza.

It always looked likely to be close: after 20 laps, Varzi headed Nuvolari, Baconin Borzacchini, Marcel Lehoux and Philippe Étancelin – and barely five seconds covered the group. Lehoux soon dropped out with transmission trouble and Nuvolari would be delayed by a spin, but he recovered briskly and the contest became a two-way duel.

The race lasted 100 laps – and remarkably after 99 the outcome remained in doubt. On the final ascent towards Massenet, however, the top two revved their engines a little too hard: the Alfa expired and Varzi went on to win by a couple of minutes, from the vanquished Nuvolari's team-mate Borzacchini.

There's a popular mantra that overtaking is impossible around Monaco's tortuous track, but that had still to be preached: in 1933, Nuvolari led for 56 laps and Varzi 44. They swapped the lead 21 times. **SA**

1st Achille Varzi (Bugatti)

2nd Baconin Borzacchini (Alfa Romeo)

3rd René Dreyfus (Bugatti)

Winner's time & speed 3hr 27min 49.400sec, 57.048mph

Varzi (Bugatti), 2min 02.000sec, 58.310mph


VII
VPF



1958 ARGENTINIAN GP

JANUARY 19, BUENOS AIRES

The 1958 Argentine Grand Prix is rightly regarded as one of Moss's greatest races, but until late in the day it had seemed as if Stirling would not even be taking part.

Over the winter it had been decreed by the FIA that henceforth Formula 1 cars should run on commercially available aviation fuel rather than the alcohol-based 'dope' fuels of the past. Vanwall, to whom Moss was contracted, and BRM declared there was insufficient time to modify their engines appropriately, and they would not be going to Buenos Aires.

Although Maserati had officially withdrawn from racing, half a dozen privately-entered 250Fs were entered, and Moss was offered one of the Scuderia Centro-Sud cars. This he didn't fancy too much, so he approached Rob Walker, suggesting that his Cooper, with 2-litre Climax engine, be entered. Rob agreed, but declined to make the trip himself, a decision he was always to regret.

So late was this settled that the Cooper had to be *flown* to Argentina, which caused rather a sensation. Stirling being Stirling, the organisers were desperate to have him in the race, and the 'starting money' agreed allowed for the cost of transportation.

As it was, only 10 cars – three factory Ferraris, six Maseratis and the lone Cooper – took to the track for practice, and although Fangio and Behra were among the 250F drivers, Ferrari, with brand-new cars, were considered favourites.

That said, neither Hawthorn nor Collins nor Musso took pole position, that going – perhaps inevitably – to Juan Manuel, now in semi-retirement, but still as swift as he needed to be.

1st Stirling Moss
(Cooper-Climax)

2nd Luigi Musso
(Ferrari)

3rd Mike Hawthorn
(Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 19min 33.7sec, 83.61mph

Pole position
Juan Manuel Fangio
(Maserati), 1min 42.0sec, 85.79mph



Moss's little Cooper, regarded with some derision, not least by Ferrari, qualified seventh.

If Stirling's horsepower deficit were not enough, he had another problem, too, inadvertently caused by his wife: "Playing around with Katie on the Thursday night, her finger went into my eye, taking four millimetres off my cornea. A doctor gave me some pills to dull the pain, but I had to drive with a patch over my eye…"

Come the start Behra took the lead, but Fangio was soon by him, Hawthorn third and Moss fourth. By lap four, though, Stirling was in trouble, stuck in second gear: "The lever jammed solid, but just as I was about to stop, it suddenly freed itself…"

It had cost him 15 seconds or so, but quickly he began to catch up, at the same time concentrating on conserving his tyres, for the plan was to go through without a stop, impossible for his rivals. As the others went in, Stirling continued, now in the lead.

"I kept checking the tyres in my mirrors," he said, "and with about 14 laps left I saw a little white spot – which got longer, and then became a continuous line. Both rears were down to the canvas, and I was worried about a burst, and kept on the oily, rubbery, bits of the track. Couldn't come in – Musso was catching me…"

In the pits Moss's mechanic, Alf Francis, made a show of preparing more tyres, counting Stirling down to his stop, and the subterfuge worked a treat. By the time it dawned on Ferrari that he was not stopping and Musso was given the signal to go all out, it was too late: at the flag Moss, completely drained, was 2.7 seconds to the good, having caused one of the greatest upsets in racing history. **NSR**



1976 JAPANESE GP

OCTOBER 24, FUJI

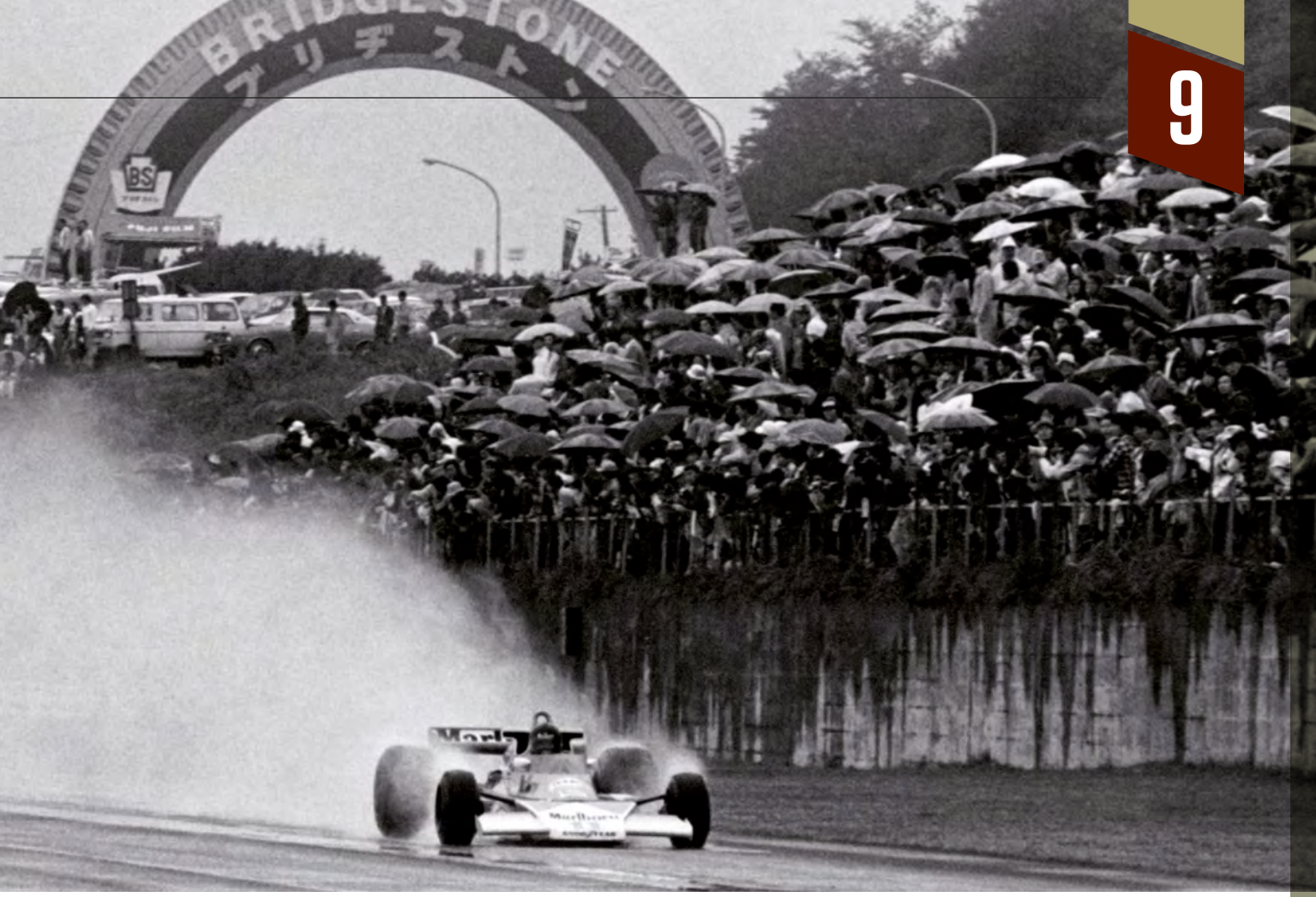
The first World Championship Grand Prix to be run in Japan was the final act in one of the most tumultuous seasons on record. On the surface it seemed simple enough: Lauda, with 68 points, looked to be favourite to win the title from Hunt, who had 65.

Then you considered that in July, after the British Grand Prix, Niki had led James 58 to 35, that in August he had been given the Last Rites after a fearful accident at the Nürburgring, that in September – only six weeks later – he had returned at Monza, finishing fourth… Now, though, it was October, and Hunt was on a roll, having won four of the last six races.

The championship contenders qualified second and third at Fuji, behind Andretti, but so foul was the weather on race day that postponement looked inevitable. "The track was flooded," said Lauda, "and we all said, 'We cannot race'. Then, at four o'clock, Bernie [Ecclestone] and the race director said, 'Guys, we're going to start because the whole thing is televised and soon it will be dark.'"

Thus they got on their way, an hour and a half late, but after only a couple of laps Niki headed for pitlane, and climbed out, as did Pace and Fittipaldi. Ferrari suggested inventing a problem with Lauda's car, allowing him to save face, but he would have none of it: "I stopped because of the conditions – nothing to do with after-effects from the accident. Half an hour later the rain stopped, and if I hadn't withdrawn it would have been easy to get the points I needed, but I know that – for me – what I did was the right thing…"

Lauda may have been out, but Hunt still needed four points – third place – to win the title. James led the race, but as the track started to dry he







knew there would be tyre problems eventually, and by means of hand signals – no radios back then – he began asking McLaren what to do. "Their response was to hang out a board with a big question mark on it! So that was very helpful…"

When Hunt finally came in, one tyre had blown, another punctured, so the stop was inevitably a long one, for it took time to get a jack under the car. Thereafter, he said, all he could do was shut his eyes, floor it, and pass as many cars as possible. "At the end they told me I was third, I was World Champion, but, given McLaren's record, I didn't immediately believe it…"

It was true, though: by a single point, James had indeed won the title, as Niki was informed at the airport in Tokyo. "Actually I didn't mind," he said, "because it was James who had beaten me, and I liked the guy. All the problems between McLaren and Ferrari never made any difference to us personally…"

Back in Maranello, though, Enzo Ferrari was angered by Lauda's withdrawal, and suggested he should not have returned to racing so quickly: had he stayed out for the balance of the season, Ferrari could have lost the World Championship, but been considered moral winners. That winter it was suggested to Niki that he should become team manager. The offer was contemptuously declined: Lauda won the world title again in 1977, then turned his back on Ferrari for Brabham. **NSR**

1st Mario Andretti (Lotus-Ford)

2nd Patrick Depailler (Tyrrell-Ford))

3rd James Hunt (McLaren-Ford)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 43min 58.86sec, 114.09mph

Pole position
Andretti (Lotus-Ford), 1min 12.77sec, 133.99mph

1971 ITALIAN GP

SEPTEMBER 5, MONZA

Italy 1971 has to be high on any list: because it was the last race at Monza before chicane blight, because five drivers crossed the line within six-tenths of a second, and because, with a winner's average of 150.754mph, it is still the fastest F1 race ever run.

When the drivers arrived there the World Championship had already been clinched by Stewart, so all that was at stake was victory in one of the season's most prestigious Grands Prix.

Highly favoured at such a fast circuit were the 'twelves' of Ferrari and BRM: less fancied was the only other such, the lone Matra of Amon. How so? Because although the shrieking French V12 made a glorious sound, it invariably fell short on power: so hopeless had Chris's engine been at the Nürburgring that the team skipped the Austrian GP, and concentrated on resolving its oil churning problem.

This it achieved, so now Amon had an engine perhaps not on par with Ferrari and BRM, but at least a match for the ubiquitous Cosworth DFV.

Late in Saturday afternoon qualifying Ickx's Ferrari was shown as fastest, and only after the local papers had gone to press did the authorities concede that someone had gone quicker: Amon in the revitalised Matra, no less, complete with the tiniest rear wing ever seen on an F1 car.

If the *tifosi* were disappointed by that on race morning, they were soothed at the start, when Regazzoni's Ferrari left before the rest, and screamed by in the lead at the end of lap one.

Early on, though, Peterson's March was in front, hounded by the Tyrrells of Stewart and Cevert, Siffert's BRM, Regazzoni and Ickx. At Monza the attrition rate was always high, and before halfway Stewart was gone, together with both Ferraris, while Siffert found himself stuck in fourth gear.

1st Peter Gethin (BRM)

2nd Ronnie Peterson (March-Ford)

3rd Francois Cevert (Tyrrell-Ford)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 18min 12.60sec, 150.75mph

Pole position
Chris Amon (Matra), 1min 24.40sec, 156.09mph



Others, though, were coming into play, not least Hailwood, returning to F1 with Surtees after six years away. On lap 25 Mike – having qualified 17th – came by in the lead: "I didn't know what this slipstreaming lark was all about – I'd never done it before..."

As the race progressed Amon's Matra ran easily in fifth or sixth, but on lap 36 Chris decided it was time to go, at which point the Matra assumed the lead, and looked set.

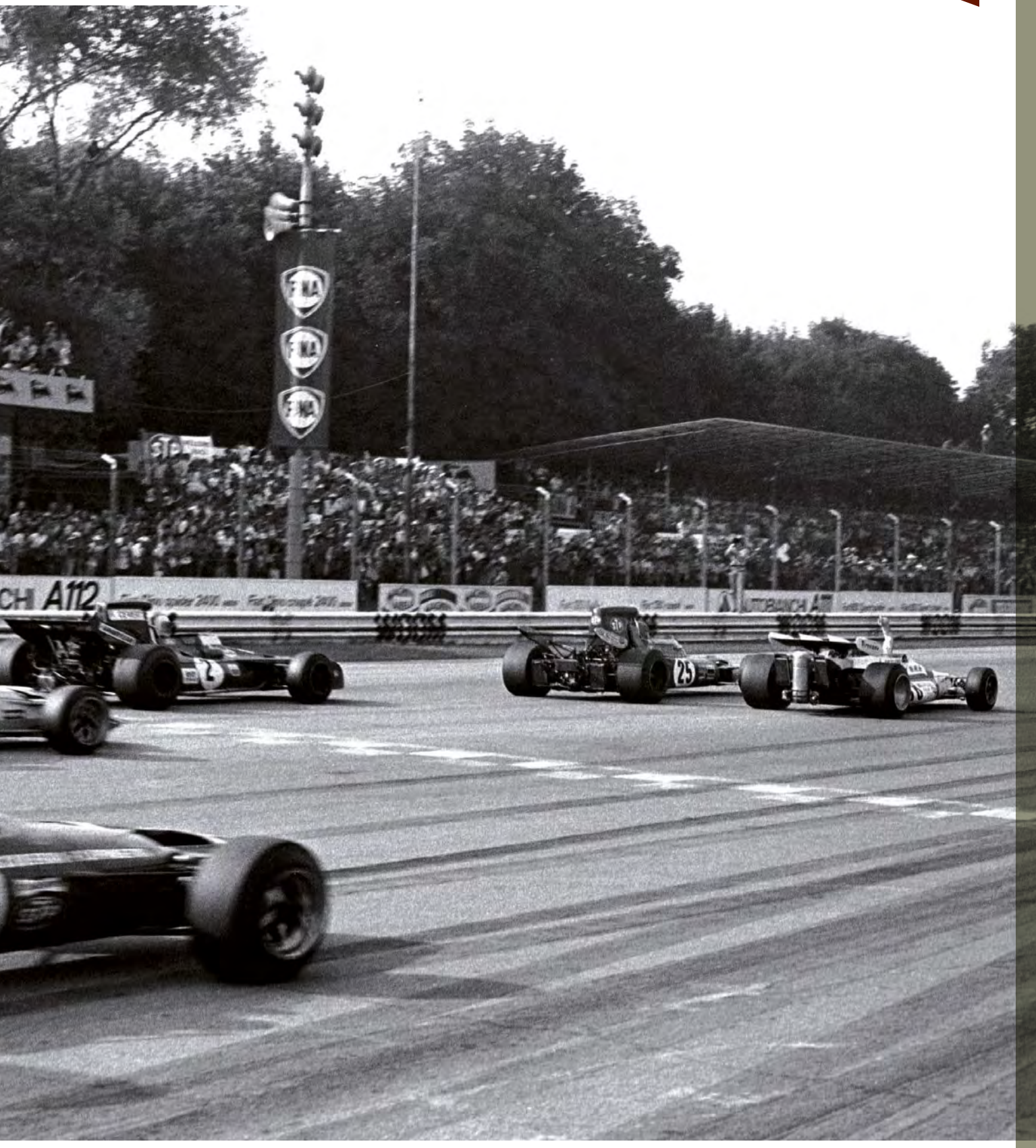
Until lap 47, that is, when Amon came by in third place – and shielding his eyes. "I'd been losing tear-offs," he said, "so this time I'd taped it on more firmly – so firmly that when I pulled it off the whole bloody visor went! Actually, it didn't make a lot of difference, because then I started to get fuel starvation, as well..."

While the Matra fell away to sixth, where it finished, those ahead concentrated on the final sprint to the flag, on being in the right place at Parabolica. As it was, Cevert and Peterson arrived there side by side, braking too late and sliding wide – whereupon Gethin's BRM snicked by the pair of them, and stayed there to the flag.

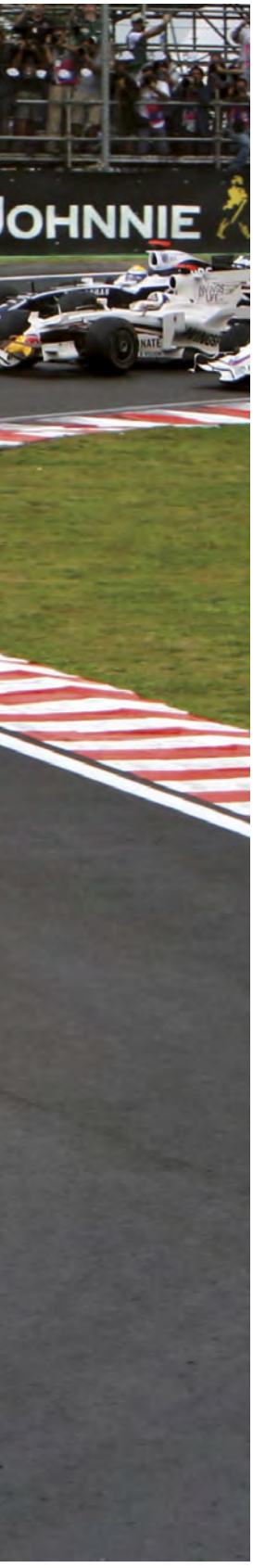
"The rev limit was 10,500," said Peter, "but I took it to 11,500 before snatching top gear, figuring the bugger would probably blow apart – but if it didn't I'd win!"

Over the line he was a couple of feet ahead of Peterson, with Cevert third, Hailwood fourth and Ganley's BRM fifth. I was at the line as they went over it in a blur: I hadn't a clue who had won. **NSR**




A112
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JOHNNIE WALKER
JOHNNIE WALKER
vodafone
vodafone
Panasonic



2008 BRAZILIAN GP

NOVEMBER 2, INTERLAGOS

In 2007 the Paulistas had embraced Lewis Hamilton – a mixed-race tyro chasing the F1 championship in a mixed-race city – but one year on attitudes had changed. He was in title contention again, but this time up against Felipe Massa, a son of São Paulo.

One of Hamilton's pre-race functions was hijacked by local pranksters. They threw him a toy black cat, a symbol of misfortune in Brazil. Hamilton was unfazed. "Where I come from," he said, "black cats are lucky."

The Englishman led the standings prior to the race – and fifth place would suffice to take the title. Massa needed to win and cross his fingers, but qualified on pole with Hamilton back in fourth. Fuel weight was a factor back then – and the Brazilian had been so swift that McLaren wrongly assumed he must be on a three-stop strategy…

Sunday's forecast was unsettled, but rain held off until just before the scheduled start and the race was put back by 10 minutes to fit wets. BMW left Robert Kubica on dries, against his wishes, and he peeled in at the end of the formation lap to change.

Massa led away from Jarno Trulli (Toyota), Kimi Räikkönen (Ferrari) and Hamilton, but David Coulthard's final GP was soon over, his Red Bull having been hit by Williams team-mates Nico Rosberg and Kazuki Nakajima. Nelson Piquet then flew off at Turn Three and the race was neutralised.

Force India put Giancarlo Fisichella on dry Bridgestones during the interlude – and within a couple of laps of the restart he was quickest, which prompted everybody else to change. McLaren left it late keeping Hamilton out until lap 11 – about two too many. That dropped him to seventh, although he was soon back up to fifth and driving a controlled, if subdued, race.

1st Felipe Massa (Ferrari)

2nd Fernando Alonso (Renault R28)

3rd Kimi Räikkönen (Ferrari F2008)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 34min 11.435sec, 121.083mph

Pole position
Massa (Ferrari), 1min 12.368sec, 133.193mph



Massa made his final stop on lap 38, continuing to lead from Fernando Alonso, Räikkönen, Hamilton and Sebastian Vettel, whose Toro Rosso became ever more of a thorn in the McLaren's sidepod. Then, with 10 laps to go, the rain returned.

By lap 64 almost everybody had plumped for wets, but Toyota left its drivers out – and that promoted Timo Glock to fourth. With two laps to go Vettel pushed Hamilton down to sixth and the balance of power shifted. "I didn't know what position I was in," Vettel said, "and had no idea I might be influencing the championship."

The rain had intensified when Hamilton began the final lap: he was 0.754sec behind Vettel, 13.144sec adrift of Glock. As Massa finished comfortably clear of Alonso, he punched the air cautiously and awaited information. Half a lap behind, Vettel and Hamilton were approaching Junção – the final corner before the uphill blast to the flag – and closing on Glock, whose dry tyres were hopeless in the now ferocious downpour. "It was almost impossible to stay on the track," Glock said. "I had no idea who was behind me and didn't see where Lewis overtook." He had the best view in the house but missed 2008's most critical moment.

"When I crossed the line the positions meant I was going to be champion," Massa said, "but then I was told Lewis had passed Glock. That's racing, though. There are always explanations for what happens in life and if things worked out like this today, it's just the way it was meant to be."

He had been the afternoon's outstanding performer, on and off the track. **SA**

1967 ITALIAN GP

SEPTEMBER 10, MONZA

In 1973 Jackie Stewart would finish only fourth in the Italian Grand Prix, but then he had come through from 20th place after suffering an early puncture, and it is a race he remembers well.

"There were no chicanes at Monza then, so it was very fast, but *anyone* could go quickly there – which is why I think that was perhaps my best race, because it's more difficult to make up time on an easy track. A driver with a little edge could make use of it at the Nürburgring or Spa, but at Monza it was all a matter of not scrubbing off speed, of being ultra-smooth…"

That being so, the 1967 race should rank highly among Jim Clark's greatest races. As with Stewart, this was a comeback drive that did not end in victory, but left an indelible memory for all those who witnessed it.

This was the first year of the Lotus 49 – and, more significantly, of the Cosworth DFV V8. From the start it was apparent that Keith Duckworth's masterpiece had a clear power advantage, but the 49 was wayward in its early days, and not conspicuously reliable. Although Clark won four Grands Prix that year – twice as many as anyone else – he finished only third in the World Championship. Usually, though, Jimmy started from pole, and he did so at Monza, followed by Brabham, McLaren, Amon and Gurney.

The start was chaotic. These were the days of the dummy grid, whereby the cars lined up, and were then signalled to move up to the grid proper, but this time Brabham unfathomably took the official's flag to mean the start of the race, and headed off towards Curva Grande, the rest following suit. In the mayhem Amon almost hit the back of Clark, in so doing 'buzzing' the Ferrari V12, and taking the edge off it.

It wasn't long before Clark took the lead – but not long, either, before he had a problem. The 49 had a puncture, and by the time Jimmy had driven back to his pit and had the tyre changed, more than a lap had been lost. Rejoining 15th, he began a mesmeric drive: in only six laps he made up 15 seconds on the leaders, and in another three had unlapped himself, and started to leave them behind.

As Clark set endless fastest laps, his team mate Hill led from Brabham, Surtees and Amon, but on lap 59, with only nine to go, Graham's DFV blew up, and as this was happening Clark – having made up a whole lap – went by Surtees into second place. A lap later he passed Brabham for the lead, and an unlikely victory looked assured.

Into the last lap they went – and at Curva Grande Jimmy's Lotus suddenly faltered, its fuel pumps refusing to pick up the last three gallons in the tank. Instantly Brabham and Surtees went by, and at the flag it was the Honda in front by half a car's length.

Twenty-five seconds later Clark stuttered over the line, third, and when it was all over the *tifosi* hoisted not only *Il Grande John* on their shoulders, but Jimmy, as well. They had seen him at his greatest, and that was very great indeed. **NSR**

1st John Surtees (Honda)

2nd Jack Brabham (Brabham-Repco)

3rd Jim Clark (Lotus-Ford)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 42min 45.00sec, 140.50mph

Pole position
Clark (Lotus-Ford), 1min 28.5sec, 145.33mph






shell
SHELL
Jim Clark
ARAL



1979 FRENCH GP

JULY 1, DIJON

In July 1979 Jean-Pierre Jabouille won his, and Renault's, first World Championship Grand Prix, and did it, what's more, in France. It is his tragedy that anyone at Dijon that day recalls only the duel for second place between Gilles Villeneuve and René Arnoux.

Jabouille always had the look of a man who'd walked under too many ladders. "For me," he said, "the sad thing is that no one remembers who won the race – only the fight for second place! Still, when I saw the video, I was not surprised..."

Dijon '79 has passed into racing folklore. When they arrived there Scheckter was ahead on points, followed by Laffite and Villeneuve, but Renault – the only turbo team – was going to be a threat anywhere with decent straights. Like Dijon.

Given their power advantage, Jabouille and Arnoux could run more wing than the rest, and qualified 1-2, threatened only by Villeneuve, who produced a stunning lap to join them in the 1min 07sec bracket.

"I need a win here," Gilles said, "to close the gap to Jody. If Jabouille gets into the lead it'll be impossible to pass him, so I have to make a good start, and at least split the Renaults..."

He did better than that, slicing past both of





them before the first turn, and then it was Gilles at his purest, running away from Jabouille at a second a lap: "I knew I was hurting the tyres, but what was the alternative – run third all the way, and go to sleep?"

The auguries, though, were not good. Jabouille, running the race like the dedicated fisherman he was, paying out, reeling in, well knew the extent of his car's superiority.

Taking scary chances through lapped traffic, Gilles stayed in front, but by mid-race his tyres were fading, and Jabouille swept by at the end of the straight.

"I could see his tyres were finished," Jean-Pierre said. "How he got to the end of the race on them, I'll never understand..."

In the Ferrari pit they got new Michelins ready, but Villeneuve stayed out, Arnoux now closing. With 10 laps to go, Gilles seemed like tethered prey, and once René came by ahead, all seemed over.

But Villeneuve was not like that. "When Arnoux passed me," he said, "I thought he'd run away, like Jabouille had. My tyres were gone, but still I could stay with him – so he had to have a problem, too..."

So he had: the Renault's fuel pick-up had begun slightly to falter. "I wanted to get him back as soon as possible," Gilles said, "because he wouldn't be expecting it. I wasn't quite close enough, but I left my braking really, really, late..."

No one – not even the drivers – really knew how many times the two cars passed and repassed in the last two or three laps, how many times they banged wheels, slid wide, went off, rejoined.

Halfway round the final lap Arnoux seemed to have it done, but Villeneuve somehow snicked by, and the issue was settled. As Jabouille took the flag, everyone was looking behind him.

On the slowing-down lap Villeneuve gave a wave of salute, returned by Arnoux, and when they stepped from their cars they embraced. At Silverstone, though, the two of them were grilled at a GPDA meeting by some of F1's elder statesmen, Lauda, Fittipaldi, Scheckter and others calling them irresponsible.

"From where they were," Gilles drily commented, "what the hell did they know? I couldn't believe the things they were saying. Jesus, they're supposed to be racing drivers..." **NSR**

1st Jean-Pierre Jabouille (Renault)

2nd Gilles Villeneuve (Ferrari)

3rd René Arnoux (Renault)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 55min 22.48sec, 81.33mph

Pole position
Jabouille (Renault), 1min 07.19sec, 126.51mph


VEEDOL



1957 GERMAN GP

AUGUST 4, NÜRBURGRING

In August 1954 Juan Manuel Fangio won the German Grand Prix in a Mercedes-Benz W196. The following year the race was cancelled, following the Le Mans disaster, but in 1956 it was back on the calendar, and Fangio won it in a Lancia-Ferrari D50.

In '57 he won it once more in a Maserati 250F – a hat-trick at the Nürburgring, in three different makes of car – and if this race has become something of a cliché in the folklore of the sport, that is of no account, for it was Juan Manuel's greatest day of days.

The bare facts of the 1957 German Grand Prix are simple enough: it was Fangio against the Ferraris, for Vanwall, victorious at Aintree two weeks before, was in terrible trouble with its shock absorbers at the Nürburgring, to the point that Moss, Brooks and Lewis-Evans were effectively also-rans: "We had our own motor race," said Stirling, "running seventh, eighth and ninth in the early stages. I finished fifth in the end, very stiff and sore and exhausted…"

Vanwall's unexpected lack of competitiveness left only Hawthorn and Collins to offer any kind of challenge to Fangio, and from pole position Juan Manuel duly led them away, building up a lead of 30 seconds by half-distance. Unusually for those days, though, he and Maserati had planned a pitstop, so that he started the race on half tanks, and then came in, after 12 of the 22 laps, for fuel and fresh tyres.

Even by the standards of the day, it was not a swift stop, and by the time he went back out Fangio was close to a minute behind the Ferraris. Initially he made little impression, and they felt relatively secure, which was a big mistake. Only every 10 minutes or so could pit signals be hung out, and in the course of a single lap Juan Manuel could do a lot of damage. By lap 16 he had halved the Ferraris' lead, and by lap 21 was right on them, then past.





In the course of his victorious drive the previous year Fangio had left the lap record at 9min 41.6sec; this time, in his pursuit of Collins and Hawthorn, he went round in a staggering 9min 17.4sec – 11 seconds faster than even his own pole position.

"I loved that Maserati," he told me. "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 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…" **NSR**

1st Juan Manuel Fangio (Maserati)

2nd Mike Hawthorn (Ferrari)

3rd Peter Collins (Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
3hr 30min 38.3sec, 85.53mph

Pole position
Fangio, 9min 25.6sec, 90.21mph

1961 MONACO GP

MAY 14, MONTE-CARLO

Rob Walker, his team owner, always reckoned that Stirling Moss's victory at the Nürburgring in 1961 was his greatest drive, but Moss himself opts for Monaco the same year: "Without a doubt, it was the hardest race of my life, and I consider it the best."

Ferrari was dominant in this, the first year of the 1.5-litre Formula 1, its V6 engines way more powerful than the four-cylinder Climax and Porsche motors used by the opposition. But in the hands of a genius a Lotus – even an obsolete one run by a small private team – could have something to say at a true driver's circuit. Moss's victories bear comparison with any in history, and in each race he was the hare, pursued by the Ferraris of Phil Hill, Wolfgang von Trips and Richie Ginther.

At Monaco Stirling took pole position, from Ginther and the latest factory Lotus of Jim Clark. In the early stages he ran second to the Ferrari before taking the lead on lap 14. "I never thought I'd be able to stay there to the end," he said, "but I wanted to lead as long as possible."

By lap 26 team leader Hill had moved into second place, but by now Moss led by 10 seconds, and at the halfway point – lap 50 – was still seven seconds to the good.

Now, though, things began to look shaky for Stirling. By lap 59 Phil was only three seconds adrift, and Ginther, too, was right there. But this was Moss at his imperturbable greatest, and he began again to edge away.

Once it became clear that Hill had nothing for the Lotus, a Ferrari pit board ordered him to let Ginther through, another advising Richie to 'give all'. He found that wryly amusing: "I don't know what the hell else they thought I was giving..."



The last 25 laps distilled to a fight between Moss and Ginther. "That was certainly the best race I ever drove," said Richie, "and when Stirling said it was *his*, too, I felt incredibly proud. He was the greatest driver I ever saw – by a long way – and if I was able to push him to the best drive of his life, that meant something, believe me.

"That son-of-a-gun... In the Monaco programmes they credit me with the fastest lap for that year, but he equalled it the very lap after I did it!"

In qualifying Moss and Ginther had lapped in 1min 39.1sec and 1min 39.3sec, respectively. In the race their *average* lap time – over 100 laps, let's remember again – was 1min 39.5sec.

If that beggars belief, so also do their fastest laps, *three seconds* inside their qualifying times. On lap 84 Ginther, 'giving all', went round in 1min 36.3sec, and on lap 85 a peerless Moss duplicated it.

"That didn't break me, exactly," said Ginther, "but it was absolutely as quick as I could go – and he was able instantly to respond. You just felt, 'Jeez, what can you do about this guy?' And the answer, of course, was nothing..." **NSR**

1st Stirling Moss
(Lotus)

2nd Richie Ginther
(Ferrari)

3rd Phil Hill
(Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
2hr 45min 50.100sec, 70.70mph

Pole position
Moss, 1min 39.1sec, 70.99mph




DUNL



1935 GERMAN GP

JULY 28, NÜRBURGRING

Nothing was left to chance. Mercedes-Benz entered five cars – one more than Auto Union – and brought eight to the circuit. Team leader Rudi Caracciola arrived on the back of victories in the French and Belgian GPs. And he'd won the Eifelrennen at the 'Ring.

He was supported by Manfred von Brauchitsch, winner of the 1934 Eifelrennen, Italy's Luigi Fagioli and two promising Germans: Hanns Geier and ex-Fagioli chief mechanic Hermann Lang.

Auto Union had stretched its V16 to 5.6 litres and had the strongest line-up in its history: Hans Stuck, winner of the 1934 German GP, new signing Achille Varzi and insouciant but brilliant newcomer Bernd Rosemeyer, who had so enraged Caracciola with his impudent challenge at the Eifelrennen.

What must Tazio Nuvolari have thought? His Alfa Romeo Tipo B now benefited from a 3.2-litre engine – mistakenly reckoned to be a 3.8 in some contemporary reports – and independent front suspension, but in reality this once-great design was a creaking relic, being some 100bhp and 25mph down on its German rivals.

Nuvolari was 42, still wiry but greying round the temples. He'd tried to join Auto Union in the off-season but long-term rival Varzi had beaten him to it. Minor victories at Pau, Bergamo, Biella and Turin, the Germans absent, were crumbs. And although his front-row start and fastest lap in the French GP indicated he remained a force, an early retirement showed that his car was overstretched.

So he took it easier at the 'Ring. Awarded a balloted slot on the front row, he completed the first lap in second place. The circuit was damp because of overnight rain – and heavily rubbered after a long dry spell – and Caracciola, the master of such conditions, set the early pace. Nuvolari was happy to allow him to do so, and content to let Rosemeyer, Fagioli, Louis Chiron, his Scuderia Ferrari team-mate, and von Brauchitsch past on the second lap.





The pace was hectic and Rosemeyer was its first casualty when he thumped a bank and pitted for new tyres. By which time Nuvolari was the sole remaining Alfa – and on the move. Fourth by lap eight, second by lap nine, he led laps 10 and 11, having dragged Rosemeyer, on new tyres, with him.

This push was triggered by Nuvolari's knowledge that his pitstop would be slower than his rivals'. Not by this much, however. The winding handle on his refuelling equipment snapped and his tank had to be filled using churns while the great man, brandishing a wheel hammer, berated his mechanics and hopped agitatedly from foot to foot.

In contrast to Nuvolari's theatrical 2min 14sec, von Brauchitsch was on his way after just 47 sec. Notoriously hard on tyres, the damp early stages allowed him to consider one stop rather than two, and he took the lead when Fagioli pitted after lap 12.

By which time Nuvolari was second again, having made up four places in a single lap. He was helped by Fagioli's long stop, Rosemeyer's cracked fuel pipe and Caracciola's, ahem, tape worm, making him feel rough. There was no denying, however, that the animated Nuvolari was inspired, urging his car as though it were a horse.

Von Brauchitsch set a lap record in response and would have been comfortable with a 1min 27sec lead with seven laps remaining had it not been for the fact that it was Nuvolari, the devil himself, doing the chasing. The formidable Italian shrank the gap inexorably: 1min 17sec, 1 min 3sec, 47sec, 43sec. Mercedes-Benz hung out the Slow! sign, but von Brauchitsch continued to press until it was too late for a splash-and-dash. 'Unlucky Bird' was trusting to luck – and a 35-second lead.

Both ran out on the last lap when a rear tyre burst at the Karussell. Nuvolari swept past to victory, the huge crowd momentarily stunned before according him deserved acclaim. The little Italian, drowned by a huge wreath intended for a German hero, handed the embarrassed organisers a recording of his country's national anthem, which he carried with him just in case, and gave a half-hearted, bent-armed salute as it reverberated over the PA.

Von Brauchitsch, meanwhile, had bumped on battered rims beyond his pit to hide his tears. He had taken a chance and come away with nothing. What must he have thought? **NSR**

1st Tazio Nuvolari
(Alfa Romeo)

2nd Hans Stuck
(Auto Union)

3rd Rudolf Caracciola
(Mercedes-Benz)

Winner's time & speed
4hr 08min 39.0sec, 75.239mph

Pole position
Stuck Position decided by ballot


Canon
Mobil
1
HONDA
Nelson
Marlboro
Shell
BOSS
Isle of Man Bank
DENIM



1986 AUSTRALIAN GP

OCTOBER 26, ADELAIDE

"It's a long way down here, isn't it?" said Alain Prost. "I must say I'm glad to have a chance of winning the title, even if it's a small one..." This was Adelaide in October 1986, and Prost had that chance because of a brilliant drive in Mexico two weeks earlier.

Through the year his McLaren-TAG had been outpowered by the Williams-Hondas of Nigel Mansell and Nelson Piquet, and while there had been demonstrations of his driving superiority – at Monaco he simply left everyone behind – he remained in title contention because he unfailingly got the maximum from his car, because his racecraft was without equal.

"In Mexico Alain drove a truly incredible race," said Ron Dennis. "We've always had a lot less power than the Williams-Hondas, but this time – to make it worse – he was on five cylinders for half the race and didn't dare to make a second tyre stop, for fear of losing the engine. On a very abrasive track he had to make two sets last the whole race: Mansell needed three, and Piquet four. Alain finished ahead of both of them…"

Prost's other surpassing skill, in that era, was juggling speed and fuel. In 1986 there was a restriction of 195 litres for a race, and it took a lot of will to keep your boost down in the early laps, while less disciplined rivals charged away.

Still his title hopes looked flimsy. A driver's score was based on his best 11 results (from 16 races), and both Prost and Mansell had already needed to drop points, having scored in more than 11 events. Nigel had 70 points, Alain 64, and Nelson Piquet 63 – but if either Mansell or Prost should add points in Adelaide, they would shed their lowest score once more, whereas Piquet would not. That said, Nigel was the heavy favourite: whatever else happened, third place would be enough.

Prost wasn't fazed. "Actually, I like this situation. In a way, it's like driving for your life – you have to win. For Nigel it's more difficult, because he has choices he can make..."

It was not often back then that the World Championship went down to the wire, and rarer still for more than two drivers to be in contention. If the weather – cool and grey – decided not to honour the occasion, it didn't detract from an extraordinary atmosphere through the qualifying days. Given his power deficit, Prost knew pole was out of the question, and concentrated, as always, on a perfect set-up for race day.

As anticipated, the fight for pole was between



the Williams-Hondas, with Ayrton Senna's Lotus-Renault close by. Ultimately, Mansell took it, three-tenths faster than Piquet, with Senna third, Prost fourth. Alain grinned when he saw the times: "Ha! Three guys ahead of me – and they all hate each other!"

On Sunday the weather was again cheerless, but there was no forecast of rain. Senna was fastest in the warm-up, but Prost was next up, ahead of Mansell and Piquet.

The first lap was as intense as anyone could remember, with Mansell leading away, then – unwilling to get involved in any early wheel-banging – moving over to let Senna and Piquet by. At the end of the Dequetteville Straight, Nelson outbraked Ayrton, and thus the race already had its third leader in the space of two miles.

The man really on the move, though, was Keke Rosberg, who had started seventh, but was up to third by the end of the opening lap. Next time around Keke passed Senna, moving up to menace Piquet, and by lap seven he was into the lead, going away. "I'll never understand it," he sighed, "but the car was perfect for me, without its usual understeer. I hadn't liked it in practice, but on race day it transformed itself. I was enjoying myself so much I began to wish I hadn't decided to retire."

At the same time Prost began to move. Typically, he had begun quietly, sitting in fifth place, waiting for the initial dust to settle. Now he moved past Senna, and on lap 11 went ahead of Mansell.

"Often," said Patrick Head, "we'd be way ahead of him at first, and think, 'Where's Alain?' He'd qualify third or fourth, make a slow start, and you'd think, 'Great, that's him out of the way'. Then you'd see that he was fifth, fourth, third, and you'd think, 'Ooooh, shit!' That inexorable quality was very much him. It was like that in Adelaide."

By lap 23, with Rosberg well ahead, Prost passed Piquet for second place, after which Nelson immediately spun, falling to fourth. For McLaren, now running 1-2, everything was looking good, for if it came to it, Keke would undoubtedly let Alain through before the flag.

Mansell, though, continued to run third, where he needed to be. If he could hold station until the end he would be World Champion, and on lap 32 his prospects vaulted, for Prost slowed, his right front tyre punctured.

Tyre changes were then by no means an automatic feature of Grands Prix, and Prost seemed to be out of the championship fight. After a 17-second stop – it took time to get a jack under the McLaren in its lowered state – he rejoined, now a long way back. Immediately a series of record laps began.

"People probably won't believe me," Alain told me later, "but I was always going to change tyres – even the lap for the stop was agreed. To be honest, before the race I almost changed my mind – if the others weren't stopping, maybe I should do the same – but I came back to logic. I'd worked a lot with the car and tyres during practice: I knew it would be marginal to go all the way without changing – and I also knew my car was easier on tyres than the Williams.

"What lost me the time," he said, "was the slow lap back to the pits. After that, all I could do was push as hard as possible. There was nothing to lose – even second place was no use to me."

In the pits Goodyear engineers examined the tyres discarded by Prost, and concluded that the wear rate was less than they had expected. All being well, they felt, no one would need to stop.

Head grimaces at the memory. "We had a big horsepower advantage, and therefore were able to run more downforce than anyone else. Honda couldn't tell us how much power we had, because they didn't know. Their dyno only registered up to 1000 horsepower – which they were reaching at 9300rpm. We were revving to 13,500 or so...

"I've no doubt it was because we were able to run so much wing that we encountered tyre problems, and I was annoyed afterwards when one of the Goodyear people told the press that Williams had been advised to make a stop. That was absolutely not the case."

At this stage, though, Williams had no cause for worry. For close to 30 laps there was virtual stalemate, Rosberg still leading from Piquet, a serene Mansell, and a charging Prost.



Then, on lap 63, with 19 to the flag, the full drama of the day began to unravel: Rosberg heard unwelcome noises from the back of his McLaren, and swiftly parked, believing the engine had run its bearings. In fact, when he got out, Keke realised that what he had heard was a delaminating tyre flapping against the bodywork. His right rear Goodyear was in tatters. "I was lucky," he said, "because one of my brake discs was about to come apart, and I wouldn't have wanted to find that out at the end of Dequetteville…" A sad end to his last GP, but he could savour a stirring finale.

As Rosberg retired, so Prost, running at the limit, passed Mansell for second place – but still Nigel had a lock on the four points he needed.

"At that stage," said Head, "he could have stopped for tyres and still won the title, because there was no one close behind him."

Only a lap later the outcome of the World Championship was settled. Mansell, flat out down Dequetteville, and in the process of lapping Philippe Alliot's Ligier, suddenly had his left rear tyre disintegrate. From 190mph, he fought the bucking Williams to a halt, parking in the escape road, then stumbling back to the pits. "To be honest, I'm glad simply to be in one piece," he mumbled. It was beyond cruel.

"At no time," said Head, "did we think we were taking any sort of gamble. I don't blame Goodyear for the fact that it happened, but they gave us no reason to consider we needed to change. You've got to remember that it didn't explode because it was worn out – the bits of tyre that were recovered indicated that the carcass had failed, by fatigue..."

Now it was simply Piquet against Prost, each needing the nine points for victory to take them



past Mansell's total. It was winner take all, and Prost was only two seconds behind.

As it was, the duel never materialised. "After Nigel's tyre had failed, we were between a rock and a hard place with Nelson," said Head. "If we'd left him out, and he'd made it, we'd have looked like heroes, but if he'd had an accident and hurt himself, we'd have looked idiots. There was no choice but to call him in…"

Piquet stopped on lap 65, and was still in second place when he went back out. "It was the right decision, to change tyres," he said. "I knew I might be losing the championship, but I didn't care. I was alive."

Now it was Nelson's turn to apply the pressure, but he made little impression on Prost until the last four laps, when Alain dramatically cut his pace: "From the halfway point, my fuel read-out had been telling me I was five litres the wrong side – that I wouldn't make the finish unless I backed off. But of course I couldn't do that, because I was so far behind, after my puncture, so I just had to hope that, for once, the computer was wrong…"

It was. Although Piquet set another record on the final lap, Prost crossed the line four seconds to the good, both arms raised in salute.

For once a championship decider had not only lived up to expectations, but exceeded them. "These days," said Jackie Stewart, "you don't often see a guy win a GP in a slower car – but this guy's won the championship in one! People will say Nigel lost it because of his tyre failure, but you could also say he lost it in Mexico, where he started in third gear, dropped to the back, then began blistering tyres and finished fifth. He could have clinched the title that day, but instead he dropped four points to Prost – and he lost the title by two. To my mind, there's no one near Alain."

In my experience, this remains the most memorably dramatic F1 race of all time. **NSR**

1st Alain Prost
(McLaren-TAG)

2nd Nelson Piquet
(Williams-Honda)

3rd Stefan Johansson
(Ferrari)

Winner's time & speed
1hr 54min 20.388sec, 101.04mph

Pole position
Nigel Mansell
(Williams-Honda), 1min 18.40sec, 107.82mph

FACTS AND STATS

Whose names are most prolific among our list of 100 great Grands Prix? The breakdown reads as follows...

CIRCUITS



10 Monaco



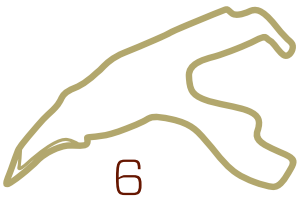
10 Nürburgring



7 Monza



7 Silverstone



6 Spa-Francorchamps



4 Suzuka

WINNING CONSTRUCTORS

21 Ferrari

13 McLaren

11 Lotus

10 Mercedes

6 BRM

5 Alfa Romeo

4 Williams
Renault

3 Auto Union
Matra
Maserati

2 Brabham
Cooper, Honda

WINNING DRIVERS

9 Stirling Moss

5 Alain Prost

4 Jackie Stewart
Ayrton Senna
Juan Manuel Fangio
Tazio Nuvolari

3 Jim Clark
Graham Hill
Jenson Button
John Surtees

2 Fernando Alonso
Niki Lauda
Mika Häkkinen
Alan Jones
Tony Brooks
Michael Schumacher
Nigel Mansell
Gilles Villeneuve
Bernd Rosemeyer
Christian Lautenschlager
Felipe Massa

DAZZLING DECADES

1900s	1910s	1920s	1930s	1940s	1950s	1960s	1970s	1980s	1990s	2000s	2010s
2		1	15	0		16		18	6	7	3

COUNTRIES

