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KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN | What his Ferrari return means for Alonso – and F1

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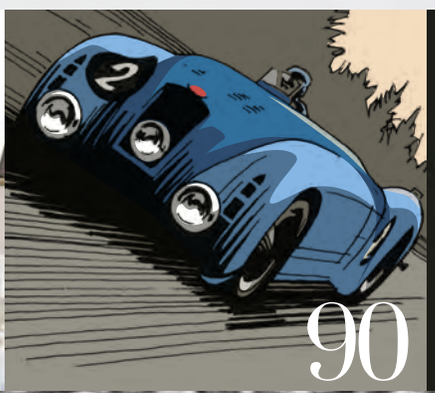
"He was like my little brother"
Jackie Stewart on his lost protégé and friend ***by Nigel Roebuck***

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DAMIEN SMITH
EDITOR

A FORMULA 1 DRIVER racing a six-year-old up and down a shoe shop – on a spacehopper. As sponsor PR stunts go it was certainly "memorable", as Mark Webber put it with Saharan understatement. The Aussie can at least console himself on such occasions by the paycheque he receives, but there's clearly much about F1 he won't miss when he walks away from Grand Prix racing at the end of this season.

Despite the odd circumstances, Mark was in typically good humour on this Thursday evening in Oxford Street. Four days earlier he'd made the podium at Monza, remarkably for the first time, standing beside a Ferrari driver high above the bellowing masses of the *tifosi*. Not a bad way to finish your last F1 race in Europe.

It helps that Webber is clearly at peace with his decision to quit F1 in favour of Porsche, sports car racing and the Le Mans 24 Hours for 2014. But make no mistake: there is no hint of complacency here. Sure, F1 is as intense as it gets, but there is nothing easy about the challenge he's taken on. And he knows it.

"There are snapshots in my mind that go towards what's ahead, which is great," he said of his new adventure. "To go to Porsche at this embryonic stage… it's very early, it's raw, they're going back to take on the greatest endurance race in the world, one where they have been the benchmark in terms of victories. Now they've got to go back and make their presence felt again – which means winning. That will take time, but they've got great people in place, and the factory drivers they've got on the inside are phenomenal."

Between Monza and this PR event for Red Bull Racing sponsor Geox, Ferrari had announced Kimi Räikkönen as Fernando Alonso's team-mate in 2014. As someone who counts Fernando as a friend, we couldn't help but ask how he thought the Spaniard would be reacting to the prospect of his first fellow world champion team-mate. "I think Fernando will see it as a positive thing," Mark responded. "It'll help him get a bit more out of himself on Saturday afternoons. On Sundays, there's no question he's brilliant in the races. On Saturdays, Kimi will lift him to another level.

"He will also see it as an opportunity to do well against Kimi. He will back himself in this situation. But he has to be careful on the technical [side]. Kimi we know is a phenomenal guy, but it's going to be interesting to see if Fernando feels the work rate within the team is going to be even. It's a big technical challenge next year, both drivers will have to put a lot into that and I don't think Fernando will be too happy if it's all just one-sided. But I don't see many downsides. It's all just DEFCON Red… and they've got 12 months to make it work. I don't think Fernando's going to be too patient from the performance perspective, no matter who his team-mate is."

As a sports fan, Webber is rubbing his hands at the prospect of these guys going toe to toe. "F1 fans follow the sport because of the drivers, and that's what's still important," he said. "It's going to be a tasty finish to both their careers. For both Fernando and Kimi, at the end of next year they'll be in the twilight. It's coming round pretty quick. As for Ferrari, it's almost like they've put all their money on red at the casino, and said 'okay, bang, this is either going to work or it's not'. If the car isn't competitive it will fizzle out. But if the car is quick it'll be good fun."



To those with F1 blinkers, Webber is about to be lost to motor racing. The truth for the rest of us is that he's not going far – thank goodness. Sports car racing's gain, we reckon.

❖

THE IRONY WASN'T LOST ON ME. One day I'd been sampling nearly two and half tonnes of Rolls-Royce Wraith, complete with bottomless 6.6-litre V12 and remarkable supercar performance; the next I was watching the launch of the world's first all-electric racing series, contemplating kilowatts, wireless charging and zero-emission motor sport. Every day's a different story around these parts.

Andrew Frankel offers a definitive review of the new Wraith on page 36, while my summary of the new Formula E starts on page 70. The only commonality is that both offer sporting performance where traditionally it's rarely been found. In the case of the Rolls, Andrew suggests perhaps it shouldn't be. As for Formula E, we remain open-minded over an innovative concept that will inevitably be greeted by scepticism among purists.

FIA president Jean Todt put in an appearance at the Frankfurt Motor Show in support of the new series. He needs some support himself at the moment, following news that he has a challenger for his job as election time looms on December 6. David Ward is a former Labour Party spin-doctor who subsequently worked for Max Mosley during his presidency of the governing body, and intriguingly played a "key role" (his words) in the election of Todt back in 2009. He has now resigned from his post as director general of the FIA Foundation to stand against the man he once backed.

Ward claims to be a reluctant candidate – although he needs 26 member nominations by the middle of November for his bid to be confirmed – and says he is doing so only because of the lack of a club president who is willing to put themselves forward. He has issued a 20-point 'agenda for



change', which concentrates largely on "governance issues and how the FIA's management, transparency and accountability can be improved…" Inevitably, the mud-slinging has started, Ward (right) filing a complaint to the Foundation's Ethics Committee "that the FIA's current presidency has been using FIA resources to try to predetermine the election outcome even before the process had begun". Expect more to come.

Todt remains in a strong position to retain his role, but this destabilising challenge from an old Mosley ally will add another dimension to the ongoing power struggle that simmers just below the surface of Formula 1.

Meanwhile, CVC Capital Partners, the private equity group that holds a controlling stake in F1, continues to make eye-watering returns on its $1 billion investment. According to *The Financial Times*, it eventually expects to reap seven times what it sowed in Grand Prix racing, thanks to the remarkable generosity of Mosley, who signed away the sport's commercial rights to Bernie Ecclestone all those years ago.

So we can't help but wonder, when will Todt, Ward or any other potential FIA candidate ever address this pillaging of wealth from a sport that's deserted the circuits, clubs and race teams that really need and deserve it? Answers on a postcard, please.






CONTRIBUTORS

Simon Arron's quest to rate paddock breakfasts across the UK continued with the office outing to Santa Pod (it's on-brand – WB wrote about drag racing) before filing his tale of Derek Bennett and where Chevron might have gone next. Where **Andrew Frankel** goes next is usually a mystery until we get a road test from some exotic country, but we were in on his WB-inspired Westminster to JoG by Bentley trip. Goodwood's glorious Revival offers multiple pleasures; for collector **Nigel Roebuck** the automobilia stalls are a bonus to the brilliant racing. Along with his cover story on François Cevert, Nigel reflects on the awe of the old Spa, so there's a sombre suitability that **Ian Wagstaff** tracked down the friends and family of one bright talent that lost his life at the Belgian track – Chris Bristow.



IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

Nelson Piquet: the forgotten legend of F1

ON SALE NOVEMBER 1

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See page 68 for more details

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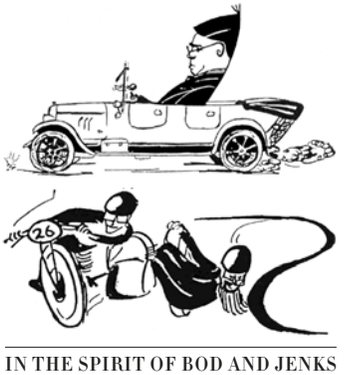
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THE MOTOR SPORT MONTH

IN PICTURES



LAT

SEPTEMBER 8, 2013

Italian Grand Prix

MONZA, ITALY

Confetti blends with assorted flags in the immediate aftermath of Monza. At the circuit where he scored his maiden F1 win, five years beforehand, Sebastian Vettel added yet another to extend his advantage in the 2013 title race. Fernando Alonso took second and Mark Webber was third in his final scheduled F1 start in Europe.



LAT

AUGUST 24, 2013

NASCAR Sprint Cup

BRISTOL, TENNESSEE

America's premier motor sport series draws a packed house to its annual floodlit beano: 43 cars on a half-mile oval, what's not to like? Matt Kenseth certainly enjoyed it, holding off Kasey Kahne to take his fifth win of the campaign.



BRYN MOSSELWHITE

SEPTEMBER 7, 2013

VHRA amateur hot rod races

PENDINE SANDS, WALES

In the 1920s this seven-mile beach was popular with land-speed record chasers. The action stopped following Parry Thomas's fatal accident in 1927, but the Vintage Hot Rod Association recently turned back the clock...



LAT

AUGUST 31, 2013

American Le Mans Series

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Chaos at the start as HRD driver Scott Tucker (facing backwards) is caught up in a chain-reaction accident that eliminated five cars. The HRD of Klaus Graf and Lucas Luhr eventually won, from Chris Dyson/Guy Smith (Lola B12/60).





LAT

THE MOTOR SPORT MONTH

IN PICTURES

SEPTEMBER 13-15, 2013

Goodwood Revival

GOODWOOD, ENGLAND

View of the newly renovated Credit Suisse race control building before the masses descend. Unusually, the sun was in short supply during the annual three-day time warp – but it shone for a while on Saturday morning. And for most of its three days, the 2013 Revival was as packed as the previous 15 (report, page 119).

To buy classic motor racing shots from LAT's huge library, visit: photos.motorsportmagazine.co.uk



Ferrari dropped Räikkönen in 2009... then four years later asked him back

ALL IMAGES LAT

Räikkönen rejoins reds

...but what will the Finn's return mean for Ferrari? | BY ADAM COOPER

KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN IS FAR FROM the first Ferrari driver to make a return trip to Maranello – the list includes such as José Froilán González, Alberto Ascari, Mike Hawthorn, Maurice Trintignant, Pedro Rodriguez, Jacky Ickx, Mario Andretti, Clay Regazzoni and Gerhard Berger.

He is, however, the first to return after being paid a huge sum to walk away from a valid contract to make way for an incoming driver – Fernando Alonso, the very man who will be his team-mate in 2014. Räikkönen and Ferrari are in effect indulging in a remarriage of convenience, one that suits both parties.

Kimi was seriously frustrated by the way he was chased out at the end of 2009 to make way for the Spaniard. Being paid millions not to drive a Ferrari in 2010 might have had its upsides, but Luca di Montezemolo has clearly had to convince the Finn that the past is the past.

The key to his return is that Ferrari wanted him. Heading into the complicated turbo era – when teams need experienced drivers who can deal with changing circumstances, bring the car home and score points – an Alonso/Räikkönen combination looks as good as it gets.



"It would be naïve to suggest that Ferrari has not considered the pros and cons of having to manage potentially its most difficult combination since Prost and Mansell in 1990."

Räikkönen was growing increasingly frustrated with Lotus, where his wages were not being paid on schedule and there remain doubts about the team's financial health at a time when costs are escalating. In addition the team lost one of its biggest assets, technical director James Allison, to Ferrari.

Long-standing links with Dietrich Mateschitz – stretching back to his debut with Sauber in 2001 – made Red Bull an obvious choice, but in the end the team preferred to promote from within, leaving Ferrari and McLaren as the only possibilities.

Kimi talked to McLaren about a possible return as long ago as the autumn of 2009 – when Jenson Button got the job – and again last year, before Sergio Pérez was confirmed. This time around McLaren wanted to keep its existing line-up, and in any case would not have wanted to meet Räikkönen's financial demands.

Kimi also talked to Ferrari last summer about replacing Felipe Massa this year, but chose to stay loyal to the people who had the faith to bring him back to F1. This time around he had no ongoing commitment to Lotus and clearly lost patience.

It would be naïve to suggest that Ferrari has not considered the pros and cons of having to manage potentially its most difficult combination since Alain Prost and Nigel Mansell in 1990. Alonso has long been accustomed to a role as clear team leader, based on performance rather than any contractual claims. He certainly wasn't happy when Räikkönen emerged as the preferred candidate and plans to take Nico Hülkenberg were dropped.

But this is not Alonso/Hamilton all over again. Räikkönen is the least political driver in F1 and is respected by all his rivals, Fernando among them.

Ferrari knows both men well and clearly believes the situation can be kept under control. Crucially Kimi is also very familiar with the key technical men who have joined since he was last there, Allison and Pat Fry, and both understand what makes him tick. One thing is for certain – bosses of some key rivals will be a tad envious of this line-up...

Nigel Roebuck's Reflections, page 50



Ricciardo secures RBR seat

DANIEL RICCIARDO'S MOVE TO Red Bull Racing is a chance of a lifetime for the Aussie to prove himself – but the pressure to perform will be immense, not least because the rule changes mean RBR might no longer be the team to beat in 2014.

Ricciardo landed the job after a lengthy debate in the Red Bull camp. Kimi Räikkönen was the most serious alternative, while the surprise emergence of Fernando Alonso as a potential candidate – after some internal friction at Ferrari caused the Spaniard to see what else might be available – gave team

boss Christian Horner a chance to wind up his rivals.

In the end the team decided this was the right time to promote a product of the Red Bull junior programme, which has brought many drivers to F1 level, only for the company to abandon them on the basis that they hadn't quite proved to be the next Sebastian Vettel.

A number of factors created a perfect storm that worked in Ricciardo's favour. Bringing in an established star would create a difficult dynamic in a team so strongly influenced by Vettel, whereas the easy-going Ricciardo, part of the Red Bull family since his Formula Renault days, would be a perfect fit. He's also cheap... and Adrian Newey would rather have extra millions to pump into his R&D programme.

Ricciardo had a good record on the Red Bull junior path, via British F3 and Renault 3.5. What really won him the RBR seat were some stellar qualifying performances in 2013, as he has regularly put his STR inside the top 10 and consistently outpaced team-mate Jean-Eric Vergne, although the Frenchman has put in some strong race drives.

He now has to perform against Vettel – and the honeymoon period will be short. Ricciardo will start at Red Bull aged 24 and with 50 GP starts behind him, while Vettel was 21 and had contested just 26 F1 races when he joined in 2009, although he was a title contender from the off. That's what Ricciardo must match.

New-look calendar for 2014

The 2014 British Grand Prix was given a date of July 6 on a provisional Formula 1 calendar circulating during the recent Italian GP weekend, prior to ratification by the World Motor Sport Council at the end of September.

The 21-race draft included new or revived races in Austria (June 22), Russia (October 19) and Mexico (November 9). There was no sign of the financially troubled New Jersey fixture, although the race could yet find a slot.

Momentum has been building behind a return to an upgraded Mexico City track. Among those involved is Tavo Hellmund, the Austin founder who was subsequently ousted from the project. Hellmund's late father was a close Ecclestone associate and was involved with an earlier incarnation of the event.



— OBITUARY —

Tony Gaze

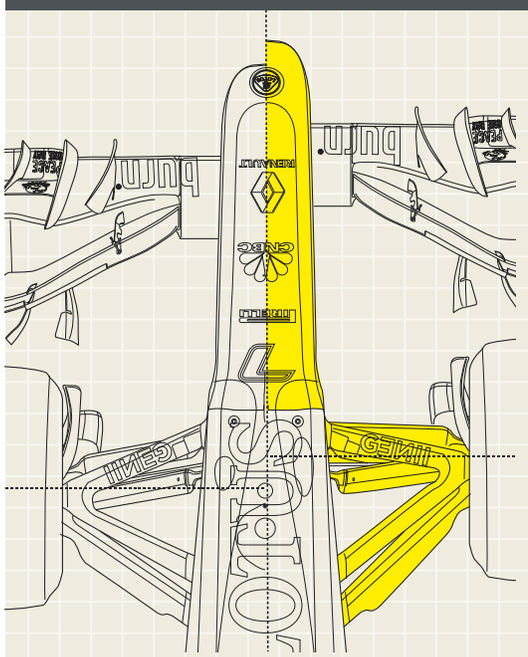
Former GP driver Tony Gaze died recently, aged 93. A decorated fighter pilot during WWII, Gaze took up motor racing in the late 1940s and was the first Australian to take part in a World Championship GP. He entered his HWM-Alta for four races in 1952, but finished only once (Spa, 15th). Although he made no further championship appearances, he raced single-seaters and sports cars in international events, was a founding cog in The Kangaroo Stable, which helped establish Jack Brabham and inspired the Goodwood circuit. In 2006 Gaze was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia for services to motor racing.



A new range of official James Hunt merchandise is now available from www.jameshuntf1.com. Launch items include jackets, T-shirts and caps, but other goods will be added in the coming months. Proceeds will be donated to the James Hunt Foundation, which raises money for several charities.

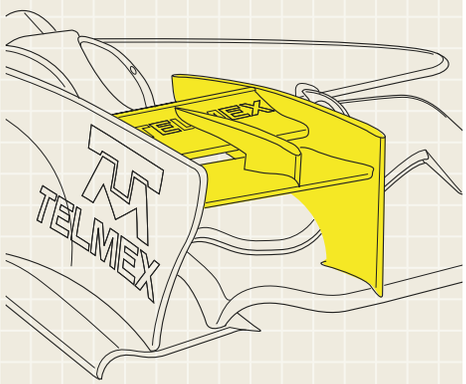
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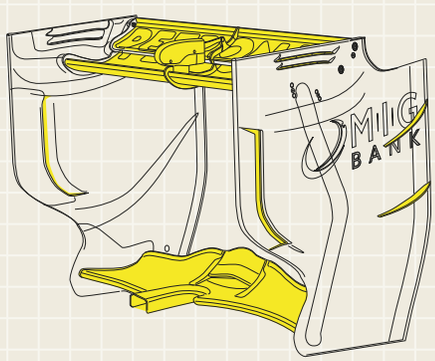
A glance at developments from the Formula 1 pitlane



LOTUS In Belgium and Italy Lotus tested a long-wheelbase variant of the E21, a response to the new-spec Pirelli tyres rather than a stability aid for the long runs at Spa and Monza. This is likely to run in the final races of the year. The 10cm wheelbase increase brings the shorter Lotus in line with its rivals and was achieved by moving the front wheels forward with new swept wishbones. To maintain legality the front wing also shifted forwards on a new longer nose cone, while the floor was extended to keep the T-tray splitter legal.

SAUBER After a poor start to the season, sidepod revisions and other updates have created a more competitive Sauber. The C32 now has a revised front wing with a new cascade element. This two-part winglet mounts to the endplate, replacing a more complex antecedent. A distinctly curved endplate helps manage airflow around the front tyre.





MERCEDES-BENZ To boost the team's already impressive top speeds, Mercedes produced a Monza rear wing with much smaller upper elements. The main section is so small the DRS pod overhangs it, while the lower beam wing was also waisted to a shallower profile. The endplates gained new slots on their leading edge and strakes towards their trailing edge to manage airflow.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CRAIG SCARBOROUGH



ALL IMAGES LAT

Silverstone cash boost

Lease deal safeguards future of British GP's home | BY GARY WATKINS

THE BRITISH RACING DRIVERS' Club is set to hand over the running of Silverstone circuit on a long-term lease to an unspecified bidder – and details could be announced as early as the beginning of October.

The BRDC board is aiming to announce the deal, which is in the final stages of negotiation, to its members at its annual general meeting on October 4. It would follow the announcement of a deal with commercial property company MPEC, which is owned by the BT pension scheme, that covers land owned by the BRDC outside the perimeter of the circuit facility.

BRDC chairman Stuart Rolt explained that the second deal was designed to facilitate the kind of investment required to maintain the home of the British Grand Prix as a premier venue for F1 and other international formulae.

"We are very optimistic that we will be stepping back from the day to day running of the circuit," he said. "In terms of future investment we are talking about a bridge over the circuit to The Wing [the new pit complex completed in 2011, above] and three hotels to make the facility even better. We think someone with deeper pockets can take responsibility for that."

Rolt pointed out that Silverstone stands alone as an F1 venue operating without government subsidy.

"Ours is the only venue that has to make the GP and the circuit pay," he said. "Every other [F1] circuit is subsidised by the local authority or national government and it doesn't really matter if the GP makes money. We've managed, but it is not a very comfortable business existence."

The deal, about which the BRDC cannot comment under confidentiality agreements, is understood to have been agreed. The potential lease-holder is now going through a process of due diligence that Rolt is hopeful will be completed "in the next few weeks".

The 800-strong membership of the club, which operates as a mutual society, will have no right of veto on the deal. It gave its board authority to negotiate such a deal to safeguard the track's future under a Members' Charter agreed three years ago. The charter includes certain safeguards about the usage of Silverstone in the future. It states that any deal must result in the circuit's primary function remaining "essentially a venue for car racing".



"Ours is the only venue that has to make the Grand Prix and the circuit pay," **Stuart Rolt, BRDC chairman**

It reads: "The configuration, nature and quality of the race track, together with the associated buildings and media and spectator facilities, shall remain as befitting Silverstone as a premier international motor racing venue capable of holding the premier tiers of international motor racing." It further states that the lessee will be under obligation to secure major motor racing events on an annual basis.

The charter also enshrines the BRDC's home at Silverstone. It includes guarantees concerning the state and location of the BRDC clubhouse and rights of access to the circuit for members. The Charter was agreed after the members rejected a previous proposal from the board for Silverstone Circuits Ltd, which is wholly owned by the BRDC, to lease the venue. In 2005 the board negotiated a deal with horse-racing conglomerate Northern Racing (now part of Arena Leisure).

The new deal would mark only the second time since the BRDC took over Silverstone in 1952 that it has handed control of the circuit to a third party. The BRDC did what turned out to be a short-lived deal with Octagon in December 2000 after Brands Hatch owner Nicola Foulston sold her contract to host the British GP to the US sports marketing giant.

Octagon subsequently withdrew from the deal in March 2003, which resulted in the British F1 fixture's original omission from the 2005 calendar.

Rolt said he was confident there would be no repeat with the new group set to take what is rumoured to be a 150-year lease on the facility. "We have thought about that long and hard," he said, "but when we tell you who they are, I think the world will be comfortable with them."

The MPEC deal covers 760 acres of industrial land, which includes the Silverstone Industrial Estates.

It has taken a 999-year lease for £32 million, which has allowed the BRDC to pay off the short-term loans it took with Lloyds and Northamptonshire County Council to fund development of The Wing and the creation of the current circuit layout.

Electric Nissan's Fuji debut

THE NISSAN ZEOD RC, WHICH will fill the 'experimental' Garage 56 grid spot at next year's Le Mans 24 Hours, will make its public debut during the weekend of the Fuji round of the World Endurance Championship on October 18-20.

The ZEOD, which stands for zero emissions on demand, will run in electric-only power on all three days of the Japanese event with long-time Nissan factory driver Michael Krumm at the wheel. The car's petrol engine, which will boost the ZEOD's range, is not due to run in the car until January.

Nissan has revealed that it could go for an electric Land Speed Record, held by former Le Mans racer Paul, Lord Drayson this summer, following the car's appearance at Le Mans next June.

ZEOD designer Ben Bowlby believes that the LSR for a 1000kg electric vehicle, which was raised to 202.4mph by Drayson aboard his Lola B12/69 at Elvington in June, is within range of the 2014 Nissan. "That could be our next target after Le Mans," he said.

Two Indy races in May?

AN INDYCAR RACE ON THE Indianapolis road course in May is among proposals for a second fixture at the Speedway next year.

IndyCar tested the latest Dallara one-make racer on the 2.61-mile track in early September. A number of dates have been considered for the race.

IndyCar boss Mark Miles, who favours early May, said: "We want to develop IndyCar and the Indianapolis Motor Speedway."

Graham Rahal and Ryan Briscoe tested their respective Rahal Letterman Lanigan and Panther Racing Dallaras on the Speedway road course, in both clockwise and anti-clockwise form, as used by F1/Grand-Am and MotoGP respectively. The road course could get an overhaul as part of a forthcoming US$100 million investment in the IMS.

• *As we closed for press, we learned that 2000 Indy 500 winner, 1999 CART champion and former Williams/McLaren F1 racer Juan Pablo Montoya will return to IndyCar next season, with Penske Racing. The Colombian has been competing in NASCAR for the past six and a half seasons.*



■ Audi Sport Team Joest engineer Leena Gade has been appointed an ambassador of the FIA Commission for Women in Motorsport. Briton Gade, who engineered the winning Audi at the Le Mans 24 Hours in 2011 and '12, accepted the role in Paris in September when she supervised a commission workshop to promote aspiring female engineers in motor sport.

■ DeltaWing Racing Cars is laying down a batch of three coupé monocoques for use by customers in next year's United SportsCar Racing series in the US. The closed-top iteration of the Elan/Mazda-engined car, which will compete in the Prototype class alongside reworked Grand-Am Daytona Prototypes and LMP2 machinery, was due to make its debut at the Austin round of the American Le Mans Series at the end of September.



LAT

GORDON KIRBY

DISUNITED STATE OF AMERICA

THERE WAS LOTS OF EXCITEMENT AND HOPE for the future of American sports car racing last winter after the merger was announced of the American Le Mans Series and the Grand-Am series. The two had persisted as rivals for 15 years, but neither was able to build any sustained strength or attract strong media interest. The ALMS proved more popular with fans, but both series struggled to draw mainstream coverage, plodding along as invisible entities in America's popular culture.

The ALMS attempted to embrace modern technology and retained its link with Le Mans while Grand-Am pursued a much more restricted formula for its premier Daytona Prototype category. Some encouraging years followed for the ALMS, but the departure of the factory Audi and Penske/Porsche teams left it in a weakened state, which worsened when Sebring and the Petit Le Mans at Road Atlanta were excluded from the revived World Endurance Championship.

Last year ALMS founder Don Panoz admitted defeat and sat down with Grand-Am founder Jim France to negotiate a merger. France is NASCAR's vice-chairman and executive vice-president and CEO of the International Speedway Corporation, owner of many American tracks. With France at the helm NASCAR Holdings bought the ALMS and it was announced that the resulting United SportsCar series would begin in 2014.

At last January's Rolex 24 Hours at Daytona we were assured that the rules and schedule for the new series would be confirmed by April. But as I write in early September, no such news has emerged.

I asked the ALMS and Grand-Am technical directors for further comment, but was allowed to speak only to a PR representative. "We're working 24 hours a day, seven days a week to resolve the technical issues and confirm the 2014 schedule," he said. "We hope to announce the rules shortly, but at this time I can't confirm anything.

"A lot of stuff has been done. The Le Mans GT class rules are in place, for example. They are essentially the same as the ACO's GT Pro class and the Prototype Challenge class will continue as it has been this year. Also, GT3 cars will be allowed to compete in the GT Daytona class with minimal modifications."

Bobby Rahal's factory-backed BMW team won the ALMS GT championship in 2010-11 and he commented on the unhappy situation. "A lot of people are pretty frustrated by the lack of information about the rules because the first test for 2014 is in December," he said. "We saw what the differences were this year at Elkhart Lake, when Grand-Am raced on Saturday and the ALMS on Sunday. A P2 car was seven seconds quicker than a Daytona prototype and I don't know how you slow the P2 by three or four seconds and make the prototype three or four seconds quicker.

"At Elkhart our BMW GT cars were in the same second as the Daytona prototypes, so I don't know how they're going to equalise them. I think P2 is so much more the future, but unfortunately I feel they're trying to make everybody happy and will end up making nobody happy."

One important player who was very disgruntled was Skip Barber, owner of Lime Rock in Connecticut. Lime Rock has run both ALMS and Grand-Am races in recent years, but wasn't on the United SportsCar schedule at the time of writing. It is a beautiful little track located in one of the wealthiest regions of the USA and enjoys a higher demographic profile than any other American circuit, but appears to have been spurned. Say it isn't so...

WEC set for hi-tech diversity

AUDI AND TOYOTA HAVE revealed contrasting strategies for energy-retrieval systems on their respective LMP1 challengers in next year's World Endurance Championship.

The new-for-2014 LMP1 energy-based formula allows for a doubling of the amount of energy that can be harvested and then returned to the track via the wheels. Audi has revealed that it will be sticking with a system that employs only the front axle, while Toyota has confirmed that it is developing a hybrid system using both front and rear wheels.

Audi Sport boss Wolfgang Ullrich said: "We think we will stay with one axle and the system we have. We feel we can capture enough energy with our current system; we can't use everything that we recuperate now."



Pascal Vasselon, technical director at Toyota Motorsport, revealed that the new car from TMG in Cologne will use one motor-generator unit on each axle in a bid to reach the maximum of eight mega joules of energy that can be returned to the track over the 8.47-mile lap at Le Mans, an increase over the 3.5 allowed this year.

Toyota has confirmed that the conventional petrol-powered engine in its 2014 contender will be based on its existing 3.4-litre normally-aspirated V8. That contrasts with Porsche, which is known to have chosen a small-capacity turbo for its 2014 WEC contender.

"There are two schools of thought," said Vasselon. "One is for a small-capacity turbo, the other for a large-capacity, normally aspirated engine. Our people are convinced that a big, normally aspirated engine is better."

Audi will continue with a turbodiesel next year, although it has yet to acknowledge as much in public.



REVIEWS

Marco Simoncelli
The tribute book
Rossella & Paolo Simoncelli

A fitting tribute to the late Marco Simoncelli this, with plenty of input from the likes of Valentino Rossi, Andrea Dovizioso, Simoncelli's team managers, mechanics, girlfriend and parents, who are the authors of the book.

Simoncelli was killed during the 2011 Malaysian Grand Prix during his second year of MotoGP. He won the 250cc title in 2008, finished third in 2009 and – despite only racing in the top class on 35 occasions – won the hearts of fans around the world.

His riding style was attacking and flamboyant, his long limbs making it seem that he was riding a minibike rather than a 200mph-plus MotoGP machine. It's no surprise that his childhood hero was Formula 1's Gilles Villeneuve. "I grew up with the legend that was Villeneuve," reads one quote. "In fact, I went against the tide because at that time everyone else in Italy supported Schumacher."

This is a very personal tribute and within its pages are stories you'd never hear from a biographer or anyone from outside the family. Too many people never got to know 'Super Sic', but this book goes some way to rectifying that omission. **EF**

Published by Haynes Publishing, ISBN 978 0 85733 402 2, £19.99



Le Mans 2013, the official review
Duke Video

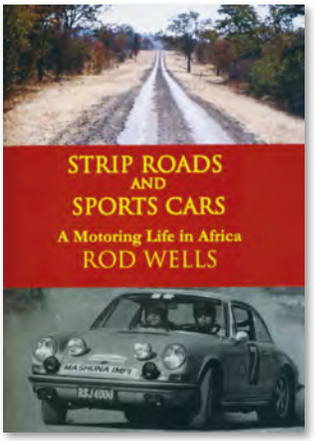
Duke was at the cutting edge when video tape first brought international endurance racing within reach of almost anybody's living room – and remains so today.

Its annual Le Mans recipe is familiar enough, with live race footage accompanied by edited commentary taken from both the world TV feed and Radio Le Mans. The words have to be spliced to suit the images, obviously (the highlights package lasts four hours rather than 24), but nothing has been changed since the race, so the coverage retains the feel of a live event (albeit with a few jerky interruptions where significant time lapses occur). Pit-to-car radio messages also feature, as do instructions from World Endurance Championship race director Eduardo Freitas.

It works well enough as a souvenir of the occasion, although Le Mans' 90th anniversary race – interrupted by uncertain weather and frequent safety car periods – will be remembered for rather more than just another comfortable Audi victory in the face of Toyota's valiant challenge.

Fittingly, these highlights are dedicated to the memory of Aston Martin driver Allan Simonsen, who succumbed to injuries sustained in an accident during the race's opening minutes. **SA**

Available from www.dukevideo.com, £16.99 (DVD) or £19.99 (Blu-ray)



Strip roads and sports cars
Rob Wells

Politics don't usually figure so large in car books, but as this concerns a motoring life in Rhodesia before it became Mugabe's basket-case Zimbabwe it's unsurprisingly a significant element here. Rob Wells' family moved there when he was 10, and far from being stifled his passion for cars found plenty of indulgence. Watching Graham Whitehead racing his Grand Prix Ferrari cemented that, and his memories of racing in Rhodesia (who knew there were so many circuits there?) are very colourful – ERAs, D-type OKV3, Coopers and Connaught. Conversely it's upsetting to read of cars that would now be classics being chopped up or butchered – an Alvis Silver Eagle towtruck, for example.

Allowed to drive at 16, Wells was already in an MG TC a year later, then Healeys, Midgets and a Mini Cooper S, which he raced in mixed events against T70, GT40 and Ferrari P4! There are no big wins here, but it's a vivid picture of a very different and varied racing life. Sadly, after independence things in Zimbabwe declined so much that Wells had to carry an Uzi in his Midget and so returned to the UK.

It's hardly a major memoir, but Wells' pride at saving a Cord and an Alfa Montreal serves to remind us that enthusiasm thrives even in unlikely places. **GC**

Published by Fern House, ISBN13 9781 902702 32 2, £15.99

WEB SPIN



What we're all talking about @ www.motorsportmagazine.com

LEE McKENZIE ON LEWIS HAMILTON'S EMOTIONAL ITALIAN ROLLER COASTER

Lewis Hamilton is very reactionary and, after writing off the championship to me on camera after the Italian Grand Prix, he has since backtracked. Although it will be extremely difficult, he says he will give it his all. He does change his mind a lot as his emotions go up and down.

From that point of view he is the exact opposite of Michael Schumacher, who was controlled and calculated and didn't seem to be at the mercy of his emotions. Fernando Alonso is somewhere in between. His comments on team radio are emotional and frustrated, in interviews he claims nothing is a problem and his tweets suggest he is the next Samurai. Maybe he can be as emotional as Lewis, but just tries to hide it better.

I am not a psychologist, but it struck me that once the damage had been done on Saturday, when Lewis qualified 12th, he couldn't mentally bring himself back or even accept that he had driven a very good race. It's a shame. His mind is on the title but now he is even farther from that goal, even though he came into this season with no expectations of Mercedes and yet has scored four podiums and a win. There is some light in the darkness.

ONLINE WITH OUR WRITERS

Gordon Kirby
James Hunt's American adventures

At a Laguna Seca party James amiably quaffed a few beers and puffed away at a funny, hand-rolled California cigarette somebody had produced. In those days there was no delineation between drivers and press people, no PR types to get in the way and no recriminations for anyone enjoying themselves as they saw fit.

Mat Oxley
Ducati's winning secret

There's been talk over the last week or so suggesting Crutchlow is doing the wrong thing by going to Ducati because he's doing it for the money. Well, of course, that's got to be a factor. In 1992 I asked Kevin Schwantz what was most important to him: winning the world title or earning big money. He chose the money.

Paul Fearnley
Ferrari at Monza

Phil Hill watched with dismay while team-mate and title rival von Trips dangerously over-tightened his internal spring during practice and pre-race prep in 1961. (Enzo Ferrari, a self-professed 'agitator of men', had selected this ticklish moment to unleash the furious speed of Ricardo Rodríguez.)

TOP TWEETS

@Damien__Smith Good to read the BRDC has agreed a lease deal for industrial estate and land around circuit. Much-needed revenue...

@Damien__Smith ...Which I hope they spend on improving and updating spectator facilities. Silverstone is good, but it could be much better.



@Andrew_Frankel 458 Speciale: 600bhp, 9000rpm, 0-60 in 3.0sec, £200,000. Ferrari has an eye for good looking numbers.

@Andrew_Frankel Watching Ferrari manage its superstar signings is going to be fascinating. Who's going to win? My money's on Fernando Alonso, every day of the week.

@matoxley Am writing something about Marquez. I've run out of superlatives. Anyone got any spare?

@TheEdFoster Who else thought that the grace and dignity Massa displayed in his 'I'm leaving Ferrari' statement will be sorely missed?

@Andrew_Frankel And so the motoring hacks biennial trudge to the Frankfurt show begins. 11.45 Lufthansa out of LHR eerily reminiscent of the school bus.

@TheEdFoster Looks like a few other people would like to see an #F1 car on the @iom_tt course.

AND ANOTHER THING

Track design competition

When we asked our readers to design a 'proper track' on Twitter we got some interesting ideas back: a street circuit drawn on a map of Rotterdam, several Frankenstein amalgamations of the world's classic corners and the Nordschleife with all the sharp edges rounded off.



However, our winner was Adam Flinn with 'Spa-Flinncorchamps', a fast and flowing circuit with a novel pitlane entry and exit.

You wait ages for one F1 film to come along...

This, though, is not simply a *Rush* cash-in – it was taking shape before Ron Howard even started | BY ADAM COOPER

THE SUPERB FEATURE documentary *1* will finally reach the big screen in October as part of the London Film Festival, prior to receiving a wider distribution in the UK.

In essence the film tells the history of Grand Prix racing by focusing on safety, with an emphasis on how – after decades of tragedy – the tumultuous events of 1994 forced the sport to confront the issue properly.

It is the baby of 50-year-old Briton Paul Crowder, a former rock drummer who once played with Sixties legends Eric Burdon and Robby Krieger. Having switched careers he has edited or directed a string of documentaries on subjects as diverse as The Who and the 1970s New York Cosmos football team. His partner on *1*, screenwriter Mark Monroe, was behind 2009 Best Documentary Oscar winner *The Cove*.

Crowder had long wanted to make an F1 film. Via a family friendship with Herbie Blash, *1* producer Michael Shevloff was able to make contact with Bernie Ecclestone. Doors were opened, and thereafter the team gained access to pretty much anyone they wanted.

Archive footage from the FOM vaults is thus combined with an awesome array of new interviews with a list of world champions from John Surtees to Sebastian Vettel, along with team bosses, wives and others involved in the sport. The late Prof Sid Watkins features heavily, as does Max Mosley, who is rightly credited with creating much of the impetus for change after Imola '94.



It's inevitable that *1* will be seen as taking advantage of the slipstream created by *Senna* and *Rush*, but filming began in January 2010, and planning started long before then. Ron Howard saw an early cut before he even began *Rush* and has acknowledged that it was a useful research tool.

"We basically spent 2010 gathering all our interviews," Crowder says. "It helps solidify what a serious film it is – and how much detail we went into – that we have such a vast spectrum of interviewees who were able to tell a very comprehensive story."

The biggest problem was keeping it to a manageable length: "We spent many months fine-tuning the story, who stays and who goes, how to keep it on point and moving forward all the time."

A nearly finalised *1* was shown in Austin last year, to an audience that included Ecclestone and other paddock luminaries. It was well received – and a huge cheer went up when Watkins appeared on screen.

The definitive version was signed off in February after the addition of new narration by Hollywood star and racing fan Michael Fassbender. The production company it shares with *Rush* wanted to hold it back and gauge reaction to an F1-themed film, although Crowder believes it will be worth the wait.

"To hear great things about *Rush* just gets me more excited," he says. "Hopefully that means there's more in store for us later this year. We're champing at the bit for people to see this, and it's great that we're finally coming to the public."

1 is being shown three times in October as part of the London Film Festival (see https://whatson.bfi.org.uk/lff/Online/1), and plans for a wider UK release will be confirmed later. A DVD will follow, and hopefully a high-profile TV showing, but see it first in the cinema if you can.

"The movie was designed for cinema – the sound was mixed that way," says Crowder. "To watch it on your laptop or TV is great, but you should really be watching it on a big screen – and loud! It's a theatrical film." M





Left, Mark Monroe, Michael Shevloff, Max Mosley and Paul Crowder. Far left, Crowder interviews Jenson Button



WWW.ILOMTT.COM

MAT OXLEY

A NEW TT FOR OLD BIKES

WE ARE FANS OF THE ISLE OF MAN TT AND love the event because it's the essence of our sport: man and machine against the road.

Martin Brundle perfectly summed up the world's oldest motorcycle race when he visited for the first time last June. "The combination of skill and bravery required – no other sport needs them both to such a degree," he said.

For the past 106 years there has only been one TT. Now there are two. August's inaugural Classic TT was a huge success, with many of the fastest men around the infamous 37.73 miles Mountain course making an extra trip across the Irish Sea to race hallowed old motorcycles over the same circuit.

I wouldn't be too surprised if one day the Classic actually becomes bigger than the real thing. As mind-bogglingly wonderful as it is, the real TT does have a problem: the bikes are monotonously similar. With few exceptions, Japanese inline fours fill the big classes, so all the bikes look and sound the same.

The Classic TT is completely different: an all-out assault on the visual, aural and nasal senses, a deafening four- and two-stroke cacophony wrapped up in an event that feels as genteel as a village fete.

Amid the tents and marquees, the beards and flat hats, the sweet smell of Castrol R and the chill of nervous tension, there's the whole rainbow of machinery, from the most venerable motorcycle manufactured on these shores, the Norton Manx, to the most terrifying race bike to emerge from Japan, Yamaha's four-cylinder TZ750 two-stroke. And people race them. To me, riding a Manx round the Island sounds like a nice idea, but just thinking about riding a TZ750 through those blind, tunnelled twists and over those bruisingly bumpy roads makes me feel queasy.

The Manx, however, was no match for its main rival in the 500cc race, the Italian Paton from the 1960s. Like many classic race bikes, including most of the Nortons, the Paton is a replica, created by a burgeoning cottage industry. Twenty-time TT winner John McGuinness rode one, but was unable to challenge 500 winner Olie Linsdell before dropping out with ignition problems.

McGuinness nevertheless enjoyed himself, revelling in the fact that he was riding a bike that didn't try to pull his arms from his sockets every time he opened the throttle; the Paton twin has little more than one third of the horsepower of McGuinness's TT superbike.

"It rattles along once it's in top gear," said McPint. "But compared to a superbike it just knocks the edge off. When you're accelerating, the bike's not wheelying and twisting and pulling and spinning and things."

Aussie Cameron Donald was another TT winner having a ball, spending most of each lap with the throttle wound to the stop as he achieved the first ton-up lap with an AJS 7R.

"Riding around this place you're used to going down a gear or two for the corners," he said. "On these things you just push your chin harder into the tank and keep the throttle on."

DKW (a defunct marque that was part of Auto Union) brought a replica of its 250 that won the 1938 Lightweight TT. Ralf Waldmann – one of GP racing's most successful riders never to have won a world title – made his first visit to the island to ride the bike in a parade lap and was in awe of the circuit.

"I can't find the words ..." he said, before coming out with the best TT line I've heard. "Winning here must be like being a German soldier getting out of Stalingrad in 1943."

Next year's Classic TT races are scheduled for August 23 and 25, with practice taking place the previous week.



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LAWRENCE BAKER

Scheckter back in P34

...and changes his mind about Tyrrell's six-wheeler | BY PAUL LAWRENCE

JODY SCHECKTER HAS BEEN reunited with the car in which he became the only man to win a World Championship Grand Prix on six wheels.

The South African demonstrated the Tyrrell P34, which he has bought to add to his collection of cars he raced, at the CarFest South charity event held at Scheckter's organic farm at Laverstoke Park, Hampshire in August. He had not driven the six-wheeler since 1976, the year in which he won the Swedish GP at Anderstorp.

"In those days there was a lot more freedom in Formula 1 design," said the 1979 World Champion, who admitted that the inventive concept came as a shock to him. "I think everyone was surprised by the design – it was kept very secret, even from the drivers.

"Perhaps it wasn't quite as a bad as I remember: after all, it did win a Grand Prix. It was very controllable and pretty good on street circuits, too, which means it was fairly well suited to racing up and down the Laverstoke farm drive."



"Perhaps it wasn't quite as a bad as I remember: after all, it did win a Grand Prix"
Jody Scheckter

Ecurie Ecosse auction

DICK SKIPWORTH'S ECURIE ECOSSE collection, one of the finest single-theme collections ever assembled, will be sold in December. His fleet celebrates the small but enthusiastic Scottish team that won Le Mans in 1956 and '57, plus a host of other sports car victories into the 1960s. Ecosse drivers included Jimmy and Jackie Stewart, Innes Ireland and Masten Gregory.

Chief item in the Bonhams sale on December 1 will be the famous Commer transporter specially built for the team in 1960, which Skipworth restored and takes to all the big historic meetings, often loaded with the C, D and XK120 which are also part of the sale. "It's such a reliable and efficient way of moving old cars," Skipworth said, admitting to a trace of "seller's remorse". He added: "I'm 76 now and have had 20 years of fun from these cars, so it's time." Other Ecosse racers in the sale include the Tojeiro-Jaguar, Tojeiro-Buick, Cooper Monaco and Sebring Sprite. "It would be nicest if they all went to the same place," said Skipworth, "and perfect if they went to Scotland."

Skipworth, whose cars have often been raced by Barrie Williams, is keeping a Lynx D-type that he often drives on the road. "That's the car that began it all," he says, "and I love it."

Bonnier's T70 to race again

JO BONNIER'S 1969 LOLA T70 Mk3B will return to the track next season four decades after it last raced following a total restoration overseen by respected engineer Colin Bennett.

Chassis SL76/143 was stored in North Wales for nearly 40 years before being acquired by enthusiast Michael Hanson and entrusted to Bennett. Hanson's friend Mike Smith is likely to race it next season, with Mike Wilds responsible for initial shakedown running.

Bennett has traced the car's history and it has been restored using the original monocoque and period bright yellow bodywork. "It has not run for 40 years and this has been a meticulous rebuild," said Bennett. "Michael always wanted to own a T70 and it has been a long-term project."



LAT

Bonnier and fellow Swedes Ronnie Peterson and Reine Wisell drove the car in Écurie Bonnier colours in period. Bonnier first raced the Lola during the Silverstone International Trophy meeting in late March, then finished second at Snetterton on Good Friday and second again at Thruxton on Easter Monday. He also won the 1969 Grand Prix de Paris at Montlhéry.

During the following season, Bonnier raced it in Argentina and America as well as Europe. The chassis was then used in Interserie races, in Spyder trim, before being bought by David Piper. It was later sold on and put into storage.

Bond back on track... at 75

FORMER F3 ACE BEV BOND IS planning to race in Historic Formula Ford next season – at the age of 75. The move forms part of his campaign to promote cancer awareness in men.

Regarded as a rising star during the late 1960s, Bond made a comeback in 2010 after a 30-year break and has raced sporadically during treatment for both leukaemia and cancer.

Bond believes many men fail to take their health seriously enough. "It is such a positive story that this old guy with cancer is still going racing," he said. "It's fulfilling an old man's passion and raising awareness at the same time."



PAUL LAWRENCE

Ex-Mikkola Escort returns

THE FORD ESCORT MK1 HANNU Mikkola used to win the 1000 Lakes rally in 1970 has made its competition return in the hands of its new owner.

Steve Ward gave FEV 5H, the 1600cc twin-cam works car in which Roger Clark also took victory on the 1970 Circuit of Ireland, a run on the recent Woodpecker Stages.

"When I bought the car I vowed to rally it," said Ward. "We're going to take our time, but we plan to do more events in the future. It will be kept completely original."

Morris pursues Golf course

A BRITISH SALOON CAR Championship VW Golf raced by Richard Lloyd, John Morris and Alan Minshaw will return to the track next season, after Morris's son Jim tracked it down to a lock-up garage in Spain.

The 1979 Golf was built by Lloyd as a Group 1 car but converted to Group A specification at the end of 1980.

"The same guy has owned it for 30 years and it has not run since 1989," said Morris Jr. He hopes his father and Minshaw will drive it during a track day.

— OBITUARY —

Jimmy Blumer

Darlington-based Jimmy Blumer, who died in August aged 82, was a leading national racing driver in the 1950s and 1960s. He scored his biggest victory in 1962, when he shared an Equipe Endeavour Jaguar Mk2 with Mike Parkes in the *Motor* Six Hours at Brands Hatch. Blumer first competed in 1950, driving a 1938 Morris 10 in the Monte Carlo Rally. At just 18, he was the youngest driver in the oldest car. He went on to compete extensively in the UK and Europe and raced for Ecurie Ecosse and Border Reivers. He retired from racing in the mid 1960s and was a life member of the BRDC.

■ **A cavalcade of rally cars through the streets of Belfast will form part of the celebrations on the 50th anniversary of Paddy Hopkirk's Monte Carlo Rally victory. On February 22 next year, the cars will drive from Stormont to The Titanic Quarter via Belfast City Hall. Mini Coopers will feature among the cars representing Hopkirk's career.**

■ **The Killarney Historic Rally has moved by a week to December 7, to avoid clashing with a political conference in the host town. The event counts as the opening round of the 2014 Irish Tarmac Historic Rally Championship.**



MARTYN MUST

ROB WIDDOWS

DESERT WARRIOR IN A VILLAGE HALL

"RICHARD NOBLE IS A LEGEND. IF ONLY there were a few like him in government."

I quote from responses to our recent podcast with the man who, 30 years ago, became the fastest man on earth.

On October 5 1983, Noble drove his Thrust 2 jet-powered car across the Black Rock desert in Nevada, clocked 633mph through the measured mile and put his name alongside the Cobbs and Campbells of this world.

In October 1997 he tried again, this time putting RAF fighter pilot Andy Green behind the wheel of Thrust SSC. Green went through the sound barrier and created the first ever supersonic land speed record at a staggering 763mph. People said that could never be done on land, but Mr Noble has never been much bothered by what others think.

Last month he bustled into the sleepy Sussex village of Burpham for the Auto Historica show, immediately attracting a huge crowd around his latest venture, another jet-powered car but this time with a rocket attached. In his relentless quest to hold on to the world land speed record, Noble and Green are hoping Bloodhound will reach 1000mph on the Hakskeen desert, South Africa, in 2016.

Given star billing at Auto Historica, staged on the village green by Dominic Santana's Burpham Motor Racing Club, the tireless Mr Noble did not disappoint. Charging around, shaking hands, signing posters and soaking up endless questions, he converted another few hundred curious onlookers to the cause, urging them to sign up to his crusade to create the British engineers and physicists of the future.

"I am amazed at his open response to questions. Not what you get in other forms of motor sport these days." I quote again from responses to our podcast, which is still available on our website. Those who followed Noble into Burpham Village Hall for his Bloodhound presentation, breathless in his wake, will no doubt agree. For 90 minutes he had them spellbound.

"I get to see the Prime Minister every now and then," he told them, "and that's fun because now the government is beginning to understand what we're trying to do. At last count we have more than 5000 schools and colleges signed up to our campaign to get more young people studying science, technology, engineering and mathematics. Thanks to Bloodhound the subject is sexy again. They can follow the project in detail, day by day, as we gear up for a test run in 2015."

Outside in the late summer sunshine, the Sussex Ferrari Owners Club revved up their red machines, the Battle of Britain Memorial Flight rumbled overhead – and Noble just raised his voice. Nobody even looked out of the window. "This is a monumental project," he went on, bouncing from one foot to the other, "and now, after battling with the board of Rolls-Royce, we have them helping us with the jet engine. It took months to persuade them, but once you have Rolls-Royce then people start to believe. And Swansea University has done a vast amount of work on the aerodynamics with our man Ron Ayers, using Europe's most powerful computers from Intel. This is British engineering at its absolute best."

On a patch of grass nearby, children were already building model rocket cars, under the guidance of Bloodhound technicians, before blasting them down a test track laid out for Auto Historica. The record for a rocket car built at school, and run in the playground, stands at a tad over 200mph. I wondered how they stopped. "No problem," said Noble, laughing heartily, "they just pile up mattresses at the end of the track..."

Double memorial unveiled at Zandvoort

Family and comrades assemble in Holland to commemorate Roger Williamson and Piers Courage | BY ADAM COOPER

THE NAMES OF PIERS COURAGE and Roger Williamson have always been linked in the minds of racing enthusiasts – an inevitable result of the eerily similar nature of the fiery accidents that claimed their lives on the same stretch of the Zandvoort track, just three years apart.

That connection has now been formalised by the circuit with the unveiling of a joint memorial. Located in front of the main tunnel to the infield, it was created on the initiative of TV commentator Allard Kalff, a young spectator at his first F1 race when Williamson died in the 1973 Dutch GP.

Having first landed the support of Courage's entrant Sir Frank Williams, Kalff subsequently convinced the Zandvoort authorities that the time was right. He had anticipated a low-key unveiling on the weekend of the August historic meeting, and was both surprised and delighted when the Courage family agreed to attend the event in force.

For Lady Sarah Aspinall, the former Sally Courage, the day represented a poignant return to Zandvoort for the first time since she was ushered out of the track on June 21, 1970, and flown back to the UK by Bernie Ecclestone and Jochen and Nina Rindt.



Charles Lucas, Jonathan Williams, Jason Courage and Lady Sarah Aspinall (Sally Courage)



Sir Frank Williams, Allard Kalff and Kevin Wheatcroft

She was joined by her sons Jason and Amos, grandsons Albert and Piers, and by Piers's youngest brother Andrew. Also present were Sir Frank and Courage's close friends and F3 team-mates Jonathan Williams and Charles Lucas.

In a speech Zandvoort commentator Rob Petersens, who witnessed the Courage crash as a teenager, made it clear that the Dutch motor sport community had never forgotten the twin tragedies.

For all concerned, the event proved to be a day of mixed emotions, perhaps best epitomised by the huge smile on Sir Frank's face when he met the six-year-old namesake of his former driver.

"I'm delighted, but it's long overdue obviously," he said. "Piers was a special breed. They don't make them like that now. He was a gentleman, immensely amusing, very charming and he had a great name for a racing driver! His career was cut short, but there was no mercy on racetracks in those days. The drivers who were at the funeral – there wasn't a dry eye among all those hard bastards..."

After the ceremony the Courage family went to the site of the accident, now cut off from the modern track.

"It's very sweet and kind that they've done it," said Lady Sarah, who admitted that the day had finally given her a form of closure. "I think it's a wonderful gesture, an amazing thing, even if it has taken a long time. We're very lucky."

Williamson was represented by Kevin Wheatcroft, who was just 14 when he went to Zandvoort with father Tom, Roger's sponsor, mentor and close friend.

"I've never been back here since the accident," said Wheatcroft. "Anyone that knew my dad knows he was a very tough character, and very little stopped him, let alone slowed him down. Losing Roger destroyed him. For a few weeks he wasn't approachable in any sense of the word, and he never really got over it. Roger wasn't just a driver, he became an extension of the family.

"I had quite a fight with myself on whether I should or shouldn't be here, but I did it for Roger's memory and I'm glad I came. There's not a day goes by that I don't stop and think about what might have been, and what he would be doing now. At the end of the day it's 40 years ago, and time to bury some ghosts, I suppose. That's exactly what I've done."

CHARLIE WOODING



WHEN THEY WERE NEW
Ford Lotus Cortina

An original road test taken from the *Motor Sport* archives, January 1964 | BY BILL BODDY

SOON AFTER THAT MAN Chapman had been signed on by British Ford, Dagenham announced the Lotus-Cortina, which was to have a 1½-litre twin-cam 105bhp engine in a Consul Cortina two-door saloon bodyshell using light-alloy doors, bonnet top and boot lid, a close-ratio gearbox, modified suspension with a properly located back axle with aluminium differential housing sprung on Chapman coil-spring struts, and other modifications to improve performance and handling. This Lotus-Cortina was announced enthusiastically in *Motor Sport* last February, when I remarked that it sounded like the most exciting British car since the Jaguar E-type. Team Lotus was to run a trio of these Fords in saloon car races, but the project was a long time coming to fruition, probably because the twin-cam engines were needed for Lotus Elans. And competition work was not possible until they had been homologated, which meant that at least 1000 had to be built. Ford dealers grew restive, the Ford board wrathful, but gradually these outwardly normal-looking Cortinas with the colour flash along the bodyside began to appear on the roads and, occasionally on the circuits, while Henry Taylor drove one in the RAC Rally.

At last, late in November, a test car was placed at our disposal, and let me say right away that we were not disappointed! The Lotus-Cortina is a very commendable all-round car of truly excellent performance, the acceleration being outstanding, very usable from low speeds and going on and on most impressively as upward gear changes are made, so that overtaking is rendered not only safe but a positive pleasure. This Ford is not a 100mph car in the sense that the 'ton' can be attained almost anywhere, but it achieves an easy 85-90mph on give-and-take roads. Such performance will leave behind, say, a Porsche 1600 Super or Mini-Cooper S or Alfa Romeo Giulia Ti, and it is accomplished without sense of fuss, merely that nice 'hard' sound of busy but efficient machinery associated with a twin-ohc engine.

Road-holding is another strong feature of Colin Chapman's modified Cortina, remembering that the basis of the exercise is a low-priced family saloon. The combination of coil springs, tying up the axle and reducing its weight has transformed the mediocre handling of the bread and margarine Cortina. Cornering is mainly neutral, with a tendency to understeer. Round fast, wide-radius bends the Lotus-Cortina holds the desired line commendably while the car goes exactly where it is directed when tucking in quickly after overtaking. At high speed there is a slight weaving action, as if the back axle resents the restraint Colin Chapman has wisely put on it. Had Chapman been allowed to install independent rear suspension this tendency might have been eliminated.

The clutch of the Lotus-Cortina is extremely heavy, but engages progressively. The short remote gear lever is splendidly placed and has a neat wooden knob. It controls a gearbox with the most closely spaced and high ratios I have used for a long time. Chapman has clearly designed this gearbox for enthusiasts and doesn't intend you to use a Lotus-Cortina for towing a caravan up Porlock. The gear change is very quick and positive but the action is notchy and the synchromesh can be beaten if very rapid changes are attempted. I rate this a good but not a superlative gear change. The Girling servo brakes, disc at the front, drums at the back, are just the job – light to apply, yet not too light, and stop the car very powerfully and progressively.

The combination of speed, acceleration, roadclinging and powerful retardation possessed by this remarkable Ford enables 60mph averages to be achieved on British roads effortlessly and safely, the Lotus-Cortina being easy to drive. However, the outstanding impression imparted by this excellent saloon car is of willing, purposeful acceleration, which goes on and on with no trace of hesitation. The Lotus-Cortina is a very rapid vehicle by 1.6-litre standards, quite apart from the fact that it is a four-seater saloon. Because bottom gear can be held to nearly 50mph, a snick into second produces useful acceleration that leaves loiterers far behind. Especially when it is



Ford
FORD LOTUS-CORTINA SPECIALISTS
Sam Thomas Racing
www.samthomasracing.co.uk
Cheshire Classics
www.cheshireclassiccars.co.uk
United Autosports
www.unitedautosports.com

realised that the rev-counter needle only just touches the red mark at 70mph in this gear, or at more than 90 in third!

In spite of its racing-type engine this Ford is perfectly docile in traffic: the water temperature will rise to 90 degrees but will stay at that, and your clutch leg might get tired. Blue cam-box covers signify the 105bhp version of this 1558cc Ford engine, but for competition the 'red' 140bhp engine is available.

This 'blue' engine has a 9.5:1cr, so 100-octane petrol is called for. On a fast run from Hampshire to Somerset and back this was consumed at the rate of exactly 25mpg. There is little that distinguishes the car from less powerful brethren, although the boss of the steering wheel and gear-lever knob are endowed with Lotus badges, which are repeated on the radiator grille and on each rear quarter of the body.



It might sound trifling in this day and age, but 50 years ago 105bhp meant a lot. The olive side flashes were rather fetching, too

If the 'blue' engine disappoints, there is the Cheshunt-built 140bhp race-tuned 1594cc Lotus-Cortina to bring smiles of satisfaction – if you can afford £1725 or get your hands on one of the 30 to be constructed! But for all practical purposes the ordinary Ford Lotus-Cortina will soon be giving joy to many discerning sportsmen. It is a much better car than I had dared to hope and there is something very pleasing in the knowledge that Lotus racing 'know-how' has been handed on to this outwardly sober Ford saloon, which goes so well and is such great fun and so safe to drive. Under the circumstances this Ford Lotus-Cortina is a good car to buy for £1100 3s 1d. In conclusion, I approve strongly of Colin Chapman's idea of a British Giulietta, which Ford sells at a price poor men can afford. And as for the race-tuned version…

FORD LOTUS CORTINA FACTFILE

Production: '63-67
Power: 105bhp
0-60mph: 8.5sec
Max speed: 105mph

Brilliant marriage of Lotus power in Ford clothing, with smart interior details and that signature green flash. MkII from 1967 less extreme, with 115bhp and a colour choice – but everyone chose white and green... Quick and chuckable, the value keeps rising. Perfect spec: works MkI with all the tweaks official or not and Jim Clark history! In real life, MkI always more desirable.

AUCTIONS

A summary of classic and racing auctions from around the world – in numbers | BY ALEX HARMER

RM Auctions

@ BATTERSEA PARK SEPTEMBER 8/9

120 cars sold for **£21.7m**
including all four from the Laidlaw collection featured in *Motor Sport's* September issue

90 per cent of all lots sold including 74 cars from the Ultimate Mercedes-Benz Collection

1957 Maserati 250S **£2.1m**
(driven by Jim Hall and Carroll Shelby)
1967 Ferrari 275 GTB/4 **£1.6m**
(new world record for the model)
1965 Porsche 904/6 Carrera GTS **£1.2m**

007 LOTUS ESPRIT 'submarine car' **£616,000**
The unique prop used in the underwater scenes of *The Spy Who Loved Me*, sold to an anonymous telephone bidder

"To have achieved sales in excess of £21 million is testament to the fact that the market remains very strong and that auctions continue to be the most effective way for collector cars to be bought and sold in a global market."

Max Girardo, Managing Director, RM Europe

Russo and Steele

@ MONTEREY AUGUST 14-17

New world record set by more than $250,000 for one of Ferrari's first road cars:
1949 Ferrari 166 Inter Berlinetta Coupé **$1.05m**
(one of only 37 examples)

1962 Shelby Cobra CSX2012 Independent Comp Roadster **£850,000**

Bonhams

@ GOODWOOD SEPTEMBER 14

1935 ALFA ROMEO TIPO C 8C-35 '50013' £5.9m

New world record for Alfa Romeo set at Goodwood Revival auction

Scuderia Ferrari No 65, driven by **Tazio Nuvolari**
Previous record beaten by £1.7m

"Selling something like this, one is aware that history is a guest at the auction, due to the car's past, its performance today and what all automotive enthusiasts will say about the car in the future. It is more than a car for all of us who are passionate about cars."

James Knight, International Managing Director, Bonhams

Other cars of note

1931 Invicta 4.5-litre S-Type 'low chassis' **£953,500**
Competed at Brooklands and Dundrod and driven by George Field and Dudley Froy

1972 Lamborghini Miura SV Coupé **£919,900**
Delivered new to Rod Stewart
One of only seven right-hand-drive examples. Restored this year at the Lamborgini factory

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER AUCTION CALENDAR

26-28 **BARRETT-JACKSON** Las Vegas Sale, Mandalay Bay Event Center, Las Vegas, Nevada
26-28 **RUSSO AND STEELE** Las Vegas Auction, Las Vegas Boulevard, Las Vegas, Nevada
3/4 **AUCTIONS AMERICA** Fall Carlisle Sale, Carlisle Expo Center, Carlisle, Pennsylvania
10/11 **RM AUCTIONS** Hershey Sale, Hershey Lodge, Pennsylvania
10-12 **MECUM** Chicago 2013, Schaumburg Convention Center, Schaumburg, Illinois
12 **COYS** Classic and Collectors' Motor Cars, Ascot Racecourse, Ascot
16 **H&H** Classic and Collectors' Cars, Imperial War Museum, Duxford
27 **BARONS** Classic, Collectors & Sports Cars, Sandown Park Exhibition Complex, Surrey
30 **H&H** Classic and Collectors' Cars, The Pavilion Gardens, Buxton



BMW showcased some of its electric range in Frankfurt, including the hybrid i8 supercar

A show that goes on...

...and on and on. Not much can match Frankfurt | BY ANDREW FRANKEL

INTENTIONALLY OR OTHERWISE, within most motor shows lurks a theme that journalists can pluck from the hundreds of new cars and use as a hook to start a report like this. However this year's Frankfurt show was different. I spoke to dozens of the 10,000 accredited hacks and hangers-on who flooded out the show's 11 halls at the close of play and we could agree only that our feet hurt. If you think you've been to a big exhibition, wait until you go to one that's more than a mile long from end to end and not a lot narrower.

Some thought it an environmental show, others that it was a supercar show. One idiot even whinged at me that there was nothing worth seeing and wished he hadn't gone. If you can't find anything worth seeing in 11 halls featuring the latest thinking of hundreds of car and component manufacturers, you are perhaps in the wrong trade.

Electric BMW sparkles

FOR ME, ATTENTION WAS HELD most by a phenomenon outside the halls: there, platoons of electric BMW i3s silently swept weary journalists from one end of the complex to the other. This is not a new car – it's been shown in final production form for some time. But looking at an immobile car under artificial light is very different from seeing one functioning in real life and, for me, it resulted in what I believe is called a moment of clarity.

There and then I realised that this is the first electric car that will sell for reasons other than being electric. It looks funky and modern, an item of real quality and not at all like something Noddy might have dreamt up in his abstract phase. Above all it looked credible, and if you buy one with the little range-extender engine option that gives it a range of more than 300 miles, credible it will be. Cleverly, showing the i3 in action also made BMW's other electric car – the hybrid i8 supercar that was on view inside – seem more real, too. I think both will prove showroom gold and, worryingly for Mercedes and Audi (who also rented entire halls to peddle their wares), they seem to have nothing up their sleeves with which to punch back. Which is not to say they didn't come to Frankfurt full of surprises.

Audi's hidden secrets

AUDI'S QUATTRO CONCEPT HAD been widely trailed long before the show, but I refuse to get excited about it. The last time Audi made such a concept, a potential successor to the short-wheelbase Audi Quattro Sport, its engineers could not make a business case to the board to put it into



production. However, Audi also managed what is a rare feat today and brought to the show a car whose very existence was unknown to anyone outside the company. The Nanuk is a wild-looking cross between a supercar and an SUV, with styling that works quite well and a brand-new 544bhp V10 diesel engine. The Nanuk won't make it into production either, but a lot of the design language and, it is believed, the engine will end up in the next generation of Audi's R8 supercar.

Three-pointed sobriety

MERCEDES-BENZ'S OFFERINGS might have been less eye-catching, but that was more than offset by their considerable advantage in being genuine. I'm not going to dwell on the little GLA crossover because it's not really a *Motor Sport* car, but the new Mercedes S-class coupé is fascinating.

In proportion it's from a time gone by: a two-door pillarless coupé more than five metres long, but its design and execution are entirely modern. It looks aggressive from the front, sleek from the side and positively louche from the back, while its interior eschews the traditional walnut trim in favour of ceramics and highly polished aluminium. It's not a production car yet – that will come next year – but is said to be more than 90 per cent of the real deal.

Porsche unveils 918

NOT TO BE OUTDONE, PORSCHE showed the final production version of its 918 supercar and timed its arrival to announce that factory driver Marc Lieb had just lapped the Nürburgring Nordschleife in 6min 57sec in the £657,400, 875bhp hybrid supercar. This is a clear record by some 15sec for a fully homologated road car, but still some distance shy of the 6min 48sec lap recorded by a road-legal Radical SR8-LM. If it's of interest, the fastest ever lap for the course was Stefan Bellof's insane 6min 11sec pole lap for the 1983 Nürburgring 1000Kms, the last time the full northern loop was used at the top level in sports car racing. The 918's time would have placed it eighth on the grid, ahead of Hans Heyer's Porsche 956 and Oscar Larrauri's Lancia LC1…

Fresh Jaguar concept

IN FRANKFURT FEW TRY TO paddle hard against the tidal wave of German product, figuring there's little point when the domestic manufacturers pre-book enough space to populate an entire motor show in any other country. But Jaguar likes to buck the trend. It did it with the F-type (albeit in concept form) in 2011, and it tried to do it again with another concept called the C-X17.



Lighter and quicker: 458 Speciale is another costly leap ahead for the Ferrari range

"A day and a dozen miles after arriving at the Frankfurt show, we all dutifully filed out again to ponder what we had seen. By Frankfurt standards it was one of the quieter shows, but it was none the worse for that. In the end there was no theme that I could clearly discern – just much evidence of a car industry emerging from the most troubled period in living memory and gently, tentatively, returning to normal. After the hubbub and hubris that has accompanied shows both here and elsewhere around the world in the past, I found that rather refreshing."

Unlike the F-type, it is fair to say the C-X17 did not bring Frankfurt to a slavering, astonished halt. Indeed were this SUV not wearing Jaguar badges and painted a very vivid shade of blue, it might only have attracted moderate attention. But the very juxtaposition of the word 'Jaguar' with the 'SUV' acronym was always going attract the hordes, pens sharpened for another soft target. I know because I joined in when Aston Martin showed an abhorrent SUV in 2009 and had the nerve to call it Lagonda, and again last year when Bentley showed a highly courageous interpretation of the theme called EXP 9F. Actually I think Jaguar is being rather canny: by producing a rather sober offering, it not only spares itself such indignities but also further castigation when the real one appears and looks nothing like the concept. And believe me, as and when Aston and Bentley get around to producing their SUVs, they will look nothing at all like their concepts. But I believe the Jaguar will and so it should: in its own way I think it is a quiet success.



Entry-level Caterham

ANOTHER BRITISH MANUFACTURER was also drawing unlikely amounts of attention and for all the right reasons. I think the steel wheels on the new Caterham 160 are just a little too spartan, but I like everything else, from the sub-500kg weight and 660cc triple motor to the 155 section tyres and the return to a live rear end. Most of all I like the price: less than £17,000. This is the closest the Seven has come to Colin Chapman's original concept in 40 years of Caterham production. If it's as good in the real world as it looks on paper and show stand, my days of Caterham ownership might not yet be over. Judging by the Twitter response to its unveiling, Caterham could soon find itself with a very nice problem on its hands: filling orders.

Speciale by name...

SADLY IT LOOK AS THOUGH MY days of Ferrari ownership remain as far into the future as ever. At a suggested price of £205,000, Maranello's new 458 Speciale is probably beyond most price bands. For those who either can't afford or have not been offered a £1 million LaFerrari, however, this looks like the next best thing. For a fifth of the money, Ferrari will now sell you a 458 offering 600bhp from its 4.5-litre engine without a turbo in sight. That's 133bhp per litre or, put another way, roughly where the Ford DFV was when it first slotted into a Lotus 49 in 1967. No other normally aspirated road car engine compares.

Ferrari says it will circulate Fiorano in 1min 23.5sec, a convenient half second slower than the flagship F12 but still faster than Ferrari's previous fastest car, the 599GTO. The lap time comes not only from the extra power but also a 90kg weight loss. Although Ferrari says the Speciale (which is not a limited edition car as the name suggests, but a standard production car) is a far more civilised machine to use every day than predecessors such as the 430 Scuderia and 360 Challenge Stradale, this is clearly a hardcore driving machine and should be treated as such.

ROLLS-ROYCE WRAITH

There's a surprise in the way this one goes | BY ANDREW FRANKEL



OF ALL THE CAR LAUNCHES I wish I'd attended, I think Bentley's introduction in 1982 of its then-new Mulsanne Turbo would have been the funniest. This, you will recall, was the first Bentley to be anything other than a Rolls-Royce with a different radiator and badging since the R-type Continental of 1954. The addition of the turbo raised power by more than half as much again, from under 200bhp to exactly 300bhp, but hilariously Bentley felt no need to make any commensurate changes to the chassis. Behind the engine bay it was still just a Silver Spirit.

Then someone armed with a first-class degree in hopeless optimism let the press loose in the car. *Autocar* discovered the 2.4 tonne Mulsanne was so fast it would out-accelerate a Ferrari 365GT4, Maserati Kyalami and an Aston Martin Lagonda, leaving it to *Motor*'s Roger Bell to say what everyone else was probably thinking, namely that its handling was 'drearily, detestably deficient'. Coming from the greatest road tester of his and possibly any generation, that must have smarted.

As I write I am looking at a picture of an intrepid *Autocar* tester – probably the late, terrifyingly rapid Mike Scarlett – battling to recover a helplessly flailing Mulsanne Turbo from massive roll oversteer underneath a caption that reads: "Road Behaviour: predictable." Then, and I am not making this up, the test goes on to recommend buyers choose cloth rather than leather upholstery to compensate for "the lack of sideways location of the seat when cornering". In other words, to stop you flying out of the passenger's window every time you tried to turn right.

But it worked, better than even Bentley could have dreamt: within two years Bentley sales had doubled, within five the ratio of Bentleys to Rolls made in Crewe had gone from fewer than one in 20 to better than one in three. Within 10 years, Bentley outsold Rolls-Royce two to one.

FACTFILE

£235,000

ENGINE
6.6 litres, 12 cylinders

POWER
624bhp @ 5600rpm

TORQUE
590lb ft @ 1500rpm

TRANSMISSION
eight-speed auto, satellite controlled, rear-wheel drive

0-62MPH 4.4sec
TOP SPEED 155mph
ECONOMY 20.2mpg
CO_2 327g/km





Why the history lesson? Because it seems Rolls-Royce itself – as reconstituted under BMW stewardship – is just starting to see if it, too, can play the sporting card to its advantage.

Not that Rolls is saying as much: while every significant modification to the Wraith – and I do mean every one – can fairly be described as contributing to make a more sporting Rolls-Royce, the company remains nervous of the oxymoronic qualities of such an ephithet. Thus they have created a rather wonderful mirror image of what usually happens in this industry where manufacturers find it far easier to call a car sporting than to actually make it so. The Wraith is truly sporting and Rolls isn't saying a word.

But you'll know it from the moment you see the seven-inch cut in its wheelbase, or learn that thanks to a further 61bhp for its 6.6-litre twin turbo V12 motor, it now has more power than a McLaren MP4-12C.

And Rolls has learned from the mistake of Bentley's engineers who took three years to produce the Mulsanne Turbo 'R', a letter that really did stand for roadholding, and was as blunt an admission of its precedessor's inadequacies as I have ever seen a car manufacturer make. By contrast, the Wraith has the full suite of modifications: a wider track, lower, stiffer springs, re-tuned roll bars and dampers, quicker, heavier steering and even a smaller, thicker steering wheel.

It's a car in which Rolls-Royce has supreme confidence: I know this because the first thing they suggested I do with it was drive it around Goodwood.

I should say now that despite the proximity of factory to circuit, I always thought a Rolls-Royce and the Goodwood Motor Circuit would not make natural bedfellows and, as it turns out, I was right. The Wraith weighs about the same now as the Mulsanne Turbo did then: it would be naïve in the extreme to expect that much stately home to circulate a track as difficult as Goodwood as if it were born to it. Just because you're home doesn't mean you're at home.

And yet in sharp contrast to what I expect my predecessors discovered when they took early Mulsannes to the test track, the Wraith doesn't feel inclined even to protest at such treatment, let alone throw up its arms in horror, shriek and attempt to turn through 180deg and flee the scene as quickly as possible.



As expected it was thunderously quick out of the pits, accelerating seamlessly toward the considerable challenge of Madgwick corner. Selecting what I hoped would be an achievable entry speed, I turned the Wraith towards the desired heading and discovered not just acceptance of the instruction, but willingness to execute. Its computer-controlled suspension and massive weight all but flattened a mid-corner bump that's been throwing racing cars into the scenery for 65 years and through it swept, without a hair out of place.

I didn't do many laps that day, though more than most owners will complete in a lifetime with the car, but it was enough to suggest that here was indeed a different kind of Rolls. Based on the gorgeous Ghost and from the same stable as the glorious Phantom though it is, its character is discernibly different not just from its modern brethren, but any Rolls I have driven.

Out on the road these feelings were confirmed. It's not the extra power you feel, for even the Ghost is a mighty fast machine, but the precision of the beast. You find new confidence when aiming for gaps and instead of just wafting through corners, you find yourself wondering just how soon you can reapply the power and just how much to use. Regardless of what Rolls-Royce says, I know this is a sporting car because it makes me want to drive it in a sporting fashion, which is not something I have ever felt inclined to do in any other Royce.

Despite a large slice out of the wheelbase, rear cabin room is generous, though views may be restricted. Driver's environment is that of the Ghost, but the Wraith is a much more sporting car



It makes an odd contrast. On the one hand the environment is pure and traditional Rolls-Royce. The dash is very little different to that of a Ghost and while the car is shorter, it's nevertheless longer than a S-class Mercedes so there's still sprawling space in the back. It is an unquestionably wonderful place to pass the time.

But I still wouldn't choose it over the better looking, yet more spacious four-door Ghost, let alone the Phantom whose claim to being the greatest luxury car in the world is as strong today as when it was launched a decade ago. I don't need a Rolls to be sporting. In fact I don't want it to be. Just as a Bentley becomes less of a Bentley as sportiness is removed, so the reverse is true of a Rolls. I want a Rolls to comfort and cosset like no other car on the planet and while two of the three models in the range do just that, the fact you can feel just a little of the road beneath the Wraith makes it less good at precisely those things at which a Rolls-Royce should be best.

Do not mistake me: the Wraith is more than an impressive car, it is a fabulously engineered sporting carriage. For Bentley it would have been perfect; for a Rolls, however, it takes away more than it adds.

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/andrew-frankel



PORSCHE 911 TURBO S

Stupendously fast - but is it the 911 you want?

I HAVE DRIVEN AT LEAST ONE example of every Porsche 911 Turbo to go on sale since the car was first shown 40 years this month. This might sound like a proud boast, but I mention it now only to make a point: in all those years I never drove one I preferred to the slower, normally aspirated car upon which it was based.

This should be no surprise. Advantages held by normal 911s over their turbocharged brethren include a much better noise, a far greater inclination to rev and instantaneous throttle response. They are of course far cheaper both to buy and run as well.

And yet I felt this new 911 Turbo might just be the exception to this hitherto unbreakable rule. I felt the longer wheelbase and electric steering of the 991 platform would play better to the Turbo's role as the warp factor businessman's bullet than any of its stablemates. I felt it might be the first Turbo to feel designed that way, rather than adapted from another format.

It certainly looks the part. While Turbos have always used the wider of the two bodies Porsche has for years produced for the 911, for this model it's made a third just for the Turbo. It's so wide at the back its arches are reminiscent of the Martini Turbo RSRs of the mid 1970s. There are two power outputs: 520bhp for the standard Turbo and 560bhp for the Turbo S, the extra coming merely from software telling the turbos to boost at 1.2bar rather than just 1.0bar. And now the Turbo S, once the niche model of the range, will account for the vast majority of turbo sales.

To cope with this power it has four-wheel drive, four-wheel steering, torque vectoring, ceramic brakes, active roll control, active engine mounts and, yes, even a water-cooled front axle.

I have no doubt at all the result is the fastest road car that any sane person would consider using every day. Regardless of Porsche's always conservative claims, the Turbo S will hit 60mph in substantially less than 3sec – indeed with the optional sticky tyres I'd not be surprised to see nearer 2.5sec. Yet that's only the half of it. These numbers say nothing of how accessible this performance is, how effortlessly it's placed on the road and how entirely unfrightening this experience is once you've got used to its shattering punch.

So I'm sad to say I still don't want one, at least not like I want a standard Carrera, available for half the money. I want a 911 to be simple and I want it to be narrow. I want its engine to sing to me and I want the driving experience to challenge me. This car does none of these things. It's the first 911 coupé ever to broach 1600kg and for all its speed it feels heavy, bloated and uninvolving to drive. I'd also point out that its interior has no place in a car costing this much.

But I don't think this car is bought by people like me, even those who have the money. I think it's a car for those who need not a 911 but a weapon, a car with near Bugatti Veyron levels of punch off the line, that'll cruise comfortably at light aircraft speed yet which you can leave in the street with reasonable confidence it'll still be there tomorrow. And for them, even I must admit there is nothing else to touch it in the world.

FACTFILE

£140,853

ENGINE
3.8 litres, six cylinders

POWER
560bhp @ 5500rpm

TORQUE
516lb ft @ 2100rpm

TRANSMISSION
seven-speed double clutch, four-wheel drive

0-62MPH 3.1sec
TOP SPEED 197mph
ECONOMY 29.1mpg
CO_2 227g/km



www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/andrew-frankel

KIA PRO_CEE'D GT

All the right ingredients – but not enough flavour



FOR SOME TIME I HAVE BEEN evangelical on the subject of progress made by Korean brands in recent years. The only reason hardly any of my outpourings on the subject have appeared between these pages is that while Hyundai and Kia have made some very impressive shopping cars of late, properly sporting offerings placing more than 200bhp under your foot have been notable only for their absence.

Until now.

The Proceed GT (I have spelled its name the correct but ludicrous way at the top of this page and decline to do so again) is a fresh direction for Kia. As it has so far proven adept at all disciplines to which it has turned its hand, it seemed to me more probable than possible it could turn out to be a really capable fast hatchback.

But it's not. All the right components are there, from the aforementioned 201bhp, 1.6-litre turbo motor at one end to proper multi-link suspension at the other. Between the two you'll find all manner of go-faster addenda from lowered suspension and a body kit outside to alloy pedals, suede seat covers and red stitching for the leather steering



wheel inside. But as anyone who has tried to make a soufflé for the first time will tell you, merely having the right ingredients is no guarantee of success.

You notice its shortcomings immediately, not helped in my case by almost literally stepping out of a brand new Golf GTI and into the Proceed. The Kia is a far slower car than the VW, but I don't quibble with this: despite being in the same class size, the Proceed is cheaper to the tune of more than £5000 and for that allowances can be made. Less easy to forgive is the fact that the 1.6-litre engine is neither smooth nor that willing to rev. You can buy a Suzuki Swift Sport for £5000 less than this Kia and its similarly sized but normally aspirated engine is never happier than when pinging off its rev limiter.

Nor does the Proceed handle as I'd like. There's plenty of grip from its fat tyres if the roads are smooth and dry, but its ride is notably upset by everyday imperfections while the whole car feels both oversprung and underdamped. The result is a chassis that provides only mediocre comfort and only superficially capable handling. Push it as you might such a car and you'll find merely adequate body control, insufficient steering feel and a balance that's only sluggishly receptive to changes in throttle setting.

You could of course turn this viewpoint on its head. You could say the Proceed provides better looks and equipment levels than a Golf and a large chunk of its performance for a somewhat smaller chunk of its price. And you'd not be wrong. For me, though, if a car like the Proceed GT fails to offer a rich driving experience, however cheap, well equipped and attractive it is, it has failed at the very job it was brought into this world to do.

FACTFILE

£19,995

ENGINE
1.6 litres, four cylinders

POWER
201bhp @ 6000rpm

TORQUE
195lb ft @ 1750rpm

TRANSMISSION
six-speed manual, front-wheel drive

0-62MPH 7.4sec
TOP SPEED 143mph
ECONOMY 38.2mpg
CO_2 171g/km

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/andrew-frankel



MERCEDES-BENZ E63 AMG S

Four seats and every comfort. Is this the first hyper-saloon?

YOU WOULD THINK, WOULD you not, that no Mercedes would be more powerful than the SLS supercar. It is the titan, the pinnacle of Mercedes performance engineering. But it's no longer the most powerful.

Mercedes has just released an 'S' version of its E63 AMG saloon and estate for those restless types who suspect the 557bhp of the 'normal' AMG is not quite enough. So this one now has 585bhp, some 14bhp more than the standard SLS and a mere 6bhp less than the SLS GT I will review in next month's magazine. Moreover, while even the GT version of the SLS can muster 479lb ft of torque, the four- and five-door E-classes develop more than 100lb ft more even than this at, get this, fewer than half the revs.

I'm sorry to blind you with numbers but it's important to see where this positions this new E-class. In numerical firepower terms at least, even its closest rivals, the BMW M5 and new Jaguar XFR-S, aren't that close any more. Even the brilliantly bonkers Audi RS6 can't live with these numbers.

If there's a problem it's the price – an M5 is 10 grand cheaper and even at this point in the market, that counts. And while the Benz is more powerful, all other enhancements over the standard AMG specification are cosmetic, such as a new rear wing, front spoiler, red brake calipers and so on.

But the bigger problem exists for its rivals. Not only is the Mercedes the one car in the class available in two body styles (the Jag and BMW are saloon only, the Audi an estate), it was the best car in the class even before Mercedes applied the screwdriver to the turbos' boost pressure control.

Its greatest trick is to provide more power than a Ferrari 458 in surroundings so quiet, comfortable and civilised you could almost be at home. It rides and glides like any large Mercedes should. And then, when the moment takes you, it will bellow and throw you forward as fast as the grip of its rear tyres will allow.

FACTFILE

£83,740

ENGINE
5.5 litres, eight cylinders

POWER
585bhp @ 5500rpm

TORQUE
589lb ft @ 1750rpm

TRANSMISSION
seven-speed auto, rear-wheel drive

0-62MPH 4.1sec
TOP SPEED 155mph
ECONOMY 28.5mpg
CO_2 232g/km

Indeed this car is so powerful that in Europe it is available only with four-wheel drive where even the estate will hit 62mph from rest in a frankly comical 3.7sec. But the front driveshafts are unable to negotiate their way around the right-hand-drive steering apparatus so all cars sold in the UK are correct-wheel drive only. So while the reduction in traction adds fully half a second to the claimed acceleration time, this is more than matched by the additional laughter provided by the behaviour available at the exit of any tight corner. This is a car whose rear tyre bill alone could bankrupt you.

But what a way to go. I'm sure almost all the additional £10,000 Mercedes charges for this car over the stock E63 AMG is profit, but I'm not sure I care. It was the greatest supersaloon before the modifications and it's even greater now. True, someone might find 600bhp somewhere to trump it numerically; but making a car that's not only this fast but so deliciously easy to live with might prove more difficult.

Reeds all about it

Reading the recent correspondence about Roy Salvadori investigating the lake at Oulton Park, he wasn't the only driver at the 1962 Gold Cup Touring Car race to have a 'pool' car. Alan Hutcheson was having a storming race in the Barwell Motors Riley 1.5, dicing with John Love's Mini Cooper when he lost it at Knickerbrook on the final lap and somersaulted into the reeds to the outside of the bend. Alan was unhurt and did a perfect dive to dry land from the roof of the very secondhand-looking Riley. I was spectating with my father from a homemade stand and took the accompanying pictures on a Voigtlander Vito B 35mm rangefinder camera.

Going back to Roy Salvadori's accident, Chris Nixon in his *Autosport* race report was mystified why marshals rescued Roy through the back door and also pointed out how lucky he was. A few feet farther along, the lake went to a depth of 30 feet.

Mike Hayward, Shifnal, Shropshire

Lake speed

On the subject of the 3.8 Jaguar that ended up in the lake at Oulton Park, my late father-in-law purchased this car and used it as a road vehicle for some years around our town. One could hear his daily journey from home to work quite clearly. He also competed in sprints at Brands Hatch and Goodwood.

A feature of this car was a leatherette-covered roof, as apparently Mr Salvadori had created a very awkward crease and this was a quick solution.

Another Jaguar memory is a trip with my friend who worked for John Coombs, to deliver a new Coombs-modified 3.8 to a customer in Darlington and take his old car back. This was in pre-speed limit days and, although delivery was at a gentle pace, on the way back we sat at more than 100mph most of the way. The only instrument to move for the length of the M1 was the fuel gauge.

As old enthusiasts say all the time, those were indeed the days.

John Millard, Gers, France

Targa, Targa, burning bright

Someone has just given me your May issue – what a wonderful surprise to find the article on the last Targa Florio, mentioning our Lotus Europa. I was a Lotus dealer and we took a car off the floor, swapped the four-speed for a five-speed (waste of time), re-needled the Strombergs and took out the anti-smog pre-heater on the manifold. I thought the speedo was optimistic after putting on those Kleber tyres, but it turned out to be accurate – 140-something mph down that marvellous three-mile straight along the coast, with the tacho at the yellow line but without the twin Webers I'd figured we might need.

Our brake problems developed because at the start the emergency brake wasn't completely released, and the partition in the master cylinder reservoir let fluid slosh over under braking into the front part, which supplied the rear brakes; as the rear drums wore the shoes down, a seal on the slave cylinder gave out. Had the mechanic only put the wheel back on before crimping off the brake line (with a pit steward watching the repair) we could have finished that last-ever Targa Florio. I drove the car back to Genova (via the Palermo ferry) and took it home with me on the Michelangelo.

Under heavy braking the car would very gently pull to the left; after all, how much proportional braking force do the rear wheels provide?

It was a wonderful car and from year to year I ask people if they've seen a white twin-cam Europa with the obvious clue of twin dry-break fuel fillers on the deck. It had a rollbar too, of course, but without peering into the car it would be hard to see. I ran the '63 Targa in the Flaminia Zagato 3C I still have, and also had a sole-class-survivor finish (without enough laps to be classified) in a lightweight SWB Ferrari. I gave that away a few years later – another rather long story!

Anatoly Arutunoff, Tulsa, Oklahoma



Getting Knickerbrook in a twist: Alan Hutcheson tumbles towards the water at Oulton Park, top, then dives for the comfort of dry land

A tough introduction

Your feature on Jock Horsfall brought back some sobering memories.

My first visit to a motor sport event was at Silverstone in 1949, with a school friend. We were taken in a Riley saloon by his father, who had followed pre-war motor racing. We sat at Stowe Corner and I clearly recall the ERA driven by Jock Horsfall going wide in front of us, hitting the straw bales on the edge of the track and leaping into the air. The driver fell out and the ERA came down on top of him.

The race went on and we thought little more about the incident until we heard on the car radio, going home after the meeting, that Horsfall had been killed. Of course, drivers sat high in their cars and had no safety harness, so when the ERA was upside-down in the air the driver had no way of staying in.

Sam Wilkinson, North Cerney, Cirencester

History repeating

The result of this year's Goodwood TT Revival race reminded me of the May 1963 edition of *Motor Sport* – I spent all my pocket money on that very first purchase of your excellent magazine. The Pictorial Review in the centre of that issue showed, side by side, photos taken at the Le Mans Test Day of the Aston Martin DP212 and the Lister Costin LM Coupé, the cars that finished first and



Rob Lyall pictured autocrossing a Rover P6, a short-lived experiment that failed to bear fruit

second in the TT (the Friedrichs Aston Martin is a recreation, but I won't spoil the story).

I enjoyed the coverage of the Revival meeting on the Goodwood website having stumbled upon it purely by accident. I had a crash course in live streaming, HDMI cabling and buffering at the hands of my son, but my wife and I were thence occupied for much of the weekend.

David Black, Huntly, Aberdeenshire

The wild Rover

It was good to see your recent photo of a Rover P6 racing at Silverstone, because this year is the model's 50th anniversary.

The registration number, JXC 808D, is original and shows that it was an ex-engineering department car and the eighth pre-production example built. Rover used specific registration numbers for pre-production cars: single-carburettor 2000s were JXC 101D, 102D etc; twin-carb cars were 201, 202 etc and V8 cars 801, 802 and so on. My steering and suspension section car was 809D.

In early 1969 808D was loaned to Peter Browning's Competition Department at Abingdon to try it out as a rallycross car, but a couple of outings with Geoff Mabbs driving were not a big success and the car was returned to Solihull. In June that year William Martin-Hurst, Rover's MD, asked me to drive 808D in an autocross to see if it could beat his son Richard in his Rover V8-engined Escort rally car. Heavy rain proved it could not.

808D then went to Bill Shaw Racing to be built into its present form for Roy Pierpoint, who won races before the car was sold to Alec Poole. It was replaced by JXC 806D, which caused a sensation when it retired from the 1970 Marathon de la Route at the Nürburgring with a three-lap lead.

Rob Lyall, Ettington, Warks

Knowing one's track limits

I must take issue with Nigel Roebuck over his views on white lines. I believe they were first introduced at Le Mans to show drivers where the 'black stuff' ended and all sorts of problems – trees, walls, ditches and sheer drops – started. These were all things that would, at best, end a driver's race and at worst end their life.

As a marshal I have always believed that black stuff is for racing and everything else is my domain, from where I take a driver and their car to a place of safety. Rumble strips, run-off areas and gravel beds were all introduced to save drivers' lives. Drivers, being racers, took advantage of the extra safety to cut further corners and shave seconds off lap times.

If a driver goes off the black stuff their race should end. Their life is still available to them and their car intact (unless they hit the tyre wall).

Nigel also reminisced about the 1970s and what could happen to onlookers. If Jo Siffert had collected Nigel, would Mr Siffert have been able to restart or would he have ended up in jail?

Kerbs were unforgiving, as Jackie Stewart recognises. Drivers now use them to their advantage. Come off the black stuff and your race is over, but you are alive.

The piece about Luigi Musso reminded us about what happened to drivers who were racing for position and went, even marginally, over the white line. If, in the 1950s, Romain Grosjean had gone that far over the white line the stewards would not have had to consider a drive-through penalty. They might be considering a red flag to end the race ahead of preparing for another funeral.

Let's keep drivers alive without allowing them to take advantage.

Gwilym Owen, Holmes Chapel, Crewe

In praise of Mr Elstrop

Reading about Colin Elstrop in the article about the MGB in the Le Mans Legends race, I was reminded of a practical joke he once endured.

I was an unknowing accomplice.

My competition career concluded in 1996 after a fairly typical time of five years or so for a club racer. It was ended by my perennial struggles to fund it.

I hadn't given up hope, however, and kept looking for opportunities to continue. One plan was to contest the Vauxhall Vectra Scholarship, the prize on offer being a fully funded drive in the 1998 Vectra Challenge.

Lacking match practice, I rang around to get track time at a racing school and the only circuit that could accommodate me was Croft, which unknown to me at the time was the venue for the final stages of the Scholarship.

The track manager at that time was Simon Rheinberg, who explained that there were no track/school days scheduled, although he would make the circuit available for my exclusive use for the price of a school session complete with car and instructor.

On the appointed day Simon took me to meet my instructor, Colin Elstrop. Smiling mischievously, Simon made the introductions and Colin's face showed a look of muted surprise. Simon had neglected to tell him that following an accident at work I have only one arm...

Colin swiftly regained his composure and we proceeded with a number of sessions that blew the cobwebs away. I booked another session with Colin as I progressed in the Scholarship and, with his expert help and guidance, I got through to the semi-final stage. That, though, really was the end of my racing.

I met Colin some years later at Castle Combe, where I was an official and we had a laugh about our first meeting. I'm glad to learn he's still racing.

Don Craig, Abbeydale, Gloucester

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(Please include your full name and address)



1



2

KEN HYNDMAN

In 1973 Ken delivered some parts to Silverstone on British GP weekend, which meant paddock access, along with his Trojan co-worker Patrick Head 1 Well-known entrant Sid Taylor (left) and Jody Scheckter watch Jackie Stewart from the pit wall **2** Stewart offers Scheckter a few tips **3** Peter Revson spearheads post-race parade. **4** Stewart passes Ronnie Peterson for the lead at Becketts **5** Denny Hulme, François Cevert and congested pits **6** All mod cons at Tyrrell



3



4



5



6

SEND US YOUR IMAGES

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

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or e-mail them to: **editorial@motorsportmagazine.co.uk**

MOTOR SPORT SINCE 1924 HALL OF FAME

Giacomo Agostini
Manx TT classic revisited

On August 24 Giacomo Agostini took part in a recreation of the 1967 Isle of Man Diamond Jubilee Senior TT. The 2012 Hall of Fame inductee was joined by John McGuinness, who represented the late Mike Hailwood.

In 1967, the Hailwood/Agostini duel for top spot was fierce, each breaking the lap record before Agostini's chain failed on the fifth lap. Ago rode his MV Agusta in the re-enactment while McGuinness used a replica of 14-time TT winner Hailwood's Honda. The Morecambe rider called it "a real honour" to be chosen for the task. "I went to town," he said, "with the pudding basin helmet, goggles, black leathers, even the tape around the boots – just like the great man." Hailwood's widow Pauline and son David joined the pair at the start.

Neither rider was exactly taking it easy. "He's 70 years old and we were going at an obscene speed," said McGuinness. "Ago even stopped at the Creg and said, 'My chain's broken!' We had a bit of banter, then he wanted a push start! It was fantastic."



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Log on to:
www.motorsportmagazine.com/halloffame
to explore the amazing career of Agostini
PLUS videos and career photo galleries

Nigel Roebuck



Kimi's move to Ferrari recalls other feisty driver pairings; Shell film rekindles the bravery that the old Spa demanded, and Brundle goes back to the Fifties - with boot polish

FOR THE MAJORITY OF FORMULA 1 fans, I like to think, that fortnight encompassing Spa and Monza remains the core of any Grand Prix season. As long-time enthusiast Clive James remarked in his column in the *Telegraph*, "When the F1 circus was away touring the world, there was sometimes no saving the show from tedium: the Tarmac sat cooking in the desert and you couldn't see a tree. But lately, thank heaven, we have been back in Europe…"

Spa, with a respectful nod to Suzuka, remains the finest circuit on the World Championship trail, and Monza the greatest venue. As race weekends both were as diverting as ever, but unfortunately this time around neither produced a memorable Grand Prix: Sebastian Vettel's Red Bull utterly dominated both races, with Fernando Alonso's Ferrari best of the rest each time.

At Monza Mark Webber, competing in a European Grand Prix for the last time, finished third, narrowly ahead of Felipe Massa, who had his best race in quite a while. Too little too late, as it turned out: a couple of days after the race Massa revealed that his eight-year spell at Ferrari was coming to an end, and on the Wednesday morning the team announced that Kimi Räikkönen would replace him in 2014.

On Ferrari's website there appeared suitable remarks from Räikkönen: "I am really happy to be returning to Maranello, where I previously spent three fantastic and very successful years. I have so many memories of my time at Ferrari, memories that have stayed with me these past years, first and foremost winning the World Championship in 2007, which was really unforgettable.

"I can't wait to be driving a Prancing Horse car again, and to reacquaint myself with so many people with whom I had such close links, as well as working with Fernando, whom I consider a great driver, in order to bring the team the success it deserves."

That seemed to cover all PR bases, as these statements invariably do, and after four days of gossip in the Monza paddock the announcement was not unexpected. While there were suggestions that the deal with Räikkönen was concluded only after the Italian Grand Prix, within minutes of arriving on Thursday I'd been told by someone in the know that the contract was already signed.

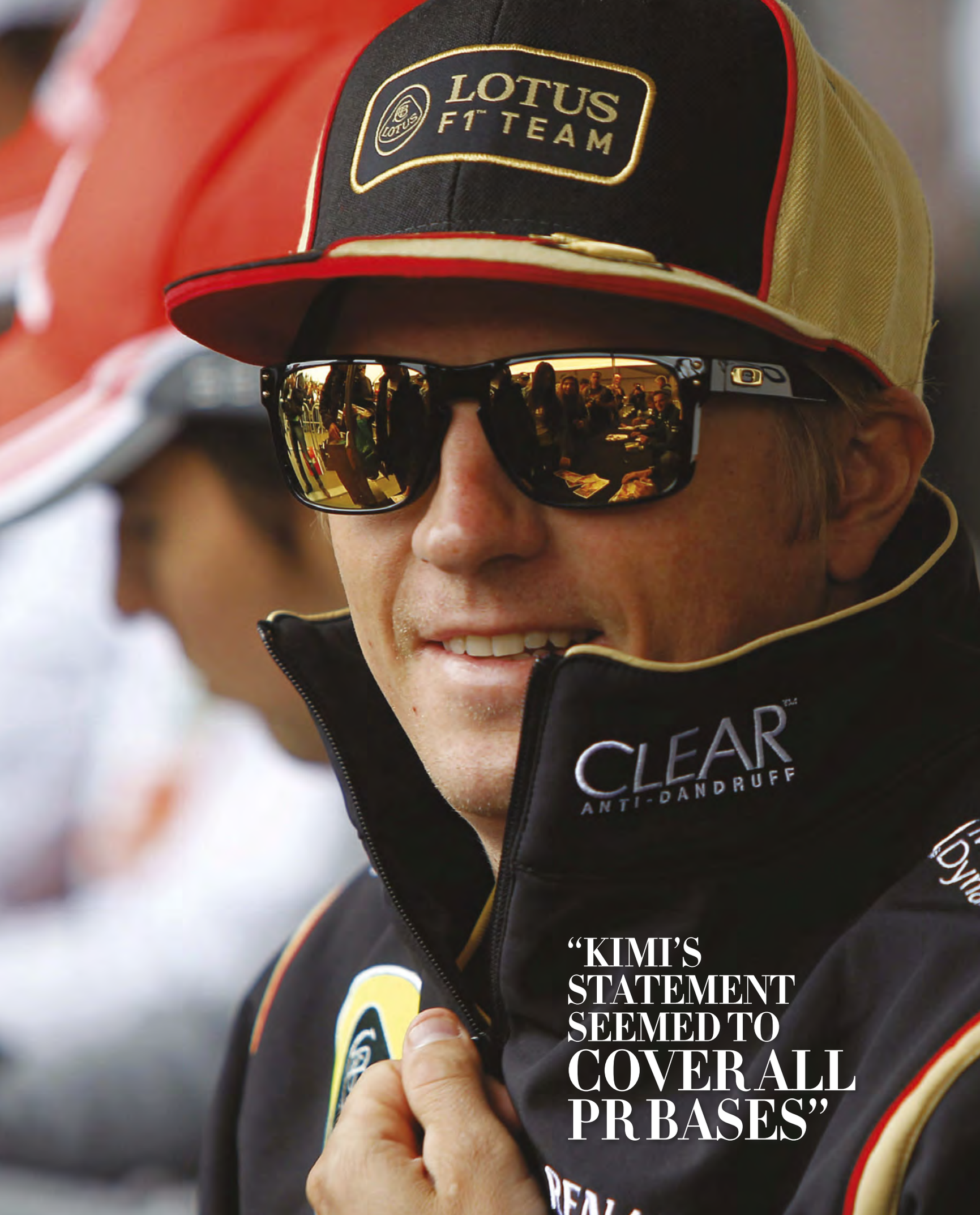
Was I surprised? Yes and no. Although he was handsomely paid off at the end of 2009, Kimi was less than thrilled to be ushered out of Maranello with a year of his contract still to run, and until quite recently few would have predicted a new deal between the two parties. Of course there had long been speculation that Räikkönen would leave Lotus at season's end, but for months his anticipated destination was Red Bull, and many relished the prospect not only of his going up against Vettel in equal cars, but also blithely ignoring the machinations of Helmut Marko.

In the end, though, Red Bull decided to place faith in its 'Young Driver' policy, to promote Daniel Ricciardo from within, and when that was announced it seemed likely that Räikkönen would stay put, as Eric Boullier and others at Lotus devoutly wished. Red Bull apart, only Ferrari was believed capable of meeting the fiscal aspirations of Kimi's management – and many doubted a renewed alliance. As the saying goes, though, a dog will not howl if you beat him with a bone.

On the subject of drivers there had been for some time a difference of opinion between team principal Stefano Domenicali and company chairman Luca di Montezemolo. For Domenicali it was simple: he wanted the two best drivers available, and that meant hiring Räikkönen to partner Alonso.

For di Montezemolo, though, it was less straightforward: it had been he, after all, who negotiated Räikkönen's original move to Ferrari (which had the effect of pushing Michael Schumacher into unwilling retirement) – and he also who terminated Kimi's contract a year ahead of time. Were he to agree to have him back, it might be seen as an admission that he had made a mistake at the end of '09, and Luca is not good at loss of face.

ALL IMAGES LAT



"KIMI'S STATEMENT SEEMED TO COVER ALL PR BASES"

Still, at Monza the signs were that Räikkönen was indeed Ferrari-bound. On the Saturday di Montezemolo made his annual laying-on-of-hands visit to the paddock, and when the Italian journalists reminded him of Kimi's last spell with the team, he simply smiled and said, "Yes, he won a World Championship…" No mention of the subsequent rather lacklustre seasons that led to his removal: Luca is nothing if not a politician.

He is also one not well disposed towards any perceived challenge either to the sanctity of Ferrari or his own authority. Back in 2006 he well understood the implications for Schumacher if he were to bring Räikkönen into the fold, yet pressed ahead with his plan: no mere driver was going to dictate whom he should or should not employ.

Seven years on di Montezemolo has been troubled by another bout of insubordination, this time from Alonso, who – like Schumacher – for so long could do no wrong. Hugely frustrated by Ferrari's mid-season slump in development, in Hungary Fernando let his mask of perpetual optimism slip for once and there followed a very public reprimand from the chairman.



Since then, it's fair to say, the state of play between Alonso and Ferrari may be described as tense, although both remain fundamentally committed to each other and aware of the need to repair the situation.

Much has been written about Alonso's assumed reluctance to have another topliner alongside him at Ferrari, and inevitably criticism has come his way, but there is nothing new under the sun. Long ago Frank Williams, recalling the unhappy partnership between Nigel Mansell and Nelson Piquet, suggested that, "You can't put two bulls in one field," and di Montezemolo himself offered a variation on the theme only a few months ago: "You can't put two roosters in the same henhouse…"

Back in 1985 Ayrton Senna vetoed Derek Warwick's proposed move to Lotus, and eight years later did not respond well when McLaren debutant Mika Häkkinen outqualified him at Estoril. A conversation with Mika a few years ago remains vivid in my mind.

"This is a fragile subject for me, because Ayrton is not with us any more, but… in my experience he wasn't the nicest guy in Formula 1 and, OK, I didn't really expect it. It was a very tense atmosphere – I guess we all need that, to push each other, but in that case I didn't feel it was positive.

"I understood his frustration – the McLaren wasn't as quick as the Williams, and Ayrton was a three-time champion. If things weren't working, he got upset. Logically. But I didn't think he had a very good way of showing it – when I out-qualified him in Portugal he was really angry and didn't want to talk to me…"

Similarly, I think of Rubens Barrichello on the subject of Schumacher: "Whenever I was quicker than Michael – even in a free practice session – he would be *furious*, and I never understood that: how could such a great driver be so insecure?"

Because that's the way they are, and always have been. Gerhard Berger once defined his ideal team-mate: "Simple – someone three seconds a lap slower!"

The personalities of the folk involved count for something, of course. When Ronnie Peterson returned to Lotus in 1978, initially Mario Andretti was not impressed: "I've always liked Ronnie, but… tell me where it's written we need two stars in this team." As time went by, though, and the word of the uncomplicated Peterson was shown to be worth something, the relationship changed. "Team-mates," said Mario, "aren't necessarily friends – [Nigel] Mansell and I never got along in the Newman-Haas days, for example – but, with Ronnie, it was only when we were team-mates that we became really close friends…"

Then – of course – there was the unforgettable saga of Prost and Senna. In the mid-eighties Prost was king of the hill, McLaren very much 'his' team, but when Ron Dennis sought his opinion as to whom he should hire – Senna or Piquet – for 1988, Alain went for Ayrton: "I thought he was better – and would do a better job for the team. If I'd been thinking only of myself, I'd have suggested Nelson. It was probably the biggest mistake of my career!"

> "HAVING KIMI BACK MIGHT BE SEEN AS ADMITTING LUCA MADE A MISTAKE IN 2009"

History shows, then, that while it's not always a mistake to put two bulls in one field that's the way to bet. Already folk are saying that the pairing of Alonso and Räikkönen is bound to be a disaster, but maybe not. If you work on the theory that a driver gives of his absolute best only when under pressure from the guy in the other car, then perhaps you will believe that the new partnership will be beneficial to both Fernando and Kimi – and also to Ferrari.

Life, though, is rarely as simple as that: if they express it in very different ways, as truly great Grand Prix drivers Alonso and Räikkönen are by definition ferociously competitive individuals. If – if – they share the workload in improving and developing the car, it will work to the benefit of both, but the risk Ferrari runs, of course, in going for two drivers on this level is that over the course of a season inevitably they will take points from each other, as we have so many times seen in the past, not least in 1986, when Prost nicked the title from Williams-Honda drivers Mansell and Piquet. The last Ferrari driver to win the World Championship – Räikkönen in 2007 – finished the season with 110 points, while McLaren men Hamilton and Alonso had 109 apiece.

Ferrari's rehiring of Räikkönen suggests to me that uppermost in di Montezemolo's mind is the championship for constructors, for there is little doubt that Kimi and Fernando – surely now the strongest driver pairing in F1 – will between them collect a mountain of points in 2014. Whether that will ultimately compromise their quest for the World Championship remains to be seen.

Bernie Ecclestone had hoped that in the end Räikkönen would stay with Lotus, because he prefers his stars to be spread around in as many teams as possible. And I'll confess that if I felt any sense of disappointment at Ferrari's decision it was only because I had hoped that, like Red Bull, the company would go for a young driver, a star in the making – which is to say, of course, Nico Hülkenberg, who reminded everyone of his potential with a stunning drive for Sauber at Monza. As I write, Hülkenberg is expected to take Räikkönen's place at Lotus, where much needed investment is imminently expected, and where he should flourish.

What now, one wonders, for Massa, another potential Lotus candidate? There is no more well-liked driver in the paddock, but that alone will not guarantee him a place in a worthwhile team, and Felipe has more than once said that he would leave F1 if a topline drive were no longer available to him.

It's sad but true that, since the accident at the Hungaroring in 2009, when he was struck on the helmet by an errant spring from Barrichello's Brawn, Massa has never been quite the driver he was. Time was, let's



Interlagos 2008: Massa handles a cruel blow with dignity and grace

remember, when he won many races as he pleased, and at Interlagos in '08 for about 20 seconds he believed himself to be World Champion: had the rain kept from suddenly worsening for another half-minute he would have been, for Hamilton would never have caught and passed Timo Glock's Toyota on the last lap. Back in Italy, Luca di Montezemolo smashed his TV set to pieces.

Felipe did everything perfectly before his home crowd that afternoon. For the sake of the title, he had to win the race, and that he did consummately, allowing him momentarily to touch the hem of the World Championship. When it was snatched away, I was one of millions who admired deeply the manner in which he coped with his loss.

In an era of sport in which the clenched fist and contorted face are so much the norm, Massa's quiet dignity as he stood there, acknowledging the crowd, his expression anguished yet proud, was extremely moving. He handled a cruel scenario with consummate grace, and I agreed with Jackie Stewart's comment: "Probably the most impressive moment I've seen in this sport…"

THE FILM BEGINS SERENELY. HERE IS A COUNTRY road on a summer day, birds singing in the background, a horse and foal in a field, a man on a bicycle, another on a moped…

A very English voice, of the kind long ago drummed out of the BBC, describes the scene. "From time to time," he says, "this peaceful life is ripped apart, and the road is now being got ready for different – and exciting – things."

As he speaks, straw bales are being placed across the road after Holowell, indicating that here drivers should turn right into Stavelot, rather than continue straight on. Fangio thunders through, then Castellotti, then Moss: "Yes," the narrator says, "we are on the Francorchamps national circuit, near the town of Spa. Nine miles of ordinary country roads form a triangle that is one of the finest, and fastest, motor racing circuits in Europe…"

Ye Gods. Footage shot from a road car illustrates what Spa-Francorchamps was like in those days, and it's somehow the more striking for being accompanied by the understated commentary: "Now for the winding return run – easy enough until the wooded corner at La Carrière, which the experts whip through at almost full throttle: there is a ditch to catch a misjudged exit…" No mention is made of the buildings and trees, nor the barbed-wire fencing that lines much of the circuit.

As a young kid, I was occasionally going to Formula 1 races in those days. I took it at face value, because that was what the sport had always been: dangerous. So imbued are we nowadays with a 'risk-averse' society that it seems scarcely credible that Grand Prix racing could ever have been like this. When I see footage of those days, I immediately think of Phil Hill, who – like Tony Brooks, like Chris Amon – adored Spa like no other circuit.

"Back then," Hill said, "safety was literally never discussed: for one thing there was a feeling that racing had never been safe – and never could be – and for another it was something you didn't really want to talk about, anyway, because if you did someone would start legislating, and then you wouldn't have your precious racing any more.

"Even inside the sport we never talked about it. There was already enough of that – people on the outside asking these questions: 'How can you do it? Your friends are dying, and yet still you go out and do this...' It was little different from wartime, where you just had to do it – and you *wanted* to do it. We sure as hell weren't getting rich!

"There was something you had to have going for you in those days, which was that you needed a part of your brain sorting out where it was safe to mess around, and where it wasn't. It certainly wasn't safe to mess around at Spa – and yet I was not intimidated by it, for some reason, whereas some people were. I didn't mind fast turns – I was always more intimidated by the Nürburgring…"

Brooks, like Hill, excelled at both, but had a preference for Spa, which he considered, "The perfect Grand Prix circuit. The big attraction was driving a racing car on closed roads, and we accepted that the name of the game was keeping it on the island. If you went off, you were in the lap of the gods – you might get away with it, you might not.

"Of course nobody wanted to get killed or hurt, but the challenge was to drive as fast as you could, while realising the consequences of going off. Nobody will persuade me that there isn't more of a challenge to the driver if he knows he might hurt himself if he goes off the road. Of course you can afford to have a go if you know that making a mistake might mean going into a run-off area, and losing a few seconds or, at worst, retiring from the race. But when you were going into a corner faster than the next man – but not so fast that you were going to hurt yourself – that was a completely different ball game. Brick walls and trees and ditches instil a discipline, believe me: I can remember drivers who were very quick on 'aerodrome' tracks, but no threat at all on true road circuits, and the only explanation is that a totally different attitude of mind was needed at a place where you couldn't go off with impunity…"

The film of which I speak is of the 1955 Belgian Grand Prix, made by Shell and rediscovered only recently. You can now find it on YouTube and I recommend it highly.

On the Thursday before this year's race, the company organised a splendid 'period' evening at a suitably venerable cinema in Malmédy, and a fine time was had by all. Given Shell's long ties to Ferrari, Fernando Alonso and Felipe Massa were both in attendance, and they had been asked to turn up in appropriate garb. Where on earth, they said, were they to find 1955 Ferrari overalls, but they were told not to worry: the mechanics of the time had indeed worn overalls (always brown in that era), but not so the drivers: chinos and a polo shirt would be perfect, with goggles around the neck as a finishing touch.



Alonso and Massa enter into period spirit for film show – with varying success

Thus attired they showed up, but if Fernando looked uncannily like Eugenio Castellotti, Felipe was unable to explain quite why he had gone for a 'Tyrolean' look, complete with braces and hat. They watched the movie, and afterwards they rolled their eyes.

It was a lethal time. The 1955 race at Spa was run on June 5, the weekend before the catastrophic accident at Le Mans, in which Pierre Levegh and almost 100 spectators lost their lives. Ten days earlier Alberto Ascari, the Lancia team leader, had been killed in an impromptu test at Monza, and the company's immediate inclination was to withdraw from the sport. Castellotti, who had worshipped Ascari, begged Lancia to let him have a car for Spa, and this was granted, although it was entered in his, rather than the company's, name.

When he got to the circuit, which he had never seen before, clearly Castellotti was on a mission. This was the era of the dominant Mercedes W196, yet on the first day of practice Castellotti's D50 was fastest, ahead of Fangio and Moss, and when it poured down on the Saturday, his pole position was assured.

Denis Jenkinson, who may be seen in the movie in the pits wearing a natty beret and talking to Maserati's Roberto Mieres, told me that many feared for Castellotti that weekend. A wealthy young man, who raced purely for the love of it, Eugenio had always been considered abnormally brave, but that weekend there was an added ingredient, a firm impression that he was doing this 'for Ascari', determined to honour the memory of his mentor – and at the most perilous circuit of all.

Castellotti was 24 at the time, exactly half the age of his fellow-countryman Giuseppe Farina, who had become the first World Champion five years before and led the Ferrari team at Spa. The patrician Farina may have been a beautiful stylist in a racing car – the young Moss consciously copied him – but he was also singularly ruthless, and had no taste for young upstarts, particularly if they were Italian.

When the race started Fangio and Moss lost little time in asserting themselves at the front, but Castellotti hung on in third place, then coming under increasing pressure from Farina. More than once, Jenks told me, the pair of them came down from La Source side by side and running dangerously close to the unprotected pits. Although he was moved by Castellotti's performance, he admitted to feeling relief when the Lancia's gearbox broke at half-distance.

Farina went on to finish third in what proved to be his last race in a Grand Prix car. "He was furious afterwards, for he had driven a magnificent race, going after the Mercedes, in vain taking every risk in trying to make up for the lack of performance of his car." The words, which come from Paul Frère, may have a resonance for Alonso.

"Nothing had availed him," Frère wrote, "and Farina decided he would not touch the wheel of a racing car again until he was given one in which he could fight on equal terms with his opponents. He kept his word, and we saw him no more on the tracks for the rest of the season."

Not until Monza, anyway, where he set the fifth-fastest qualifying time in a Ferrari-entered Lancia, only for the car to be withdrawn on safety grounds (!), following severe tyre problems on the banking. Farina never raced a Grand Prix car again.

When he wrote of the great Italian's drive at Spa, Frère knew whereof he spoke, for in an identical 'Squalo' Ferrari he himself finished fourth, after battling all the way with such as Karl Kling's much faster Mercedes. How extraordinary it seems now that this delightful man, who died five years ago at 91, should have been not only an exceptional journalist, but also so accomplished a 'part-time racing driver', as he liked to call himself.

Two years later Frère went to Spa simply to cover the race, with no plan to take part, but was there implored by Ferrari to stand in for Luigi Musso who had broken his arm at the Nürburgring the previous weekend. With some reluctance Paul allowed himself to be talked into it, climbed aboard – and finished second to team-mate Peter Collins! Many journalists are racing drivers in their dreams: this one truly was.

Given that Ferrari finished 1-2 at Spa in 1956, it could be said that Shell commissioned their movie a year too soon, for in '55 Fangio and Moss duly swept in first and second, with Ferrari best of the rest.

All I can do is give thanks that the film exists, for it sublimely evokes a time in Grand Prix racing long gone, an era infinitely more perilous yet also more romantic, when legendary Mercedes engineer (and superbly talented driver) Rudolf Uhlenhaut could take to the track in a W196 during official practice, when the cars were housed not in a central paddock but at garages in such as Stavelot and Malmédy, then driven to and from the circuit each day, when spectators were dressed to the nines, when many of them stood in the woods at trackside on the Masta…



Spa 1955: Castelotti on a mission, putting his Lancia on pole to honour his late team-leader Ascari

GETTY

I thought the movie astonishingly good, not least because so many different corners figure in it. Granted races were longer in those days – Fangio's winning time was a few seconds short of two hours and 40 minutes – but even so the crews must have been busy indeed, getting themselves and their no doubt cumbersome equipment around so much of the 8.76 miles, lapped – even 58 years ago – at more than 120mph.

And that's the thing: the *speed*. It hardly need be pointed out that the Grand Prix car of the 1950s lacked anything like the sort of acceleration we take for granted in the modern era, but on top speed – at a place where it could really stretch its legs – it was good for more than 180mph, and when you mate that sort of pace with the environment of Spa-Francorchamps in the middle of the last century, the effect is startling. Watch Fangio drifting through Stavelot and the camera tells no lie: he is going *fast*.

That is one of the film's particular joys. So often it is rightly said that TV kills the impression of speed, but there is none of that here, believe me. In places the sheer velocity of the cars is numbing – particularly when one bears in mind, as Brooks said, the possible consequences of a mistake.

There was but one accident in 1955. At the exit of what used to be known as the Seaman Curve (in memory of the great British driver who died there in 1939), Jean Behra heavily crashed his Maserati. At that spot now there is a tight right-left (replacing the infamous 'Bus Stop'), but back in the day it was a flat-out left-hander on to the straight leading to La Source. Behra's wrecked car finished up off the road (in the vicinity of today's pit lane entrance), and he immediately hurried back to the pits (then on the run downhill to Eau Rouge), where he took over the 250F of Mieres and went on to finish fifth. As you did.

It all looks terrifyingly hazardous, and so it was, but, as Stirling Moss says, they knew nothing else: that was how Grand Prix racing had always been.

When Martin Brundle arrived at the Shell evening in Malmédy, he emerged from his glorious E-type in old-fashioned racing overalls. Not only that: his face was partially blackened, with white 'goggle marks', as seen so often at the end of front-engined races back then. "Took me for ever," he said. "I sat there, trying to copy a picture of Stirling at Aintree in '55…"

In 1998, a couple of years after his retirement from F1, Brundle was given the opportunity to drive a Mercedes W196 at the 'new' Spa, and not surprisingly the experience has remained vivid in his mind.

"What's never changed about Grand Prix racing," he said, "is that the limit is the limit is the limit. In other respects, though, I've come to realise over time that there are *huge* differences in the job of the driver from one era to another.

"When I got into the Mercedes, it was the first time I'd even sat in something like that, and I really didn't know what to expect. You knew the driving position was going to be odd, mind you, because there's a huge gearbox bell-housing between your knees, so the distance between the brake pedal and the clutch must be about two feet!

"It was a bit like Dr Who's 'phone box – bigger on the inside than it looks from the outside. Probably that's because your legs are splayed out, and the steering-wheel's big and the bonnet seems very long, almost like looking down the nose of a speedboat that you're trying to steer.

"The first thing I felt was that I seemed to be sitting *on* the car, rather than in it, and the mirrors are like those on a motorbike – all you can see is your own shoulders. Clearly in those days they didn't pay too much attention to them, and I quickly began to understand why – you had to concentrate so bloody hard on what was going on in front of you! Physically I found the W196 relatively easy to drive – although you have to remember they were doing it for three hours at a time – but mentally it was incredibly hard.



Fangio dominated Spa in 1955, something which awed Martin Brundle when he drove a Mercedes W196 there in '98

"I was extremely aware of the absence of seat belts, roll-over bars and so on – to say nothing of a nice, safe, carbon monocoque. I began to look around and think, 'If you were going to hit something, what would you do? In a modern car, if you know you're going to crash, you make sure you do certain things beforehand, but with this one I really had no idea what I'd do.

"As far as the actual driving of the car was concerned, it wasn't as powerful as I'd expected, but it is a slog up from Eau Rouge to Les Combes, and I had to keep in mind that the car was from 1955. I didn't wear earplugs the first time I went out, and that was a mistake, because it was unbelievably noisy – I could hear it echoing off the grandstands and it sounded fantastic.

"Changing gear was a little different, too. In a modern F1 car it happens in milliseconds, flicking an index finger, but in the Mercedes it was a very conscious thing: you blip the throttle, you place the lever, you push it, all very deliberately. I really had to concentrate – it would have been quite easy, for example, to go from fifth to second…

"As far as handling was concerned, the car turned in quite nicely, and the basic balance was good – although suddenly there'd be some curious loads coming through the steering-wheel. In medium-speed corners, you could place the car more or less where you wanted it.

"The brakes were a bit of a revelation, I must say. Because I always braked early for Les Combes, anyway, at first I didn't grasp that it didn't slow down very well, although, funnily enough, it seemed to depend on which corner you were in, and how fast you were going. Coming into the Bus Stop, for example, it didn't seem to want to slow at all…"

"I was supposed to be keeping pace with the Safety Car – which was a special 5.5-litre Merc CLK, with Mass driving it. A *very* quick car, and Jochen was pushing quite hard, but he couldn't keep up with me. To be honest, I didn't think I was going that fast, but then I began to realise that the car must be quite slippery through the air. I gather they used to do more than 180, and I was doing 150 or so through the kinks before Blanchimont.

"I didn't slow down, because I was enjoying it so much – but I did begin to feel nervous in the high-speed corners, because occasionally the car seemed to have a mind of its own. It was rather like flying a helicopter – that sense that if ever you let anything develop, you'd have a hell of a job getting it back again.

"OK, in the back of a current F1 driver's mind is the acceptance that he might get hurt doing this – but back then it must have been right at the front of your mind, and very much part of your decision-making process. It isn't – at all – for the current drivers.

"Look at Eau Rouge. These days the drivers go through it flat, lap after lap – and they know they're not going to die if they get it wrong. But the guys who raced cars like the W196… they didn't have that security. No soft landings for them.

"I'm sure their focus wasn't so much on a bit of understeer or oversteer as on keeping the machinery together, not missing a gear, not hitting a wall – today's drivers haven't a clue about all that. After driving the Mercedes, I came away with even more respect for the drivers of those days. I've been round the old Spa many times, and to me it's literally incredible that they raced F1 cars there. When you try and put together what you've felt in the car and a circuit like that… Jesus!"

"I'VE BEEN ROUND THE OLD SPA MANY TIMES AND IT'S INCREDIBLE THEY RACED F1 CARS THERE"



MODEL PUPIL

FRANÇOIS CEVERT

The debonair Frenchman learned quickly as Jackie Stewart's understudy – and was perfectly placed to become an F1 team leader. At Watkins Glen 40 years ago, however, fate intervened

writer NIGEL ROEBUCK



"CEVERT'S F1 CAREER WAS BRIEF INDEED, LITTLE MORE THAN THREE YEARS..."



Cevert's Tyrrell 002 leads Jo Siffert's BRM during the 1971 Spanish Grand Prix at Montjuich Park. The Frenchman finished seventh

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JACKIE STEWART WAS NEVER going to be part of the Tyrrell team in 1974, having given Ken ample notice of his intention to retire at the end of '73, but he nonetheless remained very much a member of the family, with an involvement in its plans, not least for the car that would succeed the successful 005/006.

"I spent some time with Derek Gardner when he was designing 007," says Stewart, "and among other things said I thought the wheelbase of the current car was too short, and lengthening it would make the new one easier to drive.

"I reckon I was at my peak in my last year, but I remember Emerson [Fittipaldi] – who was driving the Lotus 72 – saying, 'I don't know how you drive that car…' He and I were fighting for the championship, so a lot of the time he was watching my car from behind, and he was right: it was a handful."

It was a curious situation at Tyrrell through the summer of 1973, for within the team only Ken knew this would be JYS's last season – indeed, not even Helen Stewart was aware of her husband's decision, he having wished to spare her the inevitable 'countdown' of races in what was a highly perilous era.

Although there had been rumours of his retirement it was not until October, during practice at Watkins Glen, that Tyrrell mechanic Jo Ramirez got an inkling that it was firmly in the wind.

"I was mainly on François's car," says Ramirez, "but the teams were much smaller then and you did whatever you were asked on either car. I was doing Jackie's seat belts on the first day, and he said, 'Is this the steering wheel I've used all season?' I said yes, and he said, 'Well, would you mind if I have it?' That made me think maybe this really was going to be his last race – it would have been his 100th Grand Prix…"

So it would, but the perfect symmetry of Stewart's career was ravaged by an accident at the end of Saturday morning practice in which Cevert lost his life. Not surprisingly the Tyrrell team withdrew from the race: for both the master driver and his protégé, Mosport Park, a fortnight earlier, had been the last time around.

CEVERT'S F1 CAREER WAS BRIEF INDEED, little more than three years. He had joined Tyrrell at mid-season in 1970, following the abrupt retirement of Johnny Servoz-Gavin after the Monaco Grand Prix.

Servoz-Gavin, who had come to Tyrrell following the departure of Jean-Pierre Beltoise to Matra, always had the reputation of a playboy. But if he had a keen taste for both the ladies and Johnnie Walker, so there had often been flashes of real brilliance in a racing car: standing in for the injured JYS at Monaco in 1968, he shook the establishment by putting Tyrrell's Matra-Cosworth on pole for what was his first race in an F1 car. Shortly before the start of the 1970 season, though, Servoz-Gavin took part in an off-road rally, during which he was struck in the eye by a tree branch.

Too terrified to inform Tyrrell, he began the season alongside Stewart, but was nowhere near the pace and at Monaco failed to qualify. His peripheral vision, he finally admitted to Ken, was not as it had been, and he thought it best to stop.

"I liked Johnny a lot," says Stewart, "but although he could be very quick I never saw him as a great driver. I think he got frightened, quite honestly, and I don't blame him for that. Remember that in '68 we'd lost four drivers in consecutive months, and I think it played on his mind – he was quite a sensitive soul…"

Thus Tyrrell needed another driver, and it was obvious that Elf, the team's major sponsor, would have a lot to say, that Jackie's new team-mate would almost certainly be French, a graduate of the Elf-backed Winfield school.

It is a popular myth that Stewart became an advocate of Tyrrell's going for Cevert after being beaten by him in a blanket finish at an F2 race at Reims in 1969.

"No, no, it wasn't that," he says. "No one would ever have used Reims as an indicator of driver talent. We knew it was a matter of, 'Who's the best French driver available?' and Ken asked me to keep an eye on François. He seemed sufficiently good for me to say, 'Well, he looks OK to me…' although I can't claim that at that stage I *knew* he was going to be special – it wasn't like seeing Ayrton Senna in the rain at Monte Carlo, for example.

"Of the options available, I thought François was the best."

Thus Cevert was signed, and he arrived without much experience: a few F3 races in 1967, followed by a full season in '68 (when he won the French Championship), then a year and a bit of F2. François's Zandvoort debut for Tyrrell came at the wheel of one of the team's March 701s.

"Not ideal for your first experience of a Grand Prix car," says Stewart. "The 701 was sometimes remarkably fast, but it really wasn't very nice to drive: around somewhere like Brands Hatch it was like a bucking bronco – just too much work.

"In practice at Zandvoort Ken asked me if we could go out together, so we went around nose to tail for a few laps, and François jumped five or six places up the grid. I've got to say that initially this helping him, bringing him along, was almost entirely down to Ken, not me. I liked François immediately, but at first I thought, 'I'm not a nanny' – I was busy trying to win myself! François was young and fresh and very… beholden, if you know what I mean. He was in at the deep end – and, of course, he made his F1 debut the same weekend as Piers [Courage] was killed…"

Ken Tyrrell took an avuncular attitude to Cevert in those early races, stressing that he wasn't expecting anything in the way of spectacular results, but simply wanted François to learn all about F1. For a while the results were unremarkable, but at the Österreichring he qualified in the top 10, and at Monza finished sixth for his first championship point.

The weekend in Italy, though, left its mark. "It was there that I realised it could happen to me," Cevert said. "On the Friday I spun the car at maximum speed, but somehow I didn't hit anything – I laughed about it, and told all my friends. Next day, 200 yards ahead of me, Jochen Rindt crashed – and he was killed. That night I took pills, but still I couldn't sleep – I realised that the previous day I should have been killed…"

For all that, it was in the next race, at St Jovite, that Cevert gave notice of serious intent. By now Tyrrell had launched its first car, in which Stewart took pole position and dominated while it lasted, but Cevert, still in the unloved March, qualified fourth, and fought with Amon's similar car until a damper broke. Given that Chris was always exceptional at this true driver's circuit, François's performance registered.

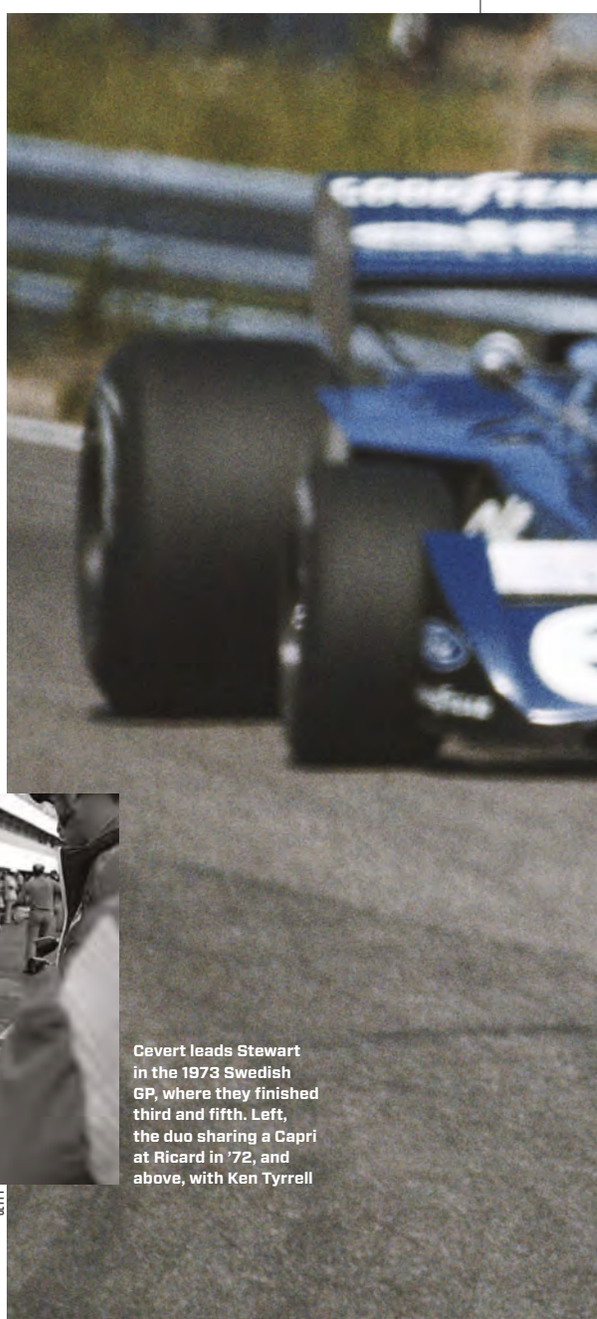
In terms of results, the high point of the season was a victory for Matra, co-driving with Jack Brabham in the Paris 1000Kms at Montlhéry, but Cevert's F1 prospects were excellent, for in 1971 he would be driving a Tyrrell, and continuing to benefit from the experience of the genius in the other car. By now the relationship with Stewart was beyond that of amicable team-mates: the two men were firm friends, and there was an echo of Fangio and Moss in the way Jackie held nothing back in his advice to François.

IF THE RESULTS HAD YET TO COME, Cevert had swiftly established himself in the F1 fraternity, not least because of his natural glamour. As with Paul Newman, everyone noticed his startlingly blue eyes, but if he were good-looking in a way that had girls gnawing at the back of their hands he carried it off with such grace that none could dislike him for it: not always the case, as others have shown.

"The thing about François," said Stewart, "was that he was absolutely unpretentious and



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Cevert leads Stewart in the 1973 Swedish GP, where they finished third and fifth. Left, the duo sharing a Capri at Ricard in '72, and above, with Ken Tyrrell

genuine – not at all infatuated with himself, as so many people like him are. He was from a very rich Jewish family, but from the way he was you'd never have known about the wealth.

"It's fair to say that his relationships tended to be… on-off sorts of things – he was young, spectacularly good-looking and never short of company. I remember one day getting back from the track in Sweden – where we'd stay in people's houses because there were no hotels near the circuit – and there was François in the shower with two of the Marlboro girls! I'm not sure he was… ready to marry, let's put it that way, whereas Christina, his regular girlfriend towards the end, was, I think."

Whatever else, Cevert was never less than intensely serious about his job. From the beginning he revered Stewart, appreciating that he was working with the best: any time Jackie had words of counsel for him, be it specifics



GETTY




elf



Zandvoort 1970: Cevert preparing for his Grand Prix debut in Ken Tyrrell's March 701

GETTY

about the car or simply managing a Grand Prix weekend, he was going to listen.

In 1971 Stewart took the second of his three World Championships, and Cevert, maturity growing by the race, finished third in the points standings, with second places (to JYS) at Zandvoort and the Nürburgring, a third at Monza – and finally, at Watkins Glen, a victory, the first by a French driver since 1958.

After 15 laps the Tyrrells were running 1-2, but then Stewart's car began to understeer badly and Cevert was waved by. Later he came under pressure from Jacky Ickx, but that evaporated when the Ferrari retired with an alternator problem. At the finish the Tyrrell was 40 seconds clear of Jo Siffert's BRM and Ronnie Peterson's March.

In all my years of following F1, I doubt I've ever seen a more joyful winner than Cevert that unclouded autumn afternoon in upstate New York. Back then there was no formal podium, but there stood François, with the widest smile in the world, clutching his trophy as Chris Economaki interviewed him. Well-wishers engulfed him and I couldn't get near, so I pointed my camera between the heads, pressed the shutter and hoped for the best (left).

So often in those days, though, a sting swiftly followed celebration. Three weeks after the US GP, a non-championship F1 race – the fifth in England that year – was organised at Brands Hatch following the late cancellation of the Mexican Grand Prix. It was named 'The Victory Race', in honour of Stewart's title, but on a sorrowful day Jo Siffert died at the circuit where he had scored his most memorable victory: there would be a similar resonance in the racing world two years later.

No Grand Prix wins came Cevert's way in 1972, his best places a pair of seconds at Nivelles and Watkins Glen, but drivers did not then confine themselves to F1, and François raced a variety of other cars, finishing second at Le Mans (sharing a Matra with Howden Ganley), second at Thruxton (in an F2 March), second at Paul Ricard (in a Cologne Capri shared with Stewart) – and first at Donnybrooke, one of five Can-Am races in which he drove a McLaren. It was a full life he led.

Early in 1973 Cevert triumphed at the F2 race at Pau, and crewed the victorious Matra at the Vallelunga Six Hours, but although he would six times finish second in Grands Prix (three of them on the heels of Stewart), there would be no more wins.

The last of those Tyrrell one-twos came at the Nürburgring, and years later Tyrrell would suggest that afterwards Stewart told him that, 'François could have passed me any time he liked…'

"Well," Jackie says, "I think that perhaps Ken's memory was… playing tricks on him. François was second to me three times that season, but honestly I don't think he could have overtaken me – and kept ahead of me. At the Nürburgring, for example, we had a big lead, so I wasn't by any means going flat out – and if you want to speed up, the Nürburgring's the place to do it, because you've got 147 opportunities a lap!

"I never felt that François was threatening me, but what I did say to Ken was that he was consistently improving, and I felt confident he was the right man to be number one in '74 – I think he could have won the championship."

AS WAS THE CUSTOM BACK IN THE DAY, the F1 season finished with a couple of races in North America, and on a chaotically wet day at Mosport, where initially no one quite knew who had won, Cevert was injured in an accident with Jody Scheckter.

"After the race," says Stewart, "Helen and I didn't know how badly hurt he'd been, so when they said he was in hospital we went there feeling a bit anxious. 'Are you a member of the family?' they said – which is never a good sign. I said, 'No, but I'm his team-mate', and they said OK, he was in room so-and-so. We went there – but the room had been cleared, and I thought, 'Oh, Christ…' I said to the nurse, 'Is everything all right with Mr Cevert?' 'Yes,' she said, 'he's coming along well'. 'Oh, great – where is he?' 'Out on the balcony,' she said, 'smoking…' God, the relief we felt!"

For the Canadian and US Grands Prix Ford had provided a Galaxie for Stewart's use, and the intention had been to take a break between the races. "We asked François to come with us, saying that he could sit in the back,

"I DOUBT I'VE EVER SEEN A MORE JOYFUL WINNER THAN CEVERT THAT AFTERNOON IN UPSTATE NEW YORK"

with his leg up. At first he said, 'No, no, it's your holiday', but we persuaded him, and I'll always be glad we did."

They went first to Niagara Falls, which Helen had never seen, thence briefly to New York, then on to Bermuda. "I'd booked a place called the Ocean Reef Club," said Stewart, "and it was very nice, but every night we'd go to the dining room and it seemed that everyone was 100 years old…

"There was a piano in there, and François got up to play. He really was a superb pianist – he'd been classically trained, and took it very seriously. The first night he started off with ragtime stuff and they didn't know what to make of it – nobody applauded when he finished. Then he played his favourite piece, which was Beethoven's 'Pathétique' Sonata, and the whole place was mesmerised. It was magic, and they clapped like mad – and of course after that he had to do it every night!

"While we were away François had a conversation with Helen about, 'Is Jackie going to retire?', and of course she didn't know. He'd been asking me, too, and I kept saying, 'I haven't made up my mind…' I mean, if I didn't tell Helen, I couldn't tell him.

"François said he'd had an offer from Ferrari, and I said, 'Well, that's good, but you don't have to make the decision until the season's over – I think you should stay with Ken'. He said, 'Well, Ferrari are saying if I don't sign they're going to get someone else…' I said, 'Who are they going to get that is better than you? And next year's Tyrrell is going to be awfully good…'

"In Bermuda he was in the sea all the time during the day – at the hospital they'd told him that water therapy would be good for him, if he was going to be able to drive at the Glen…"

BY THE TIME THEY GOT THERE CEVERT was feeling fit again. He adored this circuit on which he had won, and was on the pace from the outset, vying with Ronnie Peterson's Lotus and Carlos Reutemann's Brabham for fastest time on the Saturday morning. Towards the end of the session he went out one last time.

The day before, Tyrrell had suggested to Stewart that he should let Cevert win. "He said, 'Jackie, d'you know what would be a really good thing to do? If the two of you are running 1-2, it would be nice to let François past…'

"It was going to be my last Grand Prix, and I said, 'Ken, that's a lot to ask…' He said, 'Yeah – but you'll look like a king if you do it…' It didn't really bother me, but I said, 'Let's leave it until Sunday – let's see how we go in qualifying, because we may not be that fast, and it might be a situation that won't arise…'"

Driving a third Tyrrell in the North American races was Chris Amon, who found the car wasn't quite what he had expected. "I'd previously been driving the Tecno that season – which meant that I was very short of miles! – and at Mosport I found myself wishing I had it back: it was always good in the rain because it had no power and was on Firestones, which were better than Goodyear's wets.

"What surprised me about the Tyrrell was that it was so twitchy, although it was better at the Glen, where the weather was dry, and I started to get some rhythm back. The car was nervous, though, particularly through the quick uphill esses. You had to be very precise, and *very* much on the right line. I found it better to use fourth there, rather than third, because the car was more settled, and I was taking it flat about three times in five. Judging by the times he was doing, François was taking it absolutely flat every lap – and I subsequently learned that he was using third…"

Stewart, like Amon, was using fourth. "To go quickly, third was the right gear – but there was a dip in the road, and because it was a very short-wheelbase car, the Tyrrell would twitch badly over it. François and I talked about it, and I said I knew fourth was slightly slower there, but it was consistent and there was more driveability. You always over-gear a nervous car: the biggest problem is not putting the throttle on but taking it off, because when you do that – in a car that's already twitchy – the weight transfer has a big effect."

AT 11.54, WITH SIX MINUTES OF THE session remaining, Cevert's car glanced the right-hand Armco barrier at the top of the esses, then instantly dived across the road into the guardrail on the left, which split open on impact. The car was destroyed and the driver killed instantly.



GETTY

"I SAID TO FRANÇOIS, 'WHO IS FERRARI GOING TO GET THAT IS BETTER THAN YOU?'"



Cevert in the pits at Monza in 1971, where he took third in the Peter Gethin-led blanket finish. Below, he led Le Mans for Matra in '73, only for partner Beltoise to crash because of a tyre failure



LAT

Amon and Jody Scheckter were among the first to stop at the scene. "I saw what I saw," says Chris, "and I won't add any more…"

"Jody was at the beginning of his F1 career," says Jo Ramirez, "but he later told me that he very nearly gave it up right there and then..."

About the last to stop was Stewart. "Chris was already there when I arrived – I saw all the blue, so I knew it was a Tyrrell, and I thought it was he who'd had the accident. I said to him, 'Are you OK?', but he just shook his head – and then I knew it was François. It was a shocking sight, which fortunately Ken never did see, but I've always regretted that I didn't stay there longer. That might sound like an odd thing to say – I knew he was dead before I got to the car – but it was something I felt.

"When I got back to the pits, I was so upset, so *angry*, that the sport could be this cruel that I threw my helmet in the cockpit of the car – not like me at all. Ken wouldn't accept that François was dead, and kept saying, 'How do you *know* that? You can't be sure'. I said, 'Ken, I know what I saw…' Chris had got back before me and told him the same thing, but he still wouldn't accept it.

"That was very Ken. Until the official statement was issued, nothing was definite. He was terribly shocked – but not emotional, which was surprising in a way because he could be such a compassionate man. I never saw him shed a tear. He was very affected by it all, but he never broke down. He went to phone the family in France, but they already knew. François's sister Jacquéline (Jean-Pierre Beltoise's wife) was not at the Glen that weekend, and it was she Ken spoke to…"

Had the accident occurred because of a mechanical failure? There remain those who believe so, but eye-witnesses said that Cevert had been a little wide at the first right-hand turn at the bottom of the esses, which put him tight and off-line into the left: apparently François never lifted and ran wide at the exit, skimming the barrier, then pitching across the road. Another suggestion was that a puncture had put the Tyrrell wide in the first place, but that would surely have been detectable to the driver, who would have backed off.

"I think he was probably a little off line, got sideways and couldn't get it back," says Amon. "It *is* a difficult corner – several times I got reasonably sideways there. I talked to people who saw the accident, and if I'd felt there was any question of mechanical failure I wouldn't have gone out in the afternoon session, and neither would Jackie."

The decision had already been taken for Tyrrell to withdraw from the race, as a mark of respect. "The mechanics were concerned something had broken," says Stewart. "I was sure I knew what had happened, but they were so distressed I felt I had to go out, even though I knew I wasn't ever going to race again.

"The only reason for doing it was to show that I had the confidence to drive the car. Although it gave me no pleasure, I was happy I'd done it, because if those guys had left the track thinking that François had died because one of them had got it wrong… I really didn't think that, because I'd had a moment like it before the accident – and also after it, actually, in the afternoon.

"Helen and Norah [Tyrrell] returned to the Glen Motor Inn, and I went there later after my run in the car. It was then that I said to Helen, 'I'm no longer a racing driver'. How she coped with that much emotion in one day I'll never know – she'd had to go and clear up François's room, and pack all his things, just as she'd done for Piers and for Jochen. In those days the girls went through more than the men, I think."

"Francois was the only driver ever to die in a Tyrrell," says Ramirez, "but I remember someone telling me, 'Look, if it's any consolation, I was there, I saw it all, and nothing broke on the car…'

"I felt a bit better after that, but then Ken asked us to check the car over; it had been taken to a garage in the town, and he wanted to be sure that nothing had failed. We went down there, and it was just awful…"

As in 1971, the season had ended in calamity: like Siffert, Cevert had died at the scene of his greatest triumph, and everyone came back to Europe in deep sorrow at the loss of a superb racing driver, but more a well-loved man.

"I always thought François similar to Clay [Regazzoni] and Gerhard [Berger]," says Ramirez, "in that he was very good looking, with a lot of personality and charisma. He was the most genuine person you could meet, and I never heard anyone say a harsh word about him. He loved life, and lived it to the fullest, and that's how I remember him."

"François and I used to spend hours talking about flying," says Amon. "He absolutely loved it, and had got his instrument rating in the United States a year or so earlier. He had a wonderful sense of humour and a remarkable amount of confidence.

"I remember a round of golf with him and Ken a few days before Mosport. When he won the first three holes, it was quite obvious Ken and I didn't have a hope of beating him, so we changed our tactics. Every time he was about to make a shot Ken would say, 'Hang on, there's a bird rustling the leaves in that tree – I'll just go and stop it…' and so on. François got more and more annoyed, but he beat us in the end and you'd have thought from his delight that he'd won The Open! Just a lovely guy…"

"François and I had a fantastic relationship," says Stewart. "I can't ever remember having a row, or even a disagreement, with him. It was a closer friendship even than I had with Jochen – I sort of saw François as my little brother: he was like a member of the family."

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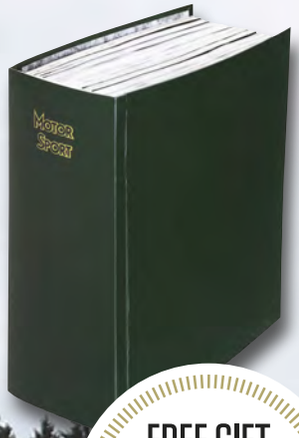
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Spark of inspiration

The wraps are off Formula E's all-new electric racing car. But will it shock or run out of charge when it hits city streets in 2014?

writer DAMIEN SMITH







"Everything is about to change,"

ran the (unintentionally) foreboding slogan on the giant screen. Marketing topspin, of course. We all know there's plenty of life left yet in the trusty fuel-burning internal combustion engine. Nevertheless, the drive for alternative power sources, offering those twin watchwords of the 21st century – greater sustainability and efficiency – inevitably goes on. And in September, on the opening morning of the Frankfurt Motor Show, the wraps officially came off the latest and perhaps most daring development in the quest to make such alternatives exciting to the public.

Ladies and gentlemen, we bring you the mouthful that is the Spark-Renault SRT_01E single-seater, the racing car that will be fully charged to bring life to the world's first all-electric motor racing series, the FIA Formula E Championship, in 2014. (Do you pronounce the underscore? We're not sure.)

At this point, we can almost hear the groans emitting from the majority of households

that take *Motor Sport*. A race series for electric cars? Well, that won't last more than five minutes. Literally. And how can you have motor racing without a glorious, octane-induced soundtrack? The whine of electric motors and eerie tyre scrub can be a novelty when combined with boundless torque. But 20 of them shushing around a track? No thanks.

But wait. Before you turn the page, we happen to think the concept of Formula E is genuinely intriguing, especially given the heavyweight companies that are supporting it, encouraged by the world governing body's enthusiastic blessing. FIA president Jean Todt was on hand to reveal the car in Frankfurt and considers its birth a key achievement of his first term in office as he seeks re-election.

Yes, this Formula E should be taken seriously – and when the first race takes place in September next year, it might also just make for exciting motor racing. Forget the flannel of it rivalling Formula 1. That's not the intention and it's not remotely likely. But it is certainly different from anything else we've yet seen.

The car has been built by a new company called Spark Racing Technology set up by Frenchman Frédéric Vasseur, the man behind leading GP2/GP3 race team ART Grand Prix. Vasseur has led a small design team heavily bolstered by the support of Dallara, which has provided the carbon fibre and aluminium monocoque. Aside from its safety-induced wheel protectors, outwardly it appears conventional, as it was meant to. To be taken seriously, this had to look like a purposeful modern racing car – and it does. But of course, it's under the skin where the real interest lies.

McLaren is responsible for the powertrain and electronics, Williams has provided the battery and the whole system has been integrated and overseen by Renault. As a list of suppliers goes, that's not too shabby. Then there are the fascinating tyres developed by Michelin, to which we'll return later, high-profile sponsors such as DHL and TAG Heuer, plus Indycar's defending champion Andretti Autosport signing up to take part. Every week, it seems, the drip-feed of news from the Formula E PR machine gives a little more.

FORMULA E IS THE BRAINCHILD OF Alejandro Agag, a former rising star in Spanish politics and a businessman with a glittering CV. In partnership with Flavio Briatore, it was Agag who brought F1 back to Spanish TV screens 10 years ago to capitalise on the 'Alonso boom' his country was experiencing. He also joined the ex-Benetton team principal, Bernie Ecclestone and Lakshmi Mittal – one of Britain's richest men – in their purchase of Queens Park Rangers football club, serving as chairman before selling it on to Caterham boss Tony Fernandes. In racing, he runs the Addax GP2 team named after his investment banking concern. He's charismatic, influential and, on the evidence of Formula E, an original thinker.

In Frankfurt, Agag explained the format the series will utilise over 10 rounds, all of which will take place on street circuits within some of the world's major cities.

"The FIA World Council will confirm the format on September 27 *[after Motor Sport closed for press]*, but it is already pretty much defined," he said. "There will be two cars per driver and the races will probably last about an hour, if you count all the pitstop time, the formation lap and so on. So about 50 minutes of pure racing. And there is a very interesting element to the format.

"The cars won't be identical in terms of power. One will have slightly more, while the other will have slightly less but have greater range, which is very easy to do with electric cars. You can tune how much power you want into the motor. The driver will choose when he wants to use the sprint car and the endurance car, so strategy will play a key role. There will also be at least two pitstops, so not everyone will stop when the battery is flat. They will stop because of the strategy they want to play."

Agag admits that drivers switching cars mid-race is hardly ideal and not exactly true to the message of sustainable motor sport. But in 2014 battery technology will not have developed far enough to offer the range to complete a race of any decent length with a single car, at least at serious speeds. In five years, technology might catch up, aided by lessons learnt in Formula E. But for now Agag has made a feature of its shortcomings.

In MotoGP, riders switch bikes in wet/dry conditions rather than changing the tyres on their machines, so it has a precedent. To ensure drivers are strapped in safely, pitstops must last a minimum of 30 seconds, so the process shouldn't be too chaotic.

The McLaren-sourced main motor and its ancillary control unit weigh in at just 42kg – much lighter than an internal combustion engine. The technology here is relatively simple, as the electrical current activates magnets to turn a rotor and create kinetic energy. Typically with high-power motors, cooling has been a key consideration.

As for the races, inner city street tracks have been chosen specifically because towns are an electric car's natural environment. Peter van Manen, managing director of McLaren Electronic Systems, said: "Electric vehicles being used in cities is inevitable. As more people move into the cities, which they are doing every year, we need to have this step change in efficiency. We're already seeing that with the increase in the use of hybrid vehicles, so the timing of having a racing series that promotes that is right. Part of it is starting to win the hearts and minds of people that they are not



EX-F1 RACERS TARGETED FOR FIRST SERIES

Experienced hands will be needed to get the most from this silent but swift new breed

THE 10 FORMULA E TEAMS WILL RUN a pair of drivers each, all of whom are expected to be experienced racers. Factory Audi sports car racer Lucas di Grassi (above) is the test and development driver, and expects to give the Spark its track debut in November. With instantaneous torque and engine braking, drivers will have to adapt to handling characteristics they'll have never experienced before. "We are looking for ex-F1 drivers, top-level drivers from different categories," said di Grassi. "We have a lot of people interested like Karun Chandhok, Bruno Senna and many others.

"We need good, professional, high-level drivers. More than the car itself, which will be tricky to drive, the format of the weekend will not allow for rookies because you'll have a limited amount of time behind the wheel. On city tracks, which are already much more difficult than standard circuits, you also have to plan your strategy very well and drive efficiently. You have to do many things in a short period of time, and that takes experience. And with this format, you will also have to set up two cars differently. The teams will have to hire experienced drivers."





High-tech suppliers include McLaren, Renault, Williams and Michelin

"SLICK TYRES HAVE BEEN LEFT BEHIND IN FAVOUR OF A TREAD PATTERN THAT WILL PERFORM IN WET AND DRY"

just being responsible driving electric vehicles. There is a little bit of fun involved as well."

Again, the PR machine has been efficient in drip-feeding the cities that have been chosen to host the 10 rounds, each held over a single day to minimise disruption for urban populations. "We are coming out with a calendar confirming the cities at the forthcoming World Council meeting," says Agag. "Some of them are already confirmed, such as LA, Miami, Berlin, Beijing and Buenos Aires. And London is still on the list. We have three circuit options in London, so it's not defined yet. It's taking a bit more time because there are different administrations to agree on different things. In Beijing you agree with the mayor and that's it. But we'll now start in Asia and London will be the last race of the season, to give us more time to set everything up."

As a spectacle, the cars promise to lap at F3 pace, while only emitting about 80 decibels from electric whine and tyre scrub. In qualifying trim they will run to the maximum power output of 200kw, which equates to 270bhp. The Spark will reach 100kph from a standing start in just three seconds, with an achievable maximum of 225kph (140mph).

In the races, output will be restricted to 133kw, or 180bhp, but a 'push to pass' button to help overtaking on tight, twisty street circuits will add a blast of 67kw to give them a limited dose of full power.

With relatively low levels of downforce and drag for a single-seater, the cars should slide on their specially developed Michelin tyres. The rubber is ground-breaking and, if the French manufacturer has its way, could point towards the future of all racing tyres in open-wheel racing – including, perhaps, F1.

Slick tyres have been left behind in favour of a tread pattern that will perform in both wet and dry conditions (although a full wet will be available for torrential weather), promising durability and energy efficiency. In the wake of recent talk that Michelin could replace Pirelli as F1's tyre supplier in 2014, the tyres can be taken as an indicator of what the brand believes is best for Grand Prix racing's future. It has spoken of a need for bigger, 18-inch rims to bring F1 in line with road cars – and this is the size of Michelin's Formula E tyres.

Fat slicks look more 'racey', but their relevance to the rest of the world is zero. And relevance is another key watchword right now when it comes to the future of motor racing.

❖

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK? INTRIGUED, horrified – or simply indifferent?

Whatever your reaction, Formula E simply can't be ignored. It should also be noted that it's not intended to be another dull one-make formula. Beyond the launch season in 2014, it will become an 'open' formula welcoming other suppliers of chassis and power technology. The aim goes way beyond creating yet another race series: this is about developing automotive technology that could eventually affect us all in our daily lives.

Let's give it a chance.

A SHOWCASE FOR THE MODERN AGE

Formula E bosses hope to develop cars and interactive technology in parallel

BEFORE THE FRANKFURT LAUNCH of the new Formula E car, Alejandro Agag hosted an event in Berlin, announcing new sponsor Qualcomm, a growing force in the communications and electronics industry. The new series offers the company a platform to attract and interact with fans using new and existing technology.

One of the major technological advancements Formula E will utilise is Qualcomm's Halo Wireless Electric Vehicle Charging system. Already embraced by Renault and proven on Drayson Racing's land speed record car earlier this year, Halo will be fitted to FE's safety cars from the first race. The technology will then be available to teams in the near future.

"The vision," said Andrew Gilbert, Qualcomm's executive vice-president of European innovation development, "is dynamic charging, replenishing the batteries while the car is moving. So there would be a racing line and a charging line, which would eliminate the need for pitstops and car changes.

"The technology would remain in the host cities, giving them the option for electric taxis and buses."

Providing infrastructure such as this could be vital in convincing the world's cities to welcome an upstart race series to their streets. But it's not just local government that Formula E has to win over, it's the general public. That's where mobile technology comes in.

Race fans will be able to interact with the cars using mobile 'augmented reality' apps such as Blippar to scan the car and see under the bodywork. The eventual plan is to be able to stand on a street corner in a host city and view highlights from that part of the track on your phone. These are bold moves, but if they are a success at this level then we could see similar interactive technology in other series in the future.

Even with all these potential advances, Agag still emphasises the sporting side. "You need really cool, fantastic, fun racing. But that's the part I know about, it's achievable. The rest? We'll find out more in time." *Alex Harmer*



August, 1938 289 Motor Sport

TO THE NORTH

1,500 MILES IN THREE DAYS WITH 4½-LITRE BENTLEY. LONDON TO JOHN O'GROAT'S IN 15½ HOURS

DISTANCE lends enchantment and we had long held the opinion that a quick journey up to John o'Groat's from London would prove almost as much fun as taking a centralair abroad. The more the matter was discussed, the more attractive the idea seemed, but unfortunately not more than three free days ever presented themselves for the job and it had to be contrived that to attempt the run with the majority of cars could either result in the time allowance being overstepped, or would necessitate such hustling as to leave no spare moments for relaxation or photography, as we wished.

So, for the time being, the matter was shelved, until we were reminded of it already by having to test a 4½-litre Bentley. Knowing the capabilities of the modern Bentley, the suspension of things looked very different and we decided to have a look at John o'Groat's in the three days during which the car was at our disposal. The party consisted of the writer (W. Boddy), Jim Bryson, who is an excellent navigator and a splendid companion, besides being a Leica man of considerable merit, and Tom Lush, whose enthusiasm for fast motoring is allied to a useful knowledge of the mechanical aspect of the game.

The journey was undertaken solely because we all possessed a desire to see a little of the North of Scotland, none of us having been very far north of the Border previously. No attempt was made to set up sensational averages. We do not know whether there exists, in motoring circles, an unofficial London to John o'Groat's record. If there does, we should be interested to hear of it, but we make no claim to have established or broken any figure of this nature. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that covering such a mileage as we did in three days enables one to form an extremely accurate and critical opinion of a car's qualities and abilities. The ordinary road-test, which, so far as Motor Sport is concerned, embraces a distance of anything from 300 to 800 miles, certainly shows up clearly the characteristics and performance of a car more than adequately, but to drive from London to John o'Groat's and back again as we did with the Bentley and back again as we did with the Bentley gives a little further and thereon confirmation of matters of comfort, control and maintenance in a way that could hardly be bettered. It serves, too, to show what a selling magic carpet a modern car of quality is, and constitutes an excellent test of any car destined for fast travel during a holiday tour abroad.

It was these matters that we had in mind in planning our brief holiday. The writer decided to drive up single-handed, just for fun and to see whether he could do it. The resulting time was carefully logged and all stops recorded, as a matter of interest and to give Bryson and Lush some work to do as well. A stop on the run up for breakfast was voted essential, but a lunch stop seemed unnecessary, as we are all used to odd meal-times in the course of pursuing motoring interests, so that late lunch was no hardship.

The 4½-litre received no special attention, beyond filling the sump with Castrol XL, topping up the radiator, and filling the tank with 14 gallons of Shell. Cases and coats were stowed in the big luggage boot and no spare fuel supplies were carried. The India inserts were given 35 lb. per square inch pressure in the front and 32 lb. in the back to anticipation of some high-speed cruising. We left at the earliest convenient hour, which was midnight on June 27th, on that we could not resist posing the car before Big Ben for a picture, with the heads of the old clock approaching the magic hour and the Bentley standing sleek and majestic in the patchy light of the street lamps. At the first stroke of midnight the Bentley moved away and promptly encountered an unbelievable number of hostile traffic lamps. But at last we were off the Finchley Road, averaging 40½ past the ever-lengthening S.S. sign "To the North," and, with the suspension overnight control flicked over to "hard," the writer began to settle down to it, pushing the speedometer needle into the "seventies." Along the first parts of A1 Bryson got out his rough schedule, which was revised by an enforcement to get us up in time for a little photography after dinner. Incidentally, it is rather a tribute to Bentley suspension that he made additions to his notes at frequent intervals without inconvenience. The first incident was a route-error at a somewhat obscure turning north of Stockton, for which the stop-watch cheerfully ticked off 15 secs.

A little time intended for about three miles through Carnforth. By 8.14 a.m. Doncaster was accomplished and at 4.3 a.m. we were at Ecclefechan. The fuel gauge and its warning light now indicated that a stop would shortly be necessary and at a small filling station just north of Cotterick Bridge we woke the owner and, by indicating that a full tank was required, got him to understandingly oblige. Sixteen gallons of Power Ramsbottom and a quart of Castrol XL were put in, the latter solely as a precaution, and we were off in 14 mins. dead, the writer impressed at a considerable item on his right arm through carelessly contacting the exhaust pipe while opening a perfectly accessible oil filler.

Rowan Moor was taken at a sustained 70 m.p.h. to the surprise of the motor-retainer on my left, who knows this long climb well. We were now cruising at 80 m.p.h. and at this speed our otherwise efficient wipers found it difficult to cope with heavy rain blown from the bonnet. Daylight came before the refuelling stop, but it was not until one and a half hours later, well north of Penrith, that an approaching car was encountered—a Ford V8 very intent on going south quickly.

Three inner men now suggested another pause. At Crawford, 2½ mins. were spent discovering that a likely hotel was shut and another 6 mins. were wasted for the same reason at Abington, in spite of hopefully smoking chimneys. North of Symington there was a slight deviation, for reasons unknown, before the main road was rejoined.

Breakfast was taken at Annfield Hotel, at 8.45 a.m., where the toilet-bells seemed interested almost to the verge of impolite-ness in our respective hands and the most to our respective hands and the writer's lack of using talcum-powder on his hands before trimming his driving gloves. We restarted in 48 mins., after putting in 14 gallons of Pratt Ethyl and

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TO THE NORTH—continued

driven. This is an age when very good cars can be bought for very little money and when cars in the moderate price classes are extremely good performers. Consequently, the cynic may inquire why anyone should spend the most of fifteen hundred pounds on a motor-car. After a prolonged experience of the Bentley, I rather himself, possessed of a reputation as a cynic when cars are concerned, able to divorce himself completely from all other question the sanity of owners of the more expensive cars and quite honestly that he now understands very well the ready market which a modern Bentley has commanded.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE 4½-LITRE BENTLEY

Everything account serves to emphasise the attributes of the 4½-litre Bentley thoroughly, but so much interest has been shown in this model further on its construction and chassis as well not constitute space wasted, briefly as there is no necessity to [illegible] paragraphs of praise on those which this Derby product in [illegible] a straightforward descrip-tion of some that adequate. The car, [illegible] is large and quietly impressive, typically Bentley radiator and the blending admirably with any [illegible] that the chassis is called upon to do the case of the car tested, the [illegible] This two-door five-seater design, listed at £1,585. This appearance is particularly [illegible] when cared treatment [illegible] of 2,764 chaps could [illegible] not the impression of [illegible] added to comfortable travel. The cockleiders also construct [illegible] work for the Bentley appearance is evident from the beauti-[illegible] of the complete car, to [illegible] body style.

The driving seat the excellent [illegible] view of both front wings [illegible] the long bonnet and lengthy [illegible]

The winged B away on the [illegible]-cap and the big Lucas [illegible] reminds one of the car's [illegible] that sense of security [illegible] appearance of a large car. [illegible] position is excellent. The [illegible] is very easily and lucky [illegible], so that it becomes quite [illegible] it back when using the [illegible] The wheel is raked centrally [illegible] down in the driver's lap, [illegible] and-lever, with its shorter [illegible] in exactly the correct [illegible] to reach the brake lever [illegible] is running on the last two gallons of [illegible] the fuel gauge is dead accurate. [illegible] flash screen wiper has its own parking [illegible] and the wipers are very effective [illegible] and dead silent. They park out of the line [illegible] of vision. The twin rear-view mirror is small but quite effective and the direction [illegible] indicators, of self-cancelling type, are [illegible] worked by a switch on the extreme [illegible] right of the screen base. They cancel [illegible] either rapidly. There is no reversing [illegible] light or rear lamp, but neither seems really to be required. The twin interior [illegible] lamps, on one of the hood sticks, provide [illegible] all the light required. The screen winds [illegible] well open by means of a central winder, [illegible] which is a most commendable point when [illegible] perhaps, a trifle view not for really [illegible] delicate operation. The instrument panel, [illegible] of unpolished walnut, is a truly beautiful [illegible] piece of work, as faithfully more satisfying than the finest of metal facias. The [illegible] instruments, with white markings on [illegible] black dials, are really spaced across it, [illegible] the smaller dials reviewed, and every one [illegible] easily visible to the driver. At night the [illegible] concealed illumination is entirely discreet [illegible] yet perfectly adequate, and the [illegible] dials are beautifully calibrated. A large [illegible] ashtray with lockable lid, on the extreme [illegible] left, has a separate external lamp, [illegible] serving also as a map-reading lap. Ammeter, [illegible] fuel gauge, oil gauge and radiator [illegible] thermometers are set outside the central [illegible] panel, which carries the lighting and [illegible] ignition switches, dash-lamp switch and [illegible] ignition lock. These switches take the [illegible] form of tiny changed levers, and the dash-[illegible] light switch can be operated momentarily [illegible] or locked in the "on" position. The [illegible] position of the main lighting switch is [illegible] clearly marked, but in any case the side [illegible] lamps have visible indicators.

On the extreme right are the big speedometer with inset clock and the rev. counter reading to 4,000 r.p.m. and 4,500 r.p.m. respectively. In top gear, both hands move in the same plane. Interior lamp, [illegible] lamp and wiper switches have a [illegible] pleasant snap-out action, and there is a [illegible] bathing switch for the foot pump and a [illegible] pull-out sub-tray. The usual dynamo-[illegible] window is used and adjacent to it is the [illegible] warning lamp to indicate that the car [illegible] is running on the last two gallons of [illegible] fuel: the fuel gauge is dead accurate. [illegible] flash screen wiper has its own parking [illegible] and the wipers are very effective [illegible] and dead silent. They park out of the line [illegible] of vision. The twin rear-view mirror is [illegible] small but quite effective and the direction [illegible] indicators, of self-cancelling type, are [illegible] worked by a switch on the extreme [illegible] right of the screen base. They cancel [illegible] either rapidly. There is no reversing [illegible] light or rear lamp, but neither seems [illegible] really to be required. The twin interior [illegible] lamps, on one of the hood sticks, provide [illegible] all the light required. The screen winds [illegible] well open by means of a central winder, [illegible] which is a most commendable point when [illegible] actuating in summer or in a freezing fog. The chassis lubricator is operated by the left foot and as it rises slowly, after operation, it is possible to ascertain easily that it has been correctly used. The lamps are carefully suited to 90 m.p.h. cruising at night, but the fog-lamp and dip position would have been better for adjustment. The dimmer works lightly under a touch of the left toe; at times it was slightly [illegible] in action but not sufficiently so to worry the driving.

The right-hand accelerator is very light and has a delightfully balanced action. The clutch shows no trace of slip, but moderate travel and engages smoothly, only very slight care being needed to avoid judder. The action is very light. The gear-change is one of the most pleasing aspects of the Bentley. The synchromesh on third and top works just as rapidly as the dash; rapid [illegible] can be moved, and the change from top to third is just a backward step

Parked on the roadside. The Bentley on the stretch between Moy and Findhorn Bridge.

across, the gears going in without a trace of resistance. Passengers can scarcely detect that a change has been made, a tribute to the silence of the third gear as well as to that of the engine and the change itself. Double-declutching is equally effective. The change from third to second requires more judgment to effect cleanly, but it always goes through rapidly if a little crunch is permitted. Actually, second is very seldom required. The lower gears locate very easily if the clutch is engaged and fixed. Reverse is [illegible] by pressing the lever downwards and over beyond first. The lower gears are very quiet. We found unblushing joy in using what is unquestionably one of the most fascinating gear-changes on any modern car.

The steering is fairly heavy for traffic negotiation or holding the car round long bends, but it becomes very much lighter in open road driving, and at all times is extremely accurate. There is a firm, smooth action and the castor return is ample for all circumstances, yet not over vigorous, so that the wheel never whips through the driver's fingers. Only on extremely bad surfaces does very ad-[illegible] column movement occur, and the

You, me and WB

The spirit of Bill Boddy was surely travelling with our two-man Bentley crew as they sprinted to John O'Groats and back

writer ANDREW FRANKEL



AT MIDNIGHT ON June 27, 1938, a 4¼-litre Derby Bentley eased away from Parliament Square and turned to the north. At its wheel was a 25-year-old lad who was already the editor of *Motor Sport* and would go on to become the longest-serving contributor to this or, so far as we have been able to ascertain, any other magazine there has been. His name was William Boddy, more usually called Bill but best known simply as WB to the hundreds of thousands who would come to feast on his words over the next 73 years.

His mission was simple. With two colleagues from the magazine, he would drive north, non-stop, until the road ran out at John O'Groats. The broad reason for going was that "distance lends enchantment" but more specifically that "we all possessed a desire to see a little of the North of Scotland".

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SO WE THOUGHT THAT TO MARK THE centenary of his birth, we would on the precise 75th anniversary of the event take a brand-new Bentley and also drive it non-stop to the northernmost tip of Great Britain. Then, aware that what we contemplated was hardly a challenge compared with what WB faced in 1938, we thought that instead of staying there for a few days to do some sightseeing as did our predecessors, we'd turn around with barely a pause and drive all the way back again.

There were other differences, too. While WB had two chums with whom to share the driving (although, impressively, he alone took the helm on the way up), I could only persuade one person that spending what was looking like 24 consecutive hours inside a two-plus-not-much Bentley was a good idea. And then I suspect only because he is my brother, already the owner of a pre-war 4¼ Derby Bentley and as such more than usually sympathetic to such a cause. This explains why such photographs as we took are very much of the happy snap variety and not the professional portraits you are used to seeing between these covers. Then again, as WB and his team saw fit to publish a grand total of two shots of their trip, one of which was merely the Bentley at the side of the road, our approach felt in keeping with the tradition of the run.

The other principal variation on WB's theme was that I did not leave at midnight but just before 7pm. Less romantic it may have been, but faced with a return journey, the idea of delaying departure for several hours after the













Snapshots from a day in the life of a Bentley Continental GT, from ticket-risking moment in Parliament Square via paying respects to aged relative to bright John O'Groats building site





working day had ended seemed neither safe nor very sensible.

Where two plans laid three-quarters of a century apart did coincide was that we wanted to follow WB's route up as far as practically possible, at least passing the places he mentioned in his story. This meant eschewing the normal M1/M6 route to the border and instead taking the A1 to Scotch Corner before crossing the country on the A66 to Penrith, before heading north again and threading our way through Scotland. As our timings meant the bulk of the outbound journey would take place at night, some of the pictures were taken at the same places, but on the return, daylight leg.

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IT IS FASCINATING TO READ ABOUT LIFE on the road in 1938. For instance the fuel station network was sufficiently advanced for them to feel no need to carry spare petrol, even though they knew they'd need to fill at least once at a highly inhospitable hour. But the need to keep an eye on and replenish its other fluids was clearly critical. As we shall see, even a brand-new Bentley could be expected to use quite a lot of oil and half a gallon of water.

Boddy's first complaint will resonate as much today as it did 75 years ago, namely "an unbelievable number of hostile traffic lamps" as he made his way up the Finchley Road towards the A1. They passed Doncaster at 3.14am and Boroughbridge at 4.30am but were in daylight at Catterick Bridge before they stopped at a small filling station. Protocol then was to wake the owner of said station and persuade him to "condescendingly descend and minister to the Bentley's needs", which included not only 16 gallons of Power Benzole but also and already a quart of oil. WB managed to burn his arm on the exhaust while pouring said oil into the engine, hopefully without dwelling for too long on the fate of Sir Henry Birkin, whose Maserati had inflicted a similar injury five years earlier with eventually fatal consequences.

Farther north they hit heavy rain but cruised the Bentley at an impressive 80mph, despite the inadequacies of the wipers at such speeds. And while they had no motorway network to follow, they did not appear to need one, at least at that time of day. WB remarked that it was not until 90 minutes after the sun had risen "that an approaching car was encountered".

By early morning breakfast was clearly uppermost in their minds, it still being many years before the provision of on-the-hoof cardboard service station sandwiches. Promising-looking hotels at Crawford and Abington turned out to be shut until the Amulree Hotel hove into view on the A822 north of Crieff at 8.45am. Some 52 minutes later they were mobile again but not before buying another 14 gallons of fuel, a further quart of oil and WB gaining the unwelcome attention of the locals for his "fad of using talcum powder on his hands before resuming his driving gloves".



WB took breakfast at the Amulree Hotel in 1938 – an option no longer available

"WE WANTED TO FOLLOW WB'S ROUTE AS PRACTICALLY AS POSSIBLE, PASSING PLACES HE MENTIONED IN HIS STORY"

To WB's evident pleasure, the Bentley outdragged an LMS 'Pacific' loco hauling a train up to Drumochter Summit to the north of Blair Atholl and then did it again to another hapless locomotive on the descent to Kingussie. They got lost in Inverness, had to wait for a swing bridge over the canal, and near Alness filled with fuel again at "an electric pump, the writer staying in the seat". To WB this was clearly very impressive. After a final heady blast to speeds of "90 and a bit", they parked outside the John O'Groats House hotel at 3.14pm, 15hr 14min and 702 miles after departing Westminster. They seemed in good spirits despite WB's self-professed susceptibility to aches and pains, though he did admit to his driving having once made his passengers "ill" on the way, without elaborating further on just how dramatic the illness had been. They then retired to the Pentland Hotel in Thurso for a couple of days to recover, see the countryside and prepare for the return. It seems to have been chosen because it was where S C H Davis had once started the Monte Carlo Rally.

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I TOO HAD CAUSE TO CURSE THE traffic lights on the Finchley Road, but not so much as the traffic they were trying (and failing) to control. Sitting in a scarlet Bentley Continental GT, impotently blipping its 500bhp V8 motor, I was feeling tired before the day had begun. Trying to leave London in the early evening was, on reflection, a stupid mistake.

But as soon as city streets turned to the A1, the traffic cleared and by 8.30pm I was peeling off the main road north of Huntingdon to collect Richard, the aforementioned brother, from his home nearby. Helpfully he'd got his Derby out of the garage, presumably in the forlorn hope I might be persuaded to take that instead. Had a bunch of Derby-mounted enthusiasts not themselves re-enacted WB's run over several days a few weeks earlier, I might have been tempted. In the event I didn't want

to be seen to be copying their idea, but I did want to see how much the mighty theoretical advantage held by a modern Bentley on a (comparatively) modern road network might be mitigated by traffic, road works and fear of the law.

We rejoined the A1(M) before 9.00pm looking forward to a simple run north. Fat chance. North of Mansfield the road was shut and, said the traffic report, backed up for miles. So we cut cross-country to the M1, and were forced to stay on it longer than planned when we discovered the M18 was also shut. It was nearly 11pm before we finally regained the A1, just in time to leave it for good at Scotch Corner where we refuelled before heading west to Penrith, as did WB all those years ago. The A66 is a good, fast road, perfect for a car like the Bentley whose pulverising torque allowed us to pass almost everything as soon as we encountered it.

Thereafter, save our third motorway closure (the M9), the night passed uneventfully in the company of Messrs Hancock, Parsons, Lyttelton and assorted other stalwarts of the past 60 years of BBC radio light entertainment. As a means of staying awake in the small hours, laughing 'til you cry is a far better stimulant than any amount of caffeine-impregnated soft drink. It also made me appreciate all the more WB's single-handed efforts at the wheel in a car with such limited performance, cornering and braking ability, not to mention what we'd today consider appalling wipers and lights. I hope his companions were raconteurs of the highest calibre.

Daylight met us in Inverness, where we cheated by crossing the Moray Firth via the Kessock Bridge (which opened in 1982), but only to recover some of the miles lost on our many diversions. WB would have had to cut back inland and cross at Beauly. But like Boddy we thereafter pressed on as fast as was safely possible, reaching John O'Groats just after 6am. Excluding stops we had done it in 10hr 30min, carving a vast 3hr 22min off the time achieved in 1938.

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WITH MOTORWAYS AND 500BHP AT OUR disposal there was no sense of triumph in the achievement, but it was interesting. I knew we'd beat WB's time but I'd have guessed by fewer than two hours. And, for the avoidance of doubt, this wasn't achieved by cruising at 170mph: a few cobweb-cleaning squirts aside, we drove throughout at speeds that posed no threat to licence, let alone liberty.

We wanted to recreate the picture outside the John O'Groats House hotel, but it's being rebuilt and barriers were placed around it, so we just took a few shots to prove we'd been there and headed to Thurso. No one at the Pentland Hotel had heard of its Monte Carlo history so we snapped some more, made our excuses and left. This time we retraced WB's steps just far enough to photograph the car in daylight outside the now sadly derelict Amulree Hotel, where he and his chums had broken their fast all those years ago. It was strange to think of our Founder Editor, a man known to us all as an elder statesman, as he would have been on this very spot: a young man aged just 25 in the middle of a grand adventure with more than 70 years of life still ahead of him.



"THIS IS THE CHEAPEST BENTLEY YOU CAN BUY, BUT ALSO THE BEST"



We had little time for poignant pauses, nor any need to stick to WB's return route. I just drove south, dropping Richard en route and notionally ending our trip at the M25 before turning west and heading for home in South Wales. WB had felt no need to return to Westminster and neither did I.

For what it's worth, from Westminster to the M25 via John O'Groats took 22 hours 58 minutes, a distance of 1430 miles which means that we averaged almost exactly 62mph throughout. Inexplicably better fuel consumption on the road south bumped the total trip average up to 24.3mpg.

As for the Bentley, it stunned us with its capabilities, to the extent that we struggled to think of another that might do that job better. For a test of a GT requiring total comfort and refinement combined with outrageous performance, infinite poise and a stirring soundtrack, it passed with a starred First. This is actually the cheapest Bentley you can buy, but also the best. It might look like the same Continental GT launched a decade ago, but it has been nothing less than transformed. It is somewhat less elegant, but clearly it's positioned to do the same job today as was the 4¼-litre in 1938. Almost 23 hours in its company showed me was that it also does it at least as well, and that I would not have predicted. Ⓜ

ROAD TRIP FACTS & FIGURES

Journey comparison Westminster to John O'Groats, 1938 vs 2013

	Bentley 4¼ litre DHC	Bentley Continental GT V8
DISTANCE COVERED	702 miles	716 miles
TOTAL TIME TAKEN	15hr 14min	11hr 15 min
TOTAL RUNNING TIME	13hr 52min	10hr 30min
AVERAGE SPEED (inclusive of stops)	46.0mph	63.6mph
AVERAGE SPEED (running time)	50.6mph	65.5mph
FUEL CONSUMPTION	17mpg (approx)	22.4mpg
OIL CONSUMPTION	2¼ litres (approx)	not measurable

Car specifications

ENGINE SIZE	4256cc	3997cc
POWER OUTPUT	126bhp	500bhp
TOP SPEED	95mph (approx)	188mph
0-60MPH	11sec (approx)	4.6sec
WEIGHT	1200kg (approx)	2295kg
PRICE NEW	£1500	£123,850



ALL IMAGES LAT



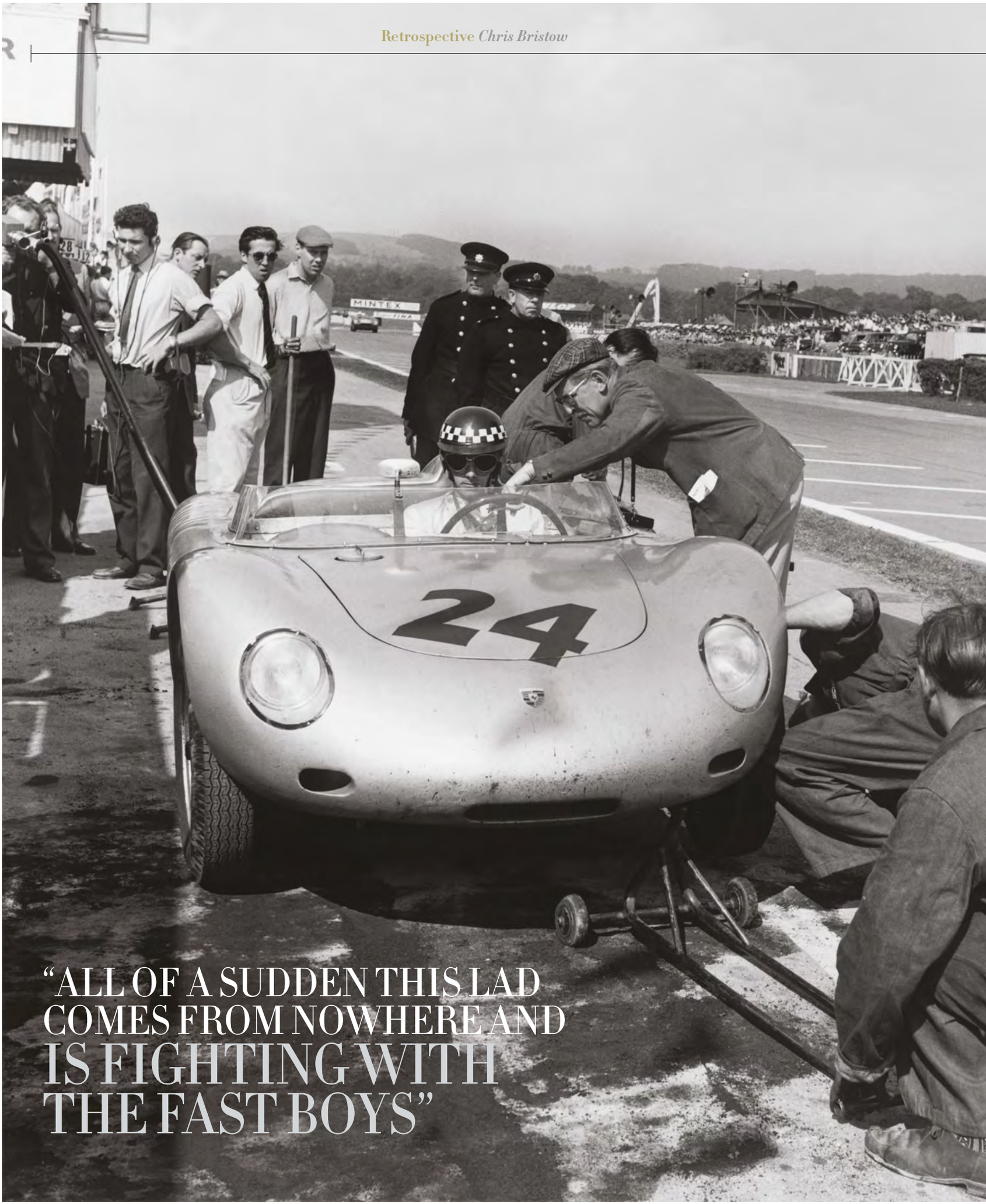
CHRIS BRISTOW

Two-tone talent

The press called him a tearaway, but those close to him saw a smooth, determined driver – a natural, and a possible champion

writer IAN WAGSTAFF





"ALL OF A SUDDEN THIS LAD COMES FROM NOWHERE AND IS FIGHTING WITH THE FAST BOYS"



Service for Bristow during the 1959 Goodwood TT, where he shared a Porsche 718 with Hans Herrmann

BY REPUTATION HE was wild, but those who knew Chris Bristow believe his extraordinary speed was never properly appreciated. Sadly, his full potential would never be realised.

"Chris Bristow would probably have become World Champion," says Ken Gregory. He then reconsiders his observation and corrects himself. "Chris was a definite World Champion. He was just extraordinarily fast."

Given that Gregory was manager for both Stirling Moss and Peter Collins and ran one of the leading privateer teams of the late 1950s and early 1960s, his statement has to be taken seriously. For back-up, Gregory points to the 1960 Monaco Grand Prix. The young Bristow had already proved himself fast, very fast, but he still had his doubters. Round the principality's tight turns and solid walls, they said, Bristow would struggle to qualify. They were silenced when he not only qualified but did so at the front of the grid.

AT THE START OF 1958, GREGORY AND Stirling Moss's father Alfred had formed their own Formula 2 team, the British Racing Partnership, with chief mechanic Tony Robinson, who had earlier worked on Stirling's Cooper-Altas and Maserati 250F. An otherwise promising initial season ended when their number one driver Stuart Lewis-Evans was killed driving for Vanwall in the Moroccan Grand Prix. Their drivers for the next year were double Le Mans winner Ivor Bueb and, from Formula 3, George Wicken. Complicated twin-cam fuel-injected Borgward engines had replaced the Coventry-Climax units used the season before.

It was not long, though, before Robinson felt that Wicken was not getting the best from the car. "George was a mistake," says Gregory. However, Tony reckoned to have discovered a prodigy in fellow Londoner Bristow, who was described as being almost frighteningly fast. Robinson had first seen him testing at Brands Hatch and been impressed. Bristow's car at the time was the bulbous Hume-Cooper, a Cooper T39 sports racer converted into an open-wheeler. Although it was not that much different from a conventional Formula 2 Cooper, it drew attention to Bristow's driving style. "It looked like he had plenty of potential," says Robinson. He mentioned this to Gregory who arranged for a test at the same track with one of the team's Formula 2 Coopers. "The car he had been driving was a bitza, but he was making it work when it shouldn't have done," says Gregory. "I was unaware of his existence until Tony brought him along." It is testament to the faith that he had in Robinson, one of the leading mechanics of his generation, that, without attending the test, he should have signed Bristow on his word.

Even today, Gregory and Robinson admit they are unaware of Bristow's earlier experience. "He came to us as an unknown," remembers Gregory. "I don't think any of us knew anything about him. Yet straight away he was in the top five when it came to lap times. Where he got it from, I don't know."

Gregory had the task of telling Wicken that he had been replaced and, for some time, whenever Robinson met their former driver in the Steering Wheel Club he felt that relations were somewhat strained. "After a while I think he began to realise that perhaps we had done him a favour as the way he was going he might have ended up stuffing it."

The press was obviously impressed by the 21-year-old Bristow, who was working in his father's Streatham garage. "Sooner or later a young Moss or Brooks will appear in the motor racing world. I give you [one] worth watching… Chris Bristow. He has been racing a year or two, until now not very well. Suddenly he drives like a veteran, ahead of men like Jack Brabham, the possible 1959 world champion," said one newspaper.

It has been recorded that he was "wild" and his driving "uncontrolled". *Motor Sport*'s own Denis Jenkinson wrote as much, leading to an irate letter from a D Ward who felt that DSJ was developing an "anti-Bristow complex". Gregory strenuously refutes any suggestion that Bristow was "wild", saying that this was merely the false observation of those who could not comprehend that such a talent had, so far, gone unobserved. "All of a sudden this lad comes from nowhere and he is fighting with the fast boys."

"He was naturally quick, not hairy quick," adds Robinson. "He knew what he was doing." A contemporary report in this magazine mentions "his usual crowd-pleasing slides".

To back up his belief, Gregory quotes Moss, who found himself behind Bristow in the early stages of a Formula 2 race at Clermont-Ferrand. This alone demands a moment's thought. Despite the vast gulf in experience, Chris was leading Moss in the race. "He was as quick as Stirling," claims his mechanic Stan



Collier. That evening Gregory questioned Moss about Bristow's driving style and was told it was neat and tidy. Bristow's sister Sonia Simons admits there were times when he would report that he had overdone it at a particular bend and had been more circumspect the next time round. Perhaps this way of learning the limit is reminiscent of another mercurial talent, Gilles Villeneuve.

THE THEN 18-YEAR-OLD BRISTOW started racing over the 1956 August bank holiday, competing at Brands Hatch and then Crystal Palace on the same day – and winning. "Meet a young Stirling Moss-in-the-making," said the *Sunday Dispatch*. Bristow's 1489cc sports-racer that day has been variously described as an MG Special, the ASP (All Spare Parts) or the Leonard-MG, named after Lionel Leonard who built the car at the Bristow garage. Encouraged by his father William, who had raced at Brooklands and would support him throughout his short career, Bristow decided to buy the chassis and entered his first two meetings.

In the rain at Brands Bristow was lying sixth when he spun off. Rejoining, he rotated again four laps later and eventually retired when his brakes failed. Unperturbed, he loaded the car onto the back of his father's lorry and worked on it while someone else drove him to Crystal Palace. There he made no mistakes in winning a seven-lap race for 1500cc sports cars. "A clear victory," reported Bill Boddy.

Bristow had begun driving aged eight. "He got the bug, I suppose, from our father," says sister Sonia. "Our father paid for everything, but having a garage it was cheaper for him. Chris was always determined to do better than him, but he could never have done it on his own." Sonia recalls Bristow senior walking around paddocks with Alfred Moss, cigar in hand and jewelled signet rings on his fingers.

Their parents had divorced early and Sonia was packed off to convent school, initially with her little brother, though Chris soon returned to live with his father and grandmother. Sonia saw little of him during her schooldays, but nevertheless they became close. She travelled to all of Bristow's early club races, making sandwiches for the mechanics and chalking up on the blackboard used for pit signals. "I was very much involved. It was my life. My father lived through Chris and I became part of the team. We were a close-knit family pushing Chris forward.

"Chris went in for a lot of events, wherever he could get experience, and always seemed to do quite well. He obviously had a lot of ability and very little fear. I found the club meetings great fun. There were some good drivers around as well as the amateurs trying to come through." When Bristow moved to Formula 1, she saw less of his racing. "It was a whole new ball game. He was taken over, although my father went to Monte Carlo."

Bristow used the Leonard-MG with some success after the bank holiday meeting, but it was obviously not going to be a regular race winner and was hence replaced by an 1100cc centre-seat Cooper. In this he won many races the following season, during which he was a leading contender in the *Motor Sport* Brooklands Memorial Contest. "Sheer guts and determination," reported one local paper. For 1958, an Elva 1100 was purchased and he regularly beat the more favoured Lotuses. He also drove a Lotus 15 that year, winning the BRSCC 1500cc sports car championship.

Chris thought of building his own car during the winter of 1958 but instead Tom Payne created the Hume-Climax for him at Bradstock Motors. A Cooper Monaco was also acquired. This was not yet the big time, though. Bristow was to recount how the Hume team had so many problems with its support vehicles during one Aintree meeting that they ended up with a lorry towing two transporters, a trailer, a large American car and a shooting brake. The policeman who stopped them was not amused. Neither was the subsequent magistrate.

"Chris wasn't really a tearaway," says Sonia, "but he was very determined. The fact that we both had a strange upbringing probably meant that he was determined to make a success of his life, and his one sole interest was cars. He did have a side that was closed to most people and he didn't seem to get into trouble."

Gregory wonders if he was introverted, a little secretive. "A serious young man, quiet and unassuming, he kept himself to himself. He was not a party goer and he certainly did not join in when the likes of Graham Hill and Colin Chapman were dunking bread rolls in wine and throwing them around the Hôtel de Paris after the Monaco Grand Prix.

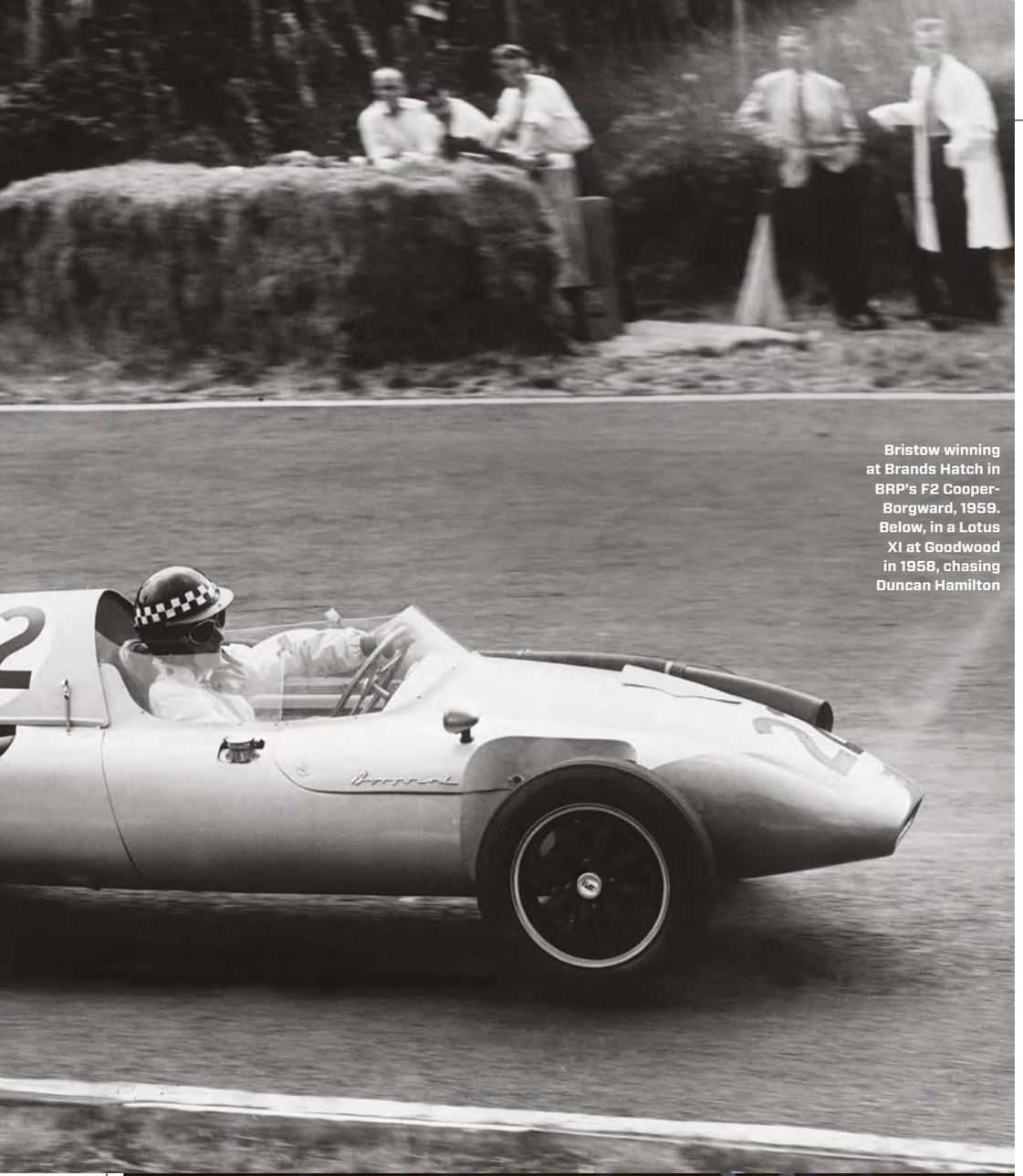
"Virtually everybody used to go to the Steering Wheel Club but I am certain Chris never did. He let the driving do his talking for him. He was neat, clean and very precise in everything he did – a bit like Tony Brooks."

Stan Collier looked after Bristow's Formula 2 car. "Chris was great," he says, "and one of the boys. He was a natural – one of those who come along and you know he'll be good."

"He was cheerful and so full of life," adds Robinson. "I never saw him lose his rag."

Bristow got on well with the whole équipe. He obviously appreciated being asked to drive for what Robinson recalls as "a half-decent team" and spent a lot of time at its Lots Road, London workshop, "laughing and joking with everybody – always happy, always cheerful". Collier, who had moved onto BRP's Formula 1 team by the 1960 Belgian Grand Prix, adds: "He was an easy driver to work with. It's nice finding one who can tell you what he wants."

"CHRIS DID NOT JOIN IN WHEN THE LIKES OF GRAHAM HILL WERE DUNKING ROLLS IN WINE AND THROWING THEM AROUND"



Bristow winning at Brands Hatch in BRP's F2 Cooper-Borgward, 1959. Below, in a Lotus XI at Goodwood in 1958, chasing Duncan Hamilton



GRAHAM WHITE

Sonia adds: "We were naturally very proud when he signed for Yeoman Credit. All the work and money invested in him had proved to be worthwhile."

Bristow's first two races with BRP were Formula 2 events at Reims and Rouen. Both he and team-mate Ivor Bueb retired with heat exhaustion in the first of these, but a week later Chris claimed a fifth place. Then, in the F2 class of the British GP at Silverstone, he underlined his ability with fastest practice lap, a flag to flag class win and 10th overall. By two-thirds distance Chris was a lap ahead of his nearest pursuer, Bueb, who had subsequent gearchange troubles. Such was his domination that he was able to retain the lead despite running out of fuel and having to limp round for a lap.

Eight days later, Bueb was killed at Clermont-Ferrand during a race that Bristow led but subsequently failed to finish. Such was the effect on Chris that he had initial thoughts about retiring. The team continued with just the sole car taking in four more contests in the UK, Chris winning the John Davy Trophy outright at Brands Hatch, finishing third in the Oulton Park Gold Cup, using BRP's 2.5-litre Cooper-Climax, and then first in the F2 class and fifth overall at Snetterton.

At Brands, in front of 50,000 spectators, he sprang a surprise on Jack Brabham and Roy Salvadori by getting away in the first heat and maintaining his lead. In the second part he shadowed the pair to take overall victory on the combined times. "Brilliant," headlined the press. "Look out for Chris Bristow," wrote Brabham in the *News Chronicle*. "He is only 21 but he's a star in the making. I know this from first-hand experience because he pipped Roy Salvadori and me at Brands Hatch yesterday… Roy and I could do nothing about it."

BRISTOW CONTINUED TO RACE SPORTS cars and was reported to have celebrated his appointment as "Porsche's number one driver in place of Jean Behra" – surely an accolade – by winning at Crystal Palace with his Cooper Monaco. Chris was duly listed to drive alongside Hans Herrmann at the Goodwood Tourist Trophy. For lap after lap he harried Cliff Allison's Ferrari, trying to get past on a number of occasions. However, he tangled with Alan Stacey's Lotus and both cars were damaged.

At the time, Robinson was driving a 3-litre Rover while Bristow owned the latest 3.4-litre Jaguar MkII. "It was his one extravagance, the love of his life," says Gregory. "He reckoned he could buy himself a nice new car with all the money he was going to make," adds Robinson.

Bristow and Robinson tended to travel in convoy throughout Europe and "horse around". On one occasion the team was staying in Chester for an Aintree meeting, and Bristow drove Robinson to the track in the Rover. Such was his skill that Robinson reckons he was not frightened despite the Rover sometimes being up on two wheels. It was, he feels, a privilege to be driven by such an expert. "When you have been driven by the likes of Chris or Stirling, it is hard to believe what they can achieve."

The now Yeoman Credit-sponsored team started a busy 1960 in the southern hemisphere, with Chris winning the False Bay 100 in Cape Town using one of the Cooper-Borgward Formula 2 cars. He also drove in the South African GP at East London on January 1, retiring with broken gear linkage. Bristow, Robinson, Moss and Borgward engineer Fritz Jüttner had flown south together, their flight being grounded for a day at Lagos, Nigeria

due to a sandstorm. From there they continued to Johannesburg before taking a small twin-engined plane for East London.

Robinson did not accompany Bristow and Jüttner to Cape Town, but flew on to Auckland for the New Zealand Grand Prix. Back in South Africa, his protégé Bristow won with ease despite 22 stitches in his knee and elbow, the result of a spectacular crash in a production car race earlier in the meeting when his Alfa Romeo rolled 30 yards across a railway line, losing its roof completely.

Harry Schell joined Bristow for the European season openers at Syracuse, Oulton Park, Brussels, Goodwood, Aintree and Silverstone, a third for Chris in the Glover Trophy being the team's best result during this sequence, while Schell tragically lost his life at Silverstone. Bristow was particularly rapid during the Goodwood race, outqualifying both his experienced team-mate and Moss in Rob's Walker's Cooper and getting away first in front of a huge crowd.

BRP SENT TWO COOPER-CLIMAXES TO Monaco for the start of the 1960 World Championship. It was the last year of the 2.5-litre formula and Bristow had already expressed his contempt for the forthcoming 1.5-litre rules, believing the cars would be slow and too easy to drive. New team-mate Tony Brooks finished fourth and Bristow retired with a broken gearbox. However, there is far more to this story. Gregory believes this is where Bristow truly underlined his potential and silenced his doubters. There were those who were saying that Monte Carlo would find him out. In those days only the fastest 16 cars qualified for the race around those narrow urban streets… and no fewer than 24 entries had been accepted. Unlike today, grid positions were decided on practice times, not on any specific qualifying period, and the outstanding Bristow more than silenced those doubting Thomases. He did considerably more than just avoid being one of the octet who did not make the cut. In fact, Bristow's time of 1min 37.7sec was good enough for the front row of the 3-2-3 grid alongside Stirling Moss and Jack Brabham. Brooks recorded an identical time but later in the session, which meant, theoretically, that he should have started behind. Bristow's "smooth" performance that day was astounding, but at this point Gregory felt that his inexperience should be taken into consideration and that it would be safer were he to start from the second row. He accordingly swapped the grid positions of his two drivers. Looking back he admits, "Perhaps I was wrong." One weekly magazine did not notice what had happened and recorded Bristow on the front row.

Come the race, Chris became involved in a close scrap for second place between himself, Jo Bonnier, Brooks, Bruce McLaren and the two



Spa 1960: Bristow driving BRP's Cooper T51, shortly before his brief, bright career ended tragically

"BRISTOW'S TIME WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE FRONT ROW AT MONACO"

Hills, Phil and Graham, until his retirement on lap 18. It was exalted company, but Gregory was not surprised to see Bristow among them. The event also underlined Gregory's belief that Bristow was very quick to take in a new circuit. Chris Nixon had earlier observed how quick Bristow had been to learn Clermont-Ferrand. "The more twisty, the better I like them," he told the journalist. "Clermont-Ferrand is wonderful. It demands the utmost concentration and there is no room for mistakes."

At Zandvoort for the Dutch Grand Prix, Bristow qualified on the third row of the grid ahead of Brooks and almost a second quicker than Henry Taylor in the team's third car. Engine problems were to end his race, however.

The dangers of the Spa-Francorchamps circuit were never more in evidence than in the 1960 Belgian Grand Prix. Moss and Mike Taylor had already crashed heavily in practice, both being badly hurt. Gregory walked up to the start with Bristow. Normally he was very eager to get into the car but on this occasion Ken noted a slight apprehension and pointed out to his young driver that Spa was a hugely dangerous circuit and that he perhaps ought to run a few tenths off his best until he got settled. On the strength of his lap times, Gregory believes that he took this advice, although he was able to get the better of an early ding-dong with Wolfgang von Trips. By lap 19, the German's place had been taken by his Ferrari team-mate Willy Mairesse. The Belgian, in his first Grand Prix and known for his wildness and intensity, had caught up with Chris and had engaged him in an intense duel. As they started the lap the Cooper was fractionally ahead. As the pair rushed down to Eau Rouge they were within inches of each other. Neither Gregory nor Robinson has heard of anyone who saw what happened next, although *Motor Sport*'s report says Bristow was on the wrong line as he approached Burnenville and was trying to get back to the inside of the road.

Losing control of his Cooper on that long right-hander, he flew off the circuit and was decapitated by a low wire fence. Robinson is reluctant to speculate about what happened. Collier, though, points out Mairesse's reputation for cutting up other drivers. "He was not easy to drive against."

Brooks, who had retired by this time with gearbox trouble, told Robinson what had happened. For a while he was forced to blank his mind and concentrate on the team's sole surviving car, which was being driven by another Belgian, Olivier Gendebien. "I could not just throw down the pit board and walk away from it," he says. Gendebien finished third but it is likely that no one in the BRP team would have taken much notice. Five laps after Bristow's appalling accident, Lotus factory driver Alan Stacey, who had raced against Bristow on more than one occasion in sports cars, hit a pheasant and was also killed.

The following day Robinson went to Bristow's room at the Hotel Portugal to find Gregory had already tidied it up. He collected the luggage and also his Jaguar and drove it back to Streatham. There he met Bristow's father, but there was little he could say. Gregory remembers the Samengo-Turner brothers, who owned Yeoman Credit, being in tears when he told them. Collier says, "This was the worst one. Tony [Robinson] was very friendly with Chris and was very upset when he was killed. These things did affect him. It was the same when Harry Schell was killed. We had a bad year."

There is a tendency only to link Chris Bristow with what was one of the darkest days in British racing. To do so is to ignore his natural talent and unfulfilled potential. "They don't come along like that too often," says Collier.



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Jean-Pierre Wimille

Resistance fighter, racer, hero... but results do not reflect his true talent

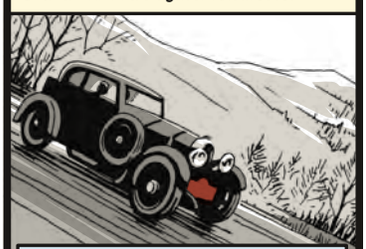


As motoring correspondent for *Le Petit Parisien* newspaper, it was the job of Auguste Wimille to report on the exploits of motor racing's pioneers.



Thus his young son, Jean-Pierre, grew up steeped in the history of motor sport.

The young Frenchman's career path came as no surprise. In 1930, aged 22, Jean-Pierre Wimille entered his nation's Grand Prix in a Bugatti voiturette.



The following January he finished second to Donald Healey on the Monte Carlo Rally.

Success came early, but there were also accidents. Rolling his car during the '32 Grand Prix du Comminges left Wimille convalescing in hospital.



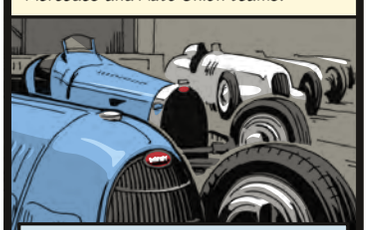
René Dreyfus had also failed to complete the race!

Wimille would adopt a more measured approach on his return to the track.



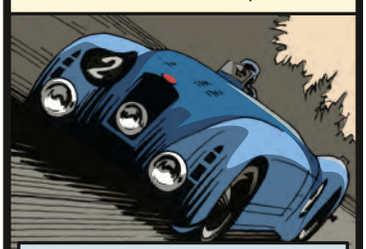
Now a seasoned and mature driver, Wimille would receive an invitation to join the Bugatti team, led by Robert Benoist. A star driver during the '20s, Benoist had been an inspiration to the teenage Jean -Pierre and would become a key figure in his life.

Wimille's move to Bugatti coincided with the GP entry of the state-backed Mercedes and Auto Union teams.



The 'Silver Arrows' would dominate the late '30s. While the German squads hired the best racers from several nations, Wimille was not yet sufficiently established to command a drive.

Unable to compete, French teams turned their attention to sports cars.



Bugatti targeted the Le Mans 24 Hours. In '37 Wimille and Benoist teamed up to take the T57 'Tank' to victory. Jean-Pierre would claim a second win in 1939, this time alongside Pierre Veyron.

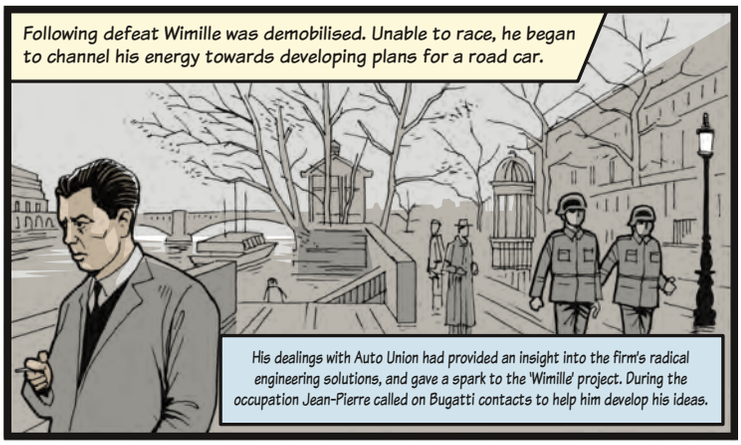
Europe was now on the brink of war. The offer of a seat at Auto Union reportedly came Wimille's way during 1939, but the darkening political situation led him to turn it down.



Wimille joined the Armée de l'Air as France tried unsuccessfully to defend herself against German invasion.



Following defeat Wimille was demobilised. Unable to race, he began to channel his energy towards developing plans for a road car.



His dealings with Auto Union had provided an insight into the firm's radical engineering solutions, and gave a spark to the 'Wimille' project. During the occupation Jean-Pierre called on Bugatti contacts to help him develop his ideas.

Paris, 1942 - Wimille and his wife were approached by Robert Benoist to join the resistance network.



The group operated in the French capital, but their clandestine activities were halted when the network was broken up. Benoist disappeared.

He would re-emerge in spring 1944 and call upon Wimille's help once more.



As part of a sabotage network, their gang targeted key sites around the port of Nantes with the aim of disrupting the German response to the Allied invasion.

Shortly after the attacks, a German raid cornered several members of the group at a meeting house.



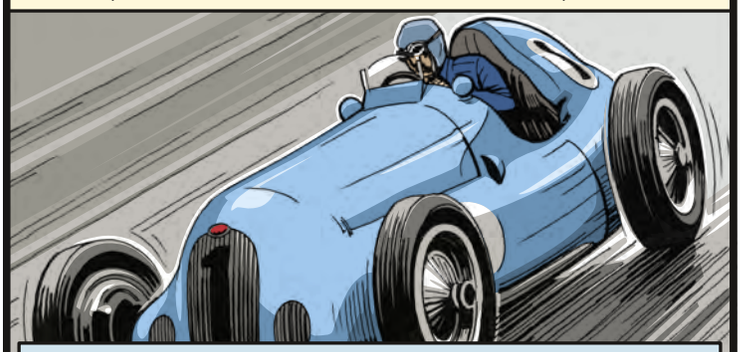
Wimille managed to escape through a window. He hid in a nearby stream and remained there until the searching guards had withdrawn. His wife Christiane and Benoist were captured.

Wimille continued to be involved with the resistance during the weeks leading up to the liberation of Paris.



With the occupation at an end, he rejoined the Free French Air Force and saw out the war flying missions over Germany. He was reunited with his wife, but his great friend Benoist did not survive the war.

On September 9 1945, France's first post-war motor race was held in the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. Wimille was given special permission to attend 'The Robert Benoist Cup', named in honour of his mentor. Several drivers competed in uniform.

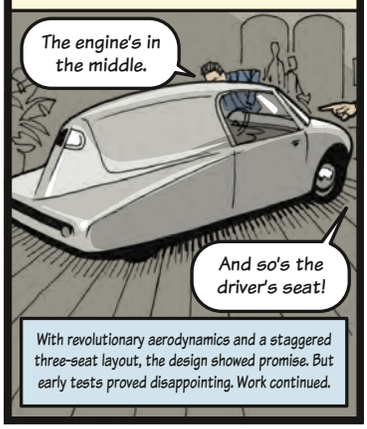


He arrived too late to practise. Despite starting from the back of the grid in his Bugatti, however, Wimille completed the main race of the day with an unassailable lead.

Following demobilisation, Wimille began to campaign an elderly Alfa Romeo 308. Good results brought the offer of a works drive, alongside some of Italy's pre-war greats.

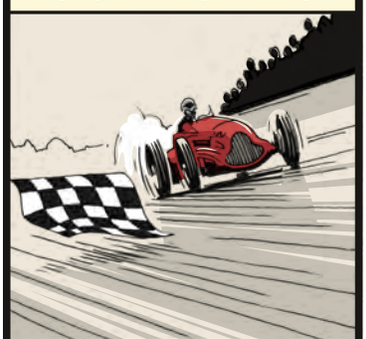


With the war at an end, work on the road car gathered pace. The prototype Wimille was unveiled in June 1946.



With revolutionary aerodynamics and a staggered three-seat layout, the design showed promise. But early tests proved disappointing. Work continued.

Meanwhile, Wimille's sporting career was going from strength to strength.



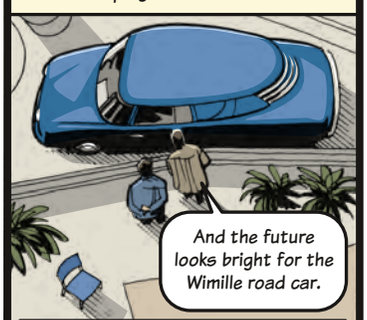
The new Alfa Romeo 158 was the car to beat, and Jean-Pierre was showing clear signs that he had the edge over his Italian team-mates.

1948 Swiss GP, Bremgarten – Wimille lets team-mate Trossi take an emotional victory following Achille Varzi's fatal accident during practice.



The event was a turning point. Wimille was now the undisputed leader of the Alfa Romeo squad and would dominate the rest of the season.

Now a national hero, Wimille would combine his Grand Prix drives for Alfa with a campaign for Simca-Gordini.



A new, more elegant prototype had been displayed at the Salon de Paris, and discussions with Ford of France over the supply of V8 engines were advanced.

In January 1949 Jean-Pierre Wimille travelled to Argentina to compete in the Grand Prix General Peron. His crash during practice has never been fully explained. Blinded by the sun, or attempting to avoid spectators, Wimille lost control and his Simca-Gordini struck a tree. He would die from head and chest injuries soon afterwards.



Arguably the greatest driver of the immediate post-war period, Wimille lost the best years of his career to the conflict. His untimely death, one year before the birth of the world championship, robbed him of the chance to become an F1 title winner. Sadly, the impetus behind his revolutionary road car was also lost.

Wimille was posthumously awarded the Légion d'Honneur. His memorial still stands in the Bois de Boulogne.



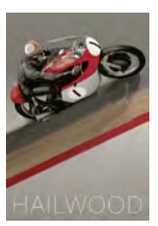
Numbered amongst the pall-bearers at his funeral were Farina, Ascari and Fangio – men who in Wimille's absence would share the driver's World Championship title for the next eight years.

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The Sands of lap time



REIGNING WORLD CHAMPION GIUSEPPE Farina was part of Alfa Romeo's works team in 1951, but was allowed to race his own Maserati 4CLT/48 at Zandvoort after Alfa decided not to take part. Farina led the race from pole position ahead of the Talbots of Louis Chiron (4), Philippe Étancelin (8) and Johnny Claes (10), Stirling Moss in the Formula 2 HWM-Alta (28), Rudolf Fischer's unique 2.5-litre Ferrari 212 (26) and Duncan Hamilton's Talbot. In the background are the HWMs of Lance Macklin and John Heath and the Talbots of Louis Rosier and Pierre Levegh, who was only granted an entry after Peter Whitehead withdrew his Ferrari 125. Unseen in this picture is the Écurie Belge Talbot of André Pilette, who had qualified third and was heading for second place in the race until he spun off at the Scheivlak on lap 84. He continued, but a wheel broke and André was thrown clear as the car rolled. Happily, he was only slightly injured.

ALEX VANDOMBURG ARCHIVES



Grand Prix Zandvoort (ISBN 978-90-820720-0-6) is scheduled for release this autumn. *Motor Sport* readers can obtain a 10 per cent discount on the £77 cover price by using promotional code MSGPZ: go to www.zandvoortgrandprix.com

Niki Lauda won the last Dutch Grand Prix, back in 1985. Local man Mark Koense has researched the host circuit's history and these are a few pictorial highlights from his forthcoming book, *Grand Prix Zandvoort*

THE PROJECT BEGAN FIVE YEARS AGO, WHEN Mark Koense and his team rifled through the cellars of the Nederlands Instituut voor Beeld & Geluid – the Dutch Institute of Image & Sound – wherein a significant motor racing film archive was discovered. The first Zandvoort footage dated back to 1939, when a street race took place through the picturesque coastal town (nine years before the first permanent circuit was built, just across the road from a popular beach).

That and other film extracts, including a colour reel from 1953, will form part of an 80-minute English-language DVD that accompanies the 400-page book: the narrator is Zandvoort resident and former F1 racer Jan Lammers. Many of the book's images are being published for the first time – and they extend beyond photographs. Koense was given access to Ferrari's archive and the book includes a post-race report, written for Enzo Ferrari by Mauro Forghieri, and a Zandvoort set-up sheet for the 246 Dino.

The circuit's setting and sweeps made it a popular venue with the F1 community, but it would eventually be outgrown by the sport.



DAN GURNEY RACES HIS new and disappointingly slow Porsche 804 through Gerlach during practice for the opening round of the 1962 world championship.

PORSCHE



KEES VAN DE GRINT ARCHIVES

THE OPENING LAP OF THE 1968 DUTCH Grand Prix: Jochen Rindt races towards Gerlach in his Brabham BT26, which for the first time featured a rear wing and a Repco V8 with four valves per cylinder. The Austrian would lose the lead to Graham Hill's Lotus during this opening lap, but Jackie Stewart took command in his Matra on lap three.



HANS ROZENDAAL

ONE OF THE SCARABS OF 24-YEAR-OLD American Lance Reventlow, son of a Danish count and Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton. In 1958, two years before this was taken, Lance set up Reventlow Automobiles in Los Angeles to build and race his own Chevy V8-powered Scarab sports cars. For 1959 Reventlow started constructing a Grand Prix car powered by a four-cylinder engine laid on its side and featuring desmodromic valves. Getting the complicated engine to run properly took time and the first F1 Scarabs were only completed in the spring of 1960, the last year of the 2.5-litre era. By now, the car's front-engined layout was obsolete. Neither Reventlow nor team-mate Chuck Daigh qualified for the 1960 Monaco GP, being more than 15sec off the pace. At Zandvoort, a week later, the Scarabs were credited with times quick enough for the top 20, but Reventlow claimed the organisers had sabotaged these times to give the starting field more variety and withdrew his cars.



KEES VAN DE GRINT ARCHIVES

PIERS COURAGE (DE TOMASO 505) pictured on the limit in 1970. Just two wheels touch the ground as he flies through Gerlach. The first Frank Williams-run 505 proved to be overweight and off the pace, prompting designer Gian Paolo Dallara to build a new, modified chassis, which was considerably lighter due to the extensive use of magnesium. Piers qualified in the top ten at Zandvoort, but crashed fatally in the race.


DAVID
PURLEY



HEART-BREAKING scenes at Tunnel Oost as David Purley desperately tries to get people to help him save Roger Williamson during the 1973 Dutch GP.

CEES MOOIJ

PHIL HILL (3) AND CLIFF Allison (16) blast onto the Hunzerug in 1959. In Holland, Allison drove chassis 0004, a Dino 246 with a small-tube frame.



LAT

DEREK DALY CRASHED INTO the Tarzan tyre wall on lap 61 of the 1980 Dutch GP, when his Tyrrell 010's left front brake disc exploded and destroyed the suspension. Brakeless and out of control, the car went straight on at high speed and missed the catch fencing that the Grand Prix Drivers Association had told the organisers to remove following Riccardo Patrese's accident a year earlier. It had hastily been reinstalled after John Watson's Friday practice accident. Miraculously, Daly escaped without injury.



RONWANSINK

JEAN BEHRA (1) KICKS UP some dune sand as he tries to keep his Ferrari Dino 246 ahead of Stirling Moss's Rob Walker Cooper T51 (11) and Graham Hill's Lotus 16 (14) in 1959. The year-old Ferraris were off the pace and Behra finished fifth. Moss had made a bad start, but then drove a great race and would have won had his Cooper lasted the distance. Hill crossed the line in seventh place, while his team-mate Innes Ireland finished fourth.



LAT



LAT

JACKIE STEWART'S BRM H16 LEADS DAN GURNEY'S Eagle T1G through Hugenholtz in 1966. The BRMs were off the pace in practice, but in the race Stewart and his team-mate Graham Hill finished second and fourth respectively. Gurney retired with engine failure.



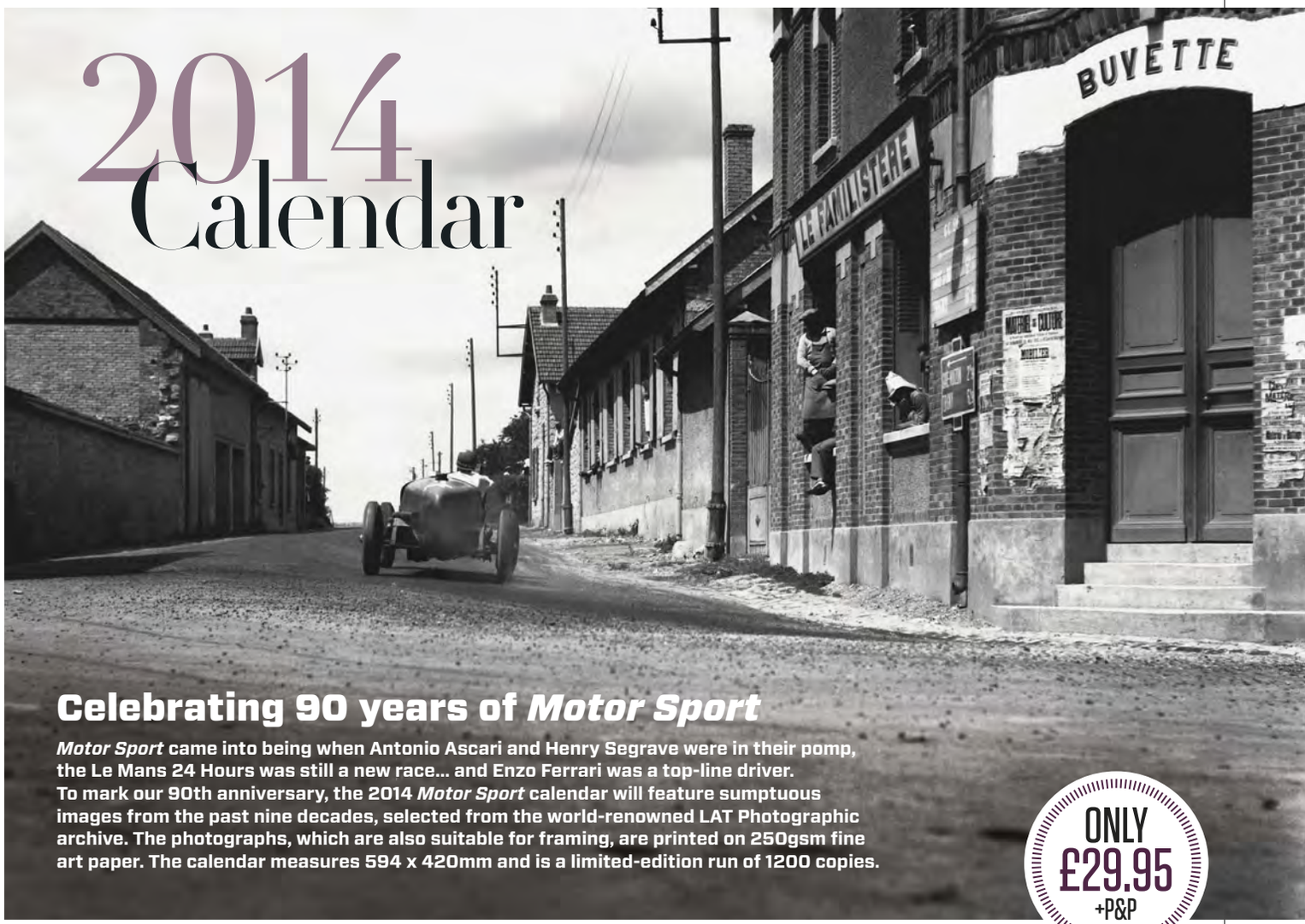
DICK VERGERS

CLARENS ON THE Burgemeester Engelbertstraat in 1970, heading for Garage Davids on the evening of the first practice day. Chief mechanic Alastair Caldwell in Peter Gethin's McLaren M14A is followed by the Alfa V8-powered M14D of Andrea de Adamich. The team recruited Gethin to replace Denny Hulme, who was still recovering from the burns sustained in a testing mishap at Indianapolis.

To get a taste for the Zandvoort DVD, watch a trailer on Motor Sport's *tablet edition*

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Sébastien Ogier

There are quick routes to the top... and then there's the *Méthode Ogier*. Simon Arron chats to the World Rally Championship leader

NAMESAKE LOEB MIGHT HAVE broken most World Rally Championship records, but there are some who believe Sébastien Ogier's potential to be greater still. Comparisons are inevitable – given their shared forename, nationality and speed – but Ogier doesn't mind. "There's no escape," he says, "because people keep talking about it."

At the time of writing, Ogier has an excellent chance of winning world rallying's main title for the first time, five years after he clinched the Junior WRC. In his first season at the wheel of a works Volkswagen Polo R, he has taken a clutch of victories to repay the faith originally shown by French motor sport's governing body, the FFSA.

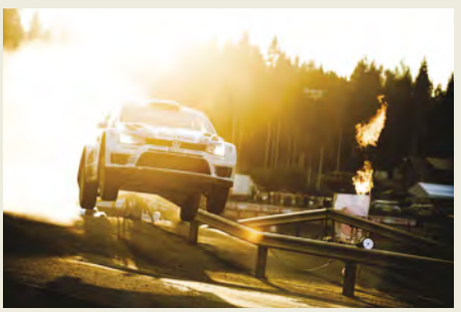
In 2005 Ogier won an FFSA scholarship that earned him a drive in the following season's Peugeot 206 Cup. He took the title in 2007 and was promptly promoted to the global stage, driving a Super 1600 Citroën C2 in the JWRC. He won his class first time out in Mexico, clinched the title in Corsica and was given the opportunity to try a full WRC-spec Citroën C4 on the Rally GB. He led for a while, too, before crashing.

"Things have moved incredibly quickly," he says. "The FFSA scholarship enabled me to compete and results soon came, so much so that I was contesting the Junior WRC within two years. I won that, so progress was pretty rapid. Things only really slowed down in 2012, when I decided to join Volkswagen and had to take a sabbatical to develop the car. I think that was a good decision, though, as recent results have proved. Success has opened other doors, too…"

That's why, earlier this year, he contested the Porsche Supercup race supporting the Monaco Grand Prix… as, too, did Loeb, whose racing credits include second place in the 2006 Le Mans 24 Hours. Both ran in midfield, but Ogier had fractionally the upper hand in both qualifying and the race.

"I drove a Ferrari in the French GT championship at Paul Ricard two years beforehand," he says, "but this was only my second circuit race. A few years ago I would never have thought I'd get a chance to compete on the streets of Monte Carlo. You get a fantastic sensation of speed, with the barriers and buildings being so close… but it's true that it felt quite wide compared with my normal environment."

Mostly, though, this was a light-hearted diversion from the day job. "My season with VW has been much better than we'd dared to imagine," he says. "We reached a very high level incredibly quickly, with three wins and a second place in the first five rallies. It might look relatively easy from the outside, but that's never the case. We have lots of work to do, though. Our performance is good, but we can still improve things for certain conditions.



CAREER IN BRIEF

Born: 17/12/1983, Gap, France
2005: winner, FFSA Rallye Jeunes scholarship
2006-07: Peugeot 206 Cup **2008:** winner, Junior WRC, Citroën **2009-11:** WRC, Citroën **2012:** WRC, Skoda/testing with VW **2013:** WRC, VW

"At the start of the season everyone said we'd been disingenuous, that we hadn't told the truth about our speed, but in Monte Carlo it was a pleasant surprise to see that we were on the pace. We hoped to fight for podiums straight away, but until then we genuinely had no idea where we stood."

Does he harbour any regrets about his sport's evolution, the compression of events and the absence from the World Championship of rallies such as the Safari?

"Not really," he says, "because everything changes in life. There's not much I can do about when I was born! I've just had to deal with my own era, and the very fact I became a professional driver is a dream come true – my hobby is my job. There's no point saying the old days were better. You simply have to move with the times."



Phillips and Eddie Irvine were close allies at Jordan



{ LUNCH WITH }

IAN PHILLIPS

Messenger boy, writer, editor, circuit boss, charity director, team manager, sponsorship hunter... meet a man of many parts

writer SIMON TAYLOR | **photographer** CHARLES BEST

SOMETHING A BIT DIFFERENT this month. The subject of this 'Lunch With…' is hardly a household name: indeed many motor sport enthusiasts may never have heard of Ian Phillips. Yet he has been a motor racing insider for more than 40 years, from messenger boy to magazine editor, from driver mentor to race circuit manager, from sponsorship hunter to F1 team director. He seems to know absolutely everybody who's anybody in motor racing, and they all know him. Gregarious, garrulous, irreverent, he is hilarious company, but he is also extremely shrewd. In the secretive world of Formula 1 he has always understood what's really going on, who's calling the shots, who is pulling whose financial strings. He's one of the few who can go up to Bernie Ecclestone, bend down from his six-foot-plus height to mutter the latest scurrilous rumour in the great man's ear, and be rewarded by a shadow of interest flashing across Mr E's hatchet features.

Ian lives in a sylvan part of Oxfordshire which has become something of a motor sports enclave. Adrian Newey, David Richards and Adrian Reynard are near neighbours, and a favourite pub is the Nut Tree in the village of Murcott. From its Michelin-starred menu Ian, who likes a decent lunch, selects pavé of smoked salmon and slow-roasted pork belly with celeriac purée and apple gravy, helped on its way by a bottle or two of Provençal rosé.

Something else that's different about Ian is that I gave him his first job. Some 44 years ago, long before computers, e-mail and mobile phones, I was editor of the weekly magazine *Autosport*. Freelance race reporters had to send their copy and photographs (known as "words and music") from Cadwell Park or Ingliston, Castle Combe or Rufforth, by overnight train to reach London early on Monday morning. We employed a pensioner who'd spend Monday trudging round on public transport to collect each package from the London termini – or in the case of international reports, from Heathrow or Gatwick – and bring it to the printers where my staff of three and I were working round the clock to put the magazine to bed. When the pensioner confessed it was all getting a bit too much for him, I had a

brainwave: a lad with a scooter could do the job in half the time. I put a line in the magazine: "Messenger boy wanted. Opportunity to learn about printing and motor sport. Two-wheel licence a necessity." One reply came from an 18-year-old schoolboy at Malvern College, and there must have been something in his letter that made me pick it out. Ian takes up the story:

"I CAME FROM A MOTOR RACING household. My father was an Oxfordshire farmer, but he was friendly with people like Peter Whitehead, Brian Shawe-Taylor and Colonel Michael Head, Patrick's father. At Le Mans he and my mother used to run the signalling pits for Tony Rolt and Duncan Hamilton. When you wrote offering an interview I sneaked off school to come to London. I mumbled over the fact that I didn't have a two-wheel licence, or a scooter: all I had was an extremely battered Ford Anglia. But I made lots of keen noises, and you told me I could start the following Monday. You paid me £8 a week, when the cheapest digs I could find were £8.50 a week. But I was happy spending my Mondays haring around London on my Anglia's door-handles, my Tuesdays hanging around Heathrow waiting for Denny Hulme to come through Arrivals hand-carrying our Can-Am copy, and the rest of the week soaking up the news and gossip coming into the office. Finally you sent me to Brands Hatch to cover an MG Car Club meeting that nobody else wanted to do.

"Then in January 1971, when you were off in Argentina covering the Buenos Aires 1000Kms – the race when Ignazio Giunti was killed – two of the staff suddenly left in the same week, and then the other was taken ill. The magazine ended up being put to bed by me and Judy, the voluptuous editorial secretary. After that I sort of moved up the ladder, covering more and more races and getting to know more and more people. Roger Williamson became a special mate – he'd won both the ShellSport and Forward Trust F3 titles in 1972 – and he introduced me to his mentor and sponsor, Tom Wheatcroft. Tom was planning to run two F1 Tyrrells in 1974 for Roger and somebody else, and suggested I go and work for him. But a few weeks later, as I was covering an F2 race in Sweden, news filtered through that Roger had been killed at Zandvoort. It was a dreadful shock. That was the end of Tom's Tyrrell plans – although he'd bought Donington by then, and he said to me, 'Whenever you want, lad, I've got a job for you.'

"Then the guy who'd succeeded you as editor left, and you gave me the job. I'd had no journalistic training, but I loved gossip, and we crammed as much of that as we could into each issue. It wouldn't have won any design awards, but it was really on the button for news. We succumbed to a few in-jokes, too. Pretty childish, but it seemed hilarious at the time. For example, when Jochen Mass was trying to decide which team to drive for, our headline read: 'Mass debates'.

"A big part of the whole news-gathering thing was Being Sociable. During the week we used to drink in the Windsor Castle in North Kensington, and soon people realised that the best way to get a story published was to turn up there on a Wednesday or Thursday evening and buy the staff a round. That's where I first met Eddie Jordan. This mad Irishman came in, bought a round and said, 'I'm going to be Ireland's first World Champion.'

"The 1970s was a vintage period for British motor racing. I put it down to two heroes of mine, Jimmy Brown who ran Silverstone and John Webb who ran the Grovewood circuits. Plus the hugely respected Nick Syrett and Grahame White, who headed up the BRSCC and the BARC and were able to ensure wonderful entry lists. Webby had an acute commercial eye; he was always ready to try something new. There'd be a proper international meeting somewhere in the UK just about every month, huge F3 grids with rising stars on their way to F1, tremendous stuff in all the other classes too. Great racing, and it attracted great crowds. I even did a bit of racing myself. I shared a Gryphon clubmen's car with Ollie Sharpley, and his brother Mark shared another Gryphon with young Patrick Head. But as a racing driver I was useless. Part of the problem was I was usually hung over.





IAN PHILLIPS
CAREER IN BRIEF

Born: 9/2/1951, Oxford
1969: joined *Autosport* as messenger boy. **1973:** Editor. **1976:** Circuit manager,Donington Park. **1979:** Gunnar Nilsson Campaign. **1987:** Team manager, Leyton House F1. **1991:** Commercial director, Jordan F1. **2006:** Midland F1. **2007:** Force India. **2011:** Marussia.



"I EDITED *AUTOSPORT* FOR NEARLY three years, and by the time I was 25 I wanted to do something else. I loved going to races, but the job of editor involved a lot of desk work as well, which wasn't my thing. In 1976 Tom Wheatcroft convinced me he'd got planning permission for Donington and the circuit was all built, neither of which was strictly true, but off I went to Derbyshire. There was masses to do to get it to the point where races could be run, but in early 1977 we were ready for our first event.

"Or we thought we were. We had the track licence, everything was done, and then 24 hours before we were due to open we were served an enforcement notice. It turned out we hadn't complied with one planning requirement, which was to cut the earth bank away at one of the entrances to give exiting traffic a better view of the road. But we didn't own that piece of land. And old Gillies Shields, whose family had owned the Donington Estate, was at loggerheads with Tom and wanted to make

1 Ready to interview F5000 winner Teddy Pilette (with Brands Hatch boss John Webb's wife Angela standing left) **2** Testing Ron Dennis's F2 Rondel at Goodwood **3** A run in friend Gunnar Nilsson's Formula Atlantic Chevron, watched by John Watson (left) and Chris Witty (centre) **4** Phillips spent 15 eventful years working for Eddie Jordan



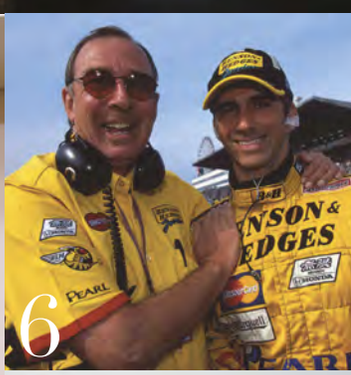




5 Phillips at his desk in 1989, running the Leyton House F1 team **6** With Damon Hill, architect of Jordan's maiden F1 win at Spa in 1998 **7** On the Donington Park podium with circuit owner Tom Wheatcroft and Mike Thackwell









difficulties. Fortunately I'd been at school with his son John, who owned the Priesthouse pub at Castle Donington. Over a couple of pints I managed to negotiate with him a quick purchase of that bit of land, we sent in a JCB, and by 5pm the job was done. But it was a nerve-racking moment.

"At the end of that year we ran the final round of the Formula 2 championship, and before that we had a big motorcycle event and Barry Sheene came. That got us about 25,000, which was as many as we could cope with because the perimeter wall wasn't finished. We had to shell out for lots of police to stop people getting in for nothing. But already Tom was saying, 'One day I'll run a Formula 1 race.'

"Tom and I got on well. He wasn't always the easiest of men, but I could translate what he wanted, and I could make him laugh. The trouble was, too many people took him at face value. But beneath that bluff, genial exterior was a very clever, very wise man. In my life I've known two men who didn't go to school much, probably weren't too keen on reading and writing, but could add and subtract like you couldn't believe. And it's no surprise that Tom and Bernie got on incredibly well. One of Tom's favourite sayings was, 'Ever what you want, lad,' which meant, do whatever you think best. But it was invariably followed by, '…but I reckon…' which was actually an instruction telling you what you were to do. If we were going to a stiff pompous meeting at the RAC he'd say, 'Now lad, pretend you come from the village.' Which meant, just act stupid, don't say anything, and they'll tell you everything you want to know.



"I LEFT DONINGTON TO GET INVOLVED in real international racing again. I moved back to London and my little house in Kensal Rise became somewhere for racing drivers to crash out. Gunnar Nilsson, Derek Daly, Danny Sullivan and lots of others used to camp on our floor. Gunnar became a very close friend, and as he moved up in the racing world he got a house not far from me. During the latter part of the 1977 season – the year he won the Belgian Grand Prix for Lotus – he started to have unexplained pains. One day we were going to a party somewhere and he asked me to drop him off at his doctor's. He said he'd follow on later, but after that I didn't hear from him for two weeks. Then he called and said, 'I've been in hospital. I've got tumours everywhere.'

"After that I pretty much did nothing else except look after him. I was his taxi driver 24 hours a day until he was spending more and more time in Charing Cross Hospital. He said, 'I'm going to fight this. I'm not going to let this disease beat me.' Then at Monza his great, great mate Ronnie Peterson was killed. After that Gunnar seemed to accept he was going to die. He insisted on going to Ronnie's funeral in Sweden. I picked him up from the airport and that night he had some sort of relapse. Six weeks later he was gone.

"But in those final weeks, with extraordinary determination, he set up a charity to raise money for the hospital that had looked after him. He knew Charing Cross desperately needed funds for new equipment to treat cancer. He had a phone put into his room and was on it all day, calling famous Scandinavians to get them to contribute – Björn Borg, ABBA, Prince Bertil of Sweden. Barrie Gill of CSS, who used to do PR for Team Lotus, helped publicise it, and coming back from Gunnar's funeral Barrie asked me to run the charity full-time. I didn't have any option other than to say yes.

"It was an extraordinary time. Charing Cross needed £1.5 million to buy a linear accelerator, which is used in radiation treatment of cancer. These days you'd raise a sum like that in a few weeks, but 35 years ago it was a lot of money. I had massive help from an extraordinary man called David Mason, who'd had a thalidomide child and led the successful campaign to get the drug companies to face up to their responsibility for that. We had great support from drivers, in particular Jackie Stewart and Mario Andretti, who'd been Gunnar's team-mate in his last season, and we ran a Pro-Am tennis tournament at the NEC with the likes of Hunt, Fittipaldi and Patrese playing stars like Björn Borg and Vitas Gerulaitis. We got that covered by BBC TV.

"Bernie helped us put on a fastest lap competition at Donington and made all the F1 teams send one of their drivers. David Mason flew to Buenos Aires and persuaded Fangio to come over and demonstrate a pre-war Grand Prix Mercedes. We got a good crowd even though the weather was dreadful. Somebody took a great shot of Fangio sideways in the rain, we sent 1000 copies to him in Argentina, and he signed them all for us to sell. And George Harrison donated all the proceeds from his wonderful song *Faster* to Gunnar's fund.

"MY LITTLE HOUSE IN KENSAL GREEN BECAME SOMEWHERE FOR DRIVERS TO CRASH OUT ON THE FLOOR"



Phillips (nearest camera) racing his Clubmans Gryphon at Silverstone in 1973

Then it turned out that we had to raise another £1 million on top, because Charing Cross needed a building to put the accelerator in. But in 18 months we'd covered it all.

"After that I became a sort of news freelance. I did the news pages for *Autosport* each week, and by shelling out for this new-fangled thing called a fax machine I was able to sell the same stuff to 11 other outlets round the world. News and gossip was my stock in trade. I had a good address book and a good memory, so I never carried a notebook or a recorder or behaved like a journalist. And I could drink most people under the table, which helped.

"I also did PR for Marlboro, Bridgestone, March, anyone who wanted a press release. I did course commentary at Silverstone. And I did some work on the side for Bernie and Max [Mosley], working from that ex-Frank Sinatra glass apartment that Bernie had overlooking the Thames. It was at the height of the battles with FIA President Jean-Marie Balestre, who was suing *Autosport* over a photo that had been published on my watch of him during World War II wearing Nazi SS uniform – his defence was that he had been a double agent. Max and Bernie were trying to set up the World Federation of Motor Sport in competition to the FIA, and I was well placed to get the inside story for my various outlets. In the end they settled it all with the Concorde Agreement.

"I WAS NOW HELPING A LOT OF YOUNG F2 and F3 drivers organise themselves. I did it for free, which I rather regret now, certainly the ones who became World Champions, anyway! But that was a good source of news stories too. And I looked after the Marlboro drivers at the first F3 Macau Grand Prix in 1983. Marlboro Theodore Racing was an amalgamation of Dick Bennetts' West Surrey Racing and Eddie Jordan Racing. Dick prepared the cars and I'm not quite sure what EJ did, but he made a lot of noise doing it. Ayrton won both races by virtue of his incredible speed on the first lap, on cold tyres. He was simply in a class of his own.

"I went to Japan a lot for Marlboro, looking after Mike Thackwell. Then Leyton House, a Japanese property company, decided they wanted to run a European driver. In 1986 Ivan Capelli was F3000 champion, so we got him over for three Japanese F2 races and I think he won one and was second in one. After that we went to see Leyton House boss Akira Akagi, and he turned to Ivan's manager Cesare Garibaldi and said, 'What do you want to do?' Cesare said, 'We want to do F1.' 'How much will that cost?' '$1.5 million.' So Akagi wrote out a cheque there and then for $1.5 million and said, 'You're in F1.'

"In those days the 3.5-litre normally aspirated cars were coming back, and single-car teams were allowed. So we went to see Robin Herd at March, which had been out of F1 for several seasons, gave him the $1.5 million, and said, 'That's to run Ivan.' Six weeks later Robin called me and said, 'I can't find anybody to run this F1 team. I want you to do the job.' Typical Robin, he said, 'The factory's all waiting, everything's ready to go.' When I got there the electricity was cut off, the gas was cut off and dear old Gordon Coppuck and Ray Stokoe were working by candlelight to convert an F3000 March into an F1 car. There was I, a journalist who'd spent the past 15 years telling people how bad they were at running a team, suddenly finding out how bad I was.

"From the start we had horrendous problems. We got three engines from Heini Mader, went to Brazil for the first race, blew up one engine on Friday and another on Saturday. So we withdrew. I managed to buy another engine from Frank Williams, we struggled on, and at Monaco we got a point for sixth and were second non-turbo home. Now I'd got Brian Hart, who was meant to be exclusively Tyrrell's engine builder, to do our engines, and in Austria and Portugal we were first non-turbo home. Ken Tyrrell forgave me for using Brian, because we shared a passion for cricket and that's all we ever talked about. But I knew we needed to take a step forward, so during that season I said to Robin, 'We need Newey.'

"I'd known Adrian since he'd engineered Johnny Cecotto in F2 six years earlier. Then he'd gone on to Indycar and Carl Haas. But we got him back very cheaply, he was an absolute bargain. Now I suppose he's on about £15 million a year. But he is a fabulously nice man as well as a fabulously clever one. No ego at all. The car he designed for 1988 was still called a March, because we didn't buy ourselves out of March until late 1989, but we were a two-car team now because Mauricio Gugelmin had come in as a paying driver. John Judd had designed an Indycar engine for Honda which had been shelved, so I got Honda's agreement to use it in F1 form, and I signed an exclusive deal with Judd for nine engines at £100,000



A very hairy Phillips listens in at Brands Hatch in 1971 as Niki Lauda and James Hunt chat, while Max Mosley strikes a contemplative pose

each. Then Frank Williams needed an engine, and he had Mansell and Patrese, so suddenly I no longer had my exclusive.

"But the car that Adrian designed was amazing. It was the smallest F1 car ever, up to that time. We went to Imola for the first test, and the cockpit was so small Ivan had no skin left on the back of his hands after a few laps. There was lots to do, but finally at 3am we all went back to the hotel, leaving Adrian in the garage. When we came back at 6.30am Adrian had made a mould, produced some neat fibreglass fairings to clear Ivan's hands, and already fitted them to the car. All we had to do was paint them. The guy is a real racer."

By the end of the season the little Leyton House team was very competitive. In Portugal Ivan qualified third and finished second, chasing Alain Prost's McLaren home. In Japan, from fourth on the grid, he was second to Prost's McLaren by lap six. Ten laps later he passed the McLaren to take the lead – the first time a non-turbo car had led a Grand Prix for four years. But Prost sneaked ahead again, and three laps later the March died and Capelli was out. "We discovered later that Ivan had caught the off-switch with his glove and killed the engine. To this day he says he doesn't know how he did it, but Adrian did design a very small cockpit.

"On his day Ivan was spectacularly good, but in January 1989 Cesare Garibaldi, who'd mentored him ever since F3, was killed in a road accident, and that knocked him a bit. By now we'd bought ourselves out of March. Robin was floating the company on the stock exchange, and Adrian wanted out because he said there were too many compromises with what they were making for us, although we still used a lot of March bits. We had our own tiny factory in Bicester, and we called the car CG891 in Cesare's memory.

"From the start of 1990 we had trouble with our new car: it was an aerodynamic issue to do with the Southampton wind tunnel, and in Brazil neither of our cars qualified. I developed a massive headache which I thought was the stress of the cars not qualifying, and I flew home as soon as I could. When I got home Bernie came on the phone, wanting the new Concorde Agreement signed, and I said, 'I've got a headache, I can't get rid of it.' He said, 'I'll tell Sid.' Ten minutes later I was in Sid Watkins' hands, and he got me into the Hospital for Infectious Diseases in the Whitechapel Road. Turned out I had meningitis. For the next five months I was completely out of it. I was back for Hungary, but it wasn't the same. Adrian had gone to Williams and Leyton House was being run by accountants. I finished the 1990 season and then left. In 1991 they ran the Ilmor engine – a deal Adrian and I had set up with Roger Penske – but in 1992 they went bust, and back in Japan Akagi got 14 years for what was then said to be the world's biggest fraud.

"MEANWHILE EDDIE JORDAN TOLD ME he was coming into F1 and maybe I'd like to throw in my lot with him. I started with EJ on January 2 1991, and there followed 15 years of incredibly hard work and incredible fun. I think I was called Commercial Director, but the title meant nothing. EJ was a brilliant ideas man. He had the balls, the gift of the gab, and could cover 30 topics in 60 seconds. My job was to translate all that into something that could actually work. And we were a super little group: Gary Anderson was fantastic, of course, and Trevor Foster I'd known since he was Roger Williamson's F3 mechanic. Getting through the first season is one thing; it's the second year that's tough. We started with sponsorship from 7Up, which was Pepsi, and it wasn't a lot of money, about $1.1 million. The following year we lost them, because they put all their funds into a Michael Jackson tour. But our biggest sponsor that first year was Marlboro, who paid us $3.5 million to run Andrea de Cesaris. I think I gave them the mirrors for that.

"I was always a big fan of de Cesaris, who was much better than people said. He was erratic, but he was quick. He had experience – it was his 11th F1 season – and he brought money. We needed both. First race, Phoenix, he buzzed the engine and didn't pre-qualify, then in Brazil he had a huge accident which was probably his fault. Then he settled down. At Monaco he ran in the top six until his throttle linkage broke. Bertrand Gachot was in the other car, and of course he had that altercation with a taxi driver in Shepherd's Bush, sprayed CS gas in his face, and got locked up just before Spa. That's how we ended up giving Michael Schumacher his F1 debut."

Ian then spends the next half-bottle recounting the fascinating tug-of-war with Benetton over Schumacher. Space doesn't allow it all to appear here, but the climax came in an all-night meeting in the Villa d'Este on the Friday before the Italian GP, Ian and EJ versus Tom Walkinshaw and Flavio Briatore, with Bernie as referee. Jordan ran Roberto Moreno for the next two races, and then Alex Zanardi for the last three. Ian describes Zanardi as "the fastest man who ever raced a Jordan. Ever. Completely out of control, but phenomenally quick. We wanted him for 1992, but we couldn't afford him."

The list of drivers who went through Jordan over the seasons, and whom Ian looked after, is long. In 1993 the 21-year-old Rubens Barrichello joined from F3000, and was sensational in his third race at Donington. "Everybody talks about Senna's first lap in the wet in that European GP. But Rubens went from 12th on the grid to fourth on lap one, and ran as high as second. He did four seasons with us, and he and Gary had a great working relationship; they really trusted each other.

"Then from the end of 1993 I had to cope with two Eddies. Irvine had made himself a lot of money racing in Japan and also playing the Hong Kong stock exchange. Within 30 seconds of our meeting he and I just gelled. We had a real roller-coaster ride for the next three years. The guy had total belief in what he was about, and he knew how to play the game. In the end he wanted to go to Ferrari, and Maranello paid us $4 million to buy out his contract. EJ also negotiated Irvine's salary, which because Ferrari was unreliable at the time included a big bonus every time he retired due to mechanical failure. He did well at Ferrari, then he went off and did three years with Jaguar Racing before quitting F1. He's worth £400 million now and owns an island in the Bahamas, a yacht club, a property company, a software company, a shipping company. His father, Eddie Sr, sold fifth-hand cars off a Belfast bomb-site. But he was brought up to understand the value of a penny.

"Our sponsor from 1996 was the cigarette brand Benson & Hedges. We convinced them that yellow would work better on the cars than gold, and in the countries where tobacco sponsorship wasn't allowed their agency, Saatchis, had to think up different wording: Buzzin' Hornets, Bitten & Hisses with the snake. The best was the same words with four letters left out, Be On Edge, which EJ's daughter dreamed up. In 1998 we took on Damon Hill for two seasons. It was what B&H wanted. I don't remember the exact figure, but you're

"ZANARDI IS THE FASTEST MAN WHO RACED A JORDAN – OUT OF CONTROL, BUT PHENOMENALLY QUICK"

probably talking £8 million for one season, and you can be sure that B&H paid most of it.

"But to start with things didn't go well. Up to Hockenheim Damon hadn't scored a single point. Williams was fourth in the championship at that stage, and we had only the three points that Ralf had scored. I sat Damon down and said, 'Come on, we can beat Williams.' And we went from last in the constructors to fourth. Damon scored points in all the remaining rounds save one, and of course he scored our maiden victory at Spa, with Ralf second.

"Then came 1999. To be fair, Damon never did like the new grooved tyres [which were introduced in 1998], and Heinz-Harald Frentzen, his new team-mate who replaced Ralf Schumacher, was flying. Damon told ITV he wanted to quit before he told us. So we sat down, worked it all out, what we were going to pay him, who was going to do what, and he was going to have his last race at Silverstone, with a cavalcade with all his and Graham's cars. Then we got together to sign it all on the Monday before the race and he never turned up. He'd changed his mind and decided to see out the season.

"Frentzen was a strange guy, but on his day absolutely untouchable. In qualifying at the Nürburgring in '99 he was still sitting in the pits with five minutes left, hadn't even done a banker lap, and then he went out and planted it on pole. He was leading the race by miles; then he forgot to press 'cancel' on an electronic gizmo we had on the rev limiter, and the car stopped. But he was third in the championship that year. In 2001 he crashed coming out of the Monaco tunnel, which gave him a bad bang on the head. After that he was off the pace. We had a lot of German sponsorship from Deutsche Post, but EJ decided he had to go. So we sacked him immediately before the German Grand Prix. Not a good idea. Driving into the circuit the locals were trying to turn over our minibus, and there were 'Jordan F*** Off' signs in the stands. After two races with Ricardo Zonta we took on Jean Alesi, who of course had driven for Eddie in F3000. Jean is a wonderful man who always galvanised any team he joined. He did his last five Grands Prix for us, and was in the points at Spa.

"Our relationship with Honda was always very good. But we were their No 2, because BAR was the works team even though it was an unhappy ship from Day One. To be fair Honda did try to buy Jordan Grand Prix, and offered Eddie £60 million. He went away with Marie to think about it, but decided it was unfinished business. We hadn't won a race at that point. Later on he sold 49 per cent of the team to a private equity bank for £40 million, so he secured himself and his family. But five years later the writing was on the wall for the smaller teams, the manufacturers were coming back in, and Honda bought itself out of its contract.



"I WON'T CALL IT A CAREER, MORE A WAY OF LIFE. BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED A MINUTE"

Suddenly we had to pay for our engines again. In 2003 we were with Cosworth, very much the poor relation to Jaguar. Ford charged us $22 million and we had 27 blow-ups. Giancarlo Fisichella won in Brazil for Jordan in 2003, Ford's final F1 victory. They still didn't like us.

"In 2005 after a constructors' meeting at Heathrow Bernie said to Eddie, 'I'll give you a lift back to town – there's someone I want you to meet.' That was Alex Schnaider. Six weeks later EJ had sold the team. The day the deal was signed Eddie sat in my office in floods of tears saying, 'I'm a failure.' I told him, 'EJ, you're anything but a failure. You've created a great team, we've all got jobs and you're rich'."

So after working so closely with EJ for 15 years, Ian found himself responsible to a Russian commodities trader whom he'd never met. "In fact Alex didn't really get involved. He renamed the team Midland, but he sold it again within seven months to Michiel Mol and Spyker. Colin Kolles, who'd been running an F3 team, was brought in, and initially I didn't really have a job apart from them coming to me and saying, 'How does this work?' Then I think Toyota, with whom I'd originally done the 2005 engine deal, asked for me to be more involved. But Midland was now a back of the grid team. In 2007 the Spyker share was sold to Vijay Mallya and the team became Force India.

"I THINK IT'S FAIR TO SAY THAT VIJAY and I disliked each other from Day One. He's a very rude man. His father founded Kingfisher Breweries in India way back in the 1950s and he inherited it, a huge sales and distribution organisation, when he was 28. We really fell out after the 2009 Belgian Grand Prix, when Fisichella took pole and finished second less than a second behind Räikkönen's Ferrari. After that he banned me from going to races because he said too many journalists were talking to me and I was on telly too often.

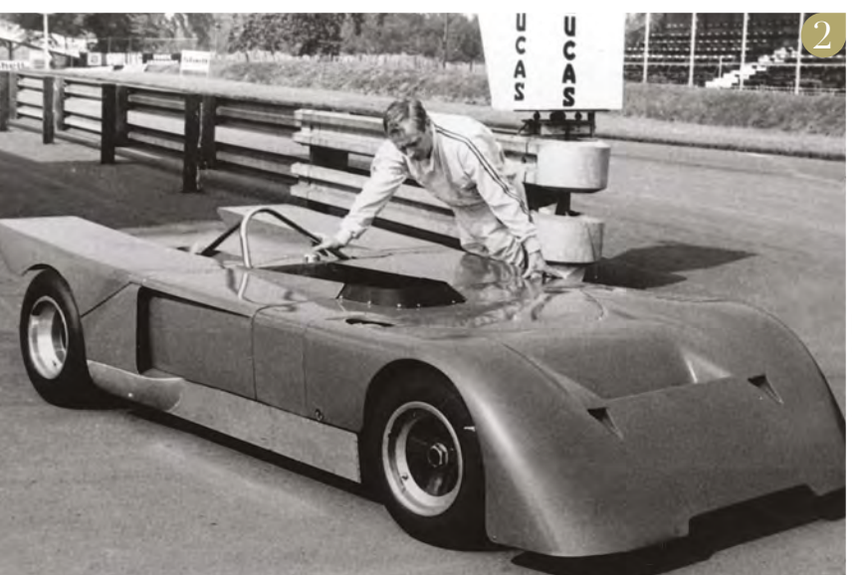
"But it was probably the best thing that could have happened. I was nearly 60, I'd been on the road pretty much for 40 years, and I didn't realise it but I was tired. My first marriage had lasted 19 years – that was to Murleen, an American girl I met when she was working in the Tootsies' hamburger restaurant in Notting Hill. We tied the knot on a boat in the harbour during the Monaco Grand Prix, and we had three kids and now five grandchildren. Then in 1997 at the Argentine GP I met Sam Howe, fashion editor of *The Sun*. We've been together for 16 years now, and our son Oscar is 10.

"After Force India I relaxed for nine months, went to the gym, lost 25kg. Then I spent the 2011 season as Chief Operating Officer at Marussia, and pulled it all together with the Manor Motorsport guys into the old Ascari sports car factory in Banbury. The plan was to amalgamate Marussia and Caterham, and Bernie was keen for it to happen, because he'd rather have one strong team than two weak ones. The deal was done, but it fell apart in the detail. I finished with them in September 2012, but carried on as a consultant for a while. And I'm still working now. I've got one or two things on the go which I can't talk about. And I'm helping a couple of young drivers.

"If I hadn't written you that letter from school in 1969, I suppose I'd have ended up a farmer, like my dad. Instead I've had an extraordinary time: I won't call it a career, more a way of life. There have been ups and there have been downs, but I wouldn't have missed a single minute of any of it. So I'm pretty pleased that, 44 years ago, you somehow picked my letter out of the pile." M



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1 Bennett and B8 in action at Crystal Palace in 1968 **2** Architect and creation – Chevron's founder prepares to give the B16 Spyder its first run at Oulton Park in 1970 **3** Bennett was Chevron's driving force – and literally so **4** Racing the pioneering Clubmans B1 at Mallory Park, 1965

4



Winning on demand

Derek Bennett didn't plan to be a manufacturer, but when his Chevrons started winning, customers started ringing. Eighty years on from his birth, we recall an often overlooked talent

writer SIMON ARRON

VITTORIO JANO, Alec Issigonis, Colin Chapman, Carroll Shelby, Mauro Forghieri, Gordon Murray, Adrian Newey… Some automotive designers have an eternally high profile, but you'll rarely see Derek Bennett's name cited in such company. An injustice, perhaps, but the evidence suggests he wouldn't have wanted things any other way. Born 80 years ago in Manchester, he was a quiet, industrious figure who preferred the lathe to the limelight – a self-taught engineer who was also exceptionally handy behind the wheel.

"Derek and I first met at the Belle Vue speedway track," says Paul Owens, who became a pivotal cog throughout Chevron's heyday. "I was 15 and having a practice ride on a speedway bike. I noticed some midget racers in the paddock. I'd seen a few parked in Salford, where I lived, so I wandered over and asked the driver where he was based, and whether I could pop over some time to have a proper look. It was Derek and that was the beginning of a long-lasting friendship."

Without sufficient money to buy a racing car, Bennett's solution was to build his own – and he raised cash for that by repairing and preparing road and racing cars from small premises in Frederick Road, Salford. "He was very good at that kind of thing," Owens says. "He undertook lots of inventive projects before I knew him: he once made a gearbox in his back garden by digging a hole in the ground and pouring in aluminium that he'd melted on a stove. He was very inventive in that kind of way. Much of his dexterity could be traced to his love of making and flying model aircraft – a hobby he inherited from his mother, who competed successfully. That's where he learned about wings and creating lift without drag.

"In the early days I began serving an apprenticeship with another firm and, after finishing my daily job, I'd go to Derek's garage, work from five until seven, then we'd repair to my mother's for dinner before returning to the garage until about midnight. That's what we did seven days a week, repairing or preparing road and racing cars. As time went on Derek taught me more and more. We did occasionally go out for drinks together and chase girls, as you do. We even shared a girlfriend at one stage, if memory serves – I think he pinched her from me, but it never affected our friendship. We were colleagues, but very much mates."

His earliest cars – for the 750 and 1172 Formulae, plus a one-off Formula Junior – were known as Bennett Specials and were for the most part competitive. "His 750 was quick, although the engine kept breaking," Owens says. "With the side-valve 1172 it was difficult optimising the compression ratio and gas flow, so he machined the head so that a piston came out of the top and into the head, to create a good throat for the gases to flow. He did his own Formula Junior engine, too. He decided he wanted big valves, but they wouldn't fit because they'd be too close to the exhaust valve and cylinder. That led him to devise offset valve guides, which Cosworth introduced as a tweak about two years later. Derek had a knack of overcoming problems, but the wider world didn't always know what he was doing. He just thought logically and got on with things."

The transition from home-building to full-scale manufacture began slowly, but soon gathered pace. "We'd been repairing a Daimler Dart for racer Brian Classick," Owens says, "and Derek proposed to Brian that they should perhaps try their hand at Clubmans. Brian agreed and we set about building two chassis. We had engines, gearboxes and four wheels, then kind of perched on a plank of wood to see where the driver needed to sit and where everything else should be. On that basis we were then able to make chassis frames.

"During the build process, a couple of us said, 'Derek, we can't enter these as Bennett Specials, we need something more creative'. He wasn't keen on that type of thing, but one

ALL IMAGES FROM LAT, FERRET & DEREK BENNETT ARCHIVES

day we popped into a local garage where we used to buy nuts, bolts, fan belts and other bits and bobs we needed. We were standing at the counter and there was a big poster featuring all the UK's road markings and signs. Among them was one that read, 'chevron, a distinguishing mark' – and we said, 'Chevron – that's what we'll call ourselves'. It was the 'distinguishing mark' bit that attracted us."

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BENNETT HAD MOVED BETWEEN MODEST premises in Salford and was in School Street when the first Chevron, christened B1, came into being, "We took the cars to Kirkistown," Owens says, "and Derek was also driving a Brabham BT14 in the Formula Libre race so I was entrusted with shaking down the B1, which made me the first person ever to drive a Chevron. Derek then took over and won the car's maiden race at a canter. After that, a lot of people were interested in buying replicas and that sparked the move to the company's spiritual home in Bolton. The School Street premises could only really accommodate two cars... and one of Derek's friends, Tommy Humphries, used part of the garage to do resprays. When he started you had to leave because of the fumes – although I'm not sure he ever wore a mask."

Chevron moved into a converted mill and Bennett designed an uprated Clubmans chassis, the B2. "People then began asking whether we could add a roof," Owens says. "The answer was 'Not really', but if people wanted a fixed-head GT then Derek said he'd build one, hence the B4, B5, B6s and B8s. They were all evolutions of each other.

"By then we had six or seven people working with us and were wondering what to do next. Rodney Bloor at Sports Motors was the Brabham agent in Manchester and suggested we make a single-seater. He said he'd get Peter Gethin to drive it and that began another long relationship." The B7 made its debut at Brands Hatch in October 1967 and Gethin set fastest lap en route to second behind John Miles's Lotus 41, but lost the place when he was penalised for jumping the start.

In a very short space of time Chevron had morphed from a builder of low-volume club racers into a company with widespread racing interests, similar in nature to Lola (established in 1958) and March, whose foundation was still a couple of years away. The company was a motor racing staple through the 1970s and scored some memorable victories, not least Peter Gethin's conquest of F1 opposition with a B24 F5000 car in the 1973 Race of Champions at Brands Hatch.

"My favourite Chevron," says Owens, "was probably the B19 two-litre sports car, which evolved from the B16 Spyder. Brian Redman was leading the 1970 Nürburgring 500Kms in a Spyder when an oil union broke and the car caught fire. We rushed it back to Bolton for repairs, because a fortnight later there was a race at Spa, where Brian had the race of a lifetime with Jo Bonnier's Lola. They were passing and repassing every lap: they'd pit at the same time, rejoin as one and resume. Then Brian missed a gear and Bonnier had a lead of about eight lengths. We thought that was it, because he'd lost the tow, but on the next lap he came past in the lead having done the same time in a 2.0 Chevron that he'd previously managed in a 3.0 Porsche. On the final lap, Bonnier tried to pass Brian at La Source – and whichever of them won the race would take the title. Both cars spun, but Brian was quickest to select first gear and managed to get across the line – the crowd stood up as one to applaud and I've never seen anything quite like it."

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UNIQUELY, EVERY CHEVRON MODEL would be tested by its creator.

"Many a time Derek was quicker than the regular drivers," Owens says. "The B16 sports car looked lovely, but was a bit of a dog in the early days, if I'm honest. I drove it a couple of times and it was scary. Anyway, we were testing at Oulton with Tim Schenken and Peter Gethin and they couldn't get on the pace. Derek jumped in and went about 1.5sec quicker, at which point they realised that – as professionals – they'd better get on with it. Even with the later F5000 cars, B24s and stuff, he would sometimes lap more quickly than the usual driver. That's how Derek was – just brilliant."

Eje Elgh has clear memories of the Bennett approach. The Swede came over to the UK in 1977 and, with help from experienced compatriots Ronnie Peterson and Torsten Palm, struck a deal to race one of Bennett's B38s in the British F3 Championship.

"Ronnie, Torsten and I went to Bolton at the start of the year," he says, "and it didn't look anything like a racing car factory – it was just an old brick mill, but inside there was lots of productivity. Dave Wilson and Paul Owens looked after the racing side and disappeared with Ronnie and Torsten to discuss business, which left me to look around on my own. I met Derek very briefly and to me he seemed like a quiet, older gentleman. I only learned subsequently about his background.

"Not long afterwards, I was testing my F3 car at Oulton Park and Derek was there in one of the Ferrari-engined B40 F2 chassis. He had an old helmet, no gloves, thin cotton overalls and I don't think he wore racing shoes, but the way he drove that car really opened my eyes to his ability. I was super-impressed."

And how did the B38 feel, for an aspiring young driver? "One word," Elgh says. "Forgiving. You always knew what would happen and you always had something to


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1 Reine Wisell (B15) leads Ronnie Peterson (Tecno), Bev Bond (Brabham), Tim Schenken (Brabham) and Tetsu Ikuzawa (Lotus) during the 1969 British GP F3 support. B15 driver Allan Rollinson won **2** Jo Siffert in F2 B18 at Thruxton, 1971 **3** Derek Daly (B38) attacks the Cadwell Park mountain, 1977 **4** Bolton HQ **5** Bennett with Chevron mainstay Brian Redman







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1 Eje Elgh (Chevron B38) and Brett Riley (March 773) vie for European F3 honours at Donington Park, 1977. Riley eventually gained the upper hand **2** B8 in a B16 sandwich at this year's Silverstone Classic **3** John Watson flying at the 'Ring in a works B26, shared with Peter Gethin in 1974 **4** Gethin's B24 defeats F1 rivals, Brands Hatch Race of Champions 1973 **5** David Purley contested *Motoring News* GT races in a B8 during the 1969 season



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Paul Owens (fifth from left) and team with Brian Redman's title-winning B16 Spyder, 1970

work with, because it made you feel confident. That applied to the F3 and F2 cars – and I noticed it again in 2012, when I repurchased my old B38 for the Monaco historic meeting. It allowed me to go faster and faster, even though nowadays I have rubbish eyesight and terrible reactions! It gave me enormous confidence and nothing was ever a surprise."

Had Elgh considered pursuit of any other bygones? "No," he says. "Before coming to the UK I was working in my father's garage and drove in Formula Super Vee. I did some international events, but essentially I was a club racer and couldn't see myself as a professional. Then I was taken to England and the B38 transformed my whole life. As a result, Chevron has a huge place in my heart."

Fellow B38 racer Derek Daly was one of Elgh's rivals in 1977 – and the pair made their F2 debuts simultaneously that season, driving Chevron B40s in Estoril, before graduating full time in 1978.

"The Chevrons were unusual," Daly says, "because the harder you drove, the faster you went. Nowadays you tend to go more slowly if you push too hard, because you need to be so precise, but Chevrons had a reputation for going faster when you really hammered them across the kerbs and so on. Perhaps they weren't ultimately as fast as a March over a lap, but over a season it was the best option. The cars were never on edge – Chevron built great, fast, forgiving customer chassis."

By the time Daly and Elgh came on board, though, Chevron's days as a successful volume manufacturer were sadly numbered.

"Derek had developed an interest in hang-gliding," Owens says. "I disapproved, but it was an extension of his interest in aerodynamics and he liked it. He bought a glider that was basically very good, but had a habit of stalling. He devised a system of Bowden cables and wires to change the wing angles in flight. It worked well, but in March 1978 – while away with my son, who was competing in motocross – I received a message from Derek's sister, to say that he'd had an accident. Some medical experts came from Manchester to see him in hospital, but nothing could be done. The glider stalled, but there hadn't been enough space to recover and he hit a hillside. He didn't have any massive physical injuries, but he was wearing an open-face helmet and caught his temple on a rock. He hardly had a mark on him. I stayed by his bedside until he died, because he was like a brother to me. I owe my whole career to Derek. I'm lucky to have been fairly successful and, whenever I've faced a problem, I've always thought, 'How would Derek have dealt deal with this?' It's never done me any harm."

Following Bennett's death, Chevron had a successful 1978 season – particularly with the B42, in F2. "We weren't in brilliant shape financially," says Owens, "and I think we lost a bit of customer confidence without Derek. It was the beginning of the ground-effect era and I was reasonably friendly with Tony Southgate, so asked him to help. He applied some of his F1 ideas to our 1979 chassis, but they didn't really translate. The cars weren't actually bad, but we didn't have money to develop them."

The only F1 Chevron F1 – the B41 – raced in 1979, too, although it had never been intended for such a purpose. "It was a project for Derek to test, no more," Owens says. "He wanted to learn what was required to make an F1 car. He felt that was a logical next step." Ultimately, though, the car was sold to raise much-needed revenue – and it achieved reasonable results in the Aurora British F1 Championship, driven by several of the period's rising British stars.

"That year," says Owens, "Paul Brown also designed a Can-Am Chevron for 1980 and it looked promising. We received a cheque for two cars from Paul Newman, but promised not to cash it unless the bank gave us the money to carry on, which it wouldn't. We gave Paul his money back and closed the company…"

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CHEVRON RACING CARS WAS FORMALLY liquidated early in 1980, although the marque remains well represented in historic events. Does Owens think Chevron would have flourished had it not lost its inspiration, a man who never had his own office but preferred to treat the workshop floor as his domain?

"I often wonder what might have become of us," he says. "After Chevron closed I carried on in the same premises with Maurer – and most of the guys joined me. Paul Brown did the drawings, too. If you look at the things Chevron did, then see how my career progressed with Maurer and later Reynard, I don't see why we couldn't have carried on doing exactly the same with Chevron."

The original company's range ran from B1 to the stillborn Can-Am B51. There are gaps within, though: there is no B13, predictably enough, but other numbers are similarly absent.

"There was never a Chevron B11, nor any multiple thereof, and we never allocated chassis number 11 to any series of cars," Owens says. "That stemmed from an accident Derek had at Oulton Park in his 1172 racer. He'd been driving car 11 in race 11 and ended up in hospital ward 11 for 11 days. He was lapping somebody at Island when he ran wide and up the banking. He went through an Esso sign and a piece of debris passed straight through his upper body, just missing his lungs. After that he wanted nothing more to do with number 11."

Following his hang-gliding accident, Bennett survived for 11 days in a coma before succumbing to his injuries on March 22. He was 44. M

"DEREK WENT ABOUT 1.5SEC QUICKER THAN THE REGULARS"

EVENTS
OF THE MONTH

GOODWOOD REVIVAL



RAC TT is a peak moment – but every race is a cracker at Goodwood Revival

ALL IMAGES LAT

Goodwood Revival

Now 16 seasons old, the Goodwood Revival has become a celebration of the distinctive and the distinguished. Core themes in 2013 included the 50th anniversary of Jim Clark's first Formula 1 title, featuring a parade of cars the Scot raced or drove on the road, and a tribute to the Ford GT40, which began to take shape 50 years ago. It was GT40's turn to be granted a one-make race – now a Revival habit – and the Whitsun Trophy featured 27 of them. Within the replicated Earls Court Motor Show, Aston Martin's centenary was acknowledged one more time. Goodwood will host two race meetings in 2014, the next Revival being preceded by the 72nd Members Meeting on March 29-30. This is exclusively for members of the Goodwood Road Racing Club and continues a tradition of events the circuit hosted for members of the BARC during the 1950s and '60s. Goodwood is often blessed with September sun, but the elements were less favourable this time. Against this occasionally drizzly and briefly torrential backdrop, however, the racing was uniformly entertaining. It usually is.



Sixteen sounds sweet - finally

WHEN ANDY MIDDLEHURST DROVE LOTUS 43 chassis1 during the Jim Clark tribute parade at Goodwood on Friday, it marked the first time that the Scot's 1966 US GP-winning car had run in its original BRM H16-engined configuration since Graham Hill raced it in the South African GP on January 2, 1967.

Both works 43s were subsequently converted to F5000 specification – and the career of chassis 1 appeared to end when Jock Russell crashed it at Brands Hatch in May 1969. "I bought the tub and a few bits from Jock about nine years ago," says Middlehurst. "It had been stored in the back of an old furniture lorry..."

Restoring the chassis was one thing, the BRM H16 engine and gearbox quite another. "We found an H16 casing on a BRM show car in Australia," adds Andy, "and managed to locate quite a few original H16 internals by trawling around. Others had to be made, though. There were times when I thought the car might never be finished, but here it is..."

It will be used only for demonstration purposes, though. "I'd like to race it," Middlehurst says, "but I know there just aren't enough spares because I've already bought as many as I could find. There's a story attached to almost every component..."





Italian beauty's first finish

OVER THE EAGER BARK OF CLIMAX AND BRM V8, Larry Auriana's sensational Ferrari 1512 was piercingly easy to pick out. In only its second race since rebuilding, the 1500cc flat-12 showed more of its potential than at Monaco last year when it made the grid only hours after completion but lasted only a few laps.

This time the slim red torpedo with knotted exhausts no thicker than garden hose finished the Glover Trophy 12th in the hands of Joe Colesacco, who says it is now producing some 210bhp from its complex 24-plug motor. Built in 1964, this is the car John Surtees drove in the '65 season (he recognises the dents he made to widen it for comfort), though he often preferred the torquier V8. Neither was a match for the British cars so with the new 3-litre rules upon them Ferrari sidelined the project, which made it harder for engine specialist ORAL engineering in Modena during the two-year restoration.

While the original bodywork is safely stored at the impressive Italian-themed Auriana collection in the USA, Colasacco says the restored car uses as much original metal as safety allows, down to dismantling and reassembling the frame. Having claimed its first finish, after an earlier Goodwood shakedown, Colasacco reckons there's much more to come.





Goodwood highlights



One-marque racing with a difference – 27 GT40s (if we lump in the MkIIs and MkIV)



For one month only – MS revisits the Fifties complete with those crucial stripes



Tour de France centenary meant biggest 'grid' ever – plus some of those mad promo lorries



Scots guard - Dario Franchitti and Lotus 38 were a proud part of Jim Clark parade



Talent pool: Surtees, Brooks, Moss and Stewart pause between duties



Variety adds spice in sensational St Mary's saloon battles

OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS TOM KRISTENSEN (Ford Galaxie) leading the way en route to winning the first of the weekend's two St Mary's Trophy races, although two second places were enough for Frank Stippler and Alex Furiani (Alfa Romeo GTA) to take aggregate victory.

Consider this, though. In Saturday's opening race, 30 cars of wonderfully diverse dimensions were also driven by such as Steve Soper, Rauno Aaltonen, Alec Poole, Johnny Cecotto (the original version), John Cleland, Oliver Gavin (who qualified his Mini on pole in greasy conditions), Jackie Oliver, Nicolas Minassian, Derek Daly, Stuart Graham, Mark Blundell, Rupert Keegan, Darren Turner, Rob Huff, Romain Dumas, Jochen Mass, Stéphane Peterhansel, Anthony Reid and Derek Bell.

On the same day 120 miles away, drivers were practising for a British Touring Car Championship round at Rockingham. The BTCC is often portrayed as the UK's premier racing series, but Goodwood rather put things in context.

SIMON ARRON



Venezuelan refugee has Ace venturi

GOING FASTER THAN YOU'D EXPECT IN THE FORDWATER TROPHY was one AC Ace. Was this due to a trick Bristol engine? No, just slick bodywork, making it look in profile more like a C-type Jaguar and from head-on like a Monza Ferrari.

Delivered to Venezuela in 1956 for racer Oscar Lupi, it was then modified aerodynamically, its low intake and cowled lamps making a big difference to top speed compared to the standard Ace's large maw, and when there weren't Ferraris in the mix Lupi achieved many successes. Venezuela was a major market for AC at the time, says Tim Isles who bought the machine as a wreck and had to reshape the damaged nose from photos on top of the usual restoration tasks.

A foot longer than standard, the drag-cheating design originally included a full undertray, hence the side vents to filter off internal pressure, though the tray is not currently fitted. Fatter rear arches might remind you of the Cobra that grew from the Ace, but this retains the tall Bristol six-cylinder engine, producing a restrained 140bhp. Driven by Nigel Winchester, the car headed the other two Aces in the race.



Pioneer spirit takes flight

IN AMONG FLIGHTS BY THE JUNKERS Ju52 trimotor, the type which performed sterling transport duties for the Wehrmacht, and the screaming English Electric Canberra, Britain's first jet bomber, three static AVRO aircraft recalled pioneer flying. Commemorating the first flight by a British aircraft, by Alliott Verdon Roe, they included replicas of his biplane which made short hops in 1908, and the triplane which a year later confirmed Roe as Britain's first aviator.

Powered by a 1909-vintage JAP twin the triplane replica is having trouble leaving the ground, but it's hoped a new prop design will see it soon repeat AVR's flights. Outside stood a replica 504K, the plane which taught so many early pilots their craft, this one built by Pur Sang, the Argentinian firm better known for its 'tool room copy' Bugattis and Alfa Romeos. "We're the only team who brought their aircraft in crates and had to assemble them here,' laughed Eric Verdon-Roe, grandson of AVR and brother of racer Bobby.

Included in the display were the original flying overalls of Alliott's brother Humphrey, brought along by his daughter in wonderfully period Dickens & Jones boxes, and his RAF hat dating from 1918, the very first months of the service. Roe's three-wheeled Sinclair C5 precursor, the 1920s Harper Runabout, also figured along with his elegant prototype X-frame bicycle. AVR became a major name in British aviation, but according to Eric VR he made far more money from one tiny ingenious metal adjuster than he ever did from aviation.





Newly identified flying object – Alfa's unique spider

WITH TOURING REVIVING THE DISCO Volante name on a concept car, it was good to see one of the original Flying Saucers in action in Sussex.

Alfa Romeo devotees Chris Mann and Henry Wessells faced an uphill struggle restoring the sports-racer crashed by Sanesi in 1954 and abandoned by the works after that single outing, as much of it was unique. Thought to have been totally destroyed, the car's identity surfaced as the pair searched for parts for their contemporary Alfa 3000CM, meaning they now had two cars to restore which took many years. But with no extant photos of the 3000PR there was only a drawing to go by for the spider body.

Feeding the straight-six engine are half a dozen unique carburettors, which like many other parts had to be specially cast. With its five-speed magnesium box, Watts/de Dion axle and A-frame location it set the pattern for Alfas for years to come. It was, reckons Mann, Alfa's D-type. "I've had a D and barring the Jaguar's disc brakes I think this is more advanced. It has fabulous road-holding."

Torrential TT brings Aston applause



THE WORST OF THE weather conjured some of the finest racing – particularly during the RAC TT Celebration on Sunday afternoon. The event began at a cracking pace, with seven cars running in the lead train. Prominent among them was Jean Alesi, who stormed away from the line in Anthony Bamford's Ferrari 250 GTO and received a 10sec penalty for his vim. Alesi denied he'd jumped the start and the decision looked a trifle harsh, although he does have previous form. Once, when guesting for Alfa Romeo in a round of the French Touring Car Championship at Pau, he qualified in midfield but led into the first corner at a track where passing is famously impossible. He received a penalty for that, too...

Back at Goodwood, meanwhile, Anthony Reid (Lister Coupé) appeared to have the TT in the bag after a fine opening stint by co-driver Chris Harris. But then the rain came and Simon Hadfield was suddenly fastest man on the track – and by some margin – in Wolfgang Friedrichs' Aston Martin DP212. Hadfield took the lead on the 33rd of 35 laps and went on to win comfortably after Reid spun at Woodcote. The Lister driver recovered to finish second ahead of Graham/Oliver Bryant (AC Cobra).



FORTHCOMING EVENTS

OCTOBER 2013

03-06 **WRC** France
05-06 **IndyCar** Houston
06 **F1** Korean GP
06 **British GT** Donington
06 **BSB** Silverstone
12-13 **European F3** Vallelunga
13-14 **Jerez Historic Festival**
13 **F1** Japanese GP
13 **MotoGP** Malaysia
13 **BTCC** Brands Hatch GP
18/19 **BRC** Sunseeker International
19 **IndyCar** Fontana
20 **MotoGP** Australia
20 **WEC** Fuji
20 **DTM/European F3** Hockenheim
20 **FIA GT** Azerbaijan
20 **BSB** Brands Hatch GP
24-27 **WRC** Spain
27 **F1** Indian GP
27 **MotoGP** Japan
27 **European F3** Paul Ricard

NOVEMBER 2013

03 **F1** Abu Dhabi GP
08-10 **Roger Albert Clark Rally**
09 **WEC** Shanghai 6 Hrs
10 **MotoGP** Valencia
14-17 **WRC** Wales Rally GB
17 **F1** United States GP
21-29 **East African Safari Classic Rally**
24 **F1** Brazilian GP
30 **WEC** Bahrain 6Hrs



COURTESY OF MARQUIS PYE

MAKE FRIENDS WITH A MEMBER

New Goodwood meeting promises even wider range – as long as you're in the GRRC

WE'VE BECOME USED TO THE DOUBLE HIGHLIGHT each year of the Festival of Speed and the Revival. But now in 2014 a third event is to add a new, intriguing element to the Goodwood calendar.

On July 2, 1966 the circuit hosted what would be its 71st – and seemingly last – Members' Meeting, ahead of its closure as an active race track. But on March 29-30 next year the tradition will be resurrected with an event that should open up Goodwood to later generations of racing machinery.

The 72nd Member's Meeting will cater for the familiar classes of the 1950s and '60s, plus a one-make Bugatti race, but will also widen the scope with a race for Group 1 saloons of the '70s and demonstrations of more modern F1 and sports car machinery – a nod to the circuit's years as a popular test venue during its closure for racing. The possibility of witnessing 1980s turbo-era F1 and Group B rally cars lapping Goodwood is a titillating thought...

There is a catch, however. The meeting will be invitation-only, open to Goodwood Road Racing Club members and their guests. There are currently 5000 members within the GRRC, and the waiting list is long – which means the crowds next March will be far smaller than those that gather for the Revival. Great news then, but only if you are a member – or happen to know one who will invite you along. The addition of a second race meeting takes advantage of the provision for five 'noisy days' allowed at Goodwood each year. Since 1998, three have been used for the Revival. The other two will now be put to good use.

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ON THE ROAD WITH

SIMON ARRON



Possibly the only man with both F1 and Mallory Park media passes. Next stop...?

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/simonarron/



Home winner: Britain's lone top-fuel entrant Chris Andrews won the FIA finale at Santa Pod

DAVID DJONES

NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE

Santa Pod, September 7: FIA European finals at the track of my tears

THE WARNINGS are clear enough, but it's easy to be distracted when you are standing behind a low concrete wall, a matter of feet from a couple of 7000bhp top-fuel dragsters. You're supposed to avoid nasal breathing, because the adjacent concentration of nitromethane emits a diluted form of tear gas. I forget this momentarily and am rendered instantly lachrymose, but it's all part of the sensory and palatal overload.

On many occasions I have watched Formula 1 cars thunder through the Monaco tunnel and always assumed automotive drama peaked within its length, but that was before I'd visited Santa Pod. Drag racing originally piqued my attention via the miracle of VHS tapes, but only first-hand experience does the sport justice. When you watch a top-fuel dragster from close quarters, there's an irresistible urge to duck as it passes by. Gradually, though, you acclimatise and learn to appreciate its improbable force. And so, it seems, does much of the

SIMON ARRON







Maltese racer Duncan Micallef (above), the 1963 Corvette of Bruno Bader (left) and, top left, David Russell's eminently sensible Marina-Chevrolet van

UK. Having peeled from the busy, northbound M1, you find traffic becoming ever denser as you thread through slender country lanes. Even on a practice and qualifying day, Santa Pod's car parks and campsites are rammed.

Upon arrival, the first competing car I see is David Russell's Chevrolet V8-powered Marina panel van: not the most obvious weapon, perhaps, but I'm glad he considered it so. It's all part of the paddock's endless inventiveness, although my favourite is probably Andy Frost's FD-series Vauxhall VX4/90. It is licensed and fully road legal, when fitted with suitable wheels and tyres, yet remains capable of crossing the finishing line at the best part of 230mph at the end of a standing quarter-mile. Don't recall seeing that in the Vauxhall sales brochure circa 1972, or I'd frantically have been steering Arron Sr away from yet another Cortina…

The populous paddock walkways feature a giddy mix of family groups, fascinated fathers accompanied by 'howfastisthatwillitreach300mph?' kids while mum shows a blend of tolerance and keen interest. And where else in sport can you find a VIP suite that appears to have started life as a corrugated hut?

For a few days each year, this converted wartime airbase – formerly known as RAF Podington – becomes Northamptonshire's cosmopolitan hub, with Dutch, Swedish or German as widely spoken as English (depending where you happen to be standing in the paddock). There are burger vans, of course, but sweet and savoury pancakes are likewise available (cheese and spring onion highly recommended).

The action might be fleeting – for individuals, at least – but that means there's absolutely no margin for error. Top teams thus bring a zillion different head gaskets, to make sure they have something perfectly suited to the prevailing climatic conditions. And that's why, during the final seconds before launch, you see gangs of helpers trying to brush away contaminating flecks from tall rear slicks. There's only one person strapped deep within the missile, but this is a team sport – and the whoops and high fives tell you as much, every time a driver shaves half a millinothing from his or her car's previous best.

The numbers might be small, but they mean an awful lot.



Andy Frost warms up his FD-series Vauxhall VX4/90. That registration plate is genuine – the car is road legal



GRASS ROUTES

Shelsley Walsh, August 17: another of the planet's essentials ticked off

IT HAS BEEN OPERATIONAL FOR 108 years – more than twice as long as I have – but it still took more than half a century before I finally attended a venue that predates Brooklands by two years and Monza by 17. It was worth the wait, mind...

The weather is distinctly grey as the Midland Automobile Club prepares for a round of the MSA British Hillclimb Championship, but the paddock ambience is a colourful contrast. The wooden shelters are packed with machinery of all denominations and ripe with banter.

To obtain press accreditation, you have to



walk through a gate that forbids entry unless you already have a pass, but nobody bats an eyelid when you proceed. I ask whether a tabard is required but am told not: "Just make sure marshals can see your press pass." That's a small piece of white card, measuring perhaps two inches by three. The 1930s are alive and well in the hills close to Worcester. And, as with many motoring events during the summer of 2013, there is the obligatory Aston Martin centenary display – not that such things are ever tiring to the eye.

The gradient is achingly obvious as you lug camera gear towards the summit, but you are distracted from the downsides of middle age by the pleasingly random nature of the practice runs: a special saloon Mini might be followed by a March 792, a Triumph TR7 and who knows what next? It's a perfect antidote to the modern world's homogenised methods and, with the quickest runs taking less than 25sec, the action is relentless. There's admirable commitment, too, with some cars almost as wide as the track and not much to contain them should they stray to the left. On the far side of the course, out of bounds to the general public, a solitary buzzard watches with apparent interest. Perhaps 500cc F3 Coopers look like tempting morsels from on high.

Among the competitors is Eurosport MotoGP commentator Toby Moody, sharing an Empire DS1000 with Bill Chaplin – the man behind the company that built it. It's a busy weekend for Moody, who has clashing studio commitments in London.

That means he is limited to driving only during the morning before scurrying away to attend to his day job. "Of course the hassle is justified," he says. "It's Shelsley..."

CHESHIRE CHEERS

HSCC Oulton Park, August 26: because it's worth it...

JOURNEY TIME FROM SPA TO THE EuroTunnel? About three hours. Journey time from EuroTunnel slip road to passport control? About two. I have known it quieter...

The dash from southern Belgium to north-west England has become almost ritual: as long racing weekends go, four days at the Belgian Grand Prix and one at the Oulton Park Gold Cup provide a formidable cocktail.

Thanks to the dense thicket of travelling humanity, I reach home at 1.20am on Monday: the alarm is set for 4am... but I rise an hour earlier, having forgotten to reset my phone to UK time. The error remains unnoticed until I'm comfortably settled into the next 220-mile leg of the trip, but it means reaching Oulton Park in ample time for the mandatory paddock breakfast (or even two, had I wished). I arrive in Cheshire feeling remarkably fresh, but then I've had the unfair advantage of a loaned Porsche Carrera 911 4S, which seems to remove the effort from any journey – no matter how convoluted.





Ben Shuckburgh hurls his Alfa through Lodge and, left, the Glover-Thornton-Lyons lead battle

The Gold Cup had greater lustre 45 years ago, when Ferrari sent three works cars to take on Lotus, BRM, Brabham and Matra in a non-championship F1 contest, but the Historic Sports Car Club's meeting remains a wonderful opportunity to see period cars in a complementary setting. Stand to the outside of Shell (Esso, to those of a certain age), look across the lake towards Cascades and it might be 1974. There's little in the way of advertising, even less in the way of debris fencing.

Much of the racing is good, too – particularly during the second phase of the Derek Bell Trophy, in which Neil Glover defends beautifully in his F5000 Lola



SUTTON IMAGES

Keith (left) and Maurice Sutton with interlopers Arron and, right, Phil Rainford from Pirelli

T330/332, keeping the potentially brisker F1 cars of Greg Thornton (March 761) and Michael Lyons (Hesketh 308E, up from the back of the grid) at bay for longer than should have been possible. The balance of power is eventually restored and Lyons goes on to win, but the spectacle is terrific while it lasts.

Over in one of the hospitality suites, respected photographer Keith Sutton is hosting an anniversary luncheon at the circuit where he cut his teeth. It is 50 years since his father Maurice first took him to the Gold Cup – Jim Clark won for Lotus in 1963, from the BRMs of Richie Ginther and Graham Hill – so he has organised a table for dad and several of his long-standing racing friends, a chance for all to rewind the clock.

It transpires that I'm not the only one to whom this event still matters.

HISTORIC SCENE WITH

GORDON CRUICKSHANK



One wheel in the past: searching out what's new in the old car world

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/gordon-cruickshank



Aerial view of Salon Privé, now well established at spacious Syon Park, London home of the Duke of Northumberland

GETTY

LONDON CALLING

Clashing concours drew a cornucopia of classics to the capital. Time for a quick flit betwixt the two, then

LONDON WAS PACKED WITH impressive cars in September, when two major concours coincided. Salon Privé, at Syon Park, has a few years behind it whereas this was the first year at St James Concours. I squirted between the two and came away dazzled by seductive curves.

Inaugurated last year at Windsor Castle, the St James gathering packed out the gardens of Marlborough House, off the Mall, with an invited selection of impressive vehicles, at least one of which, an unusual Aprile-bodied Alfa 6C, had rushed over from Salon Privé. I admired the knife-edge wings on a Bugatti 57C by Buhrbeck, and also John Shirley's delicate Scaglietti 375MM, built for director Roberto Rosselini; normally these big-engined Ferraris have brutal bodies. In size contrast was a pretty and rare 1923 Newton, while seeing two Fiat 8Vs and a muscular Siata was a treat.

This event has broadened to include supercars and concepts. Touring sent the Alfa Romeo Disco Volante concept, even prettier in person; a double score for the coachbuilder as at Syon I had been shown over Touring's delectable Flying Star Bentley shooting brake by

Piero Mancardi, CEO of the famous carrozzeria, and was impressed by form and finish. They plan 19 of them – said Mancardi, "it's more exclusive than 20!"

Salon Privé's remit is wider but very elevated, including supercars such as Spyker and the Mexican Vuhl, plus high-voltage new electrics from Exagon and Lightning. I'm somewhat sated with exaggerated mid-engined hypercars, so the 950bhp Vulcano prototype from new Chinese brand Icona pleased me with its front V12 and brawny compact shape.

Collector and racer Carlos Monteverde told me the highlight of his weekend was going to be driving to St James – in his 1970 Le Mans-winning 917, on trade plates. "I'd better check if there are any speed bumps," he said, getting out his smartphone.

This year Salon Privé moved judging to the first day, picking Sarah Allen's Ferrari 250GT California as Best in Show, cars driving over an American-style ramp. Perhaps with these events, RM's Battersea auction and Goodwood to follow, we're looking at a UK rival to the legendary Monterey weekend – and Sandra Button, Chair of the Pebble Concours, attended both gatherings.





Palatial surroundings at St James Concours. Top: Siata, Fiat 8Vs and Pegaso swelter in sun. Above: 1923 Newton had Brooklands 200 Mile Race history





Top: Italian chic, Chinese energy for new Vulcano. Above, Salon Privé judging team and Best in Show Ferrari 250GT California on the ramp

RED LIGHT FOR BOLSTER STORY

Legendary technical writer John Bolster was full of tales – and some of them were clean

RECENTLY I HAD A CHANCE TO CHAT to rally organiser and raconteur Jim Gavin – material for a future column – and in passing he mentioned John Bolster, *Autosport* Technical Editor, special builder, GP driver and commentator, who was always dapper in houndstooth tweed jacket and deer-stalker.

Bolster died in 1984, but I'm glad our careers overlapped; I drove with him on press launches and, while I don't get many compliments, I rate highly his comment that he liked to share with me because I was quick and smooth. Those runs would be packed with stories of his racing, testing and people he'd met. Shame it was before the days of mobiles that could record conversation.

But I do remember Bolster entertaining us over dinner with a tale of Continental travel with his wife. They missed the last ferry at Boulogne and the only room they could find was in a seedy place down a dingy side street.

"All night, doors opened and closed and people came and went until I finally wealised what sort of establishment it was," said John in that distinctive high, clear voice, glass in hand and wicked glint in eye. "I must be the only man who's taken his own wife to a bwothel and not been charged corkage!"

DREAM GARAGE

What we'd blow the budget on this month



Ecurie Bertelli
Aston Martin 1½-litre Le Mans

The factory prototype four-seater, works demonstrator and Gordon Sutherland's own car. Road-tested by *The Motor* in 1934, too, so tons of history as well as family performance

£140,000, www.ecuriebertelli.com



Art and Revs
Delage D8S

One of the great names in grand touring. An eight-cylinder engine, with 120bhp in S spec, clothed in a good-looking and restrained body by Chapron, one of the finest French houses

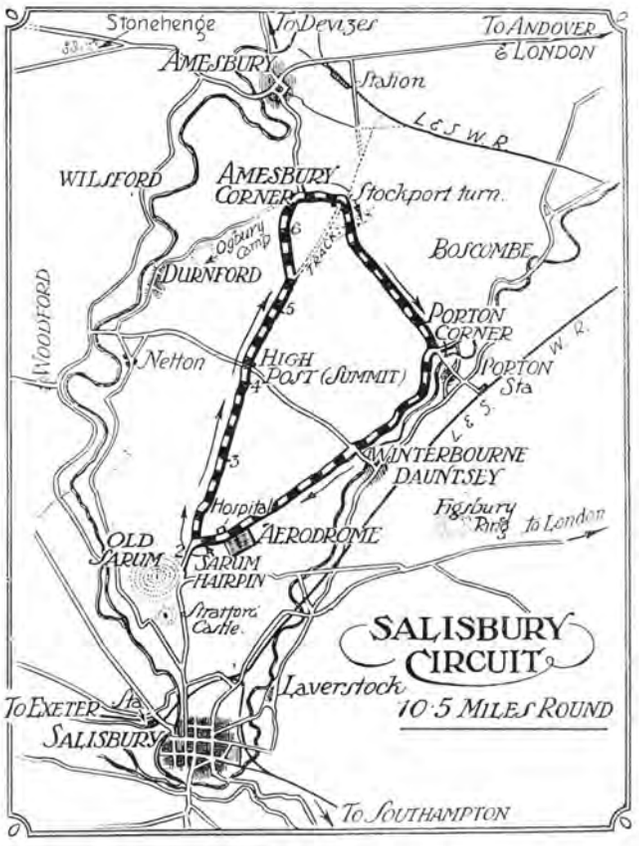
€750,000, www.artandrevs.com

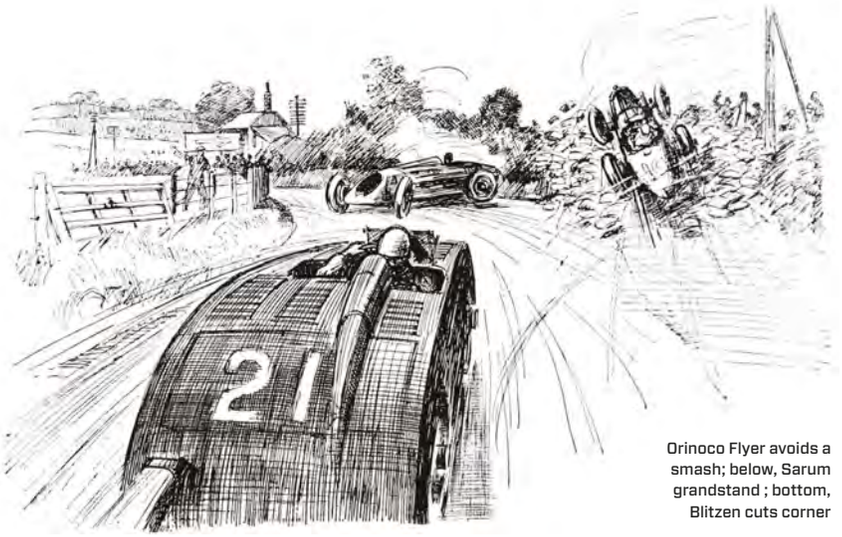


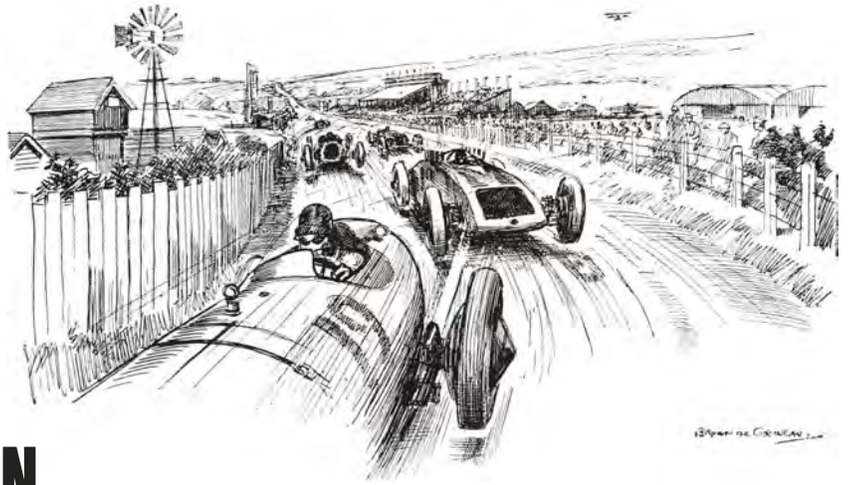
Cheshire Classic Cars
Ford Escort RS1600

Originally a works demonstrator, rebuilt as a successful race car, and now back in Gp2 Tarmac rally spec with BDA, ZF box and LSD. Second on 2012 Tour Britannia, so it's quick...

£POA, www.cheshireclassiccars.co.uk







Orinoco Flyer avoids a smash; below, Sarum grandstand ; bottom, Blitzen cuts corner

LIGHTS, CAMERA, FICTION

Retracing the route of a Grand Prix that never happened

WHAT, YOU DON'T REMEMBER THE Salisbury Grand Prix? You lot are meant to be the best-informed enthusiasts any magazine has ever had. Shame on you. It was all reported in the press in 1927...

Mind you, it did happen entirely in the imagination of Humphrey Symons of *The Motor*.

Inspired by his frustration that the law prevented a Le Mans or road Grand Prix in Britain, he turned his fantasy into print, mapped out and illustrated by the great motoring artist Bryan de Grineau. His triangular 10½-mile circuit, thoughtfully planned for transport and traffic, lay north-east of Salisbury between Old Sarum, Amesbury and Porton and he hinted at a 78mph lap. Did he achieve that in reality, wondered WB when he drove a lap in 1959?

As I recently had to pass Amesbury to collect my new racing bicycle (I say new – it's 110 years old) I diverted, camera in fist, to follow the Bod's actual tyreprints and the mythical ones of Strümpfelmeyer in his Blitzen, "grizzled veteran" Dufour in a Vilbrequin-Manette and Barr's all-enclosed mid-engined Highbury Special - which De Grineau depicts as eerily close to a cabined Auto Union, five years before Porsche's P-wagen.

WB found the course "practically unchanged, and it could easily be used for racing today", but 55 years on the traffic lights and industrial blocks of Old Sarum and its aerodrome, putative site of pits and paddock, don't look quite so vintage. Here Symons' contenders had to tackle a hairpin after the two-mile Roman Portway straight; we queued for a roundabout. Then the long pull up busy Four Mile Hill (the A345) cresting at High Post and a swing right past Boscome Down MoD airfield which has chopped off Symons' fast Amesbury Corner, where plucky Brit Payne overturns his Browning Special. The Bod mentions "high wire fences" by the airfield and they remain, adorned with "No Stopping – No Photographs" which kept me moving to a 90-right onto Porton Road. Finally here was a view that almost let me drift back to 1927 as it plunged between flowery hedgerows to Porton crossroads, turning west and winding through trees along the brink of the River Bourne.

Through these esses perhaps the agile Italian Chotti could make up ground on Tex Mersey's Orinoco Flier as they sprint onto the Roman straight – only for him to spin braking for the hairpin. Symons 'wakes up' before his dream race ends, but not before wily Strümpfelmeyer has used a cart track to cut a corner and nerfed a rival into the bank for which he will later be disqualified. Such national stereotyping – that would never happen.

Nor could a Salisbury GP, despite WB's remark that "the problems of racing through the village would be no more severe than [at] Newtownards and the IoM". I finished my lap thinking nervously of its narrow banks; then a Caterham passed me chasing an Ariel Atom and I thought "the perfect weapons..." M





Today's slender asphalt reality, as captured when GC lapped the track 86 years later

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FROM THE ARCHIVES WITH

DOUG NYE



Our eminent historian dips into the past to uncover the fascinating, quirky and curious



Silverstone 1958: Stirling Moss wins one of the British GP support events for Lister

ALL IMAGES LAT

LISTER STORM BREWING?

One of Britain's most famous old racing names has a new owner – and they're on a crusade to eliminate bygone deceits

IN AUGUST, A QUITE SURPRISING e-mail was sent to assorted luminaries involved with Lister sports-racing cars. It came from Andrew Whittaker of Warranty Wise Insurance Services, a well-established road car provider, based in Clayton-Le-Moors, Lancashire.

His email read: "I can formally announce that the Lister Motor Company Limited is now a wholly owned subsidiary of Warranty Wise Insurance Services (Warrantywise).

"I have recently purchased from George Lister Engineering Limited of Cambridge the original jigs, plans and drawings and all assets and intellectual property rights associated with the design and manufacture of the Lister cars of the 1950s and 1960s and in particular the Lister 'Knobbly' cars.

"Similarly, I have also purchased from Laurence Pearce all assets and intellectual property, trademarks, trade names and logos in relation to Lister, Lister Jaguar and Lister Storm.

"The Lister Motor Company Limited now owns full title, all assets, intellectual property and all commercial rights surrounding the design and manufacture of all past, present and

future Lister and Lister Storm cars and their component parts and comprises the following group of companies: Lister Cars Limited, Brian Lister (Light Engineering) Limited, Lister Jaguar Limited, Lister Storm Racing Limited, Lister Storm LMP Limited, Lister Heritage Limited.

"I have invested a significant sum to bring into being the Lister Motor Company and now intend to invest significantly more in the Lister brand to manufacture once again Lister race cars and component parts at George Lister Engineering works in Cambridge. Some of the old guard have been called up into service, including Martin Murray, Colin (Chippy) Crisp, Graham (Curley) Hutton, Laurence Pearce and even Brian Lister himself may be lending a hand. Heading up the manufacturing project is Mark Hallam, Technical Director at George Lister Engineering.

"For those Lister car owners with genuine BHL chassis number cars, George Lister Engineering will be able to supply genuine and accurate specification Lister spare parts, manufactured from the original Brian Lister plans and drawings.

"I am aware (and more than a little alarmed) that a number of non-factory, so-called 'tool room copies' of Lister cars exist in the market place. It is more than likely that such cars infringe our intellectual property rights. However, for those previously built cars we are to provide a 'sanction service'. Such cars will in future be able to visit the factory and undergo an evaluation and appraisal procedure, the culmination of which may lead to the car being given a BHL sanction chassis number and Lister log book. The alternative is that these so-called 'tool room copies' will have to desist from being described as a 'Lister' and may have to alter their specification and/or appearance.

"Even more concerning is that at this moment in time there may be some persons attempting to build such copies of Lister cars. This is totally unacceptable and we will defend our rights and pursue any infringements of the Lister trade mark and intellectual property. That said, however, I am keen to develop commercial links with specialists who are interested in becoming involved in the development of Lister cars and with this in mind such persons will be invited to contact me directly and put forward any proposals they may have.

"Please do not hesitate to contact me directly or to pass this information or my details onto others… My son Lawrence Whittaker is Managing Director of the new Lister Motor Company…" etc.

As you can imagine, this bolt from the blue – composed to grab the Lister racing (and faking) establishment's full attention – has done just that.

He also called me to discuss the matter, I guess because of my *Powered by Jaguar* book. Andrew explained how he had bought a Lister project, believing it to be based upon "half an original chassis frame". It proved to be based upon no such thing, and he resolved to get deeper into what constituted "a real" historic Lister… and what did not.

Lister cars in the 1950s were relatively simple. When 'Mr Brian' lost his great



Jamie McIntyre's youthful 'Knobbly' leads a 'Costin' at the Goodwood Revival Meeting in 2008

ON THE TRAIL OF TRAGEDY

Is this where motor racing's first fatality occurred, during a French road race 115 years ago?

MOTORING THROUGH FRANCE recently, my wife and I stopped in Périgueux, where I recalled a local landmark in motor sporting history. The first two participants to be killed in a racing accident fell during the Course du Périgueux on May Day, 1898.

Local enthusiasts had organised the 90-mile event, anti-clockwise on a public road circuit out via Mussidan to Bergerac, then back through Le Bugue. The entry comprised 10 cars and eight motorcycles. But within minutes of the first car being flagged away at 8am, word arrived of a terrible accident…

It happened near Marsac-sur-l'Isle, a village on the Périgueux to Mussidan road. A glance at the map found Marsac, on the modern D6089. I also recalled a photo of the aftermath, with the two cars involved lying in a roadside field down a shallow embankment to the right of the road. To the left a steep, densely wooded bluff soared from the verge. So all we had to do was locate a corresponding stretch, allowing for change over 115 years. When I explained my masterplan, Mrs Nye's reaction started with something like "We are meant to be on ***** holiday!"

In his seminal 1909 book *A Record of Motor Racing 1894-1908*, Gerald Rose described how: "The officials hurried to the scene of the disaster… finding two cars in the field bordering the road, one battered but upright, and the other on its side. Of the four occupants, only one was unhurt, and the others appeared to be in the last extremity…

"M de Montariol, the only one to escape unhurt, started on his light Parisienne (Benz) car one minute in front of the Marquis de Montaignac, who was driving one of the big and heavy Landry et Beyroux vehicles. On his more powerful car the latter soon caught up M de Montariol, who drew aside on being warned

friend and superb works driver Archie Scott Brown at Spa in May 1958, the heart had been ripped out of their programme. When replacement 1959 works driver Ivor Bueb was then killed in an F2 Cooper at Clermont-Ferrand, and Peter Blond had rolled one of the works Costin cars into a ball at Brands Hatch, Brian retired from racing.

One item dumped at that time was his works chassis record, and as historic racing took off into the later 1970s and early '80s so the racers – and dealers – hunted down Lister cars, bodies, bits… and UK registration logbooks.

Some of the cars were lost or missing. Some batches of one car's spares provided the bases for several lookalike cars. Clones were also built to match a logbook. Some long-vacated registrations were reclaimed. A British chassis specialist once told me he has built as many as 17 'replacement' Lister frames. These mostly replaced originals welded-up in the period Abbey Road factory and which had since suffered the rigours of racing. But some frames made chassisless spares mobile – raceable… and saleable. You get the picture?



Lister talisman Archie Scott Brown pictured at Crystal Palace in 1957 and, above, Jamie Campbell-Walter's Lister Storm at Zolder in 2006



But now Whittaker's new venture has appeared in Listerland like the Fifth Cavalry. In conversation he expresses an engaging zeal to see "the real Lister people" at their modern-day Cambridge works at last make some money from their esteemed car designs.

He told me he perceived six levels of acceptable vehicle. The cream would comprise genuine Listers with their original 'BHL' prefix chassis numbers and unimpeachable provenances. Inferior to this hallowed handful would be 'BHL'-stamped cars with incomplete provenance, then 'BHL'-stamped Lister Centenary 'Knobblies' from the 1990 factory batch. He rated his own 'BHL' chassis continuation cars superior to any questionable Lister-lookalikes, and offers factory assessment to fit any copy cars judged inadequate with 'tool-room copy' replacement chassis made to the original drawings.

These would become "officially sanctioned" copy cars, but I cannot quite see that replacing a fake chassis with what at best might be regarded as a facsimile – to 1958 spec – will set customers salivating.

Whittaker's venture is certainly bold, and I sense well intentioned, but suddenly to appear upon the scene with such self-assumed authority is a glowing cigar butt to a powder keg.

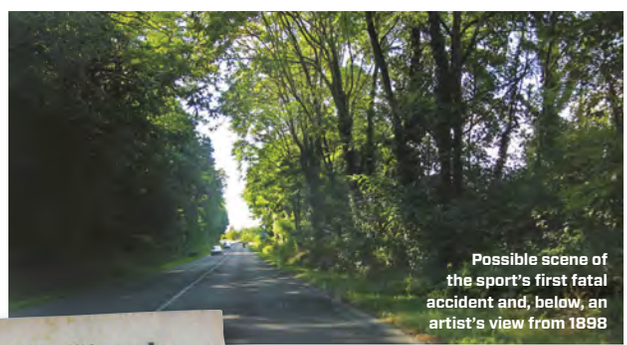
Some of the realities of historic racing seemed to surprise him. Not least the notion that a Lister chassis and running gear built to the 1958 factory drawings might prove uncompetitive today.

And as for unravelling the more colourful car provenances – some almost certainly in face of litigious owners feeling threatened by this self-appointed new police force – we might sit back and watch the fun.

The one thing of which I am quite confident is that Warranty Wise experience might not fully have prepared him for a rocky racing road ahead. Existing 'copy cars' could be registered with Whittaker as such, but trying to market new fakes under the 'Lister' name will plainly breach his new company's rights. Watch this space.

to let the faster car pass. As M de Montaignac passed his friend he turned and waved his hand; with the reversible lever-steering of those days the least inattention was fatal, and the heavy Landry et Beyroux swerved across to the right and collided with the front of the Parisienne, jerking the steering wheels of the latter round and causing the car to run off the road, up the low bank and into the adjoining field, where it turned over. M de Montariol jumped clear as the car went over, but his mechanic was pinned underneath and badly hurt about the head.

"Meanwhile M de Montaignac, hearing the crash of the collision and the cries, realised he had caused an accident and committed the fatal imprudence of turning to look back. His car immediately swerved for the second time violently to the right, and dashed over the bank into the fatal field where it rolled right over. M de Montaignac was very badly injured and died within three hours, after having displayed the most remarkable bravery and fortitude, explaining how the accident had come about, and constantly affirming that the responsibility rested entirely on him. His unfortunate mechanic was also severely injured and died later."



Possible scene of the sport's first fatal accident and, below, an artist's view from 1898



Rose observed that this was the first fatal accident "due to racing pure and simple". It was a nail in the coffin of tiller steering: "As long as every rut and stone communicated a jerk to the arm of the driver, and a corresponding swerve… there was a constant danger of such accidents." Over the following two years a notable reduction in racing incidents was attributed to the replacement of tiller-steering by geared wheel steering.

I think we found the spot, but not just before Marsac village as the usual attribution 'Sault du Chevalier' infers, for the left-side geography there provides little abutting slope – but a brief few hundred metres after the village seemed to match the wreckage photo, though now much overgrown on both sides of the D6089. There the right-side field still lies well below road level, while to the left a steep, densely wooded bluff climbs rapidly. I photographed the section as best I could, but without surviving evidential features – such as a roadside building or wall in the contemporary photograph – my confidence level isn't great. Perhaps readers know?

The luckless Marquis' car is sometimes cited as a 'Landry Bairoux'. But there were MLB cars – hefty single-cylinder products – built at Hondouville, Eure, by partners J Landry and G Beyroux, so perhaps Rose got it right. And the M stood for Montaignac – so motor racing's first driver fatality thus died in a car he financed. Renaud de Montaignac de Chauvance, 47, from Egletons, unlucky victim of inexperience. M





PARTING SHOT

MAY 16
1971

TARGA FLORIO, SICILY, ITALY

The third-placed Scuderia Filipinetti Lola T212 of Richard Attwood/Jo Bonnier receives attention in the finest kind of motor racing paddock, while a Fiat 500 serves as a prop for interested locals. Alfa Romeo T33s finished first and second, shared by local hero Nino Vaccarella/Toine Hezemans and Andrea de Adamich/Gijs van Lennep.

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