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REFLECTIONS FROM THE INDY 500

MAX VERSTAPPEN *Why he's the real deal*
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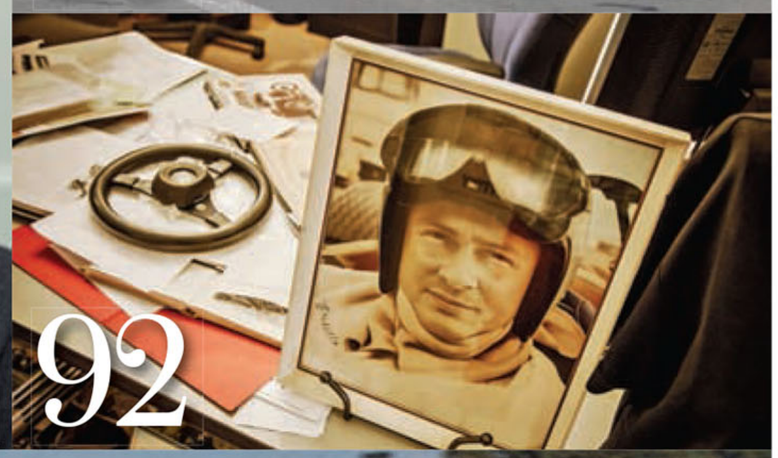
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MATTERS OF MOMENT

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/dsmith



DAMIEN SMITH
EDITOR

AUDIENCE SURVEYS HAVE to be a good thing. I know, because we run them from time to time here at *Motor Sport*. It's always helpful to know more about the people you are talking to. But how much influence should they have over the strategy of any given business? Should my approach to this job be directly dictated by the results of a poll? I don't think so. In fact, I'd consider it a personal failing if I was genuinely surprised by the clear trends the answers might throw up. I shouldn't need a survey to tell me what our readers want – and the same applies to Formula 1 and its fans.

In my experience, surveys tend to confirm what is already known about an audience, and I'd predict the same will be the case when the two entirely separate F1 fan questionnaires – one most commendably launched by the Grand Prix Drivers' Association – report back with their findings.

Let's face it, identifying how F1 is failing its fans right now is hardly difficult. Just glance the readers' comments on our website each day. Or turn to page 150 in this magazine and see what Mark Webber thinks. The problems are blindingly obvious. Solving them – that's the hard part, although we had a pretty good stab at it more than a year ago when Grand Prix editor Mark Hughes presented our 'manifesto for a revolution' (April 2014 issue).

Again, ideas are relatively easy, as the laughably named F1 Strategy Group highlighted so consummately during May. A shame almost everything they came up with smacked of reactionary, knee-jerk panic with little consideration for the consequences (see Mark's column on p26) – but how else should we expect a bunch of self-interested multi-millionaires with unmatched collective experience of motor racing to run their sport…?

On the day they met, I happened to be at Goodwood House and took the opportunity to ask an impartial but informed observer – and genuine racing fan – for his thoughts on 'the F1 problem'. Lord March understands what it takes to impart a vision successfully to a mass audience. He made a couple of helpful observations.

"The debate about whether you give the customers what they want or try to steer them in the direction they might want to go in is an interesting one," he said. "I don't believe in necessarily doing endless research and thinking 'they all want it black, so I'll do it black'. I think you need to do what you believe in, but then also be flexible."

It would have been unfair of me to expect his definitive vision for the future of F1. But Lord March did offer an interesting parallel that gets to the nub of why Grand Prix racing is in its current plight. "Take horse racing, which I'm in a position to tell you about," he said. "There are far too many stakeholders and there is no one saying this is how it's going to be and how we want it. Horse racing in Britain is very pure, well organised and straight. In other countries it is less so. Betting is important globally, so therefore we need to get British horse racing around the world in a way that we haven't managed to do, and actually in the manner Grand Prix racing has. Everyone is fighting their corner: the Horseman's Group, the Jockey Club, the British Horseracing Authority, the bookmakers who are very powerful… So it gets completely diluted."

Sound familiar? Instead of trying to 'fix' F1, the Strategy Group would have served motor racing better at Biggin Hill by indulging in a moment of introspection: to consider how they as stakeholders – the top teams, FOM, the FIA, plus the promotional rights holder and the engine manufacturers – have a management structure that can never govern without the conflict of self-interest. Before jumping into the merits of refuelling, more downforce and so on, they might have considered how they should devolve this failed governance and consider why F1 keeps tying itself in knots, year after year.

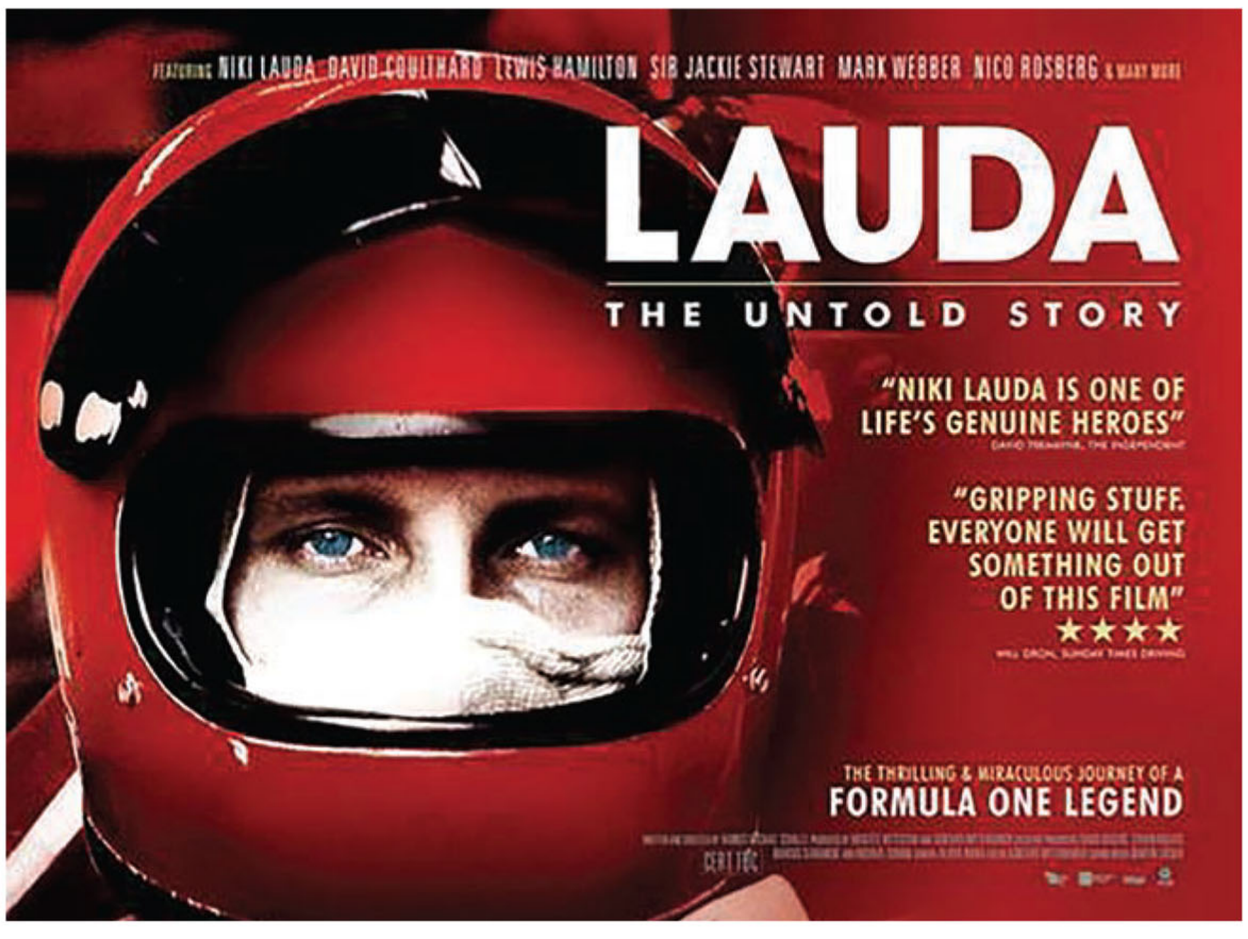
Before anything else should be considered, including the results of well-intentioned fan surveys, F1 must face up to its real crisis: its lack of true leadership.

Bernie Ecclestone? Once upon a time – 40, 30, even 20 years ago – he was the guiding light behind a brilliantly cohesive vision of how he thought F1 should be. But now he's an increasingly irrelevant liability. The FIA? Infamously, it absolved itself of responsibility under Max Mosley, and current president Jean Todt shows no appetite to claim it back. So who will? And how? With no clear answer to that question, and more alarmingly no collective recognition that it's a headache screaming for a remedy, Grand Prix racing will continue to lurch, without a clearly defined strategy, from one daft rules edict to the next.

Luckily, when you think about it, it's only motor racing.

❖

THE APPETITE FOR MOTOR SPORT movies and cinematic documentaries is apparently insatiable. In the wake of intriguing news that Robert De Niro is preparing to play Enzo Ferrari in a





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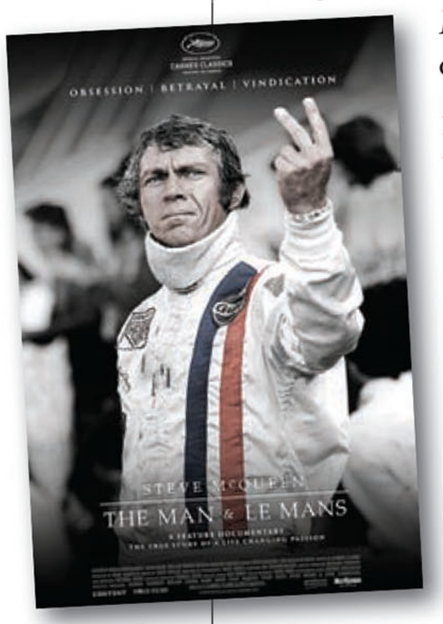
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MATTERS OF MOMENT

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biopic, two factual films have broken cover in the past month. One I have seen, the other I'm looking forward to.

Lauda: The Untold Story is a new Austrian documentary, which promises much with such a title. Niki Lauda's tale was hardly obscure before Ron Howard's sensational – and deeply flawed – *Rush*, so can this film deliver on that promise?



In truth, to most readers of this magazine, revelations will hardly come thick and fast. But with Lauda's full blessing and involvement through new interviews, it can at least claim to be definitive. Inevitably, the story begins and pivots around the Nürburgring accident that would change his life. The archive footage of Guy Edwards, Harald Ertl, Art Merzario, Brett Lunger, John Watson and others tending to Niki at the side of the track can never be anything other than deeply unsettling, but Heinz Prüller's live TV phone interview with Lauda's mother, as her son fights for his life in hospital, is even more so.

But there are lighter moments, too. A pre-shunt career monologue from Lauda, in a suitably alpine setting while stroking a cow and chopping wood, is charming, while his guide to a naked 1977 Ferrari 312T2, while sitting in its snug tub, is the sort of TV feature Sky and BBC producers would kill for today.

An awful Americanised voiceover, a constant 'muzakal' backwash and an irrelevant second half, involving promo films featuring Nico Rosberg, remove some of the shine. But it's worth seeing for the excellent period film, if nothing else. Catch it in cinemas for one night only across the UK on July 2, or on DVD from July 6.

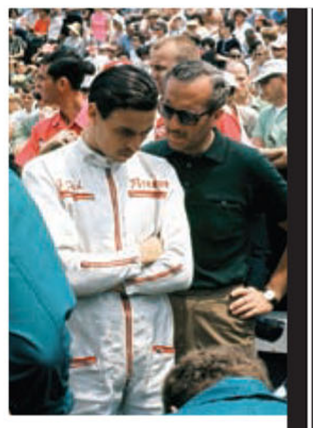
The other documentary due for a cinema release is *Steve McQueen: The Man and Le Mans*, which promises the unseen back story to the most celebrated racing movie of them all. The cult of *Le Mans* has been a little over-exposed in the past few years, but you only have to revisit the incredible action footage of Ferrari 512s and Porsche 917s to understand why. Now this film, which is the brainchild of former *Motor Sport* writer Andrew Marriott, offers fresh insight into its troubled birth.

Following its debut in Cannes, the documentary is due for release in November. Before then, Andrew has promised to tell us more about the project, so watch this space.

❖

DAMON HILL AND DEREK BELL will be star guests when John Surtees hosts his annual charity karting day at Brooklands on June 30. Hill will demonstrate the Lotus 32B with which Jim Clark won the Tasman Series 50 years ago, while former Team Surtees driver Bell will take a run in the TS7 he drove to sixth place in the 1970 US GP.

The Henry Surtees Foundation, created in honour of his late son, remains the prime driving force in John's life and the British motor racing community always rallies to support the day. As usual, we'll be there (getting in the way of proper racing drivers). Care to join us? If so, email info@henrysurteesfoundation for more details of how to enter a team. Ⓜ



IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

F1 champ, Indy 500 winner... Jim Clark's incredible 1965 campaign

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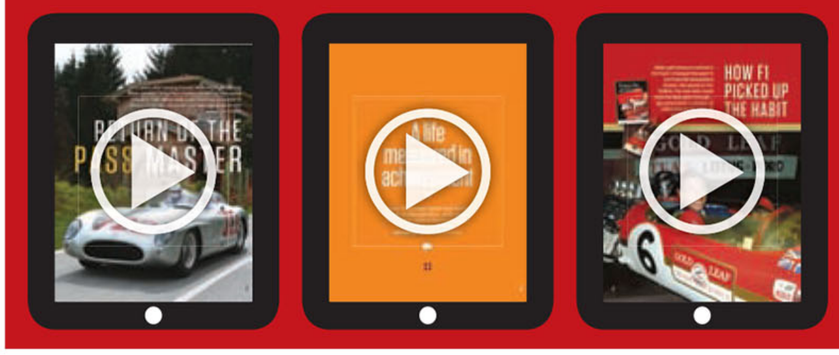
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- *A car that fired Bruce McLaren's passion*
- *Mexico'68: Hill clinches his second F1 title*

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Montoya wins 500

INDIANAPOLIS, USA

Juan Pablo Montoya won the Indy 500 at his first attempt, in 2000, and 15 years later made it two wins from three starts. An early collision dropped the Colombian to the tail of the field, but he recovered from that – and a fluffed pitstop – to lead Penske team-mate Will Power across the line. The winning margin after 500 miles? Precisely 0.1046sec...

LAT



W TCC

NÜRBURGRING, GERMANY, MAY 16
Citroën drivers José María López and Yvan Muller (pictured above, leading Honda rivals Tiago Monteiro and Gabriele Tarquini) won the WTCC races supporting the Nürburgring 24 Hours, the first world championship-status races to take place on the Nordschleife since 1983.

SILVERSTONE, ENGLAND, MAY 24
A 60-car field lined up for the second round of this year's Blancpain Endurance Series. The pole-winning Nissan of Alex Buncombe, Wolfgang Reip and Katsumasa Chiyo leads away here, but victory eventually fell to the McLaren 650S of Shane van Gisbergen, Rob Bell and Kevin Estre.



ARGENTINA, APRIL 26
Factory Citroën driver Kris Meeke scored his maiden World Rally Championship victory on this Córdoba-based event... and became the first British driver to win at this level since Colin McRae triumphed on the 2002 Safari Rally.

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THE MOTOR SPORT MONTH

IN PICTURES





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PETER DARLEY

FRANCORCHAMPS, BELGIUM, MAY 2
Works Porsche driver Timo Bernhard wore this Stefan Bellof tribute helmet during the Spa 6 Hours, to honour the memory of his fallen compatriot. Bellof lost his life at the Belgian track on September 1 1985, after crashing his Porsche 956 at Eau Rouge.

DUNS, SCOTLAND, MAY 16-17
As part of the celebrations commemorating the 50th anniversary of Jim Clark's epic 1965 season, Allan McNish took the wheel of a Lotus 25. Jackie Stewart flags him home...



PIRELLI

LYDDEN HILL, ENGLAND, MAY 24
Rallycross's spiritual home hosted Britain's annual round of the world championship – and popular Norwegian Petter Solberg (here leading the field) emerged victorious.

MONTE CARLO, MONACO, MAY 23
Martin Brundle tests a GP2 car on Pirelli's experimental 18-inch rubber. A taste of things to come? It was Brundle's first Monaco outing since the 1996 Grand Prix.



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REFLECTIONS *with*



Nigel Roebuck

>> SHORT-SIGHTED F1 POLICIES >> RIVALS REMEMBER JIM CLARK'S INDY VICTORY

THE OVAL OFFICE

Jim Clark poses with Colin Chapman and the Team Lotus crew at Indianapolis in 1963. Two years later the Scot became the first driver of a rear-engined car to win the 500 and American racing was obliged to acclimatise to a fresh way of thinking...

IMS

REFLECTIONS *with* Nigel Roebuck

IN THE MIDDLE OF MAY THERE WAS A MEETING at Bernie Ecclestone's Biggin Hill spread of the Formula 1 Strategy Group. In addition to the 18 statutory members – six from the FIA, six from FOM and six from the teams – representatives from the engine manufacturers were also invited. And present, too, was Donald Mackenzie of CVC Capital Partners.

According to a subsequent press release the purpose of the meeting was, "To exchange views on the current challenges that F1 faces", or, to put it another way, "To try to sort out the mess we've got F1 into, and win back the fans who have given up on it."

It would never do for the powers-that-be to use a word like 'panic', but quite obviously realisation has at last dawned that something must be done: one thing for empty grandstands to look bad on the screens of a diminishing TV audience, quite another for them to bring about financial concerns for the sport's 'owner', CVC Capital Partners. Why else would Mackenzie – a man considered publicity-shy even in the opaque world of private equity – have attended the meeting? To this point, after all, his company has barely scratched the surface of Formula 1, having leeched no more than four or five billion dollars from it.

Four or five *thousand million* dollars…perhaps you'd like a moment to think about that, and then another to wonder anew what the hell it would have taken for Max Mosley's much-vaunted 'Don King Clause' to be invoked by the FIA. In case it had slipped your mind, that, by the way, is the governing body of the sport.

So what did it achieve, this meeting? A cost cap? No, that old chestnut got nowhere. Well, what about a ban on those edifices – loved only by engineers – into which hundreds of millions go at one end, and a hideous front wing comes out at the other? No, we're not getting rid of wind tunnels, thank you – too much invested in them.

Well, what of the product itself? Not so long ago the clarion call was for 1000bhp, as if this were a magic cure-all for the sport's many ills, but what's the big deal about 'a thousand horsepower'? We had that – and more – 30 years ago, as Nico Rosberg's old man can tell you. As Patrick Head remembers, in the mid-eighties Honda didn't actually know how much power their turbo V6 was producing: "Their dyno only registered up to 1000 horsepower – which they were reaching at 9300rpm. We were revving them to 13,500 or so…"

Come to that, we were edging towards 1000bhp with the 3-litre V10s, which is why so many records from a decade ago still stand – and also why Mosley told us that – 'in the interests of safety'– a move to 2.4-litre V8s was necessary.

In 2015, though, the focus is all on waning interest in F1, and in their wisdom some appear to believe that even more emphasis on 'The Show' is the cure, rather than the disease – a little like Ken Livingstone's declaration that the Labour Party had lost the election because it wasn't sufficiently Left Wing. Back on planet earth, if the recent Holy Grail of 1000bhp has fallen by the wayside, there remains a determination for the cars to be appreciably quicker – to the tune of five or six seconds a lap.

I think back now to a conversation with Gerhard Berger, wherein he remembered his first experience of an F1 car, this an ATS with BMW turbo engine in 1984. "Honestly," he said, "it frightened the shit out of me, and I wasn't sure I could handle it. In my first race, at the Österreichring, I nearly lost it going off the grid – in a straight line!"

In the post-race test at Barcelona Pierre Gasly had his first F1 run – in a Toro Rosso – and afterwards had this to say: "Even though the gap to GP2 is not so much, everything feels better. Under braking the g forces are higher, but for me the big surprise was the power steering – that was the main difference. It's really easy to turn the car how you want…"

I can see the sense of power steering – you shouldn't need muscles like Garth to be a racing driver – but nothing else should be 'really easy' in a Grand Prix car. If the public has become disenchanted with Formula 1, I suggest, one reason is that the gladiatorial aspect has been subsumed by science – by endless control systems on the car, together with radio instructions as to how they should be applied.

In the early laps at Barcelona Lewis Hamilton was trapped behind a slower car, Sebastian Vettel's Ferrari, and 'trapped' is the right word: "I can't get near him," he said, "and it's hurting my tyres…" When advised by his pit that he needed to get on with it, he said that was impossible: "We need to find another solution…"

There, in a nutshell, was contemporary Grand Prix racing for you. Time was when the only 'solution' available was to drive faster, and pass the guy in front, but that approach went out of the window when some dolt thought it would be a great idea to have tyres with a life expectancy of about five minutes. Good for the show, the argument went. Might be artificial, but who's counting?

Well, the public, that's who, and they don't like it. Racing aficionados can spot anything bogus at 50 paces, which is why, for example, they loathe the principle of DRS, and are offended by attempts to turn Grands Prix into the Mobil Economy Run, wherein the drivers are consequently required to 'save', be it fuel or tyres.

If the powers-that-be are serious about addressing the problem of the public's diminishing interest, they should abandon the search for yet more silly gimmicks, and try as much as possible to return the sport to its simple days of *mano a mano*. Anyone old enough to remember the sight of Rindt or Peterson skittering through the old Woodcote will know what I'm talking about: you were witnessing genius, and you knew it. One can't easily imagine Jochen or Ronnie – had they had the use of radios – saying to Colin Chapman, 'We need to find another solution…'

There was no need of 'a thousand horsepower' to excite the fans in those days – the drivers had less than half of that – because the cars still conformed to Tony Brooks's simple recipe for good motor racing, expressed to me 35 years ago, and never bettered: "A Grand Prix car should always have more power than its chassis can comfortably handle..."

That, Brooks said, was not only satisfying for the drivers, but inevitably pleasing for those who watched them: "I think most people would say that cornering on rails isn't very exciting…"

I once asked Frank Williams to define his ideal GP car, and he replied immediately: "Oh, about 1000 horsepower – and no wings!" That was never going to happen, as Frank acknowledged, but he had responded like the enthusiast he is, and I think most hard-core fans would go along with his thinking. If anything has damaged the spectacle over

"THE POWERS-THAT-BE SHOULD ABANDON THE SEARCH FOR YET MORE GIMMICKS AND RETURN THE SPORT TO ITS SIMPLE DAYS"

time it has been greater emphasis on 'aero', on brute downforce.

"Motor racing's kind of becoming obsolete, isn't it?" Dan Gurney remarked to me recently. "When I think back now, I reckon the first mistake we all made was 'wings' – the over-emphasis on aerodynamics has done so much to damage our sport..."

For good motor racing, surely what's required is a correct balance between power and grip – with the emphasis on mechanical rather than aerodynamic grip. For years it's been way out of kilter. That is why it so depressing, in the Strategy Group's press release, to learn that this quest to speed up the cars by five or six seconds a lap is to be achieved, not only by wider tyres and a reduction in minimum weight, but also by 'aerodynamic rules evolution' – in other words, yet greater downforce.

On top of that, it is proposed to bring back refuelling, and that frankly astonishes me. Have these people forgotten that when it was banned, mercifully, at the end of 2009, the whole paddock rejoiced, and with good reason? First, in an age otherwise obsessed with 'health and safety', it had been a wholly gratuitous danger; two, the carting of all that cumbersome equipment around the world had hardly been cheap; three – although it was never said – refuelling had spawned that dreary sprint-stop-sprint syndrome, when drivers routinely said that, instead of trying to pass the guy in front, it was easier to 'wait for the stops…' One can only hope that this recommendation is not taken up.



LAT

After recently trying Senna's 1988 McLaren-Honda MP4-4, Fernando Alonso wistfully said he wished he could have raced in Ayrton's era.

Is anyone surprised?

❖

VISITING INDIANAPOLIS YEARS AGO, FOR A FUNCTION previewing the inaugural Grand Prix, I did something I had long meant to do: I stayed at the Speedway Motel. Built in the early 1960s, this was by no means the swankiest of hostelries, but it served a great breakfast and had a million stories in its walls: through what many consider the golden era of the Indianapolis 500 every driver of consequence at some point stayed here.

Therefore I booked a room, and on checking in was handed not, as it turned out, one of those occupied by The Beatles when they played Indianapolis in September 1964, but something better yet. "Here you are," said the beaming lady on the desk, handing over my key. "We've given you Jimmy Clark's room…"

For all I know, this may have been the line trotted out to every Brit who ever stayed at the motel, but I preferred to believe otherwise, and I still do. Whatever else, I clearly remember the reverence in her voice when she said, 'Jimmy Clark'…

Sadly they have now razed the Speedway Motel, just as years ago they did fabled Gasoline Alley, but for all the alterations so deleterious to its history, Indy remains one of the great happenings in sport. I was pleased to sidestep Monaco to be there for the 99th running of the 500, and *delighted* that Juan Pablo Montoya won it, 15 years after his first victory there.

At a Penske dinner a few days before the race, I asked him – in jest – what he had been playing at, qualifying only 16th? "Listen," he said, "I'm not interested in out-and-out speed in qualifying – I've been concentrating only on the race. What I need is a car that isn't going to give me any surprises on Sunday – and I'll do the rest."

The same old self-confidence from Montoya, then, but more of a reasoned approach than we might at one time have expected from him. I'll always regret his departure from F1, and lament even more that – in my opinion – he squandered seven of his best years to NASCAR, certainly earning well, but spending most of his time in midfield with a second-rate car.

Once he and Chip Ganassi had come to the end of that particular road, Roger Penske offered the chance of a return to single-seaters, where Juan Pablo's innate pace and deft touch were always seen to best advantage. If, after all that time in stock cars, it took a while to acclimatise – "Jesus, at first everything seemed so *fast*!" – he is now fully back on his game, as the 500 proved.

Incidentally, when JPM passed Will Power with three laps to the flag, it was the 38th lead change of the afternoon, and for a seasoned Formula 1 watcher such things are always a shock to the system. Earlier in the day, over breakfast at the Honda motorhome, I watched the Monaco Grand Prix with Stefan Johansson, with other drivers, mostly retired, sprinkled about. During a lull in proceedings, which seemed to constitute most of the race, one of them – a Brit – offered his thoughts: "Are you telling me," he murmured, "that people pay money to watch this?"

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FOR THOSE OF A CERTAIN VINTAGE, HOWEVER, PERHAPS the most significant aspect of the Indy weekend was that it fell 50 years after the race Clark won, thus becoming the first non-American to do so since Dario Resta in 1916. Goes back a fair way, the Indianapolis 500.

The 1965 race was perhaps not the most exciting in Speedway history, but – after the traumas of the year before – probably that was just what was needed. In '64, for the first and only time, the race had been stopped after a cataclysmic accident on the second lap, which involved many cars and cost the lives of rookie Dave MacDonald and veteran Eddie Sachs.

The fiery disaster plunged the hierarchy of American racing into a period of intense self-examination. Rubberised fuel cells were made mandatory, and the use of gasoline – which gave better mileage, if less power, than methanol – was discouraged by a new rule requiring every car in the 500 to make at least two stops.

Another regulation change called for gravity-fed, rather than pressurised, refuelling systems, and someone at Ford had the inspired idea of asking the Wood Brothers, whose pitstops in NASCAR were legendary, to venture up the road to Indiana.

"Ford asked us if we would pit Jimmy Clark," said Leonard Wood, "and we didn't hesitate. We didn't know if these people would accept us or not, but in fact they welcomed us, and gave us complete control of the pitting part of the operation.

"Back then we sometimes had AJ Foyt driving for us in NASCAR,



Lotus hired the Wood brothers' team to assist with pit duties at Indy. Here, Clark gets a service en route to victory in 1965

FORD

and when he saw us at Indy he rolled out the red carpet and invited us in. He's showing us his car – how he's got his gas tanks fixed, and how he's got a spare tank, and so on – and he says, 'Anyway, what are you guys doing here?' We said we were there to pit Clark, and he said… well, you can *guess* what he said!"

I could. Foyt, together with most of what Colin Chapman referred to as 'the roadster brigade', assuredly did not roll out any red carpet when Lotus first came to town in 1963. Dan Gurney, who had first put the idea in Chapman's head, and partnered Clark in the team, allowed that, yes, there was some hostility towards them.

"By nature, all race teams are competitors, and if they see a threat on the horizon they don't like it. If you're a dominant manufacturer – like AJ Watson was in the roadster era – and you're proud of that, and of the heritage of the race, I can understand why there was hostility. Here was I – an American – working with this new stuff, and half the time I felt almost like a traitor!

"I said, 'Look, this revolution – the move to rear-engined cars – already happened in Europe, and just like Chapman had to follow Cooper's lead in Formula 1 there's no way you're going to stop it here, so you might as well get used to it. It's not that I'm trying to wreck you guys – this is where racing's going…'

"Of course they didn't want to hear any of that, and some of the journalists – what these days they call 'the media' – thought it was great to pour gasoline on the fire. Chris Economaki, the most influential journalist back then, was very much a 'roadster type', and if he could write a headline that made us look bad, why, he'd love to do it! I was a… turncoat, I guess – that was how they saw me…"

In Formula 1, as Gurney said, John Cooper put the driver in front of the engine long before Colin Chapman did, and he also beat him to Indianapolis, running a car for world champion Jack Brabham in 1961.

"When the Indy boys came over to Silverstone in 1978," Cooper told me long ago, "I went up to watch, and during qualifying I saw AJ Foyt. 'You don't remember me, do you?' I said. 'Damn right I do!' he replied immediately. 'Hey boys, come over and meet John Cooper. This is the guy that started all the trouble at the Speedway!'

"In fact, if they wanted to blame anyone, they might have gone for one of their own – Rodger Ward, whom we met in 1959 at the first US Grand Prix, where he entered his midget. God knows how it ever got through scrutineering for an F1 race, but there was much less red tape in those days and nobody objected. Ward had won Indy that year, and everyone was pleased to have him in the race.

"Now, Rodger is a friend of mine, and I have great admiration for him… but I think he believed he was going to blow everyone off with his midget. He really didn't know what road racing was all about – but after one day of qualifying he did, and what's more, he was big enough to admit it! You must, he said, take your car to Indy…

"To be honest, I'd never even thought about it – Indy was a different world, and we had our hands full trying to win Grands Prix. For 1961, though, there was an F1 rule change coming, with a cut in engine size, and we all knew we hadn't a hope against Ferrari, who were way ahead on engine development. And that was when I started thinking again about Indy. We had a couple of races in the States towards the end of '60, so it seemed like a good opportunity to give the car a run there…"

Thus it was that one autumn day a station wagon pulled into the Speedway, towing a trailer on which sat this tiny green car with two white stripes down the nose. The Cooper was just as it had left Watkins Glen, where it had taken part in a lucrative *Formule Libre* race.

"Some of the Indy drivers came over to see us," said Cooper,

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1969 will go down as a special year for Mercedes-Benz. Rumours had been circulating for a long time that the inventor of the motor car was working on a sensation. At the International Motor Show in Frankfurt the secret was finally revealed – and it really is a sensation: the C 111, a super sports car with gullwing doors and a Wankel rotary engine.

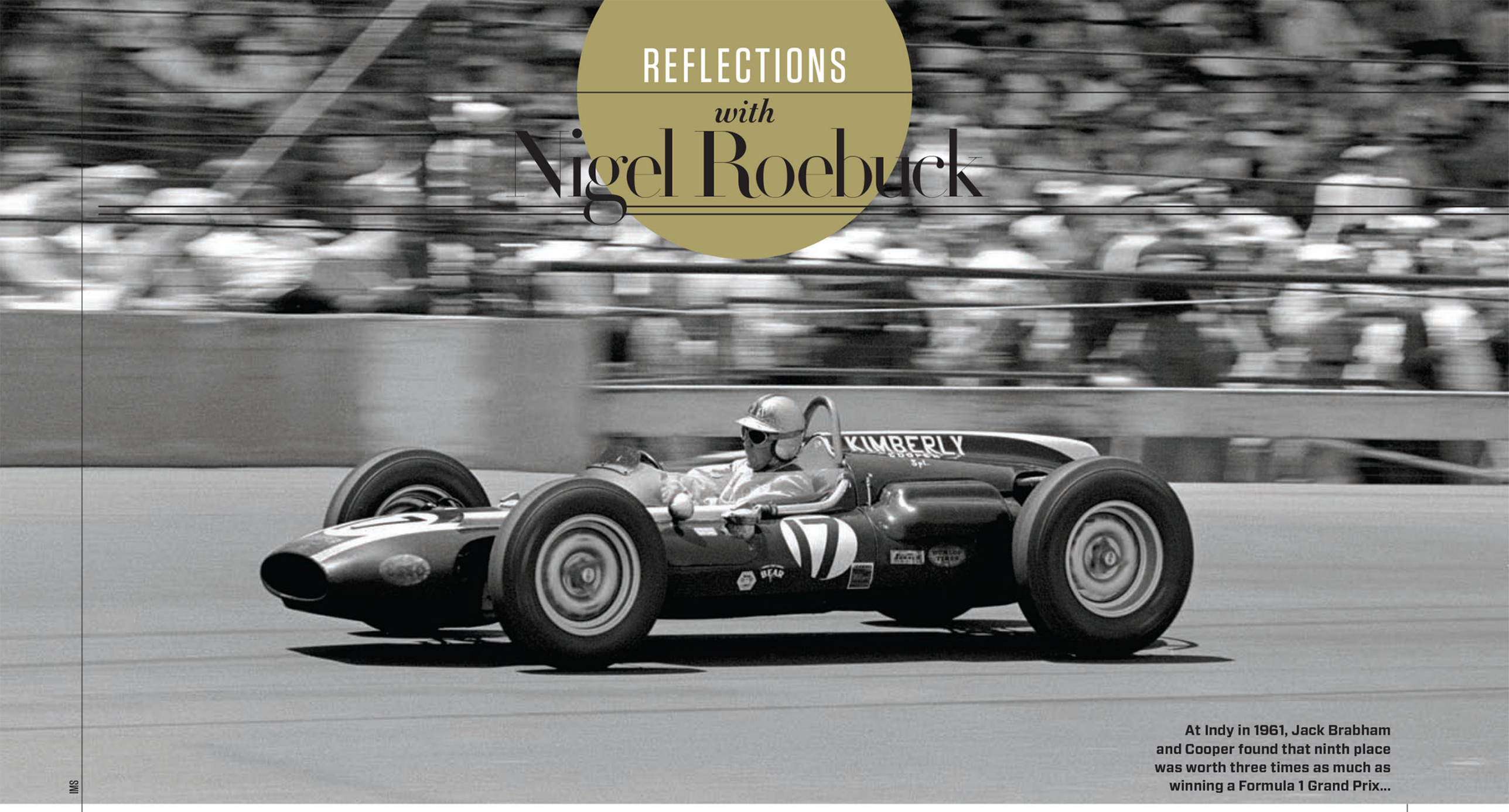
The industry was dumbstruck, the press couldn't get enough of it and the public were bowled over. Not long after, in the spring of 1970, the even more attractive and even more powerful variant of the C 111 experimental vehicle was unveiled – and it quickly became the unrivalled dream car of an entire generation.

*Source: 'DAZ', issue 20, 1969

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At Indy in 1961, Jack Brabham and Cooper found that ninth place was worth three times as much as winning a Formula 1 Grand Prix...

IMS

"including Ward and Foyt. Jack, world champion or not, had to take a rookie test, and his first flying lap was 141mph or thereabouts – when he should have done about 90! The pole that year had been 149.

"Harlan Fengler was the man in charge in those days, and he gave Jack a real bollocking, told him he was mad and didn't he realise that this was the *Indianapolis Motor Speedway*? Brabham genuinely couldn't understand what all the fuss was about. 'What's the problem?' he said. 'It's only four left-hand corners.' I'll never forget the sight of Fengler's face when he said that…

"Anyway, Jack got up to about 144 and then Ward asked if he could try the car. Afterwards he came to me: 'John,' he said, 'that is the Indycar of the future, that concept. You must do the race next year – but you've got to find some more power from somewhere…'"

The speeds achieved by Brabham during that brief test spoke volumes for the Cooper's ability in the turns but, with only 230bhp from its 2.5-litre Coventry Climax engine, it was obviously going to be blown away in a straight line by the roadsters with their 4.2-litre Offenhausers.

"I talked to Climax about building a 4.2-litre engine for Indy," said Cooper, "but they weren't interested, so what we got was an F1 motor bored out to 2.7 litres, which gave about 255bhp, still obviously nowhere near an Offy. Jack was going through the corners virtually flat out – quite a bit quicker than any of the roadsters – but horsepower was always going to be our problem. Still, we qualified 13th and finished ninth, and weren't too unhappy with that – we got about $9000 and at that time you got $3000 for *winning* a Grand Prix!"

Cooper adored the whole Indy experience, and remembered with gratitude the treatment his team received. Everyone, he said, from officials to mechanics to drivers weighed in with help and advice for this curious little foreign outfit.

From speaking to Chapman, I said to him, it seems to have been rather different for Lotus two years later. "Oh," John chuckled, "that was because Chapman was a threat! We went simply to have a look, and although our little car was quick enough not to be a joke everyone knew it wasn't going to win. Colin and Jimmy Clark were a threat, though, very obviously. They had engines from Ford, tyres from Firestone and so on. It was a very serious effort – and it really did spell the end of the roadster era, however much some people tried to pretend otherwise…"

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MY FELLOW JOURNALIST AND FRIEND ROBIN MILLER, AN Indianapolis native marinated in racing as long as I, speaks of Gurney, Foyt, Parnelli Jones and Mario Andretti as the 'Mount Rushmore of American motor racing', and a more fitting description there never could be. More than 20 years may have gone by since the last of them – Andretti – retired, but at the Speedway they remain revered figures from an iconic era.

Rufus Parnell Jones allows that he didn't particularly welcome what became known as 'the British Invasion' at Indianapolis. "At first I didn't give those F1 guys a lot of respect, and neither did AJ. We were the rough, backyard bullies, and they were the polite road racers with funny accents who gave the impression they were better than anyone else."

Like everyone else in the Indy community, though, Parnelli soon warmed to Clark. "Jimmy was just extremely likeable – very quiet, and not too outgoing, but I thought he was a fabulous guy and, believe me, he was some race driver! When he first came to Indianapolis in '63, we were all running the roadsters, and backing off into the turns, but in that Lotus, boy, he really stuck it down there!

"Jimmy learned how to drive ovals remarkably quickly – including Milwaukee, my favourite track, which was definitely more difficult than Indy. Was he better than the other Formula 1 drivers who came here? Yes, of course he was, and why wouldn't he be – I mean, he was better than they were in Formula 1, too! What impressed me about him as much as anything was what a good sportsman he was. He was never bitter about anything – at the end of the race in '63 I don't think Chapman was too happy, but Jimmy came by to congratulate me – very classy, which was how he always was…"

If the first Lotus foray to the Brickyard did not end in victory, certainly it gave notice of intent, Clark leading a number of laps before finishing second to Jones's roadster. The day was not without controversy, though, for a crack in Parnelli's oil tank could have led to his being black-flagged. "At one point I almost spun because the oil was pouring on my left rear tyre," he said, "but eventually it stopped, and I still had quite a bit at the end…"

Gurney chuckled at the memory of it all. "The Americans didn't want to see some Brit win the race, which was understandable – probably if it

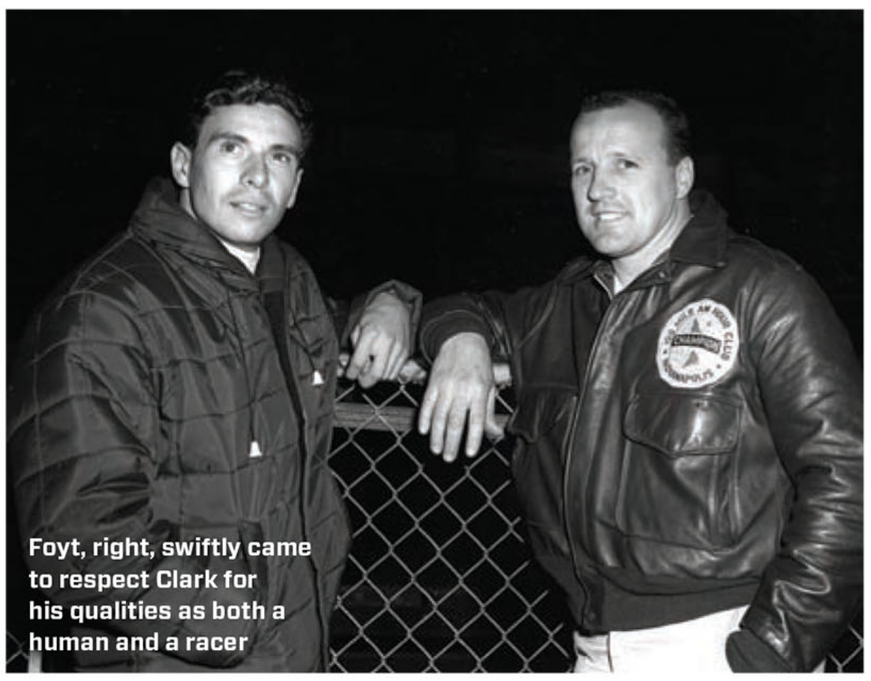
had been in England, the decision would have gone the other way. It's just the way the mop flops!"

The following year Clark started from the pole, and if most drivers kept faith with their roadsters, others had started down the rear-engined path, including the brilliant, doomed Bobby Marshman – described by Chapman as 'a sort of American Jimmy' – whose team had acquired a 1963 Lotus.

Following the terrible accident there was of course a lengthy delay, but once the race was restarted Marshman soon built up a sizeable lead over Clark. By quarter-distance, though, both were out and Foyt went on to win his second 500.

It would be the glorious roadsters' last shout at Indianapolis. There had been 23 of them in the starting line-up, but in 1965 a mere six made it, and both Foyt and Jones were in Lotuses.

"After '63, the first year, when Chapman started selling cars to American teams," said Gurney, "people found it wasn't as easy to win with them as some had thought. It was a huge learning curve for both sides…"



Foyt, right, swiftly came to respect Clark for his qualities as both a human and a racer

Through practice in '65 Clark looked a shoo-in for the pole, but although – in front of more than 200,000 spectators – he became the first man to qualify at more than 160mph, ultimately he was pipped by Foyt. "Afterwards I said over the PA system that I was happy to have brought the track record back to the United States," grinned AJ, "and I got a huge ovation from the fans. Chapman didn't like it – particularly as I was in the older Lotus – but Jimmy was fine with it, and came over and shook my hand, which I thought was pretty damn nice. He was just a racer, and if you beat him you beat him, and he could deal with that."

It just may have slipped Anthony Joseph's mind to mention over the PA that day that he had brought the record back to the USA in a British car, but Gurney says that hostility towards 'the Brits' undoubtedly lessened over time. "We knew it existed, but today you look back and think it probably got magnified a little bit. We could joke about it, but we were there with the intention of winning the race, and worrying about what happened afterwards! We had plenty to do, because we were pioneering. We were the only two drivers involved in the project, and the fact that our limits – according to the stopwatch – were awfully close also brought us closer as team-mates and friends.

"I think initially the whole Indy experience was a bit of a culture shock to Jimmy, but he was not one to waste a lot of time moaning about things – and, you know, he was not *so* reserved. Maybe he didn't reveal his emotions as much as some people did, but he had a terrific dry sense of humour, and a great ability to press on in difficult circumstances. I don't think we spent much time talking about the politics of the situation…"

The impression I've always had, I said, is that the Indy establishment came to hold Clark in great affection, as well as esteem, and to a rather greater degree than with other Formula 1 interlopers.

"Yes, I think that's true," said Gurney. "I mean, they liked Graham and Jackie well enough, but not like Jimmy. He had a way of winning people over that was natural and unforced, and the other drivers – particularly when they started running rear-engined cars themselves – realised that, 'Hey this guy is bloody good!' Of course, some were a little more humble than others!"

Foyt, still tough and gruff, but perhaps mellower these days, told me in Indianapolis that he had only good memories of Clark. "I got to be very fond of him. Chapman was always nice enough to me, but I think he thought he was… on a higher scale than everyone else, and I don't respect nobody like that, whether it's a driver, an engineer, whatever. But Jimmy was just Jimmy. He didn't think he was any better than you, me or anybody – and he could drive! I got to like Jackie Stewart and Graham Hill, but Jimmy was one on his own.

"What really impressed me about him over here was that he came to Indianapolis, but he also went to Trenton and he won at Milwaukee – much more of a driver's track than Indy. Of course Jimmy didn't have the oval experience I did, or Parnelli did, but he caught on damn quick! As well as that, he drove a stock car at Rockingham – it wasn't that good a stock car, either, and Rockingham was a son of a bitch race track, but he ran good there. A pure out-and-out racer.

"It seemed like he could adapt to whatever you put him in, wherever you took him. I know you had some great Formula 1 drivers, but I'd say he was the greatest that ever was – to me, the other Formula 1 drivers never proved themselves here like Jimmy Clark did. On the race track he ran hard, but I remember how smooth he was. It never seemed like he was over his head on the ovals – he was always very comfortable with what he was doing. Just a super guy, and a fantastic race driver."

As Foyt said, mention of Clark invariably triggers memories of a silky-smooth style, but interestingly Gurney suggests it wasn't always like that. "Yes, he usually was silky-smooth – but, you know, silky-smooth is great until it's not good enough! So in that situation what do you do – give up or try and get a little more? What I'm saying is that Jimmy didn't give up – *ever* – and if he had a problem with understeer or whatever, why, he'd just toss it in there! Believe me, he could run at the edge as well as anyone I ever saw. As for ovals, well, he came to terms with them pretty well – even early on he was right there with the top handful. And something else about Jimmy… he was a *respectful* race driver – he was so good he didn't need to go about intimidating people. As a man he may have been humble – but, trust me, a fighting humble guy is quite something!"

Although Foyt beat Clark to the pole in 1965, come race day he allows that he had nothing for Jimmy, and neither did anyone else. On the second lap AJ squeezed ahead, but a minute later the green Lotus was back in front, and proceeded to disappear into the distance. At the flag, 3 hours and 19 minutes later, Clark was followed in by Jones, with a rookie – one Mario Gabriele Andretti – in third place.

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IN 1964 ANDRETTI HAD BEEN OFFERED A RIDE IN THE 500 – and a rear-engined one at that – but turned Mickey Thompson down. If his decision was a brave one, it was also wise. "I absolutely knew I wasn't ready for Indy in '64 – especially not in a difficult car, and those Thompson cars were spooky-handling things. That's what Dave

REFLECTIONS *with*

Nigel Roebuck

MacDonald was driving when he was killed.

"By '65, though, I was driving for Clint Brawner and couldn't wait to get to the Speedway. For sure the new wave was beginning by then, and the move to rear-engined cars was filtering into some of the US teams, like Brawner's. I could understand the standpoint of USAC: 'Are these guys coming in with an unfair advantage – and is this what we want?' Their world was changing, and they weren't sure they wanted it to, but pretty soon guys like Foyt and Parnelli were in, because this was obviously the future. They were able to buy Lotuses, and race them. It was a changing of the guard, and I was lucky to have a chassis like the Brabham – or Brabham copy, anyway – to compete with Lotus even in my rookie year.

"At the track I took every opportunity I could to get next to Jimmy Clark – on my favourite wall in my office is a photo of us in the pits at Indy, with our arms crossed, just chatting. Moments like that are treasured in your mind for ever.

"Jimmy's whole demeanour was so attractive. For all his phenomenal ability, for all he had achieved, he was a modest guy – and for me, the rookie, not at all intimidating. I had so much reverence for him – that was what he commanded because of who he was. A very, very rare individual. He was friendly from the beginning – shy, but very approachable – and he answered all my questions: all we talked about was Formula 1!

"Colin Chapman knew that was my ultimate goal, and at Indy he said to me, 'Mario, whenever you think you're ready, give me a call…' That was one of the great moments in my life – I mean, this was the team *Jimmy Clark* drove for!

"As for his style… yes, he won at Indy, and he was always going to, but actually more impressive to me was that in his first year of running ovals, 1963, he had won at Milwaukee. I always say that Milwaukee is where you separate the men from the boys, and actually I think it was there that Jimmy gained the most respect from guys like AJ and Parnelli. The driver comes into play *much* more at Milwaukee than at Indianapolis, and I believe that's what cemented his position with the troops on this side – they said, 'Boy, a hundred per cent he's a racer…'

"Actually, what we wanted to do was get Jimmy in the Hoosier 100! I remember saying, 'We need to get you in some of the dirt races – that way we can compete on a more equal basis!' He laughed but, I tell you what, he didn't dismiss the idea – and in the right circumstances I think he'd have been up for it. Think of Jimmy Clark on a dirt mile… talent always speaks loudest, and once he'd gotten used to the car, he'd probably have blown by everybody!"

In the 500 Clark had no need to do that, being almost two laps up on Jones and Andretti when he took the flag: the Lotus 38 – so clean and elegant in those wingless days – was the first car to average more than 150mph for the 500 miles.



Clark and Chapman relish the moment following their victory at Indy

"I DON'T THINK THERE WAS EVER ANYONE WHO HAD A BAD WORD FOR JIMMY…"

Much has been made of the Wood brothers' contribution to Clark's victory that day – too much, in the estimation of Leonard Wood. "From our NASCAR experience we knew how to make the fuel flow into the tank – the key was getting it to flow to start with, and we had that really worked out – I think it caught everybody by surprise: the first stop was 19 seconds, compared with 45 for Foyt and Parnelli! Everyone assumed we didn't get all the fuel in, but that car just kept runnin' and runnin'…

"Maybe we made a contribution but, you know, Clark just ran so well on the race track. Before the start he says, 'I'm not going to run hard', but even so on the second or third lap he just drives away – no one even got close to him. As for the tyres, we checked them both times Jimmy came in, and they were perfect – at the finish they weren't even half worn."

These days Indycar racing may be the poor relation of Formula 1, but back then very much the opposite was true. "Chapman never paid Jim proper money," said Alan McCall, who worked on Clark's Lotus at Indy the following year. "It wasn't that he was mean with him – the money just wasn't there. In 1965, when Jim won Indy, he also won his second World Championship, and I think he got about £7500 for that! It wasn't surprising he liked the money at Indy…"

Indeed it wasn't. Jim Hurtubise, the first driver to retire in the '65 race, collected $8626 for 33rd place, and the winning Lotus came in for $166,621, of which the driver's share will have been sizeable.

At Indianapolis – as everywhere else – Clark is remembered well. "I don't think there was ever anyone who had a bad word for him," said Andretti. "He let his work do the talking – he didn't have to say a thing. I remember Jimmy with great affection. As a driver and as a man, he had it all, and in my opinion he stands alone."

When I asked Gurney if Clark was the greatest driver he had known, he hesitated before answering, and I wasn't surprised. In all my years in the racing world I have never come across a nicer guy than Dan, and what concerned him was the thought of offending friends and fans of other drivers.

"You know," he said, "I competed with some amazing drivers, both here in the States and in Europe. For example, I drove against Moss, and although there aren't many left who remember Stirling's driving talent, let me tell you it was absolutely the real thing – and he could back it up over and over, no matter where he was, or what he was driving. I think all his fellow competitors would acknowledge that.

"Going into a race, more often than not you'd know that the guy you had to try and deal with was Stirling, and later it was the same with Jimmy. If we had a time machine, and we lined all these people up, and put them in similar cars, those two would still be at the top level, but I guess… if I had to pick one, it would be Jimmy, OK? It's too bad he didn't last longer…"

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F1 FRONTLINE *with* Mark Hughes



>>MAX VERSTAPPEN, THE INSIDE LINE >>F1'S FUTURE >> MERC'S FAULTY ABACUS

THREE-POINTED START

Lewis Hamilton leads team-mate Nico Rosberg and the rest during the early stages of the Monaco GP, a race the Englishman dominated until a silly, wholly unnecessary strategic error dropped him to third, behind Rosberg and Sebastian Vettel.

LAT

F1 FRONTLINE

with

Mark Hughes

TOO LATE, TOO LITTLE, Formula 1 is trying to figure out how to recapture its declining fan base. Unfortunately, it's trying to listen to everyone. What many fans are asking for would militate against correcting the things they believe is wrong with it.

The latest preoccupation with slashing lap times is a perfect example. In the gap between the Spanish and Monaco Grands Prix the FIA announced that the F1 Strategy Group is looking at ways of responding to fans who feel current F1 cars are too slow. Initially Bernie Ecclestone wanted to do this by way of 1000bhp engines for 2017. The engine manufacturers and their aligned teams felt this was not the way to go – and so plans are afoot to reduce the weight of the cars and develop their aerodynamics so they can eclipse the qualifying speed records, most of which still stand from the last of the V10 days over a decade ago.

Before looking at the relative merits of the various ideas floating around, it's worth pointing out a few basics. Even a reduction in car weight of 100kg would only find around half of the targeted six seconds of lap time. With the engines staying roughly as they are, the rest must come from downforce. More downforce equals more speed equals more fuel used. On the other hand, less weight equals less fuel used. But the saving would be less than the extra needed to fuel the downforce-induced speed increase.

At the moment, at most tracks on the calendar the 100kg fuel limit does not cause any significant reduction in pace and any saving of fuel invariably comes from teams having short-fuelled in the knowledge that the slow pace the tyres impose allows them to not need the full allocation of 100kg. It's just that sometimes grip is slightly greater than they were expecting and they thereby need to trim the consumption slightly. But as the pace of the cars in qualifying increases from three seconds-worth of extra downforce, that will no longer be the case. At that level of performance, even lighter cars will be seriously fuel-limited in the races. The difference therefore between qualifying pace and race pace will be much bigger. Although the cars might become the quickest ever in qualifying, most of the race lap records of the V10 era would remain out of reach and we'd rarely see their full power unleashed.

Less downforce allows the engines to be used harder relative to the car's potential in the race, without any concerns about the fuel limit. More downforce means greater fuel consumption and fuel economising. So – abandon the fuel limitation? No, that's not on the cards, not something that would be accepted by the likes of Mercedes, Honda or Renault (if it remains involved, something not assured at the moment).

More downforce always demands more of the drivers, helps sort the men from the boys, but paradoxically it always makes it look easier from the outside. More downforce will give that aggressive direction change that has visually softened in recent years as the regulations have removed downforce, but the cars will appear to be cornering on rails. At current levels of downforce the cars move around significantly at low- and medium-speed corners. But in order to chase lap time that will disappear. More downforce reduces braking areas and militates against overtaking, the very reason it was removed in the first place.

The strategy group has also been looking at the reintroduction of refuelling – again as a way of making the cars faster in the races. This, thankfully, is almost certainly not going to happen. The group has realised that aside from adding £1.5 million per team each season, refuelling would actually reduce the amount of place-changing. The main reason is quite simple: it reduces the difference in speed between the car that's just pitted and the one that's stayed out (typically the pitted car would have around 2sec of tyre performance boost but 1sec of fuel weight penalty). Even just to retain existing levels of place-changing at pitstops in a refuelling era would require tyres deliberately engineered to degrade more than they do already.

A preoccupation with always being faster than before would almost certainly only add to F1's ills. In answering what a section of fans say they want, it would introduce other things they really wouldn't want. The solutions need to be far wider-ranging and more radical than tinkering with how fast the cars go. Ⓜ



Is more downforce really the way to recoup audiences? More grip would mean less gripping racing...

LAT

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F1 FRONTLINE

with

Mark Hughes



RED BULL

Old head, young shoulders

Is 17 too young for F1? Max Verstappen's early form for Toro Rosso suggests not, despite that crash in Monaco. But promise is one thing, living up to 'next Senna' hype is quite another

F1 FRONTLINE

with

Mark Hughes

AS THE SUBDUED, CRESTFALLEN voice answered the radio call asking if he was OK after his heavy impact with the Ste Devote barriers, Max Verstappen suddenly did seem just a 17-year-old kid – who happened to find himself in a Grand Prix car. It was difficult not to feel paternally protective of him. It gave ammunition to those who suggested it's too early. "Because he's 17 if he gets hurt, there's going to be a big fuss," said Felipe Massa. But how he'd ended up there – a small misjudgement in an otherwise hugely impressive weekend – was the stuff that could apply to a rookie of any age. It was a rookie error rather than a 17-year-old error. On his very first visit to this notoriously unforgiving place he'd put his Toro Rosso second-quickest on Thursday morning, less than 0.2sec adrift of Lewis Hamilton's Mercedes. He can easily handle the car but his age can bring an emotive element to his presence on the Formula 1 grid.

In Malaysia and, especially, China we saw his uncanny ability to overtake, the way he ambushes the car ahead from a long way back so the opponent isn't even defending the place, but just suddenly sees his peripheral full of blue and red. Normally, especially with a rookie, what then happens is he finds himself still going too fast to make the apex and locks up. But in his passes on team-mate Carlos Sainz in Malaysia, Red Bull's Daniil Kvyat and the Saubers of Marcus Ericsson and Felipe Nasr at Shanghai, he just gathered it all up while still alongside, got the car rotated into the turn, sometimes correcting a pre-apex slide, but by the apex all was calm, the tyres never locked – and he was through. He has an incredibly fine-honed feel and judgement of speed, relative speed, grip and braking, as if it's all happening at more frames per second than for others. There are F1 drivers, successful ones, with multiple years of experience who cannot do what he's routinely done in just his first few races.

The engineers will tell you that they are also amazed at how he tracks their optimum wheelspin/speed graph like a tracer line – as though he just has it inbuilt.

But as Monaco showed, there are weaknesses to his game – not unreasonably at this stage. A certain difficulty in being aggressive enough with the car and tyres in qualifying and with being as assertive within the team as is sometimes needed betray his inexperience. But are they also by-products of his youth? And, F1 being what it is, might it take longer to address these traits than F1 will be prepared to give him?

In person, he's composed, polite yet confident. There's none of a typical 17-year-old's awkwardness in the company of elders – because he's not your typical 17-year-old. The offspring of two very good racing drivers – father Jos Verstappen, mother ace '90s kartist Sophie Kumpen – he's been brought up in the racing world and belongs in it. He's been racing since the age of four.

"This is the crucial thing," says Red Bull's head of driver development Helmut Marko. "It's about mental age and experience. People develop at different rates, some don't really develop at all. How old is Maldonado? Max is more like a 24-year-old mentally."

"If you go out for dinner with him it's like being with a guy in his 20s," says Toro Rosso team principal Franz Tost. "You don't feel you are with a 17-year-old." Tost has not been surprised at how immediately at home Verstappen has been in the car. "I have watched him for many years, saw many of his kart races and a few of his F3 races last year. I was convinced he had the driving skills to come straight to F1. It's nothing to do with his age. He's won the world championship in karting, the European championship, has been educated in a very good way by Jos and in the end we see the fruits. The difference is that the racing education system has completely changed from when we used to think 23-24 was a good arrival age in F1. They are all arriving much better prepared now."

It's a point that double world champion Mika Häkkinen – initially critical of Verstappen's F1 entry at such a young age – acknowledged recently, saying: "It is an example that times have changed. F1 technology is now very powerful and the information the drivers get is much higher, which you can study to become a better driver. Everything is better organised, you can test in the simulator all day and in any conditions… I'm not saying it is easier now, but it is more possible to come in and reach a high level."

"A lot of those guys who used to arrive at 24 had only begun karting at 17 or 18 or maybe hadn't karted at all," continues Tost. "Now, at 18 most guys have been karting for 10 years already. You watch these races and they know exactly how to sort the car, even small things. Now if even a highly skilled driver of 18 came to start racing he would never have a chance against karters. Because what you learn between eight and 15 is something which sets your thinking and acting for the rest of your career."

"THERE ARE LONG-TIME OBSERVERS WHO SWEAR HE'S THE BEST THEY'VE SEEN"

It's true that Verstappen's karting career was extraordinary, by any standards. There are long-time observers of the karting scene who will swear he's the best driver they've ever seen. Even his F1 race engineer Xevi Pujolar – who numbers Juan Pablo Montoya and Mark Webber among those he's worked with – reckons the basic level of ability is higher than any driver he's known. Marko has already gone on record as comparing him to Ayrton Senna. These are extraordinary claims – yet to date his fellow rookie team-mate Carlos Sainz Jr has looked at least as impressive. After the first six races, the qualifying score between them stood at four-two in Sainz's favour. They are each creating a highly favourable impression, but the 'new Senna' epitaph is as yet a very uneasy fit – and not a fair expectation. Verstappen's not yet the fully formed package.

His qualifying is the most obvious area for improvement – and a small incident during Saturday afternoon in China gives some insight into the sort of circumstances at play. "We're going to do this session on just one set of options," said Pujolar over the radio at the beginning of Q2, the engineer confident his man could get through at his first attempt, thus saving a fresh set of options with which to set a time in Q3. "OK," came the uncertain-sounding response from inside the car. He locked up at turn six on that one crucial set and thus didn't make it into Q3. It later transpired that he felt far from certain one set was

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going to be enough. The track was changing all the time, the car was oversteery through the quick interlinked turns of the middle sector and he was still unfamiliar with the place. He'd have preferred to have run both sets of options in Q2. But he'd just meekly accepted what he was being told. How does a 17-year-old assert himself when necessary over a 42-year-old engineer with more than a decade of F1 experience? He absolutely has to when necessary.

Jos accompanies his son to the races but once there stands back. He would not be allowed, nor does he want, a direct input into Max's race weekend. But he observes, listens in – and they talk. In the car back to the hotel – Jos driving, of course, as Max is years away from being old enough to rent a car – at the hotel itself, at home, for Max still lives with his father. Of course he still lives with his father – he's only 17! A Grand Prix driver who hasn't yet left home. The incongruity of it all vividly emphasises just how young 17 is. One of the things Jos has spoken with him about is this need for assertiveness when necessary, to know when to accept the guidance of those more experienced and when the more relevant point is what he, as a driver, feels he needs. To know when to bang the table.



Max Verstappen impressed at Monaco – right up until the point he crashed into Romain Grosjean LAT

"He is more in control of himself than I was," accepts Jos. "I could get over-excited at times." But there's a line between loss of control and unquestioning deference, the latter a charge that was never levelled at Jos… Dad has been a hard task master, but with a more than willing pupil. "He has always been incredibly fascinated by motor racing, even when he was younger," confirms Jos. "He is now more than ever. Even when he's been in the simulator at the factory and flies home, arrives 11.30 at night, the first thing he does is jump in his own simulator just to drive the same track and see the lap time difference between the team simulator and his. That's his level of dedication. He is always with the engineer, preparing himself well, watching the sessions from last year. You need to be exceptionally keen to do all that."

Assistant technical director Ben Waterhouse believes it's just a question of experience, not age. "He proved in the first race that he's old and mature enough and skilled enough for F1. He's delivered, though not yet to his full potential. Every race he learns something new. There are small areas where it's very difficult to find the optimum and he's still working on doing that. The margins are smallest in qualifying and he's yet to fully control how to achieve the maximum on every single run. That's without doubt the most difficult thing to do for a young driver, with these tyres and these set ups."

The raw ability has as yet not dovetailed exactly into the demands of an F1 car, but the peaks hint at what we might be about to see. He tends to be fantastically fast when grip levels are low, as that sensitivity comes to his aid. In his very first qualifying session – Q1 at Melbourne – he was fourth fastest on the same prime tyres as all the quick cars. His way of combining pace with looking after the rubber in the race is sometimes uncanny. "Though his race in China made the big impression because of all the overtakes, his race in Melbourne actually was even better," says Tost. "His driving there was very clever. Sadly we didn't see this in the results because of a technical failure. But he was out on the primes and could control those behind him on options, and he was driving as fast as was necessary that the others could not overtake him while not overworking the tyres. The lap times he was doing on those tyres were fantastic. He'd placed himself perfectly for his switch to the softer tyre when the others would have all been on the prime – but the car stopped on the out-lap of his pitstop. He would have finished sixth or seventh. It was a fantastically controlled drive. He has a great sensitivity for the tyre but is also able to react immediately. If he feels that he overworks the tyre then next corner he finds a solution, doesn't just continue to push in the same way; he finds a way not to lose too much time but save the tyre. Normally a driver needs minimum one year experience for this."

But that same sensitivity could sometimes be ignored to his benefit. In qualifying, you might need to accept a bit of tyre damage in exchange for grid position – and this brutality doesn't come naturally to him.

Sainz is in his sixth season of car racing, Verstappen his second and perhaps this is part of the reason the Spaniard is often ahead on the grid. But once in F1 there are no excuses. Perception is all and career momentum vital, something Jos is only too aware of. "Yes, you need some luck to help with this. If his race had played out in Australia he would have made a big impression on his debut. But the car stopped before he was noticed. He's finished two races from the first five – because of reasons outside his control. That's what I mean by the luck. Sometimes I'm a little worried about it."

There comes a time when a driver needs to strike out on his own, to graduate from being the grateful protégé to fighting his own corner. For all that he's remarkably composed and very gifted, is his hide yet tough enough to prevail? This process will probably unfold within the team first. But some day it will play out between father and son, too. Jos looks surprised when it's suggested. "Why would he want to leave home? At the moment everything is taken care of for him. He doesn't have to think about running a house, doing his washing, all those sorts of things. He can concentrate fully on his racing." For now.

Max Verstappen could one day become the 'new Senna' – if he can tie all those outstanding peaks together. That will require a toughness that might take time to acquire. Ⓜ



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SPAIN & MONACO

Rd 5 CATALUNYA, MAY 10 2015

1	NICO ROSBERG	Mercedes W06	1hr 41min 12.555sec
2	LEWIS HAMILTON	Mercedes W06	1hr 41min 30.106sec
3	SEBASTIAN VETTEL	Ferrari SF15-T	1hr 41min 57.897sec

FASTEST LAP LEWIS HAMILTON Mercedes W06 1min 28.270sec
RACE DISTANCE 66 laps, 190.826 miles
POLE POSITION NICO ROSBERG Mercedes W06 1min 24.681sec



Rd 6 MONACO, APRIL 19 2015

1	NICO ROSBERG	Mercedes W06	1hr 49min 18.420sec
2	SEBASTIAN VETTEL	Ferrari SF15-T	1hr 49min 22.906sec
3	LEWIS HAMILTON	Mercedes W06	1hr 49min 24.473sec

FASTEST LAP DANIEL RICCIARDO Red Bull RB11 1min 18.063sec
RACE DISTANCE 78 laps, 161.734 miles
POLE POSITION LEWIS HAMILTON Mercedes W06 1min 15.098sec

SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE AT RED BULL. AS THE SERIOUS under-performance of Renault's F1 hybrid continues into the second year of the formula, so the marketing-led F1 project of the drinks company is increasingly under threat, its partnership with Renault under ever more strain. That marketing campaign was working when world titles were being amassed, but the return on the annual budget of about £400 million for its two F1 teams is much less convincing now the senior Red Bull team is struggling. Besides, maybe F1 has now done its job for the drinks company. Its boss Dietrich Mateschitz is notoriously capable of making snap decisions once he has made up his mind about something.

As Renault looks very publicly at its options – staying as is, withdrawing completely or buying a team of its own – continuing with Red Bull looks the least likely in the long run, given how awkwardly the relationship is poised at the moment.

Then there is Audi, whose long-time boss Ferdinand Piëch always dismissed F1. Publicly he said this was because of its lack of road relevance. Privately, it's believed he refused to countenance being involved with Bernie Ecclestone. But things were afoot at Audi. In the month prior to the Spanish Grand Prix Piëch had resigned in a boardroom coup. Martin Winterkorn, the previous chief executive, received the unanimous blessing of the VW Group board to replace Piëch as chairman. Moving up to replace Winterkorn as chief executive was Rupert Stadler. Both men are believed to be impressed by the marketing benefits being amassed by marketplace rival Mercedes from its current F1 success.

Meanwhile, former Ferrari team principal Stefano Domenicali was hired by Audi last October to head its competition programme. He is believed to have presented a full feasibility appraisal of an Audi F1 project.

In Spain, Mateschitz's close ally, the straight-talking Dr Helmut Marko, summarised Red Bull's position thus: "If we don't have a competitive engine in the near future, then either Audi is coming or we are out."

That was the high stakes backdrop to Red Bull's Spanish and Monaco Grand Prix weekends, where any routine racing problem seemed to carry great weight and possible significance.

SPAIN

MERCEDES CAME INTO THIS WEEKEND COMFORTABLY leading the world championship and with both its cars still on their first of their four-engine seasonal allocation. Red Bull came in with just a handful of points on the board, a significant horsepower deficit and with one car – Daniil Kvyat's – already on its fourth engine and the other with a question mark about its third.

Renault had not, as originally planned, used up any development tokens here. All the changes revolved around the software and in improving the power unit's driveability rather than its outright horsepower. Until the engineers at Viry could get a handle on the unreliability, they were reluctant to commit to a mechanical upgrade. For some reason the unit loses about 40bhp when transferred from dyno to car – whether that be Red Bull or Toro Rosso. It's also far more reliable on the dyno – but that's not unusual.

Mario Illien – drafted in as a consultant to Renault Sport at Red Bull's instigation – is convinced the horsepower problems lie within the combustion chamber of the engine and he has designed a



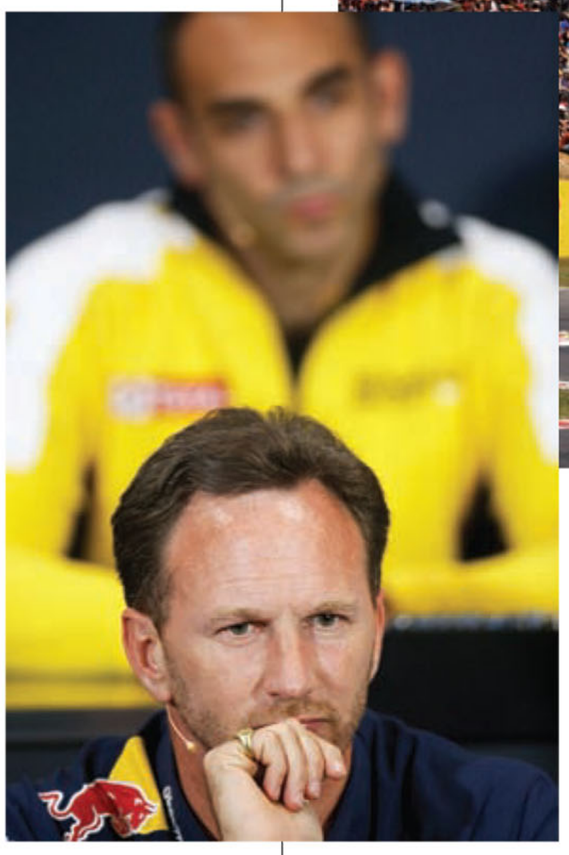
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single-cylinder prototype for Viry to try. The original plan, if this showed well, was to have it as the basis for an upgraded engine to be introduced mid-season. Pride is at stake, however, and there is concern at Red Bull that the Illien project has not been accorded any particular urgency. His stock within Viry undoubtedly took a knock when a host of his upgrades to the existing engines was fitted to the units before Melbourne and just exacerbated its driveability problems.

Red Bull's engineers, meanwhile, had been busy in the three-week gap between Bahrain and Barcelona. The short nose that was always part of the RB11's concept had finally passed its crash test and was now fitted to the car. This enhanced the airflow going between nose underside and front wing, channelled to the underbody and diffuser to increase rear downforce. The wind tunnel suggested it was worth as much as 0.7sec per lap around Barcelona.

But the others hadn't been standing still. Mercedes had a new front wing and floor while Ferrari had a massive upgrade accounting for 70 per cent of the body's surfaces, including sidepods, front wing, floor, diffuser and rear wing endplates. Given that there is a limitation on wind tunnel hours and CFD power, the extent of the upgrade caused some consternation and puzzlement among rival teams.

The gap between Mercedes and Red Bull remained much as before. The gains from the new nose were not as big as simulation had suggested. It had been hoped that it would give Red Bull back the high-speed downforce advantage it had enjoyed last year – but it was actually just as far adrift in the aero-demanding middle sector here as it had been at the similarly demanding middle sector of Sepang a month earlier. Mercedes had improved, yes – and Red Bull had too. But the net deficit remained much as before. That's what the numbers suggested as Kvyat qualified seventh, more than one second adrift of Nico Rosberg's pole for Mercedes, with Daniel Ricciardo a further two tenths back in 10th. "The upgrades didn't give us what we were expecting," said the Australian.





Daniil Kvyat heads Verstappen. Below left: Renault's Cyril Abiteboul shadows Christian Horner

"It's difficult to know exactly how well or not the upgrade is working," said a frustrated Christian Horner, "because we are so mileage-limited on the engines."

Ricciardo had missed most of first practice as his engine had developed a leak – and needed to be changed for the fourth unit, which already had plenty of racing miles on it. With Kvyat already on his fourth, they were desperately trying to keep from incurring grid penalties at Monaco and restricted their running in Spain accordingly.

Things looked slightly better in the sister Toro Rosso camp, where Carlos Sainz and Max Verstappen had qualified fifth and sixth respectively, a few tenths ahead of the Red Bulls. But this was partly on account of high downforce settings that would make them very vulnerable in the race.

In other news, Rosberg had finally made the breakthrough over Mercedes team-mate Lewis Hamilton, beating him to pole by a couple of tenths around a track with trickily variable grip. Ferrari's upgrade did not bring the hoped-for gains and on Friday night it had converted Kimi Räikkönen's car back to the old sidepod set-up in order to conduct a back-to-back with Sebastian Vettel's upgraded car. The good news for Ferrari was that the new car was quicker. The bad news was that it had still fallen about one second adrift of Mercedes. Its deficit in the previous few races had been only around a third of that. Cynics believed this to be connected with a new technical directive issued by the FIA regarding fuel flow. It's believed Ferrari had found a way of briefly exceeding the 100kg/hour limit while respecting that limit through the fuel flow meter itself. That loophole, if it was such, was reckoned to be worth an extra 25bhp but had now been closed off.

"VETTEL WAS 45SEC ADRIFT, BUT RED BULL COULD ONLY LOOK ON WITH ENVY AT SUCH A SHORTFALL"

Rosberg dominated the race to take his first win of the season, with Hamilton compromised by a wheel-spinning start that put him behind Vettel's Ferrari for the first two stints. With overtaking proving impossible, Mercedes converted him from the conventional two-stop strategy to a three-stop in order to get the clear track needed to finally emerge ahead of the Ferrari. A cross-threaded wheel nut for Hamilton at his first stop had prevented him getting ahead on that occasion.

Vettel was 45sec adrift of the winner at the flag. His average race day deficit in the four preceding races (including his victory in Malaysia) was 8sec. But Red Bull could only look on in envy at such a shortfall. Ricciardo and Kvyat finished a lapped seventh and 10th respectively. They'd had no particular problems, other than Kvyat's poor start off the line. Ricciardo had initially given best to Pastor Maldonado's Lotus-Mercedes as the best of the midfield group ever-further distant from the Mercedes, Ferrari and Williams teams up ahead. But the Lotus suffered a collapsed rear wing endplate later. Kvyat fought his way past the two Toro Rossos to lie ninth but on the last lap was repassed by an aggressive Sainz, the two cars actually making contact as they squabbled among themselves over the crumbs. "That's just where we are at the moment," said Horner.

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MONACO

IT HAD BEEN SUCH A BIG DEAL FOR RED BULL NOT TO TAKE any engine penalties at Monaco because it represented probably the team's best opportunity of the season to show well. The layout of the sinewy street circuit does not unduly punish a lack of horsepower. More is still better and less still worse, of course. But the car's low-speed aerodynamics are almost certainly better than those of Williams, for example, one of the cars normally ahead. So although Ricciardo and Kvyat were only 14th and 16th through the speed trap at the exit of the tunnel – at 176mph compared to Felipe Massa's Williams-Mercedes at 182mph – they sat fourth and fifth on the grid, many places ahead of Williams. The deficit to Hamilton's pole-sitting Mercedes was just 0.8sec and Ricciardo was actually disappointed not to be lining up third ahead of Vettel's Ferrari. A miscommunication from the pitwall on his final lap led to him using the wrong engine map, meaning he was down on power to the tune of about 0.2sec – which would comfortably have eclipsed the Ferrari.



Hamilton heads off into a fine race – only to be defeated by his own team

The good news for Red Bull was that it was absolutely as competitive as hoped around the streets and it had not picked up the feared engine penalty for either car. But there were two bits of bad news. The Strategy Group had not approved the use of an unpenalised fifth engine, as had been on the cards and which would have been particularly welcome at Red Bull. It was going into this race with both cars already on the last of their four-race seasonal allocation. By contrast both Mercedes W06s were doing their sixth consecutive race on their first engines. That and a whole lot more horsepower than Renault into the second year of the formula; it's easy to understand Red Bull's frustration.

Which brings us to the second bit of bad news for Red Bull: in the gap between these two races Audi's Rupert Stadler had said that his company would not, after all, be coming to F1 in the foreseeable future. It's said there was a strong core within Audi that wanted to, but the VW element was largely against.

Meantime Renault was strongly rumoured to be looking at buying back the Enstone-based former Renault-branded Lotus team. It had previously been investigating buying Toro Rosso. Red Bull's



MONACO, PISCINE

Trackside view

"For all that downforce has robbed us of visual drama at many places over the years, at a few locations it's definitely enhanced it spectacularly. The most vivid illustration of this is the swimming pool section of Monaco, where the cars carry outrageous speed – about 135mph – between the barriers.

Through the left-right the Mercedes takes around three-quarters of the kerb's width, its suspension incredibly supple. Even with the inner wheel scrabbling in the air, the outer front remains planted to the Tarmac. Daylight is visible beneath the inner rear tyre and, as the car continues to turn, when that wheel lands it twitches the car into a snarly little shrug before the great invisible hand of downforce presses down to quell any dissent.

The Mercs are visually the quickest things through here, Hamilton all extravagant slides right from the very start, Rosberg more contained in style but still very committed. But the most visually dramatic are the Lotus pair Maldonado and Grosjean. The Lotus is supple, too, but has less downforce, the drivers having more of a fight on their hands to keep it out of the barriers as it lands after that kerb. Then it's hard on the brakes for the tight right-hander afterwards and at this point the Lotus almost always locks up its front tyres. The whole take-off-to-slide-to-tyre-smoke sequence takes about two and a half seconds, during which time the boys are super-busy.

This year there are yellow concrete 'sausages' at the inner extremities of the kerbing around this tight-right and the following left – to deter drivers taking liberties (as if!). Most cars are changing direction quite happily through here but in these early stages of the weekend the Red Bulls are not getting enough rotation into the right-hander – and because they can't simply put the car hard over that first kerb, it's putting them at an acute angle of attack for the left-hander that follows. So Ricciardo and Kvyat have to take more of the second kerb than ideal, triggering flares of wheelspin as they disappear out of view."

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F1 FRONTLINE *with* Mark Hughes



Ricciardo heads Räikkönen at chicane before safety car, below, upsets all plans

long-term options were not looking promising.

In the race itself, they were a respectable fourth and fifth, Kvyat ahead. The big story of the day was how Mercedes blew Hamilton's race by unnecessarily pitting him for fresh tyres under a late-race safety car after Max Verstappen crashed his Toro Rosso heavily at Ste Dévote, having misjudged a manoeuvre on Romain Grosjean's Lotus. Paranoid about being ambushed by a new-tyred Ferrari at the restart, Mercedes brought Hamilton in believing it had more time to do so than it actually did. He rejoined third, with team-mate Rosberg – who had trailed Hamilton by 25 seconds when the accident occurred – now leading and on his way to becoming a triple Monaco GP winner. Vettel was able to fend off Hamilton over the remaining laps.



Kvyat had passed Ricciardo within seconds of the start and they ran virtually the whole race fourth and fifth. At the pitstops Ferrari was able to get Räikkönen ahead of Ricciardo – and Kimi was closing on Kvyat when the safety car came out. There was an opportunity here for Red Bull, though. Such was Ricciardo's gap over seventh place there was no risk to bringing him in for a fresh set of tyres. The hope was that he could use these to attack Hamilton, Vettel and Rosberg – now that the safety car had brought them back to within his reach. This of course entailed passing Räikkönen and then getting Kvyat out of his way.

He passed Räikkönen in a marginal move down the inside of Mirabeau, light contact being made. Earlier Fernando Alonso had been handed a 5sec penalty for a similar move. But the stewards took no action this time. Now for the delicate matter of moving Kvyat aside.

"Let your team-mate through please. He's on a different strategy to you," came the radio call. "Good for him," countered Kvyat. But he was reassured that if Ricciardo could not pass anyone in the remaining eight laps he would hand the place back to Daniil at the last corner.

Ricciardo was scintillating in these last few laps, quickly closing the gap down to the Vettel/Hamilton dice on his new super-soft tyres, fantastically fast and aggressive through the swimming pool section. It netted him the race's fastest lap. But there was no way past the cars ahead. As promised, he lifted off at Rascasse on the last lap and handed fourth place back to his team-mate.

Horner had got married between these two races, observing that, "Technically you are all here sharing my honeymoon." But any honeymoon between Red Bull and Renault is long over. "This is a track where we didn't have to compromise our downforce for the engine, and this is the result. I think the fact we got through this race without any engine issues at all is a step in the right direction. We now have to evaluate what happens in Montréal – whether we take a penalty there or not. It really depends on the state of these engines after this race."

And evaluating in the longer term? Horner spent some time during the weekend with Renault president Carlos Ghosn and said, "I think Renault knows that whatever its future is in F1 looking forward, then it needs a competitive engine. That is where the focus is right now." Ⓜ

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Photo: James Lindsay, Patagonia



Formula E's open ambition

Battersea races to mark end of first chapter for all-electric series | BY GARY WATKINS

LONDON'S ROUND OF THE FIA Formula E Championship in Battersea Park on June 27/28 won't just bring the inaugural season of the electric-vehicle series to an end. It marks the last time it can correctly be called a one-make series: Formula E is setting out on a course at the start of the 2015/16 series that could lead to a truly 'open' concept by its fifth season in 2018/19.

Formula E has laid out what series boss and founder Alejandro Agag is calling a "five-year road map" that will result in the Dallara-built Spark-Renault SRT_01Es becoming faster over the next three seasons. The aim, and it is just that at the moment, is that as EV technology develops the championship will be opened up for year five when the practice of swapping cars is due to be abandoned.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF PACE

Agag believes that Formula E pace will take a step up for the 2015/16 season due to start this September. That will result from modifications to the Spark chassis, focused on the suspension and the carbon brakes and the addition of aerodynamic turning vanes, plus a step up in the power. The road map allows for teams to develop in season two their own powertrains to replace the spec motor built by McLaren Electronic Systems and the five-speed Hewland gearbox. At the same time the maximum power allowed during the race will rise from 150kW to 170kW.

Eight of the 10 Formula E teams have registered to become so-called manufacturers to gain the right to produce their own powertrains. The e.dams team has done so in conjunction with sponsor Renault, while the Trulli team has forged a joint venture with Italian technology company Motomatica under the Tecnomatica banner, while NEXTEV TCR is a company set up by China Racing boss Steven Lu. Virgin Racing, one of the eight manufacturers, is understood to have entered into a relationship with Citroën.

THINK OUT OF THE BOX

None of the eight groups has gone public on their approach for 2015/16. The likelihood is that some will choose to do away with a multi-speed gearbox.

"People may decide to do without a conventional gearbox as the torque goes up," says Roger Griffiths, director of motor sport development at Andretti Autosport and joint team principal of its Formula E operation. "There isn't an obvious answer. We could perhaps see solutions with two, four and six speeds."



"The likelihood is that we are going to need four-wheel-drive, because we are going to have to retrieve off both axles"
Roger Griffiths, Andretti Autosports

The original plan for year three in 2016/17 was to do away with the single battery supplied by Williams Advanced Engineering, a move that the teams have managed to veto on grounds of cost. The energy content of the battery will still go up, from 28kWh to 33kWh, along with a further increase in race power to 200kW, but it has now been decided that there will be a new battery with teams sharing the cost of its development.

"We needed a less expensive solution, partly because the technology we would have been developing would not have been relevant to road cars," says e.dams managing director Francois Sicard. "That is why we will share the costs."

DROPPING THE CAR SWAP

The big changes could come after a year of stability in 2017/18. "I believe we can retain a single chassis for four seasons, but I don't think that will be possible if we are to stop needing two cars for each race," says Agag. "Teams will go for quite radical technologies, which means they will need their own chassis."

It is envisaged that at this point battery energy will rise to more than 40kWh, although motor power will stay at 200kW, and energy retrieval will become a bigger factor in one-car races.

4WD ON THE CARDS

"The likelihood is that we are going to need four-wheel-drive, because we are going to have to retrieve off both axles," says Griffiths. "That's going to be harder to do with a single-seater than with a sports car or prototype."

The teams have questioned whether the series can support the investment required to develop their own cars. They have put forward a proposal that would permit development of the existing Spark chassis in much the same way as IndyCar has with its Dallara.

The idea of bespoke cars for each team in year five remains up in the air. "If the original suppliers step up, maybe Formula E could support it," Griffiths says, "otherwise it is a question mark."

— OBITUARIES —

Frank Matich



Successful Australian racer and car builder Frank Matich died in May, shortly after his 80th birthday. Though he never drove in Formula 1, he raced against the F1 aces in the Tasman series, winning five times in his Brabham BT7A and impressing them enough to uniquely earn membership of the Grand Prix Drivers Association. Jim Clark recalled a Tasman dice with Matich as one of the best of his career.

Winner of many Australian titles, Matich maximised a natural talent at the wheel through his engineering training, constantly honing and improving his cars and going on to design and build sports cars and F5000 single-seaters under his own name. In these and a McLaren-Repco M10 he had further success, scoring two Australian and one New Zealand GP victories in 1971-2 and the 1972 Australian Drivers Championship.

Following injuries from a boating accident he retired from racing in 1974, concentrating on a range of automotive and engineering businesses.

Go to the Motor Sport Archive to read our September 2012 interview with Frank Matich. www.motorsportmagazine.com/archive

Denise McCluggage

Journalist and racer Denise McCluggage, who has died aged 88, lived a life centred around cars. After learning to drive at 14, McCluggage became a newspaper sports journalist in San Francisco and quickly homed in on skiing and car racing. A co-founder of the paper that became *Autoweek*, she raced MG, Jaguar, Porsche and Ferrari cars in the 1950s and '60s, scoring GT class wins at Sebring and in the Monte Carlo Rally wearing her polka-dot helmet.

Friends with all the major names in American racing and syndicated across the US, she was the first journalist to be elected to the Automotive Hall of Fame, won several automotive journalism awards, and wrote books on skiing and car racing. She remained an *Autoweek* contributor to the end.

Renzo Zorzi

Former racer Renzo Zorzi has died aged 68. After scoring a surprise Monaco F3 win in 1975, the Italian went on to contest a couple of Grands Prix with Frank Williams before funds ran dry and he returned to F3. Fresh sponsorship enabled him to secure another F1 seat with Shadow in 1977, when he scored a point in Brazil, but he was dropped after Spain to make way for Riccardo Patrese. He was also indirectly involved in the fatal accident to team-mate Tom Pryce at Kyalami. It was Zorzi's stranded car a marshal was trying to reach when he ran over the track into Pryce's path, killing both.

After F1, Zorzi competed in sports car events, including Le Mans, making a one-off appearance in the Aurora F1 series, at Monza in 1980.

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LAT

GORDON KIRBY

MONTOYA'S 500 GLORY

AFTER A WORRYING WEEK AND A HALF OF practice and qualifying which saw James Hinchcliffe badly injured in one of five accidents, the 99th running of the Indianapolis 500 turned out to be a great race free of flying cars or fearful injuries. This year's 500 rebounded from a fitful start to develop quickly into an exciting, fiercely fought battle between pre-race favourites Penske and Ganassi.

In the end, Juan Pablo Montoya bounced back from an early incident with Simona de Silvestro to score one of the most impressive victories in the race's long history as Penske's four-car team recorded a rare one-two and took home Roger's 16th victory in the big race.

After all the criticism IndyCar took in May about its new 'aero kits', Montoya said Chevrolet and Honda have done an excellent job. "I think the aero kits have been a huge plus," Juan declared. "We were able to race hard together today, Chevy brought a really good motor, and our cars were fantastic. I think IndyCar is going in the right direction."

Roger Penske observed: "At the end, over the last 15 laps, it could have been anybody's race. They raced clean and they passed. The package worked well. I think the race was great for the fans and hopefully will correct some of the negative publicity we got earlier in the month. This kind of racing at 220mph-plus for lap after lap shows how good these drivers and cars are. To me, the fan noise is what it's all about and it was great to see all the excitement from the fans at the finish."

A few days before the race I talked with pole winner Scott Dixon about this year's aero kit packages and the series of accidents we witnessed during practice. "Everybody's talking about the accidents as if it's a new thing, but I don't think it is," Scott said. "We've seen cars crash and get airborne and break backs in the past. We saw James get injured seriously this month, but it was fantastic to learn that he's going to be OK because he's a good friend.

"Maybe we saw [cars getting airborne] a little more than normal this month. I think everyone needs to work over the next few years on what happens when the cars go backwards. Safety is always evolving and after James' accident I'm sure they will look at the front wishbones.

"I think an exciting part of having the manufacturers involved is they have the money and technology to work out the best ways to improve the cars and the technology."

Ilmor co-founder Mario Illien, whose company builds Chevrolet's IndyCar engines, provided another perspective: "I think the competition on the track is very good. IndyCar puts on a good show but the problem is the coverage is bad on television and in the newspapers. It's been bad for many years and I haven't seen any improvement. They may make incremental improvements but you don't see any signs of a breakthrough.

"I think from this point of view the aero kits have been a failure. I don't see any evidence of an increase in interest from the media and from what I've seen in the past I don't think we'll see any improvements as we go forward.

"I think if they had taken the money they've spent on the aero kits and used that to promote the series and try to attract more media coverage in the United States and around the world it would have been a much better way to spend that money. But that's only my opinion."

Meanwhile, Montoya's hard-fought win at Indianapolis this year is the best thing that's happened to IndyCar in some time because Juan is the category's biggest superstar and he's shown everyone once again that he remains one of the world's greatest, most exciting racers.



Repaired after its practice accident, the Jarvis/di Grassi/ Duval Audi was seventh at Spa

AUDI

OLIVER JARVIS

TIME FOR THE BIG ONE

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT THE LE MANS 24 Hours is nearly here! It seems like yesterday I was in Ofterschwang, at the Audi Sport winter fitness camp, preparing for the season ahead. Even back in February, there was talk of this year being one of the greatest and closest fought championships in sports car history. But just ask any boxing fan who stayed up to watch the Mayweather vs Pacquiao fight last month: there's a big difference between expectation and reality. But if Silverstone and Spa are anything to go by, then Le Mans could be an absolute classic and I for one can't wait.

By looking at the points table and the race results from the first two races, it would be easy to assume Audi (and car no7 in particular) has been utterly dominant. Anyone who watched closely will know that's not the case.

My team-mates Benoît Tréluyer, André Lotterer and Marcel Fässler have done an exceptional job to come away with two wins thanks, in part, to the Audi R18 e-tron quattro's ability to look after its tyres. It remains to be seen if this trend will continue at Le Mans, but it could be key.

At Spa we saw the advantage Porsche has with its 8MJ hybrid system. It is clearly an advantage in pure lap time but it also makes racing them, and more importantly overtaking and staying ahead, extremely difficult. On several occasions I was behind a Porsche as it caught traffic in Eau Rouge and I was able to carry much more speed up the hill through Raidillon, but just as I was thinking of pulling out to make a pass the Porsche was able to pull clear. It doesn't make our lives easy, but it has led to some incredible on-track battles.



For Loïc Duval, Lucas di Grassi and myself in the no8 Audi, Spa was a frustrating weekend. An ECU problem cost us time and we slipped from third to seventh. When leaving the track on Sunday morning, however, it wasn't the result that was playing on my mind but the practice accident that left Toyota driver Kazuki Nakajima in hospital.

I had just jumped in the car and was on my out lap heading to Les Combes. As I stayed left to let the no7 car pass, I felt a huge impact from behind.

It turns out that Kazuki was following the no7 Audi closely and was blinded by the spray from both our cars. He didn't see me until a split second before the impact and therefore had no time to react, crashing directly into the rear of my Audi and causing huge damage to both cars in the process. I would love to see him back in a car for Le Mans and I wish him a speedy recovery.

The accident does highlight a current issue, namely the level of visibility when racing in the wet – especially at tracks such as Spa, where the spray seems to linger in the air forever.

It's not the first time that such an incident has happened – think back to the 1998 Belgian Grand Prix, when Michael Schumacher crashed into the back of David Coulthard as David tried to let him past.

We shouldn't wait until it happens again, potentially with a more serious outcome, before considering what can be done to avoid such a scenario. Do we need better flashing lights on the rear of our cars in wet conditions, or do we need stricter rules governing how much spray is considered dangerous? I don't have the answer, but I hope that it is given consideration for the future.

Two races in and this hasn't been the start to the championship that my team-mates and I had wanted. But with Le Mans approaching and double points on offer, the 24 Hours would be a great time for all the pieces to fall into place. Ⓜ

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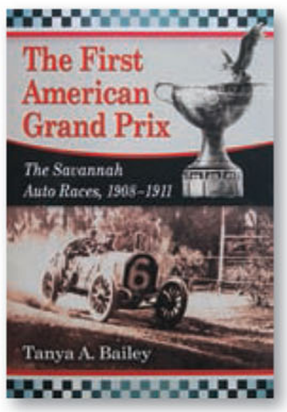
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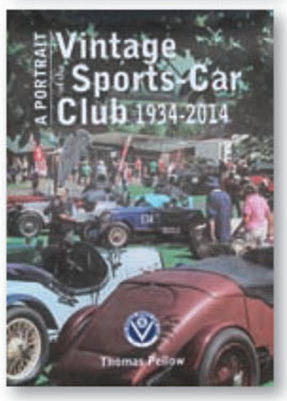
Geoff Duke OBE

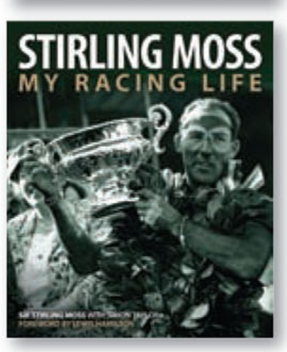
Motorcycle ace Geoff Duke, who died in May at the age of 92, achieved six World Championships and also won six Isle of Man TT races in a decade at the top of his sport. He also showed potential in cars, and after testing for Aston Martin took third place in a DB3 at Goodwood in 1952.

Most of his success, though, came on two wheels, with victories coming from 1949 onwards on works Nortons before in 1953 he switched to Gilera, carrying off three 500cc titles in succession before returning to Norton. In 1951 he was Sportsman of the Year, and in 1953 was awarded the OBE. His racing career ended suddenly in 1961 during a test in a Formula 1 Cooper at Karlskoga in Sweden, when a seized gearbox caused a crash which left him with severe injuries.

Known for his smooth riding style, Duke changed the look of motorcycle racing when in 1950 he abandoned the usual jacket and designed one-piece leathers for himself, which were rapidly copied across the sport. After his Cooper crash Duke ran hotel and shipping businesses in the Isle of Man, also managing a motorcycle racing team in 1963.









The First American Grand Prix

The Savannah Auto Races 1908-1911

Tanya A Bailey

Impartiality is an essential factor when it comes to reviewing new books, yet this courted positive feedback the moment it emerged from its wrapping. Automotive literature is absolutely swamped with prose about Cobras, Corvettes, Mustangs and every possible shade of Porsche or Ferrari, so this scores top marks for covering something completely different.

It's thorough, too, although that's hardly a surprise given that the author owns and curates the Great Savannah Races Museum in Georgia.

Commencing by explaining how a city with few modern motor racing links came to host the inaugural American Grand Prix, the book highlights the key personalities of a pioneering age (there's an action photo of British racing enigma Hughie Hughes, subject of an extensive profile in our May 2015 issue), provides detailed race overviews and explores the reasons for the sport's post-1911 migration to other cities.

There's lots of detail, and the images – while understandably few in number – are wonderfully crisp, given the photographic technology of the period.

Positive feedback fully justified, then. **SA**

Published by McFarland
ISBN: 978-0-78647-697-8, £31.95

A Portrait of the Vintage Sports-Car Club 1934-2014

Thomas Pellow

It seems curious that the notion of a vintage car should have existed in 1934, when Alvis Speed 20s and Austin 7s were current showroom staples, but the VSCC's founding principles were simple: it was an organisation for like-minded souls who wanted to compete in small cars, at least three years old and with a maximum value of £50.

Nine decades later the club is thriving, although car values have risen slightly...

'Portrait' is an apposite term for this celebratory volume, issued to commemorate the VSCC's 80th anniversary last year. It's a charming record of the people, cars and pursuits that make the club what it is, a bastion of grass-roots charm with members who are as happy negotiating cones on the Brooklands banking as they are popping in a quick time at Shelsley Walsh or Oulton Park. Cars often seem to pass from generation to generation... and a sense of engaging enthusiasm travels with them.

Pellow has captured the movement's essence very well – and the same is true of the cover shot, which was taken a couple of summers ago in the Prescott paddock.

The club has been competing there since 1938. **SA**

Published by Pellow
ISBN: 978-0-9542876-9-6

Sir Stirling Moss, My Racing Life

Sir Stirling Moss with Simon Taylor

There are always sceptics who question whether Moss belongs on the list of all-time greats, but that's probably because they haven't seen the breadth of his achievements spread out in front of them. This book provides an almost race-by-race account of Moss's career, and the litany of 'won this one by a minute', 'won that one by a lap', 'led that one until the car broke' anecdotes seems endless – and of course quite justifiable.

The voice of 'Mr Motor Racing' drips from the page too, thanks to Simon Taylor, and even though this is broadly speaking a picture book, every introduction and caption is certainly worth reading. The photos aren't bad either, ranging from the well-known to the obscure, including images of Stirling's enthusiast parents in motoring competitions.

Now stop reading this review and head straight to page 88 of this issue to read an entire chapter of the book and you'll see what I mean. **ACH**

Published by EVRO
ISBN: 978-1-91050-506-9, £50

WSC Giants: Ferrari 333 SP

Terry O'Neil

The latest in Veloce's line of sports car spotlights focuses on the last prototype Ferrari built. Even if it never ran a factory team in the '90s, 333SPs flooded the market and were one of the pre-eminent prototypes of the era.

Veloce's 'Giants' series will probably never win any literary prizes – too many chassis numbers for that – and as usual, the photo quality can vary massively from page to page. But one thing the book does very well is chart the sad decline and death of American sports car racing during the decade, prior to the formation of the ALMS and Grand-Am.
In terms of the sheer information on an often overlooked machine, there's very little in print to touch it. **ACH**

Published by Veloce
ISBN: 978-1-91050-506-9, £16.99

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Michael Dunlop is happy to ride any bike – as long as it's on a road course

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MAT OXLEY

THE MYSTERIOUS MICHAEL DUNLOP

MOST MOTOR SPORT ENTHUSIASTS THINK you need to be a bit, erm, unusual to ride in the Isle of Man TT. This isn't strictly true, but Michael Dunlop is certainly one of the unusual ones. Interviewing the TT's reigning king is a disconcerting experience of groping through one obscure answer after another, vainly trying to land a punch.

Not that I'd like to fight Dunlop. He's a tough, stocky youngster with piercing, fearless eyes that say 'beware'. On the race track his maverick character is given free rein. He wrestles with his motorcycle like it's a living thing, charging around the Manx roads, missing walls and trees by a sliver.

No one at the TT is more exciting to watch. Dunlop is the Marc Márquez of the roads, pushing closer to the edge than anyone else and reaping the rewards, although he doesn't see it like that.

"It's just the way I ride the motorbike; it's natural," says the 26-year-old from Northern Ireland. "You get moments when you think, 'Aye, that was a bit close', but you never dwell on them too much. You get used to it, so you just keep going, keep your head down and keep at it."

A lap of the TT course is 37.75 miles of twisty, bumpy B-roads that includes about 250 corners. Most TT riders have parts of the course they long for and other parts they dread, usually because even they get scared. Not Dunlop.

"I don't look at it like that," he adds. "I just get on with the job. In road racing the course is lined by trees and hedges, that's what you've got, so you have to know where you're at. It's not like short circuits where you can run off the track. It's one of those things: you've got a small margin for error. That's just the way it is. I sit and ride the motorbike, I don't think much about it."

Dunlop won his first TT in 2009 and has dominated the event over the past two years, winning four TTs in 2013 and another four last June. And all this despite switching machinery every year. Dunlop likes to do things his own way, and why shouldn't he? He likes to work on his own bikes and doesn't like the feel of a corporate straitjacket. This might partly explain why he's switched manufacturers three times in as many years, from Honda in 2013 to BMW last year and Yamaha in 2015.

TT race week comprises five big races: the Superbike and Senior, both contested on 1000cc machines in full-race specification, two Supersport races for 600s and the Superstock race for 1000cc superbikes in near-showroom spec. Over the past two years Dunlop has triumphed in all but two of these 10 races, winning across all three classes.

"It doesn't matter what I'm on, I just like riding my motorbike. I like riding the big bikes, I like riding the 600s, I enjoy them all. A bike's a bike," he deadpans. "I used to enjoy riding the 250s and 125s too, but they're just another motorbike, really. I enjoy racing, so that's what I tend to do."



"You get moments when you think, 'Aye, that was a bit close', but you never dwell on them too much. You get used to it, so you just keep going, keep your head down and keep at it"

Of course, it's impossible to write about Dunlop without considering his family history. His father Robert and uncle Joey were road racing royalty. Joey is the TT's most successful protagonist, with 26 TT wins, the last achieved at 47 years of age, just months before he lost his life in a minor street race in Estonia. Robert won five TTs, the last of them after suffering horrific injuries in an accident in the Manx village of Ballaugh. He returned to the TT several years after the crash, with the front brake lever switched to the left handlebar due to his injuries. He was killed during practice for Northern Ireland's North West 200 in 2008. The very next day Michael disobeyed orders from the organisers, raced and won the 250 event.

Dunlop is not a fan of last year's brilliant documentary *Road*, which tells the story of the Dunlop dynasty, because he thinks its message is clear – that he will end up the same way as his father and uncle. Never mind what happened to his forebears, Dunlop is destined to continue spurning the greater safety of short circuits in favour of the real thing.

"The roads are what I'm used to, it's what we do. I'm not against short circuits, I just don't do it. Why do I like doing the TT? I don't know what it is, there's something nice about the place. It's got everything in it and I've got a buzz for it. When you're on the bike you realise what point you're at and where you want to push to – it's all in the mind when you're racing. You just keep your head down and try to do what you can."

Dunlop will be keeping his head down and doing what he can throughout TT race week, which runs from May 30–June 5. As usual, ITV4 provides coverage.

❖

WHILE SMALLER FORMULA 1 TEAMS continue to beg for a bigger slice of the sport's financial cake, MotoGP has announced a huge increase in funding for its smaller teams.

From 2017, rights holder Dorna will increase its investment in the grid by about 30 per cent, underwriting the machinery costs of all non-factory teams. In effect Dorna has admitted that most teams cannot find the necessary budget to contest a hi-tech championship. This has been the case since tobacco sponsorship disappeared almost a decade ago. Dorna will negotiate a lease price for factory-spec machinery from the manufacturers, who must make several bikes available to satellite and private teams. These costs will be covered almost entirely by Dorna.

"This way the teams will save economically and the competitiveness of the championship will be ensured," says the CEO of Dorna, Carmelo Ezpeleta. Ⓜ

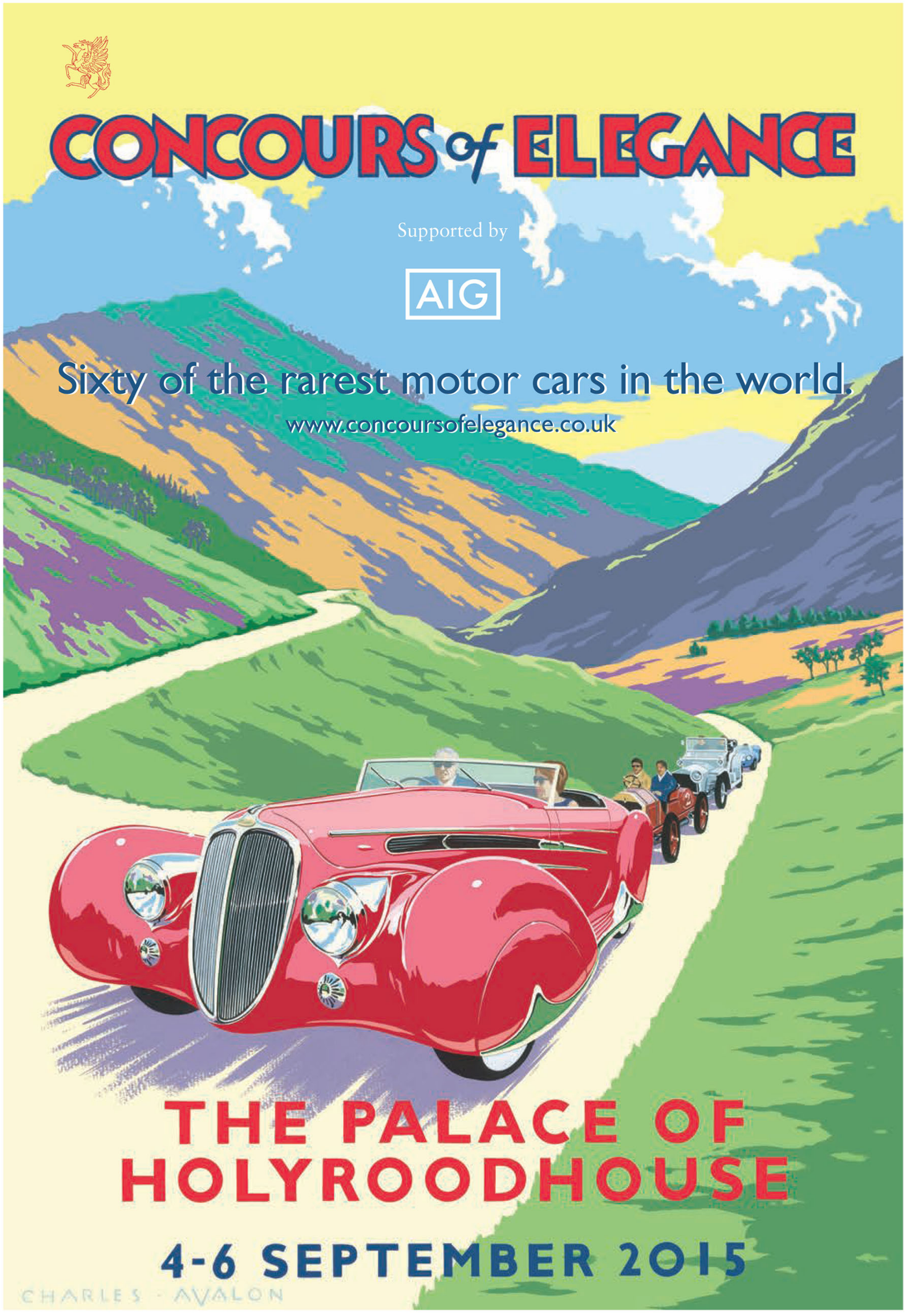
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Return of The King: Richard Petty will revisit Goodwood, bringing his famous Plymouth Superbird

GETTY

Petty in Goodwood return

NASCAR legend to light up hill with 1970 Superbird | BY PAUL LAWRENCE

RICHARD PETTY AND HIS sensational 1970 Plymouth Superbird will be star attractions at the Goodwood Festival of Speed (June 26-28).

It's a rare trip away from the Richard Petty Museum, North Carolina, for the high-winged Plymouth, and the seven-time NASCAR champion returns to Goodwood a few days short of his 78th birthday. The famous car has only run rarely since the end of 1970.

Another US motor sport icon, drag racer Don Garlits, will make his Goodwood debut and is bringing his Swamp Rat 1 creation from 1956. It will be the car's first time in the UK since it was restored more than 30 years ago. Garlits, 83, took a total of 17 world championships and was still performing 300mph quarter-mile runs into his seventies.

Petty and Garlits will join MotoGP ace Valentino Rossi as major draws at the event, as Rossi makes his Festival debut to mark the 60th anniversary of the Yamaha Motor Company.

Meanwhile, a special class – Fearless but Flat-Broke – will run for some F1 cars that never raced successfully. These include rare Grand Prix cars and some downright flops, not least the Life 190 that never came close to qualifying in 1990. Two Chris Amon cars will feature; the Tecno E371 and the unique Amon AF101, which raced only once, in 1974. Other entries include an ex-Roberto Moreno Coloni C3, the Simtek S951 of Jos Verstappen and the six-wheeled March 2-4-0.

Whale on stage in M3

NICK WHALE HAS RETURNED TO asphalt rallying in a freshly built BMW M3 (below). The former BTCC racer has taken advantage of the new FIA cut-off date for historic rally cars and commissioned Rally Prep to build an M3, which he shook down on Tour Ireland and will now drive on other asphalt events in Ireland and Europe. Despite a crank sensor problem, the car showed great potential first time out.

It is the first M3 built to FIA specification in the UK and started as a standard 1987 road-going M3. "I admired the rally car back in the day," said Whale. "I've raced an M3 but never previously rallied one."



PAUL LAWRENCE

Shelby's half-dozen gather

THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE Shelby Daytona Coupé's success in the 1965 World Sportscar Championship will be celebrated at the Goodwood Revival in September.

For the first time, all six original Shelby Daytona Coupés will be together at Goodwood. At least two will race in the Tourist Trophy and all six will take part in demonstration runs along with other racing Cobras. The cars were built in 1964 and '65 to take on the Ferrari 250 GTO.

The Cobras will be based in the concrete shelters behind the Jackie Stewart Pavilion, and these will be dressed to replicate the Sebring pits in 1965, when one of the Coupés took GT victory in the 12-hour race.



JEFF BLOXHAM

From Indy to Hereford

A FRONT-ENGINED KURTIS 500C Indycar will compete in the UK this season, with new owner Geraint Owen.

The Kurtis competed in the Indy 500 six times through the 1950s. Fred Agabashian took it to sixth in 1954 and it finished fifth in '55 with Walt Faulkner. It came to Europe for the 1958 Race of two Worlds at Monza, when driven by Jimmy Reece, but has only completed a single racing lap in the UK when Owen tried to run it at this year's VSCC Silverstone meeting.

"It was rebuilt in the late 1990s by AJ Watson in the US and I bought it two

years ago," said Owen. The 370bhp racer is now back in its original 1954 livery of Merz Engineering. Hereford-based Owen, who already owns a Kurtis sports-racing car, plans to contest VSCC and HGPCA races this season.

F1 back at Adelaide

THE CARS AND CAREER OF Austrian F1 racer Gerhard Berger will be celebrated at the second Adelaide Grand Prix Revival (Oct 17/18), a weekend of classic and modern sprint action within Victoria Park. Two Berger F1 cars will be there: his 1986 Benetton-BMW B186 and the race-winning Ferrari F1/87.

The event also celebrates the 30th anniversary of the inaugural Adelaide F1 race in 1985, with F1 cars from the era.

On the Friday evening, roads will be closed while the F1 cars drive into the city centre for a street party.

Minshaw to race 935 K3

JON MINSHAW PLANS TO RACE AN ex-Bob Wollek Porsche 935 K3 in the new Pre-80 Endurance Series. Historic racer Minshaw has bought the Kremer Racing car that Guy Edwards, John Fitzpatrick and Nick Faure raced at Le Mans in 1977.

The former works car was raced extensively by Wollek, competing at La Sarthe twice. Minshaw has restored it to '77 Le Mans specification and Penthouse paint scheme, as he says "the livery of the three Englishmen at Le Mans".

Tony Robinson and Phil Clarke won Tour Ireland after a hard-fought final day. Three days of competition in Ireland and North Wales saw Porsche 911s take a clean sweep of the overall podium, just 10 seconds covering Robinson/Clarke, John Spiers/Susanne Niedrum and Stephen Radcliffe/Peter Gunson. As well as two races at Anglesey and two at Mondello Park, the tour also took in the Great Orme rally stage at Llandudno and four closed-road special stages in the Wicklow Mountains to the south of Dublin.



PAULLAWRENCE



LAT

■ The life and racing career of Ivor Bueb will be celebrated at this year's Castle Combe Autumn Classic on Saturday October 3. The 1950s sports car and single-seater racer made his racing debut at the circuit in 1952 in a Cooper 500. Bueb, a Cheltenham-based garage owner, won the tragic 1955 Le Mans 24 Hours with Mike Hawthorn in a Jaguar D-type but died, aged 36, following an F2 accident at Clermont-Ferrand in 1959.

■ A rare 1951 Ferrari 212 Grand Prix car will be one of the key entries for this year's Cholmondeley Pageant of Power (June 12-14). Only two or three examples of the 212 were produced, by mating a V12 engine to a 166 F2 chassis. The car of Peter Jerram will be in action at the Cheshire event.

■ Frenchman Sébastien Bonnisseau was killed on the Rallye du Maroc Historique when his Ford Escort Mk2 left the road on the fourth stage between Ouarzazate and Merzouga. Initially unharmed, Bonnisseau and co-driver Fabrice Gordon were trying to get the car back onto the road when the Porsche 911 of Alain Deveza went off at the same point and hit Bonnisseau.



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STAR LOT @ BONHAMS

1961 PORSCHE RS61

{ Goodwood Festival of Speed Sale, June 26 }

In 1961, Stirling Moss and Graham Hill tackled the Targa Florio in a Porsche RS61. This isn't that car, but Moss was so taken with it that he bought this example and it's from his collection it goes to the block at Goodwood. In period, chassis 718-070 was owned and raced by Bob Holbert and then Tom Payne, racking up 13 SCCA victories before retiring in 1963. Estimate: £1.7-2 million

UNDER THE HAMMER

Classic and racing auctions from around the world | BY ALEX HARMER

Bonhams

@ GOODWOOD JUNE 26

Rolling Stone Bill Wyman's cars



1966 Mercedes-Benz 250 S
(Driven while recording *Beggars Banquet* and *Let it Bleed*)
Estimate: £20,000-25,000



1971 Citroën SM
(Driven while recording *Exile on Main St*)
Estimate: £35,000-40,000

1935 Aston Martin Ulster
Raced by Dick Seaman at Le Mans. Extensive competition history
Estimate: £1.6-2.2 million

1971 Porsche 911S 2.4-litre
Bought new and owned for 30 year by Richard Hamilton, considered 'the father of pop art'
Estimate: £250,000-300,000





1990 Williams FW13B
Ex Patrese/Boutsen. Third place with Boutsen at Phoenix, 1990. Offered from the Williams Grand Prix Reserve Collection
Estimate: £90,000-120,000

AUTOMOBILIA

FOR SALE AT BONHAMS



1912 Vanderbilt Cup pennant
Estimate: £1300-1900



Polly Motor Oil Erie Lubester
Estimate: £640-960

RM Sotheby's

@ FORT WORTH MAY 2

The Andrews Collection



1962 Ferrari 400 Superamerica
SWB cabriolet by Pininfarina. 1962 Geneva and New York show car. Final SWB Superamerica. Competed at Bonneville
Sold for $7.65 million

1934 Packard Twelve coupé by Dietrich
One of five known surviving examples. Best in class at Pebble Beach
Sold for $4.18 million



1935 Duesenberg Model SJ by Bohman & Schwartz
One-off streamliner built for Mae West
Sold for $3.63 million

1963 Ferrari 400 Superamerica
LWB 'Coupé Aerodinamico' by Pininfarina. 15th of 18 examples built
Sold for $2.86 million



1934 Packard Twelve by LeBaron
The 1934 New York Auto Show car. The last of four built
Sold for $2.2 million

1962 Shelby 289 Competition Cobra
First race-spec Cobra sold by Shelby
Sold for $1.98 million



1930 Cadillac V-16 by Murphy
One-off custom, built for race horse owner and GM distributor Charles Howard. Numerous best-in-class awards
Sold for $1.93 million

1959 Mercedes-Benz 300 SL roadster
Awarded best in class at Amelia Island, 2004
Sold for $1.84 million



1953 Aston Martin DB2/4 by Bertone
One of only two in this design
Sold for $1.32 million

1938 Packard Eight cabriolet by Graber
1938 Geneva show car. One-off coachwork. Best in class at Pebble Beach
Sold for $1.76 million

1962 Chevrolet Corvette
1962 SCCA production champion with Dick Thompson
Sold for $1.65 million

1931 Marmon Sixteen by LeBaron
One of eight known examples
Sold for $1.32 million

1955 Lincoln Indianapolis
Exclusive study by Boano. Owned by Henry Ford II
Sold for $1.21 million



1953 Cunningham C3 by Vignale
Sold for $869,000

1955 Bentley R-Type Continental by HJ Mulliner
Sold for $1.13 million

1934 Packard Twelve by Dietrich
Best in class at Pebble Beach
Sold for $1.05 million

1910 Pierce-Arrow Model 48-SS
Sold for $852,500

Mercedes-Benz SSK model
Sold for $52,900

AUCTION CALENDAR

JUNE

5-7 RUSSO & STEELE
Newport Beach, USA

6 CCA
Leamington Spa, UK

6 HISTORICS AT BROOKLANDS
Weybridge, UK

13 COYS
Athens, Greece

13 OLDTIMER GALERIE
Zürich, Switzerland

15 BARONS
Esher, UK

20 BONHAMS
Oxford, UK

20 H&H
Stamford, UK

22 ARTCURIAL
Paris, France

26 BONHAMS
Goodwood, UK

JULY

9 DVCA
Dorchester, UK

11 COYS
Woodstock, UK

11 H&H
Droitwich Spa, UK

17-18 AUCTIONS AMERICA
Santa Monica, USA

25 RM SOTHEBY'S
St John's, USA

25-26 SILVERSTONE AUCTIONS
Silverstone, UK

28 BARONS
Esher, UK

29 H&H
Buxton, UK

TBC ARTCURIAL
Monaco, France

AUGUST

6-8 BARRETT-JACKSON
Reno, USA

8 COYS
Nürburg, Germany

10 SHANNONS
St Leonards, Australia

13-14 BONHAMS
Monterey, USA

13-15 RUSSO & STEELE
Monterey, USA

14-15 RM SOTHEBY'S
Monterey, USA

15-16 GOODING & COMPANY
Monterey, USA

29 CCA
Overton, UK



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DREAM GARAGE

FERRARI 212 VIGNALE

We'll never again see those great days of rival coachbuilders competing to offer up wonderful forms on the same running gear, like couturiers vying to clad a beautiful film star. In that era of self-contained chassis it was a simple affair for an artisan with wheel and hammer to construct individual coachwork.

In the early '50s, when the Ferrari marque was young, it was the perfect clothes-horse for *carrozzerie* eager to attract commissions from wealthy customers. With striking designs by Giovanni Michelotti, the Vignale shop, formed only in 1948, quickly became a favourite clothier for Italy's rising star, especially after some high-profile race victories.

in 1953 this chassis arrived in the Turin workshop – a 212 Inter. With the latest 2.6-litre variant of the Colombo V12 and five-speed box the 212 had racing in its DNA but this one was never bound for the track. This is a show-stopper, made to drop 1950s jaws with its letterbox glasshouse, wind-gulping grille and pistachio-green upperworks. Yet it's practical: "I've used it quite a bit – I've taken my little girl to school in it several times," says seller Tom Hartley Jr. "It's very different to a 275 or a Lusso – it feels heavier, it wants you to double-declutch but like all '50s Ferraris it has so much character. It's an important era to Ferrari: it's when the reputation was made. Without these there would be no SWB, no GTO..."

While the nose boasts cute high-set bumperettes, the tail is less happy with its two-level chrome bumpers; yet this is a dramatic shape which was exhibited at concours d'elegance in the 1950s, and since an intensive restoration has gained awards at the most glamorous recent concours events. Hartley is enthusiastic: "Vignale is the premium coachbuilder of the period; beautiful designs and so intricate. Even the interior trim strips are patterned. You couldn't find craftsmen to create it today."

First and most lavish of six in this design, this was delivered with the optional triple carbs which boosted power to 165bhp, and retains all its matching numbered mechanical elements and even has the gleaming toolkit it came with. According to Tom, early Ferraris are an undervalued area just now, "and that's why I'm not budging on the price. I've had several offers, mostly from the US, but I'm happy to keep it for a year, two years, five years..."

"This is an event car," Hartley continues. "A guaranteed invitation to the top concours, perfect for Villa d'Este." If it hasn't been sold, you can expect to see it on the Cartier lawn at Goodwood Festival.

FACTFILE

YEAR 1953
ENGINE 2565cc, V12, 165bhp
TRANSMISSION five-speed manual
SUSPENSION front: double wishbones, rear: live axle, leaf springs
TOP SPEED 120mph
NUMBER BUILT 80 approx
PRICE £2m



Piëch steps down at VW

Influential figure resigns, but where will he go? | BY ANDREW FRANKEL

AS I FAILED ENTIRELY TO PREDICT last month, Ferdinand Piëch has lost his battle with Martin Winterkorn and has resigned from the supervisory board of Volkswagen, thus apparently ending the association between the largest manufacturer in the European motor industry and surely its most significant individual.

To recap, Piëch had grown concerned about VW's performance, especially relative to the Porsche and Audi brands that co-exist within the Volkswagen family. VW has been massively successful and is held in high regard in almost all regions of the world, save the US, but Piëch appeared dissatisfied that the brand makes less money building six million cars than Porsche does building 200,000. Audi is wildly profitable, too. In a move seen more than once before, Piëch publicly distanced himself from Winterkorn, a step calculated to result in the latter being shown the door. As a man of retirement age, Winterkorn could have gone quietly and reflected on an outstandingly successful career.



"It seems the board backed Winterkorn, leaving Piëch in no position to do anything other than resign"

But that's not what transpired. Upon being presented with a 'him or me' ultimatum, to many people's surprise (including mine and I am sure Piëch's), it seems the board backed Winterkorn, leaving Piëch in no position to do anything other than resign.

It is hard indeed to believe that the man who designed the Porsche 917, rebuilt VW, oversaw the transformation of Audi, defeated Porsche's bid to take over Volkswagen, took over Porsche instead and masterminded the acquisition of brands as diverse as Bentley, Skoda, Seat and Lamborghini is no longer in our industry, and I am certain we have not yet seen the last of him.

Despite the high regard in which its products are held, VW has tiny profit margins and massive outgoings, not just on R&D but also paying for what some regard as an oversized workforce. In addition, not even Winterkorn has been able successfully to address VW's ongoing failure to repeat in the US the success it has enjoyed elsewhere.

Volkswagen Group sales recently fell for the first time since at least 2010, a situation precipitated by slowing demand in China and the crisis in Russia. Piëch is thought to believe that the company is overweight and needs to be slimmed down, to meet the challenges of a rapidly changing world. Perhaps mindful of painful job losses and recriminations, the board rejected that view and Piëch with it.

Time alone will tell who was right.

Rolls-Royce's new Dawn

ROLLS-ROYCE HAS CONFIRMED that it will launch a new convertible next year and that its name will be Dawn. It will be based on the existing Wraith coupé that is itself a short-wheelbase, two-door version of the Ghost saloon.

Styling aside, the differences between the Dawn and the Wraith are expected to be subtle. Both will share the same 6.6-litre twin turbo V12 engine, originally launched in the Ghost, and eight-speed automatic gearbox. The Dawn is likely to be considerably heavier than the Wraith, however, thanks to all the structural reinforcement that will be required to keep torsional rigidity within acceptable bounds in such a long structure. You can also expect Rolls engineers to ratchet back dramatically on the Wraith's sporting remit and for the Dawn to be more softly sprung, lighter to steer and, issues of stiffness notwithstanding, to offer a more comfortable ride.

No price has yet been announced but you can be sure it will exceed by some distance the £229,128 currently asked for the Wraith.

Quiet on the eastern front

THE 2015 AUTO SHANGHAI MOTOR show was strange even by the region's often curious standards. Held in the new National Exhibition and Conference Centre, it took vastness to an altogether new level, making those shows hitherto considered fairly large – such as Frankfurt and Paris – look like village fêtes. Each hall offers 29,000 square metres of space – enough I am assured to offer comfortable accommodation with space to spare for a Boeing Dreamliner – and there are no fewer than 13 currently in use, with a further



three soon to come on line.

Despite the scale, there was probably less genuinely new and real product than Aston Martin revealed on its own at the Geneva show back in March. It wasn't always like this, though. One of the reasons Tokyo's show has suffered in recent years is that manufacturers had long since concluded that if you were going to launch a new car in that region, you're better off by far doing it in the world's largest individual car market.

But this year I can think of just one genuinely new car, the MG SUV – of which more anon. Otherwise there were lots of concepts and a few variations on existing themes, but that was it.

So has the show lost its clout? Oddly enough I think not, because all the big western car manufacturers still took stands and brought not only a wide range of admittedly pre-existing product, but also most of their top brass.

I think the industry is acknowledging that China is a critical market, with Shanghai and its sister show in Beijing being crucial events to attend in force, but they are also poor places to launch new cars. Because of the administrative hassle of getting a Chinese working visa, the immensity of the shows, the difficulties of getting from your hotel to the show and usually terrible smog (in Beijing three years ago it was so bad you often couldn't see the end of the room you were in), Chinese shows are by far the least popular among US and European journalists. So either a skeleton staff is sent or none at all, compromising the coverage of any new car that might get launched. Go to Geneva, by contrast, and every significant car newshound will be there.



The prize for the most pointless Nürburgring lap record – for the fastest lap by an SUV, previously held by Porsche – has now passed to Seat. The firm claims the right to call its new Leon ST Cupra 280 'the fastest production estate' to lap the Nürburgring. How silly can this get? Quite a lot: I've not yet seen an official record for the fastest people carrier, city car or anything towing a caravan...

MG joins SUV ranks

THE ONE SIGNIFICANT ALL-NEW car unveiled in Shanghai was the MG GS (above). This is the first SUV to wear the octagon and will go on sale here next year, aimed straight at the successful Nissan Qashqai. It comes on a new platform and, like the Qashqai, will have two- or four-wheel drive and both petrol and diesel power choices. There will be a plug-in hybrid version within two years and even an all-electric version at some unspecified stage.

How important is it? MG reckons it will double its global sales to a still very modest 120,000 units. Cars sold in Europe will be assembled in Longbridge from kits sent from China, just like the extant MG6 saloon and under-rated MG3 hatchback. Contrary to some reports, the car sold here looks all but identical to that shown in China, but its steering and suspension will be developed for Europe.

This smart MG should do very well in the UK: its timing is right, the specification looks good and MG will be realistic enough to make sure its pricing is ultra-competitive. So where in Shanghai were the UK executives to promote the launch of their most significant model in a generation? Nowhere. I bumped into its chief designer Carl Gotham entirely by chance and he confirmed many of the details above, but that was it. MG in the UK could not arrange for a single person to be available for interview in Shanghai, which is worrying: if the MG GS is to realise what appears to be its considerable potential, MG in the UK needs to get behind it now.

Who, us? Copy? Never...

ONE OF THE MORE SURPRISING cars on show in Shanghai was the LandWind X7. It's surprising because from a distance of 20 paces or more, you'd bet your breakfast the car you were looking at was actually a Range Rover Evoque. Chinese domestic manufacturers have a long history of ripping off western designs, but usually in such inept fashion that no one could ever be fooled. This is different: while on close inspection it's clear this is no Evoque, not least because its interior is terrible, the overall proportions and shape are near enough the same.



LandWind X7 (above) and Range Rover Evoque (top). Can you sort them out? Chinese authorities say it's no rip-off...

Land Rover is not happy and has complained to the Chinese authorities that the Land Wind constitutes a theft of intellectual property. Somewhat implausibly, this claim has thus far been rejected out of hand. Ⓜ



Shanghai show offered plenty of concepts in its huge halls, but few new production models



PORSCHE 911 GT3 RS

The changes might be subtle, but the differences are dramatic | BY ANDREW FRANKEL

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE your very fast sports car to be? This is one you can jump into and with confidence drive almost as fast as you'll ever drive it the first time you chance across a suitable road or track. It is fun, it is easy and requires very little of you as a driver. I like such cars.

Or perhaps you incline towards another, the kind you must learn, chapter by chapter, immersing yourself and not moving on until each detail is fully understood. More than most, this new Porsche 911 GT3 RS belongs in the latter category.

In the past and with the sole exception of the malevolent turbocharged GT2 RS, an RS sticker on a GT Porsche meant a car merely optimised for really fast driving, a car focused slightly more on track than road rather than the other way around. It would not have a bigger engine and there'd be little or no more power. It would of course be lighter, have different suspension settings and even mildly tweaked gear ratios, but that would largely be that. A GT3 RS was really just a better, more focused GT3. And now this.

This GT3 RS will be remembered not as the one that broke the mould, but smashed it into several thousand pieces and ground it into the dust. With each successive generation of RS, Porsche customers have said 'love it but next time, could we have just a little more?' With this generation, such conversations will cease. Porsche has given these customers precisely what they sought – and with such commitment that some may feel they should be more careful about what they wish for.

The new GT3 RS is not just a comprehensively tweaked GT3, it is dramatically different in every way that matters, none more so than the way it gets around a track. But for now let's consider how it got that way.



FACTFILE

£131,296

ENGINE
4.0 litres, 6 cylinders, normally aspirated

POWER
493bhp@8250 rpm

TORQUE
339lb ft@6250 rpm

TRANSMISSION
seven-speed double clutch, rear-wheel drive

0-62MPH 3.3sec
TOP SPEED 193mph
ECONOMY 22.2mpg
CO_2 296g/km

Porsche's first call was to give it a different body. These days 911s come in three sizes and the GT3 is classed as a medium, the RS as a large (it uses the extra-wide Turbo body, then pushes out the front wheel arches further still). This provides not just a broader footprint, but the chance to use the Turbo's side inlets to ram air into the engine. At speed that alone is worth 10bhp.

What engine should that be? A new one, stroked out from 3.8 to 4 litres. As the previous generation 4-litre GT3 RS was a very limited-run special edition, this is the first time a series production RS has had a larger engine than that of the GT3. It develops 493bhp, 25bhp more than a GT3 but with a fat wall of additional torque all the way from idle.

The suspension receives stiffer rear springs, new dampers, new roll bars, new geometry and, hung off it, the wheel and tyre combination found in the 918 Spyder hypercar. Except even

that wasn't quite good enough for Porsche, who tinkered not with the size but the compound and construction of the tyres to optimise them for a rear-engine, rear-drive application.

Like all RS models this one needed to be lighter too, no mean feat given its heavier body and bigger wheels and tyres, so Porsche went to town on the materials budget. The doors were already aluminium and stay that way, but the bonnet and front wings are now carbon fibre while the roof is made from magnesium. The exhaust is titanium. So now the car is 10kg lighter than the GT3, not much but an impressive achievement in such circumstances.

But the single largest change was to the aero package. See that deep front splitter and huge rear wing? Together they produce three times more downforce than does the GT3 body or, if you'd like it expressed another way, 80 per cent of the downforce generated by Porsche's latest Carrera Cup racer. If ever there were a statement of intent, this surely is it.

Except it doesn't feel that way, not at first. In fact it feels very much like business as usual. Inside there's a small steering wheel, the odd badge, some carbon fibre trim and a red-line on the tachometer reduced from the GT3's 9000rpm to a trifling 8800rpm, a symptom of a long-throw crankshaft that, incidentally, is made from the same steel as the crankshaft in Porsche's 919 Le Mans car.

The car is quiet, comfortable and in all ways sufficiently civilised for daily use. You may even wonder why Porsche went to so much effort to make a car that appears so little changed. Go to a track, preferably with fast and difficult corners, and you'll soon find out.

It lets you do the easy stuff first. The acceleration is mighty, enough to propel a normally aspirated, sub 4-litre car from rest to 125mph in fewer than 11sec, and the searing howl that goes with it no more or less than that of a thoroughbred racing car. The brakes, at least the optional ceramic rotors on the car I drove, are tirelessly powerful. And there's grip of a kind you'll only recognise in a road car if you are acquainted with cars like McLaren's P1.

But as you drive harder and harder, peeling away layers of hidden talent like the skins of an onion, you become focused more and more on the fact that this is a road car on street tyres and sooner or later you're going to come across something it can't do.

But it doesn't happen that way. Once you're past the point at which a normal GT3 would simply have given up, the RS changes its character dramatically. No longer happy to acquiesce and play your game your way, it becomes ever more assertive and lively, challenging you to push still harder and find what next it has in store for you.

For me this progressed to the point where I was still learning about it when I ran out of time in the car. Right on what appears to be the limit it is not easy to drive, but by then you're driving it in a way you'd never think of driving any other 911. You back it into corners on a trailing throttle, actually encouraging the rear to break loose and then riding it out on the throttle. In longer, slower corners it will over- and understeer several times between entry and exit. Only in quicker curves, when the moderating influence of those wings can be brought to bear, does it calm down.

So what should we make of this? As a stand-alone product it would make no sense, for the GT3 RS is simply too extreme and demanding when driven the way its maker intended. But it's not, it's part of a growing family. There's the standard, superb GT3 and, next year, a third, back-to-basics version with a manual gearbox and a brief to be a joy to drive on the open road.

Given the existence of these alternatives, I'm pleased the pinnacle GT3 is a car that challenges you as a driver: I've always believed that with any car you tend only to get out what you put in and, yes, the GT3 RS does ask a lot of its driver. But in return is the most involving, rewarding driving experience of any modern 911. For me, that's an effort worth making.

Lighter than its stable-mates, GT3 RS combines huge performance with a docile manner that makes it an acceptable daily drive





www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/andrew-frankel



RANGE ROVER SPORT SVR

It's quick, certainly... but only for an SUV

I ALWAYS FIND IT A GREAT comfort when I discover my view of a car is at significant variance to that of most industry colleagues. I think I am supposed to fear I might have misjudged the car, but rather arrogantly I don't: instead I am reassured that my mind remains capable of independence.

And so it is with this new Range Rover Sport SVR, a car that has been so praised by my peers it risks total submersion in a sea of purple prose. It is Land Rover's most sporting model to date and the first production car to come from JLR's Special Operations department, a better-late-than-never rival to BMW's 'M', Mercedes' AMG and Audi's Quattro GmbH. It's fitted with the most powerful version of the company's supercharged 5-litre, raising power from the standard supercharged Range Rover Sport's 503bhp to 542bhp. It has a stronger transmission, too, which means Land Rover no longer has to restrict torque in lower gears, and firmer suspension. Interestingly, though, there is no perceived need for additional braking power. Visually there is the inevitable suite of embellishments to the bumpers, lights, wheels and skirts, aimed at carving the car an individual identity without going to the expense of changing sheet metal.

FACTFILE

£93,450

ENGINE
5.0 litres, 8 cylinders, supercharged

POWER
542bhp@6000rpm

TORQUE
501lb ft@2500rpm

TRANSMISSION
eight-speed automatic, four-wheel drive

0-62MPH 4.7sec
TOP SPEED 162mph
ECONOMY 22.1mpg
CO_2 298g/km

What the SVR undoubtedly achieves is access to the club comprising the world's fastest SUVs, whose members already include the likes of the Porsche Cayenne Turbo S and the BMW X5M. The British car not only looks better than either, but sounds it too. And because it uses a supercharger rather than turbos, it is more responsive. Yes, it's hideously thirsty, but what owner of a car like this is really going to care?

As for its handling, I was genuinely impressed by how fast a car of this size and immense weight (2.3 tonnes) could cover the ground. It clings on doggedly in the corners and, while there's not much feel from the steering, it's probably no worse than either the Porsche or BMW in this regard.

So what's not to like? Three things, the first applying equally to all superfast SUVs. And that is that they are only superfast by the standards of other SUVs: ultimately they're not that quick at all. Would it surprise you to learn, for instance, that this Range Rover Sport's power to weight ratio is only a touch better than that of a base Golf R? And because it is almost an entire tonne heavier, in the real world the SVR would not see which way the Golf went on a give-and-take road.

My second issue is that the Range Rover Sport's ride is now a lot less lovely than it was, in my view a price too high for such a qualified level of additional dynamism.

My biggest concern, though, is the absence of third-row seating, because of what I am told are back axle loading issues. That destroys one of the car's key class USPs. Moreover, so heavily bolstered are the rear chairs that while it has five seat belts, it is actually no better than a four-seater for all bar the shortest journeys.

So for all the SVR add-ons, this new variant takes away more. I am on record as saying the Sport is my favourite large SUV and nothing here changes that. But were I choosing one, it is to the truly effortless, sumptuously comfortable and far cheaper V8 diesel version that I would turn.





LAP63

by Ludovic A. Parayre

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BENTLEY MULSANNE SPEED

The numbers might not be particularly special, but it oozes style



WHAT KIND OF CAR MUST a Bentley flagship be? Should it be the fastest car of its kind in the world, or perhaps just the most luxurious? Maybe it needs to be the most rewarding car that amount of money can buy, or would it be better if it were simply the most comfortable? If the answer is 'yes' to any of these questions, Bentley has failed considerably with this new Mulsanne Speed, for it is none of the above. Indeed if you really want to know by how much the Mulsanne misses these various marks, consider that within Crewe there lurks the Flying Spur saloon that is quicker, quieter, more comfortable and spacious. Oh, and it costs £100,000 less than Bentley is asking for the Mulsanne Speed, before you get your child's favourite doodles sewn into the headrests.

But then the market for any car costing more than £150,000 is curious and that north of £200,000 more curious still. Here you are paying not simply for what a car is, but how it got that way. Here the number of horses the engine can generate is rivalled for importance by the number and quality of hides used to upholster the interior. In the Mulsanne's case the skin of 14 bulls – all sourced from herds in Southern Germany and all scoured by teams of Bentley professionals for signs of scarring, graining, insect bite, boils and disease – goes into covering more than 350 leather components. And yes, they really do only use bulls because it reduces the chances of encountering stretch marks…

For the Speed version of the Mulsanne, Bentley has found a further 25bhp for the venerable 6.75-litre pushrod V8 and a small increase to its already preposterous torque output – its halfshafts must look like lengths of trans-Siberian pipeline. There are reprogrammed electronics for the steering, suspension and transmission, while visually the lights and grilles have darker tinting and inside there's diamond-quilted hide, Bentley logos in each headrest (5103 stitches each) and even aluminium pedals.



FACTFILE

£252,000

ENGINE
6.75 litres, 8 cylinders

POWER
530bhp@4200rpm

TORQUE
811lb ft@1750rpm

TRANSMISSION
eight-speed automatic, real-wheel drive

0-62MPH 4.9sec
TOP SPEED 190mph
ECONOMY 19.2mpg
CO_2 342g/km

Even though it rides nothing likes as well as a Rolls and lacks its rival's refinement too, and while something as comparatively uncouth as an AMG S-class Mercedes would run rings around it in every dynamic area, the Bentley has a charm they lack. It has it in its thundering exhaust note, the low-down torque of a large and empty Boeing and probably the most special interior of any car in series production today.

And although it's not particularly quick through corners and several streets away from feeling agile, it still seems thoroughbred in its poise, accuracy and feel. In other words, it feels as a Bentley should and, for the flagship, must.

I often wonder what WO Bentley would make of the cars that bear his name today. WO was not a man obsessed with power and speed at any cost, otherwise he'd have given his engines the twin overhead camshafts from the 1914 Grand Prix Peugeot he admired so much.

What he wanted was a car that was fast, but in the right way, one that blended speed with refinement, which was massively engineered and possessing real charm and character. So I think he'd like the Mulsanne Speed very much. Perhaps even more than me.

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VAUXHALL CORSA VXR

Rough takes on the smooth

THIS IS NOT MY KIND OF CAR. It is noisy, quite uncomfortable, has a poor range and is prone to unruly behaviour when driven as its maker intended.

Which is of course what is so very encouraging about this new high-performance VXR version of the Vauxhall Corsa: if this were a hot hatchback hard-wired into the needs of soft-bottomed middle-aged men, Vauxhall would have missed its target by many miles.

When I was the young man at whom this car is actually aimed, I might have known what ride quality was because even then I was doing this for a living, but I'd not have cared about it other than from a professional point of view. On the contrary, I'd have enjoyed a car that tugged at the steering and thumped into divots as this one does on its optional sport suspension. I'd not have heard the dull drone of its 1.6-litre turbo engine, nor been bothered in the least by the frequency with which the car needed to be filled. This is a car with its eyes on the prize, one that knows who its customer is and is commendably focused on delivering it.

To do it, Vauxhall has provided the Corsa with a 202bhp motor, a new six-speed gearbox, some uncompromising suspension settings and a mission to outperform the class-darling Ford Fiesta ST in every area that matters.

And on paper it manages it with ease, proving more powerful and quicker too. In the flesh the Corsa is nothing like as pretty as the Fiesta, but it looks far more purposeful, which those attracted to such cars may well regard as a better than fair trade. Model for model it's cheaper too, if only by a few hundred pounds.

Despite being new, its character is that of an old-school pocket rocket. Not for the Corsa the easy chassis sophistication of the Fiesta ST, a car you guide from apex to apex with your wrists, general direction issued by hand, fine tuning of line by foot. The Corsa is a car to be wrestled with, its considerable inherent torque steer to be tamed and the throttle a device to work in conjunction with the Performance Pack's limited-slip differential to throw you out of corners and up the road beyond. Subtle it ain't.

But it is still fun, not least because the car is well braked and surprisingly effectively damped. Or at least it would be fun were it not for Vauxhall's on-going inability to produce a front-drive car with steering to offer anything to the enthusiast driver. While the car offers quite good feel through the chassis, through the still more important medium of the steering there is none.

That and its lack of Fiesta-grade chassis balance means the VXR could have 300bhp and still stand no chance of being as enjoyable to drive as a standard Fiesta ST on a decent road. This alone means the Corsa is close to the best but, for those still waiting for a class-leading fast Vauxhall, it's not nearly close enough. Ⓜ

FACTFILE

£17,995

ENGINE
1.6 litres, 4 cylinders, turbocharged

POWER
202bhp@5800 rpm

TORQUE
206lb ft@1900 rpm

TRANSMISSION
six-speed manual, front-wheel drive

0-62MPH 6.5sec
TOP SPEED 143mph
ECONOMY 37.2mpg
CO_2 178 g/km





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Ferrari 365 GTB/4 Daytona

This remarkable two owner “Daytona” was first registered in Italy on July 10th 1971, therefore making this example one of the very first “Pop-Up” light examples produced. The car, now UK registered, features factory-fitted air conditioning, electric windows and has recently received a full service. This sensational motorcar has covered just 24,000 kms and is in the process of being Classiche Certified.

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Spence 2, Roebuck 1

Nigel Roebuck is unfair to Mike Spence in claiming that the 1965 Race of Champions was Spence's only F1 win – the 1966 South African Grand Prix was not a World Championship event but it was contested by many in F1 cars.

Spence won, beating Hulme, Siffert, Arundell, Ginther, Bonnier, Ireland, Hawkins, Bob Anderson, John Love and Dave Charlton among others. Apart from Brabham's new BT19 the cars were from the 1½-litre formula, some with 2-litre engines but certainly Paul Sheldon, Duncan Rabagliati and Yves de la Gorce recognise it as an F1 race, and there were no typical Formule Libre interlopers with 289 cubic inch Ford V8s, so why wouldn't one?

Nigel Urwin, London SE5

Stafford rangers

With regard to Nigel Roebuck's reflections on the 1965 Race of Champions, we too faced quite a schlep to the race from Stafford to Brands Hatch. Three of us, all student apprentice engineers, ventured forth in a Mini. We were standing on the inside of Bottom Bend when Jim Clark hit the bank, right in front of us.

Hardly had the Lotus come back down to earth when Colin Chapman dived around the end of the pits. Pausing briefly to take in the scene, Chapman raced down the slope, helped Clark from his stricken Lotus and half-carried him up to the pits.

Later, after the racing had finished, we were wandering through the Flea Market behind the grandstand opposite the pits. Walking the other way were Clark and Peter Arundell, two pals just ambling along in the crowd. Both were limping! Rather reluctantly we plucked up courage and both Clark and Arundell autographed our race programme.

Treasured moments from a bygone era, and unlikely to be repeated, although the F1 race wasn't much to write home about that day.

John Spencer, Upton Scudamore, Wiltshire

Unassuming Garlits

I was most taken with your recent article on Don Garlits, as by coincidence I had been in his museum near Ocala a few days earlier. I had stumbled across it while travelling back from a visit to Silver Springs State Park to watch manatees with my wife. The contrast between visiting one of the world's slowest creatures and one of the fastest in the same day was unusual, to say the least. Sadly I chanced upon the Garlits emporium only 90 minutes before closing, but such was the array of exhibits on show it will be one of my first ports of call on my next trip Stateside.

While I was feasting my eyes on mechanical marvels, the guy behind the counter in the road car section spent half an hour chatting to my wife, asking about the UK and life in general. Never once did he mention that he was the great man himself. I only realised as much on seeing his photograph in your article. What a chance I missed, but what an example of true humility.

John Atkins, Chelmsford, Essex

Tied up in Notts

Nigel Roebuck mentioned (June issue) two non-championship Formula 1 races in the same country on the same day. My father and uncle were members of the Nottingham Sports Car Club, which organised the 1962 Whit Monday International 2000 Guineas at Mallory Park. As a nine-year-old I spent the day 'helping' them as paddock marshal.

Although I was unaware that another F1 meeting was going on at Crystal Palace, it really wasn't any more unusual than it was to see Messrs Surtees, Parkes (Ferrari Berlinettas) and Hill (E-type) joining in the third heat of the GT race having just driven a 75-lap race in their single-seaters – and then racing again in the GT final. In the main event, Surtees won the 2000 guineas, with Brabham picking up £500 and Hill £200 (ruefully remarking that "there was a nought missing" on the cheque).

The entrance fee was £1 – "surely the highest at any circuit in Great Britain", according to the NSCC's own report. This led to unfavourable feedback, especially as Phil Hill (Ferrari) and Tony Marsh (BRM) didn't show up as billed.

Sadly, the NSCC came in for even more stick from *Motor Sport*: having praised its overall organisation, MLT finished his piece in scathing terms. "The organisation as far as the press was concerned was amateurish. The official results were inaccurate. Members of the daily press do not expect to have to correct official results before telephoning their offices. Perhaps by next year the club and Mallory Park will have sorted out these problems and be able to run an International event properly."

Whether the NSCC felt it had over-reached itself I don't know, but it ran no international meeting in 1963 and I don't recall anything like it again while I was connected with the club.

Howard Sprenger, Southampton

Missed scoop shock

I was fascinated by Richard Heseltine's Le Mans article (June) about Ed Hugus's infamous night stint to relieve Jochen Rindt and Masten Gregory.

The 1965 Le Mans 24 Hours was the first major international race I reported for *Motoring News* and I am still left wondering if I missed the big scoop that there was a third driver.

About 15 years ago I was lucky to be able to interview Ed, who was attending the Bahamas Speedweek Revival in Nassau. At the time I had not heard the story that he drove the 275LM in the race, but in the TV interview he volunteered the information. I asked why he hadn't tried to get on the podium and he told me that, in fact, he had, but he was refused by officials because he didn't have a driver's credential. Rather typical of Le Mans at the time. I have to say I was convinced after the interview that he had driven in the race, so perhaps Luigi Chinetti Junior was asleep at the time.

This year I return to Le Mans for my 50th anniversary race, now working for Fox Sports. I just hope I don't miss another big scoop!

Andrew Marriott, Horam, E Sussex

Richard Heseltine points out that, as well as the lack of any other evidence for this story, since two drivers were mandatory, an attempt by a third to join the nominated pair on the podium would have resulted in disqualification for the NART Ferrari – Ed

Singer vogue

I was delighted to read June's *Lunch with… Dr Norbert Singer*, a man I consider the most humble genius I have met over the years.

I remember very well when the 917 won Le Mans outright for the first ▶

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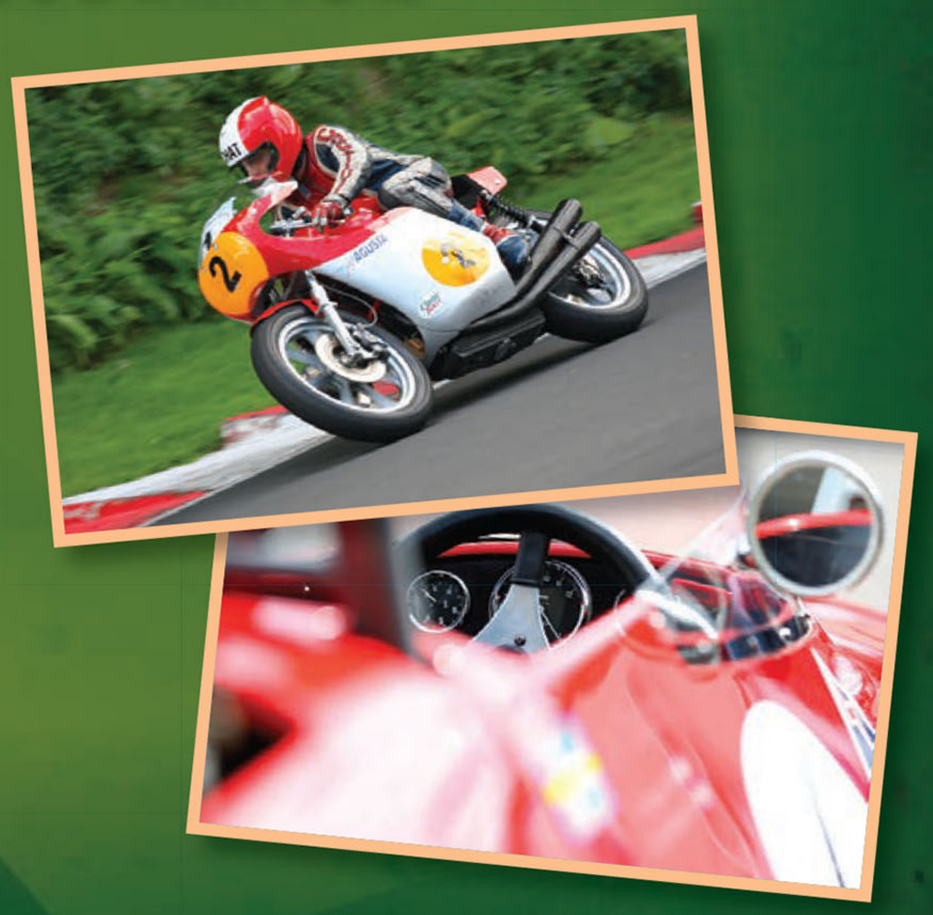
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time, as well as the cars that followed. What a difference in motor sports then and now. I miss the days when cars and designers mattered, not politics or inflated egos.

I met Dr Singer several times here in America, at races and, of course, the Rennsport Reunions. He always had the grace to answer questions – even from my 13-year-old son while preparing the GT1 for the Sebring 12 hours. I also had the privilege of him autographing the wing of our 1/18-scale Porsche GT1.

Joe Machado, Miami, Florida

Caption correction

I really enjoyed your feature on Ferrari at Le Mans, but must correct the error in the caption on p103. The picture does not show the winning Rindt/Gregory 250LM in 1965, but is of the open-top 250P driven to victory by Scarfiotti/Bandini in 1963. Both cars carried race number 21.

Dan Drogman, Loughton, Essex

Generally Franco

I believe I can shed some light on Doug Nye's article on the restoration of Porsche 907 no024.

As a racing car and motorcycle designer I studied at the Art Center in Vevey, Switzerland, back in 1988-89 and at one point visited Franco Sbarro's *atelier* in Neuchatel.

Unannounced and shabbily dressed as I was after a hot motorcycle ride over the beautiful Lausanne hills, *Sig* Sbarro generously showed me his collection of mainly one-off constructs. While the 907 had long gone, I am pretty sure what he was trying to do was turn the body into a 'pattern' or male plug in order to take a female mould from something that would have been too flimsy in its bare state.

While in no way condoning this, particularly to what was a historically significant piece of glassfibre, the other 907s were treated to unceremonious conversions or, as with many factory prototypes, simply destroyed.

Sbarro did produce at that time a number of replica kits, including a Lola T70 and GT40 variation but I never saw a 907 replica, although many of his later show cars were clearly influenced by late '60s race car aerodynamics.

John Keogh, Langley, Slough

Follow the WEC's lead

Andrew Frankel is spot on in his assertion on the *Motor Sport* website that F1 could learn a few lessons from the World Endurance Championship.

Not only would it make the racing more entertaining, it could help lower F1 costs. With the restrictive engineering rules leading to a reliance on wind tunnels, why not ban all aerodynamic bodywork except for small wings fore and aft? Combine this with different engine configurations, and the cars wouldn't all look and sound the same. Using the current fuel flow monitor would give the equivalence in power.

Group C sports car racing was obliged to use F1-derived engines before, but in the early '90s they were not reliable enough for long distances. Nowadays, a swap the other way could give us open-wheelers powered by Audi and Toyota. Blink and you miss 'em pitstops have become an irrelevance. A Le Mans-style crew limit to the jackmen and just two mechanics changing the wheels might make things more exciting.

Stephen Jones, Eastbourne, Sussex

Bernie burning bridges

A recent Nigel Roebuck column made me wonder if Bernie Ecclestone has returned as Henry Ford reincarnate. Both men created immense empires, despite their ignorance of the outside world, and if you squint there's even some physical resemblance.

More than once Henry's stubborn streaks brought Ford Motor Company to the brink of ruin, and it now appears his reincarnation is poised to do the same for Formula 1.

Both men had a knack for admiring unsavoury characters. I, too, was sickened at the sight of Vladimir Putin on the podium at Sochi. Henry often said "history is bunk"; showcasing despots and worn-out B-actors does nothing but cheapen the legacy of a distinguished sport many of us hold dear. Then, pitching gas on the flames, Bernie announces his intent to do away with the Italian Grand Prix!

Well, here's what I think Bernie can expect if he follows through with that repugnant threat.

Bernie, his investors and his advertisers better be prepared for droves of devoted fans staying home, switching off their televisions and taking a walk. I'll be among them. Don't mess with Monza!

James Hoglund, Bend, Oregon, USA

Silence is golden

Competing recently at Craigantlet Hill Climb in Belfast, a round of both the British and Northern Ireland Hill Climb Championship, I saw the future – and it's very quiet!

There was something for every taste, from extremely fast single-seaters to historic and vintage cars, but for the first time there was also an entry in the new MSA Hybrid /electric class – a Renault Zoë.

Is this the answer to residents' complaints about noise? It certainly had no trouble with the noise test and it was far from being the slowest car competing, holding its own against Opel Mantas and others. The chicane confused the computer in charge of the traction control but, despite the pouring rain, it stayed between the hedges.

The owner and driver Mike Hudson should be congratulated for blazing a trail and showing just what electric cars can do. Afterwards Mike got a special cheer when he collected the prize for first place in class 18 and entered the history books as the first electric car to win at Craigantlet.

Paul Robinson, Belfast

Ascari: praise and prose

Nigel Roebuck's piece on Alberto Ascari was a good read. Of great interest was Jenks's opinion that Ascari was better than Fangio, and Hawthorn considering him faster than Fangio. Though at first I thought that verged on heresy, Hawthorn was in the right place to pass judgement.

Roebuck laments that there has never been a definitive biography in English of one of the motor racing gods. I have a book called *The Man with Two Shadows* by Kevin Desmond, which I think could qualify as an Ascari father and son biography. It has one sentence likely to make some people wince: "Had he survived he would have ranked alongside Fangio, Nuvolari and Stewart."

Always a mistake to compare different eras: short sleeves and pudding basin helmets, trees banks and buildings versus the Armco era. Totally different levels of commitment.

Chris Merlin, Isle of Harris, Scotland



1



2



3



4



5

PETER CAYGILL

Darlington-based Peter Caygill snapped his way through a roll or two of Kodachrome at Silverstone in 1975, attending both International Trophy and British Grand Prix **1** Interesting set-up on Vittorio Brambilla's March during the GP meeting **2** Emerson Fittipaldi finished second to Niki Lauda in the International Trophy... **3** ...where Dave Walker (Chevron B28) failed to finish the F5000 support race **4** Retiring Graham Hill bids adieu aboard GH1 in July **5** Derek Bell demonstrates his Le Mans-winning Mirage

PETER PUTTERILL

Silverstone again, this time from practice at the 1967 British GP. Jackie Stewart is already in his BRM P83 H16, with mechanic Alan Challis leaning over the cockpit. In the background, on the left, Mike Spence talks to chief engineer Tony Rudd



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Austrian flashback

Prost joins Lauda in F1 demo

Niki Lauda and Alain Prost will be making an on-track appearance during the Austrian Grand Prix weekend.

Lauda was part of last year's celebration, in which every living Austrian Formula 1 driver demonstrated their best-known car – a parade held to commemorate the race's return to the GP calendar. Lauda ventured out in a Ferrari 312T2, but this year both he and Prost will be in 1984-85 title-winning McLaren-TAG MP4/2s.



LAT

The pair will be part of a tribute to the turbo era as a whole – joining them will be Jean Alesi, Martin Brundle and Pierluigi Martini. Gerhard Berger drove a 1988 Ferrari F1/87-88C last year and will be back in the cockpit in June.

"Driving this car was the absolute highlight of last year's Austrian Grand Prix for me," Berger said. "As a driver, you felt like you were riding a cannonball. The power delivery was brutal, you really had to boss it."

The Austrian Grand Prix takes place from June 19-21, with the 'Legends Parade' taking place on the Sunday.

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722

RETURN OF THE PASS MASTER

Sixty years after taming the wild Mille Miglia, Sir Stirling Moss revisited its familiar roads in his faithful Mercedes 300SLR '722'. *Motor Sport* was there too, in honour of Moss and his late navigator – our own Denis Jenkinson

writer ED FOSTER

Watch Stirling Moss rediscover the Mille Miglia route in the very car that brought him a stunning victory

@ THE MOTOR SPORT DIGITAL EDITION

"IF YOU WIN THE MILLE MIGLIA IT'S BETTER THAN WINNING LE MANS"



April 26, 1955. Hockenheim, Germany
Mille Miglia practice

Denis Jenkinson straps the spare wheels back into the boot of the Mercedes-Benz 300SLR and, as 25-year-old Stirling Moss finishes tightening the hub of the replacement, he places a foot on the right-rear wing and jumps into the passenger seat. It's all done in one fluid motion, his face marked by absolute concentration as the Mille Miglia draws ever nearer.

The pair are testing the 300SLR for the first time on Hockenheim's long straights, where they can get a feel for the car at Mille Miglia speeds. Moss didn't like it at first sight and thought it looked too big and heavy for a 3-litre sports car. It's different today, though, having driven it.

He's nervous. Not because of the car or the roads – he's done the event three times already – but because of the speeds he knows he needs to reach to be in with a chance of winning.

April 23, 2015. Passo della Futa, Italy
Celebration of the 60th anniversary of Moss and Jenks' Mille Miglia win

There's a moment of panic when I realise that I might not be able to fit. The 300SLR's passenger footwell is short and shallow and the dashboard comes back so far that my six-foot-seven-inch frame is momentarily stuck half in, half out. Jenks never had such worries with his five foot two and a half inches.

After we've removed the back of the seat I can finally lower myself uncomfortably in – without putting a Jenks-like foot on the pristine bodywork – and look out over the inch-thick windscreen.

The eight-cylinder, 3-litre engine barks into life and, after an evening listening to Moss describe how refined the car was to drive, the noise comes as a shock. The twin exhausts are a matter of inches from my right leg and the engine's vibrations run through the seat and into my spine. The driver, DTM racer Christian Vietoris, is given the nod by the chaps from Mercedes-Benz Classic and, with a blip of the throttle, we pull out onto the 1955 Mille Miglia route.

The sense of history is overwhelming and the echo from the twin exhausts loud enough to make you wonder how Jenks had any hearing left from that day on. Despite having never driven a classic car before, let alone a 300SLR, Vietoris is changing up through the gears with decisive movements and smiling as the revs climb.

The Futa Pass is a series of sharp blind bends one after the other, flanked by trees and occasional bits of Armco. Villages flash past and while there aren't quite the estimated six million spectators there were on April 30-May 1 1955, the locals give us a smile and wave as we head on towards the Raticosa Pass, the gearbox whine accompanying the crisp exhaust note.

The road opens up for a short period and we're up into third, fourth and approaching a blind crest. The heat is already seeping through the footwell and it's hard not to ponder what it must have been like after 10 hours in that seat. Even covered in brake dust and oil, ears ringing and eyes stinging, Jenks would have known exactly what was behind the blind crest ahead. He would already have warned Moss whether it was flat or not, which way the road went the other side. All I can do is unknowingly brace myself against the car's side.

Having spent some time in a relatively gently driven SLR on the Mille Miglia roads, I can safely say that what Stirling Moss and Denis Jenkinson achieved that day 60 years ago is, quite simply, astonishing. It's actually hard to comprehend just how they did it.

❖

"IT'S THE ONLY RACE THAT FRIGHTENED the shit out of me," admits Moss, deadpan. "The thought of the Mille Miglia even 10 months before it started made me seriously worried. I realised the enormous danger and all the time was nervous about doing it. It wasn't the road that made me frightened; it was the principle of what we had to do to be competitive… We had to be up at 180mph for reasonable lengths of time.

"Then again, the easiest way to concentrate for 10 hours was to realise that if you made a mistake you could die. That gets your attention, if you know what I mean. Once we got going, though, you'd see a car in front, forget the nerves and think, 'Right, I'd better pass you!'"

Moss also accepted a 'Dynavis' pill from team-mate Fangio before the race, which was supposed to help with chronic thirst. It also helpfully kept him alert. So alert, in fact, that having won the Mille Miglia he drove to Munich for breakfast and then went to lunch in Stuttgart.

Moss and Jenks had set off at 7.22am on Sunday May 1 and, having taken notes on the 1000-mile course over six practice laps, they thought a podium was possible. Over the next 1000 miles from Brescia to Padova, Ravenna, Pescara, Rome, Florence, Bologna, Piacenza and back to Brescia, they passed car after car, Jenks reading their carefully prepared notes from his roller map, and slowly they pulled into the lead. By the time they crossed the line at 5.29pm that same day, they were more than 30 minutes ahead of second-placed Juan Manuel Fangio. They had *averaged* 97.9mph, which meant that they'd beaten the previous year's winning time by nearly an hour and 20 minutes.

Ecstatic but tired, Jenks retired to his hotel room to write the report. "I knew," he wrote of the section of road that I am on 60 years later, "that one of Moss's greatest ambitions was to do the section Florence-Bologna in under one hour. This road crosses the heart of the Apennines, by way of the Futa Pass and the ▶

Raticosa Pass, and though it was only just over 60 miles in length it is like Prescott Hillclimb all the way."

Jenks had spotted Moss check his watch as they left Florence and thought, "This is going to be fantastic."

"I remember him rubbing his hands together," says Moss today. "I thought, 'Blimey, I've really got to try now' and it wasn't as if I hadn't been working my guts out just to get to where we were!" Despite having to slow because of damaged road surfaces they did the section in 61 minutes.

❖

THE MOSS/JENKS RELATIONSHIP WAS AN easy one that had started in 1949, when the former was racing a 500cc single seater. Jenks, racing sidecars, was on the same bill and the two struck up conversation. "He was such a character, as anyone who met him will know," says Moss. "He always had amusing and interesting things to say and at weekends was the person with whom I found I had most in common.

"By the time we did the Mille Miglia together I knew him extremely well and realised he understood the importance of controlling himself, not getting nervous. He was an extraordinary man and his threshold for fear was way bigger than mine – he was quite happy to do 180mph and I had complete faith in him. OK, we made a couple of small mistakes [there was one sheep fewer and some damaged straw bales by the time they had finished], but really, when you consider the enormity of the problem…

"I didn't even think about having anyone other than Jenks beside me, I'm not sure why. Mercedes was thrilled as well because he wrote well and to have him in a car that won would work very well for them." Jenks was originally due to partner John Fitch in a 300 SL, but Moss easily persuaded him to switch cars. "I don't think John was particularly happy," he says. "Actually, I don't think he was very happy at all! *[Jenks claimed otherwise, see page 68]*

"We had lots in common, Jenks and I, and he was the sort of person that, if you knew him, you either clicked and enjoyed his company or you thought 'God, he's a bit of a wanker'. It's so sad that more people like him aren't around today. He was just so weird. And he couldn't understand why people thought he was weird! I can't remember ever falling out with him; he was difficult, I was difficult and I think we accepted each other's shortcomings and got on with it. I don't even think the Mille Miglia changed our relationship very much because we'd been close before."

❖

IT WAS AN UNLIKELY BRITISH DUO racing a German car in a very Italian race. Until that day in '55 only one non-Italian had triumphed (Rudolf Caracciola in 1931) and, despite the might of the 300SLR, they weren't necessarily favourites. "It was very satisfying to beat the Italians on their home turf," Moss says, smiling as an SLR starts up outside. Once the noise has subsided I comment that, despite their nationality, the Italians seemed to embrace the victory. "Yes," he says, "by the end of the race I *was* Italian! If you win the Mille Miglia it means an enormous amount. It's better than winning Le Mans."



DTM driver Christian Vietoris gives our man Foster a taste of DSJ's view of the race



The Moss/Jenks partnership was clearly a vital part of the historic win, but so too was the car and the absolute trust that Moss could place in it. "I never thought it would break," he admits, "and it was just beautifully balanced. After 130mph it was wonderful. Jenks' sign when things got hairy was to tug on his beard and I remember the following year [when they were in a Maserati 350S Fantuzzi, Mercedes having withdrawn from racing] we'd got to Rieti [just north of Rome] when the brake pedal fell off! I pointed it out to Jenks and he looked down in the footwell and all he did was tug his beard!" What Moss doesn't mention is that they were lucky to escape considering they went over a stone wall, up a bank the other side, through a barbed wire fence, back down the bank and finally came to rest with the horn sounding.

"The shock of going from Mercedes to Maserati was huge because the former was so efficient and the 300SLR so good. You needed a different driving style in the Mille Miglia because on a circuit you knew where the corners were, you knew where the apices were. You had to go into every corner faster than you thought you should and if it suddenly turned out to be slower, you could push it into more oversteer, scrub off some speed and then get hard on it again. That was better than using the [not very good] brakes. But you could get away with it because the SLR was so well balanced."

Before the race had started Moss's team-mate Hans Herrmann had discussed tactics with his co-driver Hermann Eger. They realised that Moss would sprint off and they also knew that the SLR's drum brakes were the weakest part of the car. So they would start gently and conserve the brakes, which would be borderline come the race's finish. However, according to the Mercedes-Benz archives it was Moss who had used less of them when they reached Rome in the lead.

"There was this damn saying that he who was first in Rome wouldn't finish and I knew that. I'm superstitious and it was an extra burden as we set off from the control. There was then also a really difficult section. It wasn't straight and it was very, very fast; lots of great corners where you were doing well over 120mph. If I went back there now I think I'd remember it. This section [between Florence and Bologna] was actually quite easy and slow."

❖

THEY AREN'T THE WORDS THAT SPRING to mind as Vietoris opens the steering and lets the SLR's revs rise once again as we come out of another hairpin. I look over and, his third cap lost to the wind, he's beaming from ear to ear. "I'm really impressed with the car," he says afterwards. "I didn't expect that. The balance is amazingly good and you always feel safe." I ask him whether he could imagine doing the Mille Miglia in it and he laughs before saying, "Absolutely not."

Neither can I, despite doing several miles of the course in an SLR. However, I now have a better idea of what it was like and can state that it was, without doubt, one of the greatest feats of human endurance and skill in motor sport history. Ⓜ



AP/PRESS ASSOCIATION

Historic 300SLR revisits roads and villages that have barely changed



Überlegener Mercedes-Benz-Sieg

XXII. MILLE MIGLIA 1955

Rennsportwagen (300 SLR)
1. Stirling Moss/Jenkinson
2. Weltmeister J. M. Fangio

Seriensportwagen (300 SL)
1. Fitch/Gesell
2. Gendebien/Bascher
3. Casella

Dieselklasse (180 D)
1. Retter/Larrcher
2. Reinhard/Wiesnewski
3. Masera/Cardinar



NOTHING LEFT TO CHANCE

Painstaking planning and hard graft were the foundations of Moss and Jenks's Mille Miglia win, as our Continental Correspondent's diary helps recall

writer DOUG NYE

IN MID-AUGUST, 1954, THE PROTOTYPE MERCEDES-BENZ 300SLR was just being built as the seeds of Stirling Moss and Denis Jenkinson's 1955 Mille Miglia victory were sown.

On August 15, the non-championship Pescara Grand Prix in Italy was being run on the 16-mile Abruzzi circuit. This was Jenks's first visit, and he had driven down in his Lancia Aprilia with two friends, aeronautical engineer Dick Cawthorne and his wife Nan.

Stirling Moss was driving his personal Maserati 250F, which had been adopted as a works runner at the preceding German GP. Tragically, works driver Onofre Marimon had crashed fatally there, further elevating Moss's importance to Maserati. And he promptly qualified on Pescara pole, fully 21 seconds faster than his closest rival. He then led the race until an oil pipe parted.

Meanwhile, Maserati had brought down an A6G sports car for him to learn the circuit. After Saturday practice he was about to run in it when Jenks asked if he could accompany him "...and after one exhilarating lap he stopped, expecting me to stagger out and be sick from sheer fright, instead of which I was grinning and said 'That was terrific, can we go round again?'"

Fearless Jenks had served as sidecar star Eric Oliver's intrepid passenger in winning the class's inaugural world championship in 1949. His personal diary entry for Saturday, August 14, 1954 at Pescara reads: "Went for a lap in A6G with Moss. Terrific."

Stirling "...did not forget that chance occasion, and the following winter, when he was planning the 1955 Mille Miglia with Mercedes-Benz, he asked me to go with him."

Come September, at Monza on the Monday and Tuesday after the Italian GP, Jenks watched Mercedes-Benz testing the prototype 300SLR. He would later muse: "Little did I imagine that I was going to be part of that programme. Watching with me was John Fitch, who had driven in the Carrera PanAmericana for Mercedes. When he saw the SLR he said: 'That car could win the Mille Miglia. Ferrari, Alfa Romeo and Maserati couldn't beat that'.

"We discussed John's idea for ways of overcoming the Italians' natural advantage in the Mille Miglia by it being run on their own roads. The second person in the car should not be a spare driver or a mechanic, but a full-time 'navigator'. The idea interested me, for I had done part of the 1954 Mille Miglia with George Abecassis in an HWM-Jaguar. I soon realised there was much to be gained from a navigator who knew where he was going.

"While John waited to hear from Mercedes about their 1955 driver team, we went ahead on planning a 'navigational system' and spent a lot of time poring over large-scale road maps, as well as planning reconnaissance runs in his 1100cc Fiat, as he was living in Italy.

"At New Year 1955, when Mercedes-Benz settled their programme, all they could promise John Fitch was a works reserve drive and an entry in a 300SL Gullwing to join the GT class." Jenks would have been thrilled to accompany the American in a works Gullwing, but then "... Stirling Moss telephoned to ask if I would like to join him for the Mille Miglia now that the Stuttgart firm had confirmed his place. When I told John Fitch he said 'Even using our system we couldn't hope to win outright with a 300SL, but Stirling in an SLR could. Go and join him and take our system with you, and good luck to both of you'."



JENKS'S DIARY

Friday February 4, 1955 "Went to London in Aprilia. Met Moss for lunch *[at The Steering Wheel Club]*. Mille Miglia is definitely on." That same day's entry continues: "Went to *Motor Sport* in afternoon. Good possibility of getting a Porsche!" That was a pretty darned good day for DSJ.

"*[Moss]* was already thinking along the same lines of using a 'navigator' and had asked me because he was certain that I was 'mad' and 'fearless'. As he said: 'I've seen you riding with Eric Oliver… so what more could I ask?'

"When we pooled our accumulated knowledge and ideas a great deal of ground work was covered. From three previous Mille Miglia races with Jaguars Moss had gathered together a good quantity of notes, about bumpy level-crossings, blind hill-brows, dangerous corners and so on, and as I knew certain sections of the course intimately, all this knowledge put down on paper amounted to about 25 per cent of the circuit…". Now, in Mercedes-Benz reconnaissance, they were to learn the other 75 per cent.

❖

Thursday February 10 "Alan *[Southon of Phegre Engineering – a long-time friend]* picked me up at 8am. Went to Heath Row *[sic]*. Met Moss. Flew Viscount to Geneva-Milan. Alan took Aprilia home. By 170 Mercedes to Brescia. Saw 300SLR ready for practice. Stayed Hotel Brescia."

Friday February 11 "Left Brescia 7.30am in 300SLR. Kling & Herrmann in 220 – Kosteletzky" *[sic – very senior engineer – really spelled 'Kostelezky']* "& mechanics in 220. After plug check near Peschiera got to Pescara by 1pm – lunch – Aquila – Roma – Viterbo by 5pm. 145-150mph cruising. Stayed night."

He reported, "….no intention of going fast, for the object was to see how the *[SLR]* stood up to 1000 miles of rough Italian roads. It was the prototype that was given to us with instructions not to exceed 170mph in fifth gear, always fill the tank with Agip Supercortemaggiore petrol, not to hurry, to take two days, and not to drive in the dark.

"After a preliminary plug check we got into our stride, our personal object being to make notes about the road conditions as we went along. Moss soon found this *rennsportwagen* was quite happy cruising between 145 and 155mph amid Italian traffic. Acceleration from 50 to 150mph gave the feeling of being absolutely constant, no kick in the back, no sudden surge forward, but a constant increase of speed, while the suspension was so comfortable and the roadholding such that the rev counter reading and gear lever position were the only guides to mph. Quite literally, anything under 100mph was a pace at which to make notes and regard the scenery, while waiting for the road to clear so we could go on into fourth and fifth.

"The brakes retarded the car with a deceleration that was as deceptive as the acceleration, accompanied by the most vile smell of burning brake linings, for with inboard brakes all the heat and smells waft up into the cockpit. On two occasions Moss had to make rapid stops and then the cockpit filled with blue smoke from the linings and hot drums.

"While we were not going at racing Mille Miglia speeds, for Moss refused to take any chances – at no time using more than his own half of the road and never squeezing through gaps – we were still averaging over 90mph, including obeying traffic lights, and going round all the islands. Having reached Pescara by lunchtime, the average still being well in the 80s, we stopped to eat, the car not protesting at all in being driven around the town in search of a reasonable restaurant, and then being parked outside between an Aprilia and a Fiat 1900.

"By this time, of course, the populace was delirious and Luigis, Giovannis and Vittorios were appearing from all directions. We were forced to lunch in semi-darkness as the windows of the restaurant were blacked-out



Approaching the off: Jenkinson and Moss swap last-minute points with Mercedes crew

MERCEDES-BENZ



Moss's artistry, Jenks's accuracy and the superb 300SLR made for a triumph never to be surpassed. Above: reading his old friend's diary, 60 years on

MERCEDES-BENZ

"WORDS CANNOT DO JUSTICE TO BEING DRIVEN IN THE 300SLR BY A DRIVER I CAN ONLY DESCRIBE AS AN ARTIST"

by inquisitive faces eager to see the 'Inglese, Sterlinee Morss'.

"Soon on our way again, we wound up into the mountains around Popoli and on the way to Aquila we cruised for many kilometres across a plateau at just over 160mph. It was a most fascinating experience to look sideways at the driver at this speed, to see his youthful face looking as relaxed as most people's do when sitting in front of the fire after a good meal; but behind the goggles the eyes had a comforting look of complete concentration and confidence. There was nothing for me to do except give a quick look at the instruments, do some sums to convince myself we were doing more than 160mph and then watch the scenery go by.

"Naturally, over the mountains the average speed was forced down, for even Moss in a Mercedes-Benz cannot average much more than 60mph, but down into Rome the roads improved, as they did out again, northwards to Viterbo. There, the light was beginning to fade so we packed up and once more motored about relatively quietly looking for the pre-arranged hotel, for the 220 Mercedes-Benz cars were now about three hours behind us."

Saturday February 12 "Left 8am – clutch slip after Siena – Waited for 220s. 3/4hr delay. Set off again. Firenze-Bologna 1hr 4min. Brescia by 5.10pm. Police chase in Modena. Evening at Hotel. Bed early."

Jenks recalled: "That day provided for me one of my most memorable motoring experiences. It is not difficult to find someone to drive you along a straight road at 150mph, or for that matter to do it yourself, providing the conditions are favourable, but to be driven over three really arduous mountain passes in a car of the potential of the 300SLR by a driver whom I can only describe as an artist, is something to which mere words cannot do full justice.

"The Mercedes-Benz's handling calls for sharp corners to be taken with the power on, which provokes rear-end breakaway, and this is counteracted with the steering wheel. *[Moss]* threw the SLR round the hairpins and through the multitude of S-bends in a series of controlled flicks and slides, and on dry roads the car skated about as a Morris Minor would on snow at 20mph driven by a rally driver. We crossed the mountains in this manner, the car being whisked round the bends and corners, with the driver complete master of the machine.

"In no time at all it seemed this living with the gods was over and we were in Bologna, though actually it had taken nearly two hours, and all at an average of over 60mph. Our overall running average had been nearly 75mph… Never once did I press my feet on the bulkhead or clutch wildly at the scuttle."

A second full lap was to be attempted next day.

Sunday February 13 "Up by 10am. Left again at 12am. Padova in 1hr 2min. Ravenna by 2.45pm – less 32 min for lunch. Split rad near Rimini. Patched it up and stopped in pouring rain at Pesaro. Phoned Brescia for new rad. Bed early." A footnote adds: "140 miles @ 93.15mph – BRESCIA-FERRARA." *[104 miles on today's road system]* And all on roads in public use…

Monday February 14 "Car repaired by 5am. We left 8am in snowstorm! Rain, hail, snow all down Adriatic coast nearly to Pescara. Hopeless to go fast. Good to Aquila. Lunch and on to Rome. 40km on at Monterosi sheep jumped in front of car. Spun into ditch and wrecked rear axle. Kling & Herrmann arrived later. Left
300SLR at Agip station. Went on to cold, damp Hotel at Montefiascone. Stayed night."

He recalled how, "We struggled on for another 200 miles in weather *[ranging]* from hail to three inches of snow on the roads, with ice forming on the windscreen and goggles faster than we could rub it off. Nearing Rome the weather cleared up and conditions were perfect once again, but shortly after Rome we were passing a flock of sheep at 70mph when the attendant shepherd struck one of them with a hefty stick and it leapt sideways into our left-hand headlamp. While the dead mutton flew up into the air we spun and, in going into the ditch, a rear wheel struck a low concrete bollard, and that was that."

In the evenings, the duo discussed the roads and Jenks would transcribe his scribbled 'Chinese' notes. They concentrated on locations that might break the car, then logged and graded all the more demanding corners, then slippery surfaces. Jenks noted each plus or minus distance from a kilometre-stone reference. They also logged 'flat-out feasible' places. They refined their corner assessments, making allowance for higher approach speeds on race day than in reconnaissance against oncoming traffic. On another lap Jenks selected recognisable landmarks visible whether driving into the sun or in pouring rain.

Tuesday February 15 "Left 7.30am in 220. Snow over mountains otherwise good run to Brescia by 5pm. Evening at Hotel." And next

JENKS'S MAP MAKER

The lady who made sure that vital Mille Miglia roll was right for 1000 miles

SEVERAL UNSUNG heroes contributed to the 1955 Mille Miglia victory. One is Jenks's long-time firm friend, supporter and occasional rock – Nan Cawthorne.

Today Nan is a delightfully bright and vivacious 89, and she still remembers clearly how Jenks arrived on her doorstep at 'Bramleys', the house she shared with Royal Aircraft Establishment (Farnborough) engineer husband Dick in Church Crookham, on the Hampshire/Surrey border, that spring day 60 years ago.

"He came in with a bundle of notes and notebooks, fresh from a Mercedes reconnaissance with Moss and told me how they needed to condense and transcribe it all onto a continuous roll of paper, which would fit into a little map-box that Stirling was having specially made."

Every weekday, at a quarter-to-two in the afternoon, the BBC Light Programme would broadcast *Listen with Mother*. Nan and Dick's daughter, Frankie, was barely two then, the programme part of her daily routine. It would begin with the lady presenter asking "Are you sitting comfortably? Then I'll begin," and Frankie would sit and listen with her Mum, while Jenks – who just didn't 'do' infants – fussed over his paperwork, unconcernedly impatient with Nan's rival priority...

But as the programme signed off at 2 o'clock, Frankie would go for her nap and Nan could devote full attention to Jenks and the Mille Miglia notes. As an early member of the hyperactive Hants & Berks Motor Club, she was (and still is) an assiduous organiser with a sharp eye for fine detail. Jenks and Nan spread out all the paperwork on her living room floor, and they carefully collated, cross-checked and painstakingly transcribed selected notes onto a condensed short-list that Jenks would then hand-write in pencil (so errors could be erased and recorrected) onto his final paper 'roller map'. He would go on fine-tuning his 'map' until race eve in his Brescia hotel room.

Nan recalls: "Dick and I had met Jenks years before at Holly Birkett's nearby house, at Pondtail, in Fleet. Holly was the local vet, and a complete car enthusiast. He had a Bugatti and several Austin Sevens and helped found the 750 Motor Club. He was profoundly eccentric, something of a Walter Mitty – a fine pianist, a very clever and capable vet and a quite Bohemian character, as we all were to varying degrees. At one stage we formed a little jazz band at 'Bramleys' – known as 'The Seedlings', in which Jenks played clarinet.

"Holly had got to know Jenks and Bill Boddy when the pair worked at the RAE Farnborough, during the war. As a vet he had a petrol allowance, and they were always helping him use it up... Dick often worked with Holly on his various cars. Jenks was away racing motorcycles when we first heard about him from Holly in the late 1940s and early '50s. Then he just arrived at Pondtail one day. We were all rather in awe of him – he just didn't conform to anything, really. He wouldn't think twice about arriving at your house at 10.30pm and knocking on the window to announce himself – then he'd more or less take over.

"In the early '50s he lived over a garage space at Stratfield Lodge near Odiham. He'd converted the loft space into living accommodation with a stairway and tongue-and-groove cladding. He was very good at that kind of thing. When we updated our house he helped Dick do a lot of work in it. We all three got on really well, and Dick and I accompanied him on several Continental trips – the first with Dick and I on our Sunbeam motorcycle and Jenks on his Norton. Then in 1954 we met him at Friedrichshafen and drove with him in his Lancia Aprilia down to Senigallia and Pescara. We met Dan Margulies at Senigallia racing his Jaguar C-type, and Dick worked on it with him as a makeshift mechanic, then at Pescara Jenks got him working for Prince 'Bira' on his Maserati 250F.

"But I think Jenks's analytical powers really shine through where the Mille Miglia roller notes are concerned. He succeeded in distilling a thousand miles of conflicting danger and opportunity onto less than 20 feet of paper. And then on race day he signalled it all to Stirling with I think only one or two harmless errors. That took some doing – and it's a tribute to his powers of concentration and focus.

"And do you know how he thanked all of us who'd contributed a little bit to their success? He drove around in his new Porsche to visit each of us with a barrel of Marsala wine on the back seat, and he gave us all a drink to toast a great job, well done. We were proud to be a very minor part of it".









Nan Cawthorne, left, and husband Dick toured and enjoyed jazz with Jenks. Above, Marsala on draught in Porsche...

day: "Herrmann drove us to Milan in Neubauer's 220. Lunch and caught afternoon plane to England. Heathrow 7pm. Snow & rain. Stayed night at *[his sister]* Monica's."

Jenks wrote: "We sorted out our notes and had them typed out into some semblance of order, and before leaving England again I spent hours with a friend" – Nan Cawthorne – "checking and cross-checking, going over the list many times, finally being 100 per cent certain that there were no mistakes." His diary, Wednesday, March 2: "Got up late. Went to 'Bramleys' *[the Cawthornes' house in Fleet, Hampshire]*. Read through Mille Miglia notes with Nan. Then went to Farnham to try & sell Aprilia..."

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Tuesday March 8 "Called for Bod 9am in Aprilia. Went to Heathrow, he took Aprilia, I flew to Stuttgart via Zurich – Viscount & DC3 Dakota. Porsche collected me in VW. Saw 300SL. Bought Porsche 1500. Frankenberg [Richard von Frankenberg, German magazine publisher and Porsche figure] took me to Stuttgart town."

Wednesday March 9 "Went to Mercedes. Spent morning with Neubauer. Lunched with Frankenberg. Collected new Porsche in afternoon. Motored at 3000rpm on Autobahn to Colne *[sic – Köln/Cologne]* – 250 miles in 5 hours. Had supper & drove on to Bruxelles by 1am. Stayed Gare du Nord." Next morning he: "Got up early. Went to see Masuy in morning *[Marcel Masuy, his motorcycle sidecar rider after Oliver]*. Left Porsche with Pilette. Flew home Sabena. Went to *MS*..." He already had quite a story to tell, and the following week he flew back to Brussels, collected his shiny Porsche and drove it proudly home via the Dunkirk-Dover ferry.

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Monday March 21 He was off again, this time via Porsche in Stuttgart to the Turin GP on Sunday 27, when he: "Left immediately afterwards and motored to Brescia on Autostrada. Cruised 95-90 *[sic]* with Aurelia. Met Moss & Mercedes Benz at Hotel." Next morning: "Left at 7am in 220a of Moss and motored at 58mph average to Rome. Spent night there..." Distance covered in the 220 saloon was especially fruitful, as it allowed discussion. Jenks accumulated some 17 pages of detailed notes, while Moss's confidence in him slowly grew and Stirling had the now famous aluminium roller-map box made, into which Jenks loaded his final strip, its pencil notes readable through a perspex window sealed against possible rain with Sellotape.

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Tuesday March 29 "Up at 7am and returned to Brescia. Stopped for lunch only. Evening at Hotel. Fangio arrived."

Wednesday, March 30 "Left at 7am in pouring rain all way to Pescara. Fangio passed in SLR after Popoli – Kling in SL at Antrodocco. Stayed night at Viterbo."

Thursday, March 31 "Left at 9.45am in sunshine back to Brescia. Called at Maserati on way." And Friday, April 1: "Left Brescia 6.30am in 300SL – Herrmann in 300SLR. Averaging 78mph – Crash with Army lorry at Forli. All day sorting things out with M-B technicians. Home in 220a by 1am."

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"SUNDAY: UP AT 6AM FOR RACE DAY. **WE WON!** PARTY IN EVENING WITH MERCEDES"

Saturday April 2 "At garage in morning. Mercedes-Benz dept in afternoon. Moss returned to England. Afternoon in Brescia. Evening on own."

❖

Saturday April 16 "Left Cannes 10.30am. Wonderful trip over Col du Tende, through tunnel. Porsche terrific in mountains. Went to Turin. Did 74 miles in hour to Milan. Arrived Brescia in evening." After a quiet day that Sunday, with Stirling arriving that evening, the two Brits prepared to complete their reconnaissance.

Monday April 18 "Left 7am in SL and drove to Florence. 1200 kilometres. Terrific fun helping driving on blind corners *[to give Moss confirmation the winding road ahead was clear for '9/10ths']*. Stayed Hotel Select (Phew!). Fangio passed in Verona. Herrmann later, in SLRs. Met Herrmann at Ravenna with fuel pump trouble."

Tuesday April 19 The pair enjoyed "...another good dice back to Brescia."

Wednesday April 20 "Left 7am in SLR. Broke crank drive at Rimini. Kling with no brakes. He passed later. Waited 3-4 hours for mechanics. Went on in 220. Fangio had broken SL. He arrived in 300S. Followed him down coast – dicing. Went over mountains to Viterbo!"

Thursday April 21 Jenks and Moss set off for the Bordeaux GP, and from there on Monday, April 25: "Up at 7am. Airport. Plane to Paris, more writing. Plane to Zurich, more writing. Plane to Stuttgart. Met by Furst von Urach. Went to M-B racing department (fantastic). Fitting for seats. Supper party at Solitude with M-B..."

❖

Tuesday April 26 "Up at 7.30am. Collected to M-B. Went to Hockenheim in SLR behind Kosteletski *[sic]* in 300SL – PanAmerican winner. All morning testing. SL truck *[the high-speed transporter]*, W196. SLR. SL!! 7500 in 5th. On return along Autobahn saw new BMW-SL. Left factory 4pm. Moss went out with girlfriend. I worked on route for MM. Bed early."

They had experimented with airstream baffles around the cockpit, and juggled windscreen form and dimensions. They practised changing wheels and spark plugs, fitting the temporary aluminium aero-screens that could slot ahead of the standard transparency should it get smashed, they studied the Bosch fuel-injection system, the fuel pumps, the electrical system. They were taken through the spares to be loaded and became imbued with growing confidence. Nor were they alone – their team-mates received matching attention.

Wednesday April 27 "Went to M-B for photos. Airport. Flew to Zurich – 2 hour wait. Flew to Milan. Collected 220 and drove to Lecco to see Sally Weston! *[Stirling's long-time girlfriend]* I drove her Fiat to Brescia. Supper and bed."

Thursday April 28 was spent in the garage and at Mille Miglia scrutineering, "...most of time with John Fitch. Bed early."

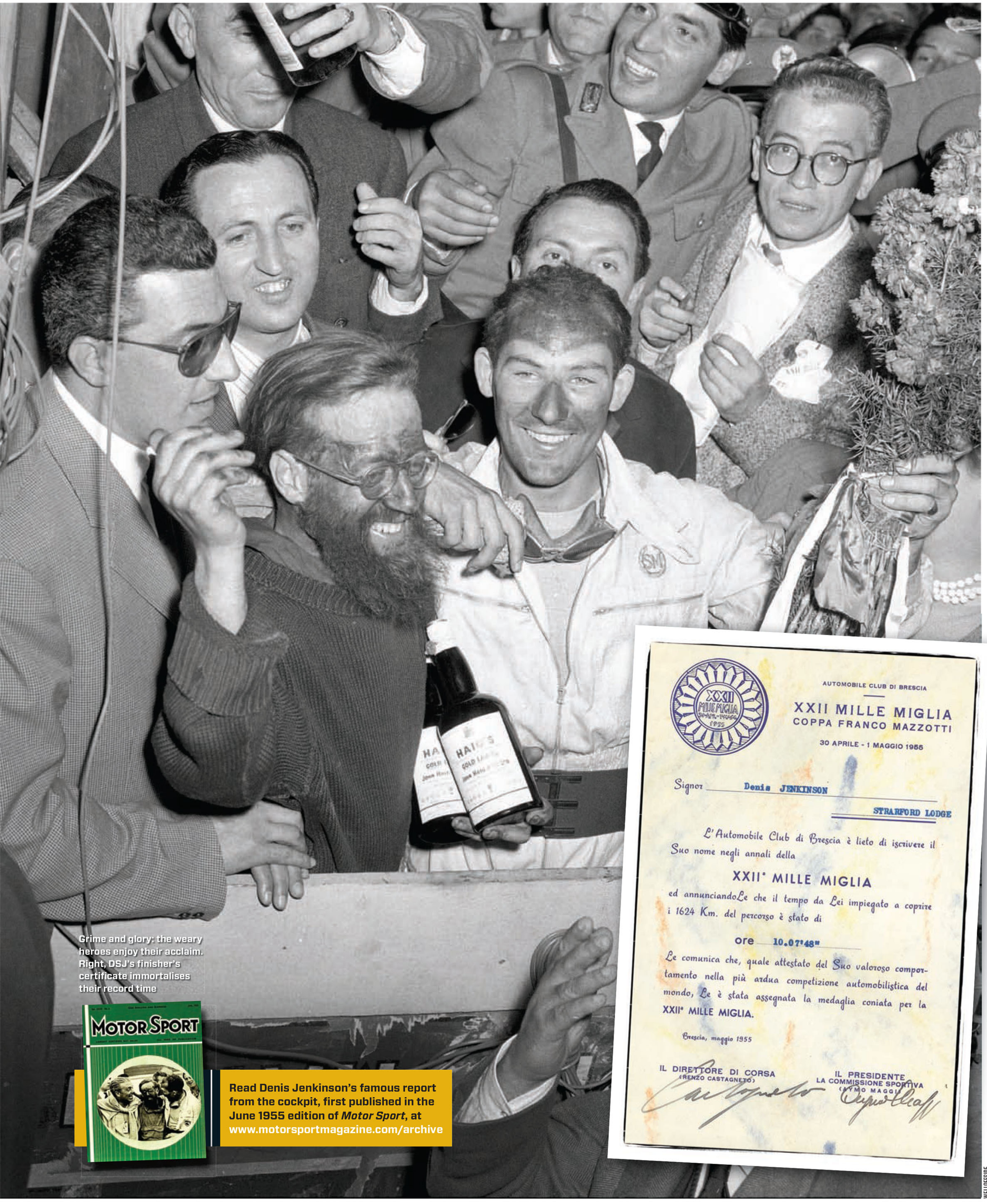
Friday April 29 "At garage in morning. Then to official M-B verification. To Calino for lunch. Went in special SL with Uhlenhaut. 150 on Autostrada and 500rpm *[sic – surely '5000rpm'?]* in top. Usual Count Maggi luncheon. 150 on way back. Tried out SLR with Moss for windscreen tests. Supper with M-B and bed early."

Saturday April 30 "First test of SLR on Autostrada. Rest of day in Brescia at scrutineering in morning. Bed early." They tried further windscreen mods to minimise buffeting and improve hot air extraction, while Moss tried the gearchange lock-out mechanism – a sliding gate hastily created since Stirling had sometimes been crossing the gate from second to fifth instead of third, and back.

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Sunday May 1, 1955 The great day then dawned and – after so much work, so much preparation, so much commitment – Jenks's tired and weary entry for that momentous day speaks volumes:

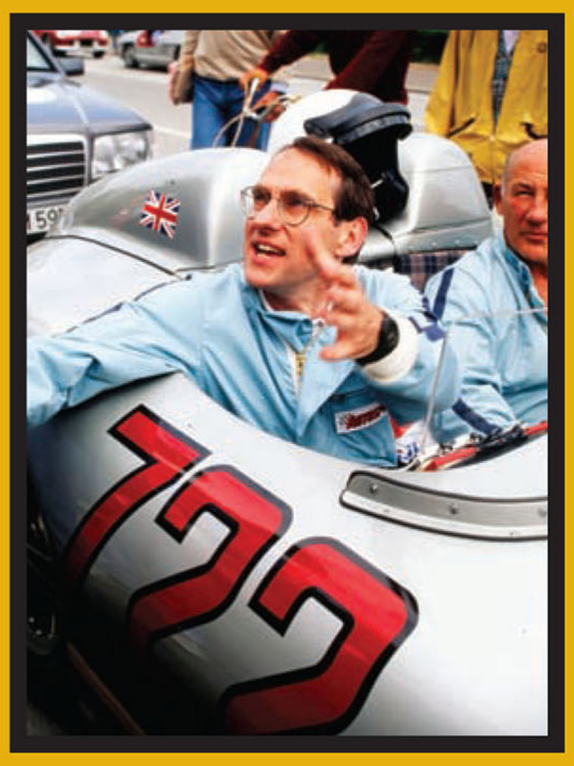
"Up at 6am for race day. WE WON. Party in evening with Mercedes-Benz. Bed at 1am" *[the way the '1' is formed, it might be '7am', but I doubt it]*. Mission accomplished – proof, yet again, that the harder one works, the 'luckier' one gets. Ⓜ



Grime and glory: the weary heroes enjoy their acclaim. Right, DSJ's finisher's certificate immortalises their record time

Read Denis Jenkinson's famous report from the cockpit, first published in the June 1955 edition of *Motor Sport*, at www.motorsportmagazine.com/archive

WELLOFFSIDE



GLIMPSE FROM DSJ'S SEAT

Twenty years ago, Stirling Moss returned to the Mille Miglia. His lucky navigator caught a flavour of Denis Jenkinson's experience in 1955 – but only by mistake

writer SIMON TAYLOR

SIXTY YEARS AGO I was a damp-eyed 10-year-old boy, incarcerated in a traditional prep school 100 miles from home. To cheer me up, when my father had finished reading his monthly copy of *Motor Sport* he rolled it up into a tube and posted it to me. It took me most of the month, between Latin lessons and the loathsome rugger, to read every word, from WB's introductory leader via DSJ's *Continental Notes* to the last classified ad. I kept every copy, and they became the seedcorn of the run of bound volumes I maintain today.

The June 1955 issue took longer to read than the others, because I was mesmerised by DSJ's incredible 9000-word article *With Moss in the Mille Miglia*. You will understand why when you read it, if you haven't already (it is readily available via our online archive). It was clear to me even then that Jenks – as I somehow already knew DSJ was called – had written this immense piece of work entirely from memory, because during the race itself he was otherwise occupied.

I wanted to preserve the article but didn't want to mutilate my magazine, so I wrote to my father (telephone calls weren't allowed except in cases of near-fatal illness) and asked him to get me a second copy. When that arrived I carefully cut out the huge blocks of tiny type – almost totally devoid of paragraphs, because Jenks didn't do paragraphs – and pasted them into a school exercise book. On the front I stuck the oval picture from the cover showing Moss and Jenks after their win, faces streaked with oil and dirt. Over the past 60 years I have kept that exercise book too.

I was already a fan of Stirling Moss, of course, but now he became my hero. Jenks, too, was elevated to almost god-like standing. Many years later I was privileged to be able to call them both friends. So in 1995 I reminded Stirling it was the 40th anniversary of that great victory. I suggested that Mercedes-Benz should get the 300SLR out of their museum and he and Jenks should do the Mille Miglia Retrospective, which covered most of the original route as a three-day regularity event. In those days Mercedes didn't use the 300SLR, number 722, as a publicity machine as much as they do now, but I knew Stirling's request would not be denied. "Good idea, boy," said Stirling. "I'll talk to Jenks."

Next morning he was on the phone. "Jenks says he did the real thing, and why should he want to ponce around with rich old men in their shiny red Ferraris. You'd better come instead."

Which is how I came to spend three days sitting in Jenks's seat beside Stirling, in burning sun, in drenching rain, in darkness as well as day, as he hurled the 300SLR up steep mountain passes, through towns and villages, and along straight, narrow roads at 150mph between solid walls of waving people. And when we paused I got Stirling to tell me tales of those 10 full-throttle hours on May 1, 1955. The trip into the straw bales approaching Pescara, which dented the front but still dealt with an obstructive Gordini. The comfort stop Stirling had planned at the Rome control, not realising that since the recce a huge grandstand had been built and he had to perform in front of several hundred people. Passing a competing Isetta bubble car on the final flat-out run into Brescia, with a speed differential of 130mph. And many more.

Before Stirling and I caught the plane to Malpensa I called Jenks, to ask him for some guidance. Grudgingly he agreed to meet me at his local pub, the Derby Inn in Bartley Heath, "Just for 30 minutes. I'm very busy." (Maybe he was doing a gasket change on the Fiat 500 engine he'd bolted to the floor in the front passage of his ramshackle cottage, to power the electric light.) As instructed I arrived at 5.30pm, just as his little bearded figure drew up in his regular transport, an ancient Morris Minor. This had all the seats removed, apart from the driver's, so that he could more easily carry a Duesenberg engine block or an Alta cylinder head when required. He'd brought the famous 'bog roll', the neat little metal box with a perspex window through which he read the detailed pace notes made during their pre-race recce. He generously took me through the whole route, embroidered with many tales, and he was still in full flow when the landlord chucked us out at closing time.

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SO TO ITALY AND THE START AT BRESCIA. As Stirling and I drive over the starting ramp on Thursday evening, the crowds seem as large as in all the contemporary photographs of the







Taylor joins Moss for the 1995 Mille Miglia Retrospective. Jenks turned down the opportunity. Having done the real thing, he didn't want "to ponce around"







LAT







Taylor expected a rollocking after putting the car behind schedule, but Moss relished the chase. The route book became soggy and smudged...







event itself, and of course Stirling and the 300SLR merit a special cheer. The little passenger seat is narrower than the driver's, with much reduced legroom, but I feel ecstatic at the prospect of spending three days and much of two nights there. The engine lies almost on its side, which means that the transmission is towards the left, and Stirling sits with his legs wide apart straddling the clutch housing. Level with my right ear are the two mighty, unsilenced pipes from that glorious straight-eight.

The route is more or less the same as the 1955 original, but punctuated with regularity sections and secret checks, which are timed to 0.01sec. So if you are a hundredth early or late, that's a penalty point. My job is serious: the ultra-competitive Stirling always wants to win anything he attempts, even if it's a game of tiddly-winks. Modern electronic aids are forbidden, so on my knee I have a board with four old-fashioned stop watches, plus the road book and the extra notes I scribbled down listening to Jenks in the pub.

I would never have made a competent rally navigator, and almost at once it's all a blur anyway, because I'm too busy revelling in the throaty urge of the big 300SLR and watching the 65-year-old on my left, totally relaxed, arms and feet moving in lightning-quick harmony over the narrow, twisting, bumpy roads.

It's now that I realise, checking the watches and prising apart the dripping pages of the roadbook, that somewhere in my calculations I've got into a comprehensive muddle. We shouldn't have stopped for that coffee. I put my mouth close to Stirling's helmet and shout the awful truth: we have 14 minutes to do the next 16 miles. Up here in the mountains. In the rain.

He gives me a brief look of annoyance, and then his eyes go hard, like pebbles. He changes down a gear, and the racket of the straight-eight becomes a shriek. He leans back in the cockpit, head slightly on one side, in that serene position familiar from a thousand Grand Prix action shots from the 1950s. His gloves are light on the steering wheel as it shuffles rapidly through his hands, back and forth. His right foot just by my left is flashing from throttle to brake, brake to throttle, his right hand snicking the big gearlever across its open gate.

We're twisting downhill now, the Mercedes squirming like a wild animal as he teases it into a front-wheel slide, catches it, holds it on the throttle, pushes it onward. There are of course no seatbelts. I'm being flung around by the g-forces, my stomach and leg muscles taut with the effort of keeping out of Stirling's lap. The rev-counter tell-tale is up to 7100rpm – that's 84mph in second, 101mph in third. I have absolutely no fear, except of Stirling's ire at my mistake: only a bubble of joy and delight rising in my throat as he summons back his superhuman skills of four decades before.

"I SHOUT THE AWFUL TRUTH AND HE GIVES ME A LOOK OF ANNOYANCE. HIS EYES GO HARD, LIKE PEBBLES"

Day two, and we're running into heavy rain now. We're loping along at a steady 90mph: my roadbook is turning into a sodden pulp, my notes are running off the page. The stopwatches on my knee are ticking away, measuring the overall time since this morning's dawn start and the time in our current series of sections and checks.

An hour ago I told Stirling that, thanks to his relentless progress, we were going to be disgracefully early for the next time check. So we bumped the 300SLR onto the pavement outside a village bar and went in for a coffee, to the astonishment and delight of the regulars. Now we're back in the cockpit, turning inland from the Adriatic coast and climbing into the Abruzzi mountains – a wonderfully tortuous, narrow road of tight hairpins and steep diving curves across sudden valleys, still with winter snow piled beside the asphalt.

We burst into a mountain village, and Stirling's foot spans throttle and brake as he double-declutches down the gearbox. His thumb is on the button that simultaneously sounds the horn and flashes the lights. We fishtail across a cobbled square that is lined with cheering, waving locals, and I glimpse a priest on the steps of his little church raising his arm in blessing. Then we're back in lush green country again.

Over a brow, and suddenly here's the control. We slither to a stop, neatly astride the line. The watches tell the story: we've made up all but 37 seconds of the lost time. Stirling has averaged 66mph over those wet, steep mountain lanes. But, thanks to my foolish clanger, we've earned a bundle of penalty points. Stirling switches off the engine, and in trepidation I pull off my helmet. I'm for it now. But all I get is a reassuring grin: "I rather enjoyed that, boy."

There is more of the same as we encircle Italy: the Futa Pass, the Raticosa, the historic piazzas of Siena and Florence, flat out along the arrow-straight stretches of the Via Emilia. And always the cheering crowds: it seems the whole of Italy is out to see us. The welcome Moss receives at every halt is extraordinary. Flowers are thrown into the cockpit, and gifts we have no room for: cheese, toys, a picture of a local beauty queen, a cake. Old men push through the crowd to shake his hand and tell him how they watched the 1955 race. Girls want their photo taken with him, which Stirling permits with undisguised enjoyment. Small boys who learned the legend at their grandfather's knee queue up for his autograph: one, evidently well-informed, notes my lack of beard and says, "*Dov'è* Jenkinson?".

It is late on Saturday evening when we reach the finish back at Brescia. More crowds, more interviews, more pictures. We've spent 32 of the past 48 hours in the car. Our grimy overalls have been repeatedly drenched with rain and dried in the cockpit's oily heat. But we go as we are into a restaurant for our first square meal since Thursday. As we walk in the other diners, recognising Stirling, stand and clap. I fall a few paces behind him, and I clap too. I've been privileged to watch an old master practise his art again, and he's given me three days I shall never forget.

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ALL THAT WAS 20 YEARS AGO. STIRLING still appears at the Mille Miglia with 722: he doesn't do the full route any more, but the adulation of the crowd is undiminished. It seems there isn't a person in Italy who hasn't heard about what that young man did on May 1, 1955, and how, helped by a little bearded chap with a roll of paper in a box, he made motor racing history and set a record that will never be broken.

Footnote: Jenks told me that, back in Italy a few months after the race, he was in a village bar and heard an old man say: "That young Moss, you know why he won the Mille Miglia? He had a priest in the car with him, a bearded priest, and all through the race the priest was reading to him from a bible on his knee. I saw it with my own eyes!" Ⓜ

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“I’d race anything”

In this extract from his new book, Sir Stirling Moss explains how and why a world-class F1 star ended up driving all manner of cars during his varied career

AS I'VE SAID BEFORE, ALL I ever wanted to do was race cars, at every possible opportunity. Anything to avoid an empty weekend. Early in my career I'd say, 'Give me £50 and a share of the prize money', and I'd race anything. Later on my rates may have gone up somewhat, but if I wasn't committed to another car or another race, I'd be happy to get my bum into whatever was going. And it didn't have to be a Ferrari or a Maserati – although I preferred it if it was something I thought I could turn into a winner. It wasn't just for the money: it was because I loved racing. I always hoped that if anyone had a car that needed a driver, their first thought would be, "Let's see if Moss is free."

As a result I turned up in some surprising vehicles. You wouldn't expect a Grand Prix driver to race an Austin-Healey Sprite, but I did because it was fun – especially as my team-mates were Innes Ireland, Pedro Rodriguez and Steve McQueen. This was in 1962 for a three-hour 1-litre GT race at Sebring, the day before the 12 Hours. Steve was a good guy: he fitted in well with the team and he wasn't a bad driver either. It was the third time my friend Donald Healey had persuaded me to do this race – in 1960 and '61 it was run over four hours – and it always got me nicely played in for the serious business of the 12 Hours the next day. But I never managed to beat the 1-litre Abarths, which were much more serious bits of kit.

Of all the sports-racers I drove, there are two that stand out. One was the Birdcage Maserati, so called because its chassis was made up of a latticework of tiny-diameter tubes, all meticulously triangulated to produce a rigid structure of low weight. It had excellent Dunlop disc brakes, and inelegant but functional bodywork made up of simple, skimpy aluminium panels. With a straightforward torquey four-cylinder engine it was a very effective race car.

Unfortunately when Maserati produced it they were in the middle of a financial collapse and couldn't afford to run the cars themselves, so they sold a couple to an American called 'Lucky' Casner whose Camoradi team ran them with backing from Goodyear. They weren't very well organised, but I won the Cuban Grand Prix, and the Nürburgring 1000Kms with Dan Gurney. That was my fourth win in the 'Ring 1000Kms, against pretty long odds because we had a lengthy stop to repair a broken oil pipe, and it remains one of the sports car victories I remember with most satisfaction.

Maserati then produced the prototype for a rear-engined version, which in theory should have been even better, but they didn't have the funds to develop it properly. In its later form it had a V12 engine, a development of the V12 that was run in the 250F in 1957, but I never drove that.

Sicily, 1961: Moss tackles the Targa Florio in an RS60 Spyder. He and Graham Hill were on course to give the German marque its third straight Targa win, but then the diff failed

Moss's Sebring Sprite struggled against the Abarths at Sebring in '62, but he managed to lead in the wet before a drying track – and fuel starvation – dropped him to third

The other car I really liked was the Porsche Spyder. I reckoned that, despite its little flat-four air-cooled engine and lowly power output, it was light enough and handled well enough to win the Targa Florio and the Nürburgring 1000Kms. I very nearly won the former, until the car broke five miles from the finish, while at the 'Ring I found we needed wet, slippery conditions to beat the big Ferraris. That's what Graham Hill and I got in the 1961 race, and with several of the other cars running into trouble we were well-placed for a win – and then the engine blew up.

Until I had my 1962 accident I was all set to become a Ferrari Formula 1 driver, wearing Rob Walker's blue colours, and there probably would also have been pale green sports and GT Ferraris under the UDT-Laystall banner. But strangely the first time I raced a Ferrari wasn't until December 1957, when I won the Nassau Trophy in a borrowed 290S. Three months later I did the Cuban Grand Prix in a 4.1-litre 335S entered by NART. The North American Racing Team was run by the US Ferrari importer Luigi Chinetti, who was close to the factory and could usually get his hands on the latest *tipi*.

❖

THE STORY OF THAT CUBAN RACE BEARS telling in some detail. As at the previous year's event, when I drove Maseratis, the Batista regime was still in power, but now Fidel Castro's communist rebels were hiding in the hills. The track went around the city of Havana, with huge crowds and very little spectator control, and the organisation was completely chaotic: practice started four hours late. Fangio took pole in Jim Kimberley's Maserati 300S, and my NART Ferrari was second-quickest.

The drivers were all staying in the smart downtown Hotel Lincoln. The night before the race Fangio, Katie [Molson, Stirling's first wife] and I were in the lobby about to go out to dinner when two men sidled up to us with their hands obtrusively bulging in their pockets, and one of them said to me: "You must come with us." It was immediately obvious that they were kidnappers, and at once Fangio said, "Don't take him. They are on their honeymoon [which of course we weren't] and his wife will be frightened. Take me." It was a typical Fangio gesture. They bundled him out into a waiting car and drove off.

Fangio told me later that they took him to their hideout, looked after him courteously, fed him, and gave him a radio so that he could listen to the live broadcast of the race. After it was over the Argentine Embassy in Havana was told where he was, and embassy staff went to fetch him, by which time the rebels had disappeared back into the hills. Their aim was to get publicity for their cause, and they certainly succeeded, for the kidnap of the motor racing world champion made headlines around the globe.

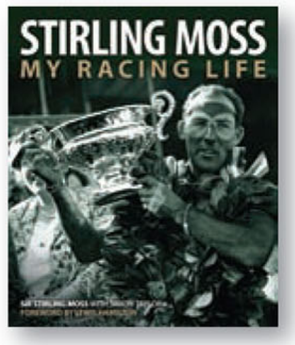
The race itself was just as surreal. From the start I battled for the lead with Masten Gregory in John Edgar's 4.9-litre 262S Ferrari on a track that quickly became very slippery because Roberto Mieres' Porsche had split an oil line and sprayed lubricant around the entire lap. After only six laps a local guy, Armando Garcia Cifuentes, slid off the road in his 2-litre Ferrari and into the crowd, killing seven people and injuring dozens more. Masten was leading me at this point, and various people were frantically waving red flags all round the track. But I knew the rules: a red flag to stop the race can only be shown at the start/finish line. So I changed down into second, accelerated past Masten, crossed the finish line and stopped. I was declared the winner, and Masten was absolutely furious. I told him that I had done nothing wrong, I'd simply read the rule book. He said he'd protest, and I said, "Don't do that – if they disqualify me that'll give them an excuse not to pay one of us any money. Let's pool our winnings for first and second, and split it." So that's what we did.

Surprisingly I did go back to Cuba for the 1960 race, and that gave me my first win in a Camoradi Birdcage Maser. By that time Batista had been overthrown and Castro was in power. After that the race was no longer held: no doubt the communist regime felt that motor racing was far too bourgeois.

I raced various other unlikely machines, from Brian Naylor's one-off JBW-Maserati – Brian lent it to me to win two heats at a Roskilde meeting after my Maserati's engine broke – to a later-type Sunbeam Alpine, which Rootes asked me to drive at Riverside with Jack Brabham in 1961. It was a long way from the sort of car I usually liked to take racing, and my memory is that we had lots of problems and finally the gearbox broke. But according to the official records Jack and I finished fourth overall behind two Porsches and a Lotus, and won our class.

So there you go. Ⓜ

Sir Stirling Moss interviewed by Motor Sport's Ed Foster... plus period footage of the 300 SLR in action
@ THE MOTOR SPORT DIGITAL EDITION

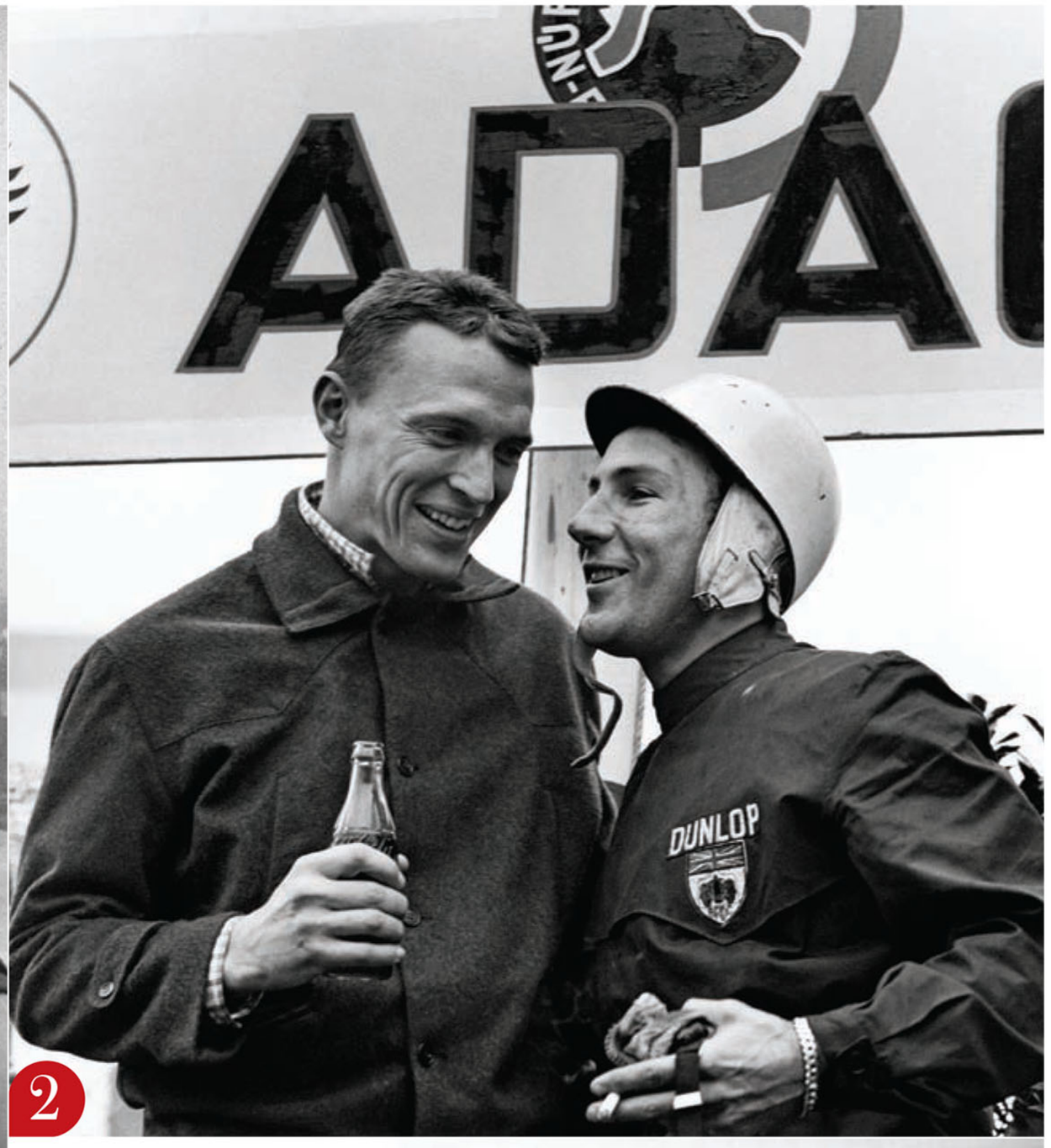


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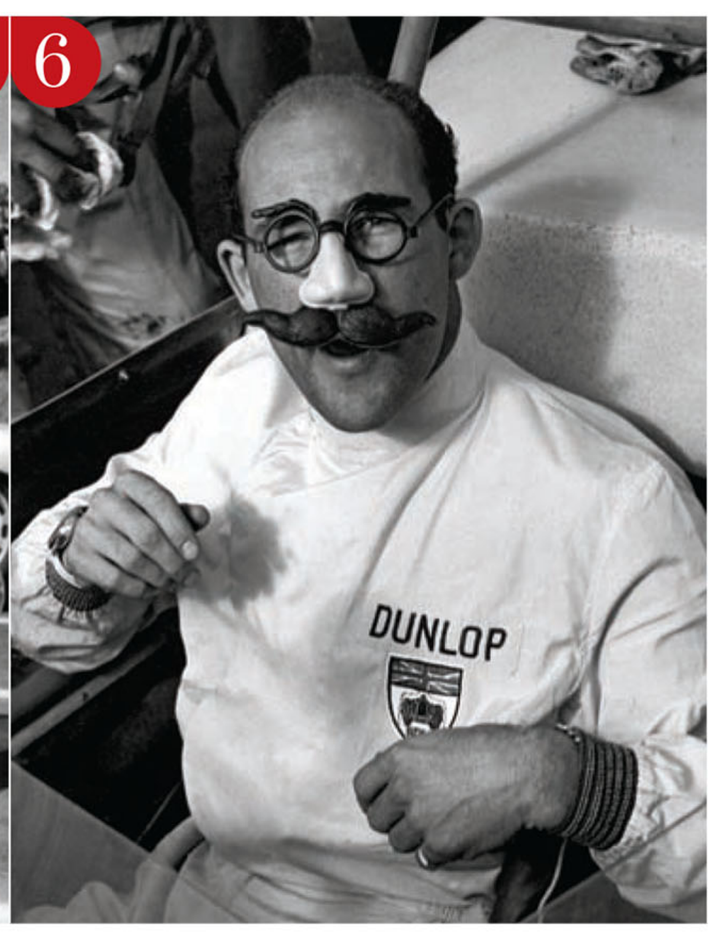
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1&2 Although delayed by a split oil pipe, Moss and Dan Gurney – whom he rated very highly as a co-driver – won the 1960 Nürburgring 1000Kms in a Camoradi Maserati **3** First time out in a Ferrari – a 290S at Nassau in 1957 **4** Racing a Micromill at a Parisian dirt track in 1959 **5** After a serious accident at Spa in 1960, Moss won his comeback race in a UDT Lotus 19 at Karlskoga and later raced the car here at Mosport Park **6** Fooling around with bolt-on Groucho Marx accessories at Laguna Seca, where he won the Pacific GP in 1960 and '61 **7** Moss's final endurance race – Sebring 1962, in a NART Ferrari TR61 shared with Innes Ireland


29
345

“A life measured in achievement”

A tour of homage to pivotal locations in the Bruce McLaren story... at the wheel of a modern road car bearing his name

writer MICHAEL STAHL
photographer THOMAS WIELECKI

THE SOURCE IS covered in just a handful of miles, like a humble grove at the headwater of a great river. From these quiet clapboard houses and backyard lemon groves of suburban New Zealand, Bruce McLaren left to test his intuitive engineering and driving skills against the best in Europe and the United States.

When his globe-trotting – and world-beating – adventure found its tragic and premature end just 12 years later, they would bring him home to the same place. Those left behind in England, not knowing what else to do, simply carried on. And on.

It still comes as news to some modern fans that the Formula 1, GT and supercar colossus of McLaren originated not in a spaceship in Surrey, nor even a brick two-storey workshop in Colnbrook, but in McLaren's Service Station in Remuera, a middle-class suburb of Auckland.

At the time of its founder's death in 1970, the then seven-year-old team of expat Kiwis and budding British talent produced cars that were winning in Formula 1 and F2, upsetting the Indianapolis establishment and dominating the unbridled tech-fest of Can-Am.

In New Zealand, everyone knows where McLaren came from. Drawn by the digital supercars of their gaming consoles, even the local kids smudge the windows of the McLaren Auckland showroom in Grey Lynn.

Like the 65-odd other McLaren dealerships around the world, McLaren Auckland is clinically clean and space-age efficient. On display was an MP4/4 on loan from the McLaren Heritage collection. Behind it sat the pearlescent-white 3.8-litre twin-turbocharged 650S we had come to collect for our tour.

No less than the MP4/4, the new supercars are carbon fibre-cored symbols of the ambition that propelled McLaren from an ailing *garagiste* in the late-1970s to the technology powerhouse of today. They are symbolic of Ron Dennis, custodian of McLaren since the Marlboro-manipulated merger with his Project 4 in 1980.

But in New Zealand, they are all, indisputably *McLarens* – no less than the 1973 M23/1 that belonged for almost 20 years to Denny Hulme and is now owned by NZ McLaren agent and car tsar Sir Colin Giltrap. In 2014, NZ became the first market in which McLaren outsold Ferrari (16 cars versus 15).

The showroom is only five miles from Remuera where, in 1936, Leslie 'Pop' McLaren bought the lease on a small hilltop service station and workshop. He moved his wife Ruth and their seven-year-old daughter Patricia into the flat above. A year later, on August 30, they welcomed a son, Bruce Leslie. There would be a 10-year gap to their third child, daughter Jan.

Pop McLaren and his three brothers had been well-known motorcycle racers before the war, often at Muriwai Beach, 25 miles west of Auckland, where the McLarens owned a modest holiday house.

At home in Remuera, Bruce grew up overlooking the forecourt of the service station, and a steady stream of dull British saloons and amateur racing machines of the Auckland Car Club, in which Pop was involved.

In his 1964 autobiography *From the Cockpit*, Bruce wrote: "My younger years were spent learning to broadside around shop corners on two wheels of my tricycle, becoming a pest, borrowing mechanics' spanners etc just when they needed them, to repair my 'racing machine'."

High-speed ambitions were comprehensively stalled in 1946 when Bruce developed Perthes Disease, which causes the hip joint to become malformed. He was dispatched to the Wilson Home in Takapuna, a ferry ride across Auckland Harbour. There he spent almost three years strapped to a bicycle-wheeled wicker gurney, called a Bradford Frame.

The Wilson Home, on 13 acres of glorious gardens looking across the South Pacific, was gifted in 1937 by newspaper heir William R Wilson for the treatment of children with crippling diseases. Today it is just as beautiful in its appearance and purpose. Parked outside, the white McLaren 650S drew an immediate crowd among the kids who come from across NZ and the Pacific islands for treatment and rehabilitation. Russell Ness, director of the Wilson Home Trust, knew all about the supercar and its namesake. As a child, Ness had watched Bruce McLaren in the Lady Wigram Trophy, a Tasman series race he twice won in Cooper T70 Climaxes. "I learned after I came that Bruce McLaren had been here," Ness said. "That was fantastic to me.

"When Bruce was here, one of the great stories was that matron would come out in the morning and wonder why all the wheels were buckled on the gurneys. Bruce and his mates would go racing after lights-out. They could wheel those things along and go pretty fast …"

Ness had no difficulty drawing a straight line between today's McLaren and the brilliant boy who left on crutches at the end of 1949, his left leg an inch and a half shorter than the right, to commence engineering study a year later at Seddon Memorial Technical College.

"He started something that I think has been amazing," Ness said. "It's a dynasty. Sure, the cars are quite different, but the name has survived. For motor racing fans here in New Zealand, it's so important."

BY 1950 THE McLAREN FAMILY HAD relocated to 8 Upland Road, less than 200 yards from the service station. Pop McLaren one day arrived at the garage towing a tired 1927 Austin Ulster, intending to fix it for racing. He would quickly despise it and passed it down to his 13-year-old boy, who tinkered and tested it endlessly among the lemon trees in the back yard, until he gained his driving licence at 15.

McLaren's motor racing debut was on a new hillclimb course at Muriwai. It must have been spooky for the 15-year-old Bruce, who slithered the Ulster through the shale-surfaced 45-degree bends to finish in 70 seconds. He took first in class from fellow Austin driver Phil Kerr, who became a lifelong friend and joint managing director of Bruce McLaren Motor Racing.

"IN 2014 NEW ZEALAND BECAME THE FIRST MARKET IN WHICH McLAREN OUTSOLD FERRARI (16 CARS VERSUS 15)"

Bruce never forgot Muriwai. On top of the world in the mid-1960s, with wife Patty and their only child, daughter Amanda (born 1965), they bought a comfortable estate in Walton-on-Thames and named it Muriwai.

In 1954 Pop McLaren bought an Austin Healey 100/4, which he raced in several events including the 1955 NZ GP at Ardmore. Bruce inevitably cajoled his way into the seat and, by 1957, Pop's stopwatch was dictating a surrender.

He struck a deal that summer with the visiting Jack Brabham to purchase the Australian's 1.5-litre Cooper Bobtail. From then on, Brabham began using the Remuera garage as his NZ base and became mentor to the clearly talented Bruce, 11 years his junior.

By the summer of 1957-58, the 20-year-old was a recognised local star. When Brabham







650S on the road close to Bruce McLaren's native Remuera. Main dealership blends ancient and modern, above. Right, the ex-McLaren family garage. Below right, mural tribute by local artist Owen Dipple









When McLaren suffered a malformed hip as a child, The Wilson Trust treated him for three years



arrived for the 1958 NZ GP on January 11, he had with him a second car from Cooper, a 1750cc Climax-engined T43 for his young protégé.

McLaren's weekend was frustrated with gearbox problems, but he was the obvious choice for the NZ International Grand Prix Association's inaugural Driver to Europe prize. It might have helped that Brabham was on the committee. And so, in March 1958, Bruce McLaren sailed for England, and an introduction to Cooper. He left behind his family home in Upland Road and McLaren's Service Station… where we parked the 650S, to be greeted by Jan McLaren.

WITH AN ENERGY THAT SCOFFS AT HER 70 years, Jan presides over the Bruce McLaren Trust, co-founded in 1997 by herself and the late Ross Jensen – a former top-line racer and, along with Brabham, a member of that 1958 NZIGP committee. That the Trust is headquartered in the McLaren family flat above the garage brought more than a sprinkle of magic.

Jan walked around the sparkling white supercar that bore her brother's name – *her* name. "It does give me great pride," she said.

In 1969, Bruce built three Can-Am-based M6 GT road cars, keeping one for personal use. Supposedly 50 bodies were commissioned from Trojan, with a view to Group 4 and road homologation. How serious was his ambition, years before Ron Dennis, to build road cars?

"Well, he had the rest of the set!" Jan said. "He had the Can-Am cars, he had the Indy cars, he had the F1 cars … No other team had done all of that. I don't know if it was quite that simple, but he wanted to have a road car in production to earn more money.

"But they were racing in those three spheres, and they were only a team of 50. They just didn't have the money, time or manpower. But oh, absolutely, they wanted to build them."

We walked up the narrow stairs to the flat. The skinny hallways and small bedrooms are sclerotic with helmet-laden shelves, framed pictures, filing cabinets, bits of bodywork and mismatched display cabinets groaning with trophies, model cars, sashes, caps and keepsakes. It is jumbled, but not dusty. It is an office, a museum and a living, loving shrine to Bruce and those who worked and raced with him.

Jan had memories of her big brother's driving. "I can recall him taking me down to school in the Austin Ulster," she said. "Absolutely everyone got rides in the Ulster. He scared the shit out of a lot of us."

She explained his favourite racing number, 47: the Bobtail had come with that number and Bruce, slightly superstitious, decided to keep it. And McLaren orange, first seen on the M6A Can-Am car? "He wanted visibility because they knew they were going to be overtaking the tail-enders," Jan said. Visibility was not a strong suit of New Zealand's sporting colour, black.

Jan remembered well the day in 1958 when her brother left for England with mechanic and friend Colin Beanland. "It was a bit traumatic for us, because in those days, someone leaving to go overseas was a big thing. He was due for his second year at university and he promised Mum: 'It's only for a year, and I will come back and continue my studies'…"

In his maiden European season, Bruce nearly pipped his mentor and team-mate to the *Autocar* F2 Championship. The following year, aged just 22, he nabbed his first Grand Prix victory at Sebring, Brabham pushing his expired Cooper across the line to clinch the title.



Younger sister Jan spearheads the Bruce McLaren Trust, which was established in 1997

Bruce returned to a hero's welcome for the 1959-60 Tasman Series (also paying a visit, with his Cooper T45, to the Wilson Home). He made almost annual Christmas visits. Indeed, it was Cooper's refusal to support his NZ summer racing that prompted the founding of Bruce McLaren Motor Racing in September, 1963.

"From the first year he was away," Jan said, "he started sending back reel-to-reel tapes. We've got 14 hours of recorded stories in the Trust. Full reports on races, funny stories about their travels through Europe… There's singing, funny jokes, pretending they're Goons.

"We have something like 500 pages of his hand-written letters. He also sent beautiful slides. I'd give my morning talks at school on what Bruce was doing in Europe!"

When did she realise that her big brother was a star? "You always think your big brother is special anyway," she said, "but the reality was there because all the international drivers would come to our house…"

Despite a tally of four Grand Prix victories and 27 podiums from 101 starts, victory at Le Mans in 1966 (with compatriot Chris Amon, Ford GT40), two Can-Am championships and numerous saloon car triumphs, Bruce wasn't regarded as a front-line driver.

"I think designer-engineer-driver were all equal," Jan said. "He probably was more conservative than a lot of drivers. There are stories of Teddy Mayer saying, 'Slim that piece down…' Bruce would go, 'No, I want to leave it at that weight and thickness. I'm driving it'."

One moment in the museum encapsulated it. Jan produced a pair of her brother's Hinchman Nomex overalls, apparently from the late 1960s and bearing patches from Goodyear, Bosch and Reynolds Aluminium. From a string dangled a square of chamois leather, for wiping goggles.

Tellingly, there were spatters of oil on the sleeves, smudges of carbon on the hips, dirt on the seat of the pants where they had been sat on a garage floor to fix a problem, or snoozed in among stacks of tyres. The designer-engineer-driver's wardrobe-in-one.

Like Jim Clark before him, if perhaps for different reasons, McLaren wasn't meant to die in a racing car. "He hadn't had any really significant accidents," Jan said. "He was so much in tune with the machinery. He learned that from our father, and the workshop foreman downstairs: do the job you're working on, finish it to the best standard you can and move on to the next task. I think 450 races with 43 per cent podium success speaks for itself."

Pop and Ruth McLaren were treated to four months with their son in Europe in 1969, returning to NZ in September. "That was really

















Located above the old family garage, the Trust's mementoes include trophies, photos, model cars, hand-written letters, tape recordings and much else. Bottom, Bruce's grave in Waikumete Cemetery

special, because he didn't come home that Christmas," Jan said. "And of course, that was the last time they saw him."

BRUCE DIED AT GOODWOOD ON JUNE 2, 1970, at 12:22pm. He had been given special permission to do one more test run beyond the circuit's midday cut-off. At perhaps 170mph on the Lavant Straight, the rear bodywork separated from his M8D Can-Am car, sending it slewing into a concrete-backed earth bank.

It was Phil Kerr who called New Zealand to tell Pop McLaren that his son was dead.

"They know today that it was to do with a pip pin in the rear bodywork," Jan said, "but whether that wasn't put in properly, or it was faulty or just fell out…

"Whatever happened was an accident. The family and the team closed ranks. Bruce would have as well. There was never anything formal done, it really was, 'accidents happen'. I think that's a lovely way for it to be."

Bruce McLaren's funeral service was held in St Mary's Cathedral in Auckland on June 10. His helmet, goggles and gloves were laid atop his coffin, borne by drivers who had come from across the world. Two weeks later a memorial service was held for him at St Paul's, London. Come that day, the F1 world was already reeling from another loss, that of Piers Courage three days earlier.

Waikumete Cemetery is in leafy Glen Eden, on Great North Road; the same road as McLaren Auckland, six miles away. Bruce's grave lies on a gentle hill, with rolling views to the south toward Green Bay. Alongside are the graves of his parents, and of his older sister Pat, who died in 2009.

Bruce's widow Patty remarried in 1981 and lives in the UK. Their only child, daughter Amanda, has spent most of her life in New Zealand, leaving only last year for the UK, where she is now brand ambassador for the company her remarkable father founded.

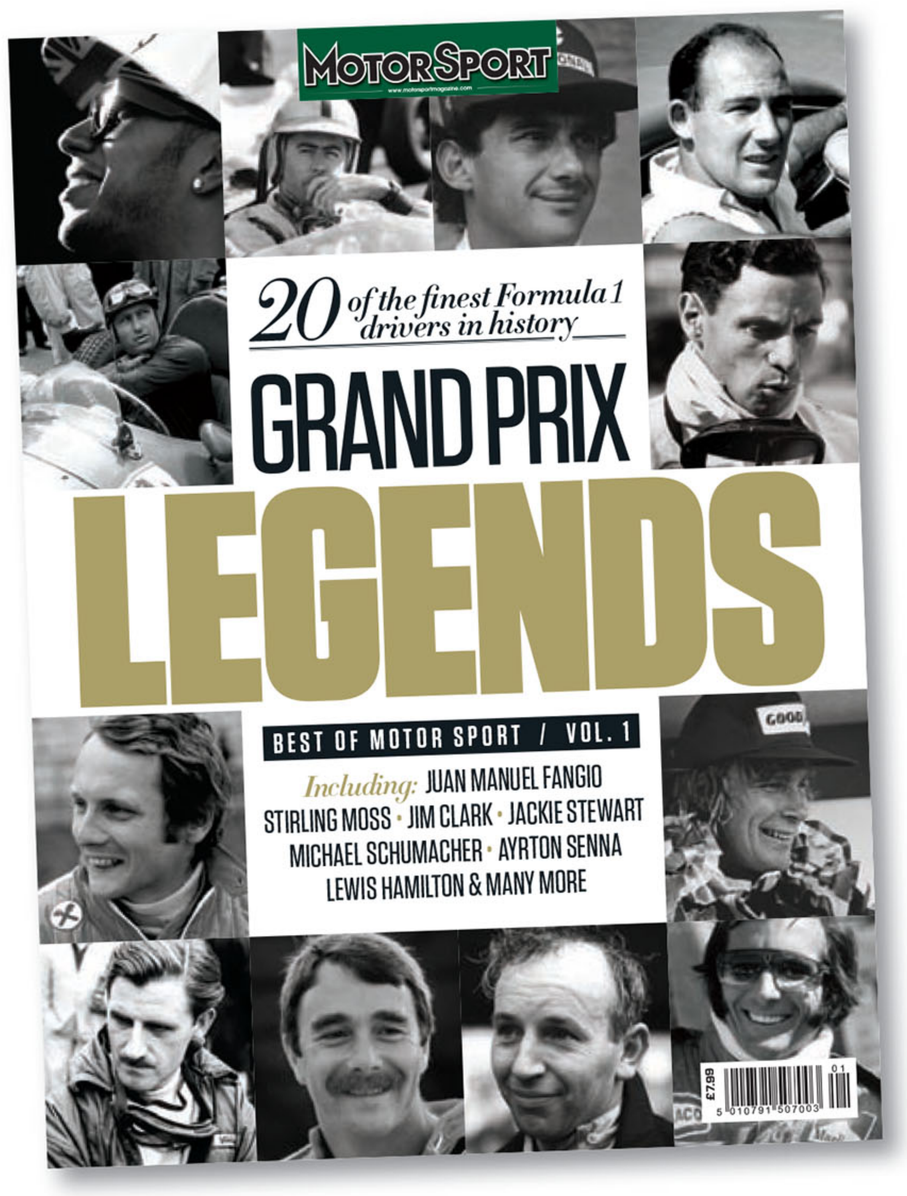
Bruce McLaren had more than lived up to the words he had written in 1964 for his Tasman team-mate Timmy Mayer, killed at Longford, Tasmania: "To do something well is so worthwhile that to die trying to do it better cannot be foolhardy. It would be a waste of life to do nothing with one's ability, for I feel that life is measured in achievement, not in years alone."

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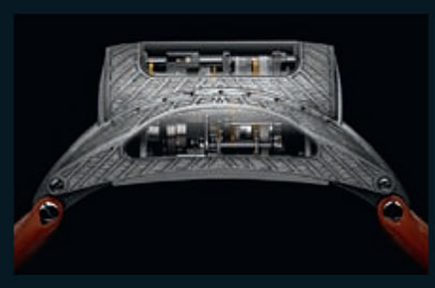
Timing is everything

Precision



The art of watchmaking, the essence of motor racing

PARMIGIANI AND BUGATTI
Symbiosis of engineering and automotive passion



PURSUIT OF PERFECTION
How Richard Mille's F1 links improve the breed

SMART WATCH MOVEMENT
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PARMIGIANI FLEURIER

"AN ENGINE BLOCK ON THE WRIST"

PARMIGIANI FLEURIER CELEBRATES A DECADE-LONG PARTNERSHIP WITH BUGATTI BY LAUNCHING THREE SPECTACULAR ANNIVERSARY WATCHES. BY RICHARD HOLT

IF YOU MAKE THE FASTEST CAR in the world, you will never want for attention – boys will put your product on their bedroom walls and billionaires will park it outside the Dorchester. There will also be no shortage of companies eager to step onto the podium with you, to share in your glory.

By 2001, Bugatti was well on the way. Production of the Veyron was still some way off, but the second concept car had been unveiled and we knew that the thousand horsepower car was galloping towards us. It was then that Bugatti decided it would like to partner with a watch company that could produce a timepiece to embody the spirit of the game-changing 250mph technocar that was to be unleashed on a speed-hungry public in 2005.

There were many companies to choose from – so many famous long-standing watch brands, including those such as Rolex and TAG Heuer with a history inextricably entwined with the world of fast cars. Instead it chose one with almost no history at all.

Parmigiani Fleurier was just five years old at the time, so why choose a watch company that was still using training wheels? The truth is that



Parmigiani's classically styled Tonda 1950, £13,300



while Parmigiani may have been a new company, the watchmaking skills of its founder, combined with the amazingly comprehensive set-up, made it a company that, for those in the know, was already operating at the very highest level.

Michel Parmigiani had previously spent more than 20 years as a watchmaker and restorer, being entrusted with taking care of one of the most important pocket watch collections in Switzerland, belonging to the Sandoz pharmaceuticals dynasty. It was the Sandoz family that encouraged the launch of his own eponymous watch firm, based in Fleurier, a village in the Swiss canton of Neuchâtel. Having such deep-pocketed backing meant that the company could establish itself as one of the few true manufacturers – ie a company that does all the watchmaking itself, rather than buying parts in from elsewhere.

The company's range is particularly impressive. A watch such as the Tonda 1950 (pictured on the left-hand page) is a classically styled piece of such simple design that your eyes struggle to understand why it is so beautiful.

The Bugatti watches, on the other hand, push watch design to new levels both technically and aesthetically. The first one, the Type 370, was described by Parmigiani as "an engine block on the wrist".

The huge tubular movement was assembled on a horizontal axis rather than lying flat like traditional watches. This allowed for a forward-facing dial so that you could read the time while keeping your hands firmly on the steering wheel. The hand-wound movement came with a driveshaft running right through it and that provided an impressive 10 days of power reserve.

There have been a number of different evolutions of the watch during the intervening decade, including a Super Sport – made to coincide with a version of the Veyron made for customers who thought a thousand horsepower just a little bit on the weedy side.

Parmigiani has celebrated 10 years of making Bugatti watches by unveiling three new anniversary models that build on the original Type 370's design.

The Bugatti Mythe has an Art Deco dial in rose and white gold that pays tribute to the classic Bugatti Type 57 grille. The power reserve is indicated on the side of the rotating drum, viewed through the large sapphire window on the top of the watch.

The dial on the Révélation is in open-worked graphite and is based on the Veyron grille. This model also has an "engine" cover, a hatch that lifts up to reveal the inner workings.

The Victoire has a petrified wood dial and a blackened white gold case that's engraved with a V-pattern and diamond-set. The tyre-tread design on the calfskin leather strap makes the watch look unmistakably built for speed.

Each piece is unique and priced in the region of a quarter of a million pounds. So they are by no means the mainstay of what Parmigiani offers, rather a haute horlogerie masterclass of what a world-class watchmaker can do given free rein.

With the Veyron, Bugatti let rip and built a production car that rewrote the rules. Which shows why they chose Parmigiani: these crazy machines are made for each other.

www.parmigiani.ch



Top Révélation takes a few of its styling cues from the Veyron's grille

Centre Mythe has Art Deco flourishes, inspired by the Bugatti Type 57

Bottom Like its stable-mates, Victoire is priced in the region of £250,000



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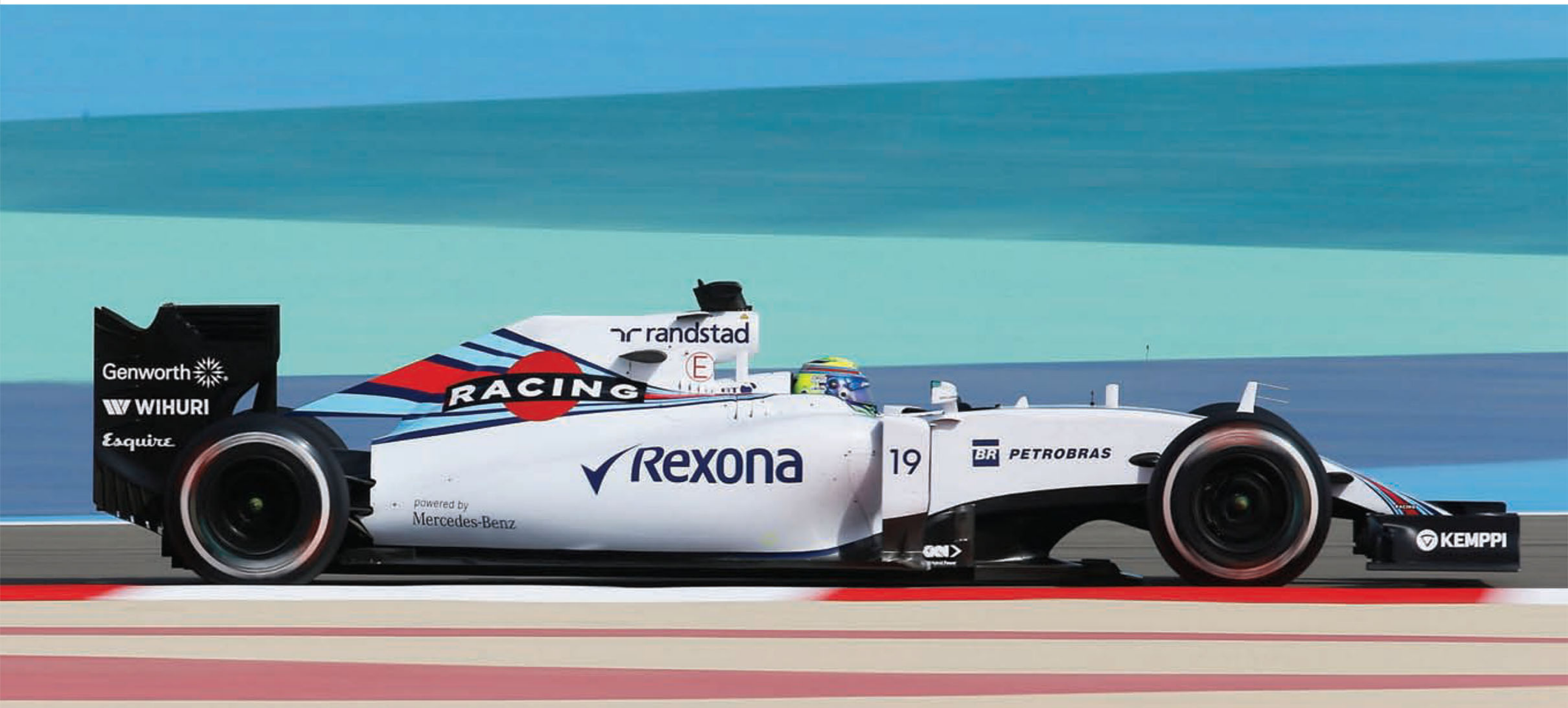
RICHARD MILLE TELLS RICHARD HOLT ABOUT HIS 10-YEAR PARTNERSHIP WITH FELIPE MASSA, AND HOW HE ENJOYS DESIGN FREEDOM





Above left, RM 65-02 Sapphire with manual-winding tourbillon movement is £1,500,000, limited edition of 10 pieces

Above right, RM 011 Black Night uses an ultra-strong, ultra-light laminate composite material called NTPT, exclusive to Richard Mille. Price is £108,500, limited edition of 100 pieces



IN A WATCHMAKING WORLD where history and reputation are invaluable commodities, Richard Mille is light on one but bulletproof on the other. Launching his eponymous Swiss brand in 2001, he very quickly won the respect of his long-established peers with watches that are not only stunning pieces of design, but have also taken engineering to new heights.

Now celebrating the 10-year anniversary of a collaboration with Williams driver Felipe Massa, French-born Mille explains why the tie-in with Formula 1 is so important.

"I was always obsessed by performance," he says, "and I love to make watches that are easy to wear and comfortable on the wrist, but also resistant to shock and vibration. I wanted the chance for my product to go to the front line, to the battle."

He added: "Formula 1 is normally a killer for a mechanical watch because it's everything a watch doesn't like, with all the g-forces and the other stresses. This is why we absolutely wanted a Formula 1 star to be the test driver for our watches."

Having watches with traditionally delicate complications, such as tourbillons, and building them to withstand whatever the wearer could throw at them made sportsmen a natural fit as brand ambassadors, and Mille has worked with tennis star Rafael Nadal, golfer Bubba Watson and sprinter Yohan Blake. But motor sport is where his real passion lies, and he has worked with Romain Grosjean and Sébastien Loeb – among many others – as well as Massa.

These are far from the kinds of sponsorship deals where money changes hands in return for a little bit of stardust rubbing off on a product. Mille makes sure that his F1 drivers are wearing watches that are made to the same exacting standards as the cars they are driving.

"The traditional watch industry uses a lot of brass and gold, but these materials are quite soft. With our watches everything is done for the performance, which is why we use a lot of materials such as titanium, carbon fibre and titanium carbide," he says. "When Jean Todt was Ferrari boss I was going there at least twice a month. We have many wheels that work to within the tolerance of a micron, so the turning points are reinforced with ribs exactly the same as those in F1."

He adds: "We introduced the torque indicator to our watches, which is in exactly the same spirit as the motor sport industry. Normally [in a watch] you have a power reserve, but this is an indication of quantity, not quality. Now in Mille watches you have a torque indicator, which tells you when you have the best performance. When the spring is too tight, it is like an over-revving engine, it puts the engine in danger. When you see a Mille watch you feel the spirit of Formula 1."

The 64-year-old Mille brought a great deal of experience into his company, having worked in the watch industry since 1974. But when he went out on his own he was keen to break away from the usual constraints of the business. With pieces that start at £60,000, does he feel it will be necessary to broaden the range and start making watches that are rather more accessible?

"I am not interested," he says. "Not because I'm snobbish, but because what I love is to do very heavy development, and the day you are restrained commercially you forget about your development. I love to make incredible watches and the only way to do it is not to have any restrictions on your development costs. We have a client who understands why we are so exclusive. I love to have this freedom. It takes the time it takes and it costs what it costs.

"This is what I like, to create crazy items. It's very challenging, and this is what our clients want. It is like having an F1 car that you can drive to the office every day."

With his passion and his unwillingness to compromise, it is easy to see how Mille has set the watch industry alight. His reputation is already beyond doubt; his place in history is surely just a matter of time.

www.richardmille.com

TROUBLED TIMES?

DOES THE APPLE WATCH REALLY POSE A BIG RISK TO THE SWISS WATCH INDUSTRY, ASKS KEN KESSLER

UNSURPRISINGLY, THE Apple Watch has given pessimists and pundits a billion-dollar excuse to remind everyone what happened 40 years ago, when quartz almost destroyed the Swiss watch industry. But not only did the analogue, spring-driven watch survive that threat of a cheaper timepiece with greater accuracy than anything mechanical: it flourished. Unless, that is, you know of a quartz watch with even a trace of the joy of ownership conferred by a fine wristwatch with a traditional movement?

As of 2015, the Swiss watch industry is contracting, but not because of smart watches – which have been around for a decade-plus when you think of all the Casio G-Shocks and other clever watches that have gone before. Instead it's due to the same global concerns that affect every industry: currency fluctuations, China's and Russia's economic woes, etc.

To the surprise of the Swiss, the mechanical wristwatch has developed an appeal as the ultimate portable boy's toy. You cannot wear your Veyron into the pub, but your FP Journe Vagabondage II goes everywhere with you. An Apple watch will only dazzle the sort of geek who buys an aftermarket, turbocharged joystick for his PlayStation.

This new conflict is a test for both the mechanical watch and Apple's offering, which – should *Mad Men* be revived 50 years hence – will provide a great marketing challenge for Don Draper's grandson. Apple is, after all, a company with followers so blind and easily led that they would buy, as one pundit put it, a turd in a box if it bore an Apple logo. It will certainly sell in the hundreds of millions.

Smart watches, though, are not iPhones nor iPads, in that they bring nothing to the table. Or wrist. A smart watch, including Apple's, accomplishes only one thing, and that is to free you from having to extract your phone from your pocket. Would you really sacrifice that gorgeous Heuer Carrera to give its wrist space to a piece of digital ca-ca? Checking your pulse, walking speed, GPS location? Old news.

Mitigating against the early examples are the need to carry a phone on one's person, while battery life is problematic. And if anyone boasts about its other capabilities, I simply enquire, "Are you really gonna watch *Game of Thrones* on a screen that size?" (Which recalls a fab anecdote from the 1960s about the Japanese designer who realised that miniaturisation went a bit too far when he shrank a vibrator.)

Shinola said it brilliantly in an advert: 'Our watch is smart enough – one glance and it tells you the time'. Rolexes and Pateks and Breguets do the same thing, only with more panache. And should you ever think about longevity, or your legacy, your great-great-grandson might cherish your 130-year-old Jaeger-LeCoultre Reverso.

Long before then, your Apple Watch will be an inert, irreparable lump of obsolete circuitry.



Apple Watch is rich in gizmos, but author Kessler says it will never have the enduring appeal of a traditionally elegant timepiece





Ken Kessler

Ken, who has been involved with watches for 35 years, is the editor-at-large of *Revolution* and has written for many other titles, including *The Wall Street Journal*, *The FT*, *Daily Telegraph* and *GQ*.



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Rolex Day-Date 'Pepita', yellow gold, from the 1970s

HOW TO BUY A VINTAGE WATCH

PHILLIPS AUCTIONEER AUREL BACS GIVES HIS EXPERT ADVICE ON CHOOSING A VINTAGE WATCH THAT SUITS YOU

FIND OUT WHAT YOU LIKE This might sound obvious, but a lot of people worry too much about market trends and not about the watches that create an emotional response for them. It is absolutely okay to like small, rectangular Art Deco watches from the 1920s, and it is equally all right that you like 1970s orange dials. If you always try to buy what is *en vogue* you are likely to pay a premium, and also in the long term your collection will mean less to you because it doesn't express your personality.

BETTER TO HAVE ONE HIGH QUALITY WATCH THAN TWO LESSER ONES Quality can be expressed in a number of ways. The make, model and rarity are obviously key, but equally a great deal rests on originality. This means not only the components being original to the watch, but also that they have not been brushed, cleaned or renewed too much. Think of this in terms of food: which would you rather have, one fresh fish or two that have been sitting on the shelf waiting for a buyer?

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Patek Philippe Ref 1518 in pink gold, 1948



Rolex Oyster Cosmograph 'Albino', 1953



Omega Chronometre, 2367, 18k pink gold, 1948



Panerai Pre-Vendome, Mare Nostrum 'Slytech', 1996

IMAGES COURTESY OF PHILLIPS

DON'T BE AFRAID TO ASK FOR ADVICE I learnt at a very early stage that it is impossible to know everything about every watch and every market. I still have advisers and friends who help me to spot things I haven't noticed upon first inspection, who share their knowledge with me. For me it has never been shameful to ask a friend for advice. It is far worse – whether you are an auction house, a dealer or a private collector – to find yourself with a watch that isn't quite what you thought it was.

ALWAYS BUY FROM A TRUSTED SOURCE Whether you are buying at an auction, online or from a dealer, the most important thing is that you have confidence in the person or organisation selling you the watch. Someone who has a reputation to maintain has as much interest in making sure you are happy with your purchase as you do.

VINTAGE DOESN'T MEAN HIGH-MAINTENANCE As long as a vintage watch is treated with care, the maintenance can even be less than for a modern piece. Vintage watches are mostly quite simple, with sturdy constructions, and they often require little attention – other than some love and respect – from their owners.

BE PREPARED TO PAY A FAIR PRICE It is the most natural thing for every human being to try to get a bargain. However, my 20-plus years in this market have taught me that saving money does not go hand-in-hand with collecting valuable watches. Too many times I myself – and many of my friends and collectors – have made the mistake of offering nine when the price was 10, then the sale didn't happen. Two years later, and after many moments of regrets and sorrow, there was another opportunity to buy it when it was worth 15, and I tried for a bargain by offering 14... and the sale didn't go through again. And so it goes on. With a growing population of collectors, high-quality watches are becoming rare and more valuable. Don't miss out for the sake of a short-term saving.

CONCLUSION **Go to a source you trust, find out what makes your heart sing and buy the very best that you can afford.**
www.phillips.com



Aurel Bacs
is senior consultant at Phillips auctioneers and co-founder of Bacs & Russo SA. An internationally recognised expert in the field of collectors' watches, he is president of the GPHG (Grand Prix d'Horlogerie de Genève) and is permanent member of the cultural council of the Fondation de la Haute Horlogerie.

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LAURENT FERRIER

TAKING THE TIME TO MAKE TIME

CAPTURING HEARTS AROUND THE WORLD, THE GENEVA WATCHMAKER CHATS TO RICHARD HOLT ABOUT HIS PHILOSOPHY

LAURENT FERRIER IS NOT a man to shout about his achievements. Only when the subject of motor racing came up did he reveal that he competed in the Le Mans 24 Hours seven times, finishing third overall in 1979.

In his workshop, speed is the last thing that comes to mind. The boutique watchmaker employs a dozen people in the small town of Vernier, just outside Geneva, and everyone goes about their business in an atmosphere of Zen-like serenity. There are no machines to break the silence, just a few people engaged in the meticulous art of making watches.

"Our company philosophy is to take the time to do things as well as possible," Ferrier says. "We don't have somebody there with a stopwatch saying you are a quarter of an hour late."

His eponymous watch company was founded in 2008, and the first watch to bear his name was produced, with a characteristic lack of hurry, two years later.

"I wanted to do something very classical," he says. "When that first watch was finished watchmakers, collectors and bloggers looked at it and they were very impressed with the quality."

He was encouraged to enter that watch, the Galet Classic Tourbillon, in the watchmaking 'Oscars', the Grand Prix d'Horlogerie de Genève.

"I didn't intend to put it forward because I didn't think a classical watch like this would have a chance in the Grand Prix – but it was the collectors who told me that I must," he says. "And we won the prize for best men's watch. Winning such a big prize at the very beginning was very, very interesting."

The son and grandson of watchmakers, Ferrier, now in his late sixties, spent 37 years working for Patek Philippe – his entire working life save for a three-year sabbatical racing Porsches on a full-time basis.

During his self-imposed exile, Patek missed his skills and asked him to come back to work. In a sign of his value to the company he was able to do so on one condition: "I said I would go back as long as I could have days off to race cars. Luckily they agreed."

His watchmaking philosophy is "simplicity, precision and pure, uncluttered beauty," he explains. "Normally the people who spend a lot of money on a sophisticated watch want you to see how complicated it is, so the tourbillon is visible from the front. But with our watches you can only see the tourbillon from the back.

"So if you have a friend who is a watch lover you can take it off and show him the movement. But if people don't care, there's no need to show what is behind the dial."

And as well as having an understated clarity of design, Ferrier is also very keen to make his watches as wearable as possible.

"There are more complicated pieces out there, but I've tried to make something aesthetically perfect that works very well. I want them to work very well for years. Some grand complications are really just collection pieces that people wear once a year. I want to make lovely watches that people want to have on their wrists all the time."

One thing that is perhaps surprising, given his love of cars, is how far the watches are from the kind of chunky metal you associate with motor sport.

"We don't have an image as a sporting brand, and there is no intention to create that identity. But there is a very strong natural link between a love of cars and a love of watches. Almost everyone who collects old Porsches also collects old Rolexes and Pateks. And all watchmakers love motor racing."



The Galet Traveller World, complete with micro-atlas

Top Laurent Ferrier Galet Square, in blue

Bottom Laurent Ferrier Galet Micro-Rotor

He only produces about 100 watches per year, with a starting price close to £30,000. Does he see the brand expanding, perhaps being bought by one of the big luxury groups that control so much of the watch market?

"Never say never, but the aim is to continue doing what we are doing. If one of the big companies bought us, they would say, 'Keep this, get rid of that'. That's not how I want it."

His son Christian, also an expert watchmaker, has now joined the company after working for Roger Dubuis. So is the company going to become Laurent Ferrier and son?

"It already is that, in all but name."

Having spent much of his working life with one of the industry's giants, Laurent Ferrier is now taking measured steps towards making his own name one that nobody in watchmaking will forget. As for talking himself up, he doesn't have to – the watches speak for themselves.
www.laurentferrier.ch

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WELCOMING A NEW PRINCESS

LATEST ADDITION TO PRINCESS YACHTS' LUXURY M CLASS FLEET

A NEW 100-FOOTER FROM Princess Yachts is set to hit the water later this year. The Princess 30M will become the new entry-level superyacht in the Plymouth firm's M Class fleet.

As with all M Class yachts, the interior is fitted out according to the owner's requirements. The company's design studio will work with the buyer to find the perfect finish, from hand-crafted cabinets to marble and granite bathrooms.

The 30M will have a main deck master suite forward, with three or four additional en suite guest cabins on the lower deck. It is designed so that the crew can operate discreetly, with independent access away from the guest areas.

The flybridge features flexible seating and is set beneath a hard top with integrated sunroof and is serviced by a full wetbar. There's another bar in the aft cockpit, serving a seating area shaded beneath the flybridge overhang.

On the main deck, the saloon can be set up to suit a variety of dining and cruising styles, and there is the option of wide sliding doors that open to a balcony on the starboard side.

The 30M uses composite build technology, saving weight and allowing it to reach an expected cruising speed approaching 30 knots. There is a hydraulic bathing platform and a stern garage that can house a 15-foot tender, ideal for nipping ashore or for a spot of water-skiing.

www.princessyachts.com



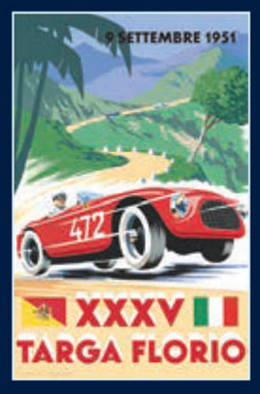




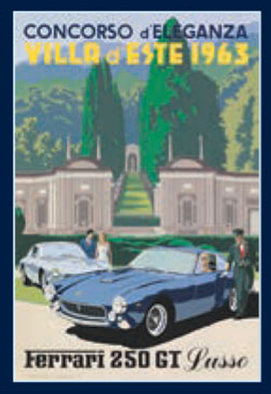
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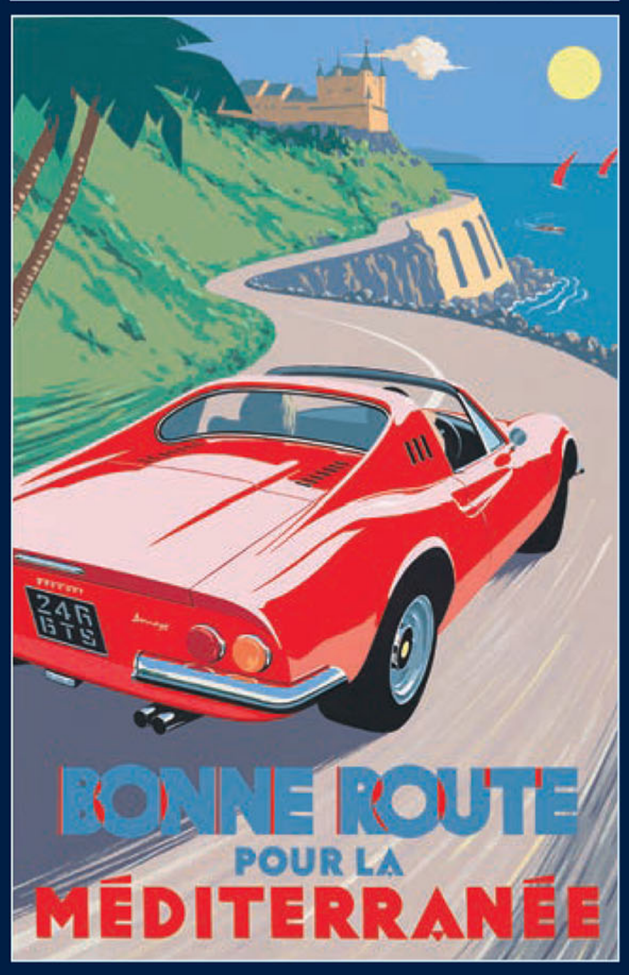


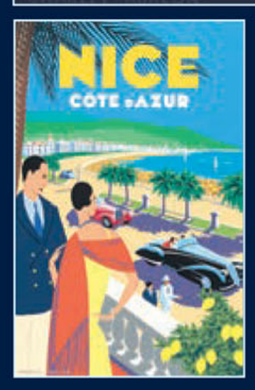


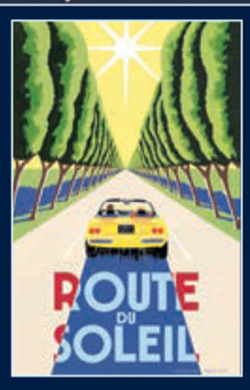




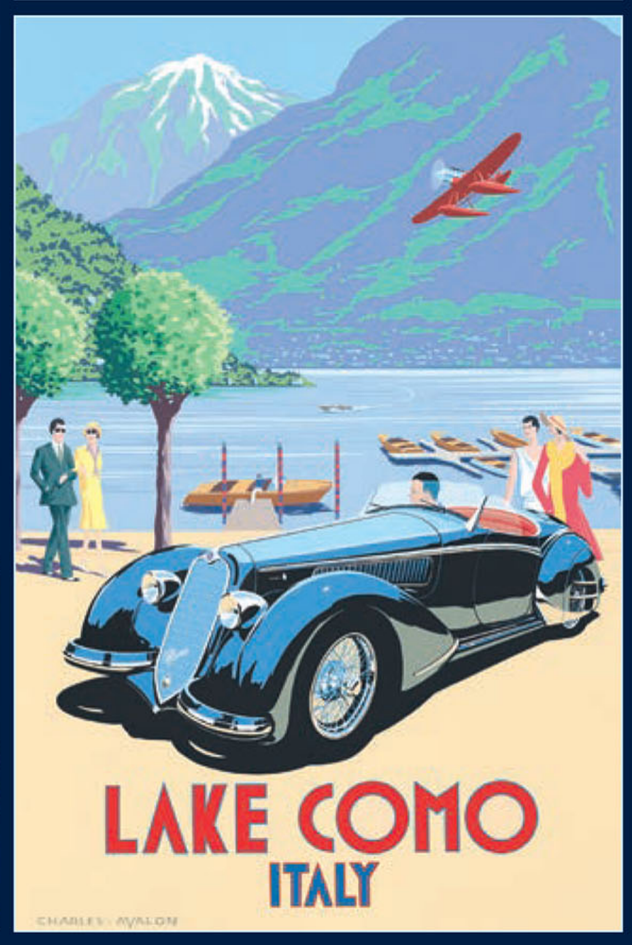












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Blancpain L-evolution Tourbillon Carrousel

■ The tourbillon was invented in the late 18th century as a way of counteracting the effect of gravity on the accuracy of a mechanical watch. The great Abraham-Louis Breguet mounted the escapement and balance wheel in a rotating cage so that the pull of the earth would be evened out. The carrousel, invented a century later, does exactly the same job but the spinning action is performed using a different system of gearing. For the serious watch follower such details matter, and there has been a fair bit of gentle cog-based banter over the years about which is better. Blancpain's solution is to have both in one watch, as seen here in the beautifully open-worked Tourbillon Carrousel from the L-evolution collection, which is a limited edition of 50 pieces, priced at £258,700.
www.blancpain.com

DELIGHTFULLY COMPLICATED

SOMETIMES LESS IS MORE, AND SOMETIMES...

Breva Génie 3

■ Now for something completely crazy. This watch from niche Swiss brand Breva presents itself as the first watch to have a functional speedometer. How can that work in a purely mechanical timepiece with no battery and no GPS? At the push of a button a tiny anemometer protrudes from the dial and measures your windspeed. Not a complication that is likely to be copied widely in a world where there is electronica to do this sort of thing more accurately, but it is a truly delightful little piece of engineering. £35,000 from www.williamandson.com
www.breva-watch.com

Cartier Crash Skeleton

■ Inspiration for the original Crash watch of the 1960s was either taken from a Cartier that had been in a car wreck, or from the work of Salvador Dali – or possibly a bit of both. Whatever the origins, the resulting design became one of Cartier's most iconic pieces. Now released in limited-edition, skeletonised form, the Crash is more beautiful than ever. £55,500.
www.cartier.co.uk

TAKE YOUR PICK

DIFFERENT TASTES AND NEEDS INSPIRE DIFFERENT STYLES. WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

BRM
T12 DRIVEMASTER

French racing enthusiast Bernard Richards formed BRM in 2002 and his love of the sport inspires his hand-crafted watches. The new T12 Drivemaster comes with a black titanium/stainless steel case and an automatic chronograph movement sourced from ETA but modified at the BRM workshop near Paris. £4700
www.brm-manufacture.com





BULGARI
DIAGONO MAGN@SIUM

The venerable old jewellery house is now a very serious player in the watch market. The Diagono Magn@sium is a concept piece that indicates the way smartness might subtly combine itself with traditional watchmaking in the future. This self-winding watch has an internal chip that can give you secure access to your most valuable personal information. Nothing is stored in the phone itself, but the chip links to a phone app that accesses encrypted information in a Swiss military bunker.
www.bulgari.com

ROLEX
OYSTER PERPETUAL

This 'entry-level' Rolex, available for the first time with a 39mm case, was one of the most popular pieces unveiled at this year's Baselworld fair. Available in a range of elegant colours, the steel watch is an elegantly proportioned evolution of a timeless design. Rolex Oyster Perpetual 39 with dark rhodium dial. £3750.
www.rolex.com





PATEK PHILIPPE
GONDOLO

Patek Philippe first launched the Gondolo collection back in 1993, but its inspiration for the watches was much earlier, going back to the Art Deco movement of the early 20th century. The name comes from the Brazilian firm Gondolo & Labouriau, for which Patek produced the Chronometro Gondolo watches from 1902 to 1927. New for 2015 is the gents Ref. 5124G in white gold with a blue sunburst dial. £17,780.
www.patek.com



BALL
TRAINMASTER KELVIN

The Ball watch company is named for Webb C Ball, the Ohio watchmaker charged with setting standard time on US railroads. Lord Kelvin was the physicist who established laws of thermodynamics and absolute temperature. This railroad-style watch with built-in thermometer unites two men who did much to standardise fundamental measures of time and temperature. £2730.
www.ballwatch.com



JAEGER-LECOULTRE
GEOPHYSIC 1958

This special-edition watch is a tribute to the Geophysic chronometer, a watch created in 1958 to support the International Geophysical Year, a campaign to promote scientific cooperation between East and West during the Cold War. The new version comes in either steel, pink gold or platinum. Pictured: Jaeger-LeCoultre Geophysic 1958 in pink gold, £13,900.
www.jaeger-lecoultre.com

CLASSIC LINES

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SEIKO 62GS

With mechanical, quartz, kinetic, solar and Spring Drive watches, Seiko's market position can be baffling. But the Grand Seiko, launched in the 1960s, is a serious mechanical timepiece that has steadily won the hearts of watch lovers. Grand Seiko Hi-Beat SBGH039. £5000.
www.seiko.co.uk



H. MOSER & CIE.
VENTURER

With a dial of stunningly elegant simplicity, Moser's Venturer Small Seconds has a dial, hands and sapphire crystal that are all curved harmoniously together. Unveiled this year is a white gold case and a new rhodium-smoked dial. £13,700.
www.h-moser.com

PANERAI

RADIOMIR 1940 TITANIO

The overall appearance of this watch has changed very little from the watch that was designed as a rugged tool watch developed for the Italian navy in the build up to the Second World War. But inside, the watch has benefitted from all the technological advances of modern watchmaking, with an in-house automatic movement and available for the first time with a lightweight titanium case. £8000.

www.panerai.com





BREITLING

TRANSOCEAN CHRONOGRAPH 1915

This gorgeously retro-styled Transocean contains a new in-house calibre and is a tribute to the first wristwatch – made by Breitling in 1915 – to have a monopusher at two o'clock to control the three chronograph functions: start, stop, reset. It is limited to 1915 pieces and costs £6790 on a steel bracelet and £6710 on a crocodile leather strap.

www.breitling.com



ZENITH
EL PRIMERO 1969 TOUR AUTO EDITION

As part of its 150th anniversary celebrations, Zenith has launched a partnership with the French classic car race the Tour Auto. With it comes this special edition of the openworked El Primero Chronomaster 1969, complete with the blue, white and red of the French flag. £8100.
www.zenith-watches.com



TAG HEUER
CARRERA CALIBRE 18

The new Calibre 18 is given a vintage look, closely following the style of Jack Heuer's original 1960s Carrera chronograph. It has speedo and rev-counter style dials, as well as a telemeter scale – an old military tool used to measure the distance of artillery fire. £4150.
www.tagheuer.co.uk

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ROYALE TITANE

This limited-edition pilot's watch from French firm Pequignet features a patented in-house Calibre Royale movement with a 100-hour power reserve. The 44mm titanium case is treated with diamond-like carbon and features non-reflective sapphire crystal glass and caseback. £5400.
www.pequignet.com



CASIO

The new EQB-510D adds new features to Casio's motor sport-inspired Edifice range. It has Bluetooth technology to alert you to emails coming into your smartphone, as well as a world time feature, allowing the main dial to change to whichever country you visit while the smaller dial remains on home time. £300.
www.edifice-watches.co.uk



TW STEEL

The Dutch firm makes big, bold watches with both quartz and Miyota automatic movements. They represent excellent value for money and come in a wide variety of styles in either 45mm or 50mm case sizes. This 45mm Canteen Leather Automatic with exhibition caseback costs £379.
www.twsteel.com



RAYMOND WEIL

Raymond Weil has joined the Sinatra family to help commemorate 100 years since Ol' Blue Eyes was born. The sapphire caseback shows an automatic movement adorned with a special Sinatra Centennial insignia. £975.
www.raymond-weil.com



AUDEMARS PIGUET

ROYAL OAK OFFSHORE DIVER

New for this year is a white-dial version of Audemars Piguet's ever-popular Royal Oak diving watch. Originally launched five years ago, the Offshore Diver features a crown at 10 o'clock that operates the inner diving bezel which has minute markers for the first 15 minutes and a Roman numeral every 10 minutes thereafter. £13,900.
www.audemarspiguet.com

MAURICE LACROIX

PONTOS S

This professional diving watch is water-resistant to 600 metres and features a helium escape valve. It has a vintage-styled stainless steel case and a black dial with SuperLuminova indices for optimum clarity underwater. £2300
www.mauricelacroix.com





Caroline Jaine

THE ART OF MOTORING

Motoring artist Caroline Jaine combines a deep appreciation for the sensual beauty of car design with a passion for the power of motor sport.

"It is important for me to invest as much time and effort in a vehicle as the people who own them," she says. "I love to see people's cars shown off on their walls, not just in their garages. This also provides an additional legacy for the vehicle – an oil painting can last for hundreds of years, keeping the memory alive.

"I started off by photographing cars and bikes at events and races, and although it was great catching the moment in an instant, I somehow felt the subject matter deserved more artful crafting and care.

"Some of the vehicles I have painted are very special so I try to make a unique one-off that is equally exceptional. I am even about to try painting by mixing engine oil with my paints, something I haven't done since I was at art school in 1990.

"I paint from my studio in the Cotswolds and whilst I am working I can almost smell the fumes, feel the pounding of the engine in my chest. It is fair to say that I fall a little bit in love with every vehicle I paint."

www.motorarts.co.uk



IN THE LAP OF LUXURY

WHETHER IT'S ART OR LUGGAGE, QUALITY COUNTS

Troubadour

GOES GREEN

For the modern gent, bags can be a bit of a dilemma. A briefcase in the gym just isn't right, while attempting the rucksack/suit combo makes you look like a prematurely aged sixth-former.

Abel Samet and Samuel Bail set out to find a solution – to create a bag that would be at home anywhere. The former financiers left behind City life and headed on a fact-finding mission which brought them to a small, family-run Tuscan tannery.

In 2011 they launched their first Troubadour Goods collection, bags made out of leather that is treated for the optimum blend of softness and strength.

New for this year the bags are available in olive green, having been immersed in big wooden drums for two weeks so that the all-natural vegetable colouring fully permeates the hide. That ensures that the bags will age gracefully; hopefully their owners will too.

The Troubadour Olive Green range starts at £1095

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CAROLINE JAINE is an award-winning British artist, who has exhibited widely in the UK, Europe and Asia. She first studied art and design in the 1990s and was awarded a Masters in Fine Art in 2012. In recent years she has combined her passion for motorsport with her natural artistic flair and now almost exclusively makes pictures of motors. She works mainly in oils and her paintings are a fresh take on motoring art – using rich, deep colours and a style that captures the excitement of the occasion. Each oil painting takes weeks - sometimes months - to carefully craft, creating a highly collectable and unique work of art. Caroline is currently taking commissions – please use the contact details below if you would like to invest in a painting.

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Jordan King

Simon Arron speaks to a British GP2 rookie who swapped football for racing

SOME RACING DRIVERS ARE INSPIRED by parental influence – a competing dad, perhaps – but it was a broken collarbone that shaped Jordan King's ambitions.

"There had been no particular interest within the family," he says (his father, Justin, is a successful businessman, former CEO of J Sainsbury, currently interim chairman of the Manor F1 team and a man who helped introduce Häagen-Dazs ice-cream to the UK). "I discovered the sport almost by accident, after visiting a local indoor kart centre a couple of times. I did quite well and the circuit owner encouraged me to take the next step. I moved up to Cadets when I was 12, but I was also playing football and that always took priority, so I missed a few kart meetings. At the time I was hoping I might make it as a soccer player, but then I broke my collarbone during a game. While I was sidelined, I began to realise that I was missing the racing more than I did the football. It was only then that I began to take things more seriously."

Having been a front-runner at every level as he progressed through karting, King switched to cars at the age of 17 and swiftly built up a solid portfolio, competing in Formula Palmer Audi, Formula Renault, FIA F2 and the India-based MRF Challenge. "I did MRF for a variety of reasons," he says. "There was some good prize money out there, plus sponsorship opportunities, and it had decent TV coverage, which helped me acclimatise to dealing with the media. When I first went, though, I hadn't done much racing so it was a chance to broaden my experience and keep myself sharp during the European winter."

He stepped up to F3 in 2013, winning the British Championship (while it still retained a glimmer of credibility) and finishing sixth in the FIA European series. "It's a little ironic," he says, "that I slipped to seventh in the FIA F3 standings in 2014, despite taking seven podium finishes against the previous season's two. I had a bit of bad luck last year, though, including a couple of engine failures. It was frustrating not to win a couple of races, but I felt confident that I'd been quick enough. It was more a matter of things not quite coming together.

"I didn't think I'd learn a great deal more by sticking around in F3 for another year and in my mind I felt ready for GP2. I think the opening round in Bahrain proved that my instincts were right."



LAT

CAREER IN BRIEF

Born: 26/02/94, Warwick, England
2006-2010 Karting. Asia-Pacific KF3 champion and British GP winner in 2009, second in KF2 Masters in 2010. **2010** Podium finish in first car meeting, Formula Palmer Audi **2011** FRenault; FIA F2; MRF Challenge champion **2012** FRenault NEC, 2nd; MRF Challenge, 2nd **2013** British F3 champion; FIA F3, 6th; MRF Challenge, 2nd **2014** FIA F3, 7th **2015** GP2

Having signed for Racing Engineering, based in Sanlucar de Barrameda, south-west Spain, he scythed through from 19th to fourth in the first race – the best result of the weekend for a rookie – and recovered to finish ninth in the second after a clash with Sergio Canamasas (who was penalised for his part in the collision).

"I feel I've caught up after what was nowadays a relatively late start," he says. "How old was Max Verstappen when he began? About four? In karting I tended to move up a class year on year, but I was happy to spend a couple of seasons in Formula Renault and F3 and we'll see how things go in GP2." He also has a role to play as Manor's F1 development driver, but has he harboured any thoughts of courting a career in sports cars, a popular option for an increasing number of his peers? "No," he says, "I'm not yet ready to give up on my F1 dream."

King is a director of the company managing his career, 42 Racing – a name inspired by the competition number he was given in his first Cadet event.

Eyes firmly on the future, then, but he hasn't forgotten his roots. M

HOW F1 PICKED UP THE HABIT

Gold Leaf tobacco's arrival in Formula 1 changed the sport's commercial perspective forever. We spoke to Tim Collins, the man who made sure the deal went through... yet came within a whisker of calling the whole thing off

writer SIMON ARRON

THE STAGE WAS SET, the cars primed for launch in two-tone red and white with subtle gold pinstripes. It had all been very hush-hush, because secrets could still be kept in the 1960s, but Gold Leaf Team Lotus would soon become part of motor racing's everyday lexicon. The press had long since been invited to 'a major announcement' and everything was ready. Everything, that is, bar one trifling detail: the final contract was still missing a couple of signatures and the clock was starting to tick...

But first, a little social and sporting context.

"I was promotions manager for Player's Tobacco," says Tim Collins, now 80, "and we were very keen on establishing strong brand identities. Part of my remit was to look at different sports. We ended up sponsoring cricket's John Player League, for instance, and one of our first ideas in motor racing was to buy Silverstone and rename it the John Player Circuit. We got very excited about that and lots of friendly conversations took place, but our promotions agent – a chap named Ken Best – looked at the various avenues we could take and we ended up sponsoring a national autocross championship, via Player's No6. It sounds a bit odd, looking back, but we got a lot of exposure from that."

This, remember, was a time when the world was finally waking up to the potentially harmful effects of smoking, even though it had been common custom for at least 250 years. The Royal College of Physicians began campaigning for publicity restrictions in the early 1960s and cigarette advertising was banned from British TV beyond August 1965 (although cigars continued to smoulder on the box until 1991). It hadn't been all that long since newspapers had carried ads bearing slogans such as "More doctors smoke Camels than any other cigarette" or "Craven A, the cigarette for me" next to a picture of England footballer Stanley Matthews, fag on the go and broad smile on his face...

Fresh enlightenment was good news for the broader public, but the tobacco industry was quick to seek alternative promotional streams – and by the mid-sixties there was another sub-plot bubbling under.



It was the dream deal: Clark, Hill and the whole Lotus operation – including the team name

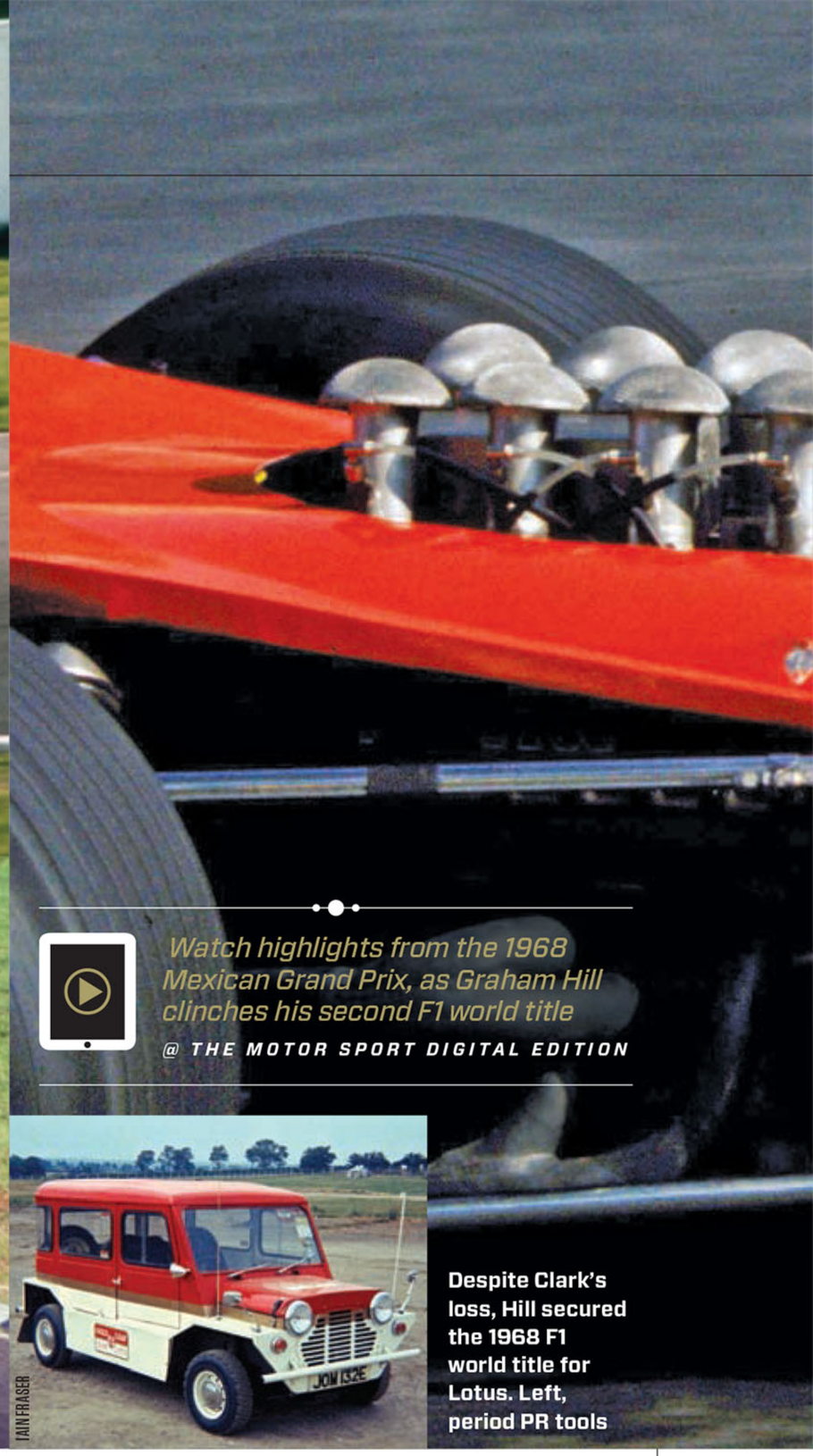

GOLD LEAF
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GOLD LEAF
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
TEAM LOTUS
AUTOLITE POWERTIP

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LAT

Oliver and Miles head for Brands GT win, marred by news from Germany. Right, Miles in F3 Lotus 41. Below, liveried Colin Chapman



Watch highlights from the 1968 Mexican Grand Prix, as Graham Hill clinches his second F1 world title

@ THE MOTOR SPORT DIGITAL EDITION



LAT

IAIN FRASER

Despite Clark's loss, Hill secured the 1968 F1 world title for Lotus. Left, period PR tools

Collins says, "Word was going around that the government was going to ban coupon cigarettes [which came with vouchers that could be exchanged for gifts – the more you smoked, the bigger the potential bounty]. We had two coupon brands – and one was Player's No6, which in its first year became the most successful consumer product ever launched in monetary terms. By about year four it was rumoured that the duty we were paying was covering the basic cost of running the British Army of the Rhine. That illustrates how big those brands were.

"Anyway, I got a memo saying that a ban might be imposed [it wasn't, in the end], so we needed to promote a non-coupon brand – and the only existing one we had was Gold Leaf, which at the time was perceived as slightly old-fashioned. I was asked to come up with ideas to jazz up its image and make it look more modern. That's when I started to think about Formula 1.

"KEN BEST SUGGESTED THAT WE should look at Lotus, so I spoke to Colin Chapman and we began to discuss terms. It all happened fairly quickly, over two or three months, and we didn't talk to anybody else. Besides, Colin offered us a dream team of Graham Hill and Jim Clark, so why would we have wanted to go anywhere other than Lotus?"

But there was one crucial sticking point, which is where we came in.

"As a strict marketing person," Collins says, "I felt our brand name had to be an integral part of the operation – hence Gold Leaf Team Lotus. But Colin very much wanted it to be Team Lotus sponsored by Gold Leaf. That would have been a deal-breaker for us and we wouldn't have signed on those terms.

"That apart, everything had been agreed – but we were still debating the point on the night before the scheduled launch. My chairman said everything had to be signed off by 10.30pm – as Gold Leaf Team Lotus – or telegrams would be sent out cancelling the press conference. It all got rather tense. I was there as a middle manager from a tobacco company, while Colin was there with Fred Bushell, his financial advisor. Colin wanted to know whether I was empowered to make any of these big decisions. I told him I was and gave him my chairman's home number, saying that Colin could ring him as long as it was before 10.30. If there were any queries beyond that point, the whole deal was off. I think he was amazed that we were so cool about it, but he had very little room for manoeuvre. He finally agreed to our terms, so the launch went ahead and the rest is history. Before we came in Colin's biggest sponsor had been Esso, but there were never any demands for strong branding."

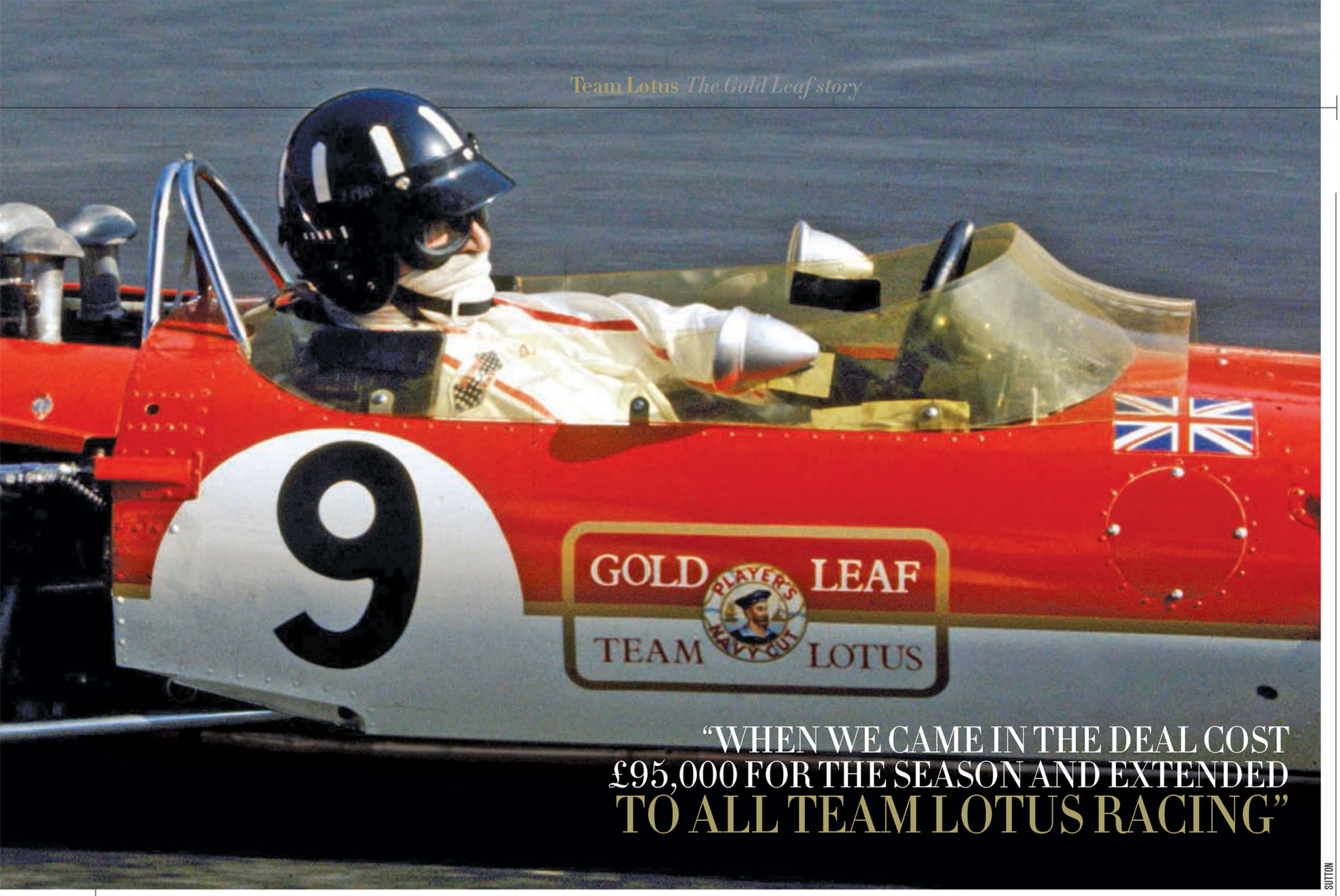
WHEN THE GOLD LEAF COLOURS FIRST appeared on track, in the Tasman Series early in '68, the branding incorporated a bearded sailor whose face adorned cigarette packets. And then a single Lotus 49 was rolled out for Graham Hill at the Race of Champions, Brands Hatch, on March 17.

"When I arrived there was one hell of a hubbub," Collins says. "London Weekend Television was covering the race and was worried about the car looking like cigarette advertising. Colin loved a bit of drama and put me on the spot, asking whether or not we were going to take part. LWT objected to the sailor logo, so I suggested we replace it with a white circle and a black question mark. Thereafter we changed it to a Union Jack and the TV firms couldn't call it cigarette advertising because the altered logo was simply the team's name."

The project was still in its infancy when tragedy struck, Jim Clark dying at Hockenheim on April 7 after his Lotus 48 left the road and struck an unprotected tree. "My day to day contact at Lotus was Andrew Ferguson," Collins says, "and he told me that he wasn't



PETER DARLEY



"WHEN WE CAME IN THE DEAL COST £95,000 FOR THE SEASON AND EXTENDED TO ALL TEAM LOTUS RACING"

SUTTON

sure whether Colin would actually carry on after Jimmy's accident. Andrew was one of those who helped nurse the team through a dreadfully tough period, though, and we went on to win the world championship with Graham."

On the day Clark died, Jackie Oliver shared the class-winning Gold Leaf Lotus 47 with John Miles in the Brands Hatch Six Hours – and was subsequently chosen to partner Hill in F1.

"It was a terribly difficult year," says Oliver, "and I'm not sure I was much of a replacement for Jimmy. It was [racing manager] Jim Endruweit who put my name forward, but Colin never really wanted to do it. He'd have preferred another successful F1 driver, but the season had already started so they bunged me in. I think Colin saw my role as winning races in the home market to drive up customer car sales. He wanted me in the team, but not in an F1 seat!"

Both men moved on at the year's end, Oliver to drive for BRM and Collins to work for Suttons Seeds, but Tim – whose love of cars was fired by his racing uncle Geoffrey Crossley, whom he'd watched at Brooklands in 1938 ("I still have the poster") – remained in touch with his tobacco contacts. "I wasn't directly involved with the John Player Special Lotus deal," he says, "but the marketing director was a mate and we talked about it a lot. Player's wanted an international brand but didn't have one, so created John Player Special and used F1 to promote it. That was a quicker, much cheaper way to gain exposure than by placing advertising around the world."

❖

HE AND OLIVER HAVE BEEN CLOSE friends since their 1968 season together – and have on a couple of occasions come close to striking collaborative deals.

"I put together presentations for Jackie when he was running Arrows in the mid-Eighties," Collins says. "We came very close to getting De Beers on board – and Jody Scheckter had agreed to come out of retirement to race for us. I persuaded him over a very agreeable lunch in Montréal. The car was going to be called The Diamond Special, promoting diamond retailers around the world rather than De Beers directly. Some within De Beers were keen to do it, but others wanted to stick with horse racing and the deal never happened."

Oliver adds, "We got something from the negotiations, though, because we picked up some industrial diamonds and used them to stop the bottom of our sliding skirts wearing out…"

And then there was British American Tobacco. "When Tom Walkinshaw and I joined forces at Arrows in 1996," Oliver says, "I'd heard that BAT wanted to become involved in F1 – and I knew they didn't want to sponsor a team but to *be* the team. I called my old friend Tim and we made a presentation to Tom. He ignored what Tim told him, though, and BAT ended up buying Tyrrell. I went ballistic and that was the beginning of the end of my relationship with Tom. Ultimately, that deal could have saved Arrows."

Arrows withered during the 2002 campaign and ever-tighter legislation made it clear that tobacco sponsorship would soon be snuffed out, too. F1 managed to obtain a temporary stay of execution, but cigarette logos were mostly gone by the middle of the decade – although Ferrari continued to appear on entry lists as Scuderia Ferrari Marlboro until 2011, the tobacco suffix finally being dropped halfway through that season.

"When we came in," Collins says, "the deal cost £95,000 for the season and extended to all of Team Lotus's racing activities, from F1 through F2 and F3 to the Europa-based 47 GT."

By the time the tobacco companies withdrew, it's estimated that their collective seasonal sponsorship spend – on F1 alone – was north of £210 million. Ⓜ

FROM THE MOTOR SPORT ARCHIVES

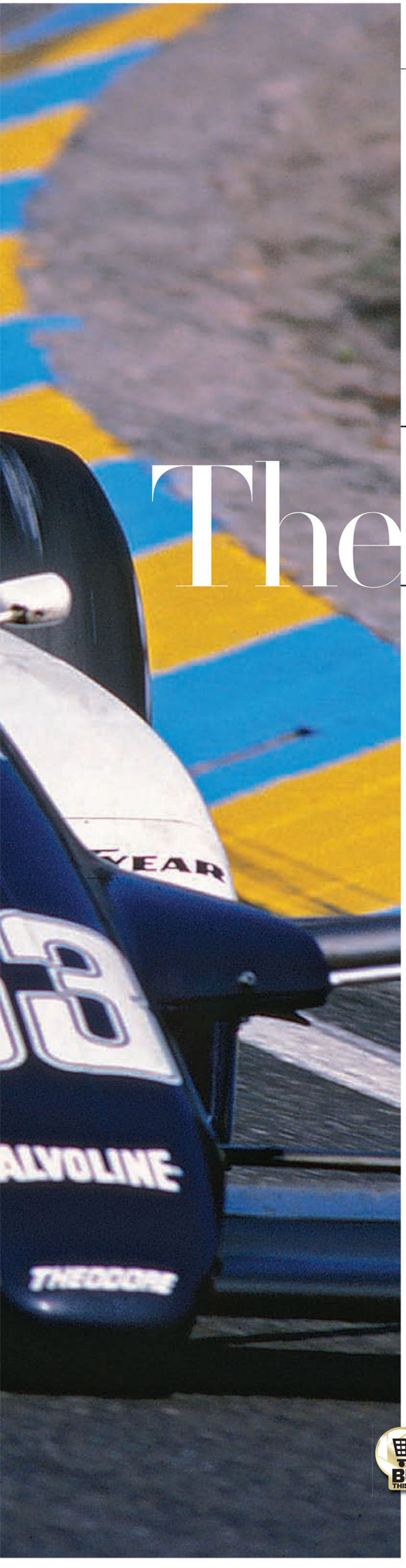
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Guerrero's second – and final – F1 season was spent with Theodore. The car was unreliable, however, and the team closed its doors late in 1983

LAT



BUY THIS IMAGE

Long before double Indy 500 winner Juan Pablo Montoya, Colombia had another racing son. Talent helped him shine, but misfortune cast its shadow

writer SAM SMITH

The nearly man

PERHAPS THE WRITING was on the wall. When Roberto José Guerrero turned up for his first Monaco Grand Prix in May 1982, he had to explain to his sponsors that he was unable to participate because his team did not have any tyres. It was perhaps a sign that, for him, Formula 1 was simply never meant to be.

Prior to Monaco, Guerrero had already grown tired of explaining to his backers the often surreal reasons why they would not be seeing the small Ensign team in action. Striking drivers at Kyalami, a boycott at Imola and then the tyre-less indignity of Monaco.

'Too nice for F1' is a throwaway term that has often been attached to the Colombia-born US citizen, but those who raced with – or against – him speak of great skill and finesse. As Guerrero says, more than 30 years beyond his brief F1 career, "Maybe I was too nice. Perhaps that was my problem. But the sport I loved was never going to change who I was."

With the drive of his father Roberto Sr – who cycled for Argentina in the 1948 London Olympics – Roberto karted in South America before moving to England in 1976. Initially studying engineering at North Worcestershire College, he soon discovered the Jim Russell Racing School and it was there that he caught the eye of chief instructor John Kirkpatrick.

"When I first saw Roberto, I witnessed pure natural driving talent, no doubt about it," Kirkpatrick says. "He wasn't just good, he was on another planet to anyone else at that time. He also worked very, very hard, the perfect combination. In fact, when I look back at him now, he is probably the best I ever saw at that stage of a career. That list includes a few world champions. He was very special."

After a year taking the hard knocks of Formula Ford in 1978, he opted to race a works/Anglia Cars Argo JM3 in the 1979 British F3 Championship. "Those days are some of the most treasured in my career," he says. "I shared a house with my team-mate Thierry Tassin and we were always down at the workshop, developing the car."

He won some races and went on to challenge for the title in the following season's JM6, the battle boiling down to a three-way fight between Guerrero, Stefan Johansson (Project 4 March 803/Ralt RT3) and Kenny Acheson (Murray Taylor Racing March 803/793). "It was a very competitive year," Johansson says. "I knew Argo would do a good job because I worked with them in 1978. Roberto was a great guy and there was a nice camaraderie – as there was in 1981, when we were in F2. We hung out quite a bit, played golf together, that sort of thing. I remember the pressure at Thruxton. I had to win and take fastest lap. Roberto didn't make it easy, though, and he was a really tough competitor."

One of the integral cogs of that 1980 season was Anglia Cars co-owner Derek 'Nick' Jordan, who brought direct yet enormously genial

practicality to the team, something that suited Guerrero and matched his own pragmatic. "Roberto was fantastic," Jordan says. "He was probably among the best two or three drivers I ever worked with and had a very intelligent way of going racing. I remember at Monaco in 1979, when he just missed the qualifying cut – no disgrace in his first F3 season, as there were about 60 cars going for 20 places.

"He was desperately disappointed, so I had a chat to him and said: 'Look, don't worry, you'll be back here next year and we will just get the job done then'. We went through every corner and every kerb and we got the lap planted in his head for 1980."

A year on and that 'lap' had stuck. Guerrero was right there, qualifying third although a spectacular clash with Thierry Boutsen meant he gained little benefit. "They collided at the chicane, which was much quicker than it is now," Jordan says. "Indeed, he nearly got tipped into the bloody harbour. He was mad as hell and I remember him kicking Thierry up the arse in the paddock afterwards, which was most unlike him!"

HE WON AT THRUXTON DURING HIS 1981 F2 season with Maurer and by the year's end F1 beckoned: he was poised to become the first Colombian ever to start a world championship Grand Prix. His two years in F1 would often be harrowing, though. In 1982 there was a distinct lack of investment or testing in the Nigel Bennett-penned Ensign N181. It was the same with the merged Ensign/Theodore effort in '83, when two N183s were entered for Guerrero and F1 rookie Johnny Cecotto. There were flashes and reminders of Roberto's deft talent, but they were infrequent due to wretched reliability.

Despite the ravages of two dispiriting seasons, Roberto was unbowed. An offer from Ligier was seriously considered, but a change of scene was needed. With Theodore having closed its doors just before the 1983 season ended at Kyalami, Roberto made a big decision. "I had seen how Teo Fabi had gone to CART and been competitive straight away," he says, "and thought, 'Well, I can do that'."

With his California-born wife Katie more than happy with the decision, the Guerreros moved to America early in 1984. He lined up a drive in the small Cotter-Bignotti team's March, with engineering support from relocated former Ensign boss Mo Nunn. It would be a superb campaign. At Indianapolis he put in the best rookie showing since Graham Hill triumphed in 1966, with a fine second place behind Rick Mears. He also shared Rookie of the Year honours with Michael Andretti.

His 1985-86 CART performances – he came within an ace of victory in Miami in '86, only to run out of fuel – meant he was much in



1



2



3



4

1 All smiles at Monaco in 1982, but the team had no new tyres available and Guerrero didn't get to run **2** After a season in FF1600, Guerrero stepped up to F3 with Argo in 1979 **3** Winning at Thruxton during his 1981 Euro F2 campaign with Maurer **4** Switching to America in 1984, Guerrero finished second – as top rookie – in the Indy 500 **5** He took pole at Indy in 1992, but crashed before the race officially started



5

LAT, SUTTON & IMS

demand among the American teams and he signed for Vince Granatelli's STP-backed team for 1987. "We won at Phoenix, Vince's home track, which went down well," Nunn says. "Roberto soon adapted to ovals and was dynamite through traffic that day. Then came Indy and it was back to heartbreak time."

What appeared to be a straight fight between Mario Andretti's Lola and Guerrero's March took a horrible twist on lap 130. An errant wheel from Tony Bettenhausen's March was hit by Guerrero and sent high into a grandstand, killing 41-year-old Wisconsin race fan Lyle Kurtenbach. Somehow Guerrero continued, after repairs to the nose, but he was now a lap down on Mario. It appeared to be a cruise to the flag for the 1969 winner, but with 30 laps remaining his fuel-metering unit developed a fault that allowed Guerrero to take a clear lead. He was 22 laps away from becoming the first South American to sip the famous milk.

"We were a lap and a half ahead of Al Unser Sr in the Penske car," he says, "and I had one fuel stop left. It was a done deal. But as I came into the pits for the last time I could feel the clutch dragging and I couldn't get it out of gear when I came to rest. It was just a fuel stop, so I sat there praying, willing for it to be OK."

Halfway through refuelling the engine died. The team tried to restart the engine, but no gear could be found. Unser ate up the gap and, two minutes later, when Guerrero finally rejoined, he was a lap down and destined to finish second again. "Roberto was a great team player and never criticised the mechanics or the car," Nunn says. "Sometimes you could get frustrated with him, because often a driver needs to be a little nasty to get things changed. It just wasn't in Roberto's nature to do that."

AFTER A COMMANDING WIN FROM pole at Mid-Ohio, and other podium positions, Guerrero had a sniff of the title, but everything came to a shuddering halt on the last lap of a tyre test at Indianapolis in September. "It was just before the track closed," Nunn says. "As he went past the pits I said, 'In this time, Roberto'. Almost as soon as I said it, his left rear suspension broke going into Turn One. He was still pushing hard because at a tyre test you want to get accurate data and keeping it at racing speed is critical on the in-lap."

Guerrero adds: "We were on top of the world when we went to that test. We went straight from Mid-Ohio to Indy and were second in the championship. With the momentum we had I was convinced we would have been champions, ahead of [eventual winner] Bobby Rahal."

A broken bracket on the rear upright had let go and pitched him into the wall. Although a large impact, it was by no means thought to be disastrous… but the front right wheel came back and struck Roberto on the helmet.

"HE WASN'T JUST GOOD, HE WAS ON ANOTHER PLANET TO ANYONE ELSE"



Without a scratch on his body but with severe brain haemorrhaging, Roberto lay in a deep coma. Katie was constantly at his bedside during every waking hour.

"The worst thing was for her to see me in that state," Roberto says. "My eldest son Marco 'celebrated' his second birthday while I was in a coma and Katie was pregnant with our second child, Michael. They really weren't sure if I would come back and, even if I did, Katie might have a third 'child' to look after. It was a super-tough time, but she was so strong."

He emerged from the coma after 17 days. Soon, the familiar smile was back and the young Guerrero family was able to regroup and start living again. Remarkably, Roberto was an honorary grand marshal at CART's Miami finale in November. A few months later he was back testing a new Granatelli-March in readiness for a full campaign in 1988.

The Granatelli team decided to move its base from Indianapolis to Phoenix, against the advice of many, including Mo Nunn, who stayed and joined Patrick Racing instead, going on to mastermind Emerson Fittipaldi's dramatic 1989 Brickyard triumph.

Granatelli's results withered and at the year's end Guerrero signed a deal with Alex Morales Motorsports to develop the Alfa Romeo V8 engine. It proved to be a disaster and, after a further season with Pat Patrick in 1990, Roberto's top-line reputation had all but disappeared in the same smokescreen as the detonated Alfa engines.

"People did question whether I was the same driver after the accident and that hurt me quite a lot," Guerrero says. "I knew that I was the same racer, but circumstances with the teams and the Alfa project meant I was perceived as 'damaged goods'. But really I always felt I was the same driver."

FOR 1992 A DEAL TO RACE FOR KENNY Bernstein in a brand new Lola T92/00, engineered by John Travis, looked very good indeed. Roberto stunned everyone by taking Indy pole with an average of 232.482mph, but then came the race.

Even before the unseasonably cold conditions played havoc with the 33-car grid, Guerrero was not especially looking forward to the 500 itself. "Some of the Buick-powered teams had a sliding butterfly system for their engines," he says, "but we ran a mono-valve that gave more horsepower when flat out, so we were just that bit quicker. The downside with the mono-valve was massive lag and it took forever to respond, so trying to overtake people was always going to be tough."

Overtaking wasn't going to be a problem, though. On the final parade lap, getting temperature into his rubber, disaster struck. "I was just warming the tyres and being careful when the thing turned sharp left, 90 degrees and into the wall. When it came to rest I was convinced I was in a nightmare and that I'd wake up. I didn't."

As he got back to the pits, his team boss Bernstein had a word. "Kenny said to me, 'This is a tough one, Roberto. Look after yourself. Do what you have to do and say something broke'. I thought for a moment and said: 'Kenny, I can't do that. It was my fault. I have to live with it'."

Through the rollercoaster of peaks and troughs he experienced at the Brickyard, this could have been a nadir. After the events of September 1987, though, he was able to deal with it.

A brave and dignified man, he might easily have won far more with the right breaks. Whatever motor racing threw at him, though, he hurled it back even harder. Ⓜ

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{ LUNCH WITH }

MARK WEBBER

Famously forthright, the Australian stood out among his Formula 1 peers because he was prepared to speak his mind. He still is...

writer SIMON TAYLOR | **photographer** JAMES MITCHELL

GETTING AN AUDIENCE with a Formula 1 driver these days usually involves a very brief time slot, an eaves-dropping PA to ensure that no comment can be remotely controversial, and responses that are bland, safe and lacking in substance. It has become almost impossible to get a straight answer to a straight question.

Mark Webber, throughout his 12 seasons in F1, was always the exception. He rose to join the Grand Prix elite: nine victories, 42 podiums, 13 pole positions and 19 fastest laps. Yet he remained the friendly, approachable racer who looked you in the eye and took the time to tell you what he reckoned was really going on. And now, leading a major world championship sports car team, he still does exactly that. Direct and good-humoured, he abhors half-truths, evasions and slippery answers. Like a true Australian he dismisses all that as: "Bullshit, mate."

Having made the leap from a top F1 team to a top sports car team, his intelligent analysis of the differences between the two, and the alternative approach required in the quest for success, is extremely revealing. His down-to-earth criticism of today's F1 is revealing too.

He has raced sports cars before, for Mercedes 17 years ago as a 21-year-old, before returning to single-seaters and going on to drive for four different F1 teams. He laid his plans for moving on from F1 18 months before he actually did so; and, while he looks back on that period of his career with fondness, all his focus now is on his life with Porsche, and his ambition to bring Le Mans victory back to Zuffenhausen.

His career has inevitably brought him wealth, yet there is no obvious sign of it: no private jets, no sub-tropical holiday estates, no yachts, no personal jewellery – although he does ask to meet at a restaurant that has a helicopter pad, to allow him to arrive in his favourite means of transport, a Eurocopter AS350. So we gather at the glorious Lime Wood Hotel on the edge of the New Forest, where from the lush menu the visibly super-fit Mark chooses abstemiously: spring garlic soup, a small lobster linguine with rocket salad, and water.

Mark was born 38 years ago in Queanbeyan, in the Tablelands of New South Wales. His father was a motorcycle dealer who followed

F1 and Indycar, so there was plenty of racing talk in the house. "As a small kid I'd be on my dad's shoulders watching the sprint cars at the local oval, and the bike racers at Eastern Creek like Wayne Gardner and Mick Doohan. I loved all that. The F1 drivers and the top bikers, they were the heroes on my bedroom wall. It never occurred to me that I could be up there too. Plus I was busy with other sports: swimming, cricket, tennis. I always loved to compete.

"But I was pretty wild as a youngster, and Dad could see there was a chance I'd get in with the wrong crowd and go off the rails. He reckoned karting would be a healthy distraction, so he got me into that. I was a late starter, taller and heavier than the other kids, but I won the New South Wales championship, and that led to a second-hand Formula Ford Van Diemen when I was 17. With just my dad helping, I was way out of my depth.

"Then I moved to Sydney and stayed with Spencer Martin, who'd been a serious racer in the Tasman Series in the '60s. It must have been a pain for him having a teenager about the house, but I'll always be grateful for the help and guidance he gave me. The racing started to go better, and in 1995 I won the FF support race at the Australian Grand Prix. That was when I met Ann, who knew how sponsorship worked, and helped me get a deal with Yellow Pages." Ann has been Mark's partner for most of his professional career.



MARK WEBBER
CAREER IN BRIEF

Born: 27/08/76, Queanbeyan, Australia
1991 started karting **1993** NSW kart champion **1994** FF1600 **1995** First races in Europe **1996** FF Festival winner **1997** British F3, 4th **1998-99** FIA GT, Mercedes **2000-01** FIA F3000, 4 wins. F1 testing with Arrows & Benetton **2002** F1 race debut, Minardi **2003-04** Jaguar **2005-06** Williams **2007-13** Red Bull, 9 GP wins **2014-15** WEC, Porsche

"OF COURSE I WANTED TO GET MYSELF to England, where it was all happening. I made it in the autumn of 1995, and went to see Ralph Firman at Van Diemen. I told him I wanted to do the Formula Ford Festival. He wasn't too impressed, and said he didn't have a car for me. But I pestered him into giving me a test at Snetterton, and after that he said, 'We'll put you in a car for the Festival'."

Having never seen Brands Hatch before, Mark came through all the heats and on the last lap of the final he came out of Clearways in third place, only to be pipped on the line by Mario Haberfeld. "But fourth place wasn't too bad. So Ralph said, 'Come back next year with £40,000 and you've got a works drive.' We got half out of Yellow Pages and half out of Duckhams and I had the drive. I was 19."

Mark won at Spa, was second in the British Championship and third in the EuroCup. Those results look pretty good, but Mark remembers it differently. "By the middle of that season I was struggling. I was living in a box-room in Hainault, on the outer reaches of the Central Line, and I was brutally homesick. I thought of everything I was missing in Australia, and I wondered whether I was really cut out for this. So I went home. Stayed for four days, realised that racing in Europe was what I wanted to do, came straight back." And this time he won the Formula Ford Festival outright.

Now Mark's eyes were set on F3. "Alan Docking offered me a drive for 1997: but to run a full season properly, car, engines, everything, he needed £230,000. In the end, between Yellow Pages and the little bit my dad could put in, we scraped together £100,000. My fourth race, a championship round at Brands, I won from pole. But by June there was no money left.

"Docko was great, but he said, 'We can't run this on thin air.' It looked like the end.



Autosport ran a little piece saying I was all done and on my way home. Norbert Haug, the Mercedes team manager, saw that piece and called me: 'We're a driver short at the Nürburgring FIA GT Championship round, because Alex Wurz is busy with Benetton. We'll give you the seat for that one race.'

"Well, I said 'No'. It was a no-brainer. Eight months before I'd been a Formula Ford driver, and that CLK was a serious weapon. I said, 'I won't do the race, but I'd love to do a test.' So in July I tested the CLK at the Österriechring, and it went really, really well. On the back of that they offered me a ride for 1998 on a small retainer – £30,000 – and not only that: they paid for the rest of my Formula 3 season, and for the Zandvoort Masters and Macau as well. In all they shelled out £150,000: small change for them, I suppose, but it was the world to me.

"So at 21 I was a Mercedes works driver. I had a lot to learn. After FF and F3 the CLK's power was unbelievable: 7.2-litre V12, 750bhp. Suddenly all the tracks were smaller, the straights were shorter, everything was happening quicker.

"I was so lucky to be paired with Bernd Schneider. He was reigning FIA GT champion then, and I was all ears: I lived with him for a while in Cologne, which was great. In F3 I'd been pretty arrogant: I just wanted to get on and race, I wasn't into looking at the telemetry and learning from it. We didn't have any of that in Australia, and I thought that relying on it was a weakness. If somebody else was doing a corner better than me I felt I had to work it out for myself. I wasn't looking at the big picture. Bernd taught me how to give feedback to the engineers and use the data to get more from the car.

"But it took me a while to be quick in the CLK. In F3 you didn't really do much with the kerbs, but in that type of racing you had to make use of them, even to jumping across chicanes. That first season we won five of the 10 rounds and we very nearly won the championship. Unfortunately we posted one of Mercedes' only retirements: we were leading at Dijon and a rock got caught between a wheel and a brake caliper, and sliced the wheel in half. So our team-mates Ricardo Zonta and Klaus Ludwig took the title.

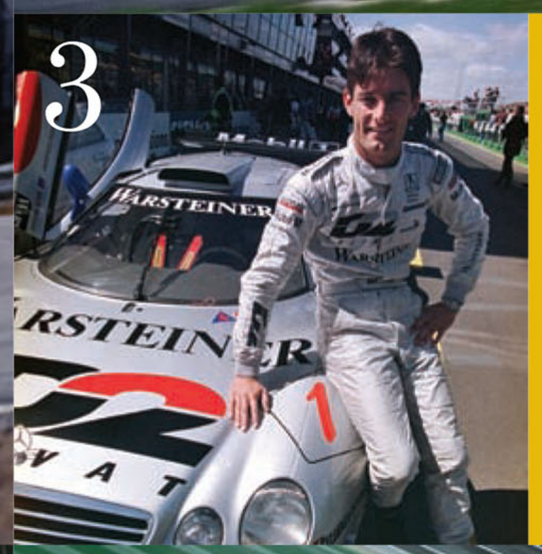
"In 1999, of course, it all went very wrong when we went flying at Le Mans. What really happened is that when we went to the pre-qualifying weekend we got smoked. Against the Toyotas and the BMWs we were off the pace. That pressed all the panic buttons. So they peeled some aero off to make the cars more slippery, and we did some straight-line testing at Hockenheim, then back to Le Mans. And in Thursday night qualifying I had the first flip.

"I was lining up to pass Frank Biela's Audi going towards Indianapolis. It's a good 180mph there. As I pulled out of his wake the car just went light and took off. Cartwheeled high into the air. It went very quiet, I saw the sky, and

ALL IMAGES LAT

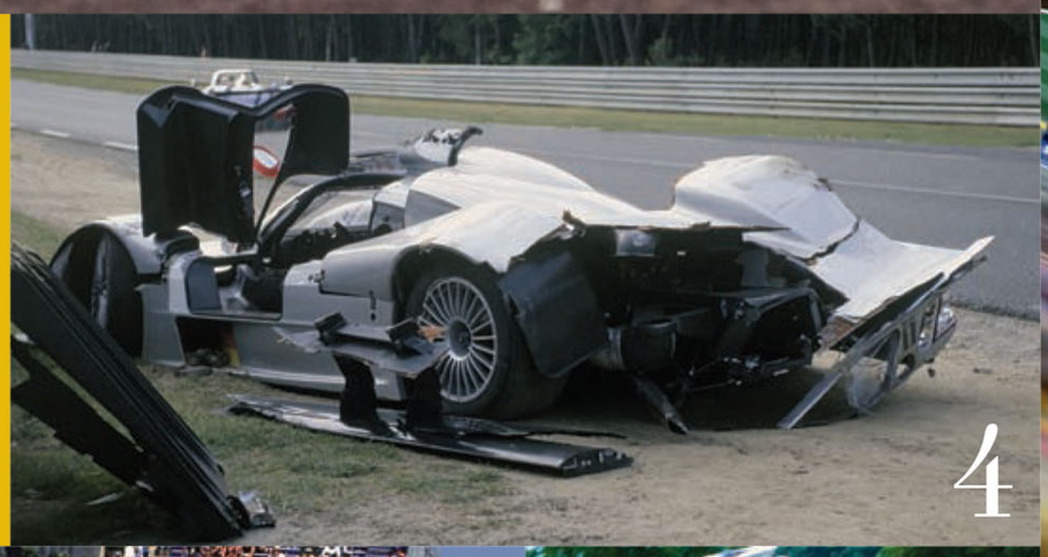






1 Heading for Formula Ford Festival victory, Brands Hatch 1996 **2** Webber won fourth time out in F3 **3** Fresh-faced 21-year-old signs for Mercedes (here about to demonstrate a CLK-GTR in Melbourne, 1998) **4** Le Mans 1999: Mark was a passenger in two of the Merc CLR's three flips

5 Webber leads eventual F3000 champion Justin Wilson in Monaco, 2001 **6** The Australian has always pursued a vigorous fitness regime **7** Williams stint brought flickers of promise, but much frustration **8** Maiden Grand Prix victory, Germany 2009 **9** Relationship with Red Bull team-mate Sebastian Vettel was rarely happy

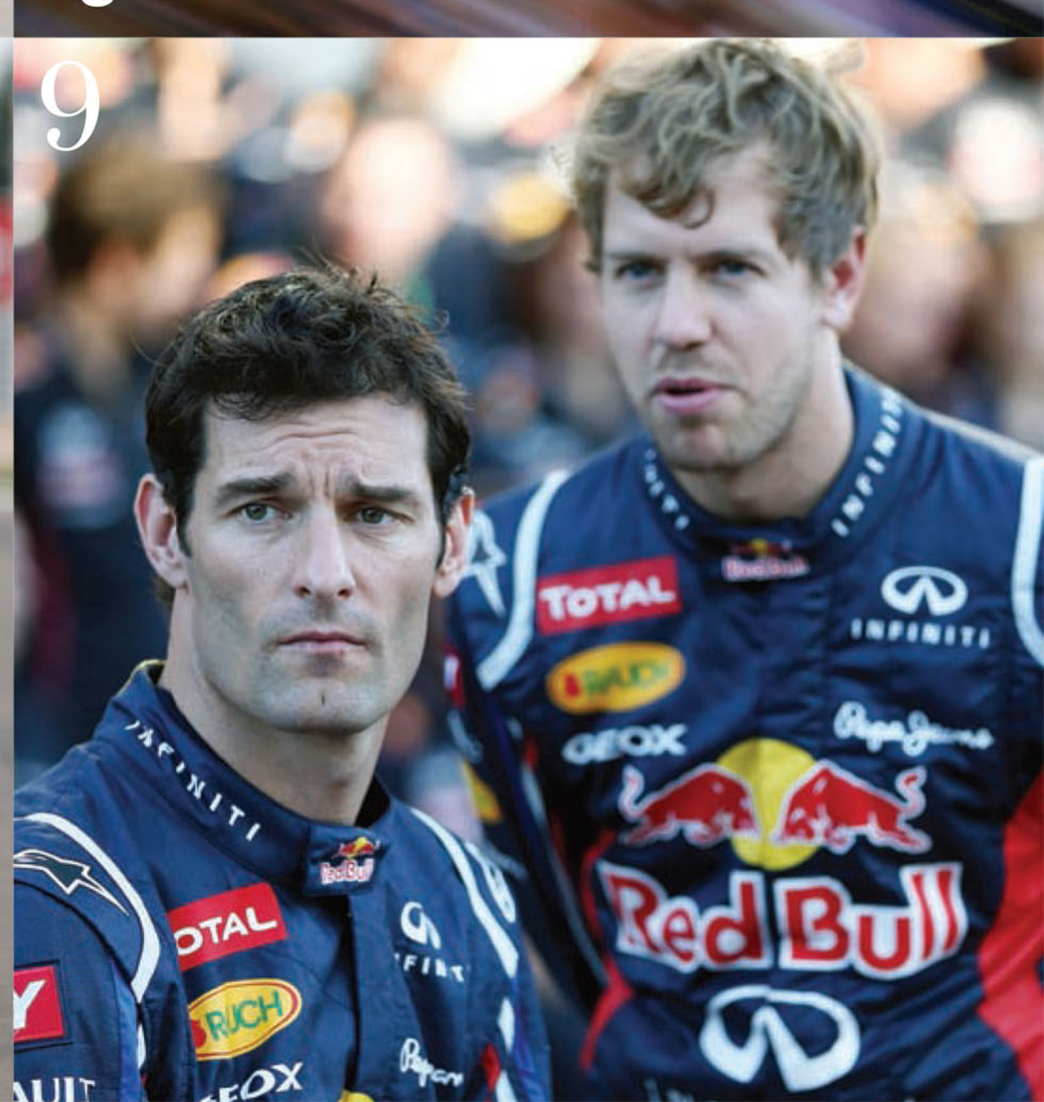












Watch Mark Webber, Nico Hülkenberg and Brendon Hartley explaining the difference between F1 and WEC cars

@ THE MOTOR SPORT DIGITAL EDITION

then the track again, and all I could think about were the three women in my life, Ann, my mum and my sister. I was paranoid about going into the trees, I knew how thin the screen was, and I thought: If anything comes in here I am secondhand for sure. Eventually I landed. The car was destroyed. I had a few cuts, nothing massive.

"During Friday they built up a new car, and on Saturday morning, on my out-lap in the morning warm-up, on the Mulsanne Straight it all happened again, just the same. Because it was an installation lap in a virtually all-new car, I wasn't completely on it. It was over that hump on the straight: it's been flattened out now.

"Since Thursday night I'd been a bit in denial. There were no photos or video of that one, and I told myself it can't have done what I thought it did, it can't really have gone as high as the tops of the trees. But it was a lot more public on Saturday morning, and it showed everyone that if you take off at 190mph, you really do go that high."

Once again the car was destroyed, once again Mark's injuries were cuts and bruises – "I was extremely lucky that weekend, mate" – but Norbert Haug took the controversial decision to start the race with the two remaining cars, having added small winglets to the front. "After all that effort, all that investment, he felt they had to run in front of the public. But me, even if there'd been a car left for me, I wasn't going to race. Mentally I was done. Before Thursday night I'd trusted that car more than I trusted my own mother. Now I was worried for my team-mates, for marshals, for spectators."

Three hours into the race Peter Dumbreck had an almost identical flip, and the remaining car was then withdrawn. After that disastrous Le Mans the CLRs were put away. "So I was unemployed. I was pushing hard to get an F1 test drive, trying various avenues, but Mercedes wanted me to do Indycar. Greg Moore was running for Forsythe, with Mercedes engines, but for 2000 he was moving to Penske. Then in October Greg was killed in his final race for Forsythe. I wasn't keen anyway: if I'd wanted to do Indycar I could have gone straight there from Australia. My sights were still set on F1.



"I WAS LIVING IN AYLESBURY AT THE time, and I used to hang around Eddie Jordan's place, trying to get my face in there, using his gym. I didn't have a pot to piss in. Then Eddie said, 'You've got to meet this guy Paul Stoddart, he's got an F3000 team, he'll look after you.' The front half of the F3000 grid was pretty good then, and when I started to get some results Flavio Briatore came on the radar. He got me a Benetton test drive, and that went well, so for 2001 I had an F1 test contract, as well as pressing on with F3000 with Super Nova. And Flavio became my manager.

"People might think you couldn't find two people further apart than me and Flav. What he likes to get up to and what I like to get up to are very different things. But he managed me for the whole of my F1 career, taking a cut of my earnings, and that was the best percentage I ever gave up. We had just a four-page contract, and I never looked at it, because he never did anything he said he wouldn't do. He boxed my corner."

Mark finished second in the 2001 F3000 championship with three wins, including Monaco – his first at a circuit he would shine on later – and worked to a punishing F1 test schedule at the same time. Then Paul Stoddart bought the Minardi F1 team, and a door opened. "Stoddy offered me the first three races of the 2002 season. When we got to Melbourne we'd done precisely 17 laps of testing, because the thing was so unreliable. It had the old Asiatech/Peugeot engine that revved to 16,400 when the Ferraris were topping 18,400. I qualified 18th on a 22-car grid, but I worked hard and I finished fifth. After that Stoddy said I had the drive for the year. He didn't pay me, but more Benetton testing paid the rent."

"IT'S A GOOD 180MPH THERE. AS I PULLED OUT THE CAR JUST WENT LIGHT AND TOOK OFF..."

Having made his mark, Mark accepted a two-year offer from Jaguar for 2003/4. "Bobby Rahal had gone, Niki Lauda was leaving as I arrived, and David Pitchforth and Tony Purnell were running things. With everything that had been happening at Jaguar there was no continuity, and when you're in that scenario you're always being reactive, you're never able to be proactive. Antonio Pizzonia was my team-mate, and his CV in the junior categories destroyed mine, but although he was quick in qualifying he was nowhere in the races."

It was in the 2003 British Grand Prix that a deranged priest ran onto the track, and Mark was closer to him than anyone else. "I'd just come onto the Hangar Straight, I was in sixth gear, and in the distance I saw what I thought was a bit of bodywork. A second later I realised the bit of bodywork had legs. And the legs weren't running across the track, they were running towards me, at me. I couldn't care about him, I was worried for us drivers – Tom Pryce was killed at Kyalami by a marshal crossing the track in front of him. I thought, if one of us hits him there's going to be a bloody mess. So selfish, so ridiculous. Fortunately, as I got to him, I zigged and he zagged, and I missed him."

Mark had two frustrating seasons with Jaguar, although he did finish in the points 12 times. At the end of 2004 Ford sold the team to Red Bull. "Meanwhile I'd had an approach from Williams, and Flavio wanted me at Renault. In mid-2004 Ron Dennis talked to me about a place at McLaren: he wanted do a deal, but he said Flavio couldn't be in the picture, so I walked away from that. In the end I decided to go to Williams – the wrong decision, as it turned out. They didn't really have a winning car at that point. In F1, if you're three or four tenths a lap off, you're nowhere. It's a fine line between the White House and the shitehouse.

"I did score a podium at Monaco in 2005, and in 2006 I qualified second there and ran third until a broken exhaust burned out the electrics. I've always liked it there. The track's constantly changing, and there's no run-off, so the consequences are always there. At Monaco it's not you versus the other guys, it's you versus the track.

"Another disappointment was Australia in 2006. I led my home Grand Prix, but the gearbox failed. They hadn't done enough homework on part-throttle upshifts: it was fine when you were flat out, but the damage was done following the safety car at low revs. We weren't on for a win, but we were definitely on for a podium. Australia and Bahrain are the only F1 tracks where I never scored a podium.

"At the end of that season Frank said he'd keep me, but he'd have to pay me less. With the split from BMW the purse strings were tightening, and I don't think they were that bothered to keep me, to be honest. But at my last race with the team in Brazil Patrick Head said to me, 'Sorry we couldn't give you a car you could win with.'

"Then it was Red Bull. At that stage they were all grid girls and not much else, but Flavio reckoned they were going places. He was right. Adrian Newey had joined for 2006, and David Coulthard was my team-mate for 2007/8. I had a podium at the Nürburgring and a fourth at Monaco, but it wasn't until 2009, when Adrian got stuck into the new regulations, that we were finally there with a winning car.

"Adrian is the best guy I ever worked with, engineering-wise. In terms of what the driver wants he is very, very good at extrapolating what we are telling him about the car, and turning it into an advantage. He's had one or two cars he hasn't been proud of, he admits that, but when he gets everything right he really gets it right. His focus is a long way ahead: when he's asking you what's happening he's not thinking about this weekend. In testing in

January you'll talk to him and you'll think, 'Where is he off to here?' And three or four months later something really clever will pop up, and you'll think, 'Ah, that's where he was going with that.' People think he is quiet and placid, but he's a dark horse. He is just so competitive. He hates to lose.

"FOR 2009 SEBASTIAN VETTEL REPLACED DC. I'd bust my leg the previous November in the Tasmanian Challenge: that's an event I organised to raise money to fight cancer. We got world-class athletes from around the world to do mountain biking, trail running, kayaking, plus a different mystery discipline each day, from abseiling to swimming. Over the years we raised a lot of money. That year I was biking down a mountain lane, met a car, couldn't get out of the way. I had steel rods in my leg for two years after that.

"That year Jenson won six of the first seven races with Ross Brawn's double diffuser. But after we got our double diffuser Jenson didn't win another race, although Rubens Barrichello won a couple. And at the Nürburgring I finally won a Grand Prix – and it was after I'd had a drive-through penalty. Rubens and I touched at the start and the officials said I'd been too aggressive, and that dropped me to eighth, but I came back. It was good to win on a day when most of the other top guys had a trouble-free run. Hearing the Australian national anthem ring out for the first time since it played for Alan Jones 28 years before, made it one of the special days of my life. And I won in Brazil too.

"In 2010 I had five more wins and five pole positions, and after I won Monaco I was leading the world championship. That was my best F1 year: I was enjoying the car, enjoying the tyres. Maybe it was the last real chance I had to express myself properly in F1, because that was the last year with Bridgestones. The Pirellis came in for 2011, and I never felt so comfortable in the car after that."

Much was made in the media of the rivalry and perceived conflict between Webber and Vettel, and the incident in the 2010 Turkish Grand Prix made headlines. The Red Bulls were running 1-2 but their fuel was marginal, and radio instructions to both told them to ease up. Webber, leading, did so. Vettel tried to pass and the two collided, handing a 1-2 to McLaren.

"If you're fighting for the championship and your own team-mate is your closest rival, it does put brutal pressure on the trust within the team. Seb's engineer, Rocky Rocquelin, and mine, Ciaron Pilbeam, didn't like each other. We didn't have separate debriefs, all the data was open, but the discussions were guarded. You have to wing your way through that, there's no manual for that stuff. Lewis and Nico [Rosberg] were all on their own last year, one of them was going to win the championship whatever happened. But we weren't. We had Lewis and Fernando in the game, so we had company. We had a job to do for the team.

"Going into the last race all four of us were still going for the title, and Seb got it. It took me a while to get over losing the championship, because I'd put so much into trying to win the bloody thing. Then in 2011 I was always recovering from bad qualifying, because I couldn't feel the Pirelli tyre. I was quicker in the races, and I set seven fastest race laps that year. In 2012 I won Monaco again, and Silverstone, but we had some failures. Then in 2013 there was the thing in Malaysia between Seb and me. By then there was so much history between us, that was just like another little tree on top of a big mountain."

That day Webber and Vettel were in a safe 1-2, and were told to hold position.





As Christian Horner said later, "We were in line to take maximum points for the team, but the tyres were very delicate and we didn't want them racing each other and maybe screwing the tyres. So we issued team instructions." Vettel ignored those instructions, even when Horner took over the radio from his engineer and said, "Come on, Seb, this is silly." Touching wheels at 180mph, Vettel forced past Webber in a blatant breach of team orders, and won the race. Webber followed angrily home, looking after his tyres as he'd been instructed to do.

"We'd spoken about it in the briefing beforehand, so it was all pretty clear. For me, it was a shame, after we'd come so far as a team, how fractured we were. Today Seb and I are very different, we're definitely better than we were. Time, and a glass of red, can do that. I haven't heard everything from him even now, but that day will come. Also, I think Seb today is not like he was. He was very close to Michael [Schumacher], and Michael's skiing accident knocked him a bit, preyed on his mind. And he has had a child. Maybe that has changed him.

"Anyway, F1 is different now. When they changed the rules and the Pirellis came in, the G-forces plummeted. Suddenly the drivers could get away with being 30 per cent less fit. The acceleration, braking and cornering forces in the mid-2000s made it the most physically demanding period. And the grandstands were pretty full, because the cars looked and sounded phenomenal, and they were hard to hang onto. The middle section in Malaysia, Turns 5 and 6, and Suzuka, you were measured there by your fitness and how big your balls were. It was hard to overtake, the braking was very deep, the cornering speeds were super-high. They need to go back to that.

"As for changing the rules to try to help the show: in tennis you don't put the net four inches lower to make Federer easier to beat. You don't move the goal posts wider for Messi. It's good to have more passing, but the quality is not there. It's not the drivers' fault, but it has worked through to the fans, and they're voting with their feet. Those super fifth-gear corners, like Turn 3 and Turn 9 at Barcelona, they were two of the places on that track where I thought I could earn an advantage. Now they have to lift there: the engineers are getting on the radio to say, 'Don't go too quick in the fast corners because you'll hurt the tyres.' Formula 1 should be about driving flat out for two hours, being strong physically and mentally, and being rewarded for bravery and a bit of risk.

"SO WHEN PORSCHE STARTED TO TALK to me during 2012 I was ready to listen. They told me, in confidence, that they were going to start testing a new sports car in 2013. If it's Porsche you know they're going to do it right. I turned them down for 2013, said I'd come on board for 2014. It was all a big secret: we shook hands in the Stuttgart Airport car park.

"Brazil 2013 was my 215th Grand Prix, and my last. In the build-up to the race everything was pretty normal, but as I was being strapped in it hit me. This has been my life, since Formula Ford in New South Wales 20 years ago. Now this bit of my life is finished. I was fourth on the grid between Fernando and Lewis, and I said to myself, 'You're in this race, let's go for it.' I had a great battle with

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Sam Hancock Takes The Lead In The Sam Thomas Racing Jaguar Etype Lightweight 140 FPX, During The GTSCC Race At Silverstone May 2015.



Webber and co were out of luck in Spa 6 Hours this year. Will that change at Le Mans?

PORSCHE

Fernando, got through to finish second. And I set fastest lap in my last race. It was my 19th Grand Prix fastest lap, which is the same number that Senna did, so I'm proud of that. Then I was on the podium with Seb and Fernando, had a normal debrief, thank you guys and went back to the hotel."

But if you think that allowed Mark to take some time off, recharge his batteries after 12 years of F1 slog, you're wrong. "The week after Brazil, I was in Portugal in the Porsche 919, testing. I could easily have taken a year off. I was pretty tired. But in this business things keep moving along and, no matter what you've achieved, you can end up under a rock pretty fast. So I came out of F1 and straight into Le Mans mode. It needed to happen, and I don't trivialise how jammy I was to have the Porsche deal ready and waiting for me."

For Porsche as well as for Mark, 2014 was a learning year. "I soaked up a huge amount in that first season. In Formula 1 you do one-hour practice sessions, you qualify, and then you have a 90-minute race. In sports car racing you do the practice sessions, qualifying, the warm-up – and there's still 1000 kilometres, or 12 hours, or even 24 hours to go. In a race that long the track temperatures vary so much. Driving the car at 6pm, or 2am, or 7am, in darkness, maybe in rain: those windows, and the opportunities they present, can all be totally different from one another, like you're in several different races inside one race. Then there's learning to work with your team-mates, and how to set up the car to suit all of you: even the basic things like your respective seating positions, how you deal with the seat belts.

"My team-mates are Timo [Bernhard] and Brendon [Hartley]. I have the basic seat, because I'm tallest, and in a pitstop as I get out they slip in another seat on top of mine. We can do our driver changes in 21 seconds, which is fine because the regulations restrict the number of mechanics working in a stop, and you can't refuel and change tyres at the same time."

So what is the car like to drive? "The four-wheel-drive component is unbelievable, with the combustion engine driving the back wheels and the electric motor driving the front. I came away from my last F1 race in Brazil, and a few days later testing the Porsche at Portimão I was driving something with more power. That got my attention. It's quite complex: not just the sensation of power but how you line the car up to the apex of a corner, the radius of the line, the way you fire the throttle. We've been working very hard with the engineers on the distribution of torque and power from the two power sources, bearing in mind that the torque delivery of an electric motor is very different from what happens with a turbocharged piston engine." Last year the pundits said the 919 was too heavy, and used its tyres too quickly. "The weight's been dealt with now, and we've been working on the tyre wear.

"In fact at Le Mans last year we did lead the race at one point, although we could never have held off the fastest of the Audis. But our car ran really well, and second place was ours until we had a terminal engine problem. We didn't expect to go that far, because we hadn't done so well in the build-up in terms of reliability. After the race Timo, Brendon and I went over to the Audi hospitality to congratulate them, and when we went in the Audi mechanics and drivers all stood up and clapped. That was special – you wouldn't get that spontaneous display of sportsmanship in F1.

"Porsche won the final round in Brazil, but I wasn't part of that because I had a big accident. We had a good 20-sec lead, and then after four hours we had a problem with the recovery system and started to lose power. When that was sorted we began to climb back through the field. I'd got it up to sixth when a GT Ferrari I was lapping touched my right rear and tipped me straight into the barriers. The car was pretty much destroyed, and there was some fire, and they stopped the race. Apparently I switched the car off, did all the procedures and got myself out, but I don't remember any of that. I woke up for a bit in the helicopter, then next thing I knew I was in the hospital being fussed over by a beautiful Brazilian nurse. Apart from the concussion I was lucky, couple of ribs and some damage to my left lung. Lying in hospital my pulse was so low the alarms kept going off, but I was fine: I'm pretty fit, so my resting pulse is very low. Next day a couple of local legends came in to see me, Emmo [Fittipaldi] and Rubens [Barrichello], which was nice.

"NOW WE'RE LINING UP FOR THE BIG one. Le Mans has its own atmosphere, its own emotion. Plus that huge history: that's how it's been for more than 90 years, racing for a day and a night. In the past the reliability of the cars was more of a factor, so you always kept a margin. Now it's flat out, just flat out for the whole 24 hours. Last year I was in the car for three hours 40 minutes at a stretch: that's double a Grand Prix length. Four stints: pits every 55 minutes, stay in the car, refuel, out again. Hard on it every single lap.

"What matters is what we call the stint average. It's new terminology for me, but that's what we're all measured on. It's no big deal if you can do one quick lap, or two or even four, but what matters is your average lap time over the whole stint, keeping the pressure on consistently, all the time. Individual quickies don't count: you can pop in a quick one if you like, but you have to make sure all the others are really close to it.

"We wouldn't want every race to be like Le Mans. Over time the track has changed a bit, of course, but not much. This year the lap times will be the quickest we've ever seen, and it's still a very dangerous race. The drivers in every category know that, and respect it. It can bite.

"But that's the challenge of the place. It's always been utterly unpredictable. You can't look at Le Mans and say, 'This is what's going to happen.' You can never say, 'We're going to smoke it,' or 'They're going to smoke it.' Not with this race.

"Le Mans is something else, mate." M



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“It’s nice to

ALL IMAGES PORSCHE

be in a car that can win...”

There are pleasing echoes of the past in F1 star Nico Hülkenberg racing at Le Mans this year. But the real novelty for him is that, for once, he will enter a race as a true contender

writer ROB WIDDOWS

MANY OF US remember the days when a Grand Prix driver would happily race at Le Mans, in the hope of adding a victory in the ‘world’s greatest race’ to his tally. The Holy Grail was the triple, a world championship, the Indianapolis 500 and Le Mans, a feat famously achieved by Graham Hill.

Odd instances apart, those days seem long gone. Unless you are Nico Hülkenberg. The talented German, who’s endured a frustrating F1 career thus far, was keen to diversify and Porsche snapped him up to drive a third 919 at La Sarthe this summer. Once upon a time we wouldn’t have batted an eyelid, but in 2015 it’s perceived as both unusual and welcome that the Force India racer will tackle Le Mans between the Canadian and Austrian Grands Prix. He will be the first active F1 racer to contest the event since 2009, when Sébastien Bourdais – then with Toro Rosso – shared the second-placed Peugeot.

Last month Hülkenberg was at Spa to get his eye in at the 6 Hours. As expected, he was the centre of attention and happy to talk about this new challenge.

“Well, it’s nice to be in a car that can win,” he said, “but I’m here to learn, to prepare for Le Mans. This is a terrific opportunity for me; the World Endurance Championship is a great series and something I really wanted to do. I get on really well with the other guys, we are bonding as a team, we have some fun and we’re all working together to push Porsche forward. I feel quite comfortable in the car; I’m happy with my performance and really looking forward to Le Mans.

“Sure, it’s a busy time for me, going from one car to another, but I’m young, I love my job and it’s exciting to be a part of the Porsche family. Being in the car for two hours, maybe more, is no problem. I’m fit and not doing any extra training or anything.”

What about racing with a roof over his head, driving at night, threading through traffic with serious speed differentials between prototypes and GTs? It’s alien territory compared to his day job.

“It’s a different environment, yes, but Spa is the same with a roof, not that different really. Racing with two other guys sharing the car, that’s a big contrast to F1, but I quite like it. It’s not that difficult to acclimatise. The Porsche can win, so that’s a different mindset going into a race weekend from where I am in F1.

“The car is pretty similar to drive, lots of instructions from the engineer, managing the hybrid system, just like it is in F1. But here it’s not just my car, it’s our car, and so far I’m really enjoying myself. There’s a learning curve obviously, a different driving style, and there’s the traffic – but that’s a challenge I’m quite excited about. In managing those situations the driver can make a difference in the way he anticipates the traffic, to position himself and be smart about it.”

Realistically, what does he expect from his first experience of the big one, Le Mans?

“The target is to go there and do a good job for myself and for Porsche, but it will be tough having so little time in the car. We will learn a lot as we go along, and already I feel part of the team, a part of the amazing history of Porsche, especially at Le Mans. When I got the opportunity I didn’t hesitate. It was special and luckily I got permission from Force India to do it. I’m not thinking all the time about the

history, about being a German driver in the Porsche works team, but yes, I'm aware of that, and maybe it's something that will be a part of my future. Right now, I just want to deliver. The team has worked hard to build a third car."

It's becoming something of a cliché to state that modern endurance racing is a sprint, but what's significant for Nico is that – despite the longer distances – he'll be pushing tyres that last longer than those he's used to in F1.

"The tyres are very stable," he says. "The game-changers are the four-wheel drive and the traction control, and the cornering is different – you can't carry as much speed into a corner as you do in the F1 car. It's good to be able to push harder on the tyres, I like that, but really the LMP1 and the F1 are quite similar: both very fast, both high technology, very



Hülkenberg will become the first active F1 racer to tackle Le Mans since Sébastien Bourdais in 2009

advanced engineering."

So what about racing in the dark? Sure, Bahrain, Singapore and Abu Dhabi run their GPs at night, but under powerful floodlights it's hardly the same thing.

"Yeah, this is new, but I have done some testing in the dark, at Paul Ricard and in Bahrain, and it was something I really enjoyed. It's a different atmosphere, just you and the headlights, the little lights inside the car, everything dark outside, I really like that. I've done enough hours in the car now to feel comfortable and I'm totally excited about going to Le Mans. I approach these challenges with an open mind, but I'm thrilled about seeing how everything will develop and I want to have these new experiences. So far it's very positive and I am hungry for more."

The Le Mans 24 Hours, it seems, cannot come soon enough. Ⓜ

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PORSCHE'S BREEDING GROUND

How the Carrera Cup is promoting the next generation of sports car talent



BRITON NICK TANDY IS THE NEW KID on the block. Having graduated through the Porsche Carrera Cup and Supercup, he joined the LMP1 squad at Spa to share a third 919 with Nico Hülkenberg and Earl Bamber. Something of a baptism of fire, as Tandy discovered. The trio finished sixth in the Six Hours, three laps down on the winning Audi after Nick was hit by a factory Porsche GT in his opening stint.

Tandy's ascent of Porsche's 'staircase of talent' has been swift and smooth, proving that winning consistently in the Carrera Cup series can lead to greater things. He seemed undaunted by the task that lies ahead as he prepared for Le Mans with the big boys.

"I've raced at Spa many times, in single-seaters and in the Porsche Supercup, so I know the track and I feel as prepared for this as I can be. But, you know, my best moment was when Porsche gave me a contract at the end of 2012, the chance to race in the best championships in the world, whether that be GT3, or GT in America, or here in LMP1. It's just awesome that I get to race these great cars."

How does he feel about joining the top table, racing with the best in the world, being a part of such a legendary team?

"When I started racing sports cars I wanted to race a Porsche. The Carrera Cup programme is the best programme in sports car racing, it's the place to be to show your talent, show what you want to do. That was always in my mind and it's just great to be a part of the team, part of the family, to wear the overalls. And I'm ready.

"Driving the 919 is like driving any racing car over a lap – in the dry, anyway; it's when you start using the hybrid boost, the fuel usage, then it becomes very involved. You're looking ahead, using the controls on the steering wheel, talking to the engineers, managing the traction control, and focusing on driving as fast as possible."

Last year's Carrera Cup GB champion Josh Webster is hoping to follow in Tandy's footsteps, having won a Porsche scholarship.

"The chance I've been given is just fantastic," he says. "It makes total sense to follow the GT and endurance route, rather than chase F1. We don't have the budgets for that. The scholarship gave me £80,000, which took the pressure off, and you can see with Nick what can be achieved – and you know, he didn't win the Carrera Cup championship... I hope I can follow him up the ladder in the next couple of years or so.

"Also, I am aware of the history, so to be a part of that, and training at the Porsche Experience Centre at Silverstone with Richard Attwood, has just been great. This is a massive opportunity for me to prove to myself, and to Porsche, that I have what it takes."

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The roaring Forties

The HRG Aerodynamic caused quite a stir when launched almost 70 years ago. It still does...

writer RICHARD HESELTINE
photographer MANUEL PORTUGAL

YOU COULD CALL IT anti-expectation. This is an HRG, after all. The close proximity of the steering wheel to your chest certainly focuses your attention, the snort-like-a-pig hilarity as you crash down to earth with each bump being tempered by the knowledge that you might end up wearing it. The HRG Aerodynamic rattles your bones and your senses, that's for sure, the exhaust note being best described as 'rorty' to borrow motoring parlance of yesteryear. It's huge fun, the steering being light and disarmingly direct but you soon stop over-correcting – stop broadsiding – and look like you know what you're doing; start acting like a grown-up.

You know what to expect even if the dramatic outer wrapper might have you believing it's more modern than it actually is. In 1946, when the Aerodynamic was first unveiled, there was nothing cautious or bet-hedging about the visuals. The rest of the car? Not so much. But, as with any other HRG, get to know it, understand its foibles, and you will be amazed at how quickly you can cover ground, and have a bundle of laughs while doing so.

Outwardly, at least, the Aerodynamic appears to have had one foot in the times and another in a world of its own. It is no great surprise that it caused such a furore the better part of 70 years ago. It must have seemed ultra-radical. Previous HRGs had been perpendicular and slab of side, but they consistently punched above their weight on track and in rallies. This was to be expected given the resumés of the men behind the marque.

The 'H' of HRG was Ted Halford, a former director of the Vale Special car company, 'R' was ex-Trojan man Guy Robins and HR 'Ron' Godfrey – formerly the 'G' of GN – provided the final initial. They looked after administration, production and design/engineering respectively. However, by the time the first car emerged in 1935, their baby was not what you might call adventurous in outlook: it comprised a ladder chassis with two parallel C-section channels running fore and aft, strengthened by tubular cross-members, the front beam axle jutting way out front supported by quarter-elliptic springs and located by the arms of the friction dampers. With semi-elliptic springs to the rear, there wasn't much in the way of elasticity to keep



Heseltine at the HRG's helm and, inset, first owner Simon Knudsen took the Aerodynamic to a class win on the 1949 Miramar Rally







all four wheels in contact with the road, the ash body frame being designed to flex and absorb some of the loads.

But it worked, and 1.5-litre Meadows-powered HRGs proved highly effective in motor sport. One example, driven by Peter Clark and future BMC Competitions Department principal Marcus Chambers, claimed class honours at Le Mans in 1939 (a year after 1.1- and 1.5-litre Singer-derived engines became standard equipment). *The Autocar* tested one equipped with the larger-displacement 'four' and recorded a top speed of 83mph and a 0-60mph time of 18.1sec. Just imagine how much faster it would be if it cleaved the air more efficiently...

The HRG Engineering Company's management was acutely aware of where the future lay. During 1938, they devised a plan to ramp up production of the 1100/1500 models to 150 units per year in 1939-40 and began building up stocks. However, this was to be just the opening salvo of expansion plans that called for an entire range of new cars to come online in 1941-42. These would address the shortfalls of the existing products, with a longer and wider chassis being shared between variants. These would include a semi-streamliner, a drophead coupé and a supercharged, ultra-aerodynamic competition model. Power would come from a new Singer-based 'four' but with an aluminium crossflow HRG head.

Unfortunately, WWII scuppered the company's plans. A prototype semi-streamliner dubbed the Continental was completed, however, with input from Clark, Chambers and Laurence Pomeroy among others, and in a roundabout way this led to what became the Aerodynamic (the Continental name was dropped on account that much of continental Europe lay in ruins at this time). In austere post-war Britain, there was a severe shortage of raw materials and HRG, like any other car manufacturer, needed to be pragmatic, hence the decision was made to adapt the basic concept to suit the existing 1500 platform.

A rolling chassis was subsequently dispatched to coachbuilder Fox & Nicholl, which was well-versed in shaping light aluminium panels given its recent experience of wartime aircraft production. The new body was mounted on a supplementary – and skeletal – two-part frame



Knudsen took the HRG to seventh at the 1951 Arrabida hillclimb. Below, at rest in Estoril

"CORNERING POWER IS GENERATED AS MUCH BY CHASSIS FLEX AS BY SUSPENSION AND DAMPING"

that added little in the way of rigidity – and, it has to be said, the firm didn't have the best reputation for build quality. It also refused to countenance changes being made between the prototyping and series-production phases, which led to a parting of the ways.

Not that the car emerged quite how its makers intended, anyway. On paper, it had a much lower bonnet line but that would have necessitated a smaller radiator with a remote header tank. Nevertheless, Chambers and Clark drove the prototype to France for the big reveal at the '46 Paris Motor Show, where press and public received it warmly. That same year, *The Autocar's* Sammy Davis drove one to the continent where Paul Frère took it for a spin. Davis wrote: "Paul demonstrated it to all and sundry, and at truly exciting speeds, rain or shine." The car averaged 43.7mph from Zurich to Brussels, but not without one or two niggles. "Certain rattles developed and an exhaust pipe bolt needed to be tightened," Davis added. In 1948, HRG rally man John Gott wrote of his experiences driving an Aerodynamic in foreign parts, the future BMC works driver claiming a top speed of 89mph with the car fully laden. What's more, he felt it would be capable of at least 100mph with an aero-screen.



Aerodynamic was one of the first new cars to go on sale after WWII – but it wasn't as cutting edge as it looked

Aerodynamics proved particularly adept in long-distance events, usually competing in the up-to 1.5-litre class. HRG claimed the 1948 Spa 24 Hours Coupe du Roi prize and team honours on that year's Alpine Rally (although the team comprised Aeros and regular 1500s). Nevertheless, production car bodies emerged heavier than expected, while the ultra-firm suspension and whippy chassis played havoc with the ally panels. This ultimately led the Tolworth firm to call time on the Aerodyamic after only two years, by which time around 45 cars had been made.

❖

THE EXAMPLE PICTURED HERE WAS sold new in Portugal, in August 1947, and had a longer competition career than most. Its first owner, expatriate Norwegian Simon Knudsen, entered it in countless events although, just to confuse matters he is listed in various periodicals of the time as Simon K Hansen or 'Hansen Knudsen'. He competed in the following year's Lisbon International Rally and, against strong opposition, finished 46th. Scroll forward 12 months and he took fifth overall while also taking category honours. Other class wins were taken on the Miramar Rally, the Viseu Rally and Esposende's Standing Kilometre.

Our hero kicked off his 1950 campaign in northern Portugal, finishing runner-up in class on the Spring Rally before crashing out of the Lisbon International. A year later, he steered the HRG to seventh place at the Arrabida hillclimb meeting near Setúbal, before rounding out its career in 1952 at a hillclimb event in Gradil. At some point, a 2.5-litre Lea-Francis engine was substituted, the Aerodynamic later suffering the ignominy of being sold to the scrapman before the hugely enthusiastic João Mendes de Almeida rescued it. The Madeira Island man diligently set about restoring the car, right down to sourcing an era-specific 1.5-litre engine, before selling it to Portuguese collector Carlos Cruz in 2012. The HRG went on to claim a class win in the following year's Cascais Concours d'Élégance and it currently shares garage space with assorted Allards, Sunbeams, Denzels and a DB-Panhard.

❖

PARKED IN THE SHADOW OF THE Autódromo do Estoril's grandstand, the HRG appears agreeably eccentric. It isn't exactly beautiful, not even close, but it's hard not to love. Indeed, it proves to be an irresistible draw to just about everyone.

The thing is, the more you look, the more you drink in the details, the more sceptical you become. The HRG's outline is compelling, but the profusion of louvres, not to mention the flat-pane windscreen and slatted grille, don't exactly scream 'wind-cheating'. In true period style, you sit bolt upright with the high-set four-spoke wheel near vertical. The body-coloured dash is comprehensively equipped, with the dominant speedo and rev counter flanked by smaller gauges for oil pressure, oil temperature and suchlike. Unusually for a British sports car of the day – or even for one 20 years its junior, it also has wind-down windows.

On the move, what strikes you is how smooth the engine is. It isn't especially powerful, but it is utterly docile. Tractable, too. It doesn't throw a strop in traffic despite the heat, nor does it feel on the verge of detonation at higher revs. You just don't expect it to be this flexible. And it sounds good, all bark and bluster, which goads you into driving harder. In other respects the HRG is typical of its age, cornering power being generated as much by chassis flex as by suspension and damping.

A degree of physical dexterity is required to get the best out of it, though. Ideally, you should double declutch on up and down shifts, but the pedals are close-coupled so this is no easy task. Also, just about everything else is either brushing your chest hairs or digging into your lower extremities. You soon revert to vintage car mode, however, and generally let it do its own thing and in its own time. The four-speed 'box, meanwhile, is easy to guide between planes without snatching. The drum brakes also work well, but then they have only 814kg to arrest.

Ultimately, it's the handling that really excites… except it doesn't really corner so much as pivot around you. To begin with, it's almost eerie. After 20 minutes or so, its ability to take each turn faster than the last makes you laugh like a loon. HRGs have that effect, the sad part being that the company made only 241 cars before production ceased in 1956. That said, a pretty Vauxhall-engined prototype emerged following a decade's hiatus, but it didn't bring about a renaissance and remained unique. The firm only closed its doors following the death of chairman and principal shareholder Lord Selsdon. Tellingly, it was one of few specialist marques ever to fold of its own volition. What's more, nobody was left out of pocket, with remaining spares along with the jigs, patterns and drawings passing to the HRG Association, which remains in business after five-and-a-bit decades.

HRG's tagline was 'The Sportsman's Ideal'. It's debatable whether this maxim applied to the Aerodynamic, but it holds true in broad outline. It was a bold experiment, but one that ultimately made ripples, not a waterfall. The Aerodynamic didn't do anything any better than a regular HRG, but then modernisation isn't necessarily the same thing as improvement. Ⓜ

Thanks to: Carlos Cruz, Adelino Dinis, Ian Dussek and the HRG Association

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FITTIPALDI'S FINAL F1 WIN

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The chaos of 1973 wouldn't be repeated at Silverstone's next British GP, surely..?

writer PETER HIGHAM



FITTIPALDI AT THE BRITISH GP

11 STARTS

1972	1975	1974	1971
WINNER	WINNER	2nd	3rd

RUN 40 YEARS AGO THIS July, the 1975 British Grand Prix featured one of the most bizarre finishes in Formula 1 history. That race ended with the 19 classified finishers either in Silverstone's barriers or pitting on the last lap that counted. Run in changeable conditions throughout, a rainstorm swept in from the south of the circuit just as Emerson Fittipaldi's leading McLaren M23 started the 56th of a scheduled 67 laps.

With the track awash from Stowe to Club, all but six of the remaining cars were sent aquaplaning out of the race. Emmo made it through the deluge and pitted for wet tyres at the end of the lap. The reigning world champion completed one more cautious circuit before seeing the inevitable red flags. Amid the confusion, organisers declared the result after 56 laps, effectively meaning that Fittipaldi had won his last such race while in the pits.

These events sparked controversy after a couple of drivers suffered facial cuts when hit on the helmet by the wooden poles that supported the catch-fencing, which was meant to slow a crashing car. Some wreckage was launched into the crowd in one accident and catch-fencing was eventually replaced when found to be unsafe.

Even without the chaotic final laps, this had been a memorable race, with eight lead changes between seven drivers. Each could claim with some justification that this could have been their day. But then the British summer wreaked its havoc...

WHERE DID THE CLASSIFIED FINISHERS END UP?

In the catch-fencing at Woodcote:
JARIER, 14th

In the pits or driving through *(at various stages of the last lap that counted):*
E FITTIPALDI, 1st
BRAMBILLA, 6th
LAUDA, 8th
JONES, 10th
ANDRETTI, 12th
REGAZZONI, 13th

In the catch-fencing at Club:
PACE, 2nd
SCHECKTER, 3rd
HUNT, 4th
BRISE, 15th
HENTON, 16th
NICHOLSON, 17th
MORGAN, 18th
W FITTIPALDI, 19th

In the corn field inside Stowe:
DEPAILLER, 9th

In the catch-fencing at Stowe:
DONOHUE, 5th
MASS, 7th
WATSON, 11th

LAPS IN THE LEAD

CARLOS PACE	17
EMERSON FITTIPALDI	14
JAMES HUNT	8
JODY SCHECKTER	7
CLAY REGAZZONI	6
JEAN-PIERRE JARIER	2
TOM PRYCE	2

FIRSTS

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- This was the first Grand Prix to be started using a lights system rather than waving the national flag
- This was the first time BBC Radio introduced its weekend sports programming from a mobile studio at a race

2 SECONDS

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EVENTS
OF THE MONTH

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RED BULL

WEC Spa-Francorchamps 6 Hours

DÉJÀ VU STRUCK AT SPA AS THE WORLD Endurance Championship delivered another thriller with Porsche quickest, Audi smartest and Toyota anonymous. Porsche will wonder what more it has to do to beat the André Lotterer, Marcel Fässler and Benoît Tréluyer-crewed no7 Audi R18, which stole the Spa 6 Hours for its second dramatic win in as many races.

Porsche must also be wondering what Mark Webber, Brendon Hartley and Timo Bernhard have done to deserve such rotten luck as, for the second successive round, their early dominance failed to yield a win; this time a 15-second stop-and-go penalty and further reliability issues held them back. Unlike at Silverstone, however, they salvaged third behind team-mates Neel Jani, Marc Lieb and Romain Dumas.





It was again Lotterer who foiled Porsche, nurturing his tyres enough to double stint, take the lead in the fourth hour and become the first non-Porsche to run at the front. He fought hard to stay there, and Tréluyer consolidated that lead by likewise double-stinting. He then kept those same boots on during a splash-and-dash with 20 minutes to go to hold on for a superb 13-second win.

Jota Sport enjoyed a perfect preparation for its Le Mans defence, as Harry Tincknell, Mitch Evans and Simon Dolan dominated LMP2, despite an early stop-and-go. G-Drive's Gustavo Yacaman, Pipo Derani and Ricardo Gonzalez profited from their team-mates' woes to inherit second.

Aston Martin took a clean sweep in the GT classes, as Alex MacDowell, Richie Stanaway and Fernando Rees led GTE Pro almost all race and the no98 of Paul Dalla Lana, Mathias Lauda and Pedro Lamy did similarly in GTE Am.

They both needed a dose of luck: AF Corse snatched the Pro lead, but was instantly summoned for a one-minute stop-and-go with only minutes remaining. The no98 car was given an easier run when the Larbre Corvette was inexplicably nudged out of the race by an LMP2. *Jack Phillips*

Dominant Porsche 919s, top, had the pace but not the race. Audi stamina and strategy hoisted Lotterer/Fässler/Tréluyer to victory at Spa



Porsche vs Audi battle continues on the podium as Fässler, Tréluyer and Lotterer celebrate victory

PORSCHE, LAT, ADRENALMEDIA

Nürburgring 24 Hours

IN THE MIDDLE OF A FOREST CLEARING, AN elderly gent is cavorting with an inflatable doll. All around, campers have empty bottles strung to their guy ropes – an alcoholic league table, of sorts. It's riotous but endearing. If this were a British city centre at kicking-out time on a Friday night, you'd likely run a mile. Here, though, drunkenness is strictly amiable. It's a huge social occasion that happens to have a motor race taking place a matter of metres away. And the sound of a Bentley Continental GT3 at full tilt between the trees might just be the best anywhere in sport...

More than 30 years after it last hosted any events of such stature, the Nürburgring Nordschleife returned to the FIA's global roster this summer with a brace of three-lap World Touring Car Championship races (won by Citroën drivers José María López and Yvan Muller) – a nice touch, but very much supporting acts to the 43rd annual 24 Hours.

GPS-monitored speed restrictions were imposed at certain parts of the track for the main event, in response to the death of a spectator at a VLN endurance race in March (when Jann Mardenborough's Nissan became airborne at Pflanzgarten and cleared a debris fence). This posed other potential hazards, Falken Porsche driver Peter Dumbreck pointing out that drivers were concentrating so hard on obeying limits that it might be easy to lose focus on surrounding traffic.

BMW Z4s dominated qualifying and led the race's early stages – a fierce three-way tussle that had more in common with a Formula Ford 10-lapper at Mallory Park – but evening showers increased the customary disruptions and the race distilled to a close battle between Audi, BMW and Porsche, the WRT-run R8 LMS of Christopher Mies, Edward Sandstrom, Laurens Vanthoor and Nico Müller eventually finishing 40.729sec clear of the Team Marc VDS Z4 of Maxime Martin, Lucas Luhr, Richard Westbrook and Markus Pattala. Fourth in 2014, the Falken 911 of Dumbreck, Martin Ragginger, Wolf Henzler and Alex Imperatori completed the podium trio, one lap in arrears.

What's the event's appeal? "It's the challenge," Ragginger said. "At modern circuits we're always being summoned by the stewards to explain why we've crossed kerbs or white lines. Here, we don't cross the white lines..." *Simon Arron*





Another Audi 24-hour triumph – WRT's R8 LMS wrapped up 'Ring by just 40sec





Donington Historic Festival

Double F2 winner Darwin Smith leads namesake Andrew, Marc Piercy and Steve Allen. Below left, Jon Fairley (Brabham BT11) won the second HGPCA race. Rainer Ott (Cooper T53) follows

John Chisholm's FJ Gemini rearranges chicane gravel, below. Bottom, Jaguar Heritage Challenge begins. Below right, Nick Topliss (ERA R4A) harries Paul Griffin's Cooper. Bottom right, Watts and Whyte lead Super Touring field

TO UNDERSTAND THE FULL CONTEXT, YOU probably needed to be present at Donington Park on September 4 2010, when it reopened in the wake of its previous leaseholder's ill-fated attempt to upgrade the venue to Formula 1 standards. At the time it was scarred by bombsite chic, the infield uninhabitable, fences torn down and the whole place apparently on the cusp of condemnation.

But that was then.

Progress has since been steady, much of the venue's bygone lustre has been restored and the fifth Donington Historic Festival symbolised a circuit in rude health, with paddock space at a premium and strong grids for most of the 20 races. It has been said that the event's three days could perhaps be condensed into two, but in essence it feels like two meetings in one: a cosmopolitan cocktail over the weekend with a high-class historic clubbie as a Monday bonus.

Formula 2 cars suited Donington in the late 1970s, when the circuit was surrounded by a few more trees than it is now, and they continue to look the part. Darwin Smith (March 722) scored a brace of wins in the HSCC Historic F2 series – and during qualifying there wasn't much point checking the timing screens: his car's attitude told you all you needed to know. James Hanson (Chevron B42) gave game chase in the opening race, but Smith was ever in control. If the FIA wants to know what to do to create a new F2 series, there were ample clues here...

Longest event of the weekend was the '1000Kms' for World Sports Car Championship racers of 1964-71, actually a two-and-a-half hour enduro on Saturday evening (when it ran into significant darkness, due mainly to poor weather). The Lola T70s' distinctive V8 burble drowned out the whine of incoming flights to East Midlands, but it's a shame there weren't a few more of them. Even so, the contest was finely poised between the Broadley (ie continuation) T70 of Chris Ward/Paul Gibson and the original car of Simon Hadfield/Leo Voyazides. With three laps to go, Voyazides and Gibson clashed at the Craner Curves and the former's car sustained significant damage after hitting the wall. It was still classified second, ahead of the class-winning Andrew Kirkaldy/Martin O'Connell Chevron B8. Kirkaldy managed to stick improbably close to the Lolas during the early stages, but eventually finished three laps adrift.

O'Connell and Kirkaldy (E-type) also won Monday's inaugural Jaguar Heritage Challenge race, which attracted a 29-car field (mostly Es, with a sprinkling of Ds, XKs and tin-tops).

The HGPCA provided a large, combined field of Pre-61 and Pre-66 Grand Prix cars – including ERA R4A, which in Nick Topliss's hands embarrassed some far newer cars – and victories were shared between Peter Horsman (Lotus 18) and Jon Fairley (Brabham BT11) Meanwhile Patrick Watts (Peugeot 406) and Stewart Whyte took an HSCC Super Touring victory apiece, something the 406 never managed in the UK in period. *Simon Arron*









JEFF BLOXHAM, SIMON ARRON

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‘Home team’ Vantage GT4 completed Aston top-five trio in a field varying from LMP3 racers to a Ford Fiesta



Britcar 24 Hours Silverstone



L to r, Aston racers Marek Reichman, Andrew Frankel, Andy Palmer and Alice Powell. Atrocious rain did not spoil success of the event, which is fixed on the calendar until at least 2019

IT WOULD BE HARD FOR AN OBJECTIVE observer to say that the Britcar Dunlop 24 Hours at Silverstone belonged to any other than Aston Martin. Three cars entered, three finished in the top five, with the Beechdean Vantage winning the event outright. It was a powerful advertisement for the speed and reliability of Aston’s venerable GT4 racer, especially in a field including GT3-specification cars from Audi, Ferrari and Porsche, the LMP3 Ginetta and a V8 Radical RXC.

As an entirely unobjective observer who watched parts of the race from the driving seat of the fifth-placed Aston, I was left amazed at the way all three cars ran trouble-free from flag to flag, negotiating the most difficult conditions I’ve experienced in a race car at night to progress from mid-grid qualifying positions to the top end of the table by 4pm on Sunday afternoon.

It was a strange race, and not just for night-time rain so bad it restricted the safety car to lapping below 30mph. The entry was smaller than anyone would have liked, with just 28 taking the start, though precisely half kept going to the end. But there was no shortage of variety, from a superbly driven Ford Fiesta to the gorgeous LMP3 Ginetta crewed by, among others, Sir Chris Hoy and Ginetta boss Laurence Tomlinson. There were impressively quick Seat Leon Touring cars, an old Jaguar XKR GT3 driven by Freddie Hunt, a Chevron GR8 and even a brace of bonkers Australian Ford Focus V8s.

We were there because like Lionel Martin, ‘Bert’ Bertelli and Ulrich Bez, the man he replaced at the helm of Aston Martin last year, new CEO Andy Palmer believes he should know what he’s talking about when asked about the company’s racing exploits. Having never raced before joining Aston, he needed a bit of experience in his team-mates, so drafted in his creative director Marek Reichman (who has done a lot of Aston racing), multiple F3 Cup and Formula Renault winner Alice Powell and me, who had at least finished the race four times before.

Even with Alice at the wheel, our 2007 Aston never got near the times posted by the other two Vantages, but that hardly mattered. What was more important to us was that a team of three middle-aged amateurs and one young hotshot got through the 24 hours, often in conditions at times completely incompatible with racing, without putting a mark on the Aston’s flanks. I came closest, spinning on someone else’s oil at more than 100mph but suffering no more than a heart temporarily relocated to the mouth area.

After its two-year hiatus, organisers say the race is now safely on the calendar until 2019. There is talk, too, of it joining the International Endurance Series that already features events at Dubai, Paul Ricard, Zandvoort, Mugello, Barcelona and Brno. If so I expect its status and popularity to rise steadily, along with the quality and quantity of entries. *Andrew Frankel*



LAT & ASTON MARTIN



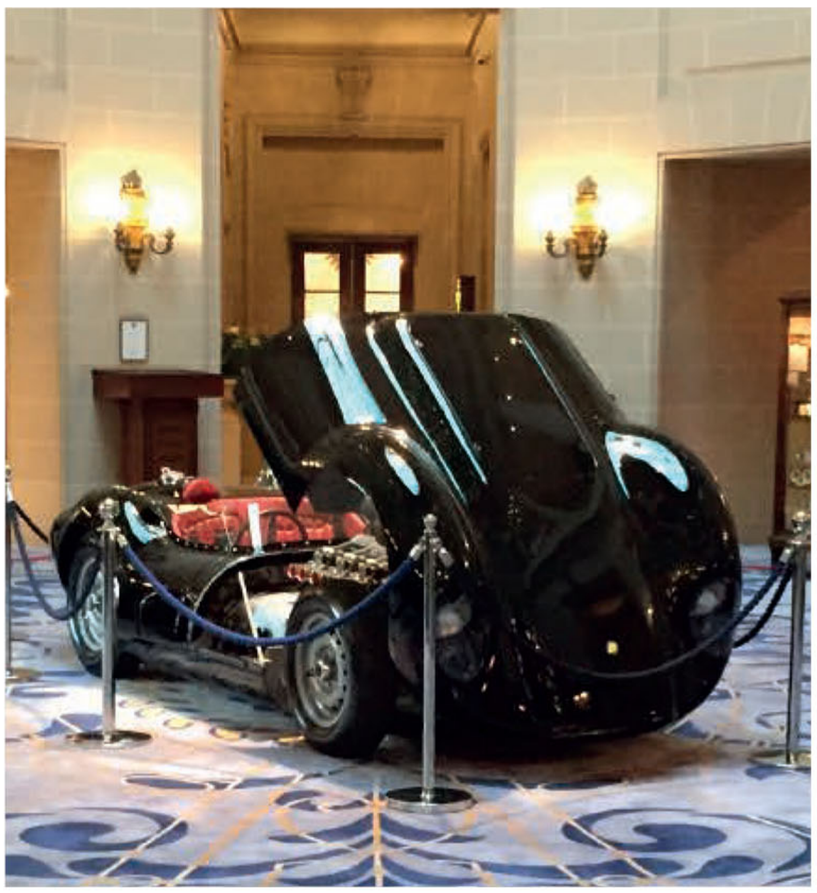


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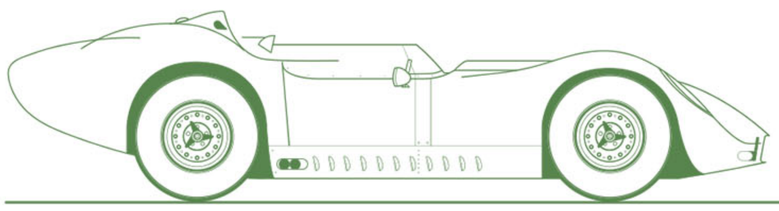
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You can almost hear the green woodpeckers – if it weren't for passing traffic... This is Matt Clarke's Mini

ALL IMAGES SIMON ARRON

TWIN PEEKS AT TWIN PEAKS

Prescott, April 25 & Shelsley Walsh, May 3: Traditional British motor sport touchstones, about 40 miles apart

FAR BEYOND THE CONES that sectioned off parts of central London for the Gallipoli centenary commemorations, The Cotswolds were bathed in mist. Even when grey, though, Prescott still looked magnificent – and a carpet of dandelions, bluebells and buttercups enhanced its appeal. Green woodpeckers were audible and their greater-spotted counterparts visible. It's as much a nature reserve as it is a hillclimb course.

Venue for the concurrent opening rounds of the Avon/TTC MSA British Hill Climb, BMTR Midland Hill Climb and National Hill Climb Association Motorcycle Championships, among other things, it always breeds growing anticipation as you thread along an almost deserted A40, skirt around Cheltenham and head up into the sticks, passing the Gloucestershire Warwickshire Steam Railway en route to parking in a steep, slightly damp field. And there, on the far side of a pleasingly antiquated footbridge, you'll find a wonderfully diverse assembly of cars and bikes, scattered beneath the trees of an orchard in full bloom.

There are worse places to appreciate the engineering muse.

SIMON ARRON

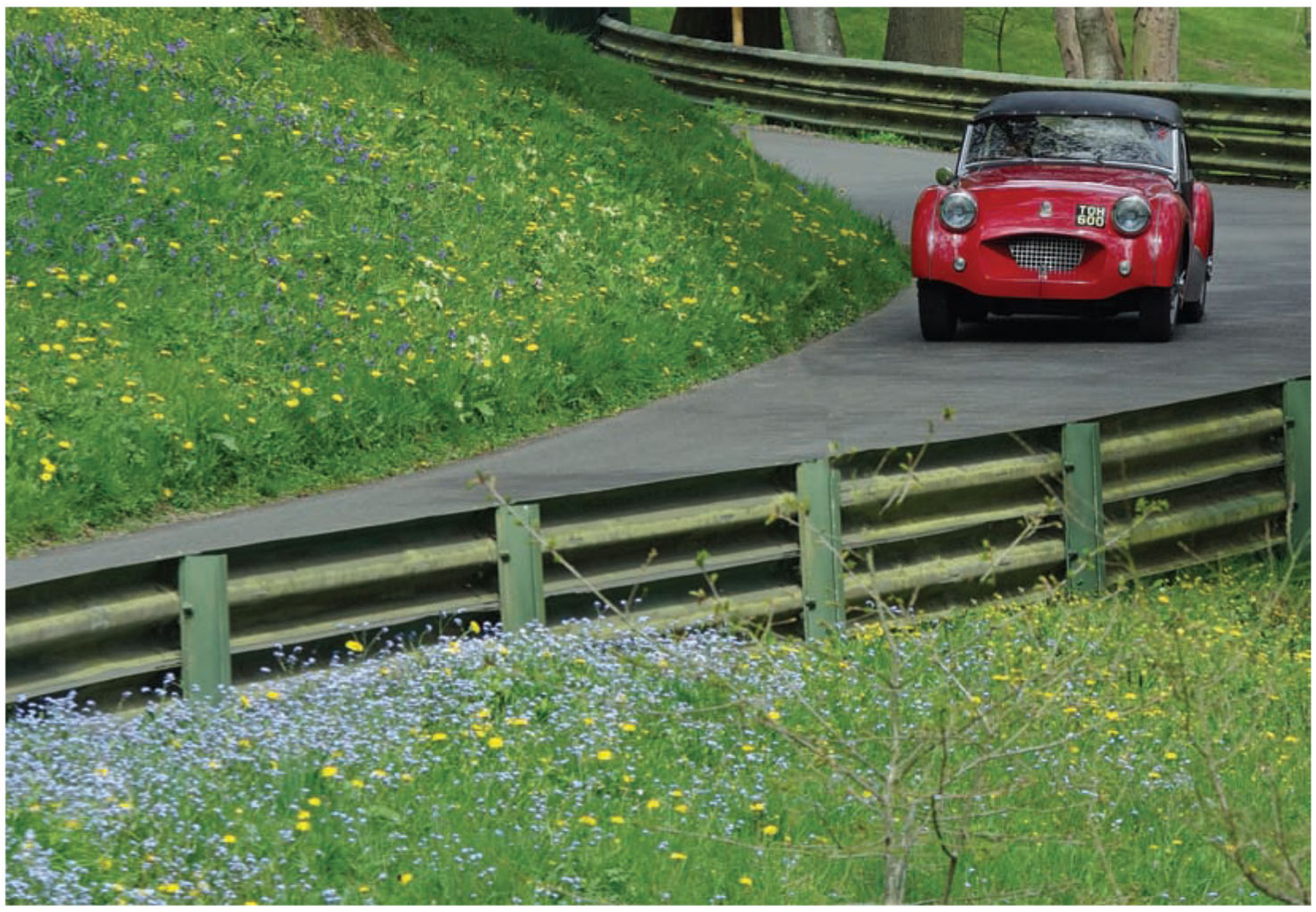
I tend not to consult the programme before a hillclimb begins: it's more fun to stand trackside and wonder what the hell might appear next, but the entry contained everything from antique Velocettes to cutting-edge Goulds with monstrous diffusers via four V8-engined tubular assemblies that were loosely described as "Guernsey sand racers".

Other highlights included George Harding's energetically driven Mitsubishi Lancer – possibly the only vehicle I've seen competing with a tow bar, as I missed the caravan races that were briefly a feature of the UK fixture list circa 1974 – and a PA announcement asking for assistance because a car had become beached on a cattle grid while negotiating the return road to the paddock.

You don't get that at Yas Marina.

Overall, however, the weekend was marred by some competitors' struggles to comply with this season's tighter noise restrictions – a fair few failed – and, more worryingly, an accident that befell local competitor Steve Hemingway, who suffered serious injuries when he crashed his 1985 Pilbeam during the meeting's second day.

Pretty can sometimes be perilous, and I wish him well.



Tony Colgrave's Triumph TR2 framed by Prescott's floral carpet

❖

ONE WEEK ON, THE WEATHER forecast predicted a "91 per cent chance of precipitation" for Shelsley Walsh's season-opener, although the reality was 91 per cent sunshine between occasionally fierce squirts from above. British Championship competitors were otherwise engaged at Craigantlet, but their Midland counterparts were in action… eventually. A fault with the timing system delayed proceedings – a road-going Mazda MX-5 was initially clocked at 150mph through the speed trap, although that was a touch more credible than the 187mph credited to a following Fiat X1/9…

SHORT BUT SWEET

Oulton Park, April 18: Three meetings from the same circuit in two issues? There is method behind such apparent impartiality…

EDGWARE ROAD, WEST LONDON, 4am. To the sound of much tittering, three of Boris Johnson's rental bikes are teetering precariously between traffic and parked cars. It sounds as though beer might be involved and the riders' uncertain technique confirms as much. Oddly, it's a partial foretaste of what lies ahead.

Anyone who has read more than a couple of sentences of my career output might know that I love Oulton Park, where first I watched the sport in the 1960s and which I still tend to regard as my home circuit (even though it lies more than 200 miles from my front door).

There was sound reason for my third day trip in four weekends – a first chance in 20-odd seasons to watch cars in action on the little-used Fosters Circuit, a sawn-off version of the original. It was sometimes derided when it served as the only Oulton layout from 1975 until early 1984, because much of the track's sweeping majesty was felt to have been lost. Its compact nature promotes close racing, however, and Fosters – named after former circuit manager Rex of that ilk – is a spectacular vantage point, with a high-speed, off-camber approach. It takes a precise touch



It's always worth trying an alternative line… Greg Jenkins faces up to Mighty Mini opposition

The glitch was swiftly sorted and texture soon posed a greater challenge than technology, drivers never quite sure how slippery upper parts of the course remained beneath the trees. It began to look sensibly dry during the lunch break, after which a short, sharp cloudburst took us back to square one.

Several drivers were caught out, not least Andrew Lewis: his Lotus 22 squirmed through The Esses before slithering up and onto a grass bank, upon which it was eventually quite neatly parked. The car wasn't damaged and swiftly returned to action – for which a great deal of credit goes to the marshalling team, who managed to tease it back to earth using gentle persuasion rather than a hoist.

I was much taken by Rodney Eyles' Ralt RT3, complete with 2.7-litre V6 rather than the 2.0 in-line four that was a staple in the car's F3 heyday, and John Hewett's Lyncar, the appearance of which has rather changed since I used to see one in John Nicholson's hands on what seemed to be a fortnightly basis, when the UK had two well-supported Formula Atlantic championships.

Little did I imagine that I might still be watching such a car 40 years later.



Simon Moyse (Gould) at Shelsley in spring – scenic splendour. Below, revised Ralt RT3 of Rodney Eyles (l) and John Hewett's Lyncar







to get a car settled and turned, all the more so because there's a fair chance that someone else will be lunging to your inside. Things can look rather less controlled than a drunk on a Boris Bike...

The corner's frantic nature was soon missed when the longer circuit reopened, as popular a development as that was, although it is still pressed into service a couple of times per annum. The most recent meeting complemented its 1.66 miles perfectly – 12 races, two apiece for the Toyo Tyres Porsche Championship, Ford XR Challenge (yes, there's still ample life in second-generation XR2s, now about 30 years old), Mighty Minis and Super Mighty Minis, plus four for proper Formula Ford cars (divided into two groups, pre-90 and post-89). A pity that FF1600 old hands John Village and Andy Middlehurst were missing: they'd been scheduled to return to their roots in Crosslé 25F and Mygale GC15K respectively, but engine problems sidelined both during a test session the previous day.

My stint commenced at Lodge Corner, as is customary, and I worked my way gradually towards Druids before ambling down Clay Hill, past Knickerbrook and on to the crowning glory of Fosters, where the first things I spotted were some brake smoke and an XR2 smacking over the inside kerb. Just as it always was, then.

Action from Fosters: Greg Jenkins and Peter Bonas explore the kerbs (left); Ralph Fernihough and Mark Upton attack them (right); Ian Ellis and Stephen Bracegirdle attack each other...

The shorter lap length and glorious weather helped, but everything ran very slickly – to the extent that marshals were able to enjoy the rarity of a decent lunch break (although those between Fosters and Knickerbrook had their sandwiches interrupted by a Porsche 924, which broke down during three out-of-session acclimatisation laps behind a pace car).

Collectively, the racing was close and engaging throughout – one of the most consistently entertaining meetings I've attended in some time. The only thing missing – from my perspective, at least – was a conveniently located ice cream van.

Fosters really should be used more often. M







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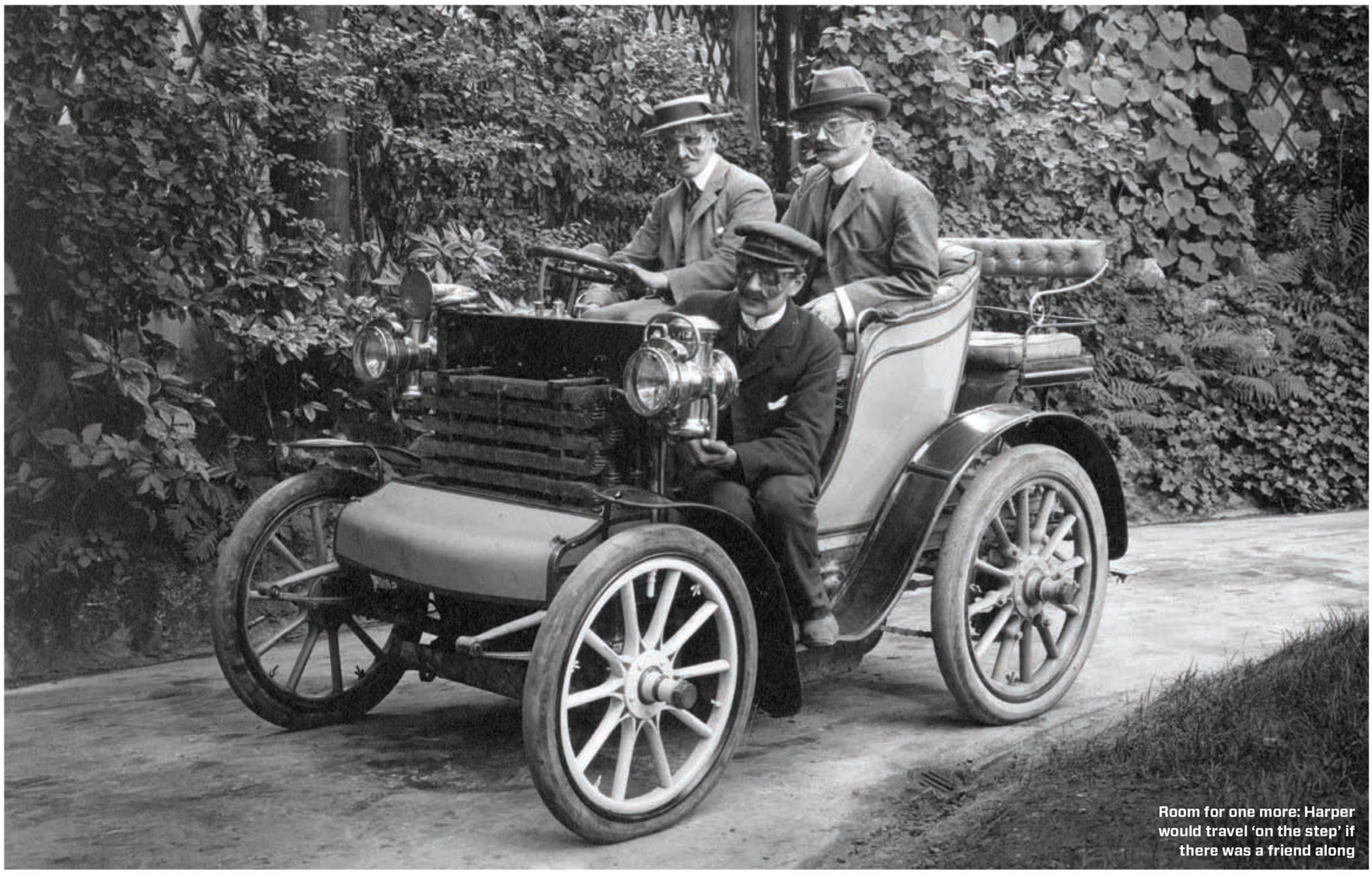
HISTORIC SCENE WITH

GORDON CRUICKSHANK



One wheel in the past: searching out what's new in the old car world

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Room for one more: Harper would travel 'on the step' if there was a friend along

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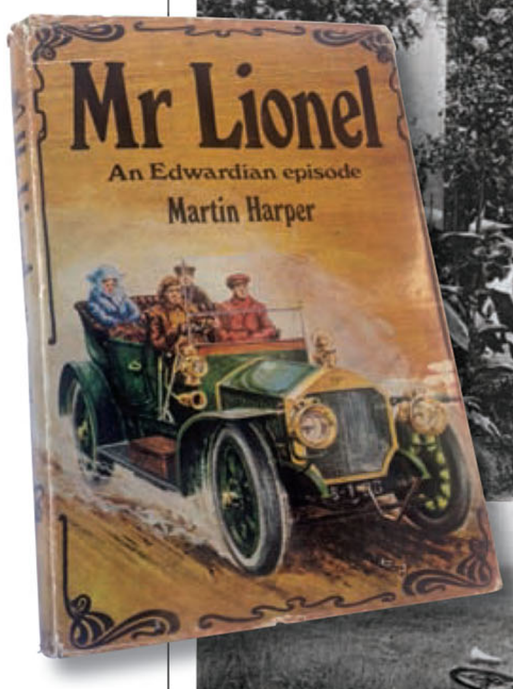
WHEN I PLAN A CAR trip abroad I book breakdown cover and throw in some spare bulbs. But imagine a spares list that begins: '4 connecting rods, 8 valves, 1 clutch…' That was the reality of continental touring in pioneer days, when meeting another motor was about as likely as encountering a coach and four today.

In 1903 a young and eager garage mechanic in Cambridge found himself being questioned by a customer on his engineering skills, and shortly afterwards it was he who was packing that daunting range of spares, because that customer was Lionel Rothschild and he needed a *mechanicien* to accompany him on tours abroad.

I discovered this from an enjoyable book a car friend gave me: *Mr Lionel – An Edwardian Episode*, in which that lucky mechanic, Martin Harper, describes their motoring adventures together until WWI got in the way. A super-keen motorist and a founder of the RAC, Lionel could afford the best cars and from a puttering 10/12 New Orleans soon ran to 40 and 60hp

Mercedes, Napiers, Wolseleys and Siddeleys. A petrol evangelist, he was determined to prove the car was serious transport, taking the Orleans to the shooting in Scotland, racing trains to the South of France and challenging his cousin's matching Mercedes 60 in a race from Paris to Monte Carlo. This at a time when Harper says encouragingly that you could buy tins of petrol "in *most* towns in France", adding that "to arrive at all was not a foregone conclusion".

Harper was his faithful companion in all this, and far from 'upstairs, downstairs' they seem more like a couple of cheerful conspirators, even trying to max out a Mercedes up the Champs-Elysées. In their twenties when they met, Harper says they had a particularly friendly relationship, sharing the driving, eating together, visiting a casino and staying at the same hotels – though doubtless the master had a suite and Harper an attic room. He seems to be less a chauffeur – the family had several of those – and more of a travelling mechanical wizard, going on to crew 'the Owner's' twin Napier-powered racing speedboat, run the domestic electric plant and even set up temporary electric lights in the mess tent when the master is training with the Yeomanry.



Lionel was also on the board of Wolseley and undertook demanding road tests for them, with Harper alongside. On one trip they took two cars to wild and untamed Corsica, where they outran some brigands and where Harper accidentally foils a murderous vendetta by smuggling a waiter from a hotel. On another they explored Spain, clambering through cloying mud and holes deep enough to ground the rear axle. At one point Harper says it took him three days to strip and clean the car, while roads in and out of Granada were so bad that they gave up and put the cars on a train. Train transport figures a lot in the book and it was Harper's duty to arrange this – in one place he says casually that they put the Wolseley 45 on a train at Charing Cross and "consigned it to Innsbruck", where he and the family entourage including Bloxham the butler – you can't travel without your butler – proceed by sleeper.

As well as getting a vivid picture of how gruelling motoring could be in pioneer times, it's nice to know that Harper was often left to his own devices abroad, driving solo Marseilles to London, exploring the Alhambra and Prado and, when the family even take a Napier 65 to Algeria – brave stuff in 1910 – he had his own adventures in the bazaars, including befriending an Arab with a Lancashire accent. Later on Mr Lionel telegraphs to London for new wheels and Harper waits in a small town on the edge of the Sahara until they arrive – complete with bowler-hatted Napier mechanic. Quite an experience for a country lad brought up in Edwardian times in a little Hertfordshire village.

In some ways the fortunate employee reckons he had more freedom than 'the Owner', hugely wealthy, well known and always at risk of kidnap, whom Harper reflects "seemed at times to regard me with almost exasperated envy". On the other hand, after falling asleep and crashing the Mercedes during an overnight race with a French express train, an apologetic Lionel could travel on by rail while Harper picked up the pieces and sent them back to London.

One of Lionel's frustrations was being forbidden by his father to race his cars;

Top: Mr Lionel with the New Orleans outside Gunnersbury House. Above, Harper does his duty as 'the Owner' wields the camera

the closest he can get was as the entrant of a 15.6-litre Siddeley-Wolseley in the 1905 Gordon Bennett eliminating trials in the Isle of Man, although a collapsed wheel clobbered their chances. Later he and Harper were regular visitors to Brooklands during construction, more than once driving the Track before its opening, while of course the Aston Clinton hillclimb was on one of the Rothschild estates and they were regular attendees. Lionel wasn't the only Rothschild with a car passion: his cousin Henri sponsored racing as early as 1901, his brother Anton commissioned a lavish pair of Fernandez & Darrin Hispano-Suizas, while Victor, Lord Rothschild bought a Bugatti 57SC from the factory and of course Amschel Rothschild was an avid historic racer during the 1980s.

Written in 1962 though only published in 1970, *Mr Lionel* doesn't explain what Martin Harper went on to do once the Kaiser war ended his petrol-powered period with 'the Owner', but those years give every impression of being a halcyon time for him, despite the punctures, the roadside rebuilds and the all-enveloping dust. I've just driven out of pouring rain through the electric roller door into my dry garage in a warm, water-tight, automatic-wipered car and can't help but think of the chilled fortitude of Harper and his charges, rugged up to the chin, as they battle through a Corsican thunderstorm in their roofless, screenless Napier.

On the other hand, his description of an 80mph overnight blast along the empty poplar-lined roads of Northern France, the rising sun flashing though the trees, makes one yearn for other times. Especially as today those velocities have become an offence.

VINTAGE PREMIERE

Curtain-raising start to the VSCC season

HEARTENING TO SEE A DECENT crowd at Silverstone for the VSCC's Spring Start meeting in April, with plenty of interesting metal both in paddock and car park. I was especially looking forward to the new *Premier Cru* event, but with the Grist family Alfa Romeo Tipo B phoning in sick with a split fuel tank a day or two beforehand and some others racing elsewhere, the field was a little thin.

Not in quality, though, Sean Danaher bringing both 6CM and 8CM Maseratis to challenge the ERAs, Talbots and Bugattis. Sadly Calum Lockie in the 6CM spun and collected James Baxter in R4D early on, but Danaher in the eight-cylinder had a great debate with Terry Crabb's ERA over second, finally giving him best, though it was Nick Topliss in R4A who led right through.

I must have put the evil eye on Julian Grimwade by writing about him in last month's issue, as his practice session in the Norris was cut short by of all things an exploding battery, sending him to the back of the grid for the Pat Lindsay race (won by Duncan Ricketts' Alta). Still, it gave him a chance to show me his racing talisman, sitting in a neat metal bracket in the cockpit – a small block of wood, neatly labelled "A small block of wood..."

Meanwhile, scouting the paddock for interesting tow vehicles, I came across the coolest pairing courtesy of Mike Preston, who hauled his Type 35B Bugatti to Silverstone behind his Type 50.



JEFF BLOXHAM

Premier Cru highlight – Sean Danaher(8CM Maserati) chases Terry Crabb in R12C

NEW BICESTER FESTIVAL

Motoring village opens up to air and auto displays

VISITED BICESTER HERITAGE YET? IF NOT, THEN SET YOUR DIARY for June 20-21 and Flywheel, a new motoring and aviation festival at the preserved WWII bomber base where many automotive specialists have settled. Having an airfield attached allows displays of classic aircraft and gliders, as well as air action from 10 WWI dog-fighters at once, Tiger Moths and a flypast of the sole surviving Bristol Blenheim. Historic road, racing and sports cars and military vehicles will parade on the perimeter track, there will be club displays, a vintage trade fair and live music. For tickets see: www.flywheelfestival.com

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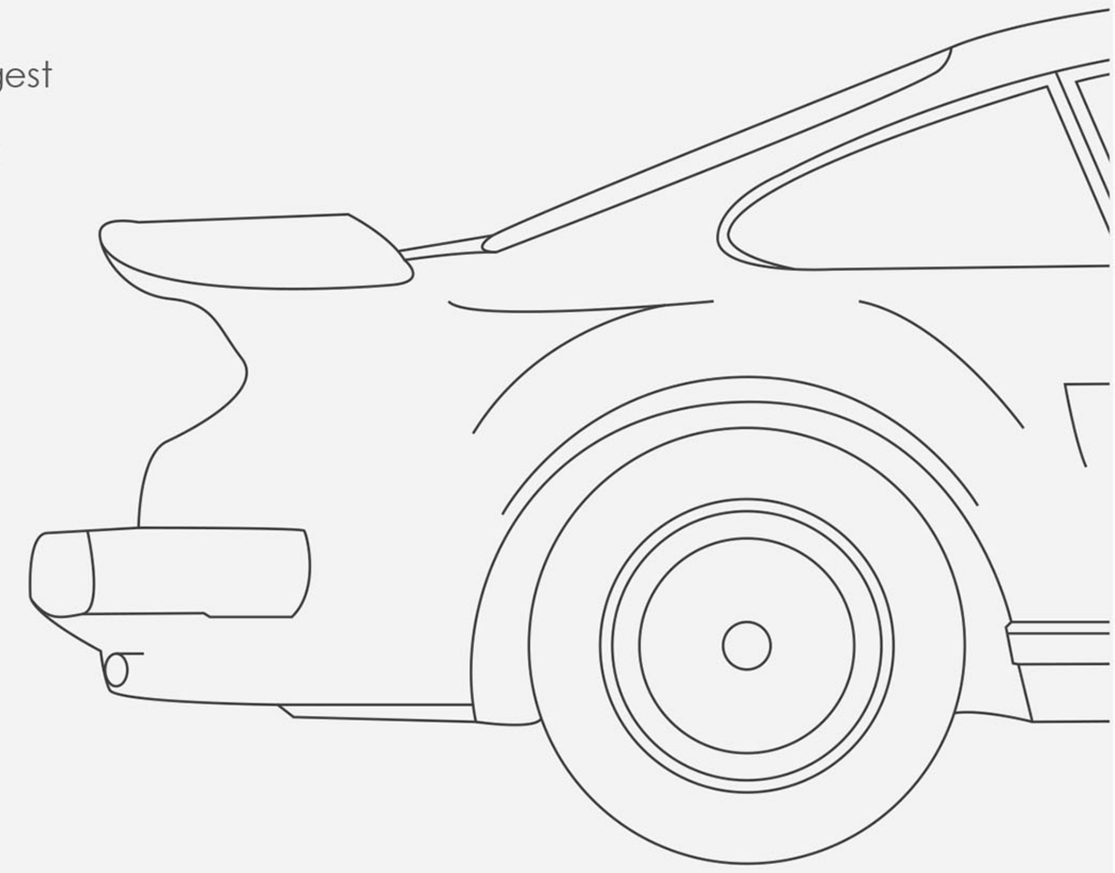
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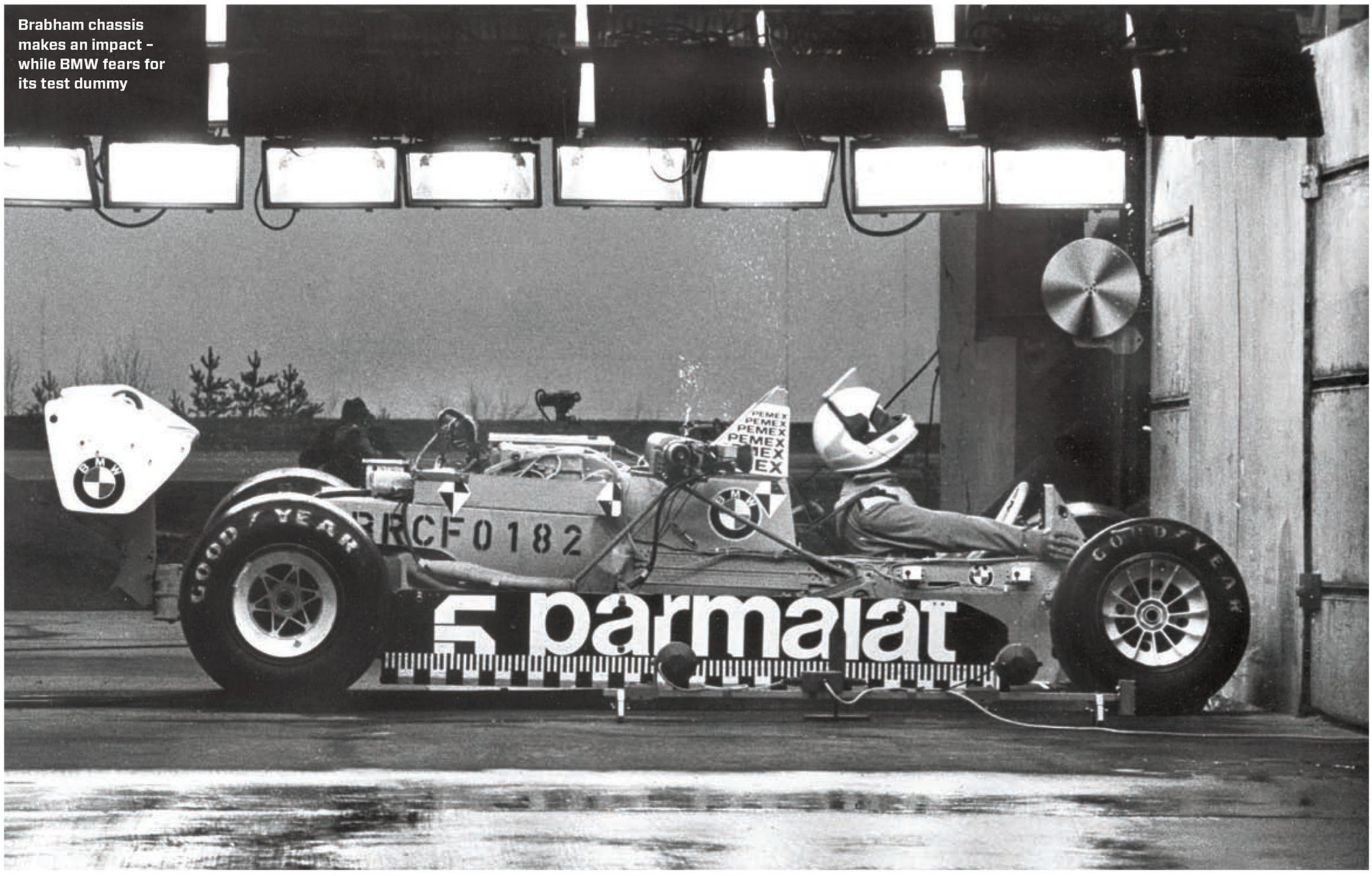
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FROM THE ARCHIVES WITH

DOUG NYE



Our eminent historian dips into the past to uncover the fascinating, quirky and curious



Brabham chassis makes an impact – while BMW fears for its test dummy

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CRASH TESTS FOR DUMMIES

Before it was in the rules, Gordon Murray persuaded Bernie to sacrifice a whole car...

ONE MIGHT ARGUE THAT 'crash testing' has always been a lesson from which racing car designers have learned. Through many decades they would gloomily study the mangled mess just craned out of the woods, usually focused more upon what might have broken to cause it all, than upon what measures might minimise the heroic pilot's injuries in such an event.

Today motor industry/legislative-style crash testing is written into major-league motor racing regulations. Of course, this wasn't always the case.

Contemporary Brabham designer Gordon Murray recalled how, at the turn of the 1970s/1980s: "Carbon materials promised to be something special – a material half the weight of aluminium but four times stiffer. I thought if we could make a monocoque that light and even stiffer we'd be in pretty good shape – so I approached Advanced Composites to make us an experimental carbon panel for a racing car."

He chose the important section through the scuttle area of a BT48 – extending from the forward cockpit lip to the nose. "When the experimental carbon piece arrived we found it really

was exactly as advertised – unbelievably stiff and light. Subsequently we began making more of the monocoque in carbon until only the external side skins remained in aluminium. And that was because very early on we had seen an extremely poor reaction by that top-front carbon panel in a relatively low-speed accident at Monaco; it simply shattered.

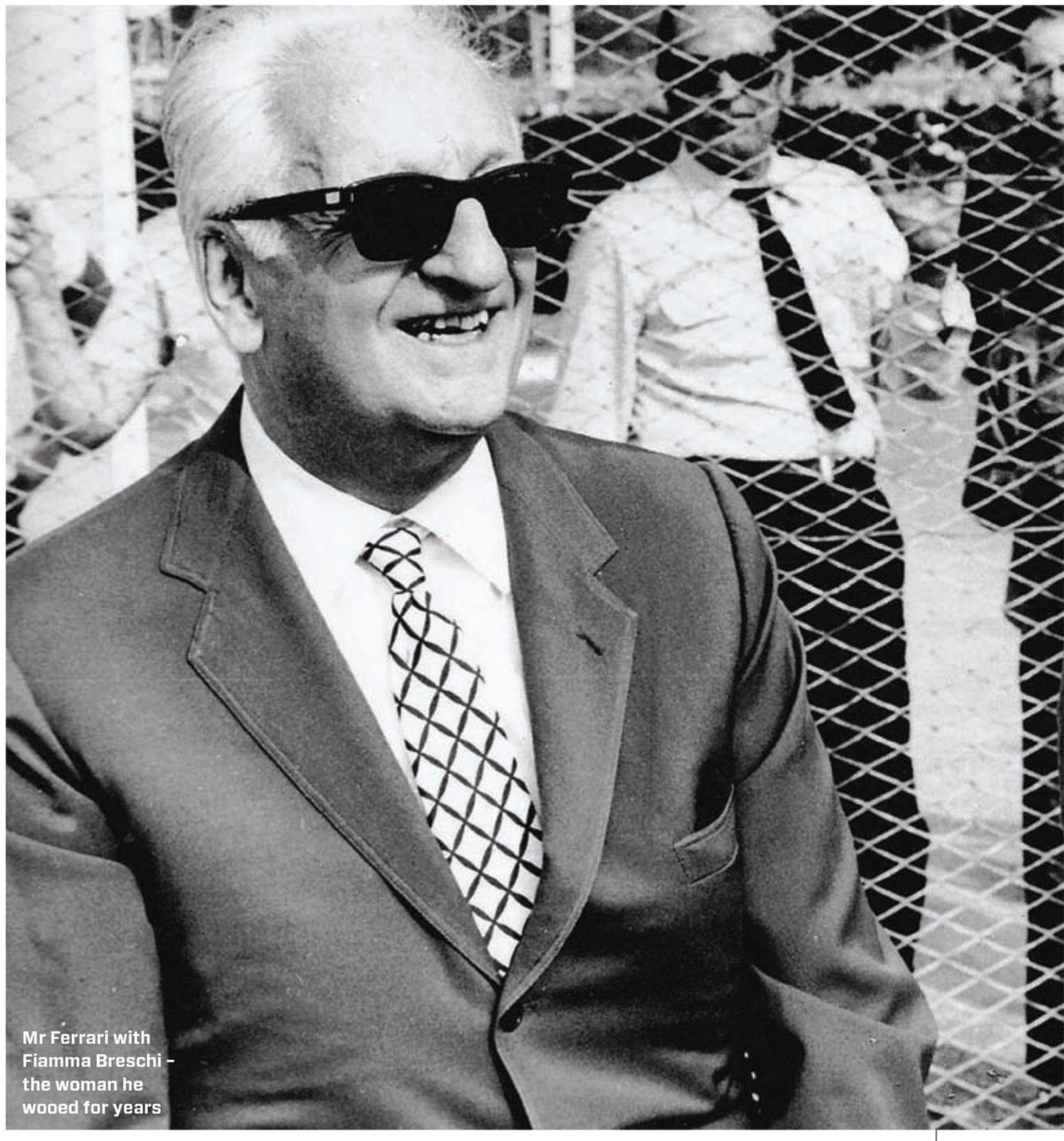
"I subsequently talked Bernie…" [team owner Ecclestone] "…into sacrificing a car to study just what would happen to its carbon panels in a more severe impact. We block-tested one BT48 (or 49) – a real, raceworthy car – at the BMW test centre, with its tanks full of water and a dummy driver in place – and its carbon structure behaved very badly indeed, although in general the aluminium panels absorbed so much impact energy the damage wasn't too bad. It surprised the BMW people, who had really feared for their dummy…"

Late in trusting the new material, Gordon went on to develop a structural carbon roll-over bar for his 1984-85 Brabham BT53/54s, and eventually the 1986 BT55 dispensed with aluminium side skins and became his first all-carbon car. When I was a consultant to McLaren Cars from 1987 and they were developing the three-seat F1 road car under Gordon, I remember the day of the project's mandatory crash test. Gordon was so confident that their F1 carbon tub would emerge intact that he wanted to be strapped into it in place of the MIRA test dummy. He might have been relieved when the testing authority predictably said "No", but equally he was able to say "I told you so" when the car survived the test square, straight and true, and it would have remained driveable. I doubt that even Bernie could regret the sacrifice of that F1 tub.



LAT

Designer Gordon Murray with the Brabham BT55 – his first full carbon chassis



Mr Ferrari with Fiamma Breschi – the woman he wooed for years

ENZO FERRARI – ALPHA MALE

The *Commendatore* could be ruthless – in love as well as business

AFTER ASCARI'S DEATH IN A MONZA testing accident, only four days after he had plunged into Monte Carlo harbour in his Formula 1 Lancia (see April's issue) two young Italians were left to emerge as Italy's *numero uno* drivers. They were Eugenio Castellotti and Luigi Musso. They became both rivals and Ferrari team-mates, until poor Castellotti died in a testing crash on the Modena *Aerautodromo*, in March 1957, and Musso in a race crash during the 1958 French Grand Prix, at Reims-Gueux.

Musso was a well-heeled and rather haughty Roman, the son of an Italian diplomat – serious minded and the butt of endless mickey-taking from his English team-mates, Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins. He began a relationship with a ravishing Italian girl named Fiamma Breschi, who later claimed in an Italian TV documentary, *The Secret Life of Enzo Ferrari*, that while Hawthorn and Collins shared their winnings equally, whichever might do better, Musso was excluded, which drove them all to race ferociously against one another. Musso was also deep in debt – being pursued by his estranged wife was just one of his problems – and Fiamma understandably sided with her man against the English boys. When he was killed at Reims and she returned to the team hotel from hospital she found them "in the square outside, laughing and playing a game of football with an empty beer-can". She developed a deep detestation for them both, and within seven months they had also died behind the wheel. To her that was kismet indeed…

Mr Ferrari had been deeply smitten by Fiamma Breschi's beauty and personality, and became particularly attentive to her after Musso's death. Ultimately he would pursue and care for her, eventually buying her an apartment in Florence, with another adjacent for her mum.

After the celebrated 1961 'palace revolution' at Maranello, in which a group of Ferrari's leading team executives attempted to present Mr Ferrari with an ultimatum – "Get your wife off our backs at races or we'll all resign" – the coup had become, for them, calamity, as 'The Old Man' promptly fired them all. Despite describing his out-of-control, often interfering wife Laura as "a spinning top", he preferred a way forward that would generate less earache…

So chief engineer Carlo Chiti, development



engineer Giotto Bizzarini, team manager Romolo Tavoni, sales manager Girolamo Gardini and others left Ferrari – and fell in with the young Count Giovanni Volpi, industrialist Giorgio Billi and financial donor Jaime Ortiz-Patino to set-up Automobili Turismo e Sport – ATS, for 1963.

ATS was to produce both Formula 1 and GT cars, and Chiti began the colossal job of designing both cars and an elaborate brand-new factory complex to produce them. Ex-Ferrari drivers Phil Hill and Giancarlo Baghetti were signed as the new F1 team's drivers, but Phil recalled the experience as "so traumatically disappointing my mind blanks out many memories of my time there".

He did, however, recall that while the factory was being built, he would go with Chiti and other team members for breakfast in a local farmhouse, with chickens and pigs free in the yard outside. There was also a small restaurant a little farther down the road where "...on some Thursdays, Mr Ferrari would come in with Fiamma" – with whom he had become absolutely obsessed "for lunch. She would nod 'Hello', while he'd just absolutely ignore our existence..."`

But Phil, Chiti and the other ex-Ferrari guys knew what The Old Man intended. His message was double-barrelled. More or less, "I've got my eye on you" coupled with "And look what I can still pull..." Enzo Ferrari, Alpha Male.

ALBERTO – PLEASE DON'T GIVE UP!

The fates seemed to be utterly against Ascari in the greatest road race – but they relented...

STUDYING A SIMPLY FANTASTIC private memorabilia collection, I was intrigued to see Alberto Ascari's black leather jacket as worn during his winning Lancia drive in the 1954 Mille Miglia.

In February that year, Lancia Corse's management had decided to build four completely new D24 V6 cars for the Mille Miglia. These were configured with an oil cooler in one wing, an oil tank in the tail and would be set up with extra ground clearance for the rough Appenine roads. The team's four pre-existing D24s were used in Mille Miglia practice, before works drivers Piero Taruffi, Alberto Ascari, Eugenio Castellotti and Gino Valenzano were issued with the four new team D24s for final preparations at Brescia.

The superstitious Alberto Ascari was not a Mille Miglia fan, having had little but bad luck in it. The works Lancia Corse team was based at Iseo, just outside Brescia, and on their first morning's drive into the city Ascari's brand-new car instantly failed. An over-excited filling station attendant had inadvertently topped its oil tank with petrol. The system had to be thoroughly flushed and the new engine anxiously inspected. After trying the refilled D24, Ascari remained unhappy and insisted that team manager Attilio Pasquarelli should allow him to drive the team spare instead. This was Fangio's 1953 Carrera PanAmericana-winning car that had begun life as chassis serial '0004' but had then been restamped '0002'. (Still with me?)

However, the team engineers felt confident that the specially tuned new V6 engine of Ascari's rejected car '0006' remained perfectly healthy and race-ready. It was in high-torque tune, painstakingly tailored to the 1000-mile race's unique demands. Some years ago, Lancia authority and great D24/D50 replicator Guido Rosani found that in secrecy the team engineers overnight transferred the engine, gearbox and other components from rejected chassis '0006' to '0002/0004' for Ascari's use. The engine and gearbox numbers were restamped to match the frame and the scrutineers' lead seals tenderly swapped from one car to the other.

Still Ascari's tough luck intruded. On a test run in '0002/0004' he was hit by a truck. The replacement car's dented tail and oil tank were quickly repaired and it was rushed to the Mille Miglia startline just in time. Ascari must have been wound up tighter than a nine-day watch. As far as he was concerned, he was driving a hurriedly patched up car with an elderly unknown-quantity engine and driveline. The engineers' secret had not been shared with him, for he considered the mislubricated engine suspect and would not have accepted it.

The race was rain-swept. Farina crashed his big Ferrari 375-Plus soon after the start while Taruffi for Lancia and Maglioli for Ferrari disputed the lead. Ascari in Lancia number '602' lay third on the road and at Pescara Taruffi led from Castellotti and Ferrari's double world champion. Castellotti's D24 transmission then failed and Taruffi had to retire at Florence. Ascari was left leading but his car's throttle was sticking after a return spring broke and he replaced it with a rubber band. Oil pressure was also fluctuating, the tank having split, and he convinced himself he'd never finish.

In Florence Ascari told the control officials he would retire, but the Ferrari 375-Plus challenge had now fizzled out, so they urged him to see if could reach the Lancia service depot in Bologna. He made it, and there the throttle was repaired and the split tank resealed. Ascari then simply sailed past Mantua to win in Brescia, fully 34 minutes ahead of second-placed Vittorio Marzotto's Ferrari 500 Mondial. Lewis Hamilton's mantra "Never give up" didn't come easily to Alberto Ascari – but when all was going well, he could be uncatchable. Ⓜ



Winning wear: the jacket Ascari wore during his unexpected Mille Miglia victory



PARTING SHOT



MAY 22

2005

MONTE CARLO, MONACO

Winner Kimi Räikkönen leads Renault drivers Fernando Alonso, Giancarlo Fisichella and the rest towards Portier on the opening lap of the Monaco GP. Nick Heidfeld and Mark Webber completed the podium for Williams. The Renaults faded along with their tyres, but Alonso still salvaged fourth. Fisichella? He slumped to 12th.

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