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EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW | SÉBASTIEN LOEB



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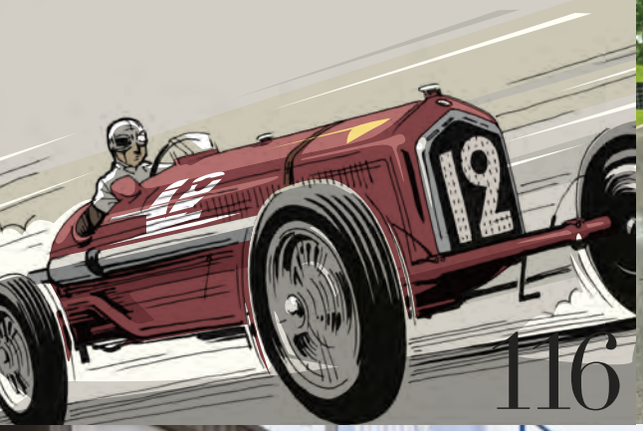
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CONTENTS

VOLUME 89 / NUMBER 9

FEATURES

50 REFLECTIONS WITH NIGEL ROEBUCK

59 HUNT VS LAUDA

60 THE McLAREN VIEW
Former team manager Alastair Caldwell on 1976

66 IN THEIR OWN WORDS
What Hunt and Lauda told Nigel Roebuck

72 LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION
Adam Cooper spent time on set with the *Rush* crew

77 INSIGHT INTO HOLLYWOOD
Ed Foster met key *Rush* personnel at Crystal Palace

78 A NEW PERSPECTIVE
Niki Lauda speaks about his reaction to *Rush*

80 OUR MAN IN THE MOVIE
Simon Taylor on his unique *Rush* cameo

82 FAMILY VIEWING
Rob Widdows watches *Rush* with the Hunt clan

86 LUNCH WITH... TYLER ALEXANDER

98 IRVINE LAIDLAW'S STAR CARS TESTED

108 INTERVIEW: SÉBASTIEN LOEB

116 RACING LIVES: LOUIS CHIRON

118 ROY JAMES REMEMBERED

124 LE MANS LEGENDS: DIARY OF AN MGB

REGULARS

11 MATTERS OF MOMENT
14 MONTH IN PICTURES
20 FORMULA 1 NEWS
21 TECHNOFILE
22 INTERNATIONAL NEWS
23 GORDON KIRBY
24 BOOK REVIEWS
25 WEB SPIN
26 MAT OXLEY & PRODUCTS
28 HISTORIC NEWS
29 ROB WIDDOWS
30 CLASSIC CARS
31 AUCTIONS
32 ROAD CAR NEWS
34 ROAD TESTS
42 LETTERS
46 YOU WERE THERE
129 EVENTS OF THE MONTH
137 SIMON ARRON
141 ED FOSTER
145 GORDON CRUICKSHANK
149 DOUG NYE
152 PARTING SHOT
154 SUBSCRIPTIONS

FORMULA 1 MIGHT BE AS lost without Bernie Ecclestone as it would without Ferrari, but it's a reality the sport has to face – and perhaps sooner than the former second-hand car salesman would like.

The confirmation that German prosecutors have indicted Ecclestone on a charge of bribery should, by any other measure, already have made his position untenable. But this is F1. CVC Capital Partners, the private equity group that is the majority shareholder of F1's commercial rights and by whom Ecclestone is employed, doesn't have the expertise to run what it owns. It needs the unique knowledge of its chief executive if it is to continue creaming from the top of its significant investment.

CVC has admitted, "The Board of Formula One Group (Delta Topco Ltd)… will continue to monitor developments" in the case. Its tacit support for Ecclestone remains, but the door for Bernie to leave the building is now ajar.



DAMIEN SMITH
EDITOR



Ecclestone faces a charge of bribing jailed German banker Gerhard Gribkowsky to the tune of $44m (£28m) during the sale of family shares in F1 to CVC in 2006. He has already admitted making payments, but claims he was being blackmailed over false UK tax allegations. Rather than face the difficulties of an Inland Revenue inquiry, he says it was easier to pay off the banker. Ecclestone could face prison, if found guilty.

But the more pertinent point for F1 is who will take over the reins of a sport that, in terms of all-important global TV viewership figures, is second only to football. Even if Ecclestone is cleared, he'll be 83 in October. The burning question grows hotter by the week.

We continue to be amazed that a business of F1's size can float along without an obvious succession plan. Speaking of floats, CVC's already-postponed stock exchange ambitions will have to go on hold until the case is resolved. Above that, the teams still have no influence over their own destinies. The saga of the long-delayed new Concorde Agreement continues with no apparent end in sight. Without a binding document of governance, the constructors – including three of the world's leading car manufacturers – remain powerless over a sport in which they make by far the most significant contribution. That, of course, suits Ecclestone very well.

The consensus in F1 is that Bernie is irreplaceable and, whenever he does go, F1 could find itself run by committee. There might be a frontman, a captain of industry rather than a motor sport insider, but he or she won't carry the power and influence of a man who has personally negotiated and signed every major deal in F1 for more than 30 years.

As IndyCar found to its terrible cost in the US, motor racing run by committee tends to be a disaster. So, better the devil you know than no devil at all? In the short term, very possibly. Privately, one team boss admits he's never known F1 to be in such an anarchic state as it is right now – a remarkable statement given the turmoil during the final stages of Max Mosley's reign as FIA president.

At the outcome of this court case, perhaps CVC will take the opportunity to cash in its chips and sell its remaining shares – but probably only to another financial group more interested in revenue than the sport's welfare. In an ideal world, it could be time for the teams to claw back some influence. If together they could gain some leverage, a democratically elected leader, serving the sport with no financial stake and on a fixed term, would surely protect their interests and those of Grand Prix racing so much better.

But the failure of the Formula One Teams Association, a body that held genuine influence before Red Bull and Ferrari withdrew, is definitive proof that in-fighting and self-interest will always scupper genuine cooperation between these competing entities. The teams cannot be relied upon to lead F1 with a single voice.

So who can? Certainly not the FIA, which – lest we forget – sold off the commercial rights to Ecclestone for 100 years and for a fraction of what they were worth back in 2000, thus starting this sorry state of affairs. As Jean Todt would remind us, he's at the head of a regulatory body that has no remit for commercial responsibilities. Not his problem, apparently. What a disappointing president he is turning out to be.

So… the teams are facing the economic burden of the biggest rules shake-up in F1 history with the advent of the new turbo powertrains, and find themselves in the hands of faceless

READER SURVEY

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financial institutions that have anything but their best interests at heart.

When you step back and think about it, the situation is desperate.

❖

WHAT A MONTH IT'S BEEN. THE 90th anniversary Le Mans 24 Hours kept us gripped, as promised, but was overshadowed by tragedy. We pay tribute to Aston Martin GT driver Allan Simonsen on page 22. Then, as Nigel Roebuck discusses on page 50, F1 'dodged a bullet' at the British Grand Prix with exploding Pirellis that threatened to halt the race. Aside from the alarming tyre failures, it was good to see the old airfield track bathed in sunshine on race day after the debacle of 2012. When the weather plays ball during the British GP, Silverstone is a fine place to be. If it rains, watch on TV!

The 20th anniversary Goodwood Festival of Speed was as good as any we can remember, the highlight for *Motor Sport* being the special podcast recording in the drivers' club. You don't often hear Nelson Piquet and Emerson Fittipaldi interviewed together, but you can if you log on to our website.

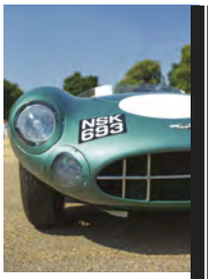
While you're there, I'd like to invite you to take part in a reader survey. Last summer we invited *Motor Sport* readers to tell us what they think about every aspect of the magazine, and the findings were invaluable as we began to plan the changes we've introduced this year. Now you can tell us directly what you think of them! I can assure you, we'll read every response. And for an added incentive, those who take part will be entered into a draw to win a pair of tickets to our summer barbeque with Sir Stirling Moss. For more details on the event at the Hurlingham Club, turn to page 120.






CONTRIBUTORS

Duke Ellington aficionado **Mike Doodson** has been covering Formula 1 since the world was a more informal place. He once had to knock on the door of a soon-to-depart aeroplane to be allowed on board. The cabin crew opened it, too. **Adam Cooper's** passion for the sport is no secret, but his interest in music and film is extensive, too. When he received the offer of an advisory role on the Hunt/Lauda movie *Rush*, he didn't need asking twice. **Anthony Peacock** has worked in both F1 and the World Rally Championship in recent years – and in the latter role has got to know Sébastien Loeb better than most. It shows, as you'll find out on page 108. And, yes, **Andrew Frankel's** mush appears here yet again. It's hardly a surprise, when people keep offering him beautiful cars to drive…



IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

Green century: 100 years of Aston Martin

ON SALE AUGUST 30

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See page 154 for more details

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Incorporating Speed and The Brooklands Gazette
Founder Editor Bill Boddy MBE

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Motor Sport Magazine Limited, Unit 38 Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Road, London, SW10 0QJ, UK. Motor Sport subscriptions: Unit 38 Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Road, London, SW10 0QJ, UK. Subscription rates (12 issues): UK £49.99; USA $85; rest of world £64. Postage is included. Motor Sport (ISSN No: 0027-2019) is published monthly by Motor Sport Magazine, GBR, and is distributed in the USA by SPP, 17B S Middlesex Ave, Monroe NJ 08831. Periodicals postage paid at New Brunswick, NJ. POSTMASTER: send address changes to Motor Sport, 17B S Middlesex Ave, Monroe NJ 08831. UK and rest of world address changes should be sent to Unit 38 Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Road, London, SW10 0QJ, UK, or by e-mail to subscriptions@motorsportmagazine.co.uk. Subscription enquiries: subscriptions@motorsportmagazine.co.uk. Subscription orders: www.motorsportmagazine.com. Distribution: Marketforce, Blue Fin Building, 110 Southwark Street, London SE1 0SU. Colour origination: All Points Media. Printing: Precision Colour Printing, Telford, Shropshire, UK.

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THE MOTOR SPORT MONTH

IN PICTURES



AUDI

JUNE 23, 2013

Le Mans 24 Hours

LE MANS, FRANCE

The winning Audi of Tom Kristensen, Allan McNish and Loïc Duval leads a gaggle of cars across the finishing line. The race proved particularly draining in both physical and emotional terms, following a third-lap accident that claimed the life of Danish GT star Allan Simonsen.



MERCEDES-BENZ

JULY 4, 2013

German GP warm-up

NÜRBURGRING, GERMANY

Nico Rosberg (Mercedes-Benz W196) and Lewis Hamilton (W154) get a taste of their team's past on the Nordschleife – a lot more fun than racing this year's W04 on the newer 'Ring...



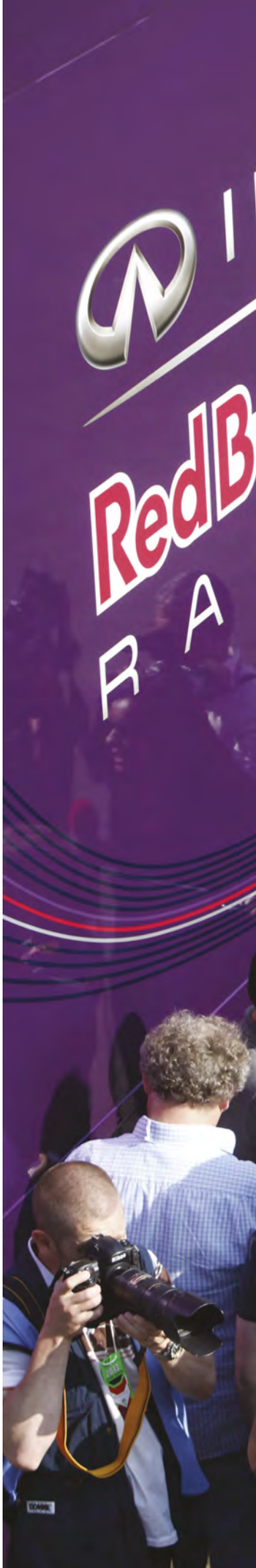
JAKOB EBREY

JULY 21, 2013

Goodwood Festival of Speed

GOODWOOD HOUSE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Thirty years after the event, Nelson Piquet is reunited with the Brabham BT52-BMW – and a fair few of the original engineers – that partnered him to the second of his three F1 world titles



THE MOTOR SPORT MONTH

IN PICTURES



LAT

JULY 17, 2013

F1 young driver test

SILVERSTONE, ENGLAND

Daniel Ricciardo addresses the media after a run in Red Bull's RB9. Regular racers were admitted to the young driver test to assist Pirelli, following a spate of tyre failures during the British GP. It was also a chance for Red Bull to evaluate the Australian, who is in the frame to replace Mark Webber in 2014. His main rival for the seat? Kimi Räikkönen...

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New deals have propped up front-runner Lotus and midfield stalwart Sauber LAT

Cash boost for F1 teams

At least, that's what Sauber and Lotus are hoping... | BY ADAM COOPER

AS FORMULA 1 MARCHES towards the turbo era, the elephant in the room remains the inescapable fact that many teams are facing a severe financial squeeze – and the move to more expensive technology could not come at a worse time.

While increased income from the new Concorde Agreement will help, for many teams the sums still don't add up. In recent weeks it was widely rumoured that Sauber would struggle to make the end of the season, while in June Lotus posted a huge loss of £56.8m in its official 2012 accounts. Others are also in the red as they commit to spending huge sums on powertrain deals for 2014 and beyond.

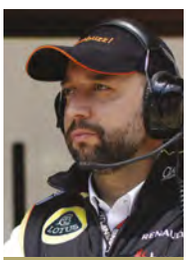
Lotus and Sauber have at least taken some pressure off by announcing fresh investment, although details are sketchy.

For Lotus the apparent saviour is a consortium known as Infinity Racing, not to be confused with car maker and Red Bull Racing partner Infiniti. UK-registered Infinity has acquired a 35 per cent stake, while Genii Capital retains the remaining 65 per cent, with Gérard Lopez continuing as chairman.

The three companies in the consortium are Crescent Investment Management (based in New Jersey), Al Manhal International Group (Abu Dhabi) and Universal Sports Group (Brunei), with their shareholding split 20-20-60. Exactly what the new investors are bringing to the Enstone camp is not clear, and Lopez is surprisingly vague on the subject.

"We'll see how it works out," he told *Motor Sport*. "We'll keep on doing the thing we are doing, and we are the majority shareholder. They are supposed to bring contacts with sponsors and so on. This is like a wedding – we'll see how it works."

He also insisted that the team's huge losses in recent years reflect a clever investment strategy: "We are actually probably one of the better financed teams. Three-quarters of the company's debt is actually owed to us [Genii]. If I were to impose capital increases like everybody else does, we'd have to pay taxes. The best way for me to put money into the team is to loan it to the team."



"They are supposed to bring contacts with sponsors and so on. This is like a wedding – we'll see how it works."
Gérard Lopez

Meanwhile, Sauber pulled off a coup by attracting government-sanctioned funding from Russia ahead of the country's first Grand Prix, which will be held in Sochi in October 2014. The team has also committed to running Renault 3.5 driver Sergey Sirotkin, who only turns 18 on August 27.

The three bodies involved are the Investment Cooperation International Fund, the State Fund of Development of North-West Russian Federation and the National Institute of Aviation Technologies. The last named is run by Sirotkin's father Oleg, who has close links with Vladimir Putin, the driving force behind the Sochi event.

Thanks to this new funding Sauber appears to have weathered the current storm, but history has shown that there are obvious risks inherent in relying on deals linked to one driver.

For both Sauber and Lotus the recent announcements have clearly inspired some optimism, but the longer-term impact on the financial health of both teams remains to be seen.

Who will replace Webber?

RED BULL FACES A STRAIGHT choice between the experience of Kimi Räikkönen or the promise of Daniel Ricciardo as it decides how to replace the departing Mark Webber.

The latter's decision to retire from F1 and join Porsche's LMP1 programme has freed up a seat in the most successful team of the current era, and yet with other big names contractually tied up elsewhere – and perhaps wary in any case of joining a team built around Sebastian Vettel – the list of likely replacements is surprisingly short.

With perfect timing Ricciardo stated his case with top-10 qualifying performances in Britain and Germany, which left Toro Rosso team-mate Jean-Eric Vergne in the shadows. The Australian was subsequently called in to test the RB9 at Silverstone.

Clearly there's a lot of momentum behind Ricciardo within the Red Bull camp, and if he followed the path established by Vettel it would emphasise

the value of Toro Rosso as a training ground for the senior team, after so many other promising youngsters have fallen by the wayside.

Räikkönen has obvious appeal, however, given his impressive results of the past two seasons with Lotus. He first established Red Bull connections in his debut F1 season with Sauber in 2001, and had personal sponsorship both while at Ferrari and in his rally days. Räikkönen had high hopes of replacing Webber as long ago as 2011, should the Aussie have moved on at that stage.

Off-track, the bonuses for Red Bull are the huge marketability of the ever-popular Finn – despite his reluctance to participate in PR activities – and the trademark low-key approach that ensures he doesn't clash with team-mates or waste energy on politics.

Räikkönen has consistently claimed that the decision on whether to stay at Lotus or move elsewhere is his to make, and makes it clear that he's still weighing up what's on offer.



Williams rebuilds around Symonds

WILLIAMS'S DECISION to hire Pat Symonds as its chief technical officer could prove to be a wise move as the team attempts to rebuild after a dire 2013 season.

After Sam Michael's departure, Williams placed its hopes on the combination of Mark Gillan and Mike Coughlan. Gillan left last December, however, and Coughlan's departure was confirmed in tandem with the Symonds announcement. Last winter the team talked to Paddy Lowe before the McLaren man switched his attention to Mercedes.

Symonds, who helped Michael Schumacher and Fernando Alonso to four World Championships at Benetton/Renault, was subject to an FIA ban in 2009 after the Nelson Piquet Jr 'crashgate' saga.

He returned at the start of 2011 as a technical consultant to Marussia, although until this season he did not appear during race weekends.

He officially joins Williams on August 19, which will be early enough for him to have a significant influence on preparations for 2014.



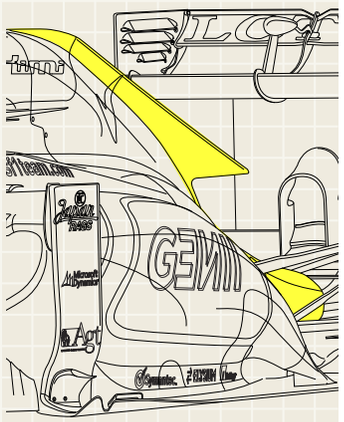
The final piece of the 2014 engine puzzle fell into place when Marussia confirmed it will use a complete Ferrari powertrain and gearbox package from the start of 2014. At the time of writing Sauber, Lotus and Caterham had yet to confirm they will continue with their current suppliers, but all are expected to do so. Ferrari had the capacity to supply a new customer team, because it has lost Toro Rosso to Renault. The Marussia/Ferrari deal came about despite an apparent clash of interests, given the Russian company's aspirations as a supercar manufacturer.

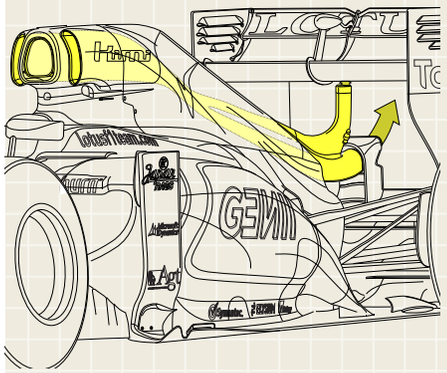
TechnoFile

A glance at developments from the Formula 1 pitlane

LOTUS

Like a passive F-Duct, Lotus's drag reduction device stalls the rear wing above 200kph to reduce drag and boost speed. With no driver input, an increase in airbox pressure switches the system from 'neutral' to 'stalling'. Air from inlets either side of the roll hoop joins at a 'fluid switch' over the airbox. In neutral mode, air from the exit duct flows under the crash structure winglet; at high speeds, the fluid switch transfers flow to a duct under the rear wing, stalling it and reducing drag. It was raced in Britain and tested again in Germany. It is expected to appear at tracks with longer straights, where aero advantage is greater.

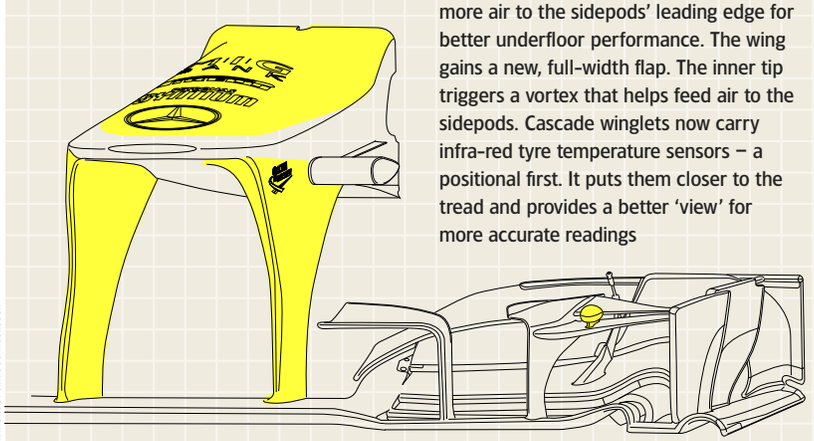




Lotus's second car has been racing with a new shrunken engine cover, which directs airflow from the radiators towards its tail. Now able to run a reduced cooling outlet area, Lotus has shaped the cover more tightly around its mechanical package, cutting drag and improving airflow to the rear wing. Even in Germany's hot conditions, this bodywork package provided adequate cooling.

MERCEDES-BENZ

The new Mercedes nose has a streamlined 'vanity panel' over the existing inner crash structure, to replace the previous stepped shape. The nose tip is wider so front wing pylons are farther apart and elongated to feed more air to the sidepods' leading edge for better underfloor performance. The wing gains a new, full-width flap. The inner tip triggers a vortex that helps feed air to the sidepods. Cascade winglets now carry infra-red tyre temperature sensors – a positional first. It puts them closer to the tread and provides a better 'view' for more accurate readings



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CRAIG SCARBOROUGH

Allan Simonsen

1978-2013





SPORTS CAR RACING was robbed of a talented and popular driver at the Le Mans 24 Hours. Aston Martin Racing driver Simonsen, 34, succumbed to injuries sustained in an accident on only the third lap of this year's 90th anniversary running of the French classic.

The Dane died after his Aston Martin Vantage GTE hit the barriers on the exit of Tertre Rouge, just minutes into the race. Simonsen, who shared the car with countrymen Kristen Poulsen and Christoffer Nygaard, was leading the GTE Am class at the time after claiming pole position.

Simonsen lost his Aston Martin on the painted kerb on the exit of the fast right-hander that leads on to the Mulsanne Straight. The car slammed into the unprotected crash barrier and the driver was attended at the scene before being transferred to the nearby circuit medical centre, where he died shortly afterwards.

A successful GT specialist, Simonsen's career took him all over the world. It was not uncommon for him to take in nearly 30 races a year: this season he was competing in the World Endurance Championship, a programme that had already yielded a class win at the Silverstone series opener, the British GT Championship and rounds of the ADAC GT Masters in Germany. He was also due to make his annual trip to Australia for the V8 Supercar enduros.

Simonsen was much more than just a jobbing driver; he was knocking on the door of the world's elite.

Simonsen's breakthrough seasons came in the Le Mans Series with the Farnbacher Ferrari team in 2010-11. He emerged as a true front-liner over the course of those campaigns.

Simonsen started out on the single-seater ladder after a successful karting career in Scandinavia. He took the Danish Formula Ford 1600 title in 1999 before moving to the UK. With backing from the Team Brask management group he raced first in Formula Palmer Audi and then Formula Renault UK.

When the money ran out after a brief move into Formula 3 in Germany, he found a home in the GT ranks. Simonsen contested some British races with the Veloqx Ferrari squad and then landed a full-season drive in the Australian Nations Cup GT Championship, a series he would win in 2007. His first forays on the international sports car scene came in 2005 and, for 2007, landed a drive in the LMS with the British Virgo team, which would have yielded the title had he not had to miss a round courtesy of his Australian V8 commitments.

He is survived by partner Carina and daughter Mie-Mai, who was born last year. *Gary Watkins*

Andretti to Formula E

THE ANDRETTI AUTOSPORT IndyCar Series squad is the first big-name signing for the new-for-2014 FIA Formula E Championship.

Andretti Autosport, which last year took its fourth IndyCar title, with Ryan Hunter-Reay, is the third team to sign up for the one-make series for electric vehicles, which is due to kick-off next September. It joins the British Drayson team and China Racing on what will be a roster of 10. Team boss Michael Andretti said: "It's an honour for Andretti Autosport to have been selected as one of the 10 founding Formula E teams for the inaugural season."

Andretti will use the Spark-Renault SRT_01E chassis like all other teams. The FIA has confirmed that the series will be open to other constructors for its second season.

Berlin has been announced as the final host city for the inaugural Formula E series, which will run over the winter of 2014-15. The race will take place on a circuit laid out on the site of the former Tempelhof Airport.



Nissan's electric racer

NISSAN HAS UNVEILED THE experimental racer with which it will next year attempt to complete a lap of Le Mans' 8.47-mile Circuit de la Sarthe and attain a top speed of 300kph (186mph) using only electric power.

The Japanese manufacturer took the wraps off a mock-up of the ZEOD RC, which will fill the 'Garage 56' grid spot reserved for machinery showcasing green technologies, ahead of this year's event in June. The car, which retains the configuration of last year's Delta Wing, is a hybrid, but the ZEOD, which stands for zero emissions on demand, will be able to run in fully electric mode on energy stored in its lithium-ion batteries.

Delta Wing architect Ben Bowlby, who is leading the design of the ZEOD in his new position of Nissan's director of motorsport innovation, said: "The first target is to do 300kph in a straight line and one lap as a pure EV [electric vehicle]. That is about 40 mega joules, which is an incredibly large amount of energy to store in a battery."

The Nissan also has an internal



combustion powerplant, which has been described as a booster engine or range extender. Innovation has been promised in this area, too, although it is expected that it will be powered by petrol.

The ZEOD is scheduled to run for the first time in the autumn. British motor sport engineering specialist RML is overseeing the project, having also spearheaded development of the Delta Wing once Nissan became involved.

The ZEOD is a precursor to Nissan's full-time LMP1 engagement with electric power. A three-year commitment to race in P1 was a pre-condition of the company being allocated Garage 56.

— OBITUARIES —

Eugen Bohringer

The 1962 European Rally champion died recently, aged 91. The German was best known as a works driver for Mercedes in the late 1950s and early 1960s, and took the prestigious European title in a 220SE. He won many major European rallies in an 11-year career before retiring in 1965. He was also a fine racer and at one time held the touring car lap record for the Nürburgring Nordschleife.

Max Le Grand

This respected photojournalist died recently, following a battle with cancer. He was a prominent figure in international motor sport paddocks during the 1960s and 1970s, working for magazines and sponsors. He later crewed for Chay Blyth during the 1977-78 Round the World Yacht Race and also worked as a TV presenter. In more recent times, he had worked successfully as a travel writer and photographer.



LAT

GORDON KIRBY

THE BEST OF HIS ERA

IN MID-SUMMER, AFTER 18 OF 36 SPRINT Cup races, five-time champion Jimmie Johnson held a strong if not commanding lead in this year's NASCAR championship. Johnson had won four times and led more than 1000 laps, demonstrating his dominance many times and proving a factor in most events.

No other form of motor racing enjoys the tremendous depth of competition boasted by NASCAR and you can argue that six or seven drivers – including Matt Kenseth, Carl Edwards, Clint Bowyer, Kevin Harvick, Kyle Busch, Kasey Kahne and even Dale Earnhardt Jr – have a chance of beating Johnson to this year's Sprint Cup title. Kenseth in particular has looked good this season, his first with Joe Gibbs's Toyota team. Kenseth won the championship in 2003 with one of Jack Roush's Fords and has been rejuvenated by his move to Gibbs.

But when you consider Johnson's career statistics, you might conclude he's a shoo-in to win his sixth championship this year. Consider that Johnson has finished in the top 10 in Sprint Cup points every year since his first full season in 2002 and in the top five in 10 of those 11 years. He's also the only driver always to qualify for NASCAR's 'Chase for the Sprint Cup' since the format was invented in 2004. In addition to winning 64 of the 416 Cup races he started over the past 12 years, Johnson has led 14,880 of 119,949 laps. Pretty impressive, particularly in so fiercely competitive a theatre.

A good measure of NASCAR's strength can be heard in the observations of 54-year-old veteran Mark Martin, who's driving a Michael Waltrip Racing Toyota Camry in 26 Cup races this year. Team owner Waltrip drives the car in most other events.

Martin has raced Cup cars for more than 30 years. Although he never won the championship, he finished second a record five times and has won 40 races as well as 49 second-division Nationwide races. Martin recently talked about how things have changed in NASCAR compared with the 1980s and '90s.

"In those days we raced hard but fair," he said. "But the definition of 'fair' has changed. Back then, it was 'May the best man win.' You couldn't fight the inevitable of a faster car. Now, the field is so deep and everyone is so close that you can't pass and the slow cars now are not nearly as slow as the slow cars in the old days. But there's less respect these days. There's less thinking about the other driver and leaving them some room."

Martin says some of the more experienced drivers race in a more respectful, old-school style. "Jeff Burton, Jeff Gordon, Matt Kenseth, Tony Stewart and Ryan Newman are guys I still enjoy racing," he said. "But most of the rest of them just have no respect."

Martin believes NASCAR has become more frenetic and less fun because of its ever-tightening grip on the rules and templates for the cars, plus recently introduced rule tweaks such as double file restarts and 'lucky dog' wave-arounds for the last car on the lead lap when a yellow comes out.

Nevertheless, Martin compliments NASCAR on nurturing such a strong field through tough recent economic times. "The competition out there today is about as good as you can have," he says. "They've done a fantastic job of providing the package to make it all happen."

Amid this environment, Johnson has established himself as the greatest NASCAR driver of his generation. If he wins a sixth championship this year he will earn his place at the pinnacle of NASCAR's pantheon, in company with seven-time champions Richard Petty and Dale Earnhardt Sr.

Toyota cuts back plans

TOYOTA IS SCALING DOWN ITS assault on the FIA World Endurance Championship in the wake of the Le Mans 24 Hours.

The Japanese manufacturer will run just one TS030 Hybrid in the remaining five rounds of the series, with the exception of its home event at Fuji in October. The solo entry will be driven by Anthony Davidson, Stéphane Sarrazin and Sébastien Buemi.

The move was expected. Toyota had planned to run a solo car in the full WEC and two cars at Le Mans and the Spa round in May, but was persuaded by WEC promoter the Automobile Club de l'Ouest to make two full entries.



Loeb set for WTCC

CITROËN HAS given the green light to its plans to enter the World Touring Car Championship with Sébastien Loeb next season.

The French manufacturer, winner of the past nine World Rally Championships with Loeb, revealed its ambitions to join the WTCC last year. It has given the project the go-ahead after a test programme with a modified DS3 WRC car undertaken by Loeb and former Chevrolet WTCC driver Alain Menu.

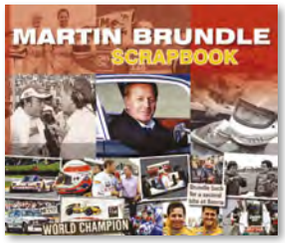
Citroën boss Frédéric Banzet said: "Citroën Racing has spent the last few months looking in detail at the opportunity of going ahead with this programme. The WTCC is based on several aspects that are essential to Citroën: extensive media coverage, regulations that keep costs down and a genuinely global race calendar."

Citroën has yet to announce which model it will run next year.

Its decision to join the series means the WTCC will move to introduce a new breed of car. A 2014-spec WTCC racer will be more powerful, wider and have bigger wings than the existing generation of Super 2000 machinery.

See page 108 to read Motor Sport's *exclusive interview with Sébastien Loeb*









BOOK REVIEWS

McLaren from the Inside

Photographs by Tyler Alexander

As you can read in this issue, Tyler Alexander is one of the privileged few to have worked closely with Bruce McLaren. It turns out he is also a talented photographer, as this wondrous book proves. Alexander's interest in taking pictures blossomed while growing up in Hingham, Massachusetts. By the time he was working in racing, the mechanic was clearly accomplished behind the lens.

Lovely shots include Carroll Shelby grinning in a Yamaha-sponsored kimono dressing gown and floppy cowboy hat beside Dan Gurney at Indy and a Minivan fitted with the spindly rear wing from an M8B Can-Am car. The team used the van to test wing shapes at 60mph on the public road... and downforce was measured with a set of bathroom scales.

Fittingly, his shots of Bruce stand out the most. Our favourite is one of a moody McLaren behind a "dreadful" Ford Indy V8 his young team used in Formula 1 during 1966. You'd struggle to find a better image of the great man.

Alexander found less time for photography as the 1970s progressed, but returned to his hobby in his second stint with McLaren in the 1990s and 2000s. The results are less striking than his work in the earlier era, but some are still memorable. Ron Dennis lecturing a grim-faced Pierre Dupasquier of Michelin is fabulous, just like most of this book. **DS**

Published by David Bull Publishing, ISBN 9781 93500718 0, £35

Martin Brundle Scrapbook

Martin Brundle and Philip Porter

Following a series of similar volumes covering Stirling Moss, Graham Hill, Jaguar, Murray Walker and comedy legend Barry Cryer, Porter has stitched together another with the popular racer-turned-broadcaster.

The format might be familiar, but that doesn't dilute the content's appeal. Brundle's story is told in bite-sized chunks, some from him but many more from friends, family and team members who have worked with and watched him closely since his schooldays.

Every stage of his career is lavishly illustrated with everything from photographs and press clippings to race programme scans and school reports. Little-known fact: he was first offered a drive by a third party aged about 13, when a Norfolk scrap dealer suggested Brundle might like to race his Hillman Super Minx at Pott Row, a now-defunct banger track near King's Lynn. The youngster thought it handled strangely, but found out later that the owner had partially filled the fuel tank with concrete, in a bid to improve traction...

Although the book is listed at £34.95, incidentally, you can save a fiver by ordering direct from the publisher before September 12. **SA**

Published by Porter Press International Ltd., ISBN 9781 90708512 3, £34.95

Manx Car Races

The Golden Years 1904-1953, Volume One

Neil Hanson

So strong is its association with motorcycle sport that the Isle of Man's significant car racing heritage is all too easily overlooked. It staged its first event in 1904, one year before bikes arrived...

This charming photo essay highlights some of the distinguished cars and drivers that graced the island's myriad road circuits between 1904 and 1953.

The author was born in Douglas, the publisher is based in Ramsey and all shots come from the locally based Keig family's photographic business. The production, then, is every bit as Manx as the average kipper. **SA**

Published by Lily Publications, ISBN9781 907945 33 5, £16

The Bugatti 100P record plane

Created by Ettore Bugatti and Louis de Monge

Jaap Horst

A slightly misleading title – the Bugatti aeroplane takes up a third of this book, followed by a short history of the company and then a long section on all aeroplanes utilising Bugatti engines.

The section on Ettore's unfinished air speed record contender is the most comprehensive I've seen on this super-sleek 350mph cruise missile. With its mid-mounted twin engines, reclining pilot and rear radiators, it sounds like something Colin Chapman should have designed.

War led to the part-built plane being hidden in a barn for many years, until bought by a US collector. The book illustrates stages in its eventual (static) completion, with many drawings and some quaint translations, but where else can you read about this mad, beautiful machine? **GC**

Published by Lanasta, ISBN 978 90 8616123 2, €38.95

WEB SPIN

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

Podcast extract
NELSON PIQUET ON THE BRABHAM BT52

Rob Widdows: "What's it like getting back in that car? Does it bring back lots of amazing memories?"
Nelson Piquet: "Well the car is like it was in 1983 and I'm only four kilos heavier, so I'm still small enough to get in the seat. I drove it yesterday at an airfield to test it and nearly fainted twice because of the power! My vision went blurred and I said 'Jesus! What am I doing here?'

"It drives very well, though, and you can change the gears quickly, but not on this circuit [the Festival of Speed hillclimb]. I don't even know where it goes, whether it goes left or right.
Nigel Roebuck: "Nelson, my memory of you in that car is at Kyalami at the end of the year, the championship decider. In qualifying I was at the Jukskei Sweep and watching you through there on qualifying boost was one of the most extraordinary things I have ever seen. People now have no idea how much horsepower you had in those days."
NP: "[BMW engineer] Paul Rosche made a fantastic engine. We started the season in 1982 and it was so difficult to drive – every race we had a different turbocharger, we had different intakes. It got better and better all the time and in 1983 we had a new turbo. Everyone said, 'We're going to win the championship for sure'. In qualifying we had nearly 300bhp more than anyone else and then in the race we had 100/150bhp more.

"It was easy to get to the front, build up a 10-second lead and then start to lower the revs and the boost. I wouldn't say it was an intelligent way to drive, but it was quite technical to try and get the car to the end of a grand prix."
NR: "I heard so many different figures about the horsepower that you had in qualifying and I think it might have been [Brabham team manager] Herbie Blash who said that it was nearly 1500bhp in qualifying."
NP: "The truth is that Paul Rosche didn't know, because the dyno only went to 1250bhp. About 2000rpm before peak power it was already reading that…"

TOP TWEETS

@Andrew_Frankel Justin Law beats state-of-the-art 875bhp 4wd Pikes Peak Hillclimb Peugeot to fastest time @fosgoodwood in a 25-year-old 700bhp Gp C Jag XJR8.

@matoxley Hayden rode second bike after warm up crash. "I couldn't stop the bike, I had no edge grip and no traction to drive forward." Dear oh dear.

@Damien__Smith Ron Howard in Merc's pit. I've seen *Rush*. My favourite film featuring Howard remains *The Shootist*.

@matoxley Oh, although Lorenzo says he won't ride at Laguna, Rossi thinks he will. "It's just my feeling – I know what happens in a rider's mind." [He did in the end, of course].

@paulpunter During long, boring tests Ragnotti used to duck down low as he came past the pits so it appeared that nobody was driving...

@Andrew_Frankel I see @BLOODHOUND_SSC has been delayed. Damn good show. Wouldn't be a British LSR attempt without a decent setback. Will be worth the wait.



@Andrew_Frankel I've often said there's no such thing as a perfect car. I was wrong.

@TheEdFoster Who's your favourite Grand Prix motorcyclist? One of the answers on a past @Motor_Sport poll was 'Niki Lauda'. Every day's a learning day.

@paulpunter Loeb a genius. But. Faster than Vatanen, not as spectacular. Too much Tarmac #notSebsfault #Pikeshasalreadypeaked.

@olivergavin Great to see @AussieGrit moving to sports car racing, top bloke!

ONLINE WITH OUR WRITERS

Nigel Roebuck
Extreme feats in motor sport

Later, I did what Bobby Rahal had suggested: edged nearer to the Top Fuel dragsters as they got on their way, flames belching, and vanished into the dark. Ear plugs in, ear defenders over them, then hands over the top – and still it bordered on pain when they took off. For sheer violence, nothing else in motor sport comes close.

Johnny Mowlem
Johnny Mowlem and RAM Racing

I don't want to be perceived as belabouring the accident that befell Allan Simonsen at Le Mans, but feel strongly that we mustn't steer away from talking about it. I feel this way because it is important to remember Allan for what he was: a fantastic driver who was part of the small brotherhood fortunate enough to earn a living from their passion. Few were more passionate about sports cars than Allan.



Mat Oxley
Losing focus in MotoGP

When someone asked Rossi how Márquez will find the notoriously tricky hillside circuit, the nine-time champ deadpanned and said, "Easy!" He started laughing, then got serious again. "No, Laguna is very difficult, but I expect this f***ing bastard is fast from the beginning!"

Andrew Frankel
Vettel the villain

How difficult it is to remember how hard we once clutched this Monty Python-loving, Beatles-grooving, full English-consuming Anglophile to our bosoms. But then came Malaysia and, in an instant, everything changed. In fact even that's not true. What put him beyond the pale was his statement that, put in that position again, he'd do the same. In our eyes, that was Vettel's Rubicon moment.



TECH3

MAT OXLEY

THE CONTROL TYRE CONUNDRUM

TYRES ACCOUNT FOR AN INORDINATE amount of the conversation in racing circles these days. Things have certainly come a long way since the famously technophobic Mike Hailwood didn't think tyres even worth talking about. When a journalist asked the great man what tyres he was using, he shrugged his shoulders and said "round, black ones".

In F1 the usual conversation is about degradation. In MotoGP it's the other way around: the tyres don't wear enough, which can affect racing and safety just the same.

MotoGP has used control tyres since 2009, with Bridgestone the supplier. The Japanese company won its first MotoGP crown in 2007, just five years after joining the fray, getting the better of Michelin, which had ruled the elite class since the early 1980s. Bridgestone won with a different design philosophy. The French used soft-ish constructions and hard-ish compounds while Japan went the other way.

These stiffer tyres allowed race-winning corner speed and endurance. But nothing is for free in racing: the price of those advantages was reduced user-friendliness. This wasn't an issue during open competition, when manufacturers tailored tyres to suit different bikes and riders, but it became a problem when everyone had to use the same rubber.

The combination of one-size-fits-all tyres and a minimal choice of compounds created a perfect storm during 2010 and 2011, when we were reminded of the days of the fearsome 500cc two-strokes that chucked riders into the scenery with terrifying frequency. That happened because engine and tyre technology could do no better, but this time the carnage unfolded because the rules demanded it.

The tyres were so stiff that many riders struggled to get them up to temperature. It's that classic Catch 22: you will crash if you try to go fast when the tyres aren't hot, but how do you get them hot if you're not going fast?

Thus most crashes occurred during cool morning sessions. Most famously, Valentino Rossi crashed at Mugello in 2010, breaking a leg. His mistake had been to slow momentarily to shake another rider off his tail – enough for the tyre to lose critical temperature.

It took two seasons before something was done. Bridgestone created a softer rear slick construction for 2012 and riders were happier, because it's easier to cope with worn tyres than with tyres that won't wear. When tyres are worn, a rider can ride the bike loose; when they won't wear, he can't ride it at all.

However, Bridgestone still errs on the hard side. Dani Pedrosa attributed a rash of mishaps at a recent GP to the fact front tyres were cooling too much on the preceding straight.

No one is saying Bridgestone doesn't know how to make tyres. Presumably it is terrified of producing tyres that wear out before the chequered flag, because there are no pitstops in MotoGP. Bridgestone is in a no-win situation: it will get criticised if the tyres don't wear enough or else wear too much.

The lack of compound choice is another problem for the sport's health. Bridgestone allocates just two compounds for the rear. Since these need to cover all potential weather conditions, most riders choose the same tyres.

This creates a situation that contrasts starkly with F1. Instead of lap times changing dramatically according to the state of the tyres, riders circulate at the same pace throughout, which turns races into processions. The problem, however, is the same: control tyres. They even spoil racing's central theme – it's no longer about who builds the best machine, it's about who best adapts their machine to the tyres.

PRODUCTS



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photos.motorsportmagazine.co.uk


ASTON MARTIN

Aston Martin parties on

Centenary celebrations continue into the summer | BY PAUL LAWRENCE

TWO MAJOR ASTON MARTIN celebrations are to be held at Britain's best-known hillclimb venues.

On August 3-4, the VSCC's Prescott Hillclimb will feature a line-up of historically significant Pre-War Aston Martins, including the 'Halford Special' and 'Razor Blade', which will run competitively in a 250-car entry.

Over the weekend of August 17-18, a class of Aston Martins of all ages will mark the model's centenary at Shelsley Walsh. Among them will be the DB3 driven by Angela Brown, daughter of company owner David Brown, at the Worcestershire venue in 1955 and '56. The Aston known as 'Green Pea', which ran in the 1922 French Grand Prix, is due at both meetings.

Other events during a summer of centenary celebrations include a recent display held in Kensington Gardens. One hundred cars tracked the marque's timeline, while a display of more than 20 racing cars was dedicated to the late Allan Simonsen, the Aston Martin driver killed at Le Mans this year. Meanwhile, over the weekend of August 17-18, the Aston Martin Owners' Club will host a centenary celebration in Richmond, Surrey, to support The Poppy Factory, which helps injured ex-servicemen and women to find jobs.



■ **Goodwood has unveiled its new race control centre, which will be used for the first time at the Revival in September. The Credit Suisse building shares the same external features as its predecessor, but features a new interior designed by architect Brian Beardsmore. The building's footpath will conceal a time capsule filled with racing artefacts, plus drawings of the circuit by local schoolchildren.**


LAT

Scheckter on six wheels

JODY SCHECKTER is to be reunited with the Tyrrell P34, the six-wheeled Grand Prix car he last raced 37 years ago. He will drive it at CarFest South, which runs at his Laverstoke Park Farm in Hampshire (August 23-25).

Over recent years, the 1979 World Champion has collected many of the most significant cars from his career, including his title-winning Ferrari 312T4. Scheckter has now added the Tyrrell P34 to his collection and will drive it for the first time during the event that raises money for the BBC's Children in Need campaign.

"It was a very special car, despite the fact that I was not a fan of the theory behind the design," said Scheckter. "The last time I drove it was in 1976, so it will certainly bring back some wonderful memories."



GERARD BROWN

Aussies win Peking-Paris

AUSTRALIANS GERRY CROWN and Matt Bryson emerged as winners of the fifth Peking to Paris Rally when it finished after 8000 miles in 33 days.

Octogenarian Crown drove a rare 1973 Leyland P76 (above) and repeated his victory in the Classics division after seeing off the challenge of British crew Peter Lovett and Tim Smith in their 1965 Porsche 911. Former BTCC racer Lovett won the new European Trophy for Classics after a strong run across the European countries.

"I've competed in the Peking to Paris four times and this one was the most demanding and the most competitive," said Crown. "It's the best rally car I've ever driven."

Behind Lovett's Porsche came the 1974 World Cup Rally-winning Citroën DS23 of Robbie Sherrard and Peter Washington. Victory in the Vintageants group went to British pair Phil Garratt and Kieron Brown in their 1937 Chevy Fangio Coupé.

Oulton Park turns 60

THE 60TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE Oulton Park circuit will be celebrated during the Historic Sports Car Club's annual Gold Cup meeting (August 25-26).

The programme includes a race for 500cc Formula 3 cars, of the type that contested the first race at the Cheshire track on August 8 1953. Tony Rolt won that day's feature Formula 2 race in a Connaught and Les Leston won the F3 event, which was run over three 10-lap heats and a 17-lap final. The early track covered 1.5 miles, but within a year had

been extended to 2.7 miles – approximately its present length.

To mark the anniversary, there will be a display of cars with significant Oulton Park history. The HSCC would welcome contact from anybody who owns one.

Fresh BRM initiative

A NEW BRM ASSOCIATION WILL nurture the legacy of British Racing Motors, the Grand Prix team that carried British hopes from the end of the Second World War.

BRM, which scored 17 Grand Prix wins before the team was finally disbanded in 1977, was initially created as a project for national prestige following the war.

The Association, formed by a small group of BRM enthusiasts, will provide a forum for car owners, former employees and enthusiasts. It has been set up with the support of the Owen family and marque expert Rick Hall.

Members' benefits includes details of forthcoming BRM events. More information from enquiries@brmassociation.org.



LAT

Bahamas back on track

MOTOR RACING WILL RETURN to the Bahamas this winter for the first time in 47 years.

Improvements to the Arawak Cay circuit will allow full races to be held alongside the speed trials that have featured in recent editions of the Bahamas Speed Week Revival, which takes place on December 4-8.

Among the races will be one for Formula Junior, 50 years on from the last time the category raced on the islands. An event for classic Minis is also planned, with a 12-car grid limit.

The original Speed Week, held from 1954-1966, featured racing on the Oakes Airfield track and attracted many leading racers, including Stirling Moss.

— OBITUARIES —

Robin Bryant

Successful former racer Robin Bryant has died, aged 77. Bryant won the 1000cc class of the Autosport Championship in 1960, in a semi-works Turner, and was contracted to Jack Brabham the following season. He was supposed to test Brabham's first Formula Junior prototype, but was sidelined by a couple of accidents and Denny Hulme got the drive instead.

Frank Tiedeman

Frank Tiedeman, who founded the Monoposto Register in 1958, has died at the age of 92. The Cheltenham estate agent started racing in 1952 and was a key member of the 750MC in the 1950s before creating the Monoposto formula for single-seater racing cars. He raced in Formula Junior until he was almost 80 and then competed in an Austin 7 until 2006, when he finally stopped racing after more than 50 years.



BENTLEY

ROB WIDDOWS

QUITE SIMPLY GLORIOUS...

THE CAR SAT SILENTLY UNDER A SHEET, inside a small, white tent. Curious fans peeped through the flaps. "It says 10.15 on the cover, nothing else," they murmured. The time was 8.30am on Thursday July 11, the opening day of the 2013 Goodwood Festival of Speed.

In the neighbouring awning sat the Bentley Speed 8 that won Le Mans in 2003. Driver Guy Smith arrived and chatted to the mechanics. These were clues.

At some point in the next hour, the car vanished from its small, white tent and nobody seemed to know where it went. Then, at precisely 10.15am, a 4-litre V8 burbled into life and Guy Smith drove the new Bentley GT3 up to the media stage, where a jostling crowd had gathered. If you were there, you were among the very first people to set eyes on Bentley's biggest news for a decade – just the first of many memorable Goodwood moments.

Later on, triple World Champion Nelson Piquet lay fast asleep under a tree in the Drivers Club garden. He'd flown in from Brazil in his private jet, had a run in BMW's newly restored Brabham BT52 on the runway at nearby Thorney Island air base, driven up the hill a few times and partied into the night at Goodwood House. Time for a siesta, then, before his final run of the weekend. Earlier, while waiting for his run in an Alfa Romeo 33TT, Arturo Merzario had fallen asleep while waiting at the startline... A nudge from a BARC marshal soon had the little man back in action.

Alain Prost recalled the days and hours he'd spent testing for McLaren at Goodwood Circuit, sharing duties with John Watson. Someone mentioned that Piquet had been around in less than a minute when Brabham ran the BT52 there. The McLaren connection lives on, the team celebrating its 50th anniversary at Goodwood and putting Oliver Turvey on stage at the Saturday party: he was in Lewis Hamilton's 2008 title-winning car, which was bolted to the floor while Oliver spun the rear wheels. Only at Goodwood...

And Jenson Button drove the new McLaren P1 supercar up the hill, the first time this breathtaking machine had been seen in action.

At the Goodwood staff lunch the following Monday, Lord March told his team that what they achieve in four days makes a 'small impact' on people's lives. A great many of the 190,000 fans might agree. Historic car collector Nick Mason tweeted that the Festival of Speed is to motor sport what Glastonbury is to rock and roll. Jacky Ickx, who has taken part since 2003, told the event team that none of the great drivers and riders who came could have achieved their success without a top team behind them.

These were just a few of the highlights from the 20th anniversary Festival of Speed. What really matters is what happens out there, in the vast crowd, where they will have their own special memories of another Goodwood extravaganza. A great many of them will have met their heroes, acquired autographs and taken their pictures. Even the woman who suggested to me, while crossing the footbridge, that Lord March should install an escalator. There is always one...

Marc Gené will savour the day he stormed up the hill in a Grand Prix Ferrari, hopped out and jumped straight into Eric Clapton's unique Ferrari 458 Italia, with a special body commissioned from Pininfarina. This, for obvious reasons, is called the Ferrari SP12EC . All the wide-eyed boys who tried the F1 cockpit for size thanks to the Scuderia's mechanics had an unforgettable weekend. It is that kind of event and long may it remain so.

Oh, and the Revival is two months away...



WHEN THEY WERE NEW
Austin-Healey Sprite

An original road test taken from the *Motor Sport* archives, September 1958 | BY BILL BODDY

AFTER NEGLECTING THE SMALL sports car market for many years the Austin Motor Company introduced the Austin-Healey Sprite two-seater last June. We have already described this interesting newcomer, but the proof is in the driving and we welcomed a recent opportunity to drive a Sprite over an appreciable distance. We can state right away that the Sprite belies its rather amusing appearance – it is pleasing to drive and handles well.

So far as the Sprite's appearance goes, the high-set headlamps and upward curve of the radiator grille might not appeal to everyone. Driver and passenger look out over a falling bonnet from which the headlamps protrude like sore thumbs. However, if the new Austin-Healey is known affectionately as the 'Frog' this is offset by its many excellent qualities. We took it down to the West Country and back in a day, setting it to climb Porlock, Lynton and Beggars Roost, and the next day journeyed to Gloucestershire and back. In the course of these runs we formed a high opinion of the Sprite as a fun car.

If it is not particularly fast, it makes up for this with brisk acceleration, and quite outstandingly good road-holding and cornering. The driving position is good, the bucket seats being reasonably comfortable. The small two-spoke steering wheel is well placed but as the engine box protrudes into the driving compartment the driver's legs are biased to the right. The central remote gear lever is conveniently located but could be shorter. The pull-up handbrake is convenient, although prudish girlfriends may disapprove of its location on the left of the transmission tunnel! In view of its modest price of under £669 the equipment is well planned, although it should be noted that heater, tachometer, front bumper and other items are extras.

The usual minor controls are found on the facia, together with a combined oil-pressure gauge and water thermometer and an optimistic petrol gauge. An old-fashioned turn-switch looks after the lamps, with the removable ignition key within. While the headlamps full-beam indicator is barely bright enough, the direction-flashers indicator is sheer gross stupidity, because it flashes a blinding yellow light directly in the driver's eyes, virtually prohibiting use at night. It is difficult to know how such an experienced driver as Donald Healey can pass this out.

To gain access to the engine the whole bonnet, inclusive of headlamps, hinges up though shutting it provokes the response " * * * * * * * ", as one's hand is trapped between bonnet and front number plate.

These are trifling criticisms balanced against the fun of getting into the Sprite and motoring it about. The two-carburettor BMC engine goes rapidly to 6000rpm if the tachometer doesn't lie, and it is quite customary to see 5000rpm or 77mph in top gear. Given a decent run 80mph is just attainable in top gear. In its manner of motoring the little Austin-Healey Sprite goes very briskly, safely, pleasantly and withal exceedingly cheerfully.

The steering is unexpectedly high-geared. Even those accustomed to vintage cars will drive the Sprite with a bit of a twitch at first, but once the technique of steering the Sprite virtually by wrist movement alone has been mastered the little car becomes safe and very fast through corners. In this the driver is aided by the truly commendable design of the suspension. The ride is very comfortable for such a short, slight vehicle, but when cornering there is just sufficient lean to warn the ambitious driver that rear-end breakaway will soon occur. There is none of the vicious oversteer that characterised early small sports cars. The axle judders only slightly when storming rough hills, such as Beggar's Roost. Incidentally, the Sprite climbed this notorious trials hill strongly, unperturbed by deep gulleys.

This excellent road-holding and cornering make the Austin-Healey Sprite what it purports to be – a genuine little sports car. Third gear will be used frequently before corners and in traffic, as top gear rather stifles the 45bhp engine. The gear change is as rapid as the lever can be moved, but on the car we drove was rather stiff and made frequent use of the gearbox somewhat less of a joy than it could be. Even this labour is forgotten in the exhilaration of



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Denis Welch
www.bighealey.co.uk

seeing the tachometer needle swing towards 6000rpm as the Sprite surges forward, accompanied by a fine hard exhaust note and a not unpleasing tinkle on the over-run. The surge forward is to the tune of 0-50mph in 14sec, 0-60mph in 21.1sec. The Sprite cruises effortlessly at 60mph (under 4000rpm) and is no less happy at 70mph, when the engine is running well within itself, at fractionally over 4500rpm.

All these facts add up to very respectable average speeds from this 948cc two-seater with a commendable absence of fatigue. The inbuilt lamps do not provide sufficient light when dimmed (a spotlamp within the grille is



a possible solution) and on the test car the not very penetrating full beam was handicapped by pointing skywards. The 7in Lockheed brakes are adequate in normal circumstances but firm pressure is required to obtain much retardation. The clutch pedal is somewhat awkwardly placed, but the action is light and smooth. The hood fits snugly, the detachable frame being very close to the occupants' heads.

The Sprite is as economical as it is sprightly. Driving hard we accomplished 37mpg. The fuel tank is alleged to hold six gallons but a check of the range gave a mere 180 miles.

Altogether we were agreeably surprised at the Sprite's very real merit. It will prove extremely popular, we predict, amongst those greying old men (like the editor) who no longer drive fantastically fast but fancy a sports car that handles well, those who want a lightweight vehicle they can tune, and, of course, those who merely want an inexpensive boy's racer. Its appearance is unfortunate, but at the price this latest product of Donald Healey and Austin is a vehicle of many merits and no vices.

AUSTIN-HEALEY SPRITE FACTFILE

Production: 1958-71
Power: 43bhp
0-60mph: 21.1sec
Max speed: 82mph

Ingenious design with simple parts from BMC range. Crude weather kit, lidless boot and 43bhp engine a small price to pay for cheeky looks and tweakable chassis. Clever 1961 redesign for Mk2, Mk3 followed in '64 and 1275 motor arrived in Mk4 two years on. Sprite name died in '71, but similar MG Midget continued. Perfect spec: the most mods you can fit under a Mk1 body – but don't tell...

AUCTIONS

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

Bonhams

@ GOODWOOD FESTIVAL OF SPEED JULY 12

£36m: total raised

Europe's highest-grossing car auction of all time

£19,601,500

The most expensive car ever sold at auction – **the ex-Fangio 1954 Mercedes-Benz W196**

Another new world record was set when the ex-Bill Spear/Sherwood Johnston **1955 Maserati 300S** Sports Racing Spider sold for **£4.03m**

Other notable lots:
1934 Alfa Romeo 8C 2300 'Le Mans' Tourer: **£1.90m**
1965 Ferrari 500 Superfast Coupé: **£852,700**
1953 Ex-works/Mille Miglia/Le Mans 24 Hours Austin-Healey 100 Special Test Car: **£785,500**

@ QUAIL LODGE AUGUST 16

1924 Bugatti Type 35 Grand Prix The works entry for the 1924 Grand Prix de Lyon **£985,650-1.64m**

@ GOODWOOD REVIVAL SEPTEMBER 14

£5.5-6.5m: the estimate for Nuvolari's 1935 supercharged Alfa Romeo 8C-35. Chassis 50013 was raced at the Italian, Czechoslovakian, Hungarian, German and Monaco Grands Prix, as well as the 1936 Coppa Ciano

Transport Collector Auctions

@ THE READING AUCTION MARKET JUNE 22

The Bill Boddy Collection

All 605 lots were sold – for more details see Gordon Cruickshank's column on page 145

RM Auctions

@ MONTEREY AUGUST 16/17

An ex-ice racing

(no, that's not a misprint)

1955 Jaguar D-type, £POA

Chassis XKD-530 was sold new to Curt Lincoln in Finland and was used extensively as an ice racer. It also finished first in class in the 1961 Leningrad GP.

1974 INDY 500 WINNER

The McLaren M16C that was driven by Johnny Rutherford (£822,900-1.15m)

£2.25-2.91m: estimate for a 1955 Ferrari 750 Monza Scaglietti Spider

£1.65-1.99m: estimate for a 1961 Ferrari 400 Superamerica SWB Coupé Aerodinamico

£1.99-2.31m: estimate for a 1950 Ferrari 166 Touring Barchetta. Ascari, Chinetti and Dreyfus all raced chassis 0038M, which scored several significant victories

All proceeds from the sale of a **Ferrari 275 GTB/4 NART Spyder** will go to various charitable causes at the request of the current owner

Gooding and Company

@ MONTEREY AUGUST 17/18

1948 Alfa Romeo 6C 2500 Competizione: £1.85-2.31m

One of only two factory-built sports cars developed for the 1948 season. Used in four Mille Miglias and three Targa Fiorios, among other races

AUGUST AUCTION CALENDAR

1-3	**AUCTIONS AMERICA** California Summer Sale, Burbank, California, USA
10	**COYS** Oldtimer GP, Nürburgring, Germany
15-17	**MECUM** The Daytime Auction, Monterey, California, USA
15-17	**RUSSO AND STEELE** Sports and Muscle in Monterey, Monterey, California, USA
16	**BONHAMS** Quail Lodge sale, California, USA
16/17	**RM AUCTIONS** Monterey Sale, Monterey, California, USA
17/18	**GOODING AND COMPANY** Pebble Beach Sale, Pebble Beach, California
29-1	**AUCTIONS AMERICA** Auburn Fall Sale, Auburn, Indiana, USA
31	**HISTORICS AT BROOKLANDS** Classic and Collectors' Cars, Brooklands Museum, Weybridge, Surrey
31	**WORLDWIDE AUCTIONEERS** The Auburn Auction, Auburn, Indiana, USA



Goodwood's supercar bonanza

Manufacturers flock to impress their dream captive audience | BY ANDREW FRANKEL

THE SUPERCAR PADDOCK AT THE Goodwood Festival of Speed was more packed than ever this year. Manufacturers realise there is nowhere else on earth where new models can be demonstrated to a larger crowd of genuinely potential prospects. This is why many new supercars were seen driving in public for the very first time. Some 75 of them wowed the crowds – and with none of the carnage that has traditionally accompanied this section of the festival. Very sensibly, Goodwood now requires all supercar drivers also to be competition licence holders. So you need a race licence to drive a road car, but you can drive a race car with just a road licence. Sounds crazy, but it works.

Most obviously there was the McLaren P1, which was being hurled around with great aplomb by Jenson Button. He reckoned its speed up the hill was close to anything he'd achieved there in F1 cars in previous years, but I was just as keen to see the Alfa Romeo 4C in action.

The mid-engined, carbon-chassis 4C is a car unlike any other in the market. Conceptually close to the likes of the Porsche Cayman and Lotus Evora, what appears to make it so different – and why I am so excited about it – is Alfa's claim of an 895kg dry weight. Even if that heads north of a tonne once fuel, water, oil and a driver are added, it will still be a minimum of 300kg lighter than the Cayman and Evora at which it is aimed. So while it may only have a 237bhp, four-cylinder engine, it's still going to have a rousing power to weight ratio, more than enough for performance at least on a par with more powerful but heavier rivals.

Alfa Romeo 4C (above) is light, lively and looks highly promising. Below, Vuhl on the hill



Demand for the £50,000 car appears so strong that Alfa is quietly kicking itself that it won't be able to make more that 2500 per year, but I think that number is perfect. It's enough to ensure that anyone who wants one will be able to get one even if they have to wait a little while, but not so many that residual values will be adversely affected. This way it will be able to do its most important job, which is not to thrill the likes of you or me, but help rebuild the image of this brand ahead of its relaunch into North America.

There was another lightweight, mid-engined two seat coupé also making its dynamic debut, though the name will be less familiar than Alfa Romeo. The curiously entitled Sin R1 is a German machine built in Munich around a British carbon-fibre chassis from ProFormance Metals. Power comes from the default motor of choice for almost anyone seeking a lot of cheap, reliable and well-developed horsepower, the Chevrolet LS3 6.2-litre V8. In this state of tune it provides the R1 with a 525bhp kick in a car that, like the 4C, is said also to weigh less than a tonne. No wonder they're talking about Bugatti-busting performance.

We have of course seen many great looking, lightweight supercars over the years and very few have made it into proper production. Designing, engineering and building such a car might seem like a vast challenge, but it is a trip to the shops compared to the difficulty of producing a reasonable number of consistently high quality for a price the customer will pay and that will also allow you to stay in business. I have no better idea than you if the car will succeed, but I am sure you will join with me in wishing it well.

Much the same can be said of the extraordinary looking Vuhl 05, a Mexican designed and built two-seat track-day car looking to steal business from the likes of Caterham, Ariel and KTM. It certainly looks the part and with a 285bhp Ford 2-litre turbo motor driving the rear wheels, its quick enough to reach 62mph in 3.7sec. But at £60,000 it costs almost twice what you'd pay for a basic Ariel Atom, so it will need to be beyond brilliant to make customers walk past the established high quality players and spend that much money on an unknown car from Mexico.



Caterham 620R has 311bhp... but will cost almost £50,000



There are reports that TVR will soon be relaunched with two distinct cars redolent of those from the Peter Wheeler era. I hope not... While brutally fast and wild looking, there were very few genuinely good TVRs produced in the later years of the company's life. For the money being asked, they proved underdeveloped and prone to faults. If TVR is to reappear, quality must top the company's agenda.

Just to give you an idea of what Vuhl is taking on, Caterham used Goodwood to launch its new 620R. At £49,995 it's by some margin the most expensive Caterham road car ever, but with a supercharged 2-litre motor producing 311bhp, Caterham says it'll do better than 2.8sec to 60mph and it still costs £10,000 less than the Vuhl. Sadly we will have to wait until later in the year for the Caterham about which I am just as excited: a new Seven born on the original's back-to-basics principle and slated to cost as little as £15,000.

Datsun lives again

THIRTY YEARS AFTER WE ALL thought (and most hoped) it was gone for good, Datsun is back. Nissan has exhumed the moribund marque and relaunched it with a Micra-based budget hatchback built and intended for sale in India at a price below £4400. The hatch is called Go and will be the first in a series of small, cheap cars aimed at scoring big sales not just in India but also Russia, South Africa and Indonesia. There are no plans – or at least none to which Nissan will admit – to reintroduce Datsun to the UK.



Many of us will still have a good Datsun story. Mine concerns a chum with whom I became friends when I was 16, because he was a year older and had both driving licence and car. This was a Datsun 120Y F2 coupé. In time he passed his A-levels and was offered a place to study medicine at Dundee University – an inconvenient distance from his home in the Channel Islands. Undeterred, he did the journey dozens of times in this hideous car until the day he returned to the multi-storey car park where he'd left it to do some shopping, and it refused to start. Upon further examination, he discovered the reason for the car's recalcitrance was that the motor had fallen through the engine bay and was now sitting on the concrete car park floor. He walked away and never saw it again. Its mortal remains might still be there, though knowing how those cars rusted I somehow doubt it.

Sales boost for Jaguar

NEW SALES FIGURES SUGGEST that, after years of piggy-backing on the success of Land Rover, Jaguar is starting to turn its business around.

The problem was never that Jaguar built cars customers did not want. Since the launch of the current XK in 2005, Jaguars have been well engineered, desirable cars that, according to the company's standing at the top of the JD Power satisfaction survey, its few customers absolutely loved. The problem was that Jaguar made cars people wanted but either could not afford, or did not fit into their lives.

When the XF was launched, for instance, it was without a four-cylinder diesel engine, which in Europe instantly denied the car access to 80 per cent of the market in which it hoped to compete. Customers in the snow states of North America and Canada wouldn't buy a Jag because none was available with four-wheel drive. And while Chinese customers loved the XJ, most could not cope with a massive duty applied to its 5-litre V8 engine. But now there are four-cylinder XFs in Europe, four-wheel drives in North America and a 3-litre petrol XJ in China and, guess what, business in booming. Half-year figures show Jaguar retail sales up 29 per cent, with more Jaguars sold in China in the first six months of 2013 than in all of 2012. Sales in the US are up 59 per cent. And all this with F-type sales only coming in towards the middle of the year.

Of course there is much work still to be done. On current form Jaguar will sell about 80,000 cars in 2013, compared to 54,000 in the year ending March 31 2012. Impressive though this is, its major rivals – Audi, BMW, and Mercedes – are million sellers and more. But there's a new small Jaguar on the way and the F-type coupé too. At last Jaguar is heading in the right direction, and at considerable speed.



VOLKWAGEN GOLF GTI

The seventh chapter of a familiar tale | BY ANDREW FRANKEL

YOU'LL THINK I'M SAYING it simply to be contrary but I'm not. For most of its life, the VW Golf GTI has been a largely over-rated device.

I'm not talking about the original, for that would be absurd. The 1975 Golf GTi was proof, if ever it were needed, that genius lies in simplicity. By taking a robust, well-engineered but otherwise unremarkable example of the still relatively new science of hatchbacks and fitting a mildly tuned, single-cam, fuel-injected 1.6-litre engine plus firmer suspension and a few well-judged visual modifications, a legend was created. But not maintained.

The problem with legends is that they rarely, if ever, live up to their own billing. It took the world a while to respond to the Mk1 GTi, which is why all variants – and none more than the later 1.8-litre cars – deserve their place in the pantheon of great hatchbacks to this day. The early Mk2s were good, although nothing like as great in the early '80s as had been the Mk1 in the mid '70s. But the truth that dares not speak its name is that from about 1984 – and the arrival of the Peugeot 205 GTI – the Golf GTi started to look decidedly old hat. And nothing VW chose to do about it – including the fitment of a twin-cam, 16-valve head – could put it back on top. Of course it was far better built than the Peugeot and certainly the likes of the Renault 5GT Turbo or Fiat Strada 130TC, but who cared about that when these cars were not merely fast, but far more fun?

And for many years thereafter the Golf GTi (or GTI as it latterly became known) slid so far from its one-time greatness it seemed impossible that status could ever be regained. MkIII versions were an insult to a once great name, MkIVs not much better. It was only in 2003, with the introduction of the MkV GTI, that nearly 20 years of rot was dramatically reversed. With proper power (200bhp) and a nose tuned once more to sniff out apices, the car's arrival marked an entirely unpredicted return to form and, for a while, all was well with the world.

If you believe the consensus of the motoring press, the Golf GTI has been hitting its marks with impressive consistency ever since. Certainly the car has stayed quick and capable, fun even in a risk-averse kind of way. But for me at least, the car has evolved very little in the last decade, through its fifth and sixth generations. It's not just that there's been very little extra power

FACTFILE

£25,845

ENGINE
2.0 litres, 4 cylinders

POWER
217bhp @6300rpm

TORQUE
258lb ft @1500rpm

TRANSMISSION
six-speed manual, front-wheel drive

0-62MPH 6.5sec
TOP SPEED 152mph
ECONOMY 47.1mpg
CO_2 129g/km

available, for that would be a strange determinant of ability even for a car such as this. The problem, as I perceive it, is that while the car became quieter and more comfortable, it was at best no more fun to drive while others like Renault and Ford started to make Méganes and Focuses that could make you almost literally cry laughing.

Volkswagen's response is the car you see here, the seventh generation of both Golf and Golf GTI. It might look little different to sixth- and indeed fifth-generation cars, but it is all new, from its lightweight MQB platform upwards.

Like all Golf GTIs including the bad ones, this is not a car to shout about its potential. While its closest rival the Ford Focus ST positively yells at you with its selection of wings, chin spoilers and violently orange paint (if you so choose), the Golf continues to believe discretion to be the better way to talk to its more conservative customer base.

You'll know it's a GTI from its wheels, lowered stance, side vents and, inside, retro-cool tartan upholstery and golf ball steering wheel. These are but subtle nods to its potential, not sharp prods in the ribs.

The car I drove was the most basic possible: three doors, six manual gears and no performance pack bringing 10 extra horsepower, an electronic differential and bigger brakes. In my experience, the more the fast Golf recipe is varied, the greater the opportunity for ballsing it up becomes, as readers of last month's review of the absurd Golf R Cabriolet will recall.



Latest Golf GTI looks fairly similar to its immediate predecessor, but is built on an all-new platform. Tartan upholstery gives the cabin a pleasing retro feel

It feels quicker than its 217bhp suggests, partly because at 1351kg it's lighter than you'd think (a Focus ST weighs 1437kg), but also because torque has risen massively – from 207lb ft to 258lb ft – since the last GTI, although power has risen only fractionally. What restricts performance on the road is the traction limit of its front-drive layout. Often you'll try to power away from a roundabout only to be greeted by merely modest acceleration, a gentle writhing of the wheel as the front tyres fight conflicting instructions from the engine and steering and a little dash light telling you the electronics are now at least partly in charge.

At higher speeds, where traction is no issue, the car is far better, feeling substantially quicker than its numbers imply and emitting an offbeat wail that in my more fanciful moments I could just about imagine emanating from a five-cylinder Audi Quattro.



In terms of its cornering behaviour, my experience of the car appears to vary significantly from that of other journalists who've driven it.

Make no mistake, it handles well, exhibiting excellent levels of grip and strong body control over undulating roads. But where's the fun? Where's that dogged determination to get into the corner at all costs, even if it means a trailing throttle, a cocked inside rear wheel and a back end waving around in the breeze? It's almost too composed and, when the grip finally runs out, its default setting is to understeer quite notably and, as you lift, then merely reduce the rate at which the nose peels away from the apex. There's still some entertainment here, but the Focus ST and Mégane 265 are nothing short of riots.

It is, of course, entirely possible that VW not only knows this, but intended it. I read much into the provision of an optional electronic differential along with extra power and bigger brakes for those wishing a more hardcore kind of GTI experience. Before I drove it, my instinct was that this £980 additional package would be a gimmick the car wouldn't really need, but now I think it might be just what's required.

As ever two kinds of people will buy a GTI. Both will need the quiet, comfortable space it provides, but while one will be fixated on how it drives, the other will be bothered only with the image it projects. VW appears to be catering for both.

So perhaps I should wait until I've driven the GTI with the performance pack before delivering a final judgment. Less tends to mean more in such cars, but perhaps this is the exception.

As it stands, however, what you're looking at is a good Golf GTI, but not a great one. I'd probably choose to own it over a Focus ST, for all the reasons anyone might choose a Volkswagen over a Ford and because I'm lucky to have access to other machinery in which to indulge my inner hooligan. But if it were an only car to use for all purposes, it would be impossible to overlook the fact the Ford is faster, funnier and many thousands cheaper.



www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/andrew-frankel

MINI PACEMAN

...or how style is sometimes used to solve probems that didn't exist



SOME OF YOU MAY remember I was once the editor of this title, others may still be trying to forget (so I apologise for this reminder). And when I left to pursue a freelance career, it was the late Russell Bulgin, the most talented writer to turn his attention to cars in my generation, who taught me how to do it. "It's not about being Hemingway," he reassured me, "but writing to length, to brief and to deadline." He was right despite the fact that the last story of his I commissioned – an appreciation of Jackie Stewart – missed the mark so spectacularly in all three regards. If it hadn't also been one of the finest pieces of writing to appear between these covers, I'd have thrown it straight back at him.

But there is a fourth rule: write for your reader and not for yourself. I mention this now because were I writing this for any number of lifestyle magazines, I might quite legitimately have all manner of complimentary things to say about the Mini Paceman. Like any fashion accessory, its job is to get you noticed and it's one it does very well indeed. And, if I understand the subject at all, I think the point about fashion is that to those to whom it matters, it transcends all other considerations, especially practicality. Function can go hang when there's form to be had. Or something like that.

So while you might see the Paceman as a Mini Countryman with its one obvious asset – a reasonable amount of rear room – removed, the people at whom it is aimed will see that as a positive virtue. Cars with room in the back and rear doors suggest family, which suggests commitment, being tied down and not being free. By contrast a rear cabin that is difficult to access and uncomfortable to occupy is perfect: no one's ever going to mistake you for someone who's settled down, but if you do need to pour a couple of plastered mates into the back so they can get home safely from the wine bar, you can.

I suspect the fact I find the idea of the Paceman so irritating says almost as much about my middle aged, middle of the road outlook as the car itself. As a man who finds venturing beyond the cosy confines of the Boden catalogue almost unthinkable, it is a style statement too far. Truth is, I probably don't understand this car, let alone the mindset of someone who might be minded to pay a whole lot of money to own one.

But while its appeal as a fashion icon may be lost on me, I can appreciate the engineering that lies cloaked beneath it. And, like most BMW products, it's very good.

With a 184bhp 1.6-litre turbo motor it provides performance that is both smooth and vivid. It handles well for a car of its apparent size and has an excellent six-speed transmission, too.

My father once described the Triumph Stag as a nice car for someone else. I could spend the rest of my days failing to find a better summation of my feelings towards the Mini Paceman.



FACTFILE

£22,360

ENGINE 1.6 litres, four cylinders, turbocharged

POWER 184bhp @5500rpm

TORQUE 177lb ft@ 1600-5000rpm

TRANSMISSION six-speed manual, front-wheel drive

0-62MPH 7.5sec

TOP SPEED 135mph

ECONOMY 46.4mpg



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PORSCHE CAYMAN

Less is more? Not in this instance...

MAY YOUR GOD SPARE you the Porsche bore. In clumps they can be found, huddled over pints of muddy ale discussing the finer points of Stuttgart's finest. Subjects always include whether a proper Porsche can ever be cooled by water, or whether a relationship with a friend could survive their purchase of a Porsche with an open roof, automatic gearbox, four-wheel drive or some apocalyptically awful combination of the three. They'll tell you they've never driven a 911 Turbo that was as good as the standard car upon which it was based and that wide-bodied 911s strike at the very heart of what made the 911 great in the first place. More than anything else, they will tell you that, when it comes to Porsche sports cars, less is more. That is the phrase without which no one can hope to bluff their way through an evening with the Porsche bores.

But now you will be able to say you have found the exception to this once-presumed immutable rule. It is the basic Porsche Cayman. How we loved to say with the previous generation that you didn't need the big engine and firmer suspension of the 'S' model, or the limited slip differential from the options sheet. Well now you do. By the standards of the Cayman S (if by no other), about which you may remember I became quite giddy two months ago, the entry level Cayman is a disappointment.

Powered by a 2.7-litre engine that actually has fractionally more power than the 2.9-litre motor in the previous Cayman, what it lacks is torque. And it is torque that brings the Cayman to life.

In normal driving you won't know what you're missing. The Cayman is just as sweet to steer as its more muscular brother, with a gearchange of equal and exemplary quality. The engine is so smooth it seems implausible that it has six separate combustion chambers all individually igniting their mixtures – I've driven electric cars with motors not appreciably smoother than this.

But who ever bought a Cayman to drive normally? You can't get a tan as you can in a Boxster, or show off to your mates as you might in a 911, or load up your family and head off on holiday or the school run as you can with a Cayenne or Panamera. The Cayman's great strength is that it's really good for driving.

And that's where this cheaper version falls down. The fact that it's not quite so quick in a straight line as the 'S' is the least of its problems. More serious is that the lack of torque has the effect of making the car feel slightly overgeared, but this can always be mitigated by changing down. What's less easy to solve is its failure to make the chassis come alive. The torque of the bigger engine, ideally coupled with that differential, allows you to make the most of the car's phenomenal traction, flinging you out of corners in a way this Cayman can't. Mid-corner, too, there's the power to influence your direction of travel and, if you take your Cayman to the track as many will, do vast skids. The basic car just understeers.

It seems mean to sound critical of a car I still liked very much and perhaps I'd not have put it this way had I driven it before the Cayman S. Still, I must report as I find. If you are about to take this plunge and plan to buy the standard car because some Porsche bore told you less is more, please take the word of another: not this time, it isn't.

FACTFILE

£39,694

ENGINE
2.7-litres, six cylinders

POWER
275bhp @7500rpm

TORQUE
214lb ft@
4500-6500rpm

TRANSMISSION
six-speed manual, rear-wheel drive

0-62MPH 5.7sec
TOP SPEED 165mph
ECONOMY 34.4mpg
CO_2 192g/km



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BMW M6 GRAN COUPÉ

Effortless speed is a given, but true M-cars need more than that



THE LAST GRAN COUPÉ I drove, the 640d, was a BMW that just worked. Effortlessly powerful, comfortable, frugal, quiet and blessed with a massive range, I wondered at the time how well a car over five metres in length would respond to the 'M' treatment. Being frank, it didn't feel an exactly natural candidate. Then again neither did the X5 or X6 SUV and that didn't stop BMW slathering Motorsports badging all over them.

The hottest version of BMW's Mercedes CLS-apeing stretched four-door 6-series comes with a 552bhp, twin turbo V8 under its lengthy bonnet. It's so fast that 20 years ago that level of performance would have been available only from a highly specialised, vastly expensive hypercar like a Jaguar XJ220. Now it is entirely routine, wrapped up in a shape that will carry five at a distinct pinch for whoever is in the middle of the back row and delivered with almost insouciant ease.

I don't usually have much time for those who claim not to realise how fast they're travelling, but it's easy to underestimate the speed of this M6 by 10 or even 20mph if you find enough open road to let it settle into what feels like a natural cruise.

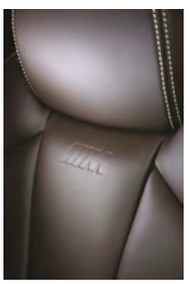
And the fact that it still doesn't feel like an M-car to me probably says more about this writer than the car he's driving. Somewhere deep in my programming there's a line or two of data that says a proper M-car has to be quite light, have two doors, power from a small capacity, naturally aspirated engine capable of spinning at scintillating speeds and prioritise driving pleasure above all other considerations. But that's not what M-cars are today. Today an M-car is simply a high performance BMW, be it a coupé, saloon, SUV or crossover like this.

It's true, too, that the moment I stopped snorting about its badges and concentrated more on the car to which they were attached, I started to like it a whole lot more. It is a superb means of crossing vast distances at great speed, in considerable comfort and some style.

But any more so than that 640d? Certainly not. The M6 may be a little more fun to drive, but that's irrelevant when you consider the cheapest M-car, the M135i, costs a third of the M6's money and is far more fun. In the real world the 640d would be scarcely slower and, over a long distance, would prove hugely faster because BMW says it will return more than 50mpg. Using the same calculations, the M6 can't get near 30mpg.

One more thing. At £97,515 the M6 begs the question why, if you were in the market for such a car, you'd not plump for the similarly fast and powerful but neater and £15,000 cheaper Mercedes-Benz CLS63 AMG? Reasonably good though this M6 is, it's not that good.





FACTFILE

£97,515

ENGINE
4.4-litres, 8 cylinders

POWER
552bhp @6000rpm

TORQUE
502lb ft@ 1500-5750rpm

TRANSMISSION
seven-speed twin-clutch Drivelogic

0-62MPH 4.2sec
TOP SPEED 155mph
ECONOMY 28.5mpg
CO_2 232g/km

Wistful thinking

Thanks for the superb Jim Clark edition (August). A chord was struck with the track test of the Lotus 25, reminding me of an interesting coincidence that occurred 20 years ago.

It was the 1993 *Autosport* show at the Birmingham NEC and we had a small trade stand there. We were part of the Champion Spark Plug pavilion, which pulled together some of the smaller, specialist suppliers (we did racing valves) and Champion embellished the stand area with some really eye-catching exhibits, not least of them a Lotus 25.

As anyone who has manned these stands will know, the best time to have a look around is before the punters arrive and this particular Sunday morning was no exception.

At about 8.30am, we were there, slowly regaining consciousness, when we had a visitor, a very serious and young up-and-coming guy with Formula 1 ambitions. As he studied Jim Clark's winner, the look on his face was interesting and somewhat wistful.

My colleague broke the reverie by asking, "Fancy a go in it, David?" He replied only, "Hmm..."

Twenty years on, he has. Like me, he knew something special when he saw it.
David Walker, Coventry

Monaco memories

Nigel Roebuck's article on the career of Lorenzo Bandini and his dreadful accident at Monaco in 1967 brought back my own memories of that day. I had a seat in what was then the Station Hairpin grandstand and can still hear that foreboding 'whump' of petrol igniting, thankfully out of my sight down at the chicane.

For several laps previously, Bandini's fatigue had been all too apparent, with his head jerking forward as he braked and changed down for the hairpin, and then snapping back again as he applied the throttle. I remember wishing he would pull in, but of course he was a Grand Prix driver. His drive that day was a testimony to his courage and determination, as he would have been well aware that his endurance was being tested. It was a *very* hot day, and I am sure that Chris Amon's explanation of the demanding nature of 100 laps of Monaco is spot on.

I enclose a photograph I took of Bandini earlier on in the race, kicking up the cement dust that was spread over the oil from Jack Brabham's car when a rod let go on the way into the hairpin. Note the marshal's dress!
Gavin Ross, Alford



Sad snapshot: Gavin Ross's photo of Bandini in action during the 1967 Monaco GP

1940 Le Mans 24 Hours...

Returning from my annual visit to the Le Mans 24 Hours (my first was in 1957), I found my August issue of *Motor Sport* with Doug Nye's account of when 'Sammy' Davis helped liberate Le Mans in 1944. It reminded me of fellow Le Mans driver Mortimer Morris-Goodall telling me of this similar story recorded in 1973.

"Robert Hitchens and I finished the race in 1939 so we could qualify for the next one, but there wasn't a next one because of the war. Do you know I was there at Le Mans the day the race should have been run in 1940? This would have been in June and I was retreating fast from Le Havre to St Nazaire. I was then a second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. The CO gave us orders to get out of Le Havre quick – the Germans were then surrounding the town. The Canadian Division was arriving at Brest and we were supposed to go and unload them, but the Germans stopped all that.

"Instead I was told to take the Batallion Transport down to St Nazaire. The Batallion Transport then consisted of two motorbikes and one 15cwt lorry! When I got to Rennes (I think), I saw a signpost that read 'Le Mans' – this was on the Saturday the race should have taken place. I thought, 'Hell, it's only 60km or something', so I turned left and went over to Le Mans, said goodbye to the people in the Hippodrome café and did one lap of the circuit in the truck. I had no idea where the Germans were – it was a stupid thing to do really.

Then I turned round and hit out for St Nazaire like a two-year-old. But I did a lap on the day the race should have been run in 1940."

I asked Mort whether he'd have had an entry to race Robert Hitchens' 2-litre Aston Martin again. He said, "Yes, Robert and I would have been driving." Robert commanded gunboats during the war and was killed in action.
Brian K Joscelyne, Braintree, Essex

Inspirational Win...

I was moved when reading Lunch with... Win Percy (August issue), particularly regarding his spinal injury. As a chiropractor, I know a lot about backs and that they take a hell of a pounding when strapped into a racing car for lap after lap – not counting the shunts and exuberant thumping of kerbs and barriers. In Win's case the damage was likely done long before the gardening incident tipped things over the edge, and it is tragic that he ended up in surgery – always a risky business. I wish him well in his continued rehabilitation. He's an inspiration.

It's one of the reasons I work with a number of young racing drivers, to help make sure they never end up in that situation. On which note, a word for Damon Hill. I had the pleasure of meeting him recently and he was telling me all about his bad back, including his dodgy self-remedies. Remember, Damon, to come and see me next time you are visiting your mother...
Toby Colliver, Cobham, Surrey

...a true racing gent

As an avid reader of *Motor Sport* for more than 60 years, and as a competitor in open wheelers and sports cars for more than 40, may I say congratulations on your recent Lunch with Win Percy.

As Simon Taylor wrote, Win has that rare sense of decency that is missing in this day and age.

My wife and I were fortunate to dine with Win and other close friends in Geelong (south of Melbourne) in the 1990s. It was most entertaining, in terms of race chat, food and wine.

What a wonderful personification of an English gentleman he is. His stories of racing and his life were riveting. The several glasses of red must have got to him as in the mailbox the next day was a copy of his racing resumé, and written on it was 'To Roy, thanks for the driving lessons, Win Percy' – very tongue in cheek, of course.

I still have it and will always treasure it and his natural humour.

As you say, he will be long remembered as a wonderfully decent bloke, a top driver and a great all-round personality. Go well Win, you will always have a special place in our memory bank of extra-special people.
Roy Williams, Geelong, Australia

Meeting Bandini

Nigel Roebuck's thoughtful piece about Lorenzo Bandini took me back to July 1961. During a continental camping holiday with car-mad friends, we called in to the Modena Autodrome to find a Centro Sud Maserati-engined Cooper T53 in the sun-baked pits.

In halting Italian we very reluctantly convinced the mechanics that we were not there to try out the Cooper – at that time Centro Sud race school was full of English-speaking hopefuls – and we were soon joined by a quiet, polite and earnest young Italian in a T-shirt and chinos, who stepped into the Cooper and was push-started away.

My photo below shows him alert and focused, the young Lorenzo Bandini.

The Cooper rushed off, snorting and crackling, the sound bouncing off the high walls that surrounded the autodrome as he disappeared from view. He circulated steadily for three laps then went for it, finally exuberantly sliding out of the last corner before the pits, much appreciated by the applauding Centro Sud mechanics.

We chatted briefly with Bandini and a week later followed the Centro Sud transporter to Germany, where at the Nürburgring – in just his third F1 start in the outdated Cooper – he ran well but retired with mechanical problems.

That damp day we were however treated to one of Stirling Moss's greatest drives in the Walker Lotus 18/21, when he gambled on rain tyres and beat all the sharknose Ferraris. Little did we know this would be Stirling's last World Championship Grand Prix win.

Having been charmed by Lorenzo we naturally followed his F1 career, so the 1967 Monaco Grand Prix left us each utterly shocked.
David Morgan, Mill Green, Herts



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F1 losing its grip?

I read Paul Hembery's comments on the need for Formula 1 to entertain with interest (July issue).

Although drag-reduction systems and deteriorating tyres might appeal to the casual TV viewer in the same way as 20/20 cricket, there is a danger die-hard fans will become disillusioned with the highly contrived show.

I have been following F1 for more than 30 years, but the sight of a driver cruising round nursing his tyres, or a DRS-assisted overtake that the driver in front is unable to defend, has resulted in me reaching for the 'off' switch. I now get my motor sport fix from MotoGP, a sport that has maintained its integrity by not introducing gimmicks.

It is the way of things that the casual TV viewer will soon bore of F1 and move on to other sports. And if F1 alienates fans from its traditional European heartland, then it could end up with no fanbase at all. Although I respect Paul Hembery's comments and understand why the sport has gone down this particular route, I believe it is a potentially ruinous one.
Nicholas Bird, Southsea, Hampshire

Landing on his feet

Regarding the Le Mans 24 Hours of 1967 (July issue), the mother of a good friend chartered a light aircraft from Luton to take three of us, landing on a grass strip behind the main grandstand from where we watched the start.

After the total silence before the drivers ran across the track and the subsequent explosion of engines, my abiding memory is of the sheer speed as the leaders passed us on the first lap into the Dunlop Curve. To those brought up on British club racing, it was an awesome revelation further enhanced by walks around various parts of the circuit, inside and out.

While we were, from a patriotic view, disappointed by the early departure of the underprepared Lola-Astons, the Ford/Ferrari battle kept us riveted, particularly after the multiple crash to which Nigel Roebuck refers seemed to even up the odds once again. Seared forever into my memory, however, is the glorious Sunday sound of Parkes/Scarfiotti using the full rev range in all gears of the P4 lap after lap in what turned out to be a fruitless pursuit of the rumbling Ford.

Greatest race possibly, but I have never felt tempted to return.
David Bridges, via e-mail

Henry, the golden engine

In Paul Fearnley's article on Sir Henry Segrave (July issue), the paragraph on Golden Arrow mentions obtaining finance from Portland Cement and BP. This is incorrect because the finance for Golden Arrow came from Lord Wakefield of Hythe and his oil company CC Wakefield trading as Castrol.

During World War II, Golden Arrow was stored in packing cases along with Lord Wakefield's world water speed record boat Miss England II in the London Docks. After the war the remains of Miss England II were found destroyed by fire due to an incendiary bomb. Golden Arrow survived, but then it had to because it was always the most beautiful of all Land Speed Record cars.

Golden Arrow was retained by Castrol through the 1950s and was often stored in a large lock-up garage in Ilford. In 1959 it was displayed at the Goodwood TT then presented, on loan, to the Montagu Motor Museum, now National Motor Museum, by Capt George Eyston, who was at the time a director of Castrol.
Jeff Gibson, via e-mail



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BILL POTTINGER (VOL 1)

Bill Pottinger used to be a regular spectator at Teretonga, New Zealand. "These shots," he writes, "bring back vivid memories." He's sent in lots – and more will feature in future – but we'll commence with some saloons... **1** Jack Nazer (Escort FVA) clouts Clyde Collins (Ford Falcon) in January 1970 **2** Escort twin-cam racer Jim Carney was startled by the speed of youngster Jim Richards, in a modified Escort 1300... and soon began supporting the future tin-top legend **3** Robert Stewart (1275 Mini Cooper S) heads PDL team-mate Clyde Collins (970 S) **4** Richards again, this time in a Ford Anglia 1200



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SEND US YOUR IMAGES

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

Motor Sport, 38 Chelsea Wharf, 15 Lots Road, London SW10 0QJ

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

MOTOR SPORT HALL OF FAME

Ron Dennis honoured by the MIA

On Tuesday July 2, 2010 inductee Ron Dennis received the MIA Award for Outstanding Contribution to the Motorsport Industry. Since he took over McLaren in 1981, the team has won more than 150 Grands Prix and 17 world titles (10 for drivers, seven for constructors).

The MIA's chief executive Chris Aylett said, "The outstanding career of Ron Dennis epitomises all that is good about British motor sport engineering. From



1972, when he formed his first racing team, to becoming a significant shareholder and chairman of the McLaren Group, Ron's achievements are testament to his skills and abilities."

After receiving the honour at the House of Lords, Dennis said. "First and foremost this is something of a surprise. Inevitably when you are fortunate enough to win awards like this, you think about the circumstances behind it and I have always had tremendous teams of people to work with. But it's nice to see that such a prestigious organisation recognises the contribution that I have made to succeed, both on and off the track, and for that I feel very honoured."

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

Nigel Roebuck



The magnificent challenge of Pikes Peak, Pirelli's rapid response to the British Grand Prix tyre fiasco and how F1 failed to deal with something similar at Indianapolis in 2005

JUNE 30, SILVERSTONE. FOR A WHILE THE British Grand Prix was a mighty edgy affair and we felt sympathy for Charlie Whiting, whose call it was, after all, to decide the race's fate: allow it to continue, or put out the red flag? Whiting later acknowledged that for a time he had been very much in two minds: Hamilton, Massa, Gutiérrez, Vergne, Perez… was that it, or would there be further drivers struggling back to the pits with a flailing Pirelli? Fortunately, that was the sum of it, but it was hardly a surprise that the happenings of the day left the drivers mighty concerned, not to say angry.

Had his career taken a different turn, as seemed possible at one time, Sébastian Loeb might have been one of them, but as it was on June 30 he was on the other side of the pond, preparing for a rather different event. Pikes Peak, no less. And one assumes that, as he awaited his start time, Sébastien did not have sight of a TV tuned into Silverstone, for the consequences of a tyre failure where he was were best not thought about.

"I remember the first time I went there," says Mario Andretti, "they said not to worry about getting hurt – because you'd starve to death before you hit the bottom…"

As it was, Loeb's Michelin-shod Peugeot 208 T16 ran faultlessly and the driver matched the car – indeed Sébastien actually beat the optimum time suggested by Peugeot's computer. He had known beforehand, he said, that the car would be unbeatable up the hill, that – relatively – he could take it easy, and still win, still set a new record. In the end, though, he decided to give it everything he had, and how grateful we should be, for Peugeot's movie of the run will forever stand as testimony to what a man can do with a car. In his quiet way, Loeb murmured that he didn't think he'd made any mistakes.

I was always aware of Pikes Peak, aware of its standing in US motor sport folklore, aware that for countless years it was dominated by the Unser family. The hillclimb was run for the first time in 1916, making it the second-oldest event – after the Indianapolis 500 – on the American racing calendar, and it has always been something of a maverick affair. Even in these nanny state days of the 21st century, the instruction to spectators is straight to the point: "Please stay clear of the course, and don't stand or sit where a vehicle might strike you."

Simple enough, isn't it?

It goes on: "Likely high-impact areas are marked off. Please avoid them. The Hill Climb enjoys an enviable safety record, and one reason for this is the good common sense of our fans. To maintain this record, we need your help."

And further: "Once you are on the mountain, unless you park below the startline, you will not be able to leave until the race is completed. Depending on how the race progresses (no crashes etc), this can be any time between 3pm and 6pm."

And again: "Expect the unexpected on Pikes Peak. A typical June day can start out very sunny and warm, only to turn intensely cold with rain or snow, so the best advice is to dress in layers. The higher up the mountain you go, the cooler the air will be. If there is lightning or hail, take shelter in your vehicle."

These quotes come not from the 1954 programme, but from just the other day. Hallelujah! I must get to Pikes Peak before someone bans it.

When the road first opened, in 1916, it proclaimed itself 'The World's Highest Highway', and the inaugural Pikes Peak Hill Climb – which would also become known as The Race to the Clouds – was run in an attempt to pull in more tourists to the Colorado Springs holiday area. It was won by one Rea Lentz, whose Romano Special completed the course in 20min 55.6sec, which seems remarkably swift for 97 years ago.

Twenty years on, the record time had been reduced by nearly five minutes, and for the first time the name of Unser appears in the records. "That was Uncle Louie," says nephew Bobby. "He won it nine times altogether, the last time in 1953, and lived at the bottom of Pikes Peak. I don't think he wanted other Unsers coming up there – the mountain was his private playhouse.

REX/BELL



"I MUST GET TO PIKES PEAK BEFORE SOMEONE BANS IT"

"I won it for the first time in '56, and I probably used to spend 25 per cent of my waking hours thinking about Pikes Peak. I found I always got quicker as the run went on. It would take me a little time to get into the rhythm of it – for the first three or four miles the rocks and trees on both sides wouldn't be flicking by like they should…

"I've won Pikes Peak, and finished with my face and hands bloody from getting pelted by hail stones at 11,000 feet. The clouds are worse than anything, though – you can disappear into them and then you can't see a thing."

These days there are guardrails at the hairpins higher up the 12.42-mile run, but elsewhere all that awaits is… fresh air. Friends who have driven to the top of Pikes Peak in road cars confide feelings of queasiness even at 30mph, so it's not easy to imagine how it can be when you have 875bhp, and you're using every bit of it.

According to Andretti, the secret – if there is one – is resolutely to look straight ahead. "At one time there were plenty of places like that. Take St Jovite – man, I flat loved that race track, but it sure didn't do to spend much time looking closely at it. I remember going there the first time for an Indycar car race in '67, and driving around quite slowly at first – learning it, you know. Big mistake. Going slowly gave you time to look around, and you didn't want to do that because then you noticed that at the sides of the track there were boulders and God knows what. I remember saying to Al Unser, 'The track's great, but there's just one thing – don't look to the side…' Well, the Peak was like that, only much more so – and for more than 12 miles!"

In length Pikes Peak is in fact only a couple of miles shorter than the Nürburgring – the Nordschleife, of course – and familiarisation with either can never be the work of a moment. "I never learned the Nürburgring properly because I only raced there a couple of times," says Andretti, "and it was the same with Pikes Peak – I won it, but I never really learned it. Just took a lot of chances…"

Mario drove at the Peak three times, in the late '60s, primarily because – remarkably – it was for a time a round of the USAC National Championship, and if most of his rivals chose to pass it up, he ran there because there were points to be had.

It needs to be borne in mind that, for almost all of its life as a competition venue, the surface of Pikes Peak was dirt – indeed it was only after 2011 that it was paved in its entirety. That being so, it rather beggars belief that the car Andretti took there in 1968 was his regular Hawk, as had competed in the Indy 500 a few weeks before.

"We raised the ride height," says Mario, "and stuck on some dirt track tyres, and that was about it. I can't say it was ideal for a hillclimb on dirt, really… particularly with a 'light switch' turbocharged motor! Bobby [Unser] won it, in a [front-engined] championship dirt car, which was what you needed to get the job done, and I was fourth, but I knew the only way I was ever going to win the goddam thing was if he didn't run in the same class – there was no way I was going to beat him up there.

"Bobby and I used to be quite good pals – sometimes, when we'd run midgets and sprint cars together, we'd split the money, so if one of us dropped out, he'd really root for the other! Money in the bank, right?

"Anyway, for Pikes Peak in '69 we made a deal to compete in different classes – he'd run a stock car and I'd run a championship dirt car. That left his brother Al as my only real problem – but guess what? Luckily for me Al goes and breaks his leg, so he can't run in my class,

"ARI WAS ALWAYS THE MOST SPECTACULAR OF RALLY DRIVERS"



Ari Vatanen's Peugeot 405 T16 in action on the pre-asphalt Peak, in 1989

PEUGEOT

either! I figured I could take care of the rest of those guys, and I did…"

However, I wondered, did he – or anyone else – ever get used to those sheer drops? "Like I said – by staring straight ahead of me at all times! You'd go into a turn, sideways on the dirt, and you kind of got used to the idea that at the exit there was just this… void. Funny how the mind works, though. Coming out of some turns there'd be bushes on the outside, and psychologically that helped – man, you'd really hang it out when there was a bush there!"

Just for the record, the King-Ford used by Andretti to win at Pikes Peak was one of 10 different cars he raced in 37 events in 1969. As well as winning the Indy 500, and becoming USAC National Champion for the third time, Mario was also – when his schedule permitted – driving in Grands Prix for Lotus and sports car races for Ferrari. Never been a racing driver like him, nor will there be again.

In the last 30 years or so, Pikes Peak, which necessarily puts a premium on traction, has become increasingly the province of the rally car. After John Buffum won it twice in an Audi Quattro, the fearless Michèle Mouton had a couple of victories in a factory car, and in 1986 and '87 Audi continued its run of success, with Bobby Unser (taking his last win at the Peak) and Walter Röhrl.



LAT

Before returning this year with Loeb, Peugeot had ventured to Pikes Peak in the late '80s, entering a specially-built 405 Turbo 16 for Ari Vatanen, who shaved half a second from Röhrl's record time of the year before. Another Unser – Robby, son of Bobby – took the same car to victory the following year.

A movie of Vatanen's mad progress up the hill, entitled *Climb Dance*, is available on YouTube, and I urge you to seek it out, not least because it is a very different viewing experience from the footage of Loeb. Ari was always the most spectacular of rally drivers – and if the climb took him two and a half minutes longer than Sébastien, remember again that he was on dirt, not Tarmac. It is perhaps not surprising that a great many hardcore fans hate the fact that it has now been paved.

You might assume, as I did, that this would have made it safer, but according to those with experience of both surfaces the opposite is true. "No," says Paul Dallenbach, who survived a terrifying accident in 2012, "it's actually more dangerous – the dirt might have been more spectacular, but of course it was slower. As well as that, when it was dirt it was also four feet wider, so you had more space to mess up and spin – now, when you break traction, you're going off the road. In the dirt I was hitting about 138mph – now I'm over 150 in four places…"

Loeb, of course, was even faster, in places exceeding 160 in his Peugeot. "People call it a rally car," he says, "but of course it's not – it's a racing car…" Pikes Peak was hugely satisfying to him, but he doubts he will venture back there, and why would he? One cannot, after all, improve on perfection.

AFTER NICO ROSBERG HAD TAKEN THE chequered flag at Silverstone, I escaped The Wing's deathless press room and swiftly headed downstairs to ground level. Once outside, the first person I saw was John Surtees, and we began talking through the events of the afternoon, notably the spate of tyre failures that had for a time threatened the continuation of the race.

"Of course it shouldn't have happened," said John, "but this is what you get when you have a testing ban. How is a company expected to develop its tyres when it's not allowed to test them on a current car? All right, the amount of testing – and the cost of it – had got out of hand, and something had to be done. But to go to the other extreme – to ban it completely – was nonsense. Apart from anything else, how is a young driver expected to progress, to show if he's any good or not, if he's hardly ever able to get into a car? Instead of that, everything is done on simulators these days – but it's not as though those things are exactly cheap! No, they've got to allow testing again, at least to some degree…"

In point of fact, even as we chatted, moves – prompted by the controversial Pirelli test with Mercedes at Barcelona – were already afoot to go at least some way down the path suggested by Surtees. In an FIA press release, issued after days of World Motor Sport Council meetings at Goodwood the week before the British Grand Prix, it was announced that next year – in place of the current eight one-day 'promotional days' and the three-day young driver test – four two-day track tests would be permitted, these to be run at European circuits on the Tuesday and Wednesday after a race.

Idle thought: presumably a rethink will be necessary as and when Bernie Ecclestone and CVC whittle down the European races to fewer than four – at this rate surely only a matter of time – but maybe I'm being unnecessarily pessimistic: perhaps, in light of recent events in Germany, such decisions will shortly be in other hands. And if that should come to be, maybe – we can dream – Formula 1 might again put some focus on countries where the locals actually like it, rather than concentrate on deals with people like that nice Mr Putin.

It was indeed an edgy afternoon at Silverstone, beginning on lap eight when pole man Lewis Hamilton, who had built a handy lead over Sebastian Vettel, abruptly slowed, left rear tyre in shreds. Earlier in the season we had seen delaminations (not least to Hamilton), but this was a *disintegration*, and before the spectators had time fully to digest their disappointment, Felipe Massa was spinning into the boonies, and for the same reason. The next victim was Jean-Eric Vergne, on the Hangar Straight, and his blow-out brought out the safety car, allowing marshals the opportunity to retrieve Pirelli detritus from the track.

In point of fact, they had plenty of time for this, for the safety car stayed out for six laps, during which time a good deal of urgent discussion was taking place. There had been three very public tyre failures – and it could have been worse than that: Fernando Alonso, for example, had one fail, but this went almost unnoticed for it occurred at the last corner, and when he was about to pit. After Vettel's stop, cuts were found on the left rear taken from his car, and at once he was radioed: "Try and stay away from the kerbs." In the past, it should be noted, there had never been any concerns about Silverstone's kerbs.

Later in the race Sergio Pérez suffered a Pirelli failure (also on Hangar Straight), and it was more than fortunate that Alonso, immediately behind, was already lining up to pass the McLaren on the right, and somehow managed to swerve past – a manoeuvre that generated 3.6*g*, no less – without either collecting Perez or being struck by the steel-belted debris from his ruined tyre.

As it was, the overriding feeling at the end of the race was one of relief that a bullet had been dodged, that we had got through the afternoon without anyone being hurt. And while, from a PR point of view, the British Grand Prix was obviously a disaster for Pirelli, it was difficult not to feel some sympathy for the company, which had suffered delamination problems with its steel-belted tyres as early as the Bahrain race, and would have revised its rear tyres long ago, had it not been for 'Formula 1 mentality', in which vested interests traditionally triumph over the common good.



"AFTER SILVERSTONE, THERE WAS AN URGENT NEED FOR CHANGE"

To change its tyres as it would have wished, Pirelli needed the teams' unanimous support, and this was not forthcoming from Lotus, Force India or Ferrari, whose cars were kinder to their tyres than most.

I'm not suggesting that these three teams should be singled out as blinkered ogres – although 'short-sighted' seems fair – because the fact of the matter is that their thinking – "We can make it work, so why should we suffer because you lot can't?" – has been prevalent in F1 since time began.

After Silverstone, though, there was an urgent need for change. Thanks to the wholly unnecessary messing about with the calendar earlier this year, the German Grand Prix was but a week away, rather than a fortnight, and while the Nürburgring lacked Silverstone's ultra-fast corners, obviously there could be no question of going there with unchanged tyres. The teams that had earlier blocked Pirelli's wish to revise its rears now – on safety grounds – withdrew their objections. How could they do else?

Thus Pirelli went into action, and in an astonishingly short period of time – three days – built enough new tyres (Kevlar-belted, as in previous years, rather than steel) for the 10 teams to use in Germany. Whatever criticism has come the company's way in recent weeks, it deserved considerable praise for the way it responded in this instance.

For all that, the drivers, angry after Silverstone, needed to be reassured, and after a meeting at the Nürburgring on the Thursday, the GPDA issued a statement, announcing that its members would boycott the German Grand Prix if there were to be any repeat of the tyre failures encountered the previous weekend. Some thought strange the timing of the statement – anticipating a problem that hopefully had been resolved – but at the same time it was no bad thing that the GPDA at least reminded the world of its continuing existence, and got across the strength of the drivers' concerns.

As it was, of course, the threatened boycott was swiftly forgotten because, as anticipated, there were no tyre problems over the German Grand Prix weekend – indeed, with Pirelli understandably playing it safe, the normal 'tyre degradation' endemic in this era of F1 mercifully played an insignificant role at the Nürburgring, and thus what we had was a proper motor race – the best Grand Prix of the season to date, not least because it was *real*.

Sebastian Vettel finally won at home, and the victory was especially satisfying because it did not come easily – indeed this was a race that should have been won by Lotus, and if Vettel's march to a fourth consecutive World Championship seems inexorable that's fine with me because, while it might be distressing to fans of Alonso or Hamilton, the fact is that Red Bull, while perhaps not the most popular team in the paddock, is yet again doing a better job than its rivals.

I have no memory, in the mid-60s, of people resenting the fact that Colin Chapman built quicker cars than anyone else, that you set off to a race in the virtual certainty you were going to see another victory for Jim Clark. It's a fact that, unless you were a Schumacher fanatic, you tired of those seemingly endless years of Ferrari supremacy, but the fact was that Michael and his team, operating under the rules of the time, and playing every card in their hand, simply did a better job, and it was up to the rest to match them. As for this era, maybe the answer is to have an FIA rule requiring Adrian Newey to change teams on an annual basis…

If his abilities as a pure driver were not enough, Vettel is also



JAKOB EBREY

conspicuously blessed by luck. There are those who insist that there is no such thing, coming out with clichés such as 'You make your own luck', and so on, and I'll go some way down the path with them on that – but only some way. Chris Amon, for example, may have been heroically disorganised in lots of ways, but he was also a brilliant natural racing driver, and lack of organisation had nothing to do with, say, his gearbox failure (after 60 laps of clutchless changes) at St Jovite in 1968, when he was leading by a clear minute. Amon lost many a Grand Prix like that, none by his own hand.

Contrast that with Vettel's race last year at Interlagos, the championship decider. On the first lap he ran into Bruno Senna, and emerged from the corner with a badly damaged car – and going backwards. Few in his team felt the car would make the finish, but it did – and with just enough points to get Seb to the title. Undeniably he had put in a superb recovery drive, but as usual luck rode with him, too, and you can't put a price on that.

After Hamilton's tyre failure, Silverstone looked like just another Sunday in another Vettel summer. Nico Rosberg's Mercedes was only a couple of seconds adrift, but looked unlikely to threaten the leading Red Bull. Then, with 11 laps to the flag, Vettel slowed and came to a halt in front of the new pits.

Maybe it was because many have tired of the endless chapter of Vettel victories, and perhaps, too, his cheating Mark Webber (always a great favourite at Silverstone) out of victory in Malaysia: whatever, the spectators erupted with delight at Sebastian's rare misfortune, and I must say I found that disappointing, not to say sad.

Of course any crowd quite naturally supports its own, and nothing wrong with that, but even before the start there were jeers for Vettel, and it's something I've never cared to hear. At Silverstone 21 years ago, when Mansell Mania was at its most demented, I remember a banner in the grandstand across from the pits: 'F*** Senna', it said, without the asterisks. Then, as now, I thought this was supposed to be a sport.

IT WAS GOOD THAT THE GERMAN GRAND PRIX turned out the way it did – a proper motor race, devoid of tyre wrangles – because Silverstone had been a low point in the season. After the race there were even those comparing the day's events with the shambles at Indianapolis in 2005. A bit extreme, I thought. Although that weekend at the Brickyard was also mired in controversy to do with tyres, the circumstances were rather different.

For one thing, the powers-that-be, in their endless quest to improve the quality of The Show, had decided that season to stick with refuelling (subsequently banned, happily, at the end of '09) but to get rid of tyre stops. One set, in other words, for an entire Grand Prix, which was something of a departure from the sprint-stop-sprint syndrome of previous seasons.

I thought this a worthwhile experiment, for it opened up the possibility of different cars being quick at different points in the race: treat your tyres kindly, in the Prost tradition, during the opening stages, and come the late laps you would be in better shape than those who had charged earlier on. And it worked well – why, even at Monte Carlo there was overtaking in the dying laps of the race.

There was also, in 2005, a tyre war, and when it came to building competitive tyres that would last for 200 miles, Michelin proved consummately superior – so much so that Ferrari, the only major team on Bridgestones, was suddenly an also-ran, having dominated most of the five seasons past. It wasn't long before other team principals, while much enjoying the situation, began to murmur that at season's end the 'no tyre change' rule would be gone. And lo, they were right.

Michelin people were already well savvy to the… vagaries of F1. Take summer 2003, for example, when Ferrari was struggling somewhat, to the point that in Hungary Michael Schumacher finished eighth – and lapped. In terms of the World Championship, Juan Pablo Montoya was but one point behind him, Kimi Räikkönen two. Close…

Then someone at Bridgestone tipped off someone at Ferrari that, in certain circumstances, Michelin's front tyre just might infringe the rule relating to the maximum permitted contact patch (270mm). After the Hungarian Grand Prix Ferrari raised the matter, whereupon all teams were notified by Charlie Whiting that in future the measuring of front tyre widths would be done differently – not when they were new, but when they were used.

This made Patrick Head extremely angry: "I was… annoyed by the timing, I think you could say: the geometry of Michelin's tyre had been unchanged since Imola in 2001. In building their tyres, Michelin had assumed that the contact patch limit applied to tyres 'when new' – I don't think there'd been any thought of, 'OK, it'll be like that when new, but we'll make it so it's wider when it's worn…' It had just happened because of the design of the tyres, and because sometimes, when you go over kerbs and things, it scuffs the side. It was a new – mid-season – interpretation for the FIA suddenly to say, 'From now on we're going to measure the tyres when they're worn, as opposed to new'. Michelin did a quick modification and we tested them at Monza, but it's fair to say it had a fairly disruptive effect on our preparations for the Italian Grand Prix. Had we not put so much of our time into that, I suspect we would have been able to get more performance from the car…" Montoya finished second at Monza, behind Schumacher.

Over time I have spoken to many a team principal and engineer about tyres, and to a man they have privately expressed the view that, in terms of engineering excellence, Michelin stands alone. That said,

the one time they got it wrong – at Indianapolis in '05 – they got it royally wrong.

History shows that this was the only race won that year by Schumacher and Ferrari, and it was of course for the very good reason that Michael's only opposition came from his team-mate Rubens Barrichello. At the end of the formation lap all the Michelin runners peeled off into the pitlane, and only the six Bridgestone-shod cars – unkindly described by one bitter wag as 'two Ferraris, and four things that make noise' – went to the grid. Behind the red cars, after 73 interminable laps, were the two Jordans and the two Minardis. By this time a majority of the 120,000 livid spectators had long since departed.

I watched for a few laps in the press room, then gave up and wandered down to the paddock, where drivers were already preparing to leave. "This could be the end of Formula 1 in America," I remember Jacques Villeneuve saying, and I didn't argue with him.

There was, as I said, a tyre war at this time, and in tyre wars the companies involved push things closer to the edge. Such is the nature of competition. Since F1's previous visit to Indianapolis, the surface of the Speedway had been diamond-cut, which increased grip – but also necessarily increased load on the tyres. At the Indy 500, run the previous month, Firestone had encountered problems, and information was passed on to the mother company, Bridgestone, who thus came prepared for the Grand Prix.



Three jeers: American fans protest at Indy in 2005 LAT

In practice all the problems were confined to Turn 13 (Turn One on the oval, in the opposite direction), and when Ralf Schumacher's Toyota clouted the wall, it was found that his left rear Michelin had been already coming off the rim before the impact. Although qualifying went ahead without incident, on Saturday evening several teams reported tyres in a tenuous state, and Michelin advised them that they were not suitable for racing unless corner speeds at Turn 13 could be reduced.

How was that to be achieved? One ludicrous suggestion was the imposition of a '280kph speed limit' for the Michelin cars through the contentious corner, but quite how that was to be accomplished safely – with most cars cruising, and one or two absolutely flat out – was not clear. Nor was it obvious how such as Räikkönen, Montoya and Alonso might be persuaded to observe such a limit.

Fatuous, obviously – so what next? While far from wholly satisfactory, the most obvious solution was the swift insertion of a chicane, so as to reduce the speed of the cars as they approached Turn 13. Yes, it would be unfair to the Bridgestone runners, no doubt about that, but it would at least enable the US Grand Prix to be run with a full complement of cars – and would also demonstrate Formula 1's wish to put its customers first.

On race morning all the team principals signed their agreement to a chicane, save Jean Todt of Ferrari, and the matter was then settled once and for all in Paris, by FIA president Max Mosley, who said that changing the circuit in this fashion was out of the question if the race were to be a round of the World Championship.

Well, in that case, what about Barcelona 1994? In the aftermath of the recent deaths of Roland Ratzenberger and Ayrton Senna, the drivers, understandably jumpy, insisted on the Thursday night on the insertion of a chicane before the quick Nissan Curve. It was a Heath Robinson thing – effectively two tyre walls lashed together to form barriers across the track – and some muttered that it was more dangerous than the corner it sought to protect, but the point is that it *was* installed, and the Spanish Grand Prix went ahead, complete with its World Championship status.

So these things can be done, but at Indianapolis they were not, and only six cars went to the grid. There, of course, all the tyre problems had manifested themselves in practice, whereas at Silverstone they became apparent only in the race: had there been so many tyre disintegrations on Saturday, one wonders what steps would have been taken, or even if the British Grand Prix would have been run.

At Indianapolis Michelin of course came in for savage criticism, but it must be said that the company responded to the debacle with laudable honour and integrity, not least in the way it financially compensated disgruntled fans.

It was at Spa in 2005 that Bernie Ecclestone told me he believed F1 had to go to a single tyre supplier, sooner rather than later, and at the end of 2006 Michelin withdrew, leaving only Bridgestone, who departed four years later, since when Pirelli has had the contract.

Many feel that Michelin was shamefully treated by F1, not least by its governing body, and one might imagine that the company would have little interest in returning any time soon. Apparently not so, however. I'll confess that never for a second could I imagine a man like Michelin's former motor sport boss Pierre Dupasquier agreeing to the manufacture of 'high-degradation' tyres because they were supposedly good for The Show, but in different circumstances a return by Michelin is not out of the question, particularly in 2014, when the new F1 comes in.

"A RETURN BY MICHELIN IS NOT OUT OF THE QUESTION"

Current motor sport chief Pascal Couasnon recently said that Michelin would not consider coming back simply to rescue the sport if Pirelli were to quit, but did not rule out a return. "We all live in the same world, and it is clear what F1 represents in terms of visibility – in this area it is a long way ahead. Also, when it comes to technology, it could be extremely interesting.

"We would be willing to sit down and make some proposals," he said. "We might suggest changing the tyre dimensions for F1, for instance. Today there are 13-inch wheels, but that doesn't interest us: 18-inch wheels is a whole other thing. We would only be interested in F1 if we are able to have smart regulations, in terms of the tyres."

Couasnon also made a point – which has occurred to not a few over the last year or two – about F1's avowed intention to become more 'green'. He was glad to see that the rules were fundamentally changing, for he didn't feel that some of the current ones really fitted in with a 'green' philosophy. "A tyre that lasts only seven laps," he said, "is difficult to relate to the idea of 'green'..."

Hard to take issue, really.





NIKI LAUDA VS JAMES HUNT

The making of an A-list Formula 1 blockbuster, from the race tracks of 1976 to cinema's silver screen

It was the rivalry that burst Grand Prix racing into the feverish hype of the modern era. Out of the blue, the scruffy, charming, public school rogue who refused to conform found himself in Britain's best Formula 1 team, pitched into a battle with a man every bit as uncompromising, against a ruthless team that craved victory at any cost. The drivers were good friends, but that mutual respect and affection would be stretched by the pulsating events of a season that captivated the world and brought new levels of attention to a sport once peripheral, now catapulted into the mainstream. The best Hollywood scriptwriters couldn't have bettered 1976 – but in 2013, that hasn't stopped them trying. The forthcoming *Rush* looks set to become the most significant motor racing movie since *Le Mans*.

In the following 22 pages, we explore the truth – and fresh fiction – of a story that is once more poised to captivate the world.

LAT


Marlboro
11
GOODYEAR

“We didn’t know if he was quick...”

James Hunt wouldn’t have been McLaren’s first choice for the 1976 season, but circumstance cast him in that direction. It’s all very clear in team manager Alastair Caldwell’s memory...

writer ROB WIDDOWS



LAT

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

Or did he?

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

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

tails were up and the trusty old M23 was evolving nicely. Signing James Hunt from the defunct Hesketh team was an enforced risk, but a very close second place at Kyalami was encouraging. Team manager Alastair Caldwell, who's been closely involved with the production of *Rush* and a recent BBC documentary, was the man charged with keeping the lid on their new, somewhat volatile, driver.

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

Time was tight, the learning curve steep and there was no time to feel their way into a new season.

"We didn't know if he was quick," says Caldwell. " We knew he'd had a lucky win at Zandvoort with Hesketh, and we'd seen him racing, but you don't know about drivers until you get them in your car. We thought the whole

"WE THOUGHT THE WHOLE HESKETH THING, INCLUDING JAMES, WAS A BIT FOOLISH, NOT OUR STYLE OF DRIVER AT ALL"

The season began as the previous one had finished, with reigning champion Niki Lauda winning the first two races in Brazil and South Africa. The Ferrari 312T looked unstoppable, the Scuderia taking a one-two at the next race in Long Beach, albeit this time with Clay Regazzoni coming home ahead of Lauda. Most observers believed the Austrian's second title was a foregone conclusion.

In the McLaren factory at Colnbrook they had other ideas. Barely recovered from the abrupt defection of Emerson Fittipaldi, their Hesketh thing, including James, was a bit foolish and foppish and he would not have been our first choice, not our style of driver at all.

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



Hunt sips the bubbly at Brands Hatch. But he would eventually lose his hard-fought British GP victory



REX FEATURES

the monocoque. Anyway, off we went to Brazil and nobody really knew if he'd be any good or not. Poor old Jochen Mass. He wanted to know who was number one, and I told him that would be whoever was fastest. That was sorted pretty rapidly when James got pole at Interlagos and Jochen was halfway down the grid. And that's how it stayed."

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

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

THIS WAS THE FIRST MAJOR CONTROVERSY of a very tense season – and it was all down to a team error.

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

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

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

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

"We went testing at Paul Ricard. I'd invented the air starter, saving us a ton of weight, and we'd put skirts on the car. One of my jobs was to read the rulebook and I always made the most of the regulations, studying what they said and not what they meant. But still we weren't competitive. We were nowhere in Belgium, Monaco or Sweden and Lauda won two of





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

The joy of winning in France, quickly followed by the Spanish reinstatement, put McLaren on the front foot as the circus headed for Brands Hatch in July.

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

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

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

"James was getting pretty edgy and, when he sat in the car, it was jigging about on the stands. He was often like that before a race. Anyway, we got it all sorted, took the car out to the grid at the last minute and away they went. The race itself was equally dramatic, Lauda leading for 45 laps before gearbox trouble slowed him and James zapped past to win. Unbelievable. But it wasn't over yet. Not until September did an FIA court rule that the win would be disallowed. By then, of course, Lauda had suffered his accident at the Nürburgring."

On August 1, after changing to wets at the end of the first lap of the German Grand Prix, Lauda crashed, the car caught fire and he was horribly burned. For a while there were rumours that he would not survive but, in a staggering display of courage, he was back in the Ferrari at Monza in September, having missed just two races. Hunt, meanwhile, had won in Germany, picked up a fourth in Austria and won again in Holland. By Monza, Lauda led Hunt by just two points.

"I have never seen bravery like it, not in any sport," says Caldwell, "Lauda's face was badly disfigured, he was in a lot of pain and after the race his balaclava was soaked in blood. Unbelievably he'd finished fourth and James had started from the back and spun off early on, having had his qualifying time disallowed because of what they called 'fuel irregularities', although of course we disputed that. So now the gap was five points and James was pleased to see Lauda back. They were good friends and enjoyed each other's company.

"The only time they fell out was when Niki went to the FIA hearing after the British Grand Prix. It was a political thing, probably under pressure from Enzo [Ferrari] or Daniel [Audetto, Ferrari's team manager] and he wore a bandage with blood on – it must have been tomato ketchup because by that stage he was well healed after the Nürburgring crash. But they made up and in Japan they were chasing girls together, the banter and the repartee back to normal. They just wanted to fight each other for the championship, never mind all the bloody politics, though it must be said they



Soggy pits in Japan. Left, Hunt crosses the line to 'win' in Britain. Below, the future champion with Alastair Cadwell and Teddy Mayer



LAT

both spent Sunday morning at Fuji trying to get the race stopped."

Surely there could be no more drama in this spellbinding rollercoaster of a Grand Prix season? Wrong. Hunt was in sparkling form in North America, winning at Mosport and Watkins Glen while Lauda scored a single third place. When they arrived in Japan, for the final showdown, Lauda led Hunt by three points. The tension was almost too much to bear as those of us back home rose before dawn to watch the final act unfold.

"It was pretty spooky at Fuji," says Caldwell. "The Sunday weather was terrible, with heavy rain and the top of Mount Fuji hidden in cloud. Everyone was a bit tense and the race was delayed until the last possible moment. Most of them didn't want to race at all, including James: he said it was too dangerous, and the crowd became very restless. I told him, 'Don't be a prick, no race, no World Championship. We can win this'. Out on the pitwall we encouraged the crowd to ramp up the boos and jeers. Eventually the race went ahead, and James got away in the lead. At the end of the second lap we saw Lauda come down the pit road, park the Ferrari and walk away, saying the conditions were just too dangerous. It looked like we had it in the bag, but towards the end the track dried out and we were looking at a stop for tyres.

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

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

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

HOW DOES CALDWELL VIEW THE on-going fascination with Hunt's place in racing folklore?

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

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

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

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

You couldn't invent a script like it.



SUTTON



"I didn't mind, actually. The only one who should beat me was James because I liked the guy..."

Niki Lauda and James Hunt remained good friends amid the drama of 1976, as their accounts to our editor-in-chief recall. As we discover, Hunt's story in particular diverts on occasion from the memories of his own team manager

writer NIGEL ROEBUCK

WHEN ALAIN Prost deemed unacceptable the conditions at Adelaide in 1989, and withdrew after one lap, he was widely criticised. However dead the reckoning, some said, a real racing driver just got on with it, and one or two even murmured that Prost was a coward.

Alain was unconcerned. "I know what can happen when you can't see – Didier Pironi went over the top of me at Hockenheim [in '82] – and in Adelaide I knew that stopping might cost me the World Championship, but I didn't care. Niki had done the same at Fuji…"

So he had. Early in the 1976 Japanese Grand Prix, run in similarly appalling conditions, Lauda, along with Emerson Fittipaldi, Carlos Pace and Larry Perkins, withdrew. When Mauro Forghieri suggested an engine problem to spare his blushes, Niki would hear nothing of it: if he were thought a coward, so be it. And extraordinarily, in light of what he had lately been through, there were those who dared to use that word.

This, however, is to begin at the end of a season as tumultuous as any the sport has known, and in the context of today – when heavy rain means safety cars and even red flags – such events are difficult to take in. Fuji was the final act of a mesmeric drama.

Lauda had won the World Championship in 1975, and was consummately the favourite for '76, with McLaren's Emerson Fittipaldi again likely to be his main rival. In the meantime Hunt – in the wake of Alexander Hesketh's withdrawal from racing – was without a drive.

Come November, though, Emerson made the unfathomable decision to leave McLaren for the family firm, and James was handed a lifeline. "Fortunately for me," James remembered, "he decided to go Brazilian, whereupon John Hogan [of Marlboro] pitched me into McLaren straight away.

"We went twice to Silverstone, but both times it was wet, so it was only at Interlagos in January that I drove the car in anger. On the Saturday morning we had an engine blow-up, so I got out in the final session with about 20 minutes left: my first flying lap was my first pole, which I was rather pleased about…"

That rather set the tone for the early season. In the race Hunt couldn't quite live with Lauda, but he ran second until a jammed throttle put him off the road. At Kyalami James again beat Niki to pole, but on race day the Ferrari led throughout, the McLaren a second behind.

At Long Beach no one could get near Clay Regazzoni, but Lauda made it a Ferrari 1-2, and now had 24 points, Hunt a mere six. On the second lap James had a coming-together with Patrick Depailler, and clouted the wall. Seemingly unaware that his car was barely damaged, James stood on the track, shaking his fist at the Frenchman: "It wasn't my shining hour. If I'd carried on and got a new nose, I'd probably have scored some points…"

SO TO JARAMA, AND A FEW DAYS beforehand Lauda had an accident – on a tractor – that could have killed him. "I overturned the thing, and it was lucky I only broke three ribs. Hunt was on pole, but I led half the race until he overtook me – I didn't see him coming, had to pull left to avoid him, and then I had a pain like you cannot believe, and afterwards had to go to the hospital…"

Hunt-Lauda was how they finished, but James was then disqualified. "There had been some regulation changes, to do with overall restrictions on a car's width and length," Hunt recalled. "The dimensions had been decided by measuring the cars the previous season, and that should have presented no problem to us because the McLaren was the widest car, and had defined the limit.

"The problem was that McLaren – in a fantastically sloppy performance – assumed the width of their car would be OK, and didn't bother to check it. By now, though, we were using slightly different tyres, with a bigger bulge



The rivals' off-track friendship was tested during the year. Below, Lauda celebrates in Brazil. Bottom left, the Austrian leads from Jochen Mass at the start in South Africa



LAT



LAT


SUTTON

– and that's the widest point on the car. It was three-eighths of an inch too wide or something…"

On appeal Hunt was reinstated as winner of the Spanish Grand Prix, but that was much later in the season, and in the meantime McLaren modified the M23, in order to narrow it by the requisite amount. The effect on its competitiveness was disastrous.

"Rather unnecessarily," said James, "they moved radiators around, and so on, which destroyed the performance of the rear wing. I said, 'Look, it's not reducing the rear track by three-eighths of an inch that's screwing the car up – something has fundamentally changed. Why don't we put it back to how it was in Spain – except within the width limit?'

"I always had a problem persuading McLaren to do anything, and it took me until the French Grand Prix – after the first day – to get that done. Overnight they changed the car back – and on Saturday I was on pole! By then, though, we'd effectively lost Zolder, Monte Carlo and Anderstorp – Niki was winning, and we were off the pace."

Lauda indeed won in Belgium and Monaco, and finished third – behind the Tyrrell six-wheelers – in Sweden. By now he was on 52 points, to Hunt's 17.

James won at Ricard, though, after the Ferraris blew up, and as Brands Hatch loomed Hunt Mania – it was nothing less – was rife in the land. He made an indifferent start, however, and when the Ferraris tangled at the first corner, his McLaren was launched over Regazzoni's car, breaking its front suspension when it landed. The race – most unusually in those days – was red-flagged, and Hunt headed for the spare car.

"THE PRIEST GAVE ME THE LAST RITES AND THEN LEFT WITHOUT SPEAKING"

"Then," James said, "it was announced that I couldn't use the spare, at which point the crowd started to throw things on the track! The stewards hadn't really decided what to do, but the organisers concluded that the only way to avoid a riot was to let me start, whatever happened! By then my race car was repaired…

"Soon after half-distance I passed Niki into Druids, and won, at which point – surprise, surprise! – Ferrari, stalwarts of the sport, protested…" Three months later the matter would resurface; by then, though, much had changed.

At the Nürburgring Hunt won, and Lauda crashed. To this day Niki has no memory of the accident, which occurred at Bergwerk, easily flat for an average driver.

As the race restarted, reports of Lauda's condition seemed encouraging. "The news was that he was talking," said Hunt, "and had only minor burns, so one was able to get back into the car without any real concerns…" I remember, though, talking to Chris Amon: "There's no way," he said, "that Niki has light injuries. He was in that car for a hell of a time…"

So he had been, and had it not been for fellow drivers who braved the fire and got him out he would have died right there. As it was, his life was jeopardised not by burns, but by the inhalation of toxic fumes, and soon the gravity of his condition became clear.

"I was asked," said Lauda, "if I wanted the Last Rites, and I nodded – I couldn't talk or see. The priest came, gave me the Last Rites – and then left, without speaking to me. I'd expected him to say, 'God will help you' or something, so that really annoyed me, and I said to myself, 'Now I'm really going to fight for my life…' With a lung problem like I had, you live or you die – and if you don't die, you recover quickly."

And recover quickly is what Niki did. Within days he was convalescing at home, already planning his return to racing. When Monza was mentioned, it seemed scarcely believable, but the fact is that when Lauda started practice in Italy a mere 39 days had passed since he had been dragged from his car at the 'Ring.

In the meantime two Grands Prix had been run, at the Österreichring (despite Ferrari's efforts to have the race called off, 'in honour' of Lauda), and Zandvoort. John Watson won the first, scoring Penske's only F1 victory, and Hunt the second, chased by Regazzoni.

Now James was within striking distance of Lauda's points lead, but at Monza he came to understand that other parties had a role to play in this championship. On Saturday afternoon, following a 'fuel check', McLaren was informed that its times in final qualifying were to be disallowed – quite a blow, given that this had been the only dry session.

Hunt, as ever, was robust in his response: "The Monza authorities cheated, as simple as that. According to the rules, you were allowed up to 101 octane, plus an error of one octane. They announced my fuel as 101.7 – still legal, by the rulebook – but as it later turned out, it wasn't even 101! We appealed, of course, but the organisers knew it could only be sorted out after the race had been run…"

Starting from the back, Hunt tangled with Tom Pryce's Shadow, while Lauda finished a remarkable fourth in a race won by Ronnie Peterson. Afterwards I looked on as he

removed his helmet – extra-large to accommodate the bandaging – and peeled off his balaclava, stuck to his face by dried blood from fresh wounds.

The fundamental premise of *Rush* is that Hunt and Lauda hated each other, but while there was powerful antagonism between their teams Niki and James, who had known each other since their F3 days, were always friends.

Save for a few hours in Canada, anyway. "On the Tuesday before Mosport," said Hunt, "I was informed that I'd been disqualified from Brands Hatch. None of us had taken Ferrari's protest seriously, because there were no grounds to suggest it might succeed, and as a result McLaren, led by Teddy Mayer, didn't prepare any proper defence. It was a *supreme* shock to me – although of course it had been a pleasant surprise to be reinstated in Spain.

"When I got to the circuit, the press were winding it up, going to Niki and saying, 'James said this', then coming to me, and saying, 'Niki said that…' For a few hours we hated each other, but on Friday we talked it through, got in our cars and life carried on as usual…"

Hunt won the race, then did the same a week later, at Watkins Glen, and while many believed he was spurred by anger, the opposite was true. "Anger dissipates in me very fast, and what helped my driving in those races was actually a *lack* of pressure: with the Brands points gone, the championship seemed over, so I was completely relaxed and driving very, very well.

"It was funny, that weekend at the Glen. Niki and I had adjoining rooms in the hotel, with a connecting door. Early on race morning he came stomping over to my bed, already in his overalls, and announced, 'Today I vill vin ze World Championship!' Whether he was being funny or trying to psyche me out, I don't know, but I just dissolved into helpless laughter…"

ONE RACE TO GO: FUJI, WHERE WE came in. Lauda on 68 points, Hunt 65. After endless debate about the flooded track, the race started an hour and a half late, and while James led away, Niki, as we said, swiftly withdrew.

"I stopped because of the conditions – nothing to do with after-effects from the accident. Half an hour later the rain stopped, and if I'd stayed in the race it would have been easy to get the points I needed, but I know that – for me – I did the right thing…"

Even with Lauda out, Hunt still needed four points – third place – to win the title. "With the track starting to dry, I knew there would be tyre problems eventually, and I started asking McLaren – with hand signals, because we didn't have radios in those days – what to do. Their response was to hang out a board with a big question mark on it! So that was very helpful…

"When I did come in, I'd already got a slow puncture and then I had a blown front. The boys had to lift the front of the car so they could slip the jack under, and it was a very long stop. All I could do was shut my eyes, floor it, and pass as many cars as I could. At the end they told me I was third, but, given McLaren's record, I didn't immediately believe it.

"After the podium I went to the press room – it was within an hour of the finish, so protests were still possible – but when I came out I knew nothing could take it away from me because everybody had gone!"

Lauda, meantime, was at the airport, where he met the local Ferrari importer. "I could tell by his face that I hadn't won, but I didn't mind, actually – the only one who should beat me was James, because I liked the guy. All the differences between McLaren and Ferrari never made any difference to us personally."

When I think back to that year, I recall a moment when Lauda was being interviewed by a remarkably insensitive American news magazine journalist. "Isn't it a problem for you," she asked, "facing the world, the way you look now?" "For me, no," said Niki. "For you maybe it's a problem – you can see me…"

And I remember, too, a tongue-in-cheek remark made by James – ever the public schoolboy – on the Parkinson show early in the year: "We've got quite a few foreigners winning races at the moment – won't do, will it?"

His best drive, he told me, was at Anderstorp, where he finished fifth, his McLaren off the pace. "A poor result, but crucial, because I got two points – and won the title by one…"

Pivotal moment at Fuji: Lauda parks his Ferrari after deciding conditions are too dangerous




BOSCH
James Hunt

Making a drama

'It's entertainment, not a documentary' has become a mantra for those behind *Rush*, a film that was born with the help of a *Motor Sport* correspondent or two...

writer ADAM COOPER

MORE THAN TWO years after it was announced, the eagerly awaited *Rush* will finally reach the screens in September. The film has already been well received by those who have seen it, including Bernie Ecclestone and other paddock luminaries who attended a screening at the German GP weekend. Crucially, it has also received the stamp of approval from Niki Lauda and James Hunt's family.

Motor Sport readers will be the toughest audience to please, given that they are by definition steeped in F1 history. And by way of warning, there are scenes that might not ring true. But remember, *Rush* is emphatically not a documentary.

As it says on the trailers, it's 'based on a true story'. Any film has to work as a cinematic experience, and appeal to the world at large – otherwise it would never land the finance to be made. Events have to be condensed, timelines adjusted and some fictional elements added.

What matters is the end result, and Howard and his team have captured the spirit of the era and the key participants' characters. Most importantly they have created a film that will have broad appeal. It will introduce F1 to folk who have hitherto had no interest, without alienating those who understand it.

At this point I should declare an interest, given that I had an involvement. I first met director Ron Howard and writer Peter Morgan when they attended the 2011 British GP, and shortly before filming began I was called in to help write some race commentary.

Having got my hands on the full script I took the opportunity to go through it and tell them what I thought. It was late in the game, but they listened and some of my unsolicited suggestions did make the screen. I also convinced them that my old pals Simon Taylor and Andrew Marriott would be ideal for the commentary roles. Later, when I was on the set, Ron encouraged me to speak up if I saw anything that caught my attention. To find myself embedded in the production process and see another world from the inside was a fabulous experience.

The man ultimately responsible for *Rush*'s creation is Morgan. He's specialised in taking real events and turning them into films, with a CV that includes *The Deal*, *The Queen*, *Frost/Nixon* and *The Damned United*. His success has given him the rare privilege for a writer of being in a position to create his own projects











ADAM COOPER

and see them through to fruition.

Rush began almost by chance after a Hollywood producer asked if Morgan might be interested in writing a 1970s F1 movie.

"My initial instinct was 'not really', because I'm not an F1 fan," Peter says. "But I did a bit of research and I found the Hunt/Lauda story. All I'd heard from my agent was 'F1 in the 1970s', so I thought it must be this.

"The elements of the story were very personal to me – because I'm married to an Austrian woman and she knew Niki, because we live in Vienna, and because it was a story about a rivalry between an Austrian and Englishman, it felt very quickly like it was going to the heart of things that were dear to me.

"Then I got the feedback. No, they wanted to do Jackie Stewart. I said, 'I don't want to do that, I want to do this'. I'm sure there's a great film to be made about Jackie, but this had deep tentacles into areas of my own interest."

With no guarantee that the film would ever get made, Morgan began to put a story together.



ANDREW KITSON

"Literally the first step I took was to meet Niki in Ibiza. My wife rang him up. He knew she had married a Hollywood writer, as it were, and he was on holiday and bored, so came over and gave me three hours that afternoon. By the end of those three hours I knew that it was a story that I really wanted to write and, with Niki's help, I'd be able to do that."

Understanding what made Hunt tick proved trickier, but he talked to Alexander Hesketh, Bubbles Horsley, Alastair Caldwell and others who knew James well.

As Morgan worked away on a script, British director Paul Greengrass – an action specialist known for two of the *Bourne* films – became involved in the fledgling project. Meanwhile, over a catch-up breakfast in Los Angeles, Morgan mentioned the story to Howard, with whom he'd worked on *Frost/Nixon*. Ron liked the concept and wished him luck, adding that if things didn't work out with Greengrass, he would be interested in taking the reins.

"I said if Paul blinks, I'd love to read that script," says Howard. "It just sounded cool, and I wanted to see the movie. And that's also a good indication that it's something I'd enjoy working on."

Sure enough, Greengrass dropped out to do the Tom Hanks movie *Captain Phillips*, and with fortuitous timing Howard became available when another project was put on hold.

Ron had attended the 2008 Monaco GP with old pal George Lucas, but knew little about F1. Having made *Apollo 13*, however, and convincingly recreated the world of NASA in

"ON ONE BUSY DAY HOWARD HAD AN UNPRECEDENTED 35 CAMERAS CONCURRENTLY RECORDING"



Welcome to Mount Fuji, Norfolk... Howard and his team attempted to turn Snetterton into the venue of the 1976 season finale

1970, he was the ideal man for the job.

With Howard on board and backing in place, a dream team was assembled. The *Rush* credits feature a string of Academy Award winners, including Howard himself, editor Dan Hanley, composer Hans Zimmer and acclaimed cinematographer Anthony Dod Mantle, who won for *Slumdog Millionaire*. Just as filming began Mark Coulier – the man responsible for creating Lauda's burn scars – picked up an Oscar for his role in turning Meryl Streep into Margaret Thatcher in *The Iron Lady*.

It's important to note that *Rush* is not 'Hollywood goes F1.' It's an independent British film, or more accurately an Anglo-German production that just happens to have a hired-in American director. The only people that Howard brought with him from the USA were right-hand man Todd Hallowell, editor Hanley and his assistants.

The rest of the crew were British, apart from a few German technicians, reflecting financial input from that country. Many on the set had grown up in the Hunt era and had pitched for the assignment specifically because of their interest in F1. Howard was able to tap into that passion and knowledge.

As for the cast, German-Spanish actor Daniel Brühl had the Lauda role from the very early days, and as part of his research attended the 2011 Brazilian GP with the man he was to play. Finding a Hunt proved trickier, but Aussie Chris Hemsworth – a rising star after his ongoing role as Marvel's Thor – made a video pitch, convincing Howard and Morgan that he was their man and that he could capture the accent.

AFTER MONTHS OF RESEARCH AND meticulous planning, the actual shoot took place from February 22 to May 22 2012 on locations in Britain, Germany and Austria, with the daily schedule planned down to the hour and no safety margin (see sidebar). On one busy day of race action Howard had an unprecedented 35 cameras concurrently recording images, including those placed on cars.

There followed months of post-production, editing, the finalisation of the sound mix (done in Berlin) and the completion of Zimmer's score. Through the magic of CGI British visual effects company Double Negative turned Donington Park and Snetterton into Monza and Fuji, created action elements that were otherwise impossible to replicate and ensured a seamless link between the real images captured by Dod Mantle's cameras.

Howard has now made a series of fact-based movies, and admits that he had sleepless nights when he first ventured away from his roots in fantasy and comedies. It was only after he watched 1950s classic *The Bad and the Beautiful* – based on life in Hollywood and made by people who knew that world



Director Ron Howard in action on set as 'Hunt' passes by in his McLaren M23

NICKY AUSNER

THE REAL THING

CGI has been a cinematic staple for quite a few years, but proved less essential for *Rush* than anticipated. Adam Cooper explains

WHEREVER POSSIBLE RON Howard used genuine 1976 Formula 1 cars to make the *Rush* story come alive, but his team also had to create replicas for the trickier action scenes, and to use when local noise restrictions meant it wasn't possible to run a DFV or Ferrari flat-12.

Two replica McLaren M23s and three Ferrari 312T/312T2s were built, while there was also the option to swap bodies to create rarer beasts such as the Ligier JS5 and Brabham BT45, since original examples weren't available. Two BRM P160s were also created for the film.

Much of the footage, however, involves real cars sourced from the Historic Formula One series, including James Hunt's M23-8 championship winner. In some cases cars required temporary bodywork mods – for example the two Tyrrell P34s had to be converted from their usual 1977-spec, and the real Ferraris had to serve as both 312Ts and T2s. Others required tall airboxes for the early-season races, before the rules changed at May's Spanish GP.

Also on set and playing bit parts were examples of the Lotus 77, Tyrrell 007, March 761, Shadow DN5, Hesketh 308D, Surtees TS19, Penske PC3 and Wolf-Williams FW05. Howard sourced genuine Lotus and Tyrrell transporters to add to the authenticity of paddock scenes.

Rush's association with the HF1 organisation began at the Nürburgring in August 2011, when Howard conducted some exploratory filming, six months before the main shoot began. Having covered the race weekend he invited some owners to do a little running on the Nordschleife on the Monday. The experiment worked so well that it became apparent he would be able to do more in camera with real cars than he'd anticipated, and there would be a corresponding reduction in the need for CGI.

The heart of the *Rush* shoot was at Blackbushe Airfield in Hampshire, where a pit and paddock area was constructed, complete with grid and grandstands. The pit buildings were cleverly designed so that they could be converted overnight to represent different circuits, with appropriate brick or concrete facias.

The production also went to Brands Hatch and the Nürburgring, where Niki Lauda's accident was faithfully recreated at Bergwerk. It was impossible to visit any other original 1976 venues – few are still recognisable, and for commercial reasons filming had to be focused in the UK and Germany – so Donington, Snetterton and Cadwell Park were used instead, sometimes with cars running in the reverse direction in order to replicate real corners. The schedule was incredibly tight, but weather delays were never a problem – when it rained, the action immediately became Fuji...

Niki Faulkner and his Driving Wizards organisation were responsible for choreographing the cut and thrust action with the replicas, while the original cars were always driven by their owners, or someone designated by them. In a nice touch, a visiting Jochen Mass was reunited with an M23 for a couple of days while Sean Edwards did some running in the Penthouse-liveried Hesketh raced by father Guy.

intimately – that he was able to relax, and accept that the hard facts of a story could just be a jumping-off point.

"I got back to that Shakespearean idea that Peter Morgan hangs his hat on," he says, "which is understand, adapt and create to offer a greater truth, a human truth, a human observation. That's what we're doing with a film like this, which is inspired by facts but meant to be an entertainment."

NEVERTHELESS, HE SPARED NO EFFORT to make the film look and feel right.

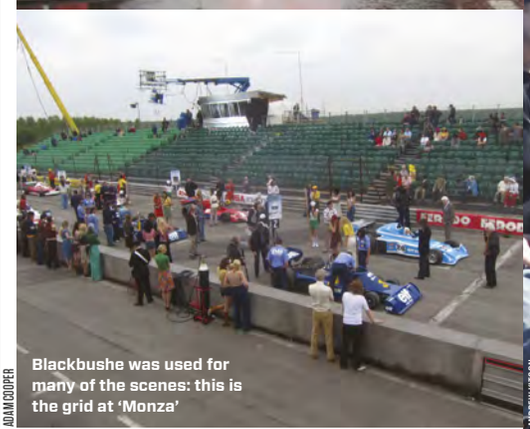
"It's important to me to honour the sport and the people who build their lives around it, to try to get it right. That sounds a bit idealistic, but I'd be embarrassed if we didn't achieve that, more or less. But I also think *Rush* is very entertaining, and when people hear from others that it's very authentic, it heightens the experience for them, too. That validation from people who really do know is something that a movie like this really depends upon.

"To me, that's really our one advantage over the greats, which were *Grand Prix* and *Le Mans*, in that those were fictional stories. Clearly those are the enduring movies, and the best examples. It's a tricky sport to get right and to capture."

So have Morgan and Howard made the movie they had in their heads when they started out?

"In terms of the story, I think it is," says





Blackbushe was used for many of the scenes: this is the grid at 'Monza'

ADAM COOPER

Artistic license fuels a difficult relationship between the drivers in the film. In reality, they were friends





ANDREW HITSON



Morgan. "But I'm happier with it than I thought I would be in terms of the visuals, and the fact that Ron has succeeded in making great scenes compelling, without being embarrassing. It's very difficult to make any kind of sports movie in which the actual sporting activity appears even remotely convincing, but I do think they've managed to pull that off.

"Because of the way in which I did this – I just wrote it on my own without taking anyone's money – then the stakes were quite a lot lower for that reason. If the script had been a disaster, I wouldn't have let anyone down apart from wasting my own time."

Howard adds: "You never get 100 per cent of what you dreamed about, I suppose. I haven't really measured this one yet, but I have to say this is pretty high up there in terms of getting a very high percentage of what I was hoping for – 80-85 per cent? It's gratifying, and it's nice that we're getting great feedback." M



Crystal Palace reborn – one slice of fiction that would be a welcome reality

REX FEATURES

SCENE, BUT NOT HEARD

Ed Foster was invited to watch fragments of *Rush* being made. At least, he was until his initiative breached cinematic protocol

CRYSTAL PALACE ON A SUMMER'S DAY, surrounded by Formula 3 cars, mechanics, team trucks and racing drivers. Did I mention it was the early 1970s? Well, everywhere you turn it *looks* like the '70s, but really this is 2012 and the cast of *Rush* is filming an F3 meeting at the old London track.

None of the cars are running today, but when I arrive I'm informed that they'll be filming James Hunt's arrival at the circuit in a Mini, Niki Lauda getting into his car and "other scenes if there's time". It soon becomes apparent that time is something a film set devours at a remarkable rate.

The first thing that strikes you as you walk into the 'paddock' is the attention to detail. Trucks that probably won't even be in shot are branded as they were in period and everyone is dressed as they should be. There isn't an iPhone to be seen. That's peculiar, but not half as strange as the silence during filming. Chris Hemsworth, who plays Hunt, chats at normal volume during each take, while in the background the support actors and actresses silently mouth dialogue – and there isn't a single engine noise to be heard. The background noise is added in post-production.

Director Ron Howard is perched under a canopy watching each take unfold on a screen and, despite one scene finishing without a hiccough, he bounds out and asks everyone to reset. A quick chat with the cast and we're off again. On the outskirts of the set sits Daniel Brühl, the actor playing Lauda, and as we're both merely bystanders in Hunt's arrival at the circuit we quickly fall into conversation. "I did used to like Formula 1," the actor tells me in hushed tones, "but I got really bored of it when Michael Schumacher started winning all the time. Not great for a German, eh?"

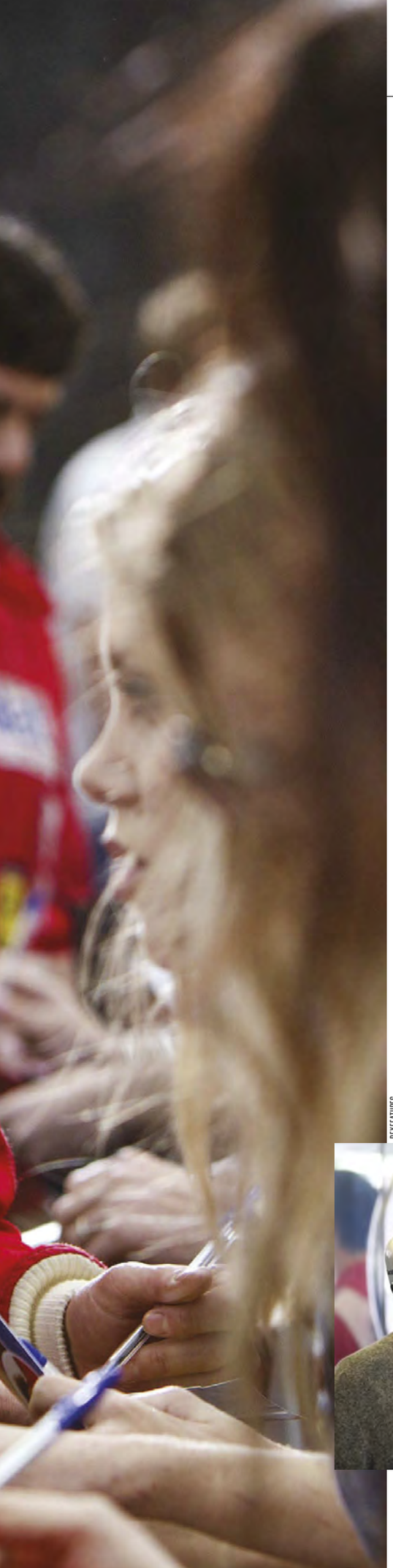
Brühl is filming scenes later in the day, so is dressed as Lauda – it's an uncanny resemblance, especially when he starts imitating the three-time world champion. "When I was offered the part I immediately called Niki and asked whether I could visit him, to get to know him a bit. He said, 'Fine, just bring hand luggage, though'. I asked why and he replied, 'So if I don't like you, you can fly straight home'. When I arrived, though, we got on really well and as I was leaving he asked what I was up to that weekend. I wasn't doing anything and he asked whether I wanted to go to the next Grand Prix in his jet. I was sat next to him when he was flying the plane complete with his red cap. He's a truly amazing guy."

After lunch I get the chance to talk to Howard as we're walking back from the catering facility. As enthusiastic as he appears in TV interviews, he's overflowing with energy and answering questions from various members of his team as we walk. He's famous for the likes of *Apollo 13* and *Frost/Nixon*, but openly admits that he wasn't into F1 before *Rush* landed on his desk. "I love baseball, though, so I know how I'd feel if someone made a film about that and didn't do it justice," he says. I dare to ask whether not previously being a fan of F1 made *Rush* a harder prospect. "I'd never been to the moon and I did OK with *Apollo13*," he says, smiling. Fair enough.

It's the combination of action and human interaction that first attracted Howard to the film, but it becomes clear in the five minutes we spend together that he wants F1 aficionados to enjoy the film. His parting words, shouted back at me as rushes into position for another take, are telling: "Ed, you must remember that I'm making a movie, not a documentary."

As the afternoon draws to a close I spot Hemsworth on his own and decide it's a good time for a few words about playing Hunt. After hearing how Hemsworth had been swatting up on Hunt's mannerisms on YouTube, the publicist marches up. "Who authorised this?" he demands. Apparently you can't just walk up to an actor, like you can a racing driver, and ask if it's OK to have a chat. Five minutes later I have been marched off the set and my Hollywood dream has come to an end.


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REX/FEATURES

“The movie stirred some emotions I didn’t feel at the time...”

The 1976 F1 season remains vivid to all who lived through it, but Niki Lauda believes a Hollywood touch was necessary to make *Rush* relevant today

writer SIMON ARRON

ALMOST 30 YEARS after he won the last of his three Formula 1 titles, Niki Lauda remains a popular paddock target. In a world distorted by corporate flannel, his forthright opinions are a prized capture. Even in his latest role as non-executive chairman of the Mercedes team, he has a tendency to say exactly what he thinks.

Easy to imagine, then, that this most forthright of men might be deterred by a little cinematic polish, but that’s not the case at all.

“The problem,” he says, “is that you and I remember the old days. *Rush* is for newer generations and viewers won’t know about 1976, or the two main characters fighting for the World Championship. The movie’s target was to educate the audience about what happened and it has been done in exactly the right way. Today, almost nobody knows who I was, or who James Hunt was, so they had to make it this way. It’s a movie, rather than a documentary, but I was surprised how well Ron Howard managed to put it all together.”



MERCEDES-BENZ

Lauda first watched the final edit at a private screening, with about 150 others. “Their reaction was quite interesting,” he says. “They saw everything build up, then the accident happened, the really hard part started and the whole room went quiet. Nobody said a word. There was applause at the end, but beyond that there was silence – in a positive sense. I got up and said, ‘What the hell’s happening here?’ They told me they’d been impressed by the way things came across – the accident, the hospital scenes, so I think Ron did a good job.”

Too good, perhaps.

“I live for today,” Lauda says, “and think for tomorrow, capitalising on the experience I have. That’s how I treat the past. To me, the only difference now is that I’ve watched the movie’s hospital scenes and thought, ‘F***, I really was in bad shape’. When you’re the one lying there, fighting for your life, you don’t think you’re in bad shape, so the movie stirred some emotions I didn’t feel at the time.

“When I first looked in a mirror after my accident, I was shocked – no question – but understood that was the ways things now

were. I had no choice. I used to get upset when people talked to me but looked to either side of my head, rather than straight at me. I used to think, 'Look into my eyes, for f***'s sake'. I didn't understand why people were so impolite, staring at me in that way just because my features were different. They didn't cope with it in a proper manner and I never understood this.

"In the movie, however, there's a scene when the Hunt character walks over to me and turns around. This time I saw myself from the other side and thought, 'F***! I really look horrible'. There are things in there that make me realise I might have been too aggressive in the past. I wouldn't have been like that if I'd realised the effect I had on others. From that perspective, watching was quite interesting."

Lauda is impressed with the way Chris Hemsworth ('Hunt') and Daniel Brühl settle into the roles of two men who remained as cordial away from the wheel as they were competitive behind it. "James was one of the few drivers with whom I'd share a beer," he says, "because we knew each other from earlier in our careers. We were hard competitors, but we also had a good understanding.

"While the movie was being made, Daniel told me, 'The biggest problem I have is that you're still alive'. I said, 'Thanks very much. Why's that a problem?' He explained that because I was a well-known TV analyst, people were familiar with how I sounded in both English and Austrian-accented German, so he had to make sure he got those bits right. He came to Vienna to learn how to do it and when

"JAMES WAS ONE OF THE FEW DRIVERS WITH WHOM I'D SHARE A BEER. WE HAD AN UNDERSTANDING"

I saw the movie I thought, 'He's done a very good job with that'. He explained that it was very tough, though, because if you're playing a dead person you can do things differently."

Talking of which, has the real Niki Lauda ever had a moment's regret about his early withdrawal from the 1976 Japanese GP?

"Not at all," he says. "I thought it was too dangerous because of the rain. We were delayed for about two hours, but when we started there was just as much water as before. Given that choice again, I'd do the same thing..."

WE KNOW THAT VOICE...

Rush through the eyes of the only cast member to appear as himself: our own Simon Taylor

IN HOLLYWOOD'S CURRENT ROLL-CALL, Ron Howard is an F1-stature director. Over the past 35 years this former child actor has directed some 23 feature movies, from *Parenthood* to *The Da Vinci Code*. *A Beautiful Mind* won Oscars for Best Picture and Best Director. *Apollo13* was praised for its accurate portrayal of the American space programme and nominated for nine Oscars, winning two.

British playwright Peter Morgan wrote West End hits like *Frost/Nixon* and *The Audience*, and has scripted more than a dozen films, including *The Queen*, *The Other Boleyn Girl* and *Tinker, Taylor, Soldier, Spy*. He lives in Vienna: his wife, an Austrian princess, happens to be a friend of Niki Lauda.



When I heard that Howard and Morgan were collaborating on a major feature film about the 1976 battle for the world title between Niki Lauda and James Hunt, I was intrigued, but concerned. That was one of the most exciting, and most significant, F1 seasons ever, and I was there to witness most of it. But Hollywood's past efforts to portray motor racing have not always been happy (although John Frankenheimer's 1966 *Grand Prix* stands out). Then it emerged that massive efforts were being made to get the visual detail of the story entirely right, and owners of the actual 1976 cars were becoming involved. If anyone could get it right, *Apollo13*'s director could.

To help tell the story, Morgan's script required young actors from various countries to play TV commentators in different languages. One of Ron's researchers found that I did the live BBC radio broadcast from the final, crucial Grand Prix at Fuji 37 years ago: it's hard to realise today, but back then it was not covered live on TV. I was summoned to an audition, and found myself cast as the British commentator, effectively playing myself at less than half my current age. Sounds like an uphill task for the make-up department; but in the finished film you hear my voice a bit, but see me very little. I'm just part of a kaleidoscopic background.

Nevertheless I was needed for three days of filming. A 5.30am car took me to a massive outdoor set built on the old Blackbushe Airport in Hampshire, with a start-finish straight and pitlane. During the night the hard-worked crew – 400 of them – toiled to change it from Monza to the Nürburgring to Fuji: pits, commentary boxes and stands (filled with scores of extras and, for out-of-focus shots, hundreds of cleverly dressed dummies). Sod's law meant it was raining when we did Monza and bright sunshine when we did the Nürburgring, but clever lighting for the former and huge rain machines for the latter dealt with that. Ron was everywhere, small, bird-like quick, ever-present baseball cap, swathed in two anoraks against the non-Californian cold. To change outfits from race to race, climate to climate, I had my own caravan with my name on the door, making me feel frightfully important. Even better were all the F1 cars, their owners wearing the helmets and overalls of their original drivers, patiently doing take after take as the different grids were lined up.

That was Phase One. Phase Two came months later when Ron Howard's office called: could I help out with some editing? So I was closeted for eight hours in a tiny equipment-filled suite in Soho with the great Ron himself and his equally great editor, Dan Hanley, who works on all of Ron's films and won an Oscar for *Apollo13*. It was an education watching these two perfectionists working frame by frame through complex scenes, telling them what had happened historically, and arguing through the compromises needed to make the story come alive for a world audience, most of whom have never seen an F1 race and never will. As Ron said, "Will it work in a cinema in Des Moines, Iowa on a wet Tuesday?"

So to Phase Three. In a small preview theatre with about 40 others, I watched an early edit of the whole film, still with a few gaps, still without Hans Zimmer's music. And, without grinding any axe, I think it's terrific. It'll upset the purists, of course: primarily because the film's whole premise is that Niki and James dislike each other at once. That's pure fiction, of course. They'd been friends and rivals since Formula 3, and when Niki came to London he used to kip at James's flat. Other inevitable liberties have been taken with history. If you're expecting a documentary, don't expect to be happy with *Rush*.

But, like it or not, this is a feature film, and a wonderful evocation of what F1 was like in 1976: not over-dramatised, not over-simplified, but just as I remember it. Chris Hemsworth and Daniel Brühl, as James and Niki, are movingly realistic, and the attention to visual detail is extraordinary. Using the best modern methods, *Rush* is technically and atmospherically brilliant. Go and see it.

Screen Test

When James Hunt's family assembled to watch *Rush*, *Motor Sport* was there to gauge the reaction

writer ROB WIDDOWS

ONE WINTER AFTERNOON earlier this year, I went to the cinema in London. Not something I would normally do, but this was no ordinary visit. Invited by David Hunt, an old friend and James Hunt's younger brother, I was at movie producer Working Title to watch *Rush*, academy award winner Ron Howard's film about Hunt's battle with Niki Lauda for the 1976 World Championship.

This is a big year for Hunt's family. The Monaco Grand Prix marked the 40th anniversary of James's World Championship Grand Prix debut for the Hesketh team. Kimi Räikkönen wore a special helmet in recognition of a driver, and an era, that inspired him as a youngster in Finland. He was born in 1979, but



GETTY

James Hunt with mum Sue and, right, his oldest son Freddie with mother Sarah

became very aware of Hunt's lifestyle. "There was not so much money then," Kimi has said. "I liked that era very much and always respected James. It's good to remember those guys. Life would have been easier for me in the 1970s. Maybe I was born in the wrong era."

James would have appreciated Kimi's *modus operandi*, the serious racer with plenty of time for some fun and none at all for bullshit.

Tom Hunt, James's elder son, has been working with David on the launch of some stylish new merchandise – the James Hunt Racing Collection – including caps, shirts and jackets using images created by Nicolas Hunziker. There is also a new website (www.jameshuntf1.com) and a charity, the James Hunt Foundation, to which a percentage of the proceeds will go.

There was a certain amount of nervousness as the Hunt family gathered for this private screening. James's mother Sue was there with Tom (whose younger brother Freddie was away in Argentina), plus James's siblings David, Tim, Sal and Jo. The absent Freddie is uncannily like his father in looks and character and sports a James Hunt signature tattoo…

IT'S A DAUNTING PROSPECT TO SEE YOUR father or son in full Hollywood technicolour, but Sarah Hunt-Jeffery – who married James in 1983 and is mother to Tom and Freddie – was the one with most reservations. She anticipated a raw, upsetting experience, but that turned out not to be the case.

"I was absolutely terrified that they would capture James as I remember him," she says. "I might not have been able to cope with that. Within 30 seconds, however, I realised that, visually, it wasn't anything to do with the man I remember. All I saw was an actor who I felt was too good-looking, too clean cut. His teeth were too white, and he had none of James's mannerisms, the slight stoop, the way he stood, his shyness. I could sit back without any emotional attachment to colour my judgement.

"What didn't come across was that James had incredibly low self-esteem, but a belief in his inner core. His arrogance, I felt, was hiding an inner fear. He was constantly on edge, but easy to live with. He did the shopping and cooking, things like that. I never knew him when he was racing, though I did have his photo stuck to the back of my cheque book when I was much younger. I had no real interest in Formula 1, so when I met him on the beach in Marbella I really didn't know who he was, but there was an instant animal attraction. I love naughty people…

"I enjoyed the film, the whole drama between James and Niki. Both were equally determined to win but both had issues, both had difficult journeys. I don't think either of them felt they were part of the pack. They were desperate to prove themselves. James was painfully shy and insecure, the arrogance was a camouflage."

The film is sure to attract enormous attention, the kind of headlines that followed Hunt throughout his career. So what might James think of the film?

"He'd say, 'Stroll on, get it right, hope you make some money from it', and he'd be pleased if it was advantageous to his children, whom he adored. Tom has been working hard on the new website and merchandise ahead of the film's release. James was a very kind and sensitive man, but to do the job he did, to achieve as much as he did, he had to be in the fast lane.

"He had enormous discipline, though, which might seem strange. He had no intention of dying in a racing car, but for some reason always said his journey would end when he was 45 years old. He could have sat in the layby for longer, but he wasn't in his comfort zone and hadn't fully adjusted to a quieter kind of life. That would have been very tough, and uncomfortable, for him."

Surely the best judge of how her son is portrayed, James's mother Sue seemed quite underwhelmed by the experience. "It wasn't James, not at all," she said, "but I quite enjoyed watching it. We didn't see that much of him in 1976, but ITV invited us up to London to watch the last race in Japan and that was exciting. It was very early in the morning, I do remember. We went to quite a few of his races, yes, but not so much that year because he was always so busy. The film is entertaining, but it wasn't James on the screen, not the son I knew."

For son Tom it was a moving experience to catch a glimpse of the exuberant racer, rather than the adoring father he knew as a child. James was long retired when Tom was born, his life much more about budgerigars and billiards than birds and booze.

"The film was a weird experience, very surreal, and I did feel shaken up afterwards," he says. "My dad was very different from James Hunt the racer, and since all the publicity surrounding the film I've been getting to know more about him as a racing driver. That's weird for me – but it also makes me feel very proud. There is so much interest. It amazes me how everyone still talks about him, even more so now because of *Rush*.

"I realise more and more just what an iconic figure he is, so when the film is released I'm sure all the old stories about dad being a party animal, with his odd wild moments, will be repeated. I just hope people will also remember him as the caring, intelligent man we knew."

Executive Producer Eric Fellner, whose company Working Title made both *Senna* and *Rush*, caught the racing bug as a teenager and remembers the excitement of 1976.

"I was obsessed with cars and racing; it was so dynamic in those days, and James was somebody different," he says. "He was a British hero, a dashing playboy, and a winner who looked like he was leading a life many of us wanted to lead. James was last of the great showman racing drivers, the men we remember from the pre-war days or the 1950s.

"We love to find good stories that capture the audience's imagination and this story is incredible. You couldn't make it up. People would say it could never have happened. It is of course a dramatisation, but I believe we have enough authenticity to satisfy the fans who were there at the time. You can't cover every detail of a story like this in 100 minutes, but I think it will engage people emotionally and entertain them as well."

"I JUST HOPE PEOPLE WILL ALSO REMEMBER THE CARING, INTELLIGENT MAN WE KNEW"



REX FEATURES



LAT

Tyler today and, left, with Niki Lauda and Ron Dennis at the 1982 Long Beach GP, when the Austrian scored the first win of his F1 comeback



{ LUNCH WITH }

TYLER ALEXANDER

Now retired, the American is one of McLaren's unsung heroes – a key cog during the company's spectacular evolution

writer SIMON TAYLOR | **photographer** CHARLES BEST

PONDER, IF YOU WILL, the sheer speed of change in Formula 1. Not just the relentless progress of technology, but the galloping growth in global reach, in circuit facilities, in media attention and in the expectations and earning power of the protagonists. It's been rapid enough, goodness knows, on a year-by-year and decade-by-decade basis. So what about half a century? If a motor racing Rip van Winkle had dozed off in his chair in a 1963 paddock and woken in the same place in 2013, he would simply not be able to recognise where he was. He would not comprehend what had happened at all.

So here's a man who is in the almost unique position of having witnessed every step of that growth, and indeed has been a part of it himself. He was in at the very birth of one of the greatest Formula 1 teams of all time, and he was still there when it was winning its 162nd Grand Prix and its 19th World title. Tyler Alexander is no Rip van Winkle: in fact he probably got rather less sleep over that half-century than most. He has been mechanic, engineer, team manager, trusted lieutenant and general factotum, not just in F1 but also in Indycar and in Can-Am. Now he has retired from his final role as Special Projects Manager at McLaren. When he joined, it was three men in a smelly shed; today it employs thousands in its gleaming, futuristic Technology Centre. And now, finally, Tyler can pause and look back. He's produced a wonderful book of his superb photography, *McLaren on the Inside*, which is reviewed on page 22. Meanwhile, I've persuaded him to let me take him to lunch.

Tyler is an American from Hingham, 15 miles down the Atlantic Coast from Boston. But the path he took means he has lived most of his adult life a stone's throw from racing places like Surbiton, Colnbrook and Woking, and he still lives in a townhouse in Weybridge. A very fit 73, now absorbed by his passions of snorkelling and underwater photography, he chooses a charming Thames-side pub, The Minnow, for an abstemious lunch of fishcakes and rocket salad and a glass of house white.

After high school Tyler studied aircraft engineering at the Wentworth Institute in

Boston. "They taught you how to do a lot of the basic things well – machine, drill, weld, use a lathe, make castings. A friend named John Field had a 500cc Cooper-Norton, and I helped him at the races. The F3 500s ran in SCCA events with the Formula Juniors, and John won his class in 15 out of 17 rounds, so he took the category title. Running in the Juniors were names that went on to be important: Timmy Mayer, Peter Revson, Jim Hall, Hap Sharp. Roger Penske, too. Timmy, who was from an influential Pennsylvania family, won the Junior championship in his Cooper, and with that came an invitation to the Nassau Speed Weeks. But then he was drafted into the US Army, so his older brother Teddy, who was managing him, lent the car to Penske. Teddy said to John and me, 'Go down to Nassau, pick up the car from the docks and look after it, and I'll pay your expenses.' With BMC power Roger couldn't stay with the Lotus-Ford 20s of Pete Lovely and Pat Piggott, but he came third.

"The following year, 1962, Timmy wangled enough leave from the army to get to most of the SCCA rounds, and he won the FJ title again. To run Timmy and Peter, Teddy had set up a little team called RevEm Racing, and I found myself helping out. I didn't get paid, but I really found this stuff interesting, and I guess they thought I knew a lot more about it all than I actually did. Then in 1963, with Timmy's draft finished, he and Teddy set off for Europe." After shining in a Goodwood test, Timmy was signed by Ken Tyrrell as a regular in the Cooper FJ team, also racing in the works Mini Coopers and his own Cooper Monaco sports car.





TYLER ALEXANDER CAREER IN BRIEF

Born: 2/9/1940, Weymouth, Mass, USA **1961:** SCCA mechanic. **1963:** John Mecom. **1964:** Bruce McLaren Motor Racing as engineer, then team manager in Tasman Series, sports cars, Formula 1, CanAm, Indycar. **1982:** Mayer Motor Racing. **1985:** Beatrice F1 **1987:** Indycar with Newman-Haas **1990-2009:** McLaren Special Projects Manager

"WITH THE MAYERS GONE I NEEDED something to do, so I talked Roger Penske into letting me help his man Roy Gane. Roy had turned the F1 Cooper crashed by Walt Hansgen in the US GP into the sports-bodied Zerex Special. Roger won a lot of races with the Zerex, then sold it to Texas oil man John Mecom but carried on racing it for him. So I followed the car down to Texas and worked for Mecom. He also had a Ferrari GTO and a lot of other stuff. And Mecom entered the Zerex for Roger to drive in the big sports car race at Brands Hatch on August Monday, the Guards Trophy. We were also going to pick up his new Lola GT for Augie Pabst to drive.

"So I found myself in England for the first time. Trying to get from the Hilton Hotel on Park Lane to Lola's place in Bromley – well, that would be an article in itself. The Zerex originally raced with the seat central, but it was now offset with a tiny passenger seat squeezed in between the driver and the side fuel tank. We had a few scrutineering problems at Brands, and it took a couple of late-nighters to fix everything they didn't like. And of course Roger led the race from start to finish. Timmy was there with his Cooper Monaco, finished third behind Roy Salvadori's Monaco, and during the weekend Teddy took me aside and asked if I'd be interested in building a car for Timmy to do the Tasman Series. I said, 'What the hell is the Tasman Series?'"

Bruce McLaren, Cooper's team leader in Formula 1 and a national hero in New Zealand, wanted to run in the series in January and February, but Charles Cooper vetoed a works effort, saying their hands would be full getting the next season's F1 cars ready. So Bruce decided to prepare two 2.5-litre Coopers himself, and to enter them he took the plunge and set up Bruce McLaren Motor Racing Ltd, with three directors: himself, his wife Patty and his New Zealand journalist friend Eoin Young. He did a deal with Teddy Mayer for Timmy, who would be Bruce's number two in the Cooper F1 team for 1964, to race the other car.



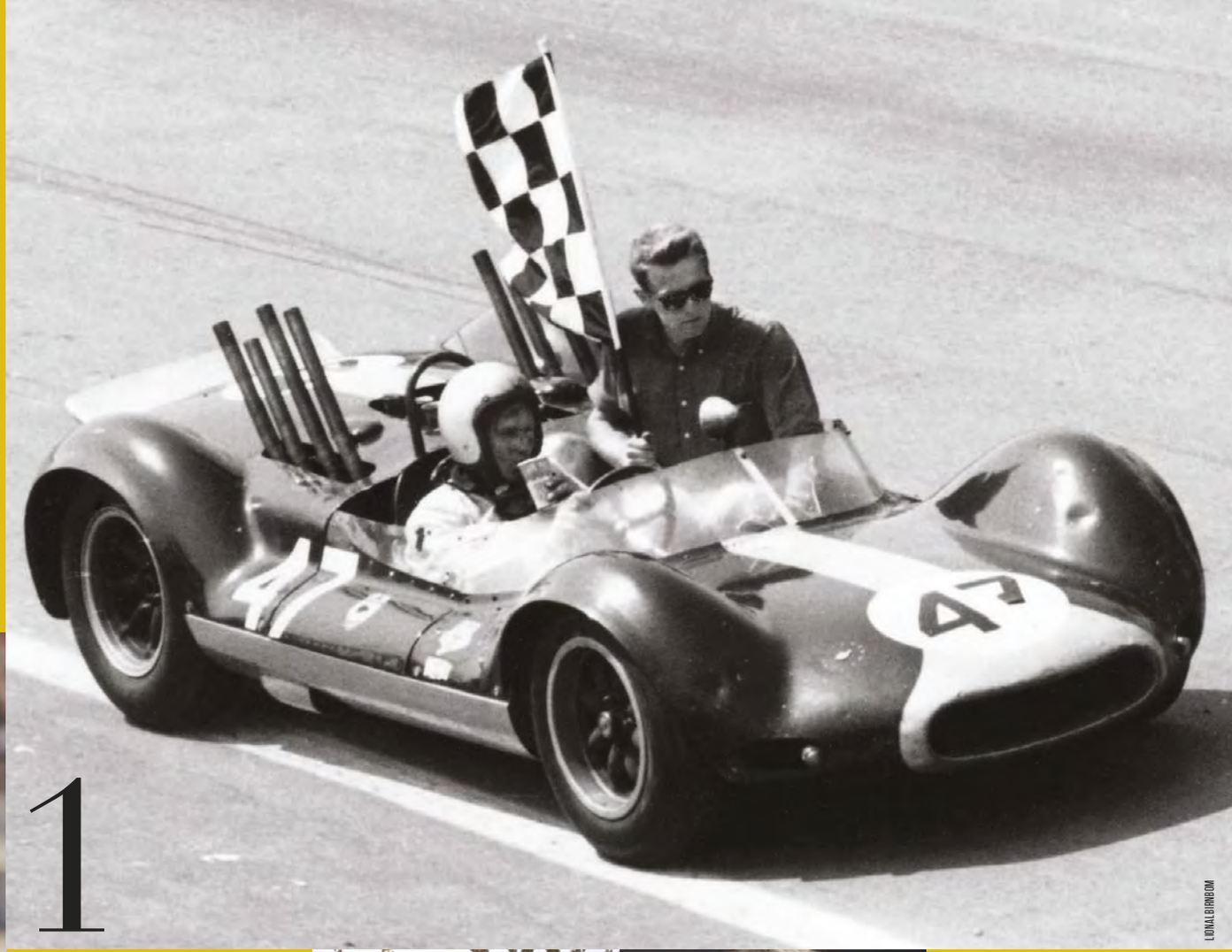
"I must have said 'Yes' to Teddy's offer, because after Brands we packed up the Zerex and the Lola, and then Roy Gane and the other Mecom guys and I went in a taxi to Heathrow. They all got out of the taxi, and I stayed sitting in the back. That was when I told them I was staying, and it didn't go down too well. Then I took the taxi back to a house Teddy had rented at Thames Ditton, on Tagg's Island by the AC factory. They used to roll the half-built Cobras outside during the day, and roll them back in again at night. I stayed there with Teddy, and every day I went to the Cooper factory at Surbiton. Behind the F1 workshop Wally Wilmott, Bruce's mechanic, was building up Bruce's Tasman car, and I was building up Timmy's. It didn't take the Cooper guys long to figure out that I could weld and machine things, so soon I wasn't just the ugly American, and we got on fine.

"I first met Bruce McLaren properly when he came over to Teddy's for Sunday lunch. Straight away, somehow, we clicked. I knew that what he'd done since leaving New Zealand five years before was pretty impressive: he'd won the US GP in his first F1 season, and finished runner-up in the World Championship in his second. But more than that, I thought, this chap really knows a bit about motor racing, so I'd better tag along and find out some more.

"We flew out to do the 1964 Tasman Series, four races in New Zealand and four in Australia, and it went really well, with Bruce winning the Tasman Cup and Timmy strong everywhere with seconds and thirds. Then in practice for the last race, at Longford, Tasmania, Timmy was killed.

"Looking back at it today, there was no way we should have raced on that track. But that's what you did in those days. It was on the roads around the town, over a railway crossing, past a pub with people sitting drinking beer as the cars went past their toes. After a very fast downhill right-hander there was a hump where a stream ran under the road, and the cars took off. Timmy landed crooked, and the car got away from him and hit a tree. It killed him straight away.

"After that we had stuff to do. It was something I was starting to learn: in racing you work out what you have to do, that's your task and you get on with it. I don't want this to be misconstrued as callous or uncaring.



1

LAT/MOTORSPORT IMAGES

1 Tyler holds the chequered flag as Bruce McLaren takes his Cooper-Oldsmobile on a victory lap at Mosport Park, 1964 **2** Tyler and early McLaren collaborator Teddy Mayer, with whom he also later worked in the States



2

3 Montréal, 2000: Ron Dennis commemorates Tyler's 500th Grand Prix **4** On pit duty at the 1980 Austrian GP, McLaren's final season before the Dennis takeover **5** Awaiting the start with Johnny Rutherford in 1974, during the course of which the Texan scored McLaren's maiden Indy 500 win



3



4

ALL IMAGES LAT



5

Teddy organised a plane to get us back to Sydney and then the four of us – Teddy, Timmy's wife Garrill and me, plus Timmy in a box – flew on to Honolulu, San Francisco and then New York. Teddy's uncle Bill Scranton, who was Governor of Pennsylvania, sent his plane to meet us and fly us to Scranton, Pa. The next day there was a big meeting at the Mayer family home. Over lunch all the relatives were asking me pointed questions. What the hell was Timmy doing? Where is this Tasman place? I did my best to explain what Timmy did: he enjoyed it, he was really quite good at it, but an unfortunate incident had caused his death.

"After that I went with Teddy and Garrill up to Vermont, because Garrill had promised to teach me to ski. While we were there Teddy had a phone call from England. It was Bruce: 'There's a big sports car race at Oulton Park on Saturday week. Do you think we should try to buy the Zerex Special?' Teddy said, 'Tyler's sitting here, I'll ask him what he thinks.' Phone calls went back and forth, Teddy did a deal with Mecom, and I was sent with station wagon and trailer to collect the Zerex. It was way down in Pensacola, Florida, where Penske was having his last race with it for Mecom. Sunday night Mecom's guys helped me load it up and I set off for Kennedy Airport, 1200 miles north. I kept going on Coca-Cola and caffeine pills, and when those ran out I drove with my head out the window, like a damn dog. Teddy had organised some guys to load it straight onto a plane, I got some sleep in an airport hotel, and I got the morning flight to Heathrow. Eoin picked me up, we drove over to Tim Parnell's workshop in Hounslow where we'd rented a bit of space, and the Zerex was already there. Wally Wilmott and Bruce Harré, another New Zealander, a really good guy, were working on it. And we got it to the race at Oulton Park three days later."

Bruce retired mid-race with falling oil pressure. They changed the four-pot Climax, and a week later at the Aintree 200 meeting he scored a dominating win, beating Jim Clark's Lotus 30. At the Silverstone International two weeks after that it was the same story. And the morning after Silverstone the little team gathered around the Zerex, and started to cut up the chassis. "We were now working in a corner of a filthy pre-fab shed just by the Kingston Bypass, where a road-works contractor stored his earth-moving equipment. It had a dirt floor, and if you went to the loo you needed a tetanus shot when you came out. Howden Ganley had joined us now, too, to raise the Kiwi quotient still further."

By Wednesday Bruce had made a wire model of a new, stronger centre section and left it with Wally and Tyler to build while he went off to his Cooper drive at the Monaco Grand Prix. The new chassis was not only stiffer: it was able to accommodate an Oldsmobile alloy-block V8, bought from Mecom as part of the deal. Unbelievably, and after more all-nighters, the new car was finished 18 days later. Wearing eight stack exhausts because there was no time to make proper manifolds, it was hastily shaken down at Goodwood and then rushed to Heathrow and off to Canada. Ten days later in the Player's 200 at Mosport Bruce beat the Chaparrals of Roger Penske and Jim Hall to take a fairy-tale victory.

"You could say this reworked, re-chassised Cooper-Oldsmobile was actually the first McLaren. But Bruce still led the Cooper team in F1, so we had to be a bit careful about that. We didn't want to upset old Charlie Cooper.

"Teddy came up to watch at Mosport. He was trying to work out what to do next. As a 28-year-old lawyer from a wealthy family whose brother had been killed racing cars, he certainly hadn't committed himself to McLaren at that point. But then he made up his mind, and he came over for good. He was an excellent businessman, and you wonder how much Bruce McLaren Motor Racing would have grown in the early days without him. They made an excellent duo: Teddy would piss them off, then Bruce would charm them, and we'd get what we wanted."

In August Bruce won the Guards Trophy at Brands Hatch in the Cooper-Olds, just as Penske had done the year before when it was the Zerex-Climax. Then he put it on pole for the Tourist Trophy at Goodwood, and led until the clutch failed. And in new premises in Feltham, which Tyler remembers as "not particularly good, but bigger", the first real McLaren was taking shape, ready to take its bow in the Canadian Grand Prix at Mosport. Painted in the New Zealand racing colours of black with a silver stripe, it made a dramatic debut, leading until a broken throttle linkage forced a pitstop. Then Bruce fought back to finish third, breaking the lap record. This was the ali-bodied M1 prototype: the M1A production cars had fibreglass panels.

FROM THEN ON THE McLAREN STORY has been chronicled many times, and Tyler was with it every lap of the way, through the Robin Herd-designed Mallite M2 and spaceframe M3 single-seaters via the M7 F1 cars to the all-conquering Can-Am M8s. "I lived with Bruce and Patty for a long time, first in the flat in Surbiton, and then when they moved to a bigger house I had a bedroom there, and I'd ride to work with Bruce each day. It got to the point where he'd start telling me about a part he wanted on one of the cars, and before he'd finished his sentence I'd already started making it. He was always easy to get along with, and you didn't work for him, you worked with him.



LAT

If he had an ego, he never showed it. Yet he was the leader, no question, and we trusted him totally. If he had come into the workshop one morning and said, 'OK, everybody line up in single file, today we're all going to march across the Sahara Desert,' we wouldn't have asked why or what for, we'd just have followed him.

"Eventually Wally, Eoin and I rented rooms in a house in Surbiton we called The Castle, which cost us £5 a week. Just round the corner in Ditton Road was the house rented by Chris Amon, Peter Revson, Mike Hailwood and another New Zealand racer, Bruce Abernethy. We called them the Ditton Road Flyers. Abernethy bought half a dozen old Jaguars with Chris' money that they were going to send to New Zealand and make a big profit. They were all parked on the lawn, some of them didn't even run. The parties there were legendary. Hailwood had all these massive trophies from his motorcycle victories on the mantelpiece, and one guy who'd had too much to drink didn't want to make a mess on the carpet, so he took one of Mike's trophies off the shelf, threw up in it, and then put it back."

For the 1970 Indianapolis 500, Denny Hulme



Tyler and Bruce in the Kyalami pits, 1969. McLaren took his M7A to fifth place in that year's South African GP

"EVERYONE WAS IN SHOCK: WHAT WILL WE DO NOW?

THE MAN WHO WAS GOING TO LEAD US ACROSS THE DESERT IS GONE"

and Chris Amon were to drive the new Offy-powered McLaren M15As, but in practice Denny had a fiery accident that badly burned his hands, while Chris decided Indy was not for him and flew back to England. "On high-speed road circuits Chris was hugely brave, but psychologically he couldn't deal with Indy. We said we'd have to paint some trees on the wall, to make it look more like Spa." Peter Revson and Carl Williams ran the M15As in the race.

The following Tuesday Bruce was back at Goodwood for final testing in the latest M8D Can-Am car before it was shipped to America for the series. At 180mph on the Lavant Straight the rear bodywork came adrift, and the car went out of control and hit a marshal's post. Bruce was killed instantly.

"That Tuesday morning I was still at Indy, packing things up for the USAC race at Milwaukee the next weekend. I was having breakfast with Dan Gurney at the Howard Johnson's and they said there was a phone call for me. I went to the desk, and it was Teddy, telling me that Bruce had died. I went back to my table and sat down, and I told Dan. I don't remember the words I used, but the look on Dan's face spelt out more about Bruce's loss than I could have said. I went to the Indy garages and I told the guys, and I said they should carry on. Then I got a plane back to London and went straight to the factory. Everyone was in shock: what are we going to do now? The man who was going to lead us in single-file across the Sahara Desert is gone.

"I said, 'Look, something very nasty has happened here. But it has happened. So what we need to do is get on with the things we have to do. That's what Bruce taught us, and now it's up to us.' Then Teddy got everybody together – we were up to about 50 staff by then – and said, 'We have a Can-Am race the weekend after next. Best get on with it.' Then he went upstairs and got straight on the phone to Mr Gurney in California."

A few days later Tyler was in Canada at Mosport, organising the two-car McLaren team for the first round of the Can-Am Series, Gurney in one car and Hulme, his burned hands still heavily bandaged, in the other. On the Saturday afternoon the death of American driver Dick Brown delayed qualifying for hours.

"All that time Dan had [mechanic] Vince Higgins and me changing every damn thing on his car: roll bars, springs, ride height, so I had no idea what we ended up with. With only 10 minutes of qualifying left I said to Dan, 'Look, we need to do a time.' So he went out, did a couple of laps, and came in again. Pole. And he won the race. Denny still wasn't fit – not that he ever did much to get fit, Denny wasn't a guy to go to the gym – but he finished third. After the race he just sat in the car, unable to unwrap his bandaged hands from the steering wheel.

"What those two guys did, so soon after Bruce had gone, brought Bruce McLaren Motor Racing back to life. And the next weekend we were at Zandvoort with the F1 cars for the Dutch Grand Prix.

"After Zandvoort practice I was having dinner in one of those hotels in the sand dunes with Dan, his wife Evi and Teddy. It was the first time Dan had raced in Europe since the Eagle programme had ended, and he started to reminisce about all the drivers he'd raced with since he first came over in 1958. Then he went through how many of them were dead. It was a long list. I sat across the table listening to this and I thought, 'He wants to stop'. Then on the Sunday Piers Courage was killed. A month later, after doing the Watkins Glen Can-Am and the Grands Prix at Clermont-Ferrand and Brands for us, Dan did stop."

FOR 1971 PETER REVSON JOINED McLaren, finishing second in the Indy 500 and winning five Can-Am rounds to clinch McLaren's fifth successive Can-Am title. "Peter was a real racer. He'd have a go in anything. You wonder who would have turned out better out of him and Timmy. A lot of people thought he was a bit aloof, but he and I got along very well. Then in 1972 Penske arrived in Can-Am with the turbocharged Porsche 917/10, and at the end of that year we got out of Can-Am to concentrate on USAC. We weren't afraid of



"FOYT WAS A BULLY, YOU JUST HAD TO STAND UP TO HIM. HE OPENED HIS BRIEFCASE, GOT OUT HIS .38 AND PUT IT ON THE TABLE"

taking on the Porsche: Gary Knutson built one of our big V8s with twin turbos and it had 1200 horsepower and 900lb ft of torque. Peter tested it at Road Atlanta and it would spin its wheels in any gear at any speed. But it needed a new drivetrain and a new aero package, and we didn't have the finance to do it. Meanwhile Goodyear was keen for us to do the full USAC programme, and I ended up running that.

"But I still commuted back to a lot of the F1 races. For 1974 Emerson Fittipaldi came in alongside Denny in a big deal involving Marlboro and Texaco. I fought like hell to keep Peter at McLaren, and Teddy proposed that he should drive the Yardley car. That would effectively have made him a number three, and he didn't fancy that, so he went to Shadow, and Mike Hailwood took the Yardley drive. Then in March, when Peter was testing the Shadow at Kyalami, a titanium front upright broke on that high-speed downhill corner round the back. He went through the Armco. Denny and a couple of others who were on track stopped, but by the time they got to him he was dead.

"Johnny Rutherford won the Indy 500 for us in 1974 and 1976. He had balls as big as a grey elephant, and he was so quick on ovals, although the road courses were more difficult for him. There were lots of characters among the other drivers: AJ Foyt, for one.

"Foyt was a bully, and you just had to stand up to him. When we put the turbo DFX into what was effectively the M23 F1 car to make the M24 it was quick, and Foyt didn't like it. He came up to me in the pitlane, grabbed me by the collar and said, 'Why don't you f***ing Limeys go back to England!' I just looked at him and said in my best New England drawl, 'I'm from Bo-o-oston.' Then there was the time we all got together for a meeting about the future of CART, and AJ opens his briefcase, gets out his .38 and puts it on the table. Say what you like, though, a helluva race driver."

IN 1979 TYLER WAS SUMMONED BACK to England to concentrate on McLaren's F1 efforts, which had been without a win for three seasons. So he was on hand when Alain Prost arrived. "We were doing an F1 test at Ricard, and Teddy had lined up this little French F3 driver to do a few laps. Almost at once he was equalling, and beating, John Watson's times. When he came back into the pits Teddy bounded over with his clipboard. Prost thought he was going to show him his lap times, but Teddy had a contract and a pen, and was already saying, 'Sign here!'"

In 1980 Ron Dennis bought into McLaren and, after 18 uneasy months with Ron and Teddy as joint managing directors, Teddy decided to sell his shares and move on. Tyler, who also had some shares, went too. "We took a unit in Woking Business Park and set up Mayer Motor Racing to do Indycar. Robin Herd was one of our directors, he put in two cars, and I went back to Detroit, rented a building just across from Eight Mile Road where McLaren Engines was, bought a couple of vans, and we were in business. For 1984 we signed up Texaco and Tom Sneva, and we got Howdy Holmes who brought money from his family biscuit company.

"At March Robin Herd now had the young Adrian Newey working with him. Robin was one of the best guys in the pitlane on aero, and when he got hold of Adrian he knew at once how good he was. After some work in the MIRA wind tunnel Adrian made these little winglets to go in front of the rear wheels. At Phoenix in April Tom and Howdy qualified 1-2, finished 1-2, lapped the field. Then we went to Indy, and all through May we were finding more and more speed, and every night [engineer] Phil Sharpe was cutting more and more off the rear wing. Come qualifying Sneva took pole, first ever over 210mph – and right at the end Howdy went second quickest, beating Rick Mears. In the race Tom chased Rick the whole way, and right near the end he was lining up to pass him. He had more speed in Turn Three, and he was ready to do it. And the left real wheel bearing failed. We were going to win that damn race.

"Right at the end of the season at Las Vegas the championship was between Sneva and Mario Andretti. Tom had to win that race, and that's what he did, but Mario Andretti came second and took the title. Andretti drove for Newman-Haas, of course, and during that year Carl Haas had taken Teddy aside to talk about going Formula 1 in 1985."

It was an ambitious plan. Sponsorship was coming from the American food giant Beatrice, who also owned a string of companies from Avis car-hire to Krispy-Kreme doughnuts, and Ford agreed to fund a new turbocharged engine from Cosworth. "Because Carl sold Lolas in the US he called the car a Lola, but it wasn't. It was designed by Neil Oatley, who joined us from Williams, and we had Ross Brawn and John Baldwin, and then Adrian Newey came on board. We had a factory in Colnbrook, we built a neat little car, and all the ingredients were good. It was just the politics that were bad."

Because of delays with the Ford engine the

first car, the THL1, ran with a Brian Hart turbo. Alan Jones did just three races in 1985, and the car was neither competitive nor reliable. But there were great hopes for the THL2, and Patrick Tambay was signed alongside Jones for 1986.

"But Keith Duckworth didn't like turbos. Cosworth gave us lots of promises about when the engine would be ready, but in January I went up to Northampton and they said, 'We won't have an engine ready for you until Monaco.' On the way back I stopped at the first public phone box and called Teddy and Neil and said, 'You'd better be sitting down when I tell you this.' We had to change the cars back to Harts, different intercooler system, radiators, exhausts, everything to get to the first race at Rio. There have been many times in my life when I had no sleep, but that February stands out. We all worked the hardest I think I've ever worked in racing. We got the first Cosworth engine for Imola at the end of April, and by Monaco both cars had it. But when you turned the boost pressure up to go for a qualifying time it went no quicker, it just got hotter.

"However we did make some progress, and in Austria both cars finished in the points, fourth and fifth. For Monza we had a new engine, and because it was an unknown quantity Teddy put it in Tambay's car. In practice Tambay comes down the straight tucked in behind Senna's Lotus. Next lap, he's still there. Turns out he was about 18kph faster in a straight line than Jones. Jones started mouthing unprintable things, and went and sat in the motorhome and sulked.

"With the people we had, it could have developed really well. But in motor racing a lot of things don't turn out like they should. At the end of that season Beatrice got sold, and it all stopped. Then Carl asked me if I'd like to come back to Indycar, running Newman-Haas Racing with Andretti, and he asked Adrian to come in on the technical side. I talked to Adrian and he said, 'Well, if you go, I'll go.' So we did.

"I didn't really know Mario before then, but when we started to talk we became friends in 15 minutes. The guy is magic. Whether he's in the car with helmet on, or out of the car talking to you, he's got magic eyes. There's something there. He doesn't have to show it: it's like with Bruce, it just oozes out of him.

"Well, the car arrived from Lola, the engines arrived from Ilmor, we tested at Laguna Seca and it all ran well. Then the rear wing fell off. Mario came walking in, one side of the car was on one side of the track, the other was on the other. Turned out the wing wasn't glued together properly, which didn't please us at all. But we fixed the car, went to the first round at Long Beach, and Mario put it on pole. As the cars are lining up I'm walking down onto the grid with Paul Newman, who was a friendly kind of a guy. We bump into George Harrison



and Tom Petty, and Paul says, 'After the race, come round to the motorhome for a glass of wine.' So Mario wins the race, and they all come round. That was a neat little party. Next race was Phoenix, Mario's on pole again, but a valve broke in the wastegate. And then it's Indianapolis. Mario's quickest just about every day, puts it on pole, leads pretty much the whole race, and with about 10 minutes left to run an inlet valve spring breaks. I didn't know whether to cry or throw up.

"I stayed with Newman-Haas nearly three years. I was the team manager, Carl was the wheeler-dealer with anyone within range, Paul was the figurehead. For 1989 they decided to run two cars so Michael Andretti came in, and I stayed on to get that up and running. But meanwhile I'd had a letter from Mr Dennis:

"BY THE POOL, AYRTON SAID: 'YOU SHOULD ALWAYS REMEMBER, IN FORMULA 1 NOBODY TELLS THE TRUTH'"

would I be interested in rejoining McLaren? You know, I can't think of anyone else who has left Ron and then been asked back. In the end Ron and I sorted out a deal, and I went to Suzuka at the end of 1989. That was the race when Alain Prost ran into Ayrton Senna, Ayrton went down the escape road, and they stitched him up for that. Afterwards Nelson Piquet said to the officials, 'What the hell are you people doing? That's what the escape road is for. You guys screwed up.' Which is surprising, Piquet standing up for Senna, because as you know there was absolutely no love lost between them.

"RON HAD SIGNED GERHARD BERGER to replace Prost for 1990, and asked me to fly down to the last race in Adelaide with Ayrton and Gerhard and get to know them. Gerhard was a great guy to hang around with, and Ayrton and I got on straight away. We stopped off at Port Douglas, and as we were sitting beside the swimming pool at the Sheraton Ayrton said to me, 'Tyler, something you should always remember is that in Formula 1 no one tells the truth.' He didn't say it in a violent tone, it was one of his low-key pronouncements. Then we chatted about something else.

"I went to a bunch of the tests, did two or three of the races, and then I spent a long time in Los Angeles working with Pete Wiseman on his version of a quick-shift gearbox, a funny complicated thing. After months we got it to the point where it seemed it might work and sent it back to England. At the same time I was flying to Japan to do a lot to work with the Honda guys. There were more and more electronics on the cars, and I had to learn about all that, along with everybody else. They called me Special Projects Manager, but that was just a title. I worked on whatever needed doing. In the end I did another 20 years at McLaren. Finally, after the cars left for Melbourne in March 2009, I retired.

"But when I left, Ron told me I could go back in there any time I want. There are still some things a little group of us can talk about. So, if I'm around, I still go over every Friday."

After nearly half a century, it's almost impossible to calculate how many races Tyler was involved in: how many starts and finishes, how many pitstops, how many dramas, how many all-nighters, how many disappointments, how many joys – and tragedies, too. His input has been immense, his share of responsibility for the best results very real. Tyler himself, ever modest, takes a practical view:

"I learned about it, and I did it, for a long time. You just get on with what you have to do. Motor racing is like being at war: no, it is war. And if the war starts at 2pm, it's no good being ready at five past."


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Hammer to fall

Four beautiful racing cars from one incredible collection – and they're all for sale. With a fantasy budget to spend, which one would you choose?

writer ANDREW FRANKEL
photographer MATTHEW HOWELL

ON SEPTEMBER 8-9, WHAT IS BILLED to be the most important private collection of racing cars ever to go on public sale will be offered by RM Auctions in London. The property of Lord Irvine Laidlaw, they are being made available because he has reached a time in his life when he no longer wishes to race them and believes they should be released to be enjoyed by others who do.

It is an admirable sentiment. Before they go however, *Motor Sport* was invited to Cadwell Park to sample a few of the finest.

Which to choose? The first was obvious. The chance to drive any Jaguar D-type is a rare and special thing, but this is far from just any D-type. Indeed, there's much more to it even than its Ecurie Ecosse colours: in fact it ranks as one of the most important British sports racing cars of its or any era.

What next? The T61 Birdcage of course, the most famous of all Maserati sports cars. If its looks alone do not intrigue and draw you into that web of tubular pipes, you should perhaps get out more. But it worried me, just a touch. I'd read so many wonderful things, I feared I might expect too much of it.

A complete change of pace then seemed in order, hence the ex-works Porsche 904/6. The 904 will always occupy a significant place in history for lots of reasons that are technical and one that is not: to me at least, this is the prettiest Porsche ever made.

And that was going to be it. It was difficult to omit a Ferrari 275GTB/C, but there has been another on these pages recently. But the Maserati 250S has not been in this or any other magazine I can recall. Indeed and to my shame, I was only dimly aware of its existence. What I did know after one look at that Fantuzzi bodywork is that it needed to be driven.

THIS CAR HAS SO MANY CLAIMS TO FAME IT should go on tour. It may sport Ecurie Ecosse colours today, but it was built not only as a works car, but the very first to carry the landmark long-nose bodywork.

It actually sat out the tragic 1955 Le Mans 24 Hours as the factory spare, should anything have gone wrong with the other cars, and was then used for testing fuel injection systems while racing sporadically, notably at Silverstone and the Nürburgring driven by the likes of Jack Fairman, Duncan Hamilton and Paul Frère. It was sold to Ecurie Ecosse at the end of 1956 and raced extensively by Ninian Sanderson, Ivor Bueb and Fairman, notably coming sixth at the famed 'Race of Two Worlds' Monzanapolis event in 1957, driven by Sanderson.

It did finally make it out of the blocks at Le Mans in 1958, but like so many D-types forced to run at 3-litre capacity, it succumbed to engine failure. Its last serious outing for the team was the Goodwood TT that year, where driven by Masten Gregory and Innes Ireland it came home an impressive fifth behind three state-of-the-art works Astons and a factory Porsche RSK.

Thereafter XKD504 was campaigned with great success, firstly by Mike Salmon and then Peter Sutcliffe, before working its way through a galaxy of well-known owners and racers en route to its current stable.

Historics race ace Simon Hadfield has kindly warmed it up, but I'm not expecting a stellar performance at Cadwell, a track you could have designed not to play to a D-type's strengths. Short of straights and long of tricky corners, plunging gradient changes and one famous jump, it's just not intended for a car designed for straight-line speed and aerodynamic efficiency to win Le Mans. Fitted with a wide-angle 3.8-litre engine probably producing about 340bhp, I'm expecting a phenomenally fast and rather wild ride.

At first it chunters amiably behind the camera car for a couple of laps as I marvel at how an engine this old and powerful can also be so tractable. The gearbox is slow and heavy, Jaguar like Porsche eschewing the quicker straight-cut dog box option in favour of synchromesh less likely to be damaged by tired drivers at Le Mans. But when the photographer signals his work is done, the other side of its personality is there at the twitch of a toe.

Even on Cadwell's short pit straight, it's through second and third and into top without delay, the noise and power all I'd hoped for and more. I'd like to say

"IT COPED WELL WITH THE WORST CADWELL COULD THROW AT IT, EVEN OVER THE JUMP"





I can feel the ease with which it slips through the air but I'm too concerned with the arcing uphill left now approaching. I brake but leave it in top, registering slight surprise at how obediently it comes onto line. It seems more accurate than greased-whippet agile, but it feels good.

I'd expected it to feel cumbersome in the slower corners, but it managed its mass very capably. So long as you turned in on a trailing throttle and then reapplied the power almost immediately, it would cope well with the worst Cadwell could throw at it. Even over the jump and through the curves before the hairpin – a combination guaranteed to find the flaws in any car – it was never less than composed, precise and reassuring. It would lock its front tyres a little too easily under braking and those at the back if you were not perfectly precise with your heel and toeing but nothing that couldn't be mitigated by taking a little care.

This is a beautifully set up 'D', which proves there's far more up its sleeve than straight-line shove. Others of the era might have been sweeter to drive but few if any, then or now, would prove to be quite as quick or effective.





1955 Jaguar D-type Chassis: XKD504

ESTIMATE: £5.5-6.5 MILLION



1960 Maserati T61 'Birdcage' Chassis: 2464

ESTIMATE: £2.5-2.75 MILLION

MASERATI MAY HAVE WITHDRAWN FROM Formula 1 at the end of 1957, but it was not quite prepared to walk away from all forms of racing. History had suggested that good business could still be done in sports car racing but, with the gorgeous 300S now at the end of its development potential, chief engineer Giulio Alfieri went to work on an all-new design whose innovative construction lent it perhaps the most obvious nickname in racing history.

Built up around a dizzying concoction of steel tubes, many exposed to the naked eye, it seems likely it was always to be called the Birdcage. Built initially with a 2-litre engine and named the T60, it made its debut in 1959 and went well enough – especially at Rouen, where Stirling Moss destroyed a less than world-class field – for Maserati to sanction a 2.8-litre version with which it hoped to do serious damage to the might of the Ferrari Testa Rossa.

Radical spaceframe chassis aside, the car was quite conventional with a four-cylinder twin-cam motor canted at 45 degrees to reduce the height of the bonnet, double wishbone front suspension, transverse leafs at the back, a De Dion axle and a five-speed gearbox mounted between the rear wheels. Apart from its disc brakes it was a configuration that mimicked Ferrari sports cars from the middle of the decade.

Now Lloyd 'Lucky' Casner enters the frame. A pilot by profession and car dealer by trade, he was so taken by the Birdcage he not only ordered three but started a brand-new team with Goodyear sponsorship, the Casner Motor Racing Division, known to all as Camoradi, to race them. This car, chassis 2464, was one of the trio. It failed at Le Mans in 1960 with Casner and Jim Jeffords driving, but came fifth at the Nürburgring with another of his Birdcages triumphant, a victory that would be repeated the following year. It came second in the Karlskoga Grand Prix with Casner and Jo Bonnier driving, before heading over the water for a successful American career in the hands of Alan Connell. It was fitted with a Ford V8 in 1964 before returning to Europe in the 1990s and being restored to original condition.



For reasons I cannot quite explain other than its obvious worth, the Birdcage is quite an intimidating car to just get in and drive. It might be the ugly blare of its big-banger motor blasting out of its drainpipe exhaust at your side, or the oddly offset driving position, or the fact I can't actually see the gearlever hidden out of sight under my right leg, but I'm not as at ease in here as I'd hoped. Not at first at least. Actually I think it's the sight of the thing, with its skeleton bared and bodywork draped like painted pastry over those wheels. It appeared, sounded and felt incredibly raw, even by the standards of its day.

But I can see even after a small number of laps why those who raced Birdcages also raved about them. For all its constructional complexity, it's a viceless car, on your side from the opening lap. It feels fast, but not monstrously so. It should have around 250bhp and weigh a little more than 700kg – which is a useful power-to-weight ratio – but you can see why it fared so well at a track like the Nürburgring that places such a premium on handling, and less wonderfully at Le Mans where the brute force of the V12 Ferraris would have proven unanswerable. It is a true driver's car and it's easy to see why today it is one of the most revered of all Maserati racing cars.



1957 Maserati 250S Chassis: 2432

ESTIMATE: £2.5-3 MILLION

THIS IS THE RAREST OF THE LOT, SO RARE I confess to knowing relatively little about it. As a race car, the Maserati 250S was not a machine of great global significance. Just four were built, though it is claimed just one, this one, was constructed as a 250S from scratch, the others being 200SI models upgraded to 2.5-litre specification.

To my shame and noting the capacity, I even asked if it had a 250F engine... only to be directed to the clearly four-cylinder motor under the bonnet. This car was made for Carroll Shelby, who raced it in Sports Car Club of America events throughout 1958, sharing the driving with Jim Hall. It was also raced in the 1960 Cuban Grand Prix by none other than Dan Gurney. So while it may not have a stack of premier league results to its name, there's no doubting the calibre of those who sat behind its wood-rimmed wheel.

And right now I care very little about whether or not it was successful in competition. For those looks alone it could be a basket case under the skin and I'd still forgive it. But it's not.

In most regards including its suspension, engine and gearbox it is similar in configuration if not actual specification to the Birdcage, with the significant differences of running drum brakes and having a ladder frame at the core of its construction.

"Think this one is going to surprise you," Hadfield says. Like the Birdcage the cockpit is tighter than it needs to be because of the unorthodox positioning of the pedals and steering wheel relative to the driver, with the former too close, the latter a little further away than ideal. But it's easier to drive than its direct descendant and actually the most open and instantly understandable of the four cars here. More than any other, this is the one that most clearly wants to play.

I am quite sure the 250S would be substantially the slowest of the four but you might not mind when you're having so much fun. I'd always known the Birdcage would be brilliant on the limit because I'd been reading about them since I was a small boy. But with no pre-loaded expectation, the way the 250S behaved was entirely unexpected. Despite its relative paucity of power, cylinders and brakes, it felt like an Italian Aston DB3S, infinitely easier, more wieldy and less challenging than the D-type or a Ferrari 750 Monza. The gearbox is perfect – there really is no other word for it – and the balance other-worldly. But it is the feel of the car and its instinctive ability to drift everywhere that finds me slinging this multi-million pound racer around Cadwell with an abandon that says everything about the constant flow of reassurance from the machine and very little about the limited talent of the man. In short, it was a revelation.







1965 Porsche 904/6 Chassis: 906 012

ESTIMATE: £1-1.2 MILLION

ONLY THREE YEARS SEPARATE THE LAST competitive year of the Maserati T61 and the first of the Porsche 904s. It feels closer to 20. Here you'll find no lattice framework of tubes or crude rear suspension. In its mid-engined configuration, wishbones at each corner design and the use of its body to provide additional torsional rigidity, the concept of the 904 appears to owe more to a modern sports racing car than anything else on these pages.

Yet it is not the car's technical configuration but its appearance that soaks up all your attention. Conceived in such a hurry there was no time to go through a committee process where its design might be at best diluted and at worst perverted, every last inch of it is how Butzi Porsche intended it to be.

And although more than 100 904s were built, with some serving as road cars, the factory raced only a handful. This is one of them.

In period 904s raced with four, six and even eight-cylinder air-cooled, flat-formation engines. This one is and always has been a six. It raced twice for the works during 1965, first at the Nürburgring 1000Kms, placing sixth overall with Günther Klass and Peter Nocker driving, then at Le Mans when the progress of Klass and Dieter Glemser was terminated by engine failure early on Sunday morning.

It was sold at the end of the season and spent the next 30 years in America as both a road and racing car before returning to Europe and finding its way into Laidlaw's hands. During the past 10 years he has raced it pretty much everywhere you could imagine such a car being raced.



It is tiny inside, but while squeezing all 6ft 4in of me through the door does little for the dignity, the cockpit is so well arranged it's splendidly comfortable once you're in. There's no short-legged, long-armed driving position with which to contend, no offset seat or haphazard splatter of dials. The controls meet your hands and feet exactly where you'd want them while the dials are logically arranged and instantly familiar.

Like every Porsche racer from a 550 Spyder to a 962 Group C car, it starts on the twist of a key. And like every other Porsche from the mid-1960s, the 901-type synchro box is lousy. If its new owner is unfamiliar with the type, he might be shocked at its vague, soupy action but should be reassured: albeit to different degrees, they're all like that, sir.

There's nothing wrong with the 2-litre engine though, which is described as being tuned for torque and reliability though still puts out about 185bhp at perhaps 7500rpm. It fluffs and snorts at low revs on part throttle, but once the triple-choke Webers clear their throats there's no stopping this featherweight, glassfibre 650kg jewel. Of all the cars here, it is by far the most suited to the particular challenges of Cadwell Park and, despite having the least power of the four, I'd back it to post the fastest lap time.

Brilliantly set up to be soft enough to use for road racing events like the Tour Auto as well as dedicated circuit work, it could not feel more in its element. It's a car that commands you to carry speed into each corner: being an early mid-engined machine there's a temptation to think it might be tricky on the limit, but it is quite the reverse. There's not the power to reward a slow-in, fast-out approach nor any need to be so conservative with it. Often a little lift just to angle the nose in is enough to tuck the little Porsche into the curve whereupon it'll corner so flat and fast it feels more like 15 than nearly 50 years old. As an all-purpose, go anywhere, do anything weapon, it is unrivalled in company even as illustrious as this.

So, and for the next paragraph at least,

I'm imagining I am a very wealthy man in London this September, armed with a bidding paddle but with space in the shed for just one of them. If I were Hadfield or another world-class driver of historic racers and wanted to win, I'd choose the D-type because I expect it's the most competitive car here. If I wanted an eventer, a car I could race, tour and even just use on the road, there's none better than the 904. I'd have the Birdcage for more aesthetic reasons – it's probably the least gorgeous of four gorgeous cars, but its shape, construction and place as the last truly great Maserati sports racer gives it a fascination of its own. But if you just wanted to have fun, the 250S celebrates the simple joy of driving better than any other here. All history and value issues aside, as merely a thing to drive, it is the one I would have. I should be so lucky.

Our sincere thanks to Lord Laidlaw, RM Auctions, Simon Hadfield and Phil Stainton for making this feature possible. All these cars will be auctioned by RM Auctions at the St James's Concours d'Élégance in London on September 8-9



"IF I WANTED TO WIN I'D CHOOSE THE D-TYPE, BECAUSE I SUSPECT IT'S THE MOST COMPETITIVE CAR HERE"



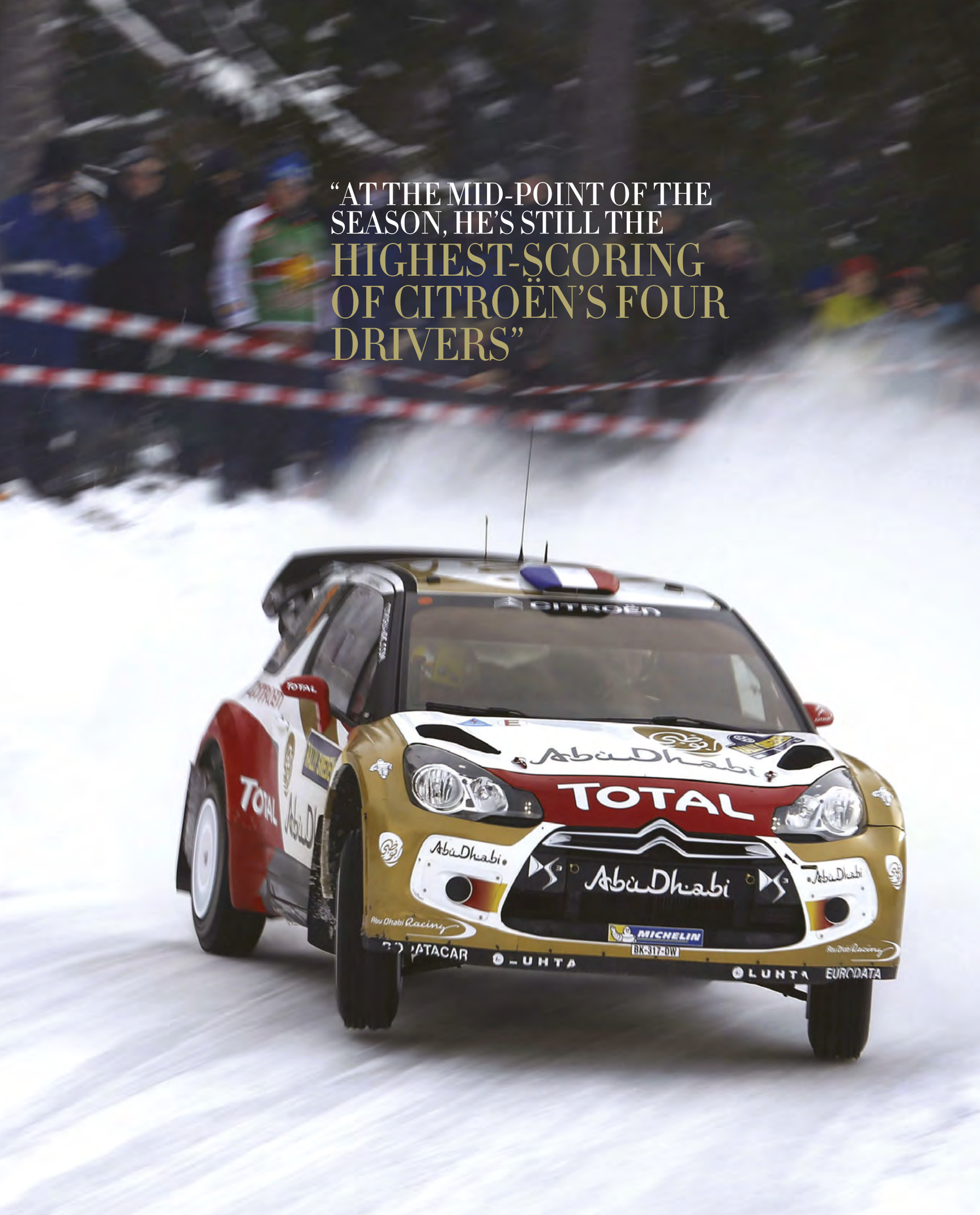
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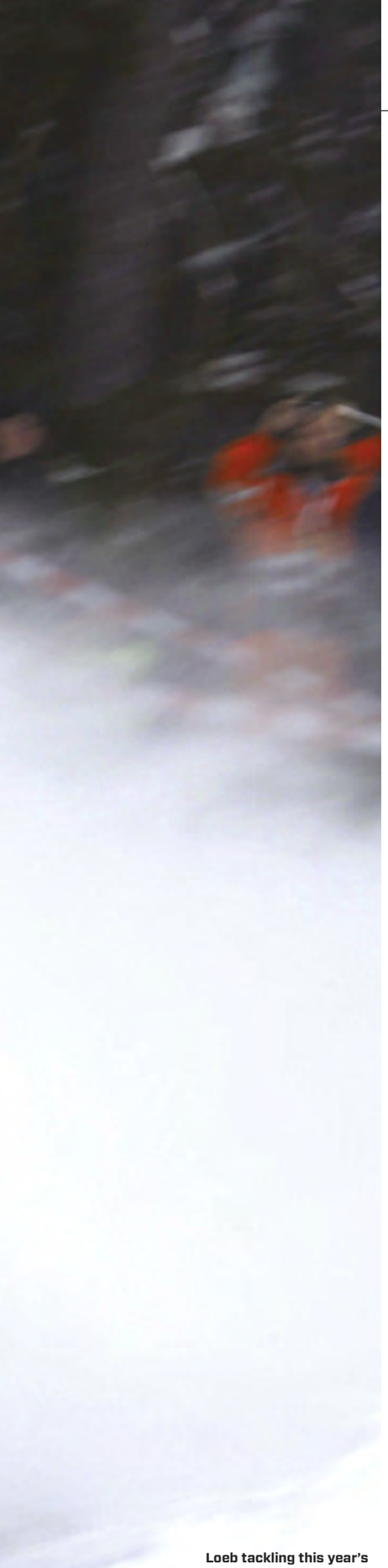
New peaks to conquer

He's surely modern motor sport's most versatile man, but endless success has not diluted Sébastien Loeb's appetite for a challenge

writer ANTHONY PEACOCK



"AT THE MID-POINT OF THE SEASON, HE'S STILL THE HIGHEST-SCORING OF CITROËN'S FOUR DRIVERS"



Loeb tackling this year's Swedish Rally, one of only four WRC events on his 2013 schedule. He took his Citroën DS3 to second behind the VW Polo of namesake Ogier

SO THERE IT IS. THE END OF AN era, or perhaps the dawn of a new one. After more than a decade of effortless dominance of the World Rally Championship (to the extent that he won every single stage of the 2005 Tour de Corse, for instance) Sébastien Loeb is ready to turn his back on the sport he made his own. At the time of writing, his last World Rally Championship event is scheduled to be the Rallye de France in October, which is aptly run close to his home town of Hagenau, Alsace.

The Rallye de France moved from Corsica to the mainland in 2010; ostensibly to be closer to larger centres of population, but in actual fact to pay tribute to France's biggest rallying hero. How many sports stars have sufficient stature to divert a championship calendar into their back garden?

Sure enough, that year Loeb won his seventh world title after a triumphant superspecial stage around the streets where he grew up, having earlier driven past the front door of his old house. It was an astonishing recognition of just how far he had come. At the end of the stage his family and friends – most of whom he had known from childhood – were waiting to meet their newly crowned, home-grown seven-time champion, with champagne and a cake. The hero truly returns. It's the only time I have ever seen him cry.

This was the one perfect moment: what he describes as the single highlight of a stellar career that defies description.

"If I had to choose just one best memory, it would be that," he says. "To experience this at home and see everybody I knew at the end of the stage was incredible. This was the last stage and of course I had to get back to service to finish the rally. So the only regret is that I couldn't stay longer to enjoy the moment. But I'll always remember it."

So no wonder he has chosen France for what is expected to be his final rally. There are unlikely to be more tears this time but what is certain is that there will be a massive turnout to watch the master at work one last time. Already the Rallye de France organisers are talking about the potential for the biggest crowd yet seen in the modern era of rallying.

We say 'expected' to be his final event, though, because Citroën is still working hard to persuade him to change his mind. Loeb's schedule this year is just four rallies out of 13, yet at the mid-point of the season, he's still the highest-scoring of four Citroën drivers. The rest compete full time. That's how good he is, and also why Citroën is so keen to get him to do as many rallies as possible. The man himself is not so enthusiastic: been there, done it, seen it – designed the T-shirt, in fact.

A quick round-up of the numbers. His 78 world rally victories are astonishing enough, but if you scratch the surface you'll see that he's won 46.7 per cent of all the rallies he's started. Fangio won 46.1 per cent of all his races. Consider that one for a little while.

Consider also that the next most successful driver in terms of wins, Marcus Grönholm, has 30 victories. That's less than half Sébastien's total. Not to mention the fact that Sébastien impressed on his first run in the Le Mans 24 Hours and finished second at the next time of asking.

Then there was his rumoured move to Formula 1 with Toro Rosso at the end of 2009, which actually came much closer to happening than many people think.

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NOW, AT THE AGE OF 39, HE'S JUST pulverised the Pikes Peak record – by a minute and a half – and he's ready for his first season in World Touring Cars next year (a programme that was announced the week before he conquered Colorado). The really incredible thing about Sébastien Loeb is not so much the fact that he's been on top of motor sport for so long – but that he's willing, at the age of nearly 40, to start again at the bottom. Because this is exactly what he's expecting from World Touring Cars next year: a standing start.

"I don't think we're going to win straight away; it's certainly going to be hard because we'll be starting from zero," he says. "But I hope we'll get there at some point. It's never going to be guaranteed that we will, but we're certainly going to try."

There were a number of factors that led to this decision – quixotic in the eyes of some people – after winning nine world titles back to back. At the very least, the doubters said, he should stick around long enough to make it 10 world titles…

Sébastien argues that he has already, because he also won the 2001 Junior World Rally Championship. "Valentino Rossi counts his 125cc world title, so there's no reason why I can't count this one, " says Loeb, very reasonably.

But it's not really the numbers or heritage that excite him: in fact he's surprisingly sketchy on the sport's history. Instead, it's the challenge. It's not a colossal exaggeration to say that he's bored of winning. In preparation for his

conversion to racing Sébastien has been contesting the FIA GT Championship this year and says that one of the best things about it is, "Finally, nobody expects me to win." It's rare to hear such a fact celebrated by a racing driver, but the Frenchman definitely means it.

Truth is, Sébastien didn't even want to do four rallies this year – but he did it as a favour to Citroën, with whom he has signed a long-term deal as a brand ambassador. As PSA Group board member Jean-Marc Gales once famously pointed out: "Citroën without Loeb would be like Paris without the Eiffel Tower."

But Loeb wanted his ambassadorship to mean something, which is how he's ended up with the touring car programme. "I wasn't interested in any sort of role where I would end up visiting a few factories and opening dealerships; that's of no real interest to me," he says. "I realised at an early point that whatever happened I needed to drive for my own satisfaction: I wasn't ready to stop completely. That had a big impact on my decision for the future."

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EIFFEL TOWER OR NOT, LOEB GAVE some "serious" thought to walking away from Citroën to join Volkswagen two years ago. Volkswagen came in at exactly the right time to make a swoop for the multiple champion: the much-publicised feud with Sébastien Ogier (grossly exaggerated, according to Loeb) was at its height and the Germans could offer a salary that initially Citroën was unable to match – although it subsequently increased its offer.

This was by no means Loeb's key motivation – "I've earned more money than I ever dreamed of, anyway". Rather, his real reason for rejecting the German giant was that he wanted to stop soon. Believe it or not, the thought of retirement first crossed Loeb's mind at the end of 2005, when Citroën took a year's hiatus from the sport.

"I would have been throwing away all those years of history with Citroën for what, one year of competition?" says Loeb. "It just didn't make sense."

Volkswagen spent 2012 just testing, of course, before embarking on its first full season this year with Ogier as lead driver. "Good luck to him," says Loeb. "There's no problem between us now at all. When we were team-mates, there were some things happening between us that were unfair. I wasn't asking for preferential treatment, just to be treated equally. That didn't happen, but it's all history; it doesn't matter…"

Ogier claimed at the time that Loeb played a political game to force him out. Loeb just shrugs in an 'if that's what he wants to think' type of way. Not that Ogier is likely to complain, because he wound up with a commanding points lead in the Volkswagen Polo R WRC this year. So Loeb 'forcing him out' actually did him a huge favour. The older Sébastien chuckles; this is clearly something he finds genuinely amusing. Perhaps because the truth is that he, personally, never had any real intention of joining Volkswagen in the first place, for all the reasons he mentions above.

But the biggest reason he didn't jump ship is that despite his chosen profession, Loeb is by no means a risk taker. He says that the question he's been asked most often throughout his career is: 'what's your secret?' Normally he just smiles pleasantly and shrugs a polite "I don't know". Now we can at last reveal it. The secret, you see, is that there is no secret. Or rather, there is just one small thing...

"What I do is try never to go over my limit," he says. "I drive with a little bit of margin. Otherwise you risk going off. You see a lot of people step over the limit from time to time and it doesn't normally go well. So, for example, when we start each rally on a Friday I push hard but not at a pace that feels uncomfortable. Then I just see where we are at the end of the day. If I'm feeling good and we're well placed, then we push for the win over the next two days, but only if we can do this without taking too many risks. If it's not possible, then we just drive for the points. I'm not saying that I cannot take risks, or that I've never taken risks – you take a risk each time you step in the rally car – but just that I avoid them when there's nothing much to gain."

It's a telling insight into his psychology. When Sébastien does take risks, the results are spectacular. Look at the 2010 Rally New Zealand, when unusually he hit a bridge on day one and dropped down the order. With nothing to lose, he staged a monumental fightback, at







Loeb tested with Red Bull late in 2008 (left), but plans to let him race a Toro Rosso eventually fell flat; contesting this year's Porsche Supercup in Monaco (above right); Le Mans 24 Hours debut (in 2005, right) underlined his circuit credentials

LAT

one point scalping 23 seconds on a single stage from his closest rival. From nowhere he came close to winning. "Yes, on that occasion I was taking a few risks," he says, with a grin. "That was probably the best ever day I had in a rally car." In fact, he had another slight incident on the final day, which meant that he 'only' finished on the podium. It was the same story on the 2006 Monte Carlo Rally. At the end of the first day he was caught by a bit of black ice and skated off the road. He rejoined the following day, with a five-minute penalty (as the rules stipulated) for having missed a stage. He finished second – and it was about then that the nickname ET (an allusion to his seemingly unearthly abilities) first began to circulate.

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BUT THE TRUTH IS THAT HE'S resoundingly normal. He likes fast cars and he flies a helicopter, but apart from that he hangs out with the same people he always did and does all the same sort of things that normal people do. He loves Saturday mornings, hates getting up early, eats steak (his favourite food is rib of beef) and drinks red wine. And he's not even convinced by all of his toys. "I change my cars every six months or so," he says, having got through various Lamborghinis, Porsches and Ferraris to date. "Something comes out and I think 'it would be great to have that' but in the end, no matter how good it is, you are never going to get the same sensations in a road car as you are in a competition car. So then I get bored. I suppose I'm not really all that into it."

Like all top drivers, Sébastien shares that preoccupation to move quickly onto the next thing, whatever that is. Even talking to him now, he's doing his very best to hide the fact that he's surreptitiously eyeing the clock. But it wasn't just the fact that he wanted a new challenge that prompted him to leave the familiar world of the WRC.

He has also become increasingly aware of the dangers of the sport and the attractions of being at home. Although his recent time at Pikes Peak meant that he was piloting an 875-horsepower car made of carbon fibre beside sheer drops, and that he didn't have a full weekend at home for eight weeks. So for once in his life he failed slightly – at that, in any case.

"Actually, this year I've been busier than I was when I was rallying full-time," he points out – not surprising given that he also managed to find time to squeeze in a couple of rounds of the Porsche Supercup, a small rally in Switzerland with his wife Séverine as co-driver, and some testing of Citroen's WTCC prototype. Not to mention the small matter of the 'Race to the Clouds' in Colorado.

"It wasn't completely the plan to do all of that, but I couldn't let the chance to do Pikes Peak go," he says. "That was the most extreme car I've ever driven in my career as it's one



Rhys Millen finished a distant second to Loeb. Below, Monster Tajima (E-Runner) took fifth

REACH FOR THE SKY

Sébastien Loeb demolished the Pikes Peak course record with Peugeot, a performance that's likely to spur rivals into action

UNTIL THE MID-1970S, PIKES PEAK, THE second-oldest motor racing event in the USA, was very much a local event for NASCAR-style stock cars and traditional front-engined sprint racers. However, the 12.42-mile course that snakes through 156 corners and ascends from 9390 ft to 14,110 ft was unpaved and eventually drew attention from Californian buggy drivers such as Rick and Roger Mears. They were the first 'foreigners' to beat the locals, which included the Unser family.

Rally cars really put Pikes Peak on the international map in the 1980s. Michèle Mouton upset the locals by breaking the overall record in 1985 with a time of 11min 25sec in her Audi Quattro. Amends were made when Bobby Unser knocked 16sec off her time 12 months later, in another Quattro. A year later Walter Röhrl was first to break the 11-minute barrier in a special Quattro, before Ari Vatanen broke the record in 1988 with a Peugeot 405 Turbo. Six years later Rod Millen came tantalisingly close to breaking the 10-minute barrier in a Toyota Celica, missing out by just five seconds. Amazingly that record stood for 13 years before Nobuhiro 'Monster' Tajima set a new record of 10min 01sec in a Suzuki XL7.

By then environmentalists had forced the authorities to pave the highway in parts, but Tajima did not set a new record of 9min 51sec until 2011 – the final year with some dirt sections remaining.



TEAMARPEV

Last year four drivers broke the magical 10-minute mark and Rhys Millen (Hyundai Genesis Coupé) set a new record of 9min 46sec.

Nobody doubted that Sébastien Loeb would win this year, but what time could he achieve? The weather at Pikes Peak is extremely fickle. It can be sunny and dry one minute and pouring with rain, hail or even snow the next. Would the weather gods allow Loeb a dry run? That was important given that slick tyres can now be used.

As it turned out Loeb, who was first off the line, had a drama-free dry run. His time of 8min 13sec drew gasps from the thousands of spectators. Rhys Millen was second, 48sec behind, in a Hyundai-powered Grand-Am prototype. Loeb said Peugeot's engineers had predicted a possible 8min 15sec run, but he beat both their forecast and the climate. In the end, only the first six cars ran when the course was still fully dry.

Eight drivers beat the 10-minute barrier – including Tajima, who finished fifth in his electric E-Runner (which had to run with intermediates, because rain was falling). Two factory Mitsubishi electric cars had qualified faster, but they had to endure even damper conditions and finished 13th and 14th.

What are the odds that Audi is figuring out how to reclaim its title? The battle for bragging rights is on at the world's greatest mountain climb. *John Rettie*

horsepower per kilogram and feels faster than a Formula 1 car. It was an amazing experience – the race of the year for me – but the risks are high as well. There are some places where if you go off, you're dead…"

It was an accident in America last year that got Loeb thinking: the impact that Marcus Grönholm had in practice for the X Games, where Loeb was also competing – meaning that he witnessed the drama at close quarters. Marcus made a complete recovery, but he had suffered severe concussion and for a little while there was a fear that the effects could be more far-reaching. Since that accident last summer, Marcus has not driven competitively. Loeb of course went on to win the X Games, on his debut.

"You can have a great career and do everything right, then unexpectedly something like that can happen," Loeb says. "I would never say that this accident for Marcus convinced me to stop, as you know that the risks are always there, but it certainly made me consider things a bit more."

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THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS THE LAW of averages, but over the course of 167 world rally starts and countless national events, the Frenchman has never seriously hurt himself in a rally car. In fact, he's only ever had one really big accident: the Acropolis Rally in 2009, when his Citroën C4 WRC barrel-rolled.

It's something that you see from time to time with those who are touched by effortless genius: ask Markku Alén, for example, about the proudest moment of his career and he'll say that it's his record for the highest number of fastest stage times (which was beaten only by Loeb, just a couple of years ago in Spain) and the fact that he never broke a bone or shed a drop of blood in a rally car. With Loeb, it's the same.

And that's also why we're unlikely to see the Frenchman compete at Le Mans again: certainly not in a prototype. "Rallying might be dangerous, but Le Mans is even more dangerous," he says. "The World Touring Car Championship is just right for me now: the level of safety is high, the racing is competitive and the travel is not so frenetic as it is in rallying. And it was also a way for me to continue the relationship with Citroën, because this is a very interesting championship for them, too. I think we can have some good battles. The fight is always the most interesting thing."

One of Loeb's favourite rallies is actually one he lost: Rally New Zealand 2007, where he and Grönholm started the final stage more or less neck and neck. Grönholm ended up winning the rally – by just 0.3 seconds. "That was fantastic; a rally I will always remember," says Loeb. "If I had to say which was the most exciting rally of my career, it would be that one."

And his biggest rival? He ticks off a mental list of drivers, fires out a few names. Interestingly, Ogier is not one of them but he cites current team-mate Mikko Hirvonen. "Just because Mikko is so consistent," says Loeb. "There were a couple of times when I really had to be careful, not because he was quicker than me but because he kept on scoring the points. And that's how you win championships."

Ultimately it comes down to two people. The first is Grönholm. "There were times when Marcus would put in some times that were just crazy," says Loeb. "Sure, it didn't always work out for him but Marcus was super-fast. And it always seemed to end up with me and him fighting for the win."

"THERE WAS ONE PERSON WHO PUSHED LOEB HARDER THAN GRÖNHOLM. THAT WOULD BE JEAN-FRANÇOIS BERENGUER..."

But there was one person who pushed Loeb even harder, and more consistently.

"That would be Jean-François Berenguer, when we were both doing the Citroën Saxo Kit Car Trophy," says Loeb. "He was older than me, but incredibly tough to beat. Definitely one of the fastest drivers I have ever seen."

Berenguer only rallies from time to time now, using old cars whenever his budget permits. But he still wins national rallies in France. And more than that, he'll always have the immense satisfaction of having been the biggest rival to the greatest rally driver – some would say the greatest driver – of all time. M



Louis Chiron



Military driver, Grand Prix winner, war-time activist... meet one of Monaco's most celebrated sons

Monte Carlo has long been the adopted home of successful racing drivers, but none are as closely linked to the tiny principality as Louis Chiron. His father held the position of maître d'hôtel at the luxurious Hôtel de Paris, and it was into this refined environment that Louis was born in 1899.

My congratulations on the birth of your son, Chiron.

Thank you, monsieur.

Working as a groom and a chauffeur, the adolescent Louis grew to feel entirely at ease in the company of the well heeled.

As a Monégasque Chiron was under no obligation to join the French military, but at 18 volunteered as an artilleryman.

Chiron is ready and with your car, Marshal.

He would continue to serve for three years after the end of The Great War, progressing to become personal driver to Marshal Foch.

With his service over, Chiron launched a venture with his friend, Englishman William Grover-Williams, converting surplus military vehicles for civilian use.

Louis' connections have proved invaluable.

But supplies soon dried up.

Chiron found employment driving bare chassis from Bugatti's Molsheim factory to the various coach-builders on the Côte d'Azur, where they would be bodied for rich clients.

Throughout this post-war period the charming and cultivated Chiron had developed a reputation as a 'dance partner' within the establishments of Monte Carlo.

The day job with Bugatti had whetted his interest in driving, and Chiron's liaisons with wealthy socialites helped fund the purchase of his first competition car.

Chiron's Bugatti Brescia became a regular sight at events on the French Riviera.

Financial backing from the industrialist Alfred Hoffman enabled the ambitious Louis to become an early adopter of Bugatti's legendary T35.

Chiron scores his first major victory in the Grand Prix de Comminges.

Through the late '20s Chiron dovetailed his drives for Hoffman with appearances in Ettore Bugatti's works cars.

He might well need an alternative drive if his affair with Hoffman's wife gets out.

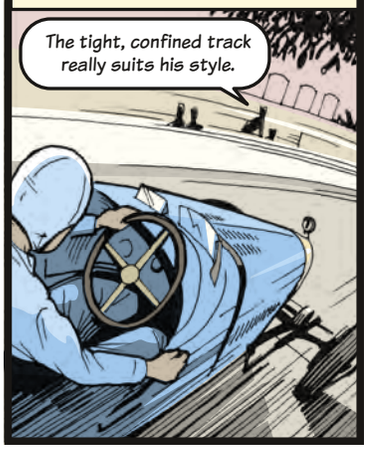
He was indeed sacked when news of this all-too-public relationship finally reached his backer.

Alice 'Baby' Hoffman remained close to Chiron. With her stopwatch and timing sheet she would become the prototype pit girl.

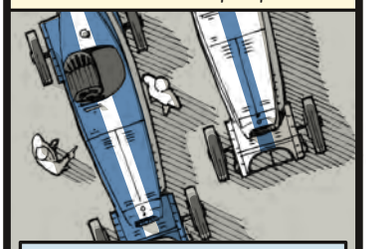
Victories in the Spanish and Italian GPs established Chiron's reputation as a front-runner.



And in 1931 he scored a 'home' win around the streets of Monte Carlo.

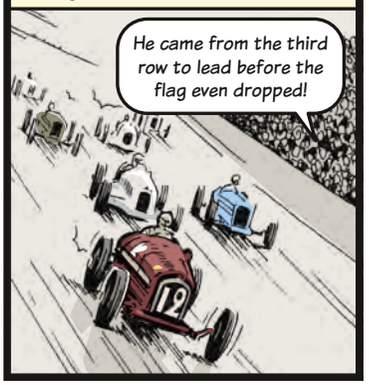


For 1933 Chiron and his good friend, Rudolph Caracciola, found themselves without drives. They acquired Alfa Romeo Monzas and set up as privateers.

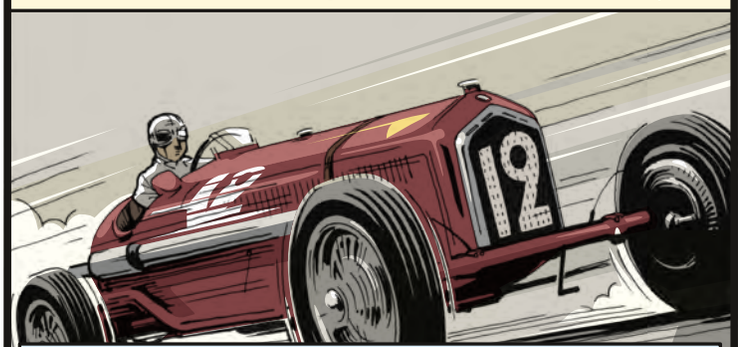


Scuderia CC was short lived. Caracciola's brakes failed during practice for the team's debut at Monaco, the German suffering lasting damage to his legs. Chiron would see out the season with some positive results, before moving to Scuderia Ferrari for the following year.

1934 French GP, Montlhéry – Chiron's most celebrated victory was achieved aboard Enzo Ferrari's Alfa Tipo B, thanks in part to one of racing's most outrageous false starts.

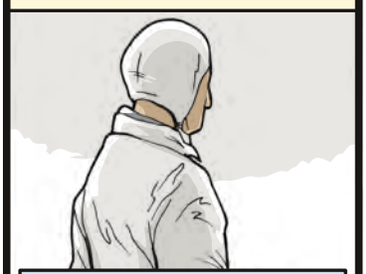


Despite these antics he scored a remarkable result. With backing from the Third Reich, the technically advanced cars of Mercedes-Benz and Auto Union were making their debuts at this event and victory for an outdated Alfa Romeo was unexpected.



Germany's 'Silver Arrows' would quickly come to dominate on the circuits of Europe and beyond. Largely at the insistence of Caracciola, Chiron was offered a drive with Mercedes for 1936.

The move was not a success. Auto Union had the edge and Chiron suffered a heavy crash at the German GP.



His career went into decline and Mercedes released him from his contract. In 1939 he retired to Monaco.

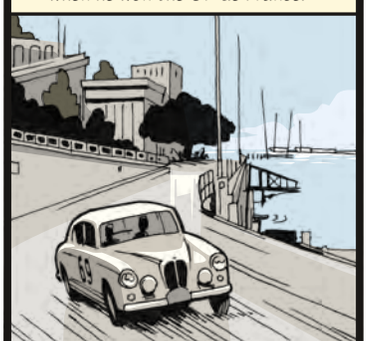
Alice Hoffman finally tired of Chiron's reluctance to marry and instead accepted an offer from the recently widowed Caracciola.

Chiron was in active service again during WWII. He secured his way to Switzerland and helped smuggle downed allied airmen back to Britain.



By the end of The War Chiron was 45 years old, but that didn't stop him joining several of the old guard, determined to revive their racing careers.

He lined his Talbot up for France's first post-war race and was approaching 50 when he won the GP de France.



And at the tender age of 55, Louis Chiron also won the coveted Monte Carlo Rally.

Monaco GP, 1955 – Fittingly his final race was on home ground.



Following his retirement, Chiron became race director for the Monaco Grand Prix and saw out his years as one of the principality's most celebrated residents.



Louis Chiron died in June 1979. His statue has pride of place on the Monaco harbour front.

NEXT MONTH
Mike Hailwood









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REX FEATURES

Going off the rails



FERRET

Reflections on The Great Train Robbery... and how it interrupted a promising young driver's career

writer MIKE DOODSON

IT IS 50 YEARS SINCE THE GLASGOW-TO-LONDON mail train was brought to a halt in a remote part of Buckinghamshire, by the simple subterfuge of placing an old glove over a green signal light, and a gang of villains got away with more than £2.5 million in used banknotes. The attack has gone down in history as The Great Train Robbery, commemorated in various books and several high-budget motion pictures. But where, you might ask, is the connection with motor racing?

Well, it has been wildly conjectured that Bernie Ecclestone was somehow involved in the affair, a yarn that the man himself, with his wry sense of humour, has been less than strenuous in denying. But the real connection involves the youngest member of the gang, Roy James, whose undoubted talents at the wheel could have led to a professional racing career. Perhaps inevitably, James's crime would catch up with him, leading to a lengthy spell in the slammer. Though perhaps not on quite the same glamorous level as Clyde Barrow (of Bonnie & Clyde fame), Roy 'The Weasel' James is best remembered now as our country's most celebrated getaway driver.

James came from a broken south London family, and on leaving school was apprenticed to a silversmith while also committing burglaries, stealing cars and getting involved in gang crime. Fascinated by motor racing from an early age, he once 'lifted' a Jaguar belonging to Mike Hawthorn from its parking spot directly in front of the Steering Wheel Club. He began modifying Jaguar saloons for use as getaway vehicles, then took up karting in the

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Summer BBQ

with special guest Sir Stirling Moss

Join us in the beautiful surroundings of Fulham's Hurlingham Club, on Wednesday September 18, 2013

Motor Sport is delighted to be hosting an evening with Mr Motor Racing himself – Sir Stirling Moss. The occasion will be filled with wonderful food, photo opportunities, autograph signings and an exclusive Q&A session. Taking place in the manicured grounds of the prestigious Hurlingham Club in Fulham, the evening will offer a perfect opportunity for enthusiasts to meet one of the world's greatest racing drivers.

The BBQ and drinks will be available from 7.00pm and the Q&A session takes place at 8.30pm in the Broomhouse Room, with Sir Stirling Moss, *Motor Sport's* editor-in-chief Nigel Roebuck and editor Damien Smith. Don't miss this opportunity to meet a true legend.

PLUS We have spaces for 12 cars to be displayed throughout the evening. If you have something special tucked away in the garage and would like to have it on show, then please contact us and tell us more about your classic car. Only ticket holders are eligible to display their vehicles and places are limited, so it will be on a first come, first served basis.

Where: The Palm Court and Broomhouse Room at The Hurlingham Club, Fulham, London
When: Wednesday September 18, 2013
Time: 6.30pm – 10.00pm
Dress code: Smart/casual

Ticket prices for subscribers: £110pp
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early days of the sport. It would appear he went to ingenious lengths to fund his karting, including the heist of valuable jewellery from a wealthy English woman whom he tracked all the way to Monaco, where he broke into her hotel room. His thieving inevitably earned him short spells in prison.

The first racing car he bought was the Formula Junior Brabham that Denny Hulme had driven to victory at the Brands Hatch meeting on Boxing Day in 1962. Denny would later tell me how surprised he and designer Ron Tauranac had been when this unknown would-be racer showed up at the factory and paid with a briefcase full of folding money. There's a gloriously pedantic internet thread in which grown men argue over whether the prototype chassis was a Brabham BT2 or a BT6, but perhaps the best story is the one about the car finding its way to New Zealand, where customs officers discovered it had once been owned by the notorious train robber and insisted on cutting the ends off the chassis tubes in case there were any rolled-up bank notes hidden inside.

"JAMES WON EIGHT OF 14 RACES HE CONTESTED IN 1963, WITH THREE FURTHER PODIUMS"



The Evening News & STAR

£1,000,000 (Or More!) MAIL TRAIN ROBBERY

Ambush Gang Trap Euston Express

James was captured after his fingerprints were found on a saucer he'd filled with milk for cats at the gang's farmland refuge

GETTY: NEWSPAPER. WWW.GONEDIGGING.CO.UK

As an avid racing fan, I was aware of Roy James from stories in *Motoring News*, which reported his acquisition of the Brabham. My first contact with him was at Oulton Park, where I was marshalling at the first Formula Junior round of 1963. Early on, while leading, he arrived sideways at Knickerbrook, where I was handling the flags, and crashed into the undergrowth. We dashed over to check him out. I had already spoken to him in the paddock that morning, a slip of a man, 27 years old, with crew cut and a distinctively cockney accent. He got away unhurt from the afternoon shunt, seemingly relaxed.

James was clearly a fast learner, because although he crashed in that first race, and again at Goodwood a week later, he quickly got the hang of Formula Junior (the equivalent of today's F3). Despite competing against semi-professionals, some of them in factory-backed cars, he won eight of the 14 races he contested in 1963, with three further podium appearances. He even won his final race of the season, at Cadwell Park just 10 days after the robbery, before disappearing from the scene.

It now seems that James acquired his 'sponsorship' after helping to knock over a payroll truck near Heathrow Airport in 1962, when he drove one of the two getaway Jaguars. Then between races during the summer of '63, he and some criminal friends finalised plans for the caper that would put them all into the history books, and most of them into jail. In fact The Great Train Robbery was an immaculately planned operation that was built on inside information and split-second timing, not to mention the boldness of a military raid.

THE GANG CONSISTED OF A DOZEN OR so men, each with a fixed task that had been practised in advance. The only serious snag? Having fixed the trackside signals, forcing the train to stop, the ex-train driver they had suborned into assisting them was unable to move it back to the cutting, where they had Land Rovers waiting. They tried to persuade train driver Jack Mills to reverse his locomotive, but he was savagely bludgeoned in the process. The 'high value' carriage was targeted, but none of the Post Office staff there was hurt. In all, more than £2.5 million was stolen. The bulk of the haul was in £1 and £5 notes, none of it traceable because it was old money being returned to London to be salvaged.

In a clever plan that would protect them from roadblocks and house searches, the gang went to ground at a specially prepared farmhouse nearby. By the time they surfaced a few days later, the men had become careless about following their plans. When the police eventually stumbled across the farm, they found several fingerprints. One was on a saucer Roy James had handled when he put it out with milk for the farm cats.

The search for the gang was front-page news, even though at first the police were drawing blanks. Then, at the end of August, after the discovery of the saucer fingerprints, the name of Roy James hit the headlines. I will never forget the thrill of seeing a lunchtime newspaper poster in Manchester, where I was articled to a firm of chartered accountants: "Cops track the weasel racer." Inside, according to an excitable hack, Scotland Yard was looking for James, dubbed (much to his distaste) 'The Weasel', and he was described as a racing driver.

My respect for The Force's deductive powers took a dive here, for only that morning, in the columns of *Motoring News*, I had seen James's name among the entries for the FJ race that would be supporting Sunday's Tourist Trophy at Goodwood. The news must eventually have got through to plod, who arrived at the circuit with bells ringing on their official-issue Wolseleys. James had been tipped off and passed them in the opposite direction aboard his modified Jaguar, towing his racing car on a trailer.

It would not be until December that the law caught up with him, somewhere in London. He was attempting to escape over the frosty rooftops, clad in his underwear and carrying a briefcase containing £12,000 in used notes. One could only admire the chutzpah of his lawyer, who claimed something about his client having no connection with the robbery and that he'd be able to explain the completely innocent circumstances of his arrest.

The jury didn't swallow a word. In assessing the appropriate punishment, the judge undoubtedly put a great deal of weight on injuries suffered by the train driver, who had made only a halting recovery. Most of the nine in the dock were handed 30-year sentences, a verdict that seemed disproportionate, even for the times. Condign punishment or an act of savage retribution? It is hard, now, not to see it as harsh. Perhaps the judge was infuriated by the fact that the police had been made to look foolish and that very little of the stolen money – none of it insured – was ever recovered.

A couple of the robbers (Ronnie Biggs and Charles Wilson) subsequently escaped from jail, but not James. He was banged up for eight months in solitary, just in case he, too, attempted to go over the wall. Among the publications he was allowed to receive in Wormwood Scrubs was *Motoring News*, where I was now employed, and for a while he corresponded (he remembered that Oulton Park encounter). His letters, written in beautiful copperplate script, were heartbreaking to read. Conditions in prison were dire, and he was acutely aware that an example was being made of him for a physical assault in which he had played no part. At one stage he was even put in a cell with a bricked-up window.

Only his fascination with racing, and a vague hope of returning to competition, sustained him. In 1975, after 11 horrible years, he was released on parole. Brands Hatch boss John Webb then came on the scene: he saw the publicity benefits of assisting the return to racing of a famous thief who'd served his debt to society. Thus it was that Webb arranged for James, now in his late thirties, to do some Formula Ford racing.

Perhaps James was rusty, or maybe just too old, for he seemed to have lost some of that early sparkle. In one FF race at Mallory Park, where he had qualified on the front row, he managed to crash at the first corner, taking out joint championship leader James Weaver and a very annoyed Nigel Mansell.



James's Formula Ford Hawke (nearest camera) in action during a Silverstone clubbie in 1977

JEFF BIDDHAM

"HE WAS AWARE THAT AN EXAMPLE WAS BEING MADE FOR A PHYSICAL ASSAULT IN WHICH HE PLAYED NO PART"

IT WAS AROUND THIS TIME, BY PURE chance, that I met James for the second time. It happened in Soho, where I was sheltering from a rainstorm under the canopy of a jewellery shop, when the door opened and Roy walked out. We instantly recognised one another and had time for a friendly discussion about his revived career.

The racing results did not improve, though, and neither did James's return to life outside jail. He had a bad crash in a Formula Atlantic car, breaking his leg, and moved briefly to Spain after marrying a much younger woman. Back in the UK, he was lucky to be acquitted of his involvement in a scheme to import gold without paying the excise duty. The marriage went wrong, he was violent towards his wife and he took a firearm to his father-in-law, whom he shot three times. He was sentenced to six years, eventually being released early on medical grounds. He underwent heart surgery but died soon after in 1997, at the age of 61.

As we know, the name of Bernie Ecclestone is sometimes put forward as being the mysterious 'Mister Big' behind the Great Train Robbery. Bernie himself enjoys winding up inexperienced journalists by hinting that he might indeed have been involved. Some years ago it was left to an interviewer from *The Independent* to put an end to the tosh. "There wasn't enough money on that train," quipped Mr E.

"I'll tell you where that [rumour] came from. Roy James, the guy who drove the getaway car, had been a racing driver. That's why they wanted him in the getaway car. Anyway, Roy was very friendly with Graham Hill, and when he came out of prison he asked me for a job. I owned Brabham at the time, but I wasn't going to let him drive for me. Instead, I gave him a trophy to make, because he'd also been a silversmith and goldsmith."

That trophy (awarded to the season's best F1 race promoter) is surely the most hideous in all of motor racing. But at least it serves as a reminder of a life that might have been so different if it hadn't gone so wrong. "That's still the trophy we give to the promoters every year," Bernie told *The Indie*. "He made it. The recipients don't realise that."

From the ridiculous to the sublime

Mechanical disaster and a mercy-dash to Paris were all part of our man's story as he made a dramatic entrance at Le Mans

writer ED FOSTER



PEOPLE SAY THAT MOTOR RACING IS 80 PER CENT hard graft and 20 per cent fun. Not as far as I'm concerned. The ratio's more like 99 per cent pain and one per cent pleasure. At least that's what it felt like when *Motor Sport* went to compete in the 45-minute, two-driver Le Mans Legends race on the morning of the 24 Hours. Almost everything that could have gone wrong did, from clutch slip to missing HTP papers. Was it worth it? In hindsight, yes, but if you'd asked me that question the night before the race I would have replied with a resounding 'no'. This is our story, from the day that we were granted the privilege of racing at La Sarthe to the end of the race, via the lows of wondering whether we would actually make the grid after months of preparation.

LAT

TUESDAY, MARCH 19

4.48pm An email lands in the inbox from Motor Racing Legends. It begins: "I am pleased to confirm that your MGB has been accepted for this year's Le Mans Legends race."
4.49pm Telephone co-driver Paul Latimer to tell him the good news.
4.50pm Momentary elation is replaced with mild panic – how much do we need to raise in sponsorship?
4.51pm Who cares? We'll be racing at Le Mans on the morning of the 24 Hours.

THURSDAY, MAY 9

8pm Fly to Scotland (where the car is kept) to start work on it. The 1964 works MGB (BRX 855B) has been sitting idle for two years, but has undergone a recent engine and gearbox rebuild. How much work is really needed? Can't be much.

FRIDAY, MAY 10

9am Discover seat, seat belts and fire extinguisher are all out of date, there's play in a front-right suspension arm, the Dunlop Historic tyres passed their best in 2009 and there's a small fuel tank leak. Ouch.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1

11.30am All work on the car completed.

MONDAY, JUNE 10

4pm Car leaves Scotland for the Essex base of Andy Prill, who will be shipping it to Le Mans and looking after us.

FRIDAY, JUNE 14

1 **5pm** Leave the office in a borrowed, limited-edition Land Rover Defender LXV. Drive to Prill's to pick up the MGB and head to MG Live! at Silverstone to test the car. The Defender is a simply awesome towing machine. When loading the MGB I realise



I don't fit in the new seat.
11pm Arrive at Silverstone and make a bed in the back of the (short-wheelbase) Defender.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15

6am Wake up with a foot hanging out of the driver's window. The Defender works better as a towing vehicle than it does as sleeping quarters.
9am Practice/qualifying. It's soaking wet and very slippery, but the car's working well. The seat is so narrow that it's very uncomfortable and I can't brake properly. Bit of an issue.
10am Buy new seat (that I fit) from Grand Prix Racewear at Silverstone. Phew.
10.30am Vow to punch the person who came up with the design for fitting a race seat. Unless it's a brand-new GT car, the process is a nightmare.
12pm Seat finally fitted thanks to the help of another MGB racer Bob Luff. Thank you, Bob.
12.25pm Start the Thoroughbred Sportscars race. By lap two the clutch is slipping. I peel off the track as I realise something is seriously wrong.
12.45pm Panic.
4pm Drop broken MGB off at Gary Davis' GD Motorsport workshop for emergency repairs. The car is supposed to be leaving for Le Mans in little more than 48 hours.

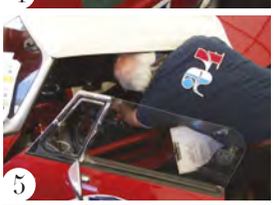

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"THE SEAT IS SO NARROW. IT'S VERY UNCOMFORTABLE AND I CAN'T BRAKE PROPERLY"



TUESDAY, JUNE 18

12pm The car is fixed! Having had to take the engine and gearbox out to get to the clutch (thanks for that design, Abingdon) it turns out that the release-bearing carrier was too long and wasn't releasing the clutch properly. Engine and gearbox back in and all seems to work. Unbridled joy.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19

2 **6.30am** Leave for Le Mans in a loaned Ferrari FF. It makes the journey to Dover and on to Le Mans a (very fast) pleasure.
3 **9pm** Prill talks us through a lap of the track. Neither Latimer nor I have ever set foot on the circuit and we're trying to absorb as much information as possible. "It's flat through there. Flat there. Flat there."
10pm The hotel we're in has a PlayStation. I choose one of the slowest cars on the game and try La Sarthe. Crash at Tertre Rouge (it's not flat), but post a 4min 58sec lap. That was set under the influence, however. I will not be so brave the next morning.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

4 **9am** Ready for scrutineering. I have stupidly brought a copy of the car's HTP papers and not the originals. The British scrutineer (John Hopwood) just happened to do the papers for our car all those years ago, so lets us off.
5 **10am** The French scrutineer emerges from the passenger side of the car and declares the seat and seat belts to be out of date. I don't want to say anything, but Hopwood politely informs him that he's looking at the wrong side. All in order and we're issued with a sticker.
6 **2pm** Drivers briefing. Stomach churns as Duncan Wiltshire, chairman of race organiser Motor Racing Legends, talks us through race start procedure.



Foster trails Charles Clegg's Sebring Sprite during the race's early stages

4pm Head out on to the track. Driving out of the pitlane and under the Dunlop Bridge is the single most amazing moment of my (very average) racing career to date.

4.06pm *Disaster*. The clutch is slipping again. It's the single worst moment in my (very average) racing career. Realise I need to post a time so do one timed lap (a slow 6min 02sec) and coast back to the pits.

4.15pm Latimer heads out to post a time as well. He can only use quarter throttle.

4.30pm We couldn't have a worse problem to deal with. We leave the car to cool.

5.34pm Prill and mechanic Adam Lichtig have the car up on axle stands. There's oil all over the bottom of the gearbox. This is really not good. New clutch? Oil seal?

7 **6.30pm** Gearbox is taken off the back of the engine – there's enough oil in the casing to paint your house. Clutch and flywheel off. The rear main oil seal has gone. The clutch is covered in oil and needs replacing as well, despite being only two races old.

8 **7.09pm** TVR racer and generally amazing human being Colin Elstrop wanders over and tells us that he has a spare MGB engine (which he runs in his TVR) on the back of his truck. We can borrow the clutch off that. It won't fit our flywheel, so he says we can borrow that as well.

7.22pm More people arrive offering help. MG Owners Club, Barry Sidery-Smith, the team running Gavin Pickering's D-type and many more prove, once again, just how friendly a racing paddock can be.

9 **7.30pm** We need to find a rear main oil seal. Apparently it's a standard size. We reckon we should be able to source one locally.

9.25pm Elstrop removes the clutch and flywheel from his spare engine and his mechanic Andy Phillips, of Road to Sea, lends us a lorry driver French phrase book that has 'oil seal' in it, ready for the morning.



7



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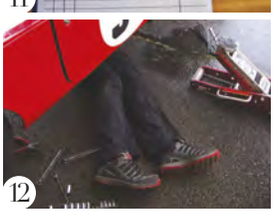
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FRIDAY, JUNE 21

10am Joyeau (a shop recommended by our hotel owner) doesn't have the oil seal.

10.17am An automotive parts specialist down the road doesn't have it, either. They call two other shops. No luck.

10.39am A Rover and MG specialist doesn't have it, but calls other shops. Again, no luck.

10.41am Call the MG Owners Club asking for help. We have no idea where to turn next.

10.50am Tweet about our predicament. It's retweeted 100 times, but no one has the right oil seal.

10 **11.01am** MG Owners Club calls back saying it supplies parts to a company in Paris called British Car International.

11.24am Call BCI. It has one remaining oil seal that will fit!

11.25am Leave for BCI – Ferrari FF to the rescue.

11 **1.30pm** Arrive and buy the oil seal for 13 euros. I would have paid 100.

3.30pm Return to paddock.

5.05pm Oil seal, flywheel and clutch fitted. Gearbox back on.

5.15pm Clutch tested and the new release bearing falls off inside the bell housing. Gearbox back off.

5.16pm Call home to explain to family that we won't be racing. I don't mind admitting it now, but I had a lump in my throat. In my notes I have written: 'Mentally done, I've given up'.

12 **6.20pm** Return to paddock to find that the clutch is being bled and works!

7.10pm Top of the gearbox back on, but a small plastic sleeve, to keep the gearstick's ball joint tight, falls into the gearbox.

7.15pm Gearbox oil is drained to find the plastic sleeve. It's found. Gearbox oil back in.

7.45pm Starter motor won't fit new flywheel so we leave it off. We'll be bump starting. Lucky it's a rolling start.

8.05pm I drive the car down the soaking wet dual carriageway and it all works. I'm so drained that I am not as happy as I should be.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22

10.05am Drive out onto the track to take the start. It's a miracle that I am here. Formation lap is chaos, but we start... *We are racing at Le Mans!*

10.10am The pedals are very slippery and I have a few 'moments' in the damp conditions. It transpires after the race that a gearbox oil seal went (I know – what are the chances?) and it poured gearbox oil onto my feet and the pedals. Not ideal.

10.22am Latimer takes over and brings it home 39th out of 61 and third (of three!) in class. I have never been so pleased to finish a race.



WAS IT ALL WORTH IT?

It's the question you always ask after such a weekend. In this case it was, without a doubt. The shivers you get as you pull onto the Mulsanne Straight for the first time, and drive the MGB faster than ever before, makes it all worthwhile. It was a privilege that I feel will be hard to match, a memory that will take a long time to fade.

See our tablet edition for video footage of the MGB's Le Mans adventure

EVENTS
OF THE MONTH

GOODWOOD FESTIVAL OF SPEED ❖ LE MANS 24 HOURS



Max Chilton showboats for the crowd. Below, Vulcan distracts Bell and Smith

JAKOB EBREY

Goodwood Festival of Speed

"JUST LOOK AT THAT!" gasps Derek Bell, diverting my attention from the startline to the view on our right. Beyond the straw bales and the distant treetops, the giant Vulcan bomber floats magnificently into sight, so sedately it seems inconceivable it won't plummet. We're mesmerised, and for a moment I forget where I am. So too has Derek, it seems, until our attention is snapped back to why we're sitting here by the chuckling marshal waving us forward for our run up the hill.

Such are the diversions at the Goodwood Festival of Speed, which celebrated its 20th anniversary this year on a gloriously hot, sunny July weekend. Lord March often has a knack of ordering the right weather, and it was fitting that his Sussex estate should bask in such balmy conditions on this extra-special occasion.

Derek launches from the line in a Bentley Continental GT Speed convertible that





Guy Smith demonstrated Bentley's new GT3, right, and Nelson Piquet (far right) still fits his 1983 Brabham BT52. Below, "Do I hear £20 million..?"





offers less-than-subtle clues about the luxury car-maker's competitive intentions. The new V8-powered GT3 racer had already taken its public bow at Goodwood in the hands of 2003 Le Mans winner Guy Smith, and now Derek is demonstrating how a nearly three-tonne W12-powered road car can be hustled like a flyweight track day special. Its agility, power and immense grip – even as Derek cuts the grass at Molecomb – defies all perceptions of what a Bentley is 'supposed' to be.

At the top of the hill, famous faces wander about as we wait for the signal to return to the paddock. More than an hour passes, much to the impatience of many. But there are worse places to be. Jenson Button is up here after a run in the new McLaren P1, and so are Alain Prost, Christian Horner, Marc Surer, a moustache-free Juha Kankkunen and bearded Nick Heidfeld, peering curiously inside various supercars after completing his reunion with the McLaren MP4-13 F1 car in which he set the hill record back in 1999.

It was good to see Prost return a year on from his Festival debut, even better to watch old rival Nelson Piquet reunited with the glorious Brabham BT52-BMW turbo in which he won his 1983 world title. Other highlights include Damon Hill in the whining Lotus 56 turbine, Button getting to grips with a Can-Am M8D to mark McLaren's big 5-0, and the largest crop of motorcycle world champions you could ever hope to see: Giacomo Agostini, John Surtees, 'King' Kenny Roberts, Freddie Spencer, Mick Doohan, Kevin Schwantz, Steve Webster… we don't know which way to look, such is the roll-call.

After 20 years, it's all so familiar. But when it's this good, there's no need to reinvent a winning formula. Still, new features grab our attention. The Daytona Beach celebration of Land Speed Record cars on the cricket pitch is fantastic, particularly Malcolm Campbell's monstrous Bluebird V in which he set a new mark of 276.82mph on the Florida sand in 1935. The car has crossed the Atlantic to be reunited with son Donald's CN7 for the first time since the 1960s.

On the other side of the track, the Cartier *Style et Luxe* once again offers a peaceful platform for the automobile as an art form, JD Classics' pretty 1955 Lancia Aurelia B24S Spider winning best in show. The award will no doubt add to its value, although it would need to go some way to match the price reached by the star lot in the Bonhams





ALL IMAGES LAT

Bluebird V (above) was freighted across the Atlantic to join CN7 (left) in a Daytona Beach-themed display that had been set up on the Goodwood House cricket pitch



auction on Friday afternoon.

Anticipation for the sale of the ex-Fangio 1954 German Grand Prix-winning Mercedes-Benz W196 is at fever pitch, and for good reason. The hammer falls at £17.5m (£19.6m after fees) to an anonymous telephone bidder, setting a new world record for the highest price paid for any car at auction. At lunchtime, we'd asked Michael Bock, head of Mercedes-Benz Classic, whether he'd be bidding. "No," he said with a shake of the head and a sad smile. "Firstly, we don't have the budget and although this is an important car with an important history, we already own six of the 10 that still exist."

The W196 has passed through several hands following its sale by the National Motor Museum at Beaulieu in the 1980s – a sore point for Mercedes and Bock. "This car was a gift to Beaulieu in 1973," he said, "and while we are not happy that they made the decision to sell it, we hope it goes to a good home."

On Saturday night, the star names gather for the traditional Goodwood Ball. The firework display, complete with water fountains, dancers, extreme MotoX stunt riders and Oliver Turvey doing a burn-out on stage in a McLaren F1 car (yes, really), is ridiculously, insanely and gloriously over the top. Back in the pavilion behind the house, the surprise musician for the evening is introduced: Don Felder, ace 'axeman' from The Eagles. On he comes with twin-neck Gibson, picking the intro to *Hotel California*. "Her mind is Tiffany-twisted, she got the Mercedes bends," he sings. A lyrical clue to the buyer of the W196? No, that's too far-fetched – even in the surreal wonderland that is Goodwood. *Damien Smith*



THEY FOUGHT THE LAW, AND THE LAW WON

A 25-year-old Jaguar Group C beat Peugeot's Pikes Peak special 208 T16 to be crowned king of the hill in Sussex

PERENNIAL FESTIVAL OF SPEED charger Justin Law hit his marks to win the traditional Top 20 Shootout on the Sunday afternoon at Goodwood.

His Jaguar XJR8/9 (above) cut the timing beam at the top of the 1.16-mile hill in 45.95sec, nearly 1.5sec quicker than Jonny Cocker managed in Lord Drayson's electric-powered Lola B12 69/EV prototype (below). A new, smoother track surface promised faster times and he was more than half a second up on Anthony Reid's 2012 best.

Now there was just Grégory Guilvert to go in the stunning Peugeot 208 T16 Pikes Peak special, which was making a star appearance following its conquering of the Colorado mountain just a couple of weeks earlier. Sadly, Sébastien Loeb wasn't available to join it.

Guilvert had managed 45.86sec earlier that morning, so hopes were high, but this time the Frenchman could only manage 47.32sec, well short of Law but just clear of Cocker.

Nick Heidfeld's appearance in the McLaren MP4-13 F1 car had raised hopes of a crack at his 14-year-old hill record. But even with the new surface, the days of such banzai runs appear to be long gone. His twitchy, almost violent, run of 41.6sec is preserved for posterity on You Tube. If you haven't seen it, look it up.



PORSCHES ON PARADE

Goodwood Festival of Speed

The 911's 50th birthday was one of several core themes celebrated during the Festival of Speed





ANNIVERSARIES. WHETHER YOU'RE AN event organiser or, ahem, a magazine editor, you've got to love 'em. They're a great excuse to revisit history, revel in the greatest moments of drivers, cars and constructors – and appeal, hopefully, to the masses.

In 2013, we're overdosing on them: 90 years of the Le Mans 24 Hours, 50 years of McLaren and Lamborghini, a half-century since Jim Clark's first world title, 100 years of Aston Martin, 20 years of the Festival of Speed... But the most significant is arguably the one we celebrated in our June issue: 50 years of the Porsche 911, the most immediately familiar automobile we've ever known.

At Goodwood, Porsche went to town. Tribute parades of famous 911s spanning its seven generations and many forms kept the theme in eye-view all weekend. The most extreme 911 of them all, the 935 they called 'Moby Dick', took to the hill driven by our own Andrew Frankel on one run he'll never forget, while the collection in a corner of the Cartier *Style et Luxe* included an original 901 from 1963, pre-dating Peugeot's legal strop over the use of a middle zero in the numerical ID that forced a fated single digit change. Goodwood also offered Porsche an obvious stage for the public debut of the much-anticipated 991 GT3, to bring the story full circle.

Then there was the traditional 'central feature' on the lawn in front of Goodwood House, featuring a trio of 911s including the bright yellow 2.7 RS featured in our June issue photo shoot. At the Thursday night Goodwood Road Racing Club Ball, artist Gerry Judah watched his latest creation become the focus of another magnificent fireworks display. He's not what you might expect, Gerry. Of Baghdadi and Indian descent, he was born in Calcutta and lived in West Bengal until his family moved to London when he was 10. And it's the earthy London roots that you notice in conversation, in his plain accent, natural modesty and complete lack of pretension. He used to build sets for talented still life photographer Charles Settrington – the Earl of March to you and me. Friendships clearly count for a lot to Goodwood's patron.

Judah's creation for Porsche was universally judged to be among his best work at Goodwood, its narrow pillars and offset angle giving the structure an unnerving optical illusion of instability. How was it staying upright?

So does he think mathematically as well as artistically when he's creating? "Nah," Judah shrugged. "When I first sketched it, I just knew it would work." Natural ability, simply applied. Ferry Porsche would understand. M





50 not out: the 911 was prominent (above) at Goodwood and featured in the main display on the stately home's front lawn (opposite). Emanuele Pirro drove a current Supercup racer (above) while Andrew Frankel had the privilege of a run in Moby Dick (left), the famous 935-78

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

AUGUST 2013

01-03 **WRC** Rally Finland
03-04 **VSCC** Prescott
04 **IndyCar** Mid-Ohio
04 **DTM** Moscow
04 **BTCC** Snetterton
09-11 **Oldtimer Grand Prix** Nürburgring
11 **British GT/F3** Brands Hatch
11 **BSB** Oulton Park
12-18 **Pebble Beach**
18 **MotoGP** Indianapolis
18 **FIA GT** Series Slovakia
18 **DTM/European F3** Nürburgring
22-25 **WRC** Rallye Deutschland
23/24 **BRC** Rally N Ireland
25 **F1** Belgian GP
25 **MotoGP** Czech Rep
25 **IndyCar** Sonoma
25 **BTCC** Knockhill
25-26 **Oulton Park Gold Cup**
26 **BSB** Cadwell Park
30-01 **Zandvoort Historic GP**
30-02 **Historic Festival** Lime Rock Park

SEPTEMBER 2013

01 **MotoGP** Great Britain
01 **WEC** São Paulo
01 **IndyCar** Baltimore
04-06 **Salon Privé Concours**
08 **F1** Italian GP
08 **British GT** Zandvoort
08 **BSB** Donington Park
12-14 **Classic Rally** Isle of Man
12-15 **WRC** Australia
12-22 **Frankfurt Motor Show**
13-15 **Goodwood Revival**
15 **MotoGP** San Marino
15 **DTM** Oschersleben
15 **BTCC** Rockingham
20-22 **Spa Classic** Six Hours
21-22 **Kop Hill** Hillclimb Revival
22 **F1** Singapore GP
22 **WEC** Circuit of the Americas
22 **British F3** Nürburgring
22 **BSB** Assen
27/28 **BRC** Rally Yorkshire
28 **HRDC** Snetterton
29 **MotoGP** Aragon
29 **FIA GT** Spain
29 **DTM/European F3** Zandvoort
29 **BTCC** Silverstone

OCTOBER 2013

03-06 **WRC** France
05-06 **IndyCar** Houston
06 **F1** Korean GP
06 **British GT** Donington
06 **BSB** Silverstone
11-13 **Jerez Historic Festival**
13 **F1** Japanese GP
13 **MotoGP** Malaysia
13 **BTCC** Brands Hatch GP
18/19 **BRC** Sunseeker International
19 **IndyCar** Fontana
20 **MotoGP** Australia
20 **WEC** Fuji
20 **DTM/European F3** Hockenheim
20 **FIA GT** Azerbaijan
20 **BSB** Brands Hatch GP
24-27 **WRC** Spain
27 **F1** Indian GP
27 **MotoGP** Japan
27 **European F3** Paul Ricard





Porsche edged Aston for GTE Pro honours. Above, Oak's LMP2 winner. Below, thoughtful podium





Le Mans 24 Hours WEC

THE AIR WAS RIPE WITH COMPETITIVE tension – the kind of thing that usually enlivens the closing stages of the Le Mans 24 Hours. This year, though, the zest of the occasion had been tempered by events during the opening 10 minutes.

The race was little more than two laps old when prolific GT racer Allan Simonsen's Aston Martin Vantage left the road at Tertre Rouge. The subsequent impact was fierce, its force unsurvivable. Aston Martin handled the tragedy with great dignity: news of the Dane's passing was communicated within the hour and the event continued beneath a cloud.

The race was neutralised for quite some time after the incident, to allow for barrier repairs, and more than five hours of competition would eventually be lost behind 11 safety cars, not least because of the fickle, constantly changing climate.

Loïc Duval qualified on pole in the Audi R18 e-tron quattro he shared with Tom Kristensen and Allan McNish, but it was the sister car of André Lotterer, Benoît Tréluyer and Marcel Fässler that set the pace – despite the early impudence of Toyota driver Nicolas Lapierre, who was able to separate the three works Audis in slippery, mixed conditions. On a dry road, though, the Audi was on a separate planet – and Toyota's extended fuel range (bigger tanks theoretically gave its petrol hybrids a two-lap advantage over the Audi diesels) conferred no benefit. And in any case, the constant interruptions scrambled everybody's notional race strategies.

The Lotterer/Tréluyer/Fässler Audi led for the first six hours, but then lost 11 laps having a failed alternator changed. With that, the crew's hopes of a third straight win were dashed and Kristensen/McNish/Duval inherited



a lead that would be theirs for keeps. "It was a matter of driving a clean race and not making any extra stops," said McNish, and their rhythm was upset only by a late, slow puncture when Kristensen was at the wheel.

The final stages were a wrench, though. The Anthony Davidson/Stéphane Sarrazin/Sébastien Buemi Toyota had not been able to mount a direct challenge, but had run utterly without blemish and lay just one lap in arrears, close enough to be within pouncing range should problems strike. And with frequent rain showers affecting parts of the circuit during the final 90 minutes, the anxiety was palpable. Kristensen didn't put a foot wrong, though, and took the chequered flag to secure his ninth Le Mans win, McNish's third and Duval's first. "I was nervous," McNish said, "even though I have big faith in Tom. It's very difficult to describe what it's like, because five per cent throttle can make the difference between staying on the track and flying into the wall. In some respects I was happy that Tom was driving, because in those circumstances you need a calm Dane and he was a very calm Dane today. That last hour wasn't a lot of fun..."

Buemi unlapped himself towards the end, but then dropped back once more to avoid having to cover any more distance than necessary. He duly finished a safe second, one lap clear of the Oliver Jarvis/Lucas di Grassi/Marc Gené Audi, which had been delayed by a couple of minor incidents (including a biff from an LMP2 car). The Lapierre/Alex Wurz/Kazuki Nakajima Toyota stopped briefly on the Mulsanne Straight during the third hour, with low fuel pressure, but fired up again when the system was reset and ran well until Lapierre was caught out by a late downpour at the Porsche Curves. The car speared off the road and plunged deep into a tyre wall, but after scrambling clear the Frenchman realised the car might still be driveable. He hobbled back to the pits and Toyota patched it up in time to take fourth, three laps clear of the third, recovering Audi. Danny Watts, Jonny Kane and Nick Leventis made up the all-British crew in Strakka Racing's sixth-placed HPD, which finished as best of the LMP1 privateers after the Rebellion Lola-Toyotas ran into assorted technical troubles and guardrails.

Time was that the secondary prototype division would comprise just a few flaky, locally built entries, but things have changed and LMP2 had greater support than any other category in 2013.

Oak Racing's Morgan-Nissans were the pre-race favourites and duly delivered a class one-two, albeit not in the expected order. The Olivier Pla/Alex Brundle/David Heinemeier Hansson car was generally swiftest, but had some atrocious luck with safety cars. Le Mans runs a multiple system, with three separate vehicles controlling the pace. If you happen to be in the pits when the race is neutralised, you aren't allowed to leave to join the queue ahead but must wait until the next safety car passes. Pla and colleagues lost out almost every time and went on to finish eighth, a lap behind team-mates Bertrand Baguette, Martin Plowman and Ricardo Gonzalez. The latter weren't just fortunate with safety cars, either. Towards the end, Baguette spun on the Mulsanne while avoiding Ludovic Badey's freshly crashed TDS Oreca. The Belgian lost little time, however, and victory was safe.

The G-Drive Oreca-Nissan of Mike Conway, John Martin and Roman Rusinov was best of the rest on the road – and might have split the Oak duo had it not lost a couple of laps having its illuminated race number panels repaired during the night. The car was later excluded, however, when it was found to have too large a fuel tank. That elevated the Greaves Motorsport Zytek-Nissan of Michael Krumm, Jann Mardenborough and Lucas Ordoñez to third in class.





Main shot, the Audis lead away at 3pm. Top, the Danish flag flew at half-mast during the race, to honour Allan Simonsen. Above, Toyota wasn't quite fast enough to win on merit. This is the Lapierre/Wurz/Nakajima TS030

There would have been some kind of poetic symmetry if Aston Martin had been able to win one of the two GTE classes, but it wasn't to be.

The first safety car divided the GTE Pro field and handed a big advantage to two Astons (Rob Bell/Bruno Senna/Frédéric Makowiecki and Darren Turner/Stefan Mücke/Peter Dumbreck) plus one works Porsche 911 (Marc Lieb/Richard Lietz/Romain Dumas). The contest remained close until the end, but Makowiecki crashed the lead Aston with five hours to go and the late rain tipped the balance in Porsche's favour. Mücke gambled on slicks when the moment wasn't yet right and had to make an additional stop, although Lietz jeopardised his team's chances when he missed a pit call to come in for wets. The safety car was dispatched at the same time, however, and he was able to tiptoe around without conceding any ground. Jörg Bergmeister, Patrick Pilet and Timo Bernhard completed a factory Porsche one-two, with Turner, Dumbreck and Mücke taking third.

Porsche also captured the GTE Am class, with Jean-Karl Vernay, Christophe Bourret and Raymond Narac controlling things throughout the race's second half. They finished 26th overall, 10 places and nine laps behind their GTE Pro-winning cousins.

The post-race conference was an emotional cauldron and Kristensen spoke warmly about his fallen compatriot. "I'm very proud to drive for the best team in the world," he said. "We realised a dream today, but this weekend we lost somebody who shared the same dreams, somebody who was a nice, humble guy. My father died in March, so I said I'd win Le Mans with my boys this year. I'm proud to be team-mates with these two but hope one day we can win another so I can dedicate it to my dad, because this one's for Allan Simonsen."

Simon Arron

ON THE ROAD WITH

SIMON ARRON



Possibly the only man with both F1 and Mallory Park media passes. Next stop...?

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/simonarron/



She's not worthy... dedication to classic F3 hits new heights at Brands Hatch Superprix

CHARLIE WOODING

POSTCARD FROM KENT

Brands Hatch, July 13-14: period cars in a perfect setting at the HSCC Historic Superprix

THE MORNING IS STILL fresh, my journey little more than a mile old, when Radio 5 Live imparts news of developing traffic jams on the A27 close to Goodwood. For several years now, the Festival of Speed and HSCC Historic Superprix have occupied the same weekend, a perplexing conflict that dilutes the marshalling pool in vaguely adjacent catchment areas. There are moves afoot to avoid such clashes in future – but a major rival attraction, just 75 miles away, has never blunted the Historic Sports Car Club's pulling power. This year it ran 18 races for 14 categories and attracted about 420 cars.

The Brands Hatch Grand Prix loop is possibly the finest of all stages for the 1960s/1970s machinery that dominates the HSCC portfolio, for the circuit's landscape has changed relatively little since such cars were new. It's worth wandering beyond the familiar left-hander at Surtees to explore the distant territories of Pilgrims Drop, Hawthorns, Westfield, Dingle Dell, Sheene Curve and Stirlings: there are few concessions to modernity out here, just a fast, flowing circuit surrounded by

SIMON ARRON





Patrick Watts heads James Dodd en route to victory. Right, Martini Trophy preparations.

CHARLIE WOODING

woodland and nature. When the air isn't filled with the rasp of a passing Cosworth BDG or similar, the green woodpecker's call dominates.

Most modern venues have purpose-built paths that provide easy access for media and officials: if you have a trackside tabard for the full Brands Hatch, though, much of the perimeter requires a sense of adventure and you're likely to return with calves bearing evidence of the prickly undergrowth. On the contemporary Formula 1 calendar, only the 'ancient monuments' of Interlagos and Suzuka retain such features – and are all the better for it.

The cars weren't the only things familiar to circuit habitués of previous decades, for the same applied to many faces. On the Saturday I set out to locate Patrick Watts, a driver I'd first met 30 years earlier when he graduated to the British Saloon Car Championship (a campaign I covered in full, when the term 'touring car' was still a couple of seasons from adoption). I found him enjoying a paddock café lunch with fellow veterans Sean Walker and Ian Flux. The latter was mildly narked to have been bumped back from third to fourth in the closing moments of qualifying for the Martini Trophy, in



which he was racing Walker's elegant Osella PA3.

"You're still on the second row," said Walker. "I know," replied Flux, "but third feels as though it means something…" It's heartening to see the competitive juices flowing freely in a 57-year-old. Failing fuel pressure would knock Flux out of the opening Martini race – and force him to miss the second because the car required stripping down to establish the cause.

Watts recently acquired the Peugeot 406 he raced in BTCC events during the late 1990s and this marked his second debut at its helm. The car is eligible for the Super Touring Trophy, the HSCC's latest initiative, and Watts faced bygone sparring partner John Cleland, who wheeled out his freshly rebuilt 1997 Vauxhall Vectra. Tim Harvey should have been there, too, to share his old Ford Sierra RS500 with Paul Smith, but had instead been diverted to Goodwood.

Watts took pole by almost three seconds, but retired early from the opening race with a loose wheel (Cleland dropping out at the same stage with a suspension breakage). On Sunday they came through the field to finish first and third respectively, separated by the previous afternoon's winner James Dodd (Nissan Primera). The Super Touring Trophy won't be everybody's idea of 'historic', but the cars and cast have crowd-pleasing potential. And besides, we've reached something of an impasse in terms of historic racing's development, with so much of the sport having gone down the one-make route during the past 20 years (does anybody think current Formula Renault chassis are ever likely to be recycled?), so all new avenues merit exploration.

The Festival of Speed might have the social cachet, but Brands Hatch's GP circuit provides the perfect backdrop for older cars – and Super Tourers looked the part, too. The HSCC Historic Superprix is, quite simply, one of the finest things on the UK's crowded motor sport calendar.





A helping hand for Martin Aubert. Above left, Neil Glover under pressure in the Derek Bell Trophy

CHARLIE WOODING



FF1600, Fun Cup and Historic Roadsports provide diversity. Right, bikes run after lunch (right)



IS THIS THE BEST VALUE IN BRITISH MOTOR SPORT?

Mallory Park, June 25: Wednesday testing, one of domestic circuit racing's unsung bargains

THE SILENCE IS BROKEN BY SOME purposeful spanner-rattling and, to the right, a gentle burble as somebody tries to tease a little operational heat into a Bizzarrini Iso Grifo's V8. I contribute to the soundscape by clanking cutlery against porcelain during consumption of a classic Mallory Park breakfast – egg, hash browns, mushrooms, beans and a mug of tea for about a fiver, culinary nirvana that suits a terrace table on a sunny morning such as this.

You're never quite sure what might show up for a midweek test at Mallory. In the relatively recent past 1970s Formula 1 cars were not uncommon, but owners have taken their custom elsewhere as the circuit tries to minimise noise levels – part of its recent battle to stay alive. At the time of writing, talks are ongoing between operator the British Automobile Racing Club and Hinckley and Bosworth Borough Council, which wants to restrict circuit usage to 92 days per annum – insufficient, the BARC says, to maintain viability. HBBC has also voted to take court action against the circuit for alleged breaches of a noise agreement laid out in 1985, but the quest for a two-way compromise continues.

And so, in the meantime, does testing: cars in the morning, motorcycles/sidecars in the afternoon and members of the public are welcome to watch for £3 per head.

There might not have been any Grand Prix cars, but the trucks and trailers carried everything from a couple of Fun Cup cars to Aaron Scott's Porsche 962 via assorted Formula Juniors, Alice Powell's F3 Cup Dallara and a Lotus Cortina. There was a pristine Chevron B34 Formula Atlantic car, too, chassis number 35, used in period by Paul Henry Racing in North America and having its first run following restoration by Ken Thorogood of Universal Racing Services. It was discovered in a shed, but you'd never guess as much from its present condition. Jon Finch will campaign it in HSCC Historic F2 and Derek Bell Trophy events for the season's balance.

There's a change in ambience as the car contingent moves out around lunchtime and a Ford Transit fleet arrives to disgorge its two- or three-wheeled cargo (including some old GP bikes). Fragments of conversation are audible above the two-stroke philharmonic: "I'm fine, thanks. I still can't bend my leg properly, but I've been cleared to race..."

At least half the paddock seems to have a permanent limp.

Mallory was long since tamed for the two-wheeled venue, with the insertion of bike-only chicanes before the John Cooper Esses and Devil's Elbow, but it's worth hanging around because reduced approach speeds do precious little to dilute the spectacle.

There might be better ways to spend three quid, but right now I can't think of any.





Jon Finch gets to grips with his shed-find Chevron B34. Left, the essence of Mallory Park

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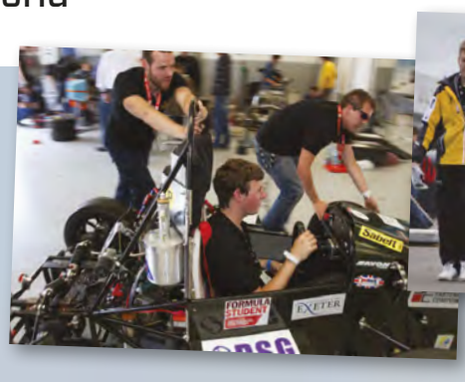
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One man's attempt to visit all four corners of the motor racing world

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/efoster





Finishing school: cosmopolitan assembly at Silverstone for the big showdown and, right, ingenuity and professionalism collide



SEATS OF LEARNING

Now in its 15th year, Formula Student gives aspiring engineers a helping hand – and F1 teams are quick to take notice

IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT what Formula 1 would be like with a looser set of regulations. Different solutions to the same problems and contrasting noises from diverse powertrains – it'll never happen and you might well accuse me of living in a dream world. That's not quite the case, though, because there is a 'series' out there with a wide-open rulebook. It's called Formula Student.

The inter-university challenge has been going since 1998 and consists of various tests from static judging to a 26-lap endurance race. It's held at Silverstone, but this is a worldwide event with teams and cars from more than 30 countries including Slovakia, India, Poland and Iceland. Branded as 'the testing ground for future engineers', Formula Student, which is run by the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, caught the attention of Ross Brawn in its first year and in 2006 he became patron. "Formula Student really shows why engineering is such an exciting, dynamic subject to get involved in," he said in 2011. "Designing, building and financing a race car from scratch, with almost no limitations to the design or the shape, can instil a creativity in

young engineers that will be absolutely crucial to them throughout their careers."

Recently *Motor Sport* organised a podcast in conjunction with Formula Student and wrote to a few Formula 1 teams, asking whether they could send an employee to talk about the 2014 F1 rules. Andy Cowell, engineering director of Mercedes-Benz High Performance Powertrains, former Lotus technical director James Allison and Gordon Day, general manager of Williams Hybrid Power, joined us on the night. It was quite a line-up and gives you an idea of how highly Formula Student is regarded within the motor sport industry.

"An F1 team has lots and lots of people applying for jobs and you never struggle to find applicants who have the right academic qualifications," Formula Student ambassador Allison says. "It's almost the case that academic qualifications are no longer a distinguishing characteristic. You're going to get loads of applicants from good universities with good degrees, so you tend to look and see who is motivated by the sort of things you know will make them successful in Formula 1. Formula Student is a great big flashing light that says they are interested in the things that they should be interested in. There are other things, too – people who go marshalling at racetracks, people who muck about restoring cars or do things outside their university course that show they're the type of person that prospers in F1.

"There are lots of people doing Formula Student now, but you know anyone who has done it has acquired a whole bunch of skills that will work very well in our environment. It's not a prerequisite, but it's a huge tick."

Cowell, also an ambassador for Formula Student, has seen the influence of the programme in Mercedes HPP. "More than 10 per cent of our staff are now made up of people who have come through our graduate scheme and over half of those have come with some Formula Student experience," he says.

"I think one thing in life and growing up is academic understanding, so that you can understand the principles, and then there's the aspect of applying those. Formula Student supplies that hands-on experience while you're at university. It's also a competitive environment where you get that thrill, that elation, when you do it well. When it doesn't go so well, you also get the experience of having to pick yourself up off the floor, look at what your opponents have done and using that as an improvement opportunity. It's wonderful to watch the youngsters and their tutors working together as a team and achieving."



Voices of experience: Formula Student ambassadors Mike Gascoyne, Leena Gade and James Allison with patron Ross Brawn, right, and past IMechE president John Baxter, second left

While Cowell and Allison are both ambassadors for the programme, Day actually competed in the American version of Formula Student and agrees that he looks carefully at any job applicant who has done it. "The struggle of pulling together a team of students, the unified goal of getting to a race at the end of a year and competing are different from other aspects of university as I experienced it," he says. "It's really what I look back on and remember best about my time at university. I didn't realise then, but I was developing skills that are most applicable to real world engineering as well."

Every programme has its downsides, but looking at it from an independent perspective and having spoken to people who have competed in it, it's hard to find one in Formula Student. Yes, it's a lot of work to balance alongside your university course, but if that's causing problems then a life in motor sport is perhaps not right for you. If you're a budding motor sport engineer then go to www.formulastudent.com and see if you can find any reasons *not* to do it.



ALL-ELECTRIC APPROACH POWERS SWISS TO THE TITLE

This year's competition, held at Silverstone from July 4-7, was won in convincing fashion by ETH Zurich. Not only did it win by 69.8 points, but its car was powered solely by electricity. OK, various electric Land Speed Record cars – such as Camille Jenatzy's La Jamais Contente – were 'winning' as far back as 1899, but this must be one of the highest profile events in which a fully electric car has beaten combustion-engined cousins.

Forget any thoughts of the car being in any way like the vast majority of electric road cars on sale today – weighing only 170kg meant that its 107bhp could propel it to 62mph in 3.2 seconds. Dispel also any visions of the team of students being small in number – 48 people were involved in the project and 28 of those flew to the UK to take part in the contest. The chassis department alone comprised 10 students.

It was perhaps this depth of talent that helped it win the 26-lap endurance event. Many of the car's competitors wilted in the heat and in the second half of the race the team turned the power down and coasted to victory. As well as the endurance event, ETH Zurich also won both the Engineering Design and Overall Dynamics elements of the competition. Along the way it picked up the Jaguar Land Rover Award for Innovation in Propulsion Systems, the AMG High Performance Award for Best High Voltage Powertrain and the Shell Engineering Excellence Award. This heady mixture of success paved the way to becoming overall winner of the 2013 competition. Given such levels of professionalism, it's no wonder that potential employers keep track of Formula Student.

Go to www.motorsportmagazine.com to download the Motor Sport Formula Student Podcast hosted by Ed Foster



Vroom with a view: how the proposed Circuit of Wales will look

GREEN LIGHT FOR NEW TRACK

Circuit of Wales takes another step closer to reality after local authority gives £250 million project its blessing

SOME OF YOU PROBABLY HAVEN'T heard of the Circuit of Wales, and that's fair enough considering it doesn't yet exist. It might well, however, by 2015/2016.

The Heads of the Valleys Development Company is the business behind the £250m project situated just north of Ebbw Vale, and on July 10 its plans to build a world-class circuit, a low-carbon technology park, an international kart track, a motocross course, industrial units, retail space, hotels and leisure facilities were submitted to the Blaenau Gwent County Borough council. Because it's such a massive project – it is the "largest capital investment programme in automotive and



motor sports infrastructure in the UK in the last 50 years" – the plans were submitted not just to the planning department, but the entire council.

The decision of the meeting was confirmed at 2.10pm and it was good news for motor sport fans: the project has been given the council's blessing. However, there are environmental concerns and Welsh government inspectors could still step in if they feel the need. If all goes to plan, though, the area will benefit from thousands of jobs (3000 in construction alone, 90 per cent being sourced in the local area) and a huge influx of tourists (750,000 per year, it is claimed). It seems that the vast majority of people are happy and construction is due to start at the end of the year. At the risk of sounding like a doom monger, though, it's far from a done deal.

You can read about Mallory Park's recent problems in Simon Arron's column (pages 137-139), and it will give you some idea of what hurdles a circuit faces even after being open for more than 50 years.

The Circuit of Wales is hoping to host MotoGP, World Superbikes, World Motocross and the World Touring Car Championship – it's not messing about. But all circuit owners will tell you that money comes from track days and mid-week activities rather than headline meetings that cost a lot to promote. Circuits rely on being granted enough 'operational days' to host such events on top of the big races. It also relies on the number of those days not being threatened by local opposition five, 10 or even 57 years down the line.

Don't get me wrong – I, like every motor sport fan, would love to see another top-class circuit in the UK. But as the former leaseholder of Donington Park found to the venue's peril, plans are one thing, acting on them quite another. There's a long way to go before we see a race at the Circuit of Wales.

AGE AGAINST THE MACHINE...

How *Motor Sport* almost took part in the Henry Surtees Brooklands Team Challenge

THE *MOTOR SPORT* EDITORIAL TEAM past it? Surely not, but given what happened a few weeks ago we couldn't blame you for thinking just that.

A week before we were due to take part in the Henry Surtees Brooklands Team Challenge kart race, one of the staff complained of a bad shoulder. A matter of days later and another opted out due to a torn rib muscle. With 48 hours to go the *Motor Sport* team consisted of myself and, well, that was it. An invitation to British GT driver Ollie Hancock produced a positive response – and within two hours he had lined up Formula Ford front-runner Harrison Scott and GT racer Adam Christodoulou.

Scott managed to put us on the front row, but, while he was one of the quickest out there, his lap might have been connected with the fact that our engine blew 10 seconds later. Two-strokes have a habit of being at their best just before they disintegrate...

We were issued with another kart for the race, but it became clear as soon as





Damon Hill waves the chequered flag and, right, John Surtees outlines the aims of the Foundation bearing his late son's name

Christodoulou led the pack onto the long back straight that we were in a dud. He might as well have got out and pushed. Half an hour later we were down in 20th. Another kart change put us back on the pace and, thanks to the efforts of everyone bar me, we ended up sixth. Lucky the *Motor Sport* team was made up of 'ringers'...

While the closing speeds of professionals created plenty of hair-raising moments among the inexperienced, the event – which started in 2012 – was a great success: £58,000 was raised for the Henry Surtees Foundation and the Brooklands Museum. Next year the *Motor Sport* editorial team will hopefully be back to full fitness. I say 'hopefully', but our three pros did pretty well without them... M

HISTORIC SCENE WITH

GORDON CRUICKSHANK



One wheel in the past: searching out what's new in the old car world

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/gordon-cruickshank



Nothing remained unsold after WB's books, racing documents, cars and driving licences (right) went under the hammer





WB LOTS FETCH LOTS AND LOTS

Brooklands Museum secured a slice of its own history when Bill Boddy's wonderful memorabilia trove was auctioned recently

ALMOST 200 BIDDERS and a clean slate – that was the end result of the Bill Boddy auction. And the priceless Brooklands records, saved by WB and crucial to the history of the Track, have returned to their proper home.

"We managed to get all those items we had identified as being crucial," Museum director Allan Winn told me afterwards. "And I was able to buy some things in the 'desirable but not essential' category, too. But as they came up early, I couldn't risk blowing my 'war chest' so I could only buy some of those – social things, staff badges and so on."

Amid fears of the historic Brooklands items going abroad, Winn was able to find a generous private backer to assist, but the purchase has nevertheless taken a major slice out of the museum's budget as many of the 13 'core' items crossed the £4000 mark. However, historians were alarmed by the idea of these irreplaceable elements of Brooklands heritage – the original BARC minute books, stewards' notes, record certificates and entry forms – not returning to the Clubhouse where they were handwritten a century ago, so

the contribution of Winn's 'angel' was a relief. Allan tells me he's one of the 'President's Club', a loose association of a dozen owners of significant Brooklands cars, with Lord March as figurehead.

Had WB not preserved them, these leather-bound treasures would be long gone; now, says Winn, they will be conserved and then digitised so anyone can access them.

One Brooklands item that went elsewhere was the barograph the BARC used to predict the racing weather. It went for £1600 – "the Bill Boddy connection," said Peter Card of auction house TCA. "That's double the usual. His Breitling Navitimer watch also went for double, and yet there were some lovely early brochures that went surprisingly cheaply."

At the preview I was amazed at the range and quality of these catalogues, along with prints, drawings and thousands of photographs. Winn was particularly sorry not to get the box of images of social events at Brooklands, or the set featuring lady racing drivers, but hopes these will in time surface in an archive. Still, he was delighted with obtaining a scrapbook of photos, cuttings and notes on the Hann brothers' racing – "such a rare thing, a snapshot of the Twenties" – and also the winner's silk banner for the 1937 500 Miles race, a prime display item.

Before the sale I was able to get a better view of WB's notebooks than when I visited the house last year. Much more neatly written than the late-in-life scrawl I had to decipher when I was handling his copy for the mag, these gave a fascinating peek into Bill's early life. Purely for himself, the schoolboy WB wrote fluent articles on marques and races, unaware he would later put versions of them into print, while in his early magazine days he recorded trips in everything he drove, down to the lowliest Morris 8 hired from a Streatham garage.

There was much more 'memoraBillia' too – menus, dance cards, club flyers. I'd love to investigate these. The boxful reached £1400, while the lot including Bill's own first issue of *The Brooklands Gazette* hit £3200. By the close of a long day everything had sold, including all WB's cars – even the wheel-less Léon Bollée pick-up. But if anything surprised me it was WB's nicely mounted bit of Brooklands banking, priceless to him, going for only £320. Yes, it's a lump of concrete – but it is a bit special.



Many auction items were every bit as pristine as they were fascinating

CHANNEL HOPPING

Touring Europe has become a doddle, but wasn't always so in a converted Morris minibus

OUR SMOOTH, RAPID EUROSHUTTLE run to Ypres (see right) took less time than driving from London to York, including crossing the wet bit – a contrast to my early family trips to the Continent (it wasn't even Europe then) in the early Sixties. Going Abroad was then a rare adventure, and WWII remaind a clear memory: French people waved and gave V for Victory signs (don't crack that smile, it was the friendly palm-out version) at cars wearing the GB oval, seen as France's liberators.

We toured in a Morris minibus that my grandfather had converted into a compact motorhome lit by hissing gas lamps, and we roamed over France and Italy cheerfully heedless of safety: no one wore seatbelts and I wobbled my way around *Le Continong* perched in the back on a folding stool playing with my Lone Star Locos (still in a box in the study) while my sisters lolled on the benches.

Back then a drive-on ferry was still novel enough to have its own title – Ro-Ro, for roll-on, roll-off – but Customs was ever a labour of paperwork, and returning from one tour my father stepped into the Douane with a sigh. He came back clutching his sides.

Waving his pen the Customs man asked "Your name, and name of ze car, pliss?" Dad explained it was a Morris minibus, and the French form-filler carefully wrote: "Monsieur Maurice Minibusse..."

DREAM GARAGE

What we'd blow the budget on this month



Duncan Hamilton
Ferrari 365BB Spyder

Jenks used to argue that these had 180-degree vees rather than flat-12s. He might also point out that Ferrari never made a Boxer Spyder; this was converted later.

£95,000, www.duncanhamilton.com



Richard Thorne
Carver One

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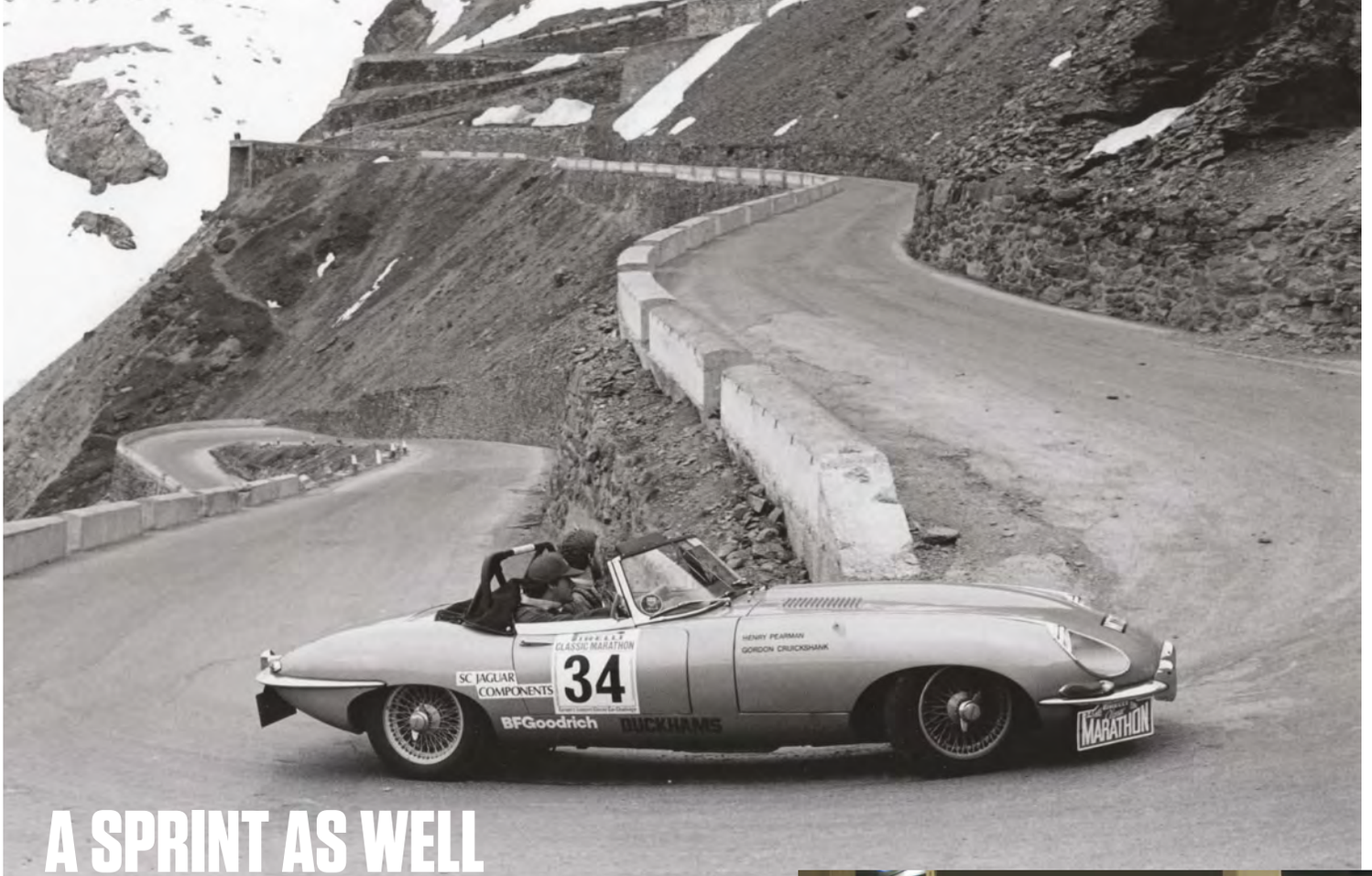
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£399,950, www.allastonmartin.com



A SPRINT AS WELL AS A MARATHON...

Classic rallying has a huge following nowadays, but in the late 1980s remained very much in its infancy



I WENT TO BELGIUM FOR DINNER. IT WAS for the start of the 25th Classic Marathon, the event that kick-started the classic rally movement. Hard to imagine that 25 years ago, if you owned a Singer Vogue, Triumph Herald convertible or Rover 3-litre, the most fun you could have in it was going to the pub on a sunny day. Then, following a couple of pioneering classic events, long-distance rally fan Philip Young decided to invite 60 owners to hammer hell out of their cherished wheels for a whole week over tortuous roads all the way to Italy. And back. Almost forgot that bit, as did most of us who, having slithered up and down every Alp Young could stitch together, arrived at Cortina d'Ampezzo, had a bowl of pasta and turned around to start the second half. And we were having a (short) sleep each night. I can't imagine what Liège-Sofia-Liège was like.

Organiser Jeremy Dickson, who now runs the Marathon as the CRA half of HERO, had managed to get Pirelli back on board for this silver anniversary event (perhaps it needed some good exposure), so I felt at home – especially as my mount and driver for the '89 event were entered.

Despite owning Eagle, which specialises in radically upgrading E-types, Henry Pearman has kept our winning Series 1 3.8 pretty much as it was in 1989, apart from knocking out the scars from where we had to biff a truck aside to hit our target time. It may be a regularity event now, but those early Marathons felt like seriously high-pressure stop-start road races, and on traffic-clogged stretches such as along Lake Como we spent lo-o-ong moments on the 'British' side of the road to jump the jams and hit our control without racking up the single Fail that would have lost us our Alpine Cup, and the event. But on the open stretches, slewing up the zig-zag tyre-howling Stelvio or slithering down the gravelled Gavia, half-watching Henry flick the wheel lock to lock past unprotected sheer drops as I juggled stopwatch, map and calculator – well, that was pretty bloody exciting. More so when we had a series of punctures while leading: on three successive stages Henry desperately changed tubes at the side of the road using tyre levers as rivals streaked past (mostly pausing to offer help – it's a friendly sport). And then we had to overhaul them again on snaking mountain single-trackers, each car with two wheels in the ditch – well, that wasn't so dull either.

So while I felt a pang at not being able to partner Henry this time, giving his rally rookie co-driver Karen a crash course in tulips and timing made me feel a bit better. So did wearing my 1988 Marathon sweatshirt to the send-off dinner on a tiny island in the moat around the Ypres ramparts, where I met fellow veteran Roy Hatfield among half a dozen pioneers of that seminal event about to tackle the Ardennes, the Jura and the Dolomites. Good to see Peter and Betty Banham on hand with tool kit too – the ever-cheerful pair competed on the first Marathon but are better known as the event's flying fixit crew.



Henry Pearman, Gordon Cruickshank and their 1989 Classic Marathon-winning E-type, which still looks pretty much as it did 24 years ago

I did that first Marathon in a Sunbeam Rapier, so I was pleased to see Rapiers come second and third this year, behind the 911 of Charles Colson and Guy Woodcock. And 'our' bronze E-type, still wearing number '34' from 24 years back, got into the upper half of the field. Since Henry is more used to racing a Porsche 962 than doing 17mph in regularity runs, that's not bad for a 'rookie' crew.

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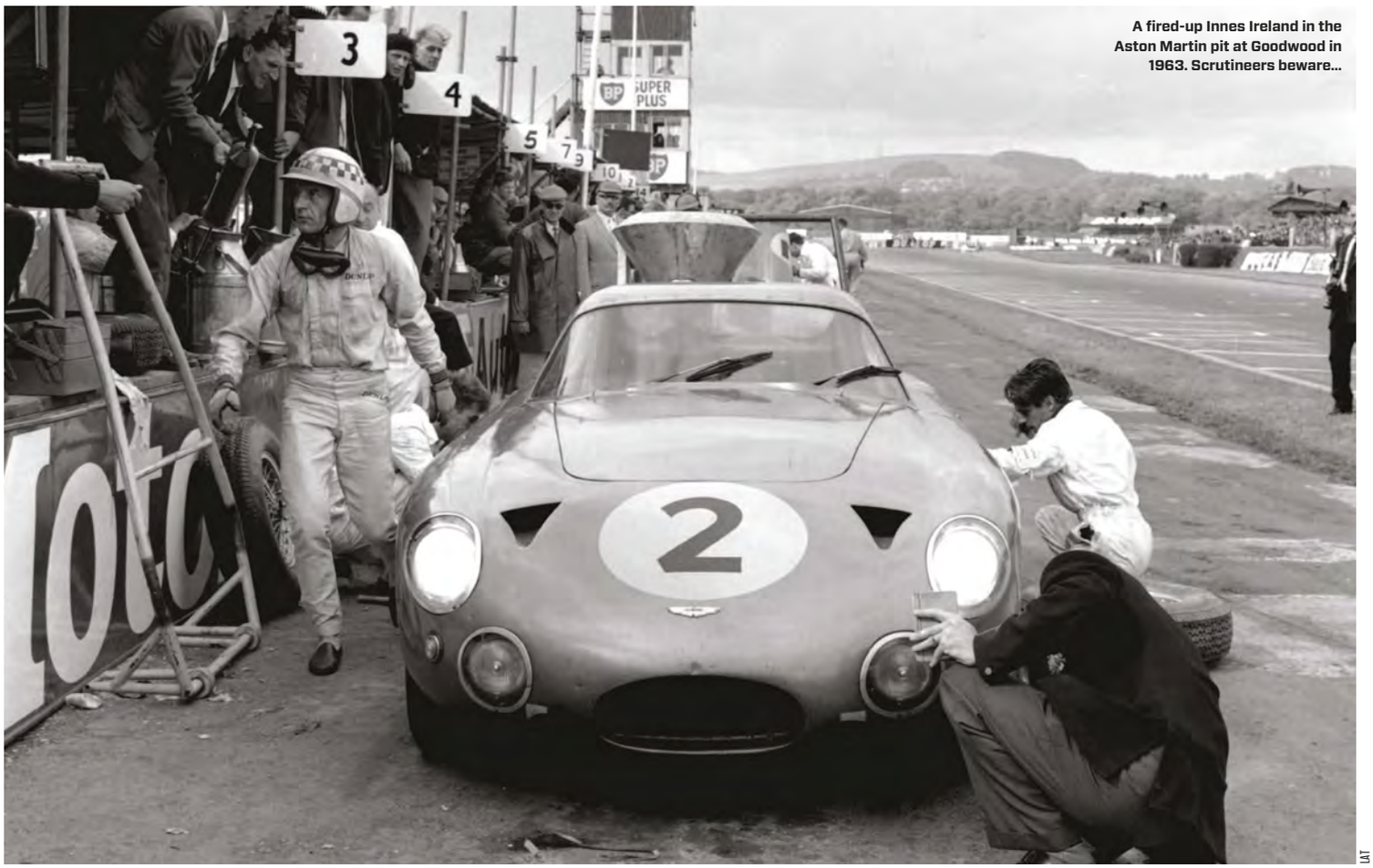
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FROM THE ARCHIVES WITH

DOUG NYE



Our eminent historian dips into the past to uncover the fascinating, quirky and curious



A fired-up Innes Ireland in the Aston Martin pit at Goodwood in 1963. Scrutineers beware...

LAT

RUBBER BULLETS

Straight-laced officials prevented Aston Martin challenging Ferrari for victory in the 1963 Goodwood TT. Innes Ireland was not amused...

TIME SPENT WITH INNES Ireland – as with so many extroverts – could veer wildly between great fun and acute embarrassment. Dear old Innes – a former paratrooper – never suffered fools gladly. And he enjoyed a drink, and larkin' about… and a sing-song. After a convivial dinner, what many regard as normal social constraints could speedily evaporate. Over many years – just like his kindred spirit John Bolster – his deafening songs about the spreading chestnut tree (with full gesture repertoire), John and Mary in the dairy, itinerant officers crossing the Rhine, or Der Führer's testicular deficit – not to mention the bridge at midnight – enlivened (and sometimes emptied) many an establishment. But sometimes Innes's often heated exuberance in face of adversity, or of what he perceived as petty officialdom, also demonstrated itself vividly on track.

A fine example occurred 50 years ago, in August 1963, during the Tourist Trophy race at Goodwood. Innes had won there the previous year in the UDT-Laystall team's pale-green Ferrari 250GTO. This time around he and

Bruce McLaren had been engaged by Aston Martin to drive the factory team's majestic pair of Project 214 Coupés.

These cars were later airily recalled by team chief John Wyer as being "rule-benders using similar box-section girder chassis frames to the prototype-class Project 215… distinctly non-production, but we didn't think anyone would look too closely, and so it proved". The 214s had 3750cc engines while the Project 215 used a full 4-litre unit.

The Project 214s' body shape benefited from considerable wind tunnel development. John Wyer recalled them as being "very good cars… extremely fast… the first officially to exceed 300kph down Mulsanne". Innes certainly loved his car at Le Mans: "Quite viceless – you got in and drove and it behaved impeccably. You just sat back and let it go, and didn't it go!" But cast Hepworth & Grandage pistons – instead of forged, as originally intended – ruined Le Mans '63 for the Aston team as the crowns failed on both cars.

Freshly forged pistons arrived in time for the Goodwood TT, where Innes and Bruce relished taking the fight to Ferrari. But then officialdom stepped in…

Rules is rules. The new cars had been homologated with 5½-inch wheel rims. Soon after homologation, Dunlop had introduced broader racing tyres, demanding new 6½-inch rims. Thus equipped, the cars had then been accepted by the normally picky ACO scrutineers at Le Mans. So it was hardly surprising that Aston subsequently trundled to Goodwood expecting a warm home welcome…

Instead, RAC scrutineer Stuart Procter – renowned as a stiff-backed stickler – spotted the wheel and tyre-size change, checked Aston's homologation papers and rejected the wider rims, insisting upon the homologated 5½-inchers – or "You're not running in my motor race." Despite Wyer's vociferous protests, and diplomatic gymnastics by BARC secretary John Morgan (who feared losing his race's most charismatic home-team entries), Procter proved immoveable. The best he would permit was fitting the new-size tyres on the homologated 5½-inch rims.

Even 'Death Ray' – as John Wyer was known for his piercing gaze – quickly recognised he had met his match. The argument that Le Mans had accepted the larger rims, and that the production DB4GTs were being fitted with 6½-inch rims as new, were summarily dismissed. The paperwork was king.

Ireland and McLaren were concerned at how the cars would handle with their fat tyres wobbling around. After running the big rims in first practice, when Innes was competitive with the fastest Ferraris, the narrower rims were fitted for the second session. Sure enough the big cars wobbled around like jellies on springs.

Ireland fumed: "Bloody scrutineers! The track was measured with the car on 6½-inch rims and a different off-set, so effectively the track on the 5½-inch rims was something like 4½-inches narrower than on the other wheels. I told John Wyer to stuff the scrutineers and tell them we wouldn't race… If they made us run on 5½-inch rims the car wouldn't handle worth a damn, whereas on 6½-inch rims we could blow the Ferraris off with no sweat and win the race. But it wasn't the inch off the rims which killed us, it was the narrower track.

"I was absolutely furious. I could have won the race standing on my head but here was this potential winner (British, for ***** sake!) being made to run in this uncontrollable state…"

He could only manage a time 0.6sec slower in the second session, "After really hanging it out and driving at 12/10ths – but there was no way I could drive like that for four hours."

After a slow start from the outside of the front row, Innes tailed Graham Hill's GTO before lunging for the inside line at Woodcote, shouldering the World Champion onto the grass. Innes admitted: "I was driving way over my head and beyond the capabilities of the car on its narrow track and I spun good and proper, flatting the tyres… I made a quick stop for new wheels and as I left I saw the chief scrutineer, who had made us run on the 5½-inch rims, so I slammed on the brakes, opened the door and yelled: 'Now see what you've ****ing well made us do'."

At one point he missed a gear and plainly bent a valve, losing 300-400rpm "everywhere". After 10 more laps or so, he missed another gear that seemed to bend the same valve straight once more "because suddenly I had max revs again, the car was going like a train and I was back in business.

"I was very angry… and I spun it a few more times after that. I can always remember the crucial moment when I knew I'd lost it because the wipers would be blown off the windscreen and I'd get a blast of air across my face through the circular holes cut in the side windows. When that happened I knew I'd never get it back."

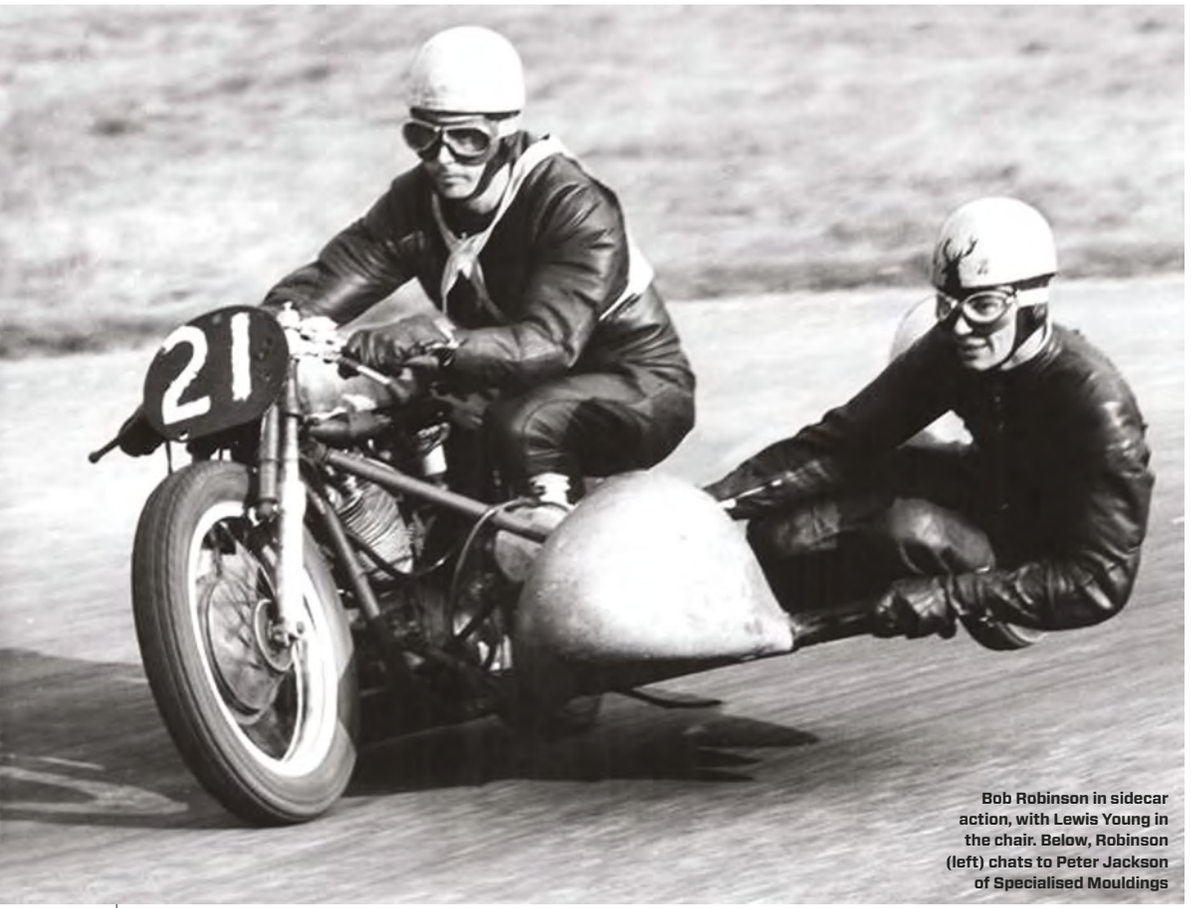
Having survived all this, and – amazingly – negotiating the Goodwood chicane two-abreast with Michael Parkes's GTO, Innes brought the Aston home seventh, still incensed at "being denied victory by some stupid little bureaucrat. The car still didn't comply with the homologation rules as we raced it, so why couldn't he let us race in a condition that would at least have given us a chance of winning?"



Despite being tripped into a few spins by his car's suspect handling, Ireland eventually finished seventh, two laps in arrears

LAT

Hmm – while Procter had spotted the Project 214s' rim disparity, he'd missed their non-conforming chassis design, so Aston Martin had actually been hung for a lamb, rather than a sheep. But in the marque's centenary year we can still celebrate Roy Salvadori's subsequent defeat of the Ferraris on their home ground at Monza, that September. It's ironic now to consider that this would have been impossible had the Italian scrutineers looked as closely at the chassis as Mr Proctor had at the wheel rims… You lose some, you win some.



Bob Robinson in sidecar action, with Lewis Young in the chair. Below, Robinson (left) chats to Peter Jackson of Specialised Mouldings

RACING MOURNS THE LOSS OF A GENUINE UNSUNG HERO

Bob Robinson's name might not mean much to many, but his pioneering work will be familiar to generations of aspiring single-seater racers

ON JUNE 27, AT THE AGE OF 79, BOB Robinson passed away. With his death the British motor racing industry has lost one of its great unsung heroes because Bob 'was' Arch Motors, chassis supplier to what became – from the 1960s to the 2000s – the world racing market.

With him at the helm, Arch Motors produced beautifully fabricated, hand-made frames, monocoques and related parts for Lola, Lotus, Ford Advanced Vehicles, Mallock, Royale, Van Diemen, Palliser, Titan and so many other constructors the full list is mind-boggling.

During the 1950s, Bob Robinson had been an enthusiastic and successful sidecar racing rider and entrant, campaigning his own 998cc Vincent combination. His regular passenger was Lewis Young, who also had a decent reputation as a solo rider – his successes including at least one second place to Mike Hailwood, while his mechanic for one European season was a youthful Barry Sheene. He would ride in the solo events at a meeting, and then slide onto the sidecar alongside Bob Robinson for the chair race.



Bob founded Arch Motors – under a railway arch in Tottenham, North London – in partnership with a fellow sidecar racer named Ted Young. One early customer was Lotus Engineering at nearby Hornsey, for whom Arch began making wishbones and throttle pedals. The introduction to Colin Chapman's emerging marque had come via college friend Don Gadd who had taken a job with Lotus. Eric Broadley was another early client in 1958, and for him Arch Motors used pioneering bronze-welding techniques in the production Lola Mark 1 sports-racing chassis. This was a far more sympathetic process than gas welding with steel rod and it made a superior end product.

Arch Motors produced many hundreds of Lotus spaceframe chassis from the Type 22 Formula Junior onwards, including the Lotus 23s and – as Bob's son Bruce recalls – some 15 Lotus 24 Formula 1 frames. Bob Robinson also produced the Lola Formula 1 frames for the Bowmaker-John Surtees operation through 1962, followed by Ford GT40 subframes, water pipes and other related fabrications.

In 1966 under a Great London Council scheme Bob moved the business to Huntingdon, where Arch Motors became re-established alongside Lola Cars and Specialised Mouldings, the glassfibre and later composite bodywork specialists. Alexis, March, Merlyn – the list of Arch Motors' customers is a who's who of the specialist British racing industry – all beat their path to Arch's door. After Ted Young died in 1970, Bob Robinson continued to run the company for decades to follow. Arch produced many hundreds of Ralt chassis and almost any racing driver who found his path to prominence through junior formula racing from the 1970s to the 1990s would have negotiated much of it within an Arch Motors product – from Ayrton Senna sideways, and down.

Bob Robinson also assisted with many prototype and road-going products – his company building chassis for the Strathcarron road car, the Tomita, the Panther Limas, Unipowers, Chris Craft's concept car and also Gordon Murray's wondrous Rockets. At its height Arch had about 50 employees and the company remains in good health today, with more than a thousand historic racing cars surviving, in major part, as Bob Robinson's enduring legacy.

We owe him. M


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PARTING SHOT

JULY 6
1969

CLERMONT-FERRAND, FRANCE

Jacky Ickx slides his Brabham BT26A-Cosworth en route to third place in the French Grand Prix. Jackie Stewart took a comfortable victory in Ken Tyrrell's Matra MS80, with team-mate Jean-Pierre Beltoise second. Bruce McLaren (McLaren M7C), Vic Elford (McLaren M7A) and Graham Hill (Lotus 49B) completed the top six in a race only 13 cars started.

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