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FERRARI

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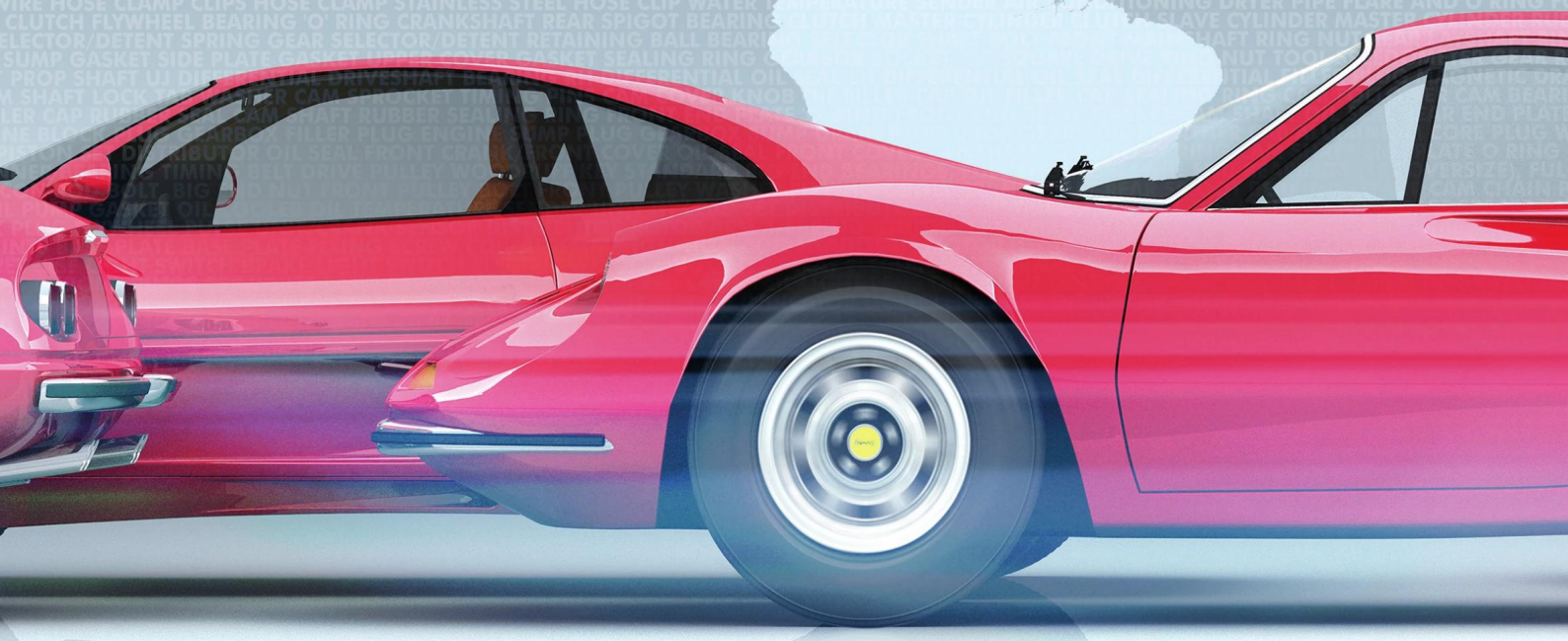
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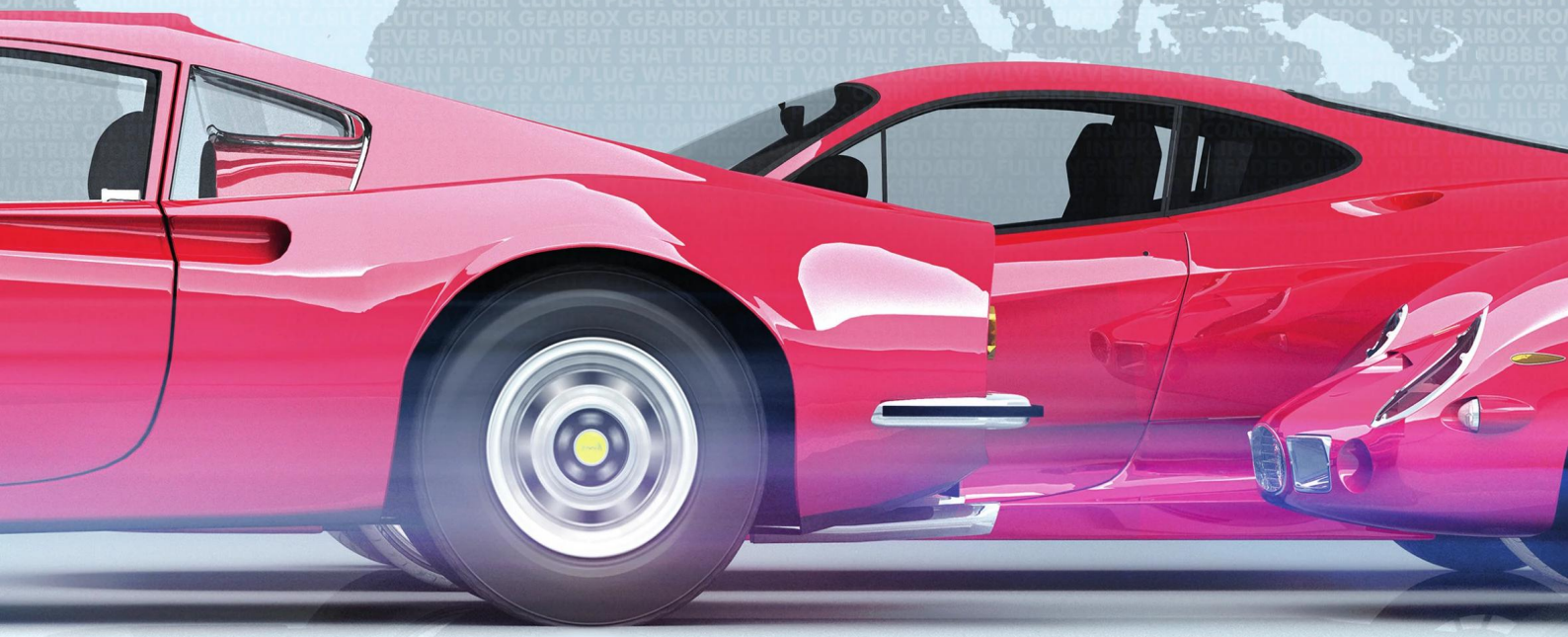
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WELCOME TO FERRARI

FROM RACE TO ROAD – 1000TH RACE SPECIAL

Formula 1 has marked two major milestones this year. The first was the 70th anniversary of the first Formula 1 World Championship race, which was held at Silverstone in May 1950. The second was a celebration of Ferrari's 1000th competitive race. It is a quirk of racing history that the two did not overlap. The Italian marque was not at Silverstone 70 years ago because its founder Enzo Ferrari determined that the start money on offer from the Brits was too little. Instead he sent his three cars to race in a Formula 2 grand prix in Mons, Belgium, where they finished 1-2-3. In many ways this episode encapsulates Ferrari: haughty, brilliant and utterly unique. To this day it stands alone on the racing firmament. It is these qualities that we celebrate in this second edition of our Ferrari special issue. The first was published in 2017 and by popular demand we have updated it for 2020 to include more recent features and photographs. All the content has been chosen by our editorial team, and picked from our vast archive, which stretches back to before even the Ferrari story started. It's a cocktail of great cars, great personalities and fine writing, covering F1 to Le Mans and some of the most spectacular road cars ever, all dedicated to one of the great global names. A company that has grown from small race team to vast business producing 10,000 cars per year and turning over almost half a billion dollars. Even Enzo would surely be happy with that.

Contents

6	Charles Leclerc interview	95	Enzo's right hand woman
12	Mauro Forghieri	100	Portofino road test
20	The business of racing	104	Targa Florio revisited
26	The hypercars	114	Ferrari Dino test
40	Dario drives the 512S	120	488 Challenge
51	Postcard from Maranello	128	Corse Clienti
58	1962 Tourist Trophy	136	Ferrari 550 at Rockingham
62	The greatest drivers	142	Mattia Binotto interview
82	Jenks on Enzo	148	Ferrari 312 T3
88	Lunch with Rob Smedley	154	Auction heroes

To read more about Ferrari's illustrious history, its countless wins and the drivers that have helped to forge a legend, visit:
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MAN ON A WIRE

Charles Leclerc has been one of the stand-out stars of the F1 season, but being Ferrari's de-facto number one is a balancing act, as he tells **Mark Hughes**

TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** **FEBRUARY 2020**

"I don't know," answers Charles Leclerc to the question of whether he is a tiger or tactician, a Villeneuve or a Prost as an earlier generation might have termed it. "As soon as I'm in the car I have that killer instinct, yes. I don't want to finish second or third, fourth or fifth; those places don't matter. I think it's a strength but it can also be a weakness. Some of the mistakes I've done this year are part of this mentality because I gave it all in moments that I could have just taken less. Not everyone will like me, but it's the way I am. This mentality has some positive aspects but can hurt in some other moments. I need to control it. With experience it will come."

Which is his 2019 season in a nutshell, a thrilling swoops and dives campaign in just his second year in F1, ecstasy and agony as Ferrari's youngest-ever grand prix winner, often the eye in the storm of controversy as he's delivered a performance that has out-shaded that of quadruple champion team-mate Sebastian Vettel.

One of the highlights of that season was his rescuing of a massive oversteer moment on his final Q3 lap in Singapore, as he turned the Ferrari into Anderson Bridge. It looked like the prelude to disaster yet he somehow scooped it up like a bike racer having a high-sider, but without the loss of momentum. Still he pressed on, to what would become the ultimate white-knuckle pole lap of the year. There were seven of them in total - two more than anyone else - but that was by far the most dramatic.

That's been his 2019; sometimes flying by the seat of his pants as he stretches himself against the world's best while still learning F1, but sometimes beating them regardless. Even ignoring the inconsistencies of the Ferrari SF90, his form has been variable as he fills up those empty data banks, but you sense he's in absolutely his natural place fighting at the front of F1, even at such a young age. He was 21 when he made the breakthrough to victory in Spa. He followed it up seven days later with another - at Monza, of all places.

In that Italian victory was seen the other component of Leclerc - other than his raw speed - that makes him such a captivating performer: steel. Behind the shy smiling charm, there is an assassin of a driver. Tough enough to fight his own corner in the team to grab an advantage over Vettel in qualifying. A 21-year-old kid who was then sufficiently immune to the subsequent censure from the heavy-hitting management of F1's highest-profile team to go out and deliver a flawless victory drive, happy to make wheel-to-wheel contact with an attacking Lewis Hamilton to preserve his place. When informed of the subsequent black/white warning flag, his innocent, "What for?" response fooled no-one. But this is exactly how we'd expect anyone with the right stuff to have reacted to someone trying to steal such a momentous achievement from him. This is what raw, competitive desire looks like up close.

Would Hamilton have fought the Roggia Chicane moment out with Leclerc in the same way - i.e. by driving partially off the track in avoidance - had he not still been chasing the championship? "No," Hamilton replied. "I'd have stayed where I was and we'd have crashed." But then Leclerc almost certainly had Hamilton's situation figured as he made the split-second judgement call. He's arrived in his natural place, fighting Hamilton - or anyone else - on equal terms, no quarter given.

> "Deep down, I thought we had the edge on Mercedes this season"

Even as he received the news last year that he was being promoted from the Ferrari satellite team Alfa to the Scuderia, he seemed far from overwhelmed. "Yes," he answered if whether he could fight for the world title immediately. "If they have the car good enough, why not? I know I still have much to learn, but yes, absolutely."

There is no self-doubt within him. "My target this year was to improve as a driver, but arriving at the first race I think we all felt we had a shot at the title... We were trying to convince ourselves that we didn't have the edge that it had looked in testing. But deep down inside I thought we had an edge over Mercedes. It was a surprise to be behind them, and by quite a bit, at the first race. So it's been a good season; my first wins, the most poles. On the one hand I'm happy to take it but you always want more."

Two weeks after that difficult season-opener, he got to within 11 laps of a dominant victory from pole in Bahrain - until a short circuit intervened. Two snapshots from that weekend: with his car placed in its pole position slot, TV crews, cameramen, photographers surrounded him as he sat on the ground, leaning on the pitwall, totally calm as team members stressed at the difficulty of getting near him. The fuss was going on all around, with him serene in his bubble, everything under control. The second snapshot: a few minutes later, a couple of laps into the race: after losing the start and falling to third, he'd quickly picked off Valtteri Bottas and had rushed up to the back of the race-leading car of Vettel. "Guys, I'm quicker," he called to the pitwall. Which was Vettel's whole existential problem condensed into one radio message. Leclerc was told to wait a few laps and await further instructions. Five corners later, he took matters into his own hands and breezed by, apparently on his way to a dominant win.

Such big moments, yet he plays them as just incidentals. Momentous is just how it looks from the outside. His recounting of such moments is matter-of-fact, without rancour or emotion. "It's quite difficult at the beginning when you're told that on the radio especially coming from the junior formulas where you have none of that; you're never asked to do anything for your team-mate - it's yourself and that's it. But it's also clear F1 is a team game. So I understood the team orders situation, which we had a few times this season. But in some situations like Bahrain I was right to not accept it because I had more information in the car than people had on the pit wall. But I think now we understand, Seb and myself - and it was clear after Sochi - that we need to stick to the team orders. This will be the case now." The Sochi reference relates to Vettel not giving Leclerc the lead back after covering off the Mercs into the first corner, as arranged beforehand. It's clear team orders should be followed, he says - now it's established that he, not Vettel, is the team's cutting edge. Tough words, sweetly spoken, he walks the tightrope even as he talks.

That steely core is founded upon his inner understanding of his true level, the knowledge that he need fear no-one, that all he has to do is learn the specifics of the job - of F1, of Ferrari - to fill in the missing pieces and if the car is good enough, there is nothing out of his grasp. He has within him the stuff of legend. In years to come, his performance in the 2017 Baku F2 race

PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES



'All was forgiven' after spectacular Italian GP victory at Monza





It's not all been plain-sailing; this crash in Baku qualifying was a hard lesson



Leclerc shone in Formula 2 in 2017



Seven pole positions and four fastest laps proved Leclerc's pace this season





A first grand prix season with Sauber-Alfa Romeo brought 10 points finishes









Behind the relaxed facade is a driver with a real killer instinct

will seem like just another fable in a career littered with them. Just a few days after the death of his father, he dominated the race from pole, immediately flew back to France for the funeral, then returned in time to win the top-eight reversed sprint race the following day. Of course he did, the story will go then - he was Charles Leclerc. Just like the legend will say 'of course he out-performed Vettel straight away'.

But it wasn't straight away. Over the first seven races, Vettel out-qualified him 6-1 and it was only in the subsequent part of the season that Leclerc's edge in raw speed was more consistently translated. "Yes, in the first five or six races I was just not driving well," he recounts. "I worked quite a lot on my qualifying pace, then the race pace - and I got better."

Drilling down a bit deeper into that initial phase, what was it that he felt he wasn't doing well? "Just knowledge and understanding, the things you need to get the best from yourself. It changes at each step as you go up the ladder. So initially this year, I was quite intimidated by how big Ferrari was and its historic standing, but I was trying to adapt myself to the car rather than pushing for the changes I felt I needed. But I started to get confident with the people and it helps you understand better what you want from the car. Last year when I came into F1 [with Sauber-Alfa Romeo] I didn't really know what I wanted from an F1 car, which has a lot more downforce. I was initially trying to drive it with too much oversteer, but at the speed it slides with such downforce, you have to accept a less responsive car. This year, with already an F1 season behind me, I had the idea more clear about that, but I wanted to adapt myself more to the car before asking for changes. I got a bit more confident than at the beginning of the season to ask what I wanted instead of trying to adapt. From that moment we made some good steps."

Anticipating how the car's behaviour would change during qualifying from Q1 through to the last laps of Q3 and setting it up accordingly was key to this, and where he learned from Vettel. Once that was achieved, his ability to be less affected than Vettel by rear-end instability made him more at home in the car.

But there were other lessons that were more brutal. Crashing out of Baku qualifying, having shown scintillating pace up to that point, was the most so.

"Yes, that was a tough lesson," he says. "Now I'm taking it more step by step from Q1 to Q3. I'm now giving it all in Q3 whereas before I was giving it all right from Q1. But Q1 and Q2 for us is not the most important."

The Azerbaijan track has a special resonance with him. As well as that double F2 victory in harrowing circumstances, it was also the venue at which, in his rookie year, he arguably showed his full potential for the first time in F1. His drive in the unfancied Sauber, running in the top six, hassling Kimi Räikkönen's Ferrari for a time and lapping up to 2sec faster than his team-mate, was probably what secured him the Ferrari seat. That was the event at which he learned he needed a calmer car than what he'd been trying to drive up to that point. This year, he learned he needed to be a calmer driver - up to the point in Q3 where he could unleash it all.

With those set-up and discipline lessons learned, he was accessing all his speed by the time of Austria, where he took a dramatic pole but lost out on victory a few laps from the end to his old nemesis Max Verstappen.

> "As a team, we need to be less aggressive with each other. We need a balance"

The way Verstappen aggressively held him out to dry after passing down his inside, forcing him to either back down or make contact, put in place the final piece of Leclerc's armoury. "After that I understood that was how we could race, and it was OK. Before that, my understanding of what would be allowed was different. No problem." As he showed in their thrilling dice one race later at Silverstone. They've been racing each other since kids - and look set to be thrilling F1 in wheel-to-wheel battles for years yet.

His racecraft, just like Verstappen's, is near-perfect. There's hardly ever a flustered moment where they put their car in the wrong place under pressure. Which has only added to the pressure he's piled onto older statesman, but still intensely competitive, Vettel. Two crashed Ferraris in Brazil was where that ultimately led. Leclerc's determination to dominate his senior team-mate has arguably at times compromised the team - as has Vettel's reaction to that. What began as niggly radio messages about who was holding who up, ramped up in Monza when Leclerc, having been towed by Vettel in the first Q3 runs, didn't reciprocate the favour - as pre-arranged - in the final runs.

There were extenuating circumstances, sure, but Mattia Binotto very much took Vettel's side and heavily censured his younger driver. When Leclerc drove that perfect victory from pole the next day, Binotto said, "All is forgiven." It was difficult not to think a new hierarchy had been established. Earlier in the year, when asked of Vettel's nominal team-leader status, Leclerc had cleverly said: "I think there should be priority, yes. At the moment it's him, but it's up to me to prove my performance to change that situation."

The incidents since - the team orders controversy in Russia, the Brazil collision - have been about Vettel fighting back, but not prevailing...

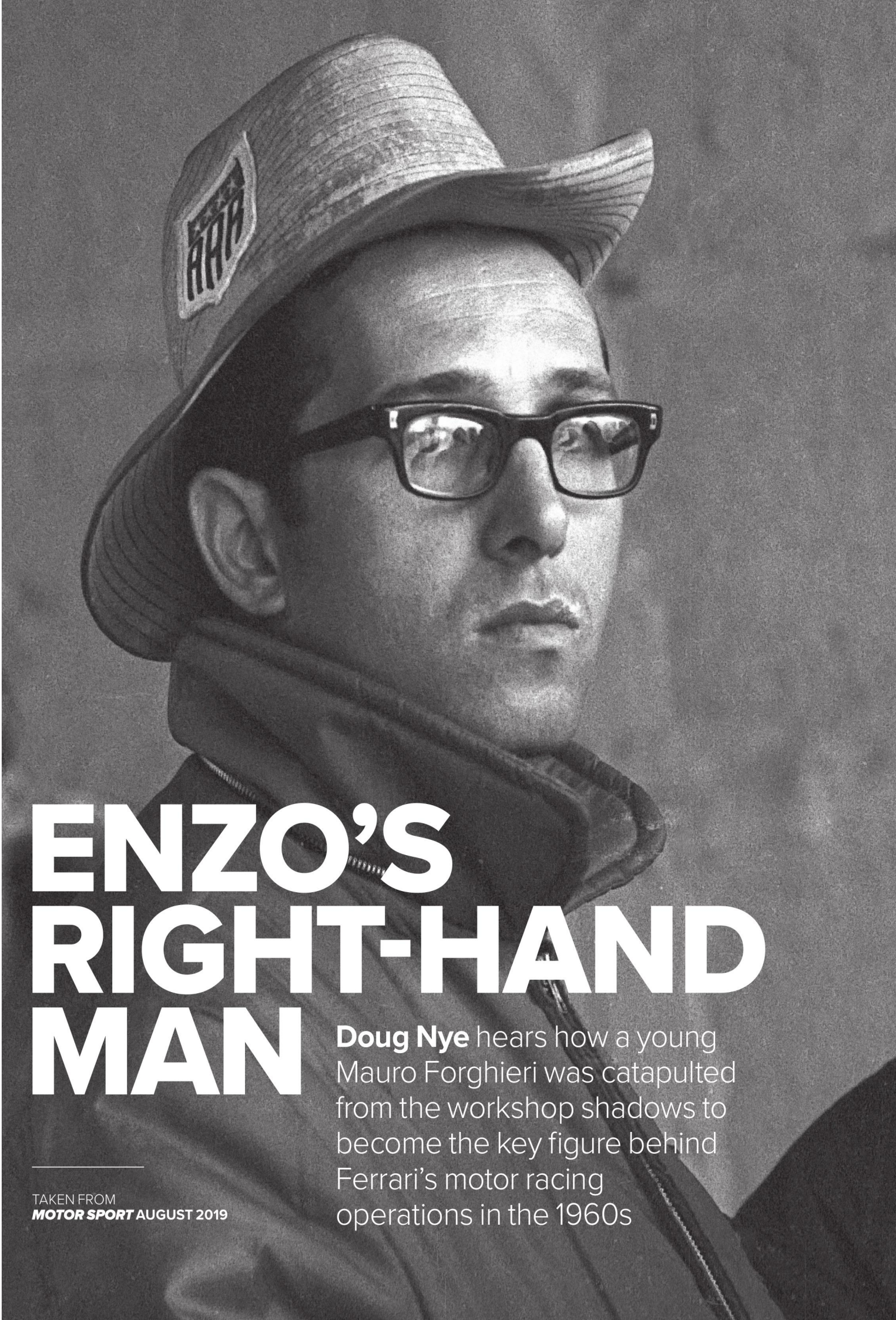
"I don't know," says Leclerc to whether he has now done enough to be given priority. "This question should be asked to Mattia. On my side I'm very satisfied with how my season has gone. I've grown a lot; there's still a lot to learn, obviously. But I'm satisfied with what I've shown. I hope to grow still as much as I did in this season.

"I still think it's a team sport, especially when you are fighting against another very strong team; you need to have the two cars available to help each other. On the other hand there are certain situations where the driver needs to be a little bit aggressive. Brazil was very unfortunate, because the touch was extremely small but had a big drama. But as a team we should probably try to be a bit less aggressive with each other. You need to find the right balance."

But that balance is a tightrope - between personal ambition and being part of a team. That's where the fault line always is at times of maximum stress, and Leclerc's performance has applied that stress virtually every time out. It's a tough situation for Binotto to manage.

"Mattia looks very calm. He is, but he also knows how to be hard in the difficult moments, like after Sochi for example,or Singapore. There are many examples. Whenever he says something he strongly feels it. I believe it has been respected after he's asked for something."

Leclerc's walking that tightrope even in his answers. Just as he will always do in the car. The tightrope walker is set to have the crowd thrilled and gasping plenty more.



ENZO'S RIGHT-HAND MAN

Doug Nye hears how a young Mauro Forghieri was catapulted from the workshop shadows to become the key figure behind Ferrari's motor racing operations in the 1960s

TAKEN FROM
MOTOR SPORT **AUGUST 2019**

Mauro Forghieri - for 27 years the chief engineer of Ferrari's racing operation - was on fine form. Ten days earlier, this tall, rangy man of enormous accomplishment had celebrated his birthday. Now 84 - but going on 60, and bright as a firework - he had been recalling bygone events at his home in Magreta, one of the sprawling village communities dotted around the Italian city of Modena.

My Genoese friend Franco Lombardi - himself a great Ferrari and Maserati authority - was with us, and we had just driven to the neighbouring village of Casinalbo for lunch.

Forghieri is, justifiably, a well-recognised local celebrity around these parts. Franco and I were reading the lunch menu while he chatted up a pretty waitress. She gamely played along and took our order as Mauro charmed.

Here was the engineer to whom Mr Ferrari had entrusted sole technical responsibility for the Maranello racing department, back on October 30, 1961. "I remember, it was a Monday. Ferrari called me to his office and said 'You are now responsible for all the motor sport activity and testing...' Bam. Just like that," says Forghieri. "I was only 26. How could that be? I told him: 'Are you mad? I don't have enough experience.'

> "Ferrari said I was in charge of all motor sport. I asked 'Are you mad?'"

"But Ferrari said 'Listen - you just do your job and I'll do the rest.'

"I had worked a short time at Ferrari as an intern in 1957, when Andrea Fraschetti was chief engineer, but after completing my engineering degree at Bologna University my dream was to join a gas turbine company in America.

"My father Reclus worked at Ferrari for many years. Ferrari had sometimes asked my father how I was doing at university. And finally - as I waited to hear from America - Ferrari told my father he wanted to see me. He told me that Fraschetti - who had been killed testing a car at Modena in 1957 - had spoken well of me. 'Why not come and work here to gain experience, at least while you wait for America?' I joined in January 1960... and stayed until 1987."

His startling elevation followed the infamous 'palace revolution' at the end of the 1961 season, when chief engineer Carlo Chiti, team manager Romolo Tavoni and five other senior figures were summarily shown the door. They had tried to present a united complaint to Mr Ferrari about the increasingly erratic interference in their duties by Signora Laura, his quite dotty wife and co-owner of the company. But too fearful to complain to the Old Man's face they had engaged a local lawyer to write a letter to him, which they all then signed.

This was taken as a less than manly affront, while such internal - indeed 'family' - matters with a lawyer, an outsider, were utterly unacceptable.

Mr Ferrari did not explode into one of his celebratedly theatrical rages, his screaming normally being audible many metres from his office. His response was much more frightening. He just grimly



PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES

Forghieri and Enzo Ferrari lean over Chris Amon's 312 at Monza in 1967. The car was tricky, with its V12 by then out-dated

had a quiet interview with each of the seven, and as they left another functionary handed them each a notice of immediate dismissal. With the Ferrari team and top echelon decapitated, Forghieri was given command.

He recalls: "I was dazed, but excited. And I had confidence in the great technicians there. During my intern period back in 1957, Fraschetti was considering a rear-engined car as one option for racing. Of course, he worked - with the great Alfa Romeo and Lancia designer Vittorio Jano contributing - to develop the first Dino V6-cylinder cars for Formula 2 and then Formula 1. He gave me the centre section of a chassis frame to design and to do the stress calculations and so on. I think that was for the V6 monoposto. He taught me the importance of having a rigid chassis.

"Jano was the consultant. He would come down to Modena from his home in Turin and stay for a few days at a time in the Hotel Albergo on the Via Emilia. You say he is remembered as having been a very cold and serious man. I can only say he was very human to me. And in fact, so was Laura Ferrari - she was always very nice to me, too.

"Luigi Bazzi was also from pre-war Alfa Romeo. His daughter married a friend of mine. Bazzi had the greatest and widest experience. He was capable of doing everything in the factory, and I mean everything - *tutto*! He was always thinking and questioning and suggesting. And his ideas were always good. For any question, any problem, Bazzi could find a solution.

"I had learned from all their great experience. And there were the other engineers, like Angelo Bellei and Franco Rocchi - Jano and I did the Formula 1 V8. When the project began I asked for him to become involved. Bellei was in the production department, in charge of road car design and development. But we were all really friends working together. Casoli worked on millimetri [millimetres] - such was his eye - and he was great for modelling, too - he came from Reggiane, the aircraft maker. And Bazzi was in the test department.

"Enzo Ferrari had loved the 12-cylinder Packard. He never forgot that. The V12 has a natural balance, and a V12 is easier to design and to set up but expensive to manufacture. Chinetti and other friends encouraged Enzo Ferrari to build a V12. The Banco di Modena and other friends provided the money for him to do it.

"Many of his early workers were drawn from Minganti in Bologna, the big machining company. Hah - they had a good basketball team. I used to play basketball to a good level. In 1939 my father worked with Bazzi, Giberti and Ferrari in his small factory in Modena, making the parts for what became the Alfetta. I think they made four of them. And this car became almost unbeatable. My father worked specially in the Alfa Romeo factory and after the war with Ferrari he became chief of the machine shop.

"When I was small my great interest was aeroplanes. Into my teens I was always drawing planes, but never jets. I thought they were boring. Nothing to see. All the planes I drew had propellers. Papa made propellers during the war..."

Tall bespectacled Mauro would grow quickly into his chief engineer role, known for his colourful, sometimes explosive personality, for his diligence, his imaginative design talent and above all for his industry. It was under his leadership that Ferrari replaced its obsolete-technology 'sharknose' Formula 1 cars of 1961-62 with the lightweight spaceframe, fuel-injected V6 cars driven notably by John Surtees and Willy Mairesse in 1963. He also masterminded development of a sweet-handling rear-engined V12 sports-prototype in the P-cars of 1963-64, leading on to the P2-3-4 designs of 1965-67.

> "Ferrari had a great understanding of human weakness"

For the Ferrari 158 and 1512 F1 designs of 1964-65, Forghieri took Ferrari into 'aero' monocoque chassis construction with the stressed aluminium skin panels riveted to an easily repairable frame of small-diameter tubes. He and his colleagues designed the little 1600cc and 2-litre Dino V6 prototypes, and then 3-litre F1 V12s for 1966-68. He directed the programme in which the front-engined 250 GTO series culminated in the roofed-in rear-engined 250LM Berlinetta.

We talked in broad-brush terms about his career, with some specifics in sharper focus. He speaks with genuine fondness of Mr Ferrari. When the Old Man died in 1988 and I had to write an obituary, I had asked Mauro to comment on what had been Mr Ferrari's greatest talent. After much thought he replied, slowly - "He was a man with a great understanding of human weakness." Words he left unspoken could have been - I believed - "and how to exploit it..."

It is plain that over their many years as employer and chief engineer, Ferrari and Forghieri fought many battles, as often with one another as they did united against outside rivals. Mauro: "He would make his unhappiness absolutely clear and he would certainly shout and scream. But even from quite early, because he knew my father so well and had known me from such a young age, I was able perhaps more than some others to shout and scream straight back!

"My father was a strong man. All the Forghieri men have been strong - strong opinions, strong views, not afraid to state them. My grandfather had been a close friend of the young Mussolini, but later their political views moved apart. My grandfather left Fascist Italy and lived in France, where he wrote some very critical things about Mussolini in the French newspapers. I remember my father then coming home several times, injured, having been beaten up by the Fascists.

"He would have heard them criticising his father, so he would stand up for his Papa and they beat him. But even then he would not keep quiet. It got so bad that he was advised to move out of Modena, to somewhere quiet for him and for his family. We ended up for a while in Naples, but through much of the war we were in Monaco where my father serviced and repaired high-quality cars - Hispano-Suiza, Alfa Romeo, that kind of thing. The big man of the regime in Modena helped us move to Naples, where father worked in the Ansaldo aeroplane plant. We had quite a nice house there in the Parco Caruso area, 20-30 houses in the Arco Felice village.

"I loved the place. I would draw designs for planes there - always propellers of course - and then started two years of university in Modena, studying maths and physics. I got a place in the University of Bologna to study mechanical engineering. It had fewer than 600 studying all disciplines, so it was an honour to go there. The professors were really very good. Some were often called to the US to consult on their specialities..."

From 1948, Ferrari's racing programme was always designed to promote sales of









Clockwise from top: Forghieri inspects the 1512 at the British GP in 1965; Taking notes for Lorenzo Bandini in Germany, 1962; Behind the gorgeous 1967 330P4; Instructing Surtees at Le Mans in 1964



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Forghieri loved the P4 sports racer (left), but it proved worryingly costly. Below, left: With Regazzoni in 1976

the production cars, which income was reinvested in further racing, year upon year.

Mauro: "After Ford America had failed to buy the company in 1964, Fiat gave a little more support but racing against Ford at Le Mans for example was difficult and expensive. You ask which of our cars I recall most proudly? The P4 sports-prototype. But that was an expensive project. It diverted too much attention and too many resources from F1. We had to stick with the V12 engine through 1968-69 when it was outdated technology, too long, too heavy. Then the Fiat-Ferrari deal was made and I saw how happy Ferrari was with that result. He took me away from direct responsibility for racing and I worked in a new Advanced Studies Office, first in the old Scuderia building in central Modena, then later at Fiorano.

"With a small group of designers and technicians - Salvarani, Maioli, Marchetti, Panini, Lugli and Piccagliani - we worked on what became the 312B flat-12 for 1970. We worked on a four-wheel-drive scheme for it. Ferrari wanted to demonstrate our advanced technology to Fiat but we ran out of time, so came out with rear-wheel drive only - then the FIA banned four-wheel drive! The flat-12 project had also been started with the American Franklin aero company interested, but they did not last long.

"Ferrari always loved engines and paid very close attention to our progress, and I would see him every day during that period. The 312B cars with Ickx and Regazzoni were very good, but began winning too late in 1970, and after a good start to 1971 we had terrible trouble with Firestone tyre vibration. Suspension changes I had made were partly blamed, in connection with the tyre troubles.

"Our results dropped. Ferrari and I - well, there was much screaming from both sides. Fiorano had just opened and the Advanced Studies Office and I were moved there. Ferrari fell ill. Fiat put Sandro Colombo in charge of the racing side and in 1973 the first Ferrari B3 was bad.

"Ferrari then recovered. He was back - full of energy - and he called me back to improve the B3 while producing the Advanced Study for a way forward in F1 - which was the B3 'Snowplough'.

"I calculated that the aerodynamic downthrust of a full-width sports car body was so much greater than the slender cigar F1 designs of that time, that we should make a surface form about 75 per cent of that of a sports car, with a merged-in front wing, central mass concentration, radiators each side between the front and rear axles and short wheelbase for agility. From this test car came the B3 of 1974, which Niki Lauda and Clay Regazzoni showed could win, and then the next step was the transverse gearbox 312T of 1975 - and our first F1 World Championship since Surtees and our V8 in 1964. I would say the 312T, the P4 and of course the 312P Boxer sports of 1971-72 are the most satisfying Ferrari designs for me..."

"Racing against Ford at Le Mans was both difficult and expensive"

Tantalisingly, in any conversation such as ours, one can merely scratch the surface of Forghieri's long, busy and often dazzling Ferrari career. Latterly, into the 1980s, he found himself presiding over younger, variably capable, ambitious and forceful engineers each eager to stamp their own design signature upon the Prancing Horse. For some of them Forghieri became old-school, an obstacle. Some he found

simpatico, others not. He recalls: "Harvey Postlethwaite came in from England to introduce us to aluminium honeycomb chassis technology. It was good but very quickly we realised carbon composite could be better still. I say to Harvey, 'OK now what experience have you got with carbon composite?' - and the answer was almost none! So we learn together.

"But Harvey fitted in very well with the Ferrari way, with our 'family'. The language of the factory had never just been simple Italian, but the Modenese dialect, which can be very different. Harvey learned it in weeks. He was very popular. Others did not fit so well..."

They had the Lauda years, the Gilles Villeneuve flair that ended in catastrophe and the V6 turbo years. Forghieri also found himself spending much time protecting Ferrari's interests in FISA/FOCA political conflicts and debating with the FIA itself, as well as masterminding and directing new racing designs. Frictions with Marco Piccinini and Piero Lardi - Mr Ferrari's natural son - led to Mauro regretfully (yet perhaps typically noisily) telling the Old Man he wanted to resign. Vittorio Ghidella of Fiat suggested a change of departments, from racing to Ferrari Engineering. Mauro worked two final years with Ferrari away from F1, but often Enzo would seek his opinion and reaction to matters arising.

The final Forghieri Ferrari was 1987's 408/4RM prototype, which was displayed at the Detroit Motor Show. It was judged too complex and innovative to enter production and Maranello built the 348 instead.

Fiat's Ghidella - whom Forghieri had come to count as an ally - was beset by mainstream Fiat problems into 1987 - the Old Man had lost much of his once-total power and was fading fast. Ferrari at Maranello and Fiorano had become a much-changed company.

At the Geneva Motor Show, sometime Ferrari racing director Daniele Audetto met Forghieri and told him that Chrysler's Lee Iacocca wanted him to work for their latest acquisition, Lamborghini. After his 27 years and five months at Ferrari, Mauro accepted. One detects enduring hurt over the fact that some of his long-time colleagues there did not, ultimately, show as much support for him as perhaps he would have shown for them - but still he has many fond memories.

"We were truly a family. Our life was our work, total commitment... for little pay. We were not just colleagues... we were brothers. There were a few days when our work succeeded and results made Ferrari very happy. There were days when he was not.

"Strangely, Old Man Ferrari was much more on our side when we were losing. When we were winning he would drive us hard. He would shout at us. Some of us were able to shout back. Maybe not many were willing to do that. But I was both able and willing...and I did shout back at Enzo Ferrari and - sometimes - he would listen and come around to supporting me. At other times... well, not so much.

"But I am happy with my life experience. And always thankful for the confidence Ferrari had in me..."

"Ferrari would shout at us, and some of us were able to shout back. Many were not willing to"



Forghieri leans across to converse with Gilles Villeneuve during the Belgian Grand Prix at Zolder in 1979. That year's 312T design was one of Forghieri's all-time favourites

1964 Ferrari 158 'Aero'

Designed with and for John Surtees, the 'Aero' 158 had a semi-monocoque fuselage in which a lightweight internal tubular frame was stiffened by riveted-on aluminium stressed skins. Its 1.5-litre four-cam V8 engine was another small masterpiece encouraged by veteran consultant Vittorio Jano. Development came good late-season in 1964 as Il Grande John won the German and Italian GPs and clinched the world title.



Forghieri's fabulous designs

Mauro Forghieri co-created some of Ferrari's greatest cars. Here are his three favourites – plus two more (Dino and 158) that we chose



1967 FERRARI 330P4

The ultimate P-car of the rear-engined V12 sports-prototype series. Mauro developed it from the initial 3-litre V12 250P model of 1963. Input from such drivers as Surtees, Parkes, Scarfiotti, Bandini and Amon helped the world title-winning 250Ps, the P2s and P3s culminate in the definitive big-budget 4-litre, four-cam 330P4. This Forghieri favourite crushed Ford at Daytona '67, finished 2-3 at Le Mans, and won the 1967 title.



1972 Ferrari 312PB

Forghieri's Ferrari flat-12 cars ranged from the original 1.5-litre 1964-65 F1 1512, through the 2-litre 1969 European Mountain Championship-winning 212E to the 3-litre 1970-80 312 F1 series of designs. In 1971 the 312PB 'thinly disguised F1' sports-prototype had some sensational outings driven by Ickx and Regazzoni. For 1972 Ferrari ran a full works flotilla of flat-12 312PBs, winning every World Championship race they entered.

1975 Ferrari 312T

Mauro cites the magnificent 1975 F1 World Championship-winning 312T as the single-seater design of which he is most proud. A flat-12 with its central mass concentration augmented by the transverse gearbox, it carried Niki Lauda to his first F1 title, winning the Monaco, Belgian, Swedish, French and US GPs in his hands. Team-mate Clay Regazzoni won Ferrari's home Italian GP. The 312Ts then followed up by winning the first three GPs of 1976.

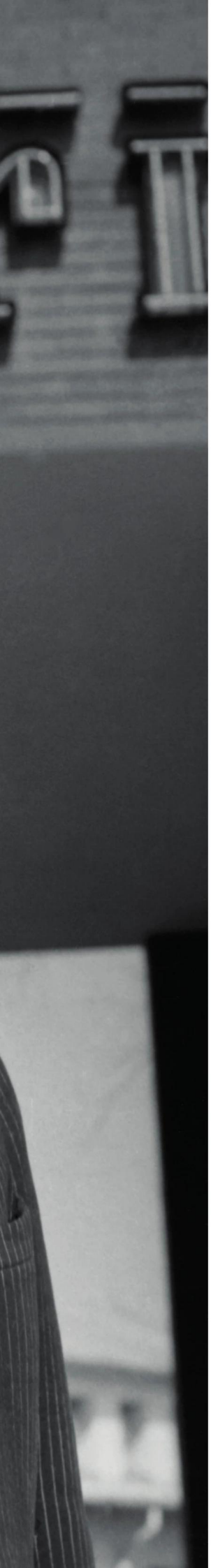




1966 Ferrari Dino 206SP

Forghieri tends to dismiss this enduringly gorgeous little 2-litre V6-engined sports-prototype design as having been a hurried, imperfect and never fully developed expedient to give Fiat a Porsche-baiting campaign to back the production Dino model's marketing. However, these compact, agile, elegant little P-cars in miniature have a glamour that few Porsches can approach.


ferrar



The business of racing

How the man in the dark glasses saw what he wanted to see

WRITER **GORDON CRUICKSHANK** / TAKEN FROM ***RACE TO ROAD 2017 EDITION***

If Enzo Ferrari had been born today, could he have created the marque, and the legend, that Ferrari is now? Post-war Italy, a war-shattered country seething with suspicion bred in Fascism and occupation, was an unpromising seed-bed for a new, ambitious enterprise. When he founded his company Ferrari was approaching his sixth decade. He was not rich. Who would back that man at that time?

Ferrari evinced no doubts. He had talked himself into opportunities all his life, even persuading Alfa Romeo to hand him the reins of its racing team. He had a conviction and a presence about him that ploughed through objections. He knew he was right. He convinced a local bank to back his new firm, and he went straight for the top. Obsessed by Grand Prix racing, he wanted only to win. And he needed control, no discussions or permissions - which meant controlling his own finances. In that pre-sponsorship era you had to create cash sources; and who has money? Rich people. Sell them something desirable and you have a business.

Ferrari sold them something desirable. He sold them beautiful, fast, exciting cars whose cousins won races. With a clean sheet to build on he could ignore the bread and butter market, cross-pollinating his wailing V12 racers with luxuriously finished road cars built in the same way on similar underpinnings. He hit the ground running, a 166 winning the first post-war Targa Florio in 1948, and that year he sent two 166 coupés to the Turin show. They were a sensation, and the message was clear: these aren't for everyone, but everyone will want one.

That Targa winner was owned by wealthy playboy Prince Igor Troubetzkoy, and it set the pattern: as long as Ferrari cars won races, there would be rich customers to fund more racing. This model worked in the days of simple technology; engines were engines - just downtune for the road - and chassis were chassis, simple and tough. To cap it all, the local tradition of hand-built coachwork meant his cars could be gorgeously clothed by Scaglietti or Pinin Farina to customer choice. Giannini Marzotto, one of Ferrari's faithful, described ordering his car as like having a suit tailor-made, with Ferrari's personal attention. Film director Roberto Rosselini, Domenican playboy Porfirio Rubirosa, Fiat heir Gianni Agnelli - these early clients set the bar for glamour, and Enzo relished their company.

And as if the fledgling company needed any assistance to take off, there was Luigi Chinetti in New York, convinced he could sell the new marque into a circle of well-off Americans. What more proof of his perfect position than himself winning the 1948



Le Mans in a 166? Later his NART team would give Ferrari a trans-Atlantic quasi-works equipe. The USA would be crucial to the marque's success, yet it wasn't Ferrari's vision but Chinetti's ambition that drove this market. Focused on his racing, and with cars seemingly selling themselves to European wealthy, Ferrari needed that nudge to raise his sights. For example, 1950 was a good year. Victories in the Mille Miglia, Le Mans and Targa Florio had polevaulted Ferrari to the top of the heap. Eager competitors lined up to buy such competitive machinery - yet the firm built only 26 cars that year. It was an imbalance that would continue to dog the company - always the need to build more road cars, but always that dichotomy between hand-built and mass-production.

Indeed, Enzo said: "I should like to put something new into my cars every morning. Were my wishes to be indulged there would be no standard models, but only a succession of prototypes." It was a principle that worked for the racing sports cars - there was always a new model for Le Mans, Carrera Panamericana, or Sebring, permed from the Maranello kit of parts or built one-off - but no modern business manager would wear it.

Enzo, though, worked a different way, not to an obvious strategy but reactively, issuing orders from his den, changing course, wrong-footing his team. Divide and rule. When the inevitable problems or failures occurred, instead of backing off, Ferrari pushed on through - in business as well as on the track, the equivalent of a Pedro Rodríguez keeping his right foot down through impossible angles of lock. Buoyed by limitless self-belief, 'Il Commendatore' always seemed to recover, his greatest weapon the threat of baling out, whether arguing over start money, contesting his cars' eligibility or battling the sporting rulebook. Without Ferrari a race, a class, a series was not complete. The same for business: a contract with Ferrari had prestige, so you agreed his terms.

And if the F1 cars weren't winning, the sports cars, works or privateer, usually were, polishing the marque's showroom lustre. How crucial sports car success, and consequent road car sales, was to the

"Were my wishes indulged, there would only be a succession of prototypes"



Top: A shot to symbolise Ferrari's 70th anniversary, with a 1947 125 S flanked by a LaFerrari Aperta. Above: Enzo at his desk in 1955

enterprise became painfully obvious in 1963 when John Surtees joined; expecting to focus on winning Grands Prix, he found himself obliged to concentrate (successfully) on sports cars because winning there brought income, either directly from outside teams buying cars to race, or through the showroom. "At Ferrari in those days you started with a handicap", Surtees said. "Until Le Mans was over you couldn't really do the work you wanted to do - and needed to do - in Formula 1." He battled to the 1964 championship, but when conflict erupted with team manager Dragoni, the Old Man as normal stood back as his champion walked out. Conciliation was never his way; witness the 'palace revolution' of 1961 when half a dozen senior people departed. "Let them go," he seemed to say. "Everyone wants to work for Ferrari..." Whether fixing deals, signing drivers or swapping posts around, he got his way with bullying charm - or he walked away.

But by the Sixties, two decades of attacking his way through crises was taking its toll. By force of will Enzo had created the most famous sporting marque of all. People wanted his cars, but as yearly production crept up from 300 cars in 1960, he on his own could not turn this desire into better cash flow. He was slowing down; the home economy was struggling. He needed a major partner - and Ford wanted a 'halo brand'. Negotiations were awkward, held on Ferrari's home turf, a clutch of Ford executives debating through translators with a domineering man who had never had to argue his decisions. The offer was 18 million much-needed dollars - but when he realised Dearborn would hold the racing purse strings he strolled out.

Another grand gesture; but even by 1969 with 1000 cars built, the cash supply remained inadequate. It showed on the track: that was a miserable F1 year. It was time to allow someone the honour of proffering assistance - Italy's most significant industrial combine, Fiat. Building enough of the small V6 Dino engine to go F2 racing had been contracted to Fiat in 1965,

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"He held his firm together with passion and intensity. Working for Ferrari was a privilege"

Top: Ferrari's sprawling headquarters as it stands now.
Above: Enzo with Luca di Montezemolo and Niki Lauda

establishing a bridgehead; next Enzo launched the Dino Ferrari in 1966. It was supremely successful, offering an 'affordable' Ferrari (minus the badge) without diluting the allure of the big V12s.

Now head of Fiat, Gianni Agnelli, younger and maybe shrewder than Enzo, had been an early Ferrari client, which eased negotiations as the Old Man signed away the road car division and his post as MD while retaining full control of the racing department. Just what he wanted.

Aided by a new test track at Fiorano where Enzo immured himself in his darkened office, cultivating mystery, the F1 results returned - for a while. Yet age was affecting the man at the centre; he was no longer on top of everything as once he had been, and in 1971 he stepped down as president of the firm. His lieutenants, with their own agendas, were afraid to give him bad news, and the team struggled through yet another of the marque's regular droughts. It would not be Enzo but talented engineer Mauro Forghieri and future president Luca di Montezemolo - plus Niki Lauda - who reinvigorated the team and in 1975 brought the F1 title back to Maranello. But Enzo, now in his seventies, no longer 'was Ferrari'. With Fiat at the helm (paying to use Ferrari's production facilities), the road cars were better vehicles but did not contain Enzo's spirit. Until 1987, 40th anniversary of Ferrari, when the Ingeniere himself inspired the raw, aggressive 200mph F40. Once again a road Ferrari felt like a race Ferrari. It was his last grand gesture. Enzo Ferrari died in 1988.

He had held his firm together with his passion and intensity, driving people hard but inspiring the sort of loyalty that saw his employees prepared to stay late or work all night on a racing car. Working for Ferrari was a privilege, and 'Il Commendatore' frequently helped quietly with hospital or education needs. But while he looked after his workers, he did not profess attachment to most of his drivers. There were favourites, but not friends. A weekend fatality was simply not discussed on Monday morning. Perhaps the death of his beloved son Dino in 1956 hardened his shell?

Yes, Ferrari made misjudgements: fending off technical advances, upsetting Stirling Moss and Surtees, allowing his wife to interfere and cause tensions that led to that 'palace walkout', transferring skilled engineer Forghieri away from the racing unit. Without the Lancia handover of 1955 the marque, at that point flagging in Grands Prix, might have joined vanished exotics such as Bugatti or Pegaso. But then Ferrari had the knack of harvesting luck from all quarters, and if perhaps he substituted determination for foresight, it carried him to greatness.

There are sports cars, there are Ferraris, and then there are the super-Ferraris. We chart the strides Maranello has made to offer ever more astounding abilities



Red in tooth & claw

WRITER **JETHRO BOVINGDON**
TAKEN FROM **RACE TO ROAD 2017 EDITION**

Think back to your favourite car. Maybe one you've owned, perhaps just one you've been lucky enough to drive or even ride in as a kid: That magic moment when a friend's dad picks you up in a 911, or a Golf GTi or whatever it might have been that fired your imagination. You remember it in little snapshots, right? The feel of the door handle as you unclick the latch to swing open the door, the sound of the starter motor, the feel of a shift from second to third, the sticky action of the throttle pedal, or maybe just the smell of the interior or the bark of the exhaust.

From my life as a road tester I have millions of these little scenes committed to memory, from the cool sensation of titanium and the stubby heft and super-precise shift of an NSX R's six-speed 'box, to the feeling of a Renault Mégane 275 Cup-S leaping into the air, landing, settling and then clawing its way towards the next corner in one fluid movement. Each one is precious.

Some cars aren't remembered in moments, though. They etch such a vivid picture that it plays out over minutes or hours, rich in detail, sensation and sound. They're rare, of course. Not even Ferrari can hit these heights every time. But since the 288 GTO launched in 1984 their fiercest line of mid-engined supercars has never failed to deliver. GTO, F40, F50, Enzo and LaFerrari. The reddest of the blood red. If you ever feel as if you're losing faith with Ferrari, these are the cars to make you believe again.

What makes them so special? Take your pick. The animal beauty of the 288 GTO, the F1-derived 4.7-litre V12 of the F50 closing in on 8500rpm, the scalpel-sharp dynamics of the Enzo, the unhinged drama and crazed boost of the F40 or the way LaFerrari utilises so much technology to create a driving experience that's seamless, exploitable and almost overwhelmingly accelerative. There are a million more reasons, too. One thing, however, unites them. When you open the door to each, drop into their driver's seat, take a deep breath and start the engine you're drawn into an experience that's unique and completely absorbing. They might be poster cars but when you've got them in your hands they're living, breathing, tactile monsters.


FERRARI

Let's start at the beginning with the 288 GTO. Launched in 1984 and built to meet Group B regulations, it was essentially a modified 308 GTB. But what modifications. The engine was turned through 90 degrees and gained two IHI turbochargers. To accommodate the longitudinal 2855cc V8 the wheelbase increased by some 110mm and Leonardo Fioravanti created a sinfully shaped body of fibreglass, steel and Kevlar. Instead of the 308's semi-monocoque design the chassis was tubular steel but, thanks to the late great Dr Harvey Postlethwaite (Ferrari's F1 designer at the time), it was reinforced with a carbon Kevlar bulkhead, too. The numbers, in '84 at least, were startling: 400bhp at 7000rpm, 366lb ft at 3800rpm, 1161kg and a top speed of 189mph.

In 2017 those figures might seem almost normal, but approaching the 288 GTO today it seems more extraordinary than ever. True, it looks tiny and almost delicate in proportion, but there's outrageousness in the details: The way the wings swell to accommodate the wider track and tyres, the slashes and louvres cut into the bodywork for cooling, the differential hanging below the rear bumper and those beautiful split-rim alloys (just 16 inches in diameter). That noise you can hear is your heart thumping a little bit harder.

Inside it's not stripped-out racer. The seats are set a fraction high but they're of that classic Ferrari ribbed design and trimmed in leather. There's a full carpet set and the dash is neatly covered in a soft, velvety material. It even has electric windows. But the open-gated shifter is so evocative and the view ahead and



in those distinctive rectangular mirrors is from the gods. Twist the tiny little key, press the plain black rubber start button and let a great big smile crack across your face.

That look will return later, but once you're up and running it'll be replaced by one of intense concentration. The 288 GTO isn't a spiky animal to drive in any way, but it is really, shockingly good. And that means you soon forget the value and want to exploit all that it has to offer: The supple, controlled poise; the massive thrust once the turbos have hit boost and the fantastically communicative steering (non-assisted). It's the sheer ease with which the 288 GTO generates speed that's a surprise, and the way it seems capable of untangling the trickiest of roads and gliding over the scabbiest of surfaces.



"They are all so different in their own character. The F40 is a raw beast with turbos that come on boost and propel the car at serious speed even by today's standards. It's also fantastic on track. The F50 with its normally-aspirated V12 makes the car very different from the F40.

With a removable roof, a lot more refinement and F1 technology, the F50 is technically miles ahead of the F40. The Enzo is a another huge leap forward, though. On my car, I have a Tubi exhaust and the sound, particularly on start-up, is unique to the Enzo. With paddle-change gearbox the car moves through the gears at fantastic pace and on track feels like a race car.

Finally, LaFerrari. The leap in technology for this car is the biggest of all. Power seems never-ending and huge speeds are achieved time and time again with ease. For me the most important thing is to cherish these cars but also to drive them as Enzo would have wanted.

Paul Bailey, owner

The way the GTO melds gorgeous tactility with huge, elastic power and surprising grip and agility is something very special. The F40, launched just three years later, could hardly be more different. Its beauty is more brutal, the interior exposes much more carbon fibre (it's now bonded into the tubular steel chassis to form stressed panels and also used for the entire body) and it's clumsily joined with green adhesive that looks like it was applied by somebody in a hurry.

The flat-plane crank twin-turbocharged V8 has grown to 2936cc, the raw numbers reading 478bhp at 7000rpm and 425lb ft at 4000rpm with weight pegged at 1100kg. The steering is heavier than the GTO's at low speed but somehow feels a little slower and less accurate at speed, the brake pedal seems to do not very much at all, and the engine has the same fantastic feeling of a massive wave of torque building quickly and then getting more and more furious as the revs build towards 7000rpm. It is still an unbelievably fast car.

The problem is that using that performance is very tricky. Partly due to the way the delivery ramps up so quickly and partly because the set-up is so much more aggressive. On your average UK B road (and many A roads) the F40 seems to spend more time leaping into the air than it does driving across the Tarmac. Trying to juggle the boost, predict what effect the road surface will have on the rear axle's purchase and work the stiff, awkward gearshift is, to put it politely, a 'challenge'. God, the noise is fantastic, though. As if there's a small war breaking out just behind your head. And on smoother roads the F40 has amazing balance. If only you could lean on it with a bit more confidence on real roads.



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"For me the F50 is the ultimate analogue car. It is everything Ferrari knew about making a car without driver aids. The weight of the controls is just about perfect, the gear shift is possibly the best manual that Ferrari ever produced.

It is so raw, with no traction control, ABS or power steering. Yet once you get used to it, it's not intimidating. The control weights are such that you always know what the car is doing, and while it takes a little learning to get the best out of, it rewards time spent in the driver's seat.

Simply put, I don't just think it is the best driver's car Ferrari ever built, I think it is possibly the best driver's car, full stop.

David Ingram, owner



Ferrari broke the mould completely with the F50 in 1995. Out went the blown V8, in came a V12 derived from Ferrari's 1990 F1 car, the 641. The four-cam, 60-valve, 4699cc engine (up from 3498cc in the F1 car) is bolted directly to the carbon-fibre tub, there's inboard pushrod-actuated suspension but still a six-speed manual gearbox and no power assistance for the steering or ABS for the brakes. Traction control? Forget it. All 513bhp at 8000rpm and 347lb ft of torque at 6500rpm is yours to manage. And yet people think the F50 is a bit soft...

Certainly, it's less combative than its predecessor. Where the F40 would be skipping the F50 is hooked up and flowing. But it's anything but soft. That engine sends vibrations fizzing through the deeply sculpted seat and screams up towards its 8700rpm limiter.

Above 4500rpm it is ferocious. It's also hooked up to perhaps the best gearbox ever fitted to a road car. The steering at first seems too slow, but it's full of feel and it works beautifully with the chassis balance - providing a perfect picture of the grip available and allowing you to nudge up to the initial understeer or unleash the engine to find a neutral balance. Raw immediacy and on-limit progressiveness have rarely melded like this.

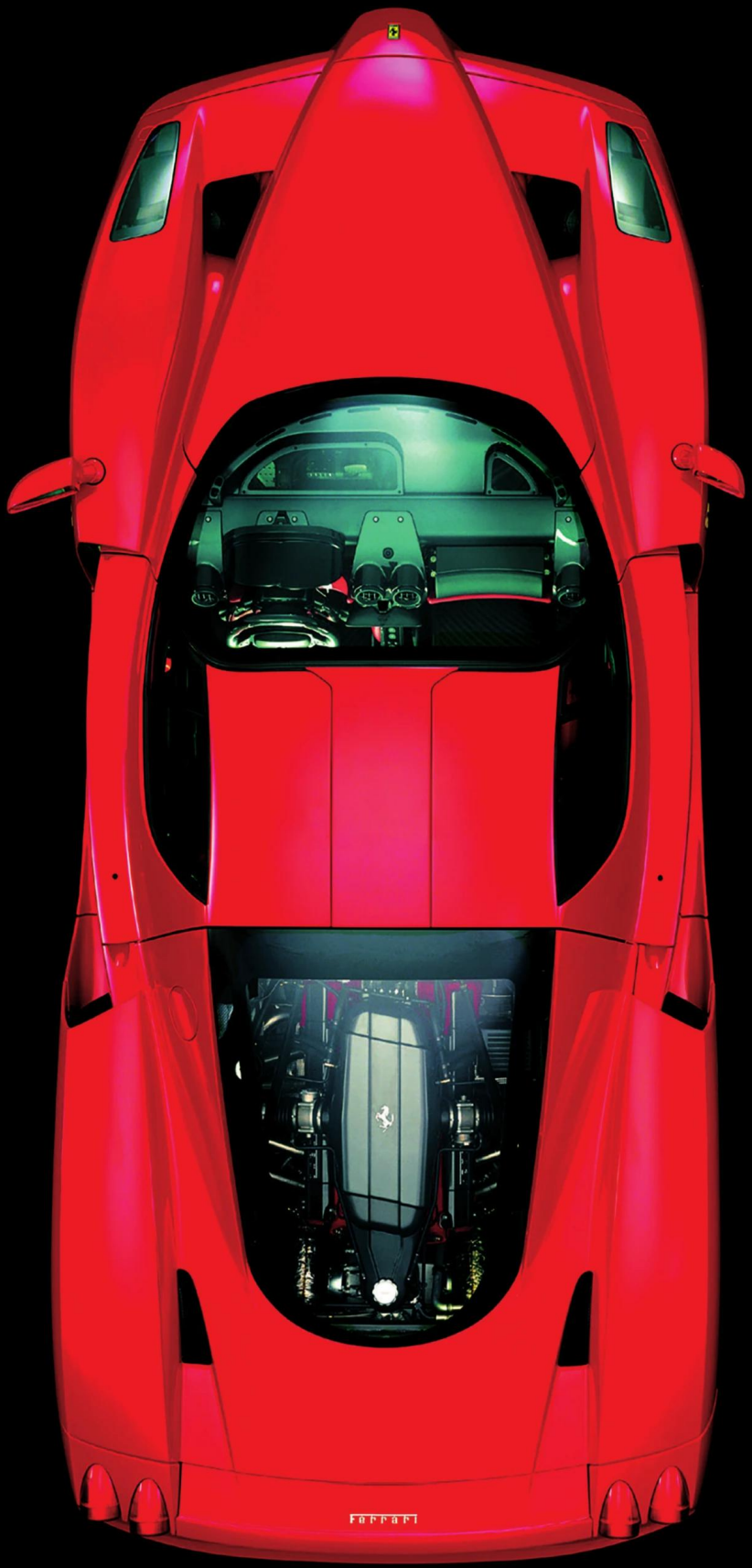


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The Enzo of 2002 and LaFerrari of 2013 are very different again, the former really signposting Ferrari's future direction and the latter feeling like a spectacular conclusion. First, the Enzo. You can see and feel the shift from the F50 of seven years earlier in every detail. Gone is the open-gate 'box to be replaced by paddles. The F50's deliberate, unassisted steering is superseded by an incredibly light, super-direct rack and the steering wheel itself could act as a metaphor for the whole experience. Where before there was a plain black three-spoke leather wheel there's now a flat-topped carbon and leather sculpture with shift lights running along its top, and buttons that tweak throttle response, traction control settings and much more.

To drive, at least compared to the proudly analogue F50, the Enzo does feel slightly digital. The steering is almost unnerving in its response and weighting. Every little input has a big reaction but it doesn't pulsate with feedback, and even when you feel like you're really loading the 245/35 front tyres there's little to tell you what the Enzo has in reserve. The answer, usually, is a lot. This is a car with fantastic agility and superb traction even in the face of the 6-litre V12's 650bhp at 7800rpm and 485lb ft at 5500rpm. The chassis feels unbelievably stiff and wide, giving the suspension a perfect platform to simultaneously control the body and react with real precision. But again, that absolute ability isn't matched by an intuitive, natural feel. You have to learn to trust the Enzo rather than drive it purely by feel.

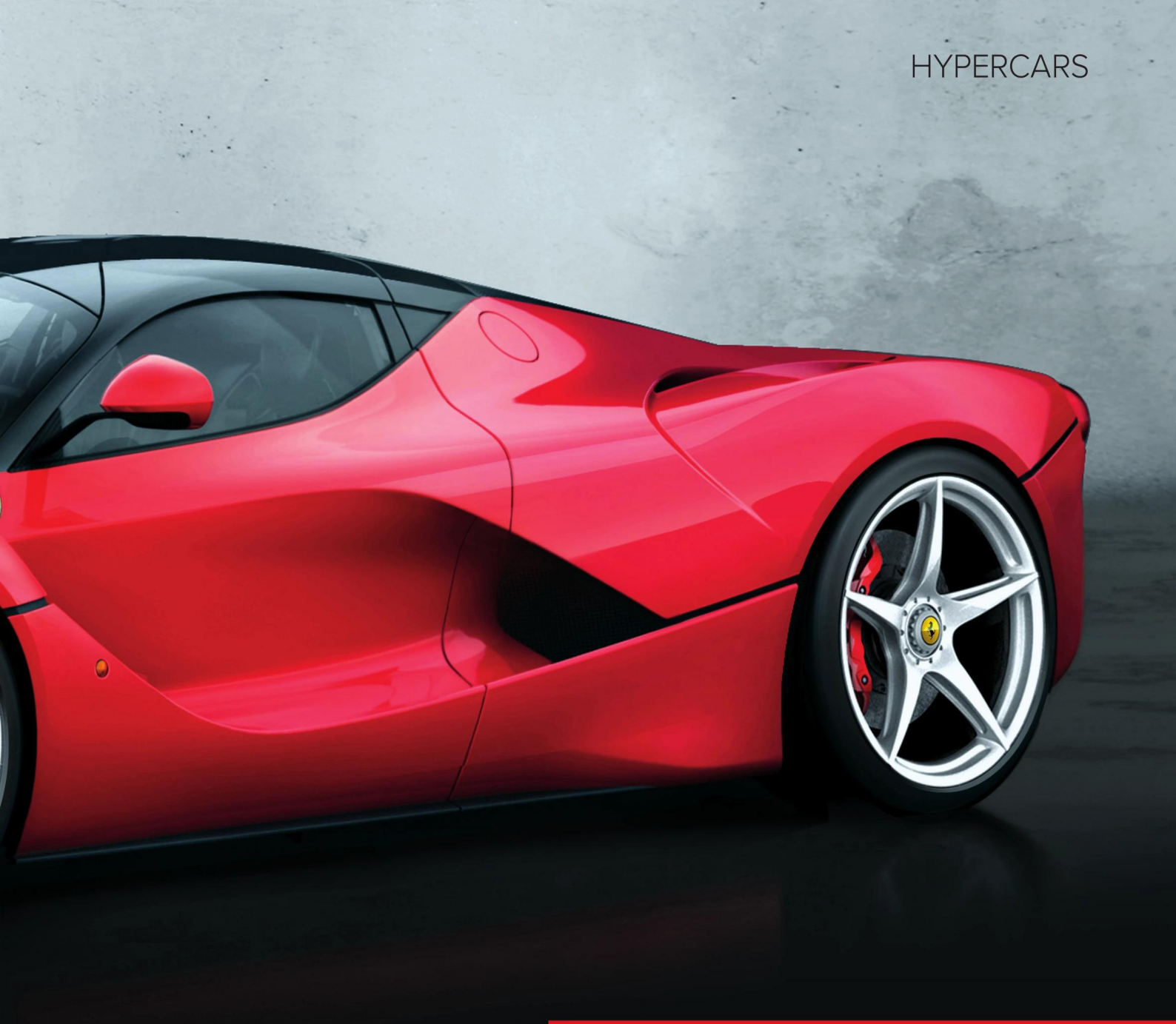
One area that does feel creaky is the single-clutch paddle-operated gearbox. What once seemed lightning fast but slightly uncouth now feels a bit shoddy. Such is the pace of development. The frightening truth is that the twin-clutch 'box in, say, a Škoda Octavia is smoother and faster. Even so, when you've got temperature in the tyres and that V12 is filling its lungs, the Enzo is an exciting place to be. The visor-like windscreen, the big gearshift paddles, blazing shiftlights and the car's laser accuracy make for a manic experience.



But it's nothing compared to LaFerrari. Some numbers: Ferrari's most recent hypercar has a 6262cc V12 that revs to 9250rpm and produces 789bhp and 516lb ft of torque. It features a seven-speed dual-clutch 'box and in the differential there's an electric motor that spins at 16,500rpm and is capable of delivering 161bhp and 199lb ft. Instantly. The combined power outputs are just astonishing: 950bhp at 9000rpm and 664lb ft at 6750rpm. It'll do over 217mph and cover 0-100mph in around five seconds... FIVE.

After the angular, almost awkward Enzo it's also beautiful. Almost 288 GTO beautiful. Raise up the doors and a narrow, slim-silled carbon tub is revealed. The driver's seat doesn't move, instead you adjust the pedal box and the small almost dead square steering 'wheel' to find the right driving position. Again, there are shift lights, buttons and now a 'manettino' dial to switch driver modes from Wet, to Sport, Race, CT Off and ESC Off.

The driving experience builds on the hyper-alert feel of the Enzo but now it feels like there's more depth and cohesion. The steering is incredibly fast but the chassis reacts seamlessly to your inputs, the 'box is outrageous but punches so cleanly and the engine is nothing short of extraordinary. I say 'engine' but I guess I mean 'powertrain' as the electric motor boosts the V12 at low and mid-range to create phenomenal torque delivery and then continues to supplement



the screaming engine as it rips up to 9250rpm.

Your brain says it shouldn't be possible to accelerate like this but the 345-section tyres are almost freakish in their ability to transmit every scrap of power to the road. It really is one of the few cars you never really hit full throttle in. You s-q-u-e-e-z-e the accelerator, eyes widening with every millimetre of travel. But - and here's the real magic - LaFerrari is exploitable and even friendly. Like all modern Ferraris it seems to use unfathomable technology to flatter you as a driver but still keeps you fully involved. LaFerrari makes you feel superhuman. I guess you can't ask much more of a supercar than that.

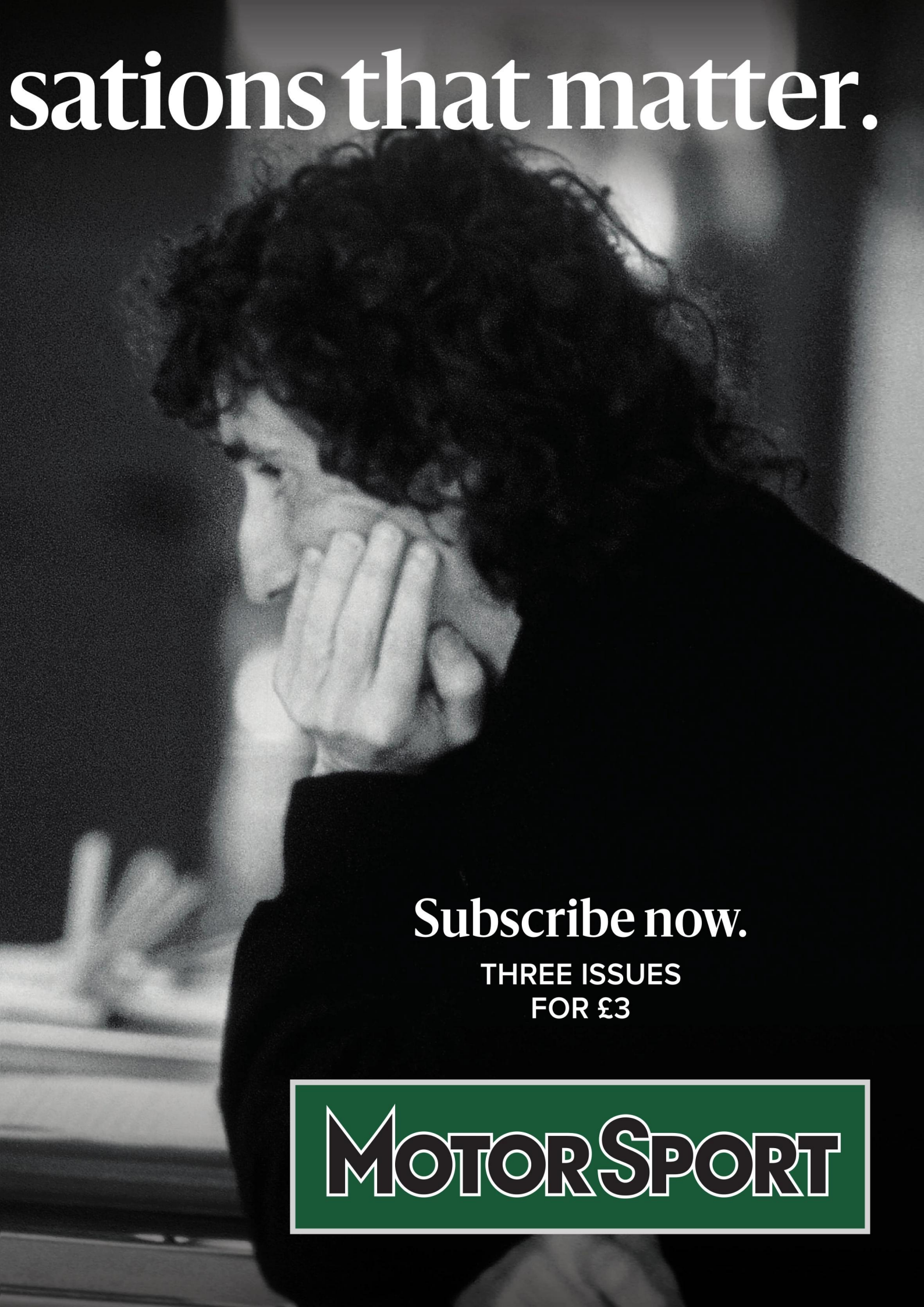
Where do they go from here? I just can't wait to find out.

"The LaFerrari is such an easy car to get in and drive. The simplicity of the controls and the seamless way the electrical power interacts with the naturally aspirated V12 makes the car very drivable as well as inspiring confidence with the linear power delivery.

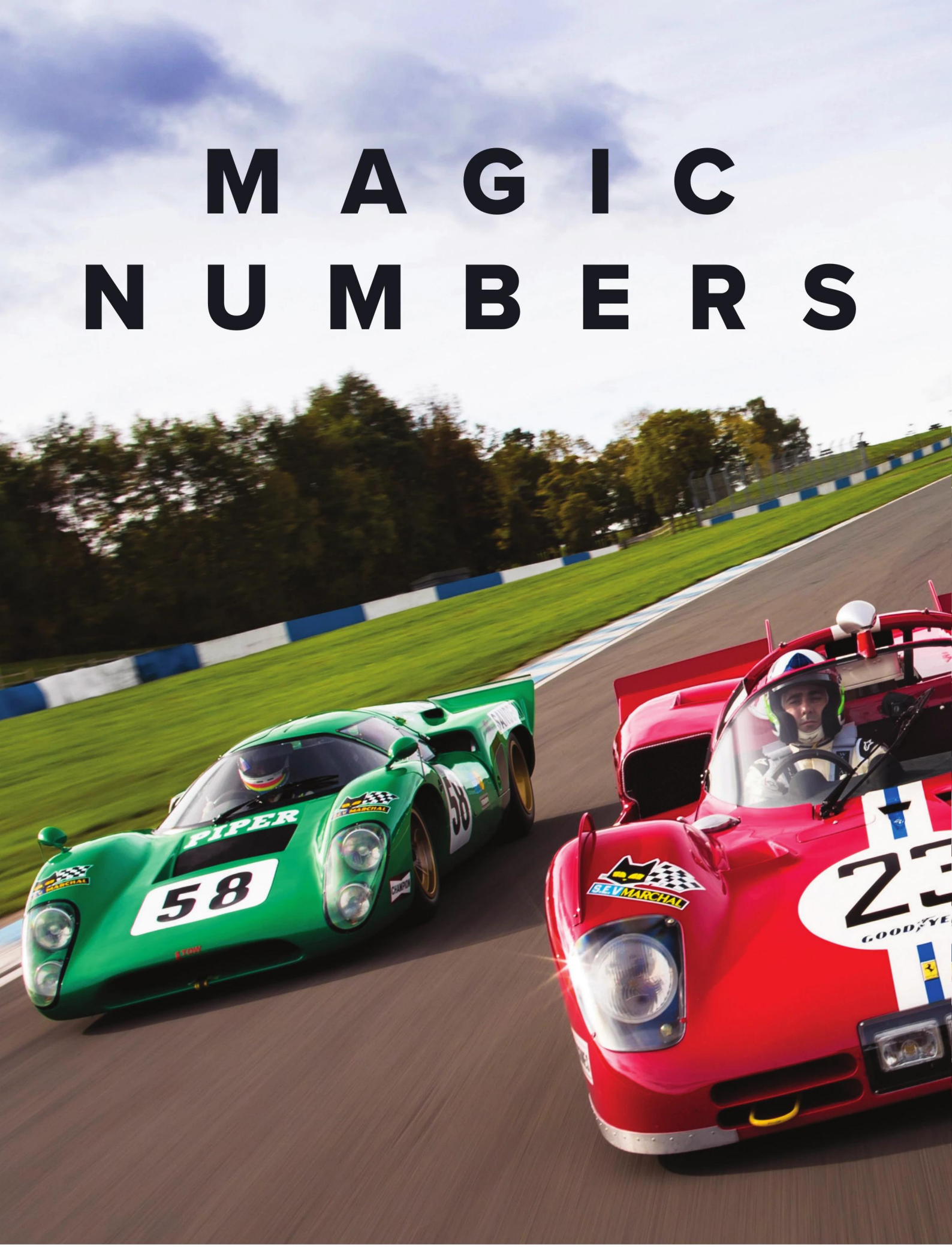
The balance of the car makes it feel like it would never understeer! It's a joy to fire up the V12 and go for a Sunday morning blast. Cross country touring is easy, as long as you DHL your luggage ahead the day before!

Matt Munson, LaFerrari owner


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MAGIC NUMBERS





Porsche 917, Ferrari 512, Lola T70 – perhaps as great a concentration of sports car heritage as you could find in a single pit garage. And *Motor Sport* was at Donington Park to drive them. Your chauffeur? **Dario Franchitti**

WRITER **SIMON ARRON** / PHTOTOGRAPHS **DREW GIBSON**
TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** **OCTOBER 2018**

TRIPLE TRACK TEST

Time's passage has a habit of altering perceptions. In the warm light of 21st century Leicestershire, the collage of Porsche 917, Ferrari 512S and Lola T70 is arguably the total apotheosis of mechanical charisma.

In the cold light of July 1971's *Motor Sport*, however, Andrew Marriott's Le Mans report suggested otherwise. "Undoubtedly the race has lost much of its old magic," he wrote. "In this, the last year of the present five-litre cars, there were few high spots. The casualty rate among the fancied runners was high, and of the nine Ferrari 512Ms and seven Porsche 917s only two of each marque remained 24 hours later."

Nine 512s and seven 917s? Time travel can't come soon enough...

Today that era is infused with a sense of romance that wasn't necessarily apparent at the time - *Motor Sport*'s continental correspondent Denis Jenkinson skipped Le Mans in 1971, for the first time in almost 20 years, due to the 'poor' quality of the entry - but in the slipstream of the 1960s, and the intense Ford vs Ferrari warfare, perhaps things did seem a little tamer.

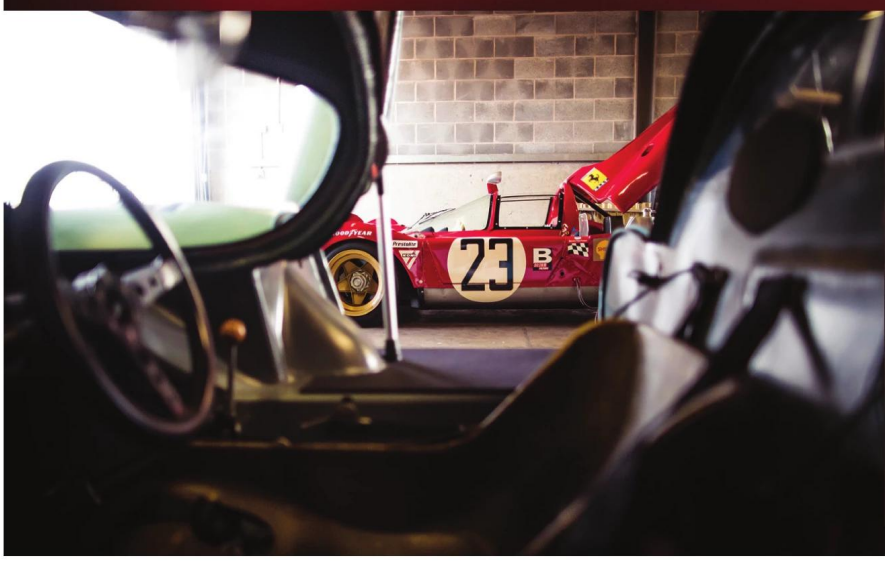
Marriott again: "The field was made up with a very large number of Porsche 911s, which proved thoroughly boring to watch and were probably rather boring to drive, except when you had a 512 lapping you on one side and a 917 on the other..."

Whatever the period reality, the 917 and 512 are blessed with timeless grace - as is the car alongside them today, the distinguished Lola T70 Mk3B. The three belong to the same stable and are gathered at Donington Park as part of a test organised by historic racing regular Joe Twyman.

"The owner [who wishes to remain anonymous] wanted to see all three running, because he'd always had in mind a photograph of them grouped together," Twyman says. "That was the seed, so I made



The menace of a Ferrari 512S is apparent from almost every angle, as Franchitti gears up to drive a 1970s icon



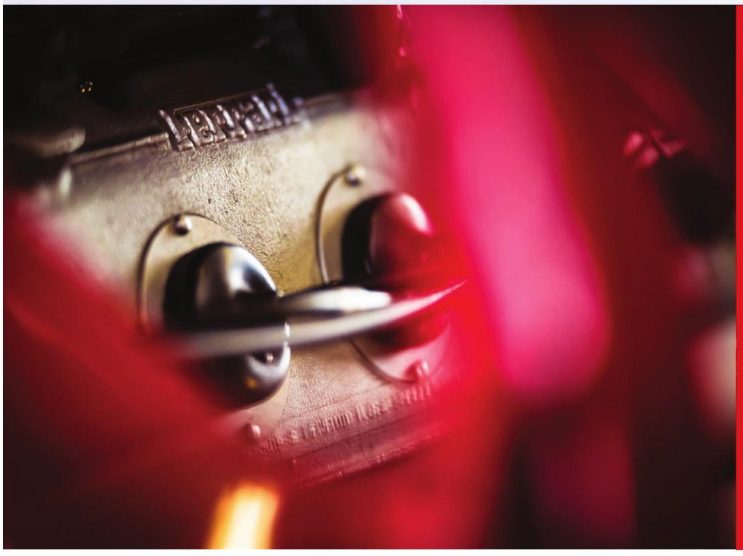



23
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"The 917 and 512S are blessed with a timeless grace, and truly belong in the same stable"

The Ferrari 512S is almost as much engine as it is chassis, with a huge 5-litre V12 sitting right behind the driver. Franchitti noted that it was deafeningly loud...









arrangements at Donington Park - one of the attractions being that it runs unsilenced test days [a benefit of being at the end of an airport runway]. You wouldn't really want anything else for a 512, a 917 and a T70. It was a day for special cars, some of which aren't normally seen racing."

Also present were another 917 and a 956 - Le Mans winners, both - a Cologne Capri, a Targa Florio 911 RSR and a Jaguar XJR-9 - but *Motor Sport* was invited to focus on the three at the top of the list... and not just to photograph them but to take stints at their helms. For that part of the job we recruited triple Indy 500 winner and four-time IndyCar champion Dario Franchitti, a dedicated student of our sport's history. While the Scotsman requires little introduction, the cars might - in detail, at least.

The 917 is chassis 026/31, originally a JW Automotive car that David Hobbs and Mike Hailwood raced in Gulf colours at Le Mans in 1970 (where it failed to finish, following an accident). It was subsequently converted into a Spyder and raced by Ernst Kraus and Jürgen Barth in Interserie events, but preparation specialist Paul Lanzante very recently completed its restoration to original 917K specification.

The Ferrari is 512S chassis 1006, run by North American Racing Team (NART) in 1970 and '71 and driven by a cast including Pedro Rodríguez, Sam Posey, Ronnie Bucknum and Tony Adamowicz. Bucknum and Adamowicz took it to second place in the 1971 Daytona 24 Hours, but it retired from that summer's Le Mans (Masten Gregory/George Eaton) when its fuel injection system ingested too much dirt.

As the T70's emerald hue implies, it's an ex-David Piper car. Widely raced since first being campaigned in 1969, chassis SL76/150's alumni include Richard Attwood, Hans Herrmann, Paul Hawkins and Jean-Pierre Beltoise. "It's thought to be one of the most authentic T70s still racing," Twyman says. "There are very few out there with their original tubs, but this has original everything."

Mr Franchitti, kindly step this way...

1964 Ferrari 250 GT/L Berlinetta Lusso

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Ferrari 512S

"The Ferrari is dominated by its 5.0-litre V12, which isn't really a surprise, but the intake is right next to your head. I took my earplugs out initially, because I'd been advised not to wear any, but it was so painful that I had to come back in to get them. And even then, at full song, it was... [Franchitti's wince says more than mere words could convey]. It was the most beautiful noise, but that intake is literally right there... [points to left ear].

"You are really aware of the car's short wheelbase, especially through some of the quicker sweeps at Donington. It feels as though it's up on its toes a little bit. You have to be very careful with some of the inputs, whether it's lifting off the throttle, getting on the brakes or controlling the car's pitch through those fast corners. But yeah, it's just a beautiful little thing to drive.

"The 512 has such a small wheel compared with the Lola or the 917, it's tiny - and the steering feels quite heavy, especially as you carry your braking into the corner and feel the front loading up.

"The steering might be heavy, but the gearbox was lovely once we'd done a little fine-tuning. Just getting on the throttle, pushing that pedal, the noise getting louder and louder... It's a Ferrari 512S, what's not to love? It's kind of odd, with the mirror up above the centre of the screen. There are no side mirrors, so you have to look up to see what's going on. It's a bit disconcerting turning in and not being able to look in your mirrors to see whether or not there's anybody steaming down your inside.

"Being here at Donington and playing for 10 laps or so is a lot of fun, when you're at perhaps six tenths or something, but to think about driving it on the limit at Le Mans, the Nürburgring - or even the Targa Florio... God forbid - this thing would have been a beast! One thing all three have in common is that they'll let you know when you've exceeded the limit, when you've taken some liberties. You can really feel that big lump behind trying to overtake the car, so you've got to be quite careful with it, but when it slides it is quite controllable, especially under power. The guys that drove these in the wet, at night, during a 12- or 24-hour race... They were proper. The courage required to keep this thing nailed through the Mulsanne Kink, or over some of those jumps at the Nürburgring, would have been something quite special.

"You're sitting here, looking at the little rev counter and the bubble it sits in, the view around the screen, the open cockpit top... and then you look at the tanks around the front and realise that in period the drivers were surrounded by fuel. Crikey...

"But overall it's stunning. These three were all bucket-list cars and the 512S didn't disappoint."





Porsche 917K

"I guess this is the daddy of them all, *the* car. It has such a fearsome reputation, but then you get in and... look how reclined I am! Then you realise the back of the front wheels are right here [points at thighs] and my legs are a good bit that way, so they - well, my feet - are actually the first bit of crash structure, which is a little disconcerting.

"Then you look up and see this supposed roll cage - my bicycle has bigger tubes! And it's a 250mph car - it's terrifying. Then you start it with a key - no buttons, no histrionics, no fuel pumps to switch on - and the start key is drilled to save weight, which seems typically Porsche.

"The engine pulls like a locomotive, all the way up from zero revs, although there is a red line at 7000rpm. It pulls continuously and is just so tractable. And then you have this lovely gearbox, with the wooden gearknob - again to save weight. The car is dominated by its driving position - you are so reclined and really guide it with your wrists - you feel the movement when you accelerate and the car goes up like a speedboat, then you brake and it drops down and dives. You can control the pitch and how you enter the corner by how hard you brake, how late you brake and how long you stay on the brakes.

"You look in the mirror and remember the moment from *Le Mans* when Steve McQueen did that and you realise again what a special car this is. To be allowed to drive it today... it's pretty cool.

"The brake travel was quite long, perhaps the system needed bleeding a little, and the same is true of the throttle. I think that was effectively a form of traction control in 1971 - it gave you more time to think about it!

"Steering weight wasn't too bad - I think the diameter is about twice that of the 512S, so I guess Porsche was thinking more about driver comfort. It makes it easier to feed in those inputs and to get some feeling from the front tyres. It brakes very well - long travel, but the 917 stops on its nose. And it's so settled in the fast corners, certainly compared with the shorter-wheelbase 512S. This car really loves those fast sweeps and you can see it being at home at Le Mans, though it's probably a challenge through somewhere like the Mulsanne Corner. Down at Redgate you really have to wait for the car, with that big lump of an engine behind. Driving this thing in a 24-hour race? I'd have had a wee spin at it, although I'm not sure I'd have been brave enough to keep my foot down in some of the conditions. There's no aero on it really, no drag, so it just keeps pulling and I think that's why it was such a mighty weapon on the Mulsanne.

"I was fortunate enough to drive a 917 a few years ago - and getting back into one today is just as intimidating, just as much fun and just as much of a privilege."



Lola T70

"The Lola feels a little different in that it's an active racing car, while the 917 and 512S are borderline museum pieces. This is a bit more 'on the button', maybe a bit more sorted. In chassis terms it's fantastic, you can feel how it rolls together. It has a lot more grip than I'd imagined and heavy steering - with a big wheel and lots of weight fed through it. If you were being picky the 5-litre Chevy V8 engine lets it down a bit, but I guess in its day it was a cheap way to find loads of horsepower. And you have to remember that the original T70 predates the 917 and the 512S by a few years...

"You don't really need a gearlever because it has so much torque. It pulls from nothing like American muscle cars do. It just grunts along and it has probably been the surprise of the day. It's so much fun to drive. And because it races regularly, I felt a bit more willing to really push it.

"From the outside the driving environments might look similar, but they are actually quite different. The Lola has more room, the steering wheel is higher and closer to you - a more modern type of arrangement and certainly less compromised than the 917 or the 512S. I would be a lot happier doing 24 hours in this as far as the cockpit goes because it's the most comfortable of the three. Perhaps it doesn't have the peak performance of the Porsche or the Ferrari, but what it has to offer is more accessibility.

"It's a great thought to have, isn't it? Racing a T70 in South Africa, Angola or maybe some of the crazier places in South America that these things showed up. With that American V8 behind you and a stock of spare parts from Lola, you could have done that and I reckon it would be a lot of fun, although a wee bit toasty in the hotter climates.

"I think the T70 is underrated - I certainly underrated it - but it surprised me in a positive way.

"The one thing that maybe lets it down is the gearbox, which is a bit stiff. You have to be very, very careful with it, but it's probably a necessity as it has to handle all that torque. Once you acclimatise, it's business as usual.

"One of the reasons the late '60s/early '70s era of sports car racing caught the imagination is because there were essentially no rules. Look at a 917 today and you think, 'Wow, a 250mph sports car, that's special' - but back in 1969 it must have been perceived as a spaceship. That's why people loved sports car racing - and the T70 made it accessible to an awful lot of drivers who didn't have access to a Porsche or a Ferrari. In some ways it was a grid-filler, but that's doing it a terrible injustice.

"If you could take the handling, dependability and accessibility of the T70 and combine it with the 917's engine and fast-corner balance and the slow-corner agility of the 512S, you'd have a pretty good car."



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Postcard from Maranello

A lot has changed at Ferrari's factory in the last 37 years, so this classic report from the 1980s makes for fascinating reading

WRITER **GORDON CRUICKSHANK** TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** **JULY 1983**





Our Ferrari host looked sheepish as we arrived at the gate of the Scaglietti body plant, on the first part of our works tour. "The men, they are on strike!" The faces of the assembled journalists fell. "They will not work for another 20 minutes. Most of our strikes last one half-hour, you see." In response to the raised eyebrows of his British visitors, Ingeniere Catanzano added "I think we export strikes to Britain, but you make a bigger job of them!"

It became obvious that Catanzano, who is head of production at Ferrari, spends as much time in the works as in the office; although there was an interpreter present, he conducted the entire tour himself, and in English. We started at Scaglietti, which is in a suburb of Modena some 17km from the main factory at Maranello, and where sheet steel is first turned into recognisable panels.

Catanzano is obviously very concerned with production standards, and proud of the elaborate steps taken to combat corrosion. Being aware that in past years the engineering quality was not always matched by finish and longevity, Ferrari now has four quality control stations in the body plant, and should a fault be found, the line is stopped while it is investigated. Corrosion problems between steel outer panels and aluminium inners are avoided by inserting a separating compound, and in certain places, such as door mounts and behind the front valance, a sacrificial zinc foil will slowly corrode in preference to the steel.

Watching the panels being hand-welded together in elaborate jigs and then wheeled to the next station to have the doors, bonnet and boot offered up brings home just what a small and flexible operation this is. Originally, the 308 had a glass-fibre body, but the change to steel was relatively simple. The current 208 (a 2-litre turbo for the home market only) uses carbon-fibre lower panels, while the Boxer body is all aluminium, excepting the roof, with internal elements of GRP.

> "Watching assembly brings home what a small operation it is"

Another material will shortly be added to the range – a non-rusting steel sandwich called 'Zincrox'. The first cars built with it will be appearing before the end of the year, and will be able to dispense with much labour-intensive internal protection.

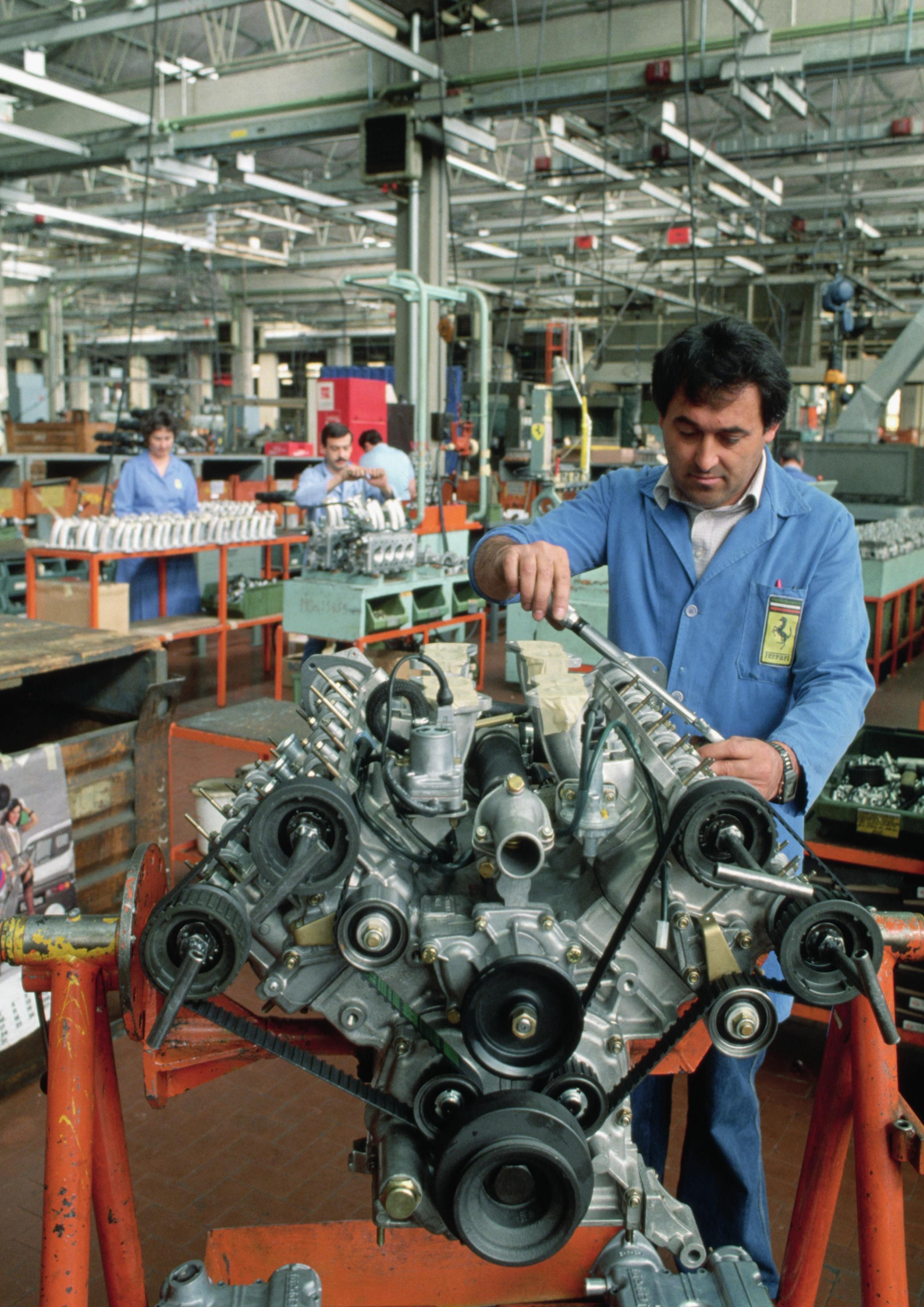
Before being declared ready, every bodyshell is coated with a high-gloss oil which shows up any blemishes. Once the panels have been perfectly aligned, any concave joints are leaded in traditional coachbuilding fashion, although recent techniques have brought the amount of lead down to 100 grammes on a Mondial. A total of 10 bodies leave here a day, with 208s predominating over 308, Mondial and Boxer, while one 400i shell every day arrives at Maranello direct from Pininfarina.

At Maranello the scale is much greater: a large foundry building, an assembly block which looks capacious enough to be

PHOTOGRAPHY: ALAMY & GETTY IMAGES



The production line at Maranello, awash with 288 GTOs. Left: hand-welding of bodywork panels


ferrari



A line of steel front shells await fitting. Left: a lot of the engine work is still carried out by hand, staying honest to "the true Ferrari."

"A stack of engine cylinders marked 'Lancia' could be seen, destined for the Group C cars"

handling Fiats rather than Ferraris, paint shop, stores department, pre-delivery inspection and rectification shop, the usual offices, and the recently vacated racing department. Until a few months ago this was housed in a rather quaint building with a clerestory roof of red tiles. With the completion of the Fiorano complex directly across the road, it has moved to more sophisticated quarters opening onto the elaborately equipped testing circuit, where a series of 14 cameras shows the progress of a car around the circuit on a bank of monitors in the control-room, while numerous sensors record and analyse speeds at three and sometimes four points in a single corner.

Interestingly, the tape records of F1 testing show that, while René Arnoux and Patrick Tambay achieve very similar times overall, they can be very different through a particular corner, reversing the advantage at the next. Fiorano and Maranello (actually two small villages) are separated by a busy road, but if you are not in a hurry to pass from one to the other, you can pause at the little corner trattoria which lies temptingly between the two. And you are still on the premises, for this, too, is a Ferrari facility...

One of the factors which gives Ferrari an advantage as a racing team is that its extensive foundry can cast any new components quickly, relatively cheaply – and in secrecy. (Although the Fiorano track is alongside a public road, hedges and fences make it very difficult to see into.) In addition, Maranello is called on to produce small quantities of specialist items for the Fiat group which now owns the company; during our visit a stack of cylinder heads marked "Lancia" was to be seen, destined for the Group C cars. This is one of the few indications that Ferrari is anything other than an independent company, as the Fiat board takes no part in the running or policy of the firm. On the other hand, laboratories and wind-tunnel facilities are available to the smaller company, and Ferrari executives profess themselves very happy with the arrangement.

Within the assembly plant, the 'lines' only extend to holding four or five cars at a time, and there is not a robot to be seen. The nearest thing is a complex automatic milling machine which turns rough castings into finished cylinder-heads eight at a time, but Ing Catanzano was equally quick to demonstrate the next step: a pair of skilled hands tapping in the valve-guides and gauging by the sound whether they were properly seated. "This", he exclaimed, "this is the true Ferrari!"

Certainly, the transformation of an assortment of castings in cardboard boxes into the famous V12 engine proved of



Ferrari has greatly improved its quality control, with extended checks on the production line

compulsive interest to the British visitors, who eyed the completed units with art-gallery reverence. Not so the engine technicians, who remove every motor to the test-rooms and turn it over electrically for an hour to ensure its smoothness. One in 10 units is fired up and tested for peak revs and power, and if it should show a fault, the whole batch is checked. The claim is that a Ferrari engine will run for at least 100,000 kms with only routine maintenance.

Before starting the assembly process, the bodyshells go to the paint-shop where they are treated to the same sort of electrophoretic primer used by most major manufacturers, and are then carried on the overhead conveyor through the spray booths. This work is done by hand, and makes a fascinating sight through the glass walls of the booth. In order to protect the finished paintwork, a porous transparent plastic is applied like cling-film to the bodies before they go to the assembly and trim lines, and is not removed until the pre-delivery inspection.

Once in the main building, the individual sub-assemblies come together on an elevated line, which handles any and all of the various models, front- or mid-engined, eight or 12 cylinders. (The V8 in fact accounts for 80 per cent of cars sold.) Once the car is mechanically complete, it has arrived at a corner of the main building which is immediately identifiable by its smell alone as the trim department.

> "A Ferrari engine should run for 100,000km with only light maintenance"

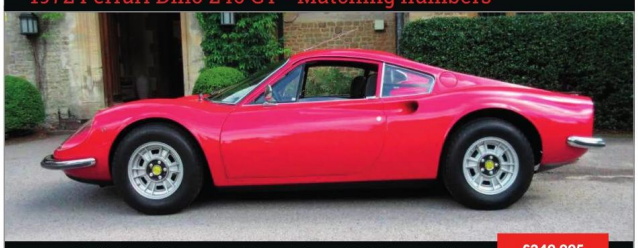
Connolly hides are now used, which are sewn on rather well-worn machines, and whose traditional feel conceals the most modern self-skinning polyurethane cushions. From here only some external trim details remain to be affixed, and then the cars are driven to a covered parking area to await inspection. In the sunlight, it is easier to believe that these rows of gleaming, mainly red Ferraris are toys rather than the real thing, except each one displays the sticker it has carried throughout the factory showing which country and dealer it is destined for.

The inspection room itself is lofty and bright, so that after the cars have been buffed up, any imperfections inside or out can be found. The fitment of polystyrene packing pieces is all that remains now before the cars are rolled out to await shipment.

About 3000 Ferraris a year are sold, which manager Giovanni Squazzini maintains is ideal for the market, and which he intends to continue. The average buyer seems to be a 35-year-old company director, and, says Squazzini, he is not buying just a fast car, but a whole concept – performance, quality, and the legend. For this reason there will not be any economy Ferraris. What we will see is a very high performance version of one of the existing cars, and in a few years a four-door, although the company would not be drawn on whether it will look like the Pinin styling exercise. In the meanwhile, potential owners who enjoy carrying three passengers in the fresh air can look forward to autumn.

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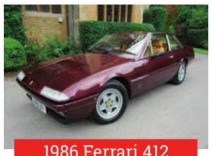
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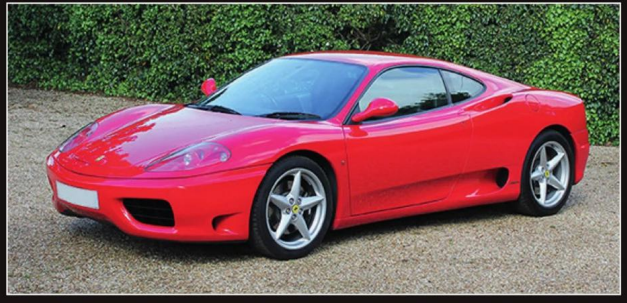
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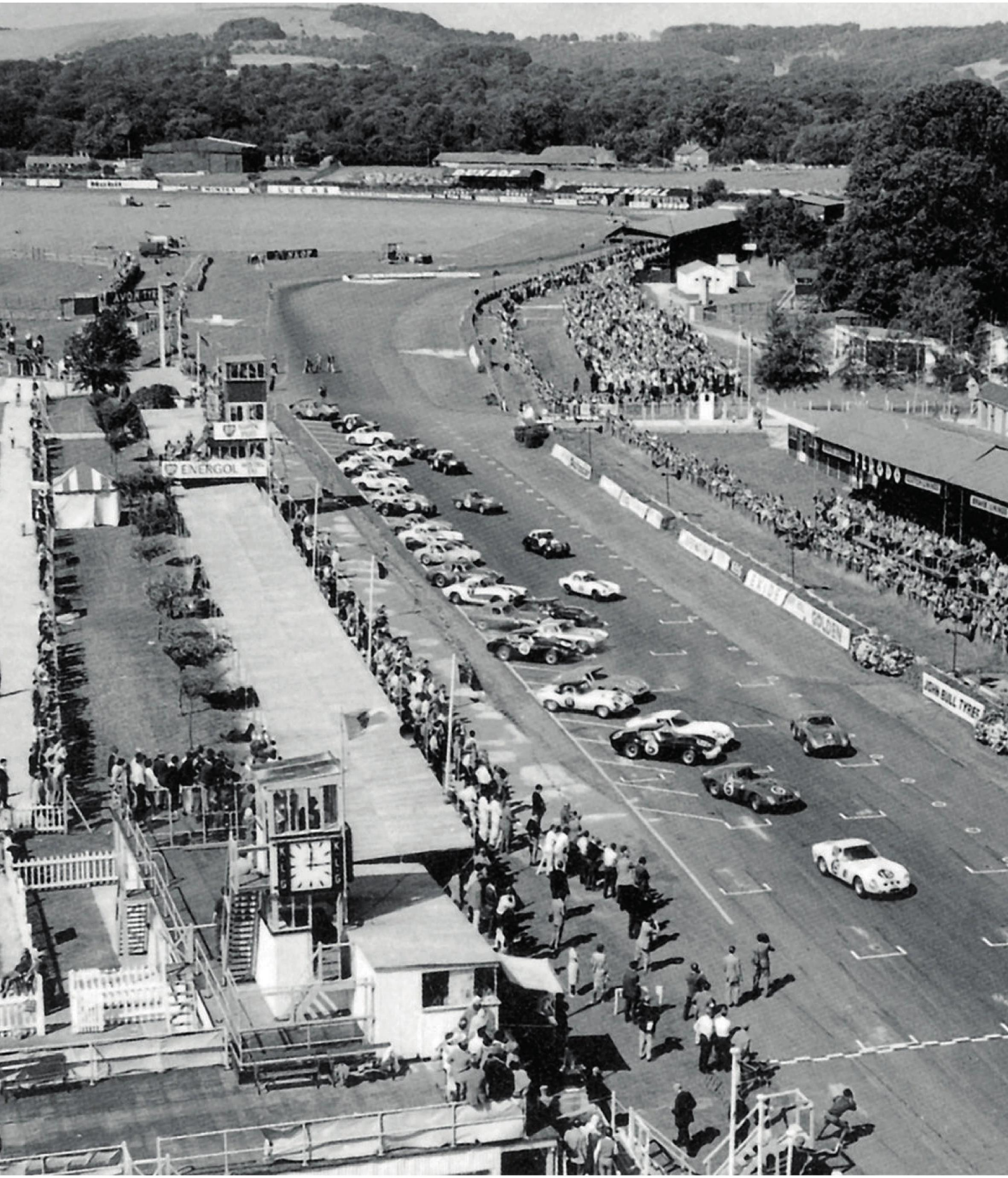
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WRITER **BILL BODDY** / TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** **SEPTEMBER 1962**

The T.T, sponsored for the R.A.C. by the *News of the World* and run at Goodwood by the B.A.R.C, has in its time been for touring cars, fully equipped sports cars, stripped sports cars and out-and-out racing cars, and is now a race for G.T cars, which has dwindled down the years to a meagre distance of 240 miles, so that on August 18th the not very large concourse of spectators saw only one pitstop by the "big-bangers," for some 15 gallons of fuel and fresh back tyres.

The 1962 T.T was run as a scratch race from a Le Mans start, in two classes, up to, and over, 2,000cc. The entries in the big class comprised the fully-hotted, 5.3-litre Chevrolet Corvette of Winklemann (Racing) Ltd., the Ogier Aston Martin Zagatos of Jim Clark and Graham Warner, the latter's a 1961 car, Mike Salmon's ex-Moss Aston Martin Zagato, six Ferrari Berlinettas, of which Parkes had the Equipe Endeavour /Marenello Concessionaires car, Surtees the Marenello/Bowmaker car, Ireland the U.D.T Laystall car and Graham Hill had John Coombs' entry, those of Piper and Kerrison being private entries, the latter's the Ferrari with which Moss won last year's T.T. There was a "No. 7" in the programme but Goodwood remained Moss-less. This class was completed by three Jaguar E-types, with Salvadori driving Coombs', Lumsden in a special hard-top version that finished fifth at Le Mans and Protheroe in a normal coupé.

The under-2-litre class had an entry of two Porsche Abarths, 11 Lotus Elites, three Morgan Plus-4s, three Sunbeam Alpines, three T.V.Rs, an Alexander-Turner, and a blown Austin-Healey Sprite, of which two Elites were reserves. Derisley's Elite was, of course, the ex-Lumsden car, Coundley's was l.h.d and two of the Morgans were works Lawrence-tuned cars supplemented by Arnold's 1961 model. Cuff-Miller's Sunbeam had a Harrington Le Mans body and ran its bearings in practice.

U.D.T hit the headlines again, during practice, when Ireland crashed the light-green Ferrari, due it was said, to the steering wheel collapsing. Salmon's Aston Martin broke a clutch spring and many people were sawing away bodywork to give clearance to giant back tyres. Salvadori's Jaguar had 7.00 x 15 rear Dunlops, a vent at the back of the roof, and air vents on the windows. Protheroe's Jaguar sported a filler protruding from the back window, big vent pipes. Ireland's Ferrari was on 6.00 x 15 front, 7.00 x 15 rear tyres but the Aston Martins had 6.50 x 16 rear Dunlops. The Chevrolet used 7.00 x 16 Goodyear Sports Car Special rear tyres, Pun's Porsche 5.50 x 15 Dunlops all-round. Jopp's Elite had a nose oil-radiator.

On the day, after two rather dull curtain-raising races, the field lined up for the 3pm start, depleted of the blown Sprite, Koch's Porsche, the Turner, and Baxton's Elite, while Slotemaker's T.V.R didn't qualify. Coundley's Elite was delayed in the traffic arriving late and refusing to start for some time due to solenoid trouble.

Ireland made a lightning start - he had practised sprinting immediately beforehand - whereas Parkes got away badly. The first-lap order was Ireland, Surtees, Hill, Clark, Piper, with Lesion's Elite right at the back of the field.

The Harrington Alpine only lasted a lap, Lumsden spun at St. Mary's, Protheroe's Jaguar came in for a plug change, and by distance the order had settled down as Surtees, Ireland, Parkes, Hill, Salvadori, Clark, Piper, Kerrison, and then Trevor Taylor leading his class in the Elite, from Whitmore's Elite and a Morgan.

Surtees was driving extremely fast, having set

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"Ireland was lucky, the observer at the chicane saw his short-cut as justified"



1st Innes Ireland (Ferrari) 2hr 33min 06.8sec. 94.05mph

2nd Graham Hill (Ferrari) 2hr 33min 10.2sec. 94.01mph

3rd Mike Parkes (Ferrari) 2hr 34min 01.0sec. 93.50mph

4th Roy Salvadori (Jaguar) 99 laps

5th David Piper (Ferrari) 98 laps

6th Dick Protheroe (Jaguar) 93 laps

a new G.T record of 96.64mph on his second lap. Parkes had come somewhat untidily through the field to close right up on Ireland but his efforts to pass the Scot, in spite of light-flashing and all the tricks in the book, availed him nothing. Hill was going steadily, sometimes using his wipers, and Salvadori was carving his way along in fine style in the Jaguar, whereas Lumsden in his Jaguar hit the wattle coming out of the chicane, slid across the road into the bank, and seemed to lose interest, abandoning there and then. Clark was driving with fire but the Aston Martin was handling, as Carroll Shelby is once alleged to have put it, like a "blivot". Kerrison was finding his Ferrari a handful, going off the road in various places and on lap 61 getting broadside-on out of the chicane, only Dunlop/Ferrari brakes saving Parkes from ramming him.

The T.T was obviously going to depend on pit-stops. On lap 49 Sopwith called Parkes in, for 15 gallons of fuel and two new rear tyres - time 47.9sec. Parkes, who now held the G.T lap record at 97.3 mph, cleaned his own screen. Meanwhile Salmon pushed his Aston Martin back to the pits, later to retire sans gears.

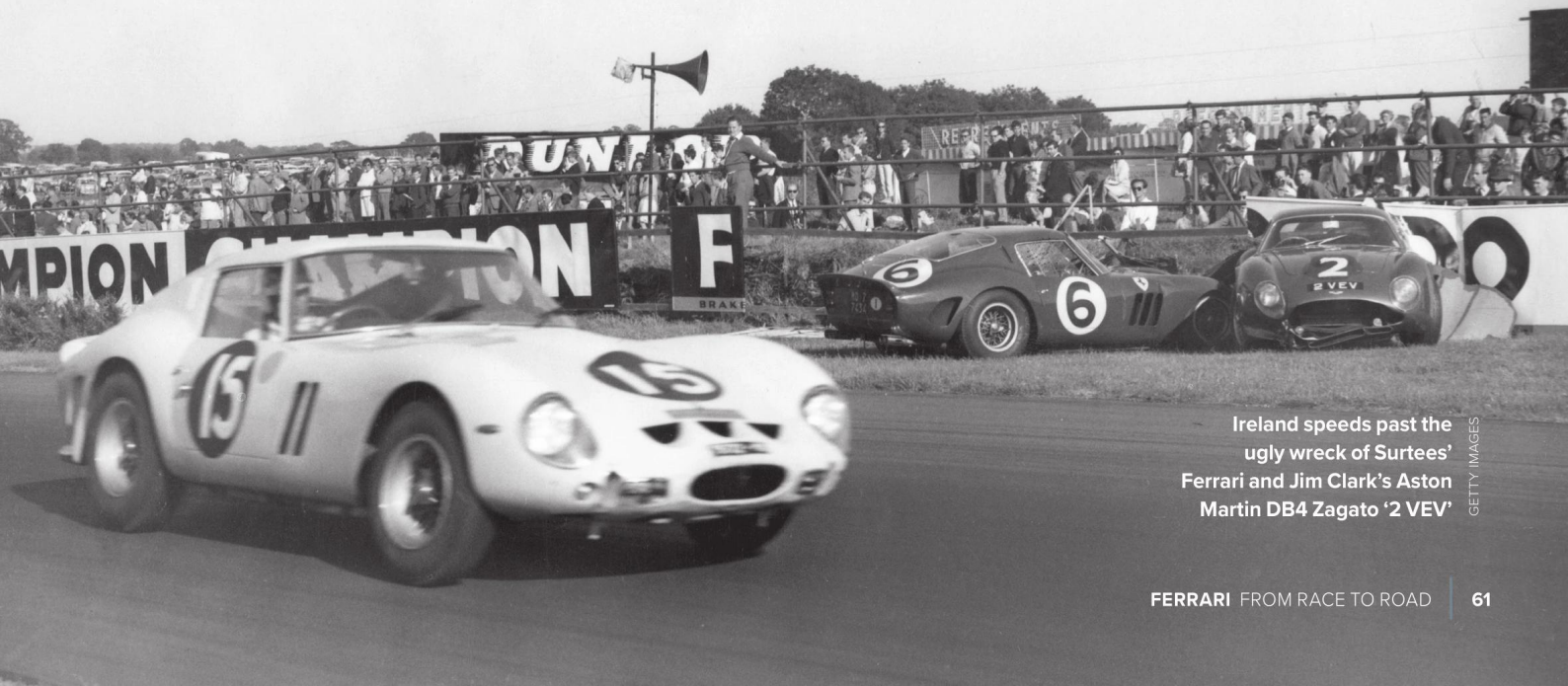
Salvadori came in, the jack gave Coombs' mechanics a bad moment, but he was off with fuel and rear tyres - time 76sec. Then it was Surtees' turn and Reg. Parnell's mechanics did a fine job - time 33sec (the official bulletin says 2min!). Moreover, just beforehand he had clipped 0.2sec from Parkes' lap-record, 97.52mph. Hill, aided by a big fuel funnel, got through his stop in 36.8sec. Finally, amongst pit-stops that mattered, Ireland was dispatched in 39sec, there being some delay with the small funnel and momentary hesitation restarting the hot engine.

After these stops the order settled down to Surtees, Ireland, Parkes, Hill and Salvadori. Nothing could now stop Surtees gaining an easy victory for Bowmaker, it seems, until on lap 61, Clark spun his "Blivot" at Madgwick and took Surtees with him. Both drivers retired. The race order changed dramatically. Ireland thus took the lead, but Hill began to speed up, gaining on him, whereas Parkes seemed content to stay his hand. Those who had seen Ireland go straight on at the chicane on lap 15 assumed that, as in previous Goodwood T.Ts when cars were called in and held for 60sec for this, he would be penalised and that his pit had been informed of this. Thus many spectators expected Ireland to speed up, to try to wipe out any penalty. He had gone straight on because a brake snatched, not with loss of steering as happens when all the brakes lock on. No doubt he was going a bit too fast; later a similar degree of brake-locking was visible as Ireland followed slower cars into the chicane. However, Ireland was lucky, for the observer at the chicane decided this short-cut was justified.

So Ireland went on, winning from Hill by 3.4sec. Had he been penalised, or slid or spun in trying not to go straight on, speculation suggests that this T.T would have gone to Graham Hill. Parkes was third, Salvadori fourth, a lap behind, the only Jaguar driver to keep the leading Ferraris in sight. The T.T a mere shadow of its Ards self, with only three works teams entered, was nevertheless a hard-fought race, only the three leading Ferraris covering the full distance.

In the up-to-2-litre class Trevor Taylor led from Whitmore at ¼-distance, but after repeatedly setting new class G.T lap-records (to 88.34mph) it developed clutch and brake troubles.

By ½-distance Whitmore's Elite was ahead of Lawrence's Morgan but Hunt's Elite went ahead on lap 75 and stayed there to the finish.



Ireland speeds past the ugly wreck of Surtees' Ferrari and Jim Clark's Aston Martin DB4 Zagato '2 VEV' GETTY IMAGES

FERRARI'S GREATEST F1 DRIVERS

Ferrari had two crowned champions at the helm when it wheeled its cars to the grid for the 2014 Australian GP – a first in world championship terms since Italy 1953. The team has hired many illustrious names before and since, but which most capture the essence of Ferrari?

WRITER **SIMON ARRON** / PHOTOGRAPHS **GETTY IMAGES**
TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** **FEBRUARY 2014**

A curious term, greatness. Some like to measure it in statistical terms alone, but naked numbers only ever tell just a partial story - and sometimes not even that. Some Common examples? Stirling Moss never claimed a world championship, yet remains indisputably one of his craft's finest ever exponents.

And Chris Amon should have a double-figure tally of championship Grand Prix victories to his name, but won none at all. Circumstance can be a fickle barometer.

Our purpose here was not to produce a list of Ferrari Grand Prix drivers with impeccably shiny CVs, but to dissect the team's past and present racers and analyse what made them 'greats' in terms of influence, personality and, yes, achievements. It's subjective rather than definitive, but we'd like to think it reflects the spirit of F1's most celebrated institution.





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John Surtees

March 2018. Sebastian Vettel wins the Australian GP as he commences another F1 title tilt, but his next championship might be tougher to conquer than others. It takes a Ferrari pit fumble to prevent Marc Márquez - signed to replace the retiring Kimi Räikkönen - becoming the first driver since Giancarlo Baghetti to win on his F1 world championship debut. Couldn't happen? There is evidence to suggest otherwise...

John Surtees is forever tagged as the only man to have taken titles on two wheels and four, but it's easy to overlook the seamless sparkle of his transition. Driving Ken Tyrrell's Cooper in a Formula Junior race at Goodwood in March 1960, he finished second to Jim Clark at the first car meeting he'd ever attended.

Surtees made his F1 World Championship debut later that year and took pole third time out in Portugal, where he led before oil leaked onto his brake pedal and caused him to go off. Natural speed was one asset, but so was the strength of character that led him to reject Colin Chapman's offer of a full-time job as Jim Clark's team-mate, following some contractual complications.

With hindsight that was an error, but he accepted a Ferrari offer for 1963 (having previously rejected such a deal) and took his first F1 championship win in the best possible way, defeating Clark at the Nordschleife.

Surtees spent only three full seasons with Ferrari and, yes, that 1964 world title owed a little to last-lap complicity from team-mate Lorenzo Bandini, but Germany '63 was always there to underline his true mettle.

He won at the 'Ring and Monza in 1965 and bounced back from serious injuries (from a Can-Am accident that September) to be fit for the next season. He retired in Monaco, but then won in Belgium... which proved to be a final Ferrari flourish. When team manager Eugenio Dragoni informed Surtees that he wouldn't form part of the Le Mans line-up - information imparted at the track! - the Englishman tendered his resignation. That strength of character...

Surtees wasn't merely one of Ferrari's most distinguished drivers: he was one of the world's most significant sportsmen.

"It's easy to overlook the seamless sparkle of Surtees' transition"



Mike Hawthorn

Britain has produced more motor racing world champions than any other nation – and the charismatic, bow-tied Hawthorn has the indelible distinction of being the first.

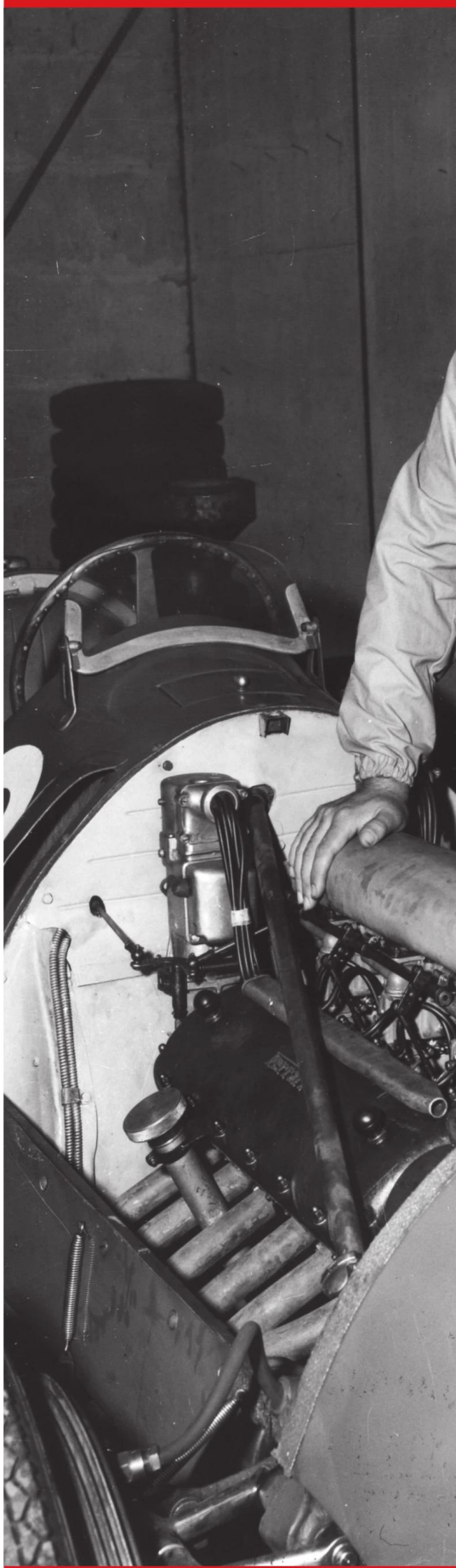
The popular perception of 1958? Hawthorn won the championship through stealth, stocking up on podium finishes to support a solitary championship victory in France, while rivals Moss and Brooks scored seven victories between them but suffered as a result of their Vanwalls' frailties. True to a point, but hardly a reflection of Hawthorn's career trajectory.

He made his track debut in 1951... yet became a works Ferrari driver within two years, factory stalwart Luigi Villoresi having been alerted to the youngster's potential after Hawthorn's F2 Cooper-Bristol gave F1 opposition a hard time at a rain-affected Boreham meeting in August 1952. And that first Ferrari season yielded what was perhaps Hawthorn's day of days, the Englishman beating Fangio's Maserati by a second in the nip-and-tuck French GP at Reims (and, in the process, becoming the first Brit to score a championship victory). He finished every points-scoring race – and failed to add to his tally only at Spa, sixth not being considered worthy of reward in those days. It was a hint of what lay ahead.

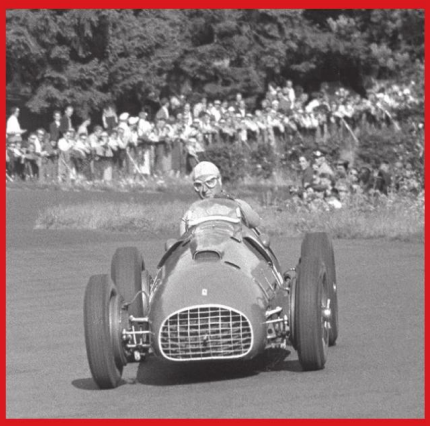
He left Ferrari at the end of 1954, signing off with victory in the Spanish GP at Pedralbes, in order to be closer to home to run the family garage business in Farnham (following the death in a road accident of his father, Leslie). The next two F1 seasons were patchy, but he rejoined the Scuderia in 1957, racing alongside great mate Peter Collins. The '58 season, though, would blend triumph with tragedy. Team-mate Luigi Musso died in France, Collins perished during the German GP (Hawthorn, running just behind, was a forlorn witness) and Stuart Lewis-Evans succumbed to burns sustained during the Moroccan finale. By then Hawthorn had decided to retire at the campaign's end, but didn't have long to savour his success. On January 22, 1959, almost four months before the new championship season commenced without him in Monaco, Hawthorn died in a road accident on the Guildford by-pass.

He had contributed far more to Ferrari than simple, jingoistic landmarks.

"The popular perception was Hawthorn won through stealth"







Alberto Ascari

Alberto Ascari - son of the similarly alliterative Antonio - raced the first Ferrari ever built, the 815, in the 1940 Mille Miglia but World War II (and a dalliance with Maserati) delayed the bond's full forging.

Ascari resumed racing in 1947 and, in tandem with team-mate Luigi Villoresi, switched from Maserati to Ferrari during 1949. Ferrari skipped the opening race of the following year's freshly instigated world championship, but Ascari took second on the team's maiden appearance in Monaco. The Indy 500 apart, Alfa Romeo won every world championship race prior to Silverstone 1951, where González triumphed for Ferrari, and Ascari followed up by winning in both Germany and Italy.

Alfa Romeo pulled out for 1952, when the world championship switched to F2 regulations, and Ascari might have had the distinction of winning every Grand Prix had he not skipped Switzerland to prepare for the Indy 500, as you do. Back in Europe, he won the remaining six races (plus a clutch of non-scoring GPs) to begin a streak of nine-straight championship wins, a record that endured until the season just past.

Victory in the 1953 Swiss GP would be his 13th and last, in championship terms. The following season's transfer to Lancia was hampered by the absence of a race-ready car (he subbed once in a Ferrari) and he retired from the opening two Grands Prix of 1955, famously plunging into the Monaco harbour during the second of them. He was ostensibly uninjured, but then crashed fatally just a few days later while testing one of first love Ferrari's sports cars at Monza.

It remains a curious statistic that Italian drivers won three of the first four FIA world championships... yet none has done so since Ascari.

Jacky Ickx

Groomed by Ken Tyrrell, quick on two wheels and in almost anything on four, blessed by a wonderful touch in the wet... Hardly a surprise that he should have featured on several shopping lists late in the 1960s.

The clues were there almost from the start, when he was promoted from tin-tops to F2 on the back of winning the Belgian saloon car title in 1965. Two years later he set third-fastest qualifying time for the German GP... at the wheel of an F2 Matra. He wasn't permitted to start at the front, however, but had to line up with the other F2 cars, those that had been circulating at conventional speeds. Less than 12 months later he was en route to his maiden F1 World Championship success, in a Ferrari 312 at Rouen.

That initial Maranello alliance was brief - Gulf was so keen to keep Ickx in its sports cars, racing for them rather than against them in anything red, that it organised him a Brabham drive for 1969 - but he was back at Maranello the following season, when he emerged as Jochen Rindt's closest title challenger. The highlight was an epic Hockenheim slipstreamer, which Rindt won by seven tenths, and the German eventually took the title - posthumously - by five points.

Ickx went on to score two more GP victories, the last of them at the 'Ring in 1972, but would never again come so close to the main prize. He was still winning at Le Mans a decade later, mind.



Chris Amon



There exists, within the archive of photographer Nick Loudon (who now tends, incidentally, to the big cats resident at Paradise Wildlife Park in Hertfordshire), an exquisite image of Chris Amon, his Ferrari 312 perfectly balanced through Old Hall Corner, the opening right-hander at Oulton Park. Funny to think Ferrari once sent three works cars to a non-championship race on Little Budworth's fringe...

If ever there was an illustration of how Grand Prix cars should look, this, surely, is it.

Amon was captured thus during a dazzling campaign that promised much, but delivered relatively little. While team-mate Ickx won in France and notched up a string of respectable results, Amon flew but his Ferrari frequently failed: he finished second to Jo Siffert in the British GP at Brands Hatch, but there would be only two other points finishes.

Amon had been a rock for Maranello since the previous summer, when he'd led the team in the wake of Lorenzo Bandini's death, Mike Parkes' injury-enforced lay-off and Lodovico Scarfiotti's decision to ply his trade elsewhere. He would remain so until the summer of 1969, when he became disenchanted with equipment that consistently performed less capably than he himself did.

And so he signed to drive a March 701, just as Ferrari introduced the significantly better 312B...



Kimi Räikkönen

On the surface his Ferrari record is slightly patchy. Yes, he took the world championship in 2007, his first season with the team, but it was rarely a campaign ripe with the kind of searing pace that had persuaded Ferrari to prise him from McLaren in the first place. In some ways he more or less stumbled to the title that season. He won on his Ferrari debut in Australia, but almost threw victory away by dozing off and running wide while holding a comfortable lead. He also benefited from McLaren's refusal to issue team orders - Fernando Alonso and Lewis Hamilton finished level on points, one behind the Finn - and required swifter team-mate Felipe Massa to slow down and ease his passage to the front during the decisive race at Interlagos. Massa then outpaced him for most of 2008. Indeed, so much did the Finn seem to have lost impetus that Ferrari opted to dispense with his services in 2009, one year before he was out of contract.

Räikkönen dabbled for a while with the World Rally Championship and NASCAR, returned to F1 with 'Lotus' in 2012... and proved so dependably quick (leastways on Sundays) that Ferrari was moved to hire him again - and he has spent more time at Maranello at the second time of asking than he did at the first. The first 70 grands prix of his reprised career failed to produce any victories, though that was partly down to Maranello's traditional habit of backing a single Prancing Horse (Monaco 2017, for instance). While he is no longer a suitable candidate to lead a team, he has provided consistency and stability at a time when both have been essential to Ferrari's ongoing renaissance. Sebastian Vettel gets on well with Kimi and enjoys having him as a team-mate. If this plays its part in the team taking future titles, Räikkönen might be remembered more fondly for his current role than for actually having won a world title.



Gilles Villeneuve

The pros and cons have been debated ad infinitum, so let's deal with the negatives first.

There aren't any. So now, on with the good stuff.

Actually, period rival John Watson makes the valid point that, having demolished 1981 team-mate Didier Pironi in the difficult 126CK, Villeneuve should have continued in the same vein at the dawn of 1982, in the superior 126C2, although the gap between them came down. We'll never know, of course, how things might have unravelled without fate's interception, for Villeneuve - seething at what he perceived as Pironi's duplicity during the San Marino GP - perished two weeks later in Belgium, while trying to beat the Frenchman's qualifying time.

But that's the essence of Villeneuve. He wasn't configured to win championships, but rather to drag the maximum possible lap time from any car, on any day, and rely on preternatural reflexes to counter the consequences. And that commitment was just as absolute during non-championship races - doubters should check footage of his battle with Mario Andretti in the 1979 Race of Champions at Brands Hatch.

He has often been described as wild, but that's a gross simplification. He was incredibly raw when McLaren handed him his F1 debut at Silverstone in 1977 - and, despite a hugely impressive performance, which would have yielded a solid points finish but for a stop triggered by a faulty gauge, he was still awaiting a second opportunity when Ferrari came calling.

Mistakes were inevitable during the early part of his F1 career, given the gulf that separated a full-time Grand Prix ride from his former comfort zone in North American Formula Atlantic, but unforced errors were pretty much exorcised by the summer of 1978. He was rarely more than a couple of corners from some unexpected drama, but the triggers were usually beyond his control.

Was it simply exuberance that pushed his equipment to the point of failure?

It was wonderful to behold, but the facts suggest a driver of rare delicacy and feel - one who invariably made his tyres last longer than his team-mates were able to manage.

There were times when Michelin considered his compound preferences optimistic, but its engineers came to trust his judgment - and with good cause.

And then there was his perfect defensive technique in Spain 1981... or that qualifying lap in Monaco soon afterwards, when he qualified what was effectively a Routemaster bus on the front row - almost 2.5sec quicker than team-mate Pironi - before taking an unlikely victory after Alan Jones' Williams developed fuel starvation. But he'd thought about that race, too, driving to a pace rather than trying to stick with a faster car.

Had he been a gibbon, neither of those results would have been possible.

And as well as the speed there was honour - adhering to his role as Jody Scheckter's number two in 1979, even on days when he was potentially brisker.

Fast and principled, he was a racer's racer and a poet on four wheels.

"Villeneuve was a racer's racer: a poet on four wheels"



Michael Schumacher

The numbers are impressive - five world titles to add to the two acquired with Benetton, 72 Grand Prix wins to complement the previous 19 and a string of distinguished cameos - but it took time for the steamroller to hit its stride.

His first Ferrari, the F310, was mediocre on a good day, but he conjured three wins nonetheless. And then he played a pivotal role in securing the services of former Benetton allies Rory Byrne and Ross Brawn. He would be a title contender the following season - when he soured the Jerez decider by driving at rather than against Jacques Villeneuve, leading to a meaningless exclusion from the final points table (although all results stood). He was defeated by Mika Häkkinen in 1998 and a broken leg during the summer of '99 - but persistence paid in 2000 and the world championship remained his for the next five seasons.

It helped that he had Brawn and Byrne on-side, that Jean Todt was there to issue "slow down" messages in the event of an impudent number two (usually Rubens Barrichello) driving more quickly than he should, and that from 2001-04 Bridgestone tailored its tyres to suit the Ferrari, its best hope of repelling teams running the philosophically different Michelins. The stars might have been correctly aligned, but for the most part he exploited such advantages brilliantly.

There was, though, too much questionable stuff - brutal defence that equated to a two-footed lunge with studs showing, or else the incident during qualifying for Monaco 2006, where he stopped on the racing line at Rascasse to scupper rivals' attempts to beat his lap time. There were howls of protest from Maranello when stewards moved him from the front of the grid to the back, but it was a slow right-hander that he'd taken more than a thousand times: odd, then, that this time he should twice steer left in mid-corner.

His self-belief was never less than impressive, but in a sport that thrives on romance he was simply too cynical.







José Froilán González

Nowadays a skeleton of Nico Hülkenberg's six-feet height is said to be a marginal fit in terms of a contemporary Grand Prix cockpit, so it seems safe to assume Formula 1 will never again accommodate a man of González's stature...

Despite his bulky physique, the Argentine was something of a sporting all-rounder and his hand-to-eye gift translated to the wheel. Dispatched to Europe in 1950, as part of a scholarship programme, he earned an opportunity with Ferrari following success aboard a 166 while racing at home during the European winter.

He was lying second in the 1951 French GP when team-mate Ascari's 375 suffered gearbox failure - and González was duly asked to hand over to his team leader. Having complied, he suspected an identical fate lay in store when exactly the same thing happened at Silverstone, but having been in contention from the start he was waved on his way after a final pit stop. Ascari was thus among the onlookers as González recorded Ferrari's maiden F1 World Championship victory.

He won again for the Scuderia at Silverstone in 1954, but returned home at the year's end - and, facing family pressure to cut back on his racing following the death of compatriot Onofre Marimón during practice for the German GP - that's largely where he stayed. It didn't prevent him making guest appearances in his home Grand Prix - and he did so on several occasions up until 1960, most usually with Scuderia Ferrari.

He will forever be associated with that ground-breaking Silverstone success, but one glossy stat sells him woefully short.

Clay Regazzoni

Possibly the fastest name this side of Lorenzo Bandini - and it would be hard to sound any more Italian, even though he was Swiss.

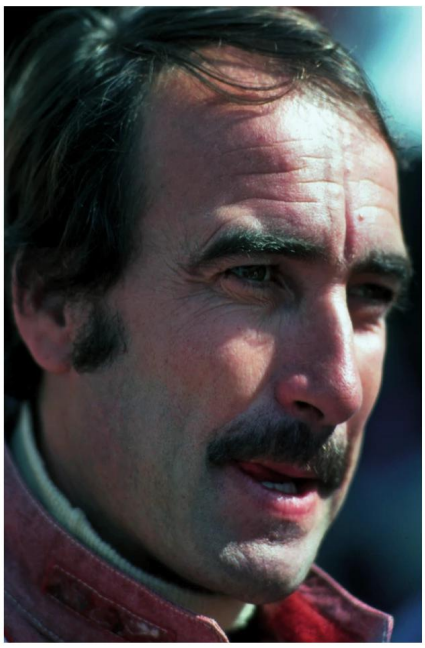
After a topsy-turvy junior career, he joined the Ferrari F1 team in 1970 - while simultaneously en route to the European F2 title - and scored a useful fourth place on his debut in Holland.

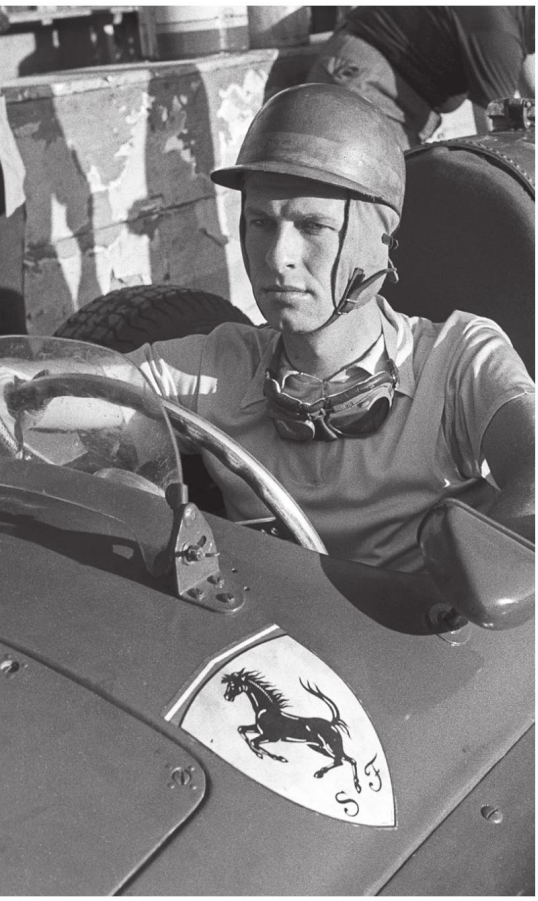
Better was to follow at Monza, his fifth race, when he scored a home win for the team at the end of an emotional weekend, scarred by the death during practice of championship leader Jochen Rindt. Such was Regazzoni's form during the campaign's second half that he finished third in the points, behind Rindt and Jacky Ickx.

Race of Champions apart, he recorded no more F1 wins over the next two seasons and was quietly dropped, prior to being recalled again in 1974... when he took but a single victory, at the Nürburgring, but proved sufficiently consistent to remain in the title fight until the Watkins Glen finale, where he lost out to Emerson Fittipaldi.

He remained for two more years - and added as many victories, most notably at Monza in 1975 - before being shown the door, not least because Ferrari had signed Carlos Reutemann for the following season, fearing Niki Lauda might not recover from injuries sustained at the Nürburgring. But Lauda was already back, and racing...

The Austrian originally came to Maranello on Regazzoni's recommendation, following a year together at BRM in 1973.





Peter Collins

It's etched in legend as one of F1's most noble gestures - Peter Collins standing down during the 1956 Italian GP, to hand his car to Ferrari team-mate and title rival Juan Manuel Fangio - but the facts are a little more prosaic. Collins was trailing Fangio by eight points ahead of the race and required assorted miracles to occur to give him any chance of the title, but it was a fine slice of sportsmanship nonetheless.

It was also voluntary: Ferrari had tried to impose team orders on Luigi Musso, but he wasn't in the mood to relinquish a seat in his home Grand Prix and Collins filled the breach.

It was behaviour that sat well with Enzo Ferrari - certainly more so than another slice of Collins spontaneity, just a few months later. Ferrari had no objection to his drivers' sexual conquests, but preferred things to be casual. He regarded permanence as a potential distraction - one more reason to avert risk. When Collins married American actress Louise King early in 1957, it followed a whirlwind seven-day courtship.

He remained part of the fold, although it would be an indifferent campaign for Ferrari as Stirling Moss and Vanwall provided the main threat to the departed Fangio's Maserati. The new 246 Dino promised more for '58, although a string of early-season retirements dented Collins' title chances. At Silverstone, though, he proved untouchable. Perceived as the hare Ferrari required to break the fast but frequently fragile Vanwalls, Collins set off in front - and stayed there long after the engine of Moss's Vanwall had turned its last. Team-mate and chum Mike Hawthorn had a more realistic title shot, but he was a long way adrift in second and no attempt was made to slow the leader - a decision rendered more poignant with hindsight.

Two weeks later, at the Nürburgring, Collins was again a key cog as the Ferraris disputed the lead with Tony Brooks' fleet Vanwall. On the 11th of 15 laps, however, he ran slightly wide at Pflanzgarten and clipped a bank. The car flipped up, rolled over a hedge and Collins was thrown out.

He never regained consciousness, and the sport lost a charismatic cavalier.

Sebastian Vettel

Didn't appear in this feature when first it was published, but swiftly made his mark on the Scuderia when he joined in 2015. After four-straight world titles with Red Bull, his reputation took a bit of a hit in '14 when he was outpaced by Daniel Ricciardo during the first instalment of F1's hybrid era. A timely switch to Ferrari yielded victory second time out, in Malaysia, and he has since served up several reminders of why he deserves to be remembered for far more than simply 'winning in the best car' - a simplistic untruth that overlooks the way he mastered the driving technique required to get the best from Adrian Newey's blown floors... or the fact that at the time of writing he remains the only driver to have taken a Grand Prix victory in a Toro Rosso.

As with all racing greats, driving quickly absorbs only a fraction of his mental capacity - something apparent every time he overrules those on the pit counter and starts directing race strategy from the cockpit (it happened several times in 2016, after flaky calls had cost him potential race victories in Melbourne and Montréal). Those who worked with him at Red Bull cite a petulant streak that rarely surfaced in public. It was there for all the world to see when he (wrongly) thought Lewis Hamilton had brake-tested him in Baku, his retaliatory shove unbecoming of any driver - let alone one of his status. But then the greats are sometimes flawed, too.



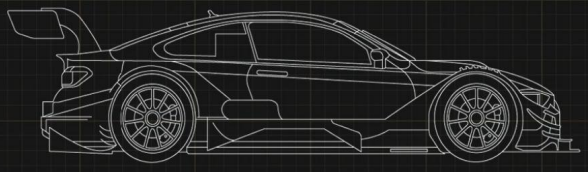
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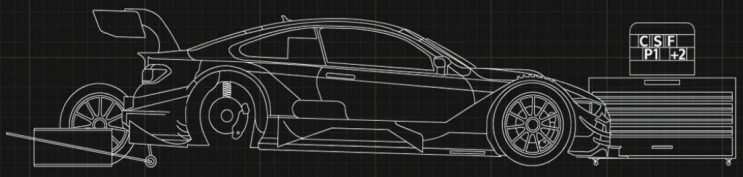
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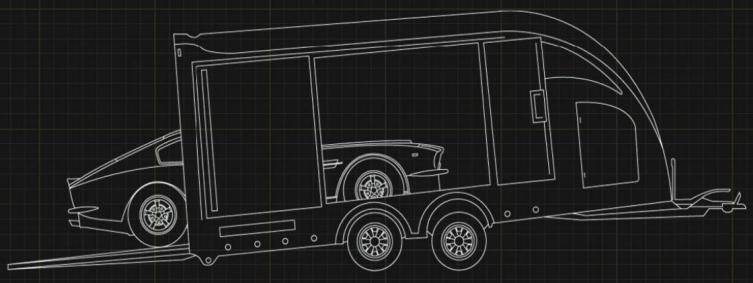
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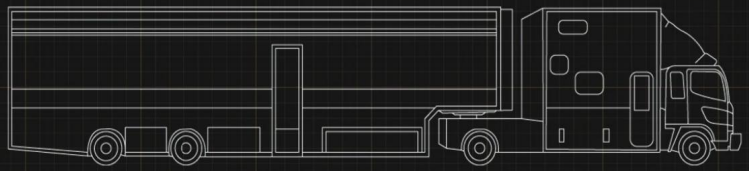
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Felipe Massa

Felipe Massa? The howls of protest are almost audible from here. But tarry a moment...

Often portrayed as a humble, erratic punch bag, Massa spent eight full seasons as a Ferrari racer - and time before that as a development driver. Throughout that period he proved to be an almost perfect team player, spectacularly fast on his day and a paragon of subservience when required. Everybody mentions McLaren's failure to impose team orders as a key reason for its failure to win the 2007 world title, but the British team would still have prevailed had Massa not backed off around the time of his second pitstop in Brazil, to allow team-mate Kimi Räikkönen free passage.

Räikkönen joined Ferrari with a reputation for peerless speed, but Massa had the upper hand during much of their three seasons together. Again, everybody recalls Lewis Hamilton's last-corner pass as the reason for Massa failing to take the crown in 2008, but there were silly mistakes on the Brazilian's part in the first two races, plus an engine failure in Hungary and a slapstick refuelling error in Singapore. For much of that season Massa drove splendidly - and in defeat he responded with wonderful grace and dignity that have been his trademarks.

Ferrari insiders insist he hasn't been quite the same in the wake of a head injury, suffered during qualifying for the 2009 Hungarian GP (when a stray Brawn damper spring struck him on the helmet).

He outqualified new team-mate Fernando Alonso on his comeback in Bahrain at the start of the following season, but was rarely able to outpace the Spaniard in races. And then Ferrari dispensed with his services in order to re-sign Räikkönen, the very driver Massa used to beat with such frequency. Strange world.





Fernando Alonso

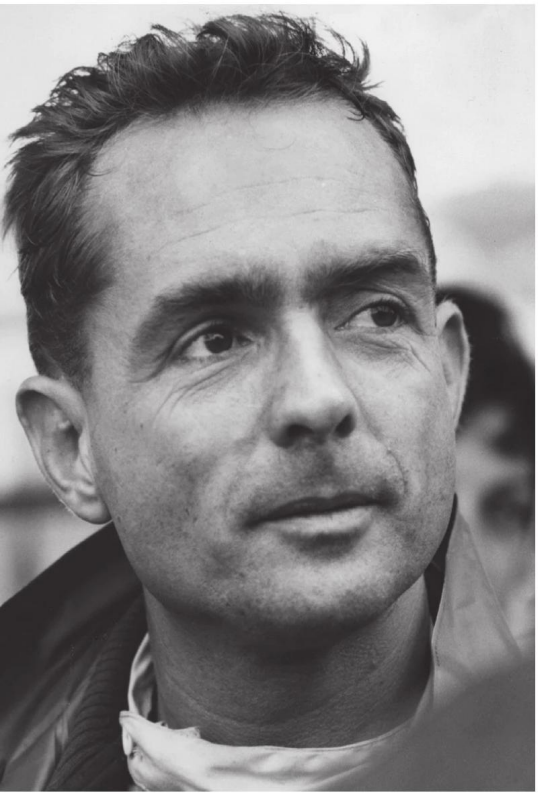
Widely tipped to win the world title in 2010, when Ferrari recruited him to replace the somnolent Kimi Räikkönen, but the main prize always eluded him at Maranello - close though he came.

That first year began brightly, with victory in Bahrain, although he received a helping hand when a duff spark plug slowed Sebastian Vettel. Alonso was in the driving seat ahead of the seasonal finale in Abu Dhabi, where Ferrari took a catastrophic strategic punt and condemned its talisman to spend the evening chasing Vitaly Petrov's Renault. Vettel took advantage and was champion for the next four years.

Alonso was a strong title contender in two of his five seasons with the Scuderia, but also lost out at the last in Brazil 2012. It's not so much what he did when Ferrari was on form, however, as what he did when it wasn't. The team had only the fourth-best chassis in 2013 - and countless development tweaks made precious little difference - but Alonso ended the campaign as Vettel's closest rival. The team was absolutely nowhere at the start of 2012, but its car worked better in cool conditions and Alonso vaulted from ninth on the grid to win in Malaysia - opportunism of the kind that kept him in contention. And then there have been cameos such as Spain 2011, where team principal Stefano Domenicali felt the car might be good enough for row four... but Alonso put it fourth and led the race for longer than should have been possible (before slipping to fifth).

He might not be Hamilton- or Vettel-quick over a single lap, but he's only a smidgen adrift and performs at his peak through almost every turn. At a time of technical turmoil, he continually flattered the equipment at his disposal - and that's ever a hallmark of class.

"It's what he did when the Ferrari wasn't on form that really counts"



Phil Hill

It remains a quirky statistic that three men named Hill have started a world championship Grand Prix - and all have lifted the world title. And Phil, the first, is possibly the least celebrated.

Many regard him as a sports car specialist - and it's hard to brook argument with a CV that includes three victories apiece at both Le Mans and Sebring. Others certainly enjoyed sharing with him in endurance events, because he was both fast and tender, usually finishing stints with his car pretty much as it had been when he started. In a previous life he'd spannered cars for friends, so mechanical sympathy was perhaps second nature.

History records that he clinched his world title in the 1961 Italian GP, the race that claimed his team-mate Wolfgang von Trips, but their tussle had hitherto been close: the German had two wins, two seconds and a fourth to his name, Hill one victory, two seconds and two thirds. He trailed von Trips by four points prior to Monza - and the title's destiny was anything but certain with two races remaining. Fate then intervened, however, and Hill went on to become America's first F1 champion.

His GP career rather petered out in the slipstream of that success, but he continued to compete successfully in sports cars and had the distinction of winning his final race, sharing the victorious Chaparral 2F with Mike Spence in the 1967 BOAC 500Kms at Brands Hatch.

Hill had made his world championship GP debut at Reims in 1958, when his taut approach contrasted starkly with the casual joviality of such as Hawthorn and Collins. Images of Phil Hill seldom portray relaxation in a racing car, but rather someone who was tense, edgy and acutely aware of his profession's potential consequences. Someone, indeed, who looks as though he'd rather be almost anywhere else. That, though, was never a barrier to speed.

Jody Scheckter



Mosport Park, Canada, September 27, 1980: Jody Scheckter is 26th of 28 at the end of qualifying, 0.8sec behind team-mate Gilles Villeneuve, 4.3sec shy of Nelson Piquet's pole-winning Brabham and two places short of making the cut - an ignominious detail prior to what should have been his penultimate Grand Prix start. Things weren't a great deal better one week later at Watkins Glen, where he started 23rd and crossed the line 11th, three laps in arrears and last of the classified runners.

Few careers have commenced with quite such a bang as Jody Scheckter's... nor ended with quite such a whimper.

He spent only two of his eight full F1 seasons with Ferrari - and in the first of those guided his 312 T4 (an example of which he still owns) to the world title, helped in part by Villeneuve's respect for the South African's official number one status. By that stage of his career 29-year-old Scheckter was a mature contrast to the firebrand of yore, a driver prepared to play the percentages and relying as much on intellect as reflex.

The following season's T5 proved to be woefully uncompetitive and Scheckter mustered just a couple of points, from fifth at Long Beach. His title, though, remained an unwanted landmark - at least for his team: the last won by a Ferrari driver until Michael Schumacher ended the drought... 21 years later.

Juan Manuel Fangio

During the 1950s he captured five world titles with four manufacturers, and some perceive that as a sign of versatility while others regard it as a symbol of political aptitude - an ability to make sure he was in the right seat at the right time. For 1956, though, he had few options in the wake of Mercedes-Benz's withdrawal, and his marriage to Ferrari was largely one of convenience.

Fangio didn't much care for the team, nor its patriarch (the feeling was mutual), so the path to a fourth world championship was rarely comfortable. In theory, Ferrari had no official number one driver, despite the strength of Fangio's CV, yet he took over Luigi Musso's car to win in Argentina and annexed Peter Collins' D50 to finish second in both Monaco and, more famously, Italy (where the Englishman volunteered his car after Musso refused to stand down). In the midst of this complexity, there were more normal afternoons in Britain and Germany, where victories helped underpin his title challenge. Even at Silverstone, though, Fangio's driving was conspicuously less silky than usual. He recovered from an early spin at Becketts, but made the front only after the BRMs and Moss's Maserati 250F hit trouble.

Fangio found a more natural home when he rejoined Maserati the following season. He would return to Modena as defending champion, but it had been a less satisfying conquest than any that had gone before - or, indeed, the one that would follow.



"Fangio didn't much care for the team, nor its patriarch: a mutual feeling"

Niki Lauda

It was March 31, 1972 when first I saw him race, Lauda dominating a sodden second round of the John Player British F2 Championship at Oulton Park. He finished almost 50sec clear of Gerry Birrell's similar March and an 11-year-old me was hugely impressed. Little did I realise that future colleagues were rather less enthused by the Austrian's simultaneous F1 performances in the dreadful March 721s, G and X.

The following season with BRM proved a little more encouraging - and in Canada, beneath a deluge, there he was again, running at the front. I experienced that only via the twin miracles of *Motor Sport* and *Motoring News*, but it was nice to know Oulton hadn't necessarily been a mirage.

Clay Regazzoni was impressed with his young team-mate, sufficiently so to put in a word as he prepared to return to a Ferrari team plotting its escape from the doldrums.

At the wheel of Mauro Forghieri's 312 B3, Lauda finished second first time out in Argentina and won three races later at Jarama - such were the fruits of a relentless test and development programme that he undertook with rare zeal. He led the standings after Brands Hatch (where he was classified fifth, despite being blocked in the pits by hangers-on after a late-race stop to changed a punctured tyre), but failed to add to his points tally thereafter.

He conjured a more complete season in 1975, particularly once the new 312T came on stream, and took the title on the back of nine pole positions and five victories. He became the first Ferrari driver to win the championship since John Surtees in 1964. The 1976 campaign has been much revisited in the wake of the release of the film *Rush*, but the real script was much better than anything that appeared in the movie. But for that terrifying and fiery accident at the Nürburgring, the title would almost certainly have been Lauda's.

As it was, he might still have been crowned had he not considered conditions in Japan too dangerous, recent events having given him a fresh perspective on life's value.

He wasn't happy that Ferrari signed Carlos Reutemann - a deal completed during the Austrian's convalescence - because it opened the exit door for friend Regazzoni... and also implied that Ferrari hadn't fully believed in Lauda's powers of recovery.

If anybody thought Lauda had lost his edge, 1977 provided the answer: three wins and dazzling consistency brought him title number two, after which he offered the team a time-honoured salute and walked away with two races to go. Job done.

Unwittingly he'd done the team another favour, because Gilles Villeneuve was kicking his heels...

"If anybody thought he'd lost his edge, 1977 provided the answer"









Lorenzo Bandini

If you scripted a name for a fictional Ferrari driver, it would be difficult to conjure anything better...

Bandini started all but seven of his F1 World Championship Grands Prix for Ferrari and the journey was rarely dull. Overlooked in 1961 when the team took a punt on Giancarlo Baghetti, he was finally hired the following season, then dropped to make way for Willy Mairesse... and finally re-signed in the summer of '63, after Mairesse was injured.

Through it all he remained calm - a conspicuous attribute in an age when Latin drivers were reputed to be anything but. He notched up his one and only points-scoring victory in the 1964 Austrian GP, his car holding together after the brutally rough Zeltweg airfield surface triggered suspension failures for erstwhile leaders Gurney and Surtees. His most significant contribution that season, however, was saved until last, Bandini easing up during the final moments of the Mexican GP to hand team-mate Surtees second place and the title.

He looked set to score another world championship victory at Reims in 1966, but a broken throttle cable put paid to that. Instead, his best results would be a brace of second places, both in Monaco, in 1965 and '66.

One year later he led briefly on the principality's streets and was running second, in simultaneous pursuit of his dreams and Denny Hulme's Brabham, when he clipped the chicane. His 312 overturned before igniting; it took rescue crews an age to extract him and Bandini suffered appalling injuries. Three days later, Italy lost a figure that had been almost as much a part of mid-'60s Ferrari as the Prancing Horse.

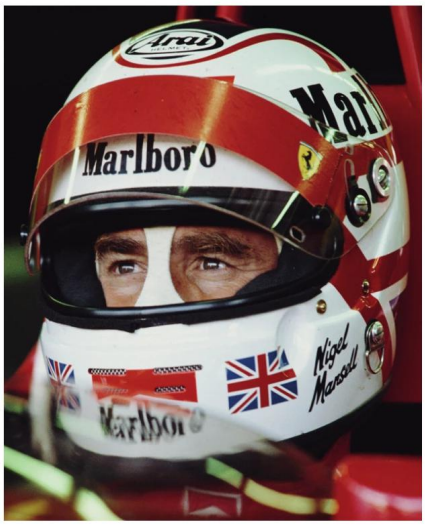
Nigel Mansell

Two seasons, three wins (one of them on his 1989 Ferrari debut in Rio, another from 12th on the grid at the impossible-to-overtake Hungaroring), a one-race suspension and a premature retirement announcement... Mansell created more headlines during a relatively short Maranello sojourn than most drivers manage in a career.

Ferrari's initial offer was timely, after Mansell had spent 1988 wrestling a Williams-Judd following the team's split from Honda, but not too much was expected of John Barnard's 640 chassis, with its revolutionary semi-automatic transmission. The issue wasn't so much speed as reliability, but the car held together first time out in Brazil... and Mansell would not finish again until France, in July. Whenever he lasted, though, as he did six times in 15 starts, he was on the podium.

His 641 was only a little more solid the following season, but incoming team-mate Prost swiftly got the upper hand, politically and competitively, with a run of four wins by mid-season. The last of those came at Silverstone, where Mansell retired with transmission failure before chucking his gloves into the crowd and announcing that he would quit at the season's end.

Utter nonsense, of course, but symbolic of the heart-on-sleeve mentality that endeared Mansell - *Il Leone* - to the *tifosi*, forging a bond that endures to this day.





Tony Brooks

Understated, underrated... such is the Tony Brooks way. His was only a fleeting partnership with Ferrari, racing the arrow-quick 246 against the new-fangled efficacy of Cooper's rear-engined T51, but seven world championship starts yielded five finishes, four of them on the podium. He began his title challenge with a worthy second place in Monaco, despite being physically sick at the wheel during the event's course, then won at both Reims and AVUS. Between those victories, there should have been another splendid opportunity in the British GP at Aintree, where earlier in the campaign Jean Behra (using a newer engine, worth about 15bhp) and Brooks had finished first and second for Ferrari in the non-championship BARC 200. In July, though, with Brooks trailing Jack Brabham by five points in the standings, Ferrari withdrew its entry, citing a metal workers' strike in Italy (an excuse proffered, allegedly, in the slipstream of disputes about starting money). In any event, Scuderia Centro Sud - also distinctly Italian - managed to get there. Brooks was offered the use of a Vanwall, which dropped out with a misfire, and Brabham extended his points advantage.

Ferrari let Brooks down more conventionally in Italy, where the 246 suffered clutch failure at the start, and he went to the Sebring finale requiring victory and a slice of good fortune to wrest the title from Brabham. As things transpired he might have succeeded... but for a biff from team-mate von Trips and a precautionary stop. Brooks had previously suffered the injurious consequences of several car failures and wasn't prepared to contemplate unnecessary risk. He lost half a lap, finished third and was classified a career-best second in the championship.

Even if he'd started just one Grand Prix for Ferrari, he'd probably still be on this list.

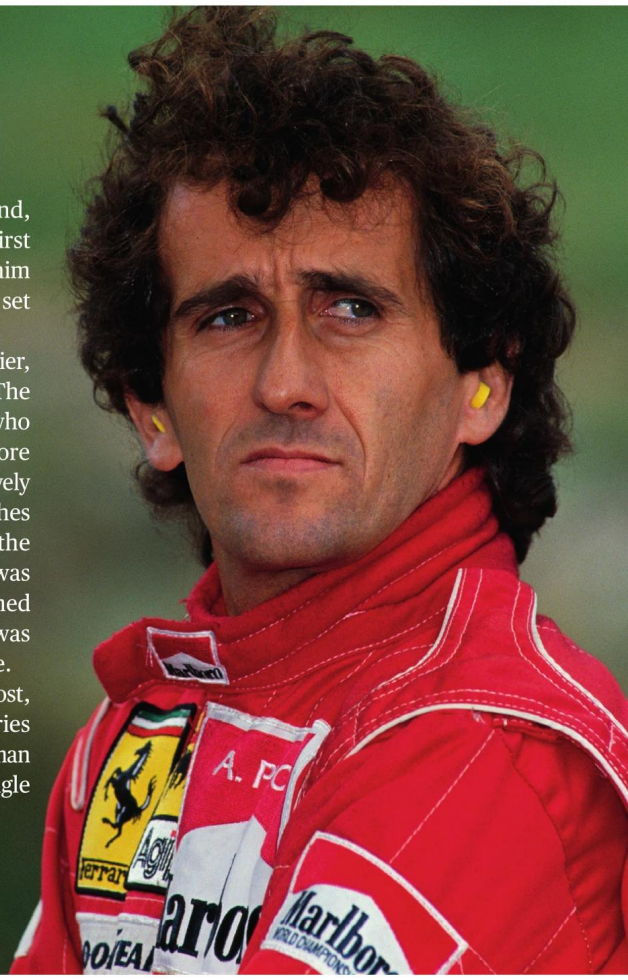
Alain Prost

Driven from his once comfortable McLaren berth in the fractious slipstream of assorted spats with Ayrton Senna, he arrived in Nigel Mansell's lair - and promptly made it his own. It took the politically astute polyglot about five minutes...

Despite an encouraging start - victory second time out, in Brazil, and another four subsequently - the campaign would be remembered as much for its tetchiness as its triumphs. Towards the season's end, in Portugal, Mansell almost put the Frenchman in the pit wall after making a complete Horlicks of his start from pole. And two races later, with Prost on the back foot in the title fight at Suzuka, Senna took the law into his own hands. The Brazilian qualified on pole, which back then was on the dirtier part of the track, and urged the stewards to switch him to the other side for the sake of meritocracy. He had a point, as Prost illustrated by leading away from second, although he made it only as far as the first corner before his nemesis harpooned him and reduced both cars to rubble. Game, set and championship.

Prost's victory in Spain, one race earlier, proved to be his last for the Scuderia. The 1991 campaign - alongside Jean Alesi, who signed for about half the paddock before finally settling on Ferrari - was comparatively mediocre, with a string of podium finishes (but none on the top step). When the Frenchman mentioned that the 642 was more Foden than Ferrari, red car morphed into red card and Gianni Morbidelli was hired for the seasonal finale in Adelaide.

In its bright new future without Prost, the team recorded just two GP victories during the next four seasons. The Frenchman took a sabbatical, came back for a single year with Williams and won seven...



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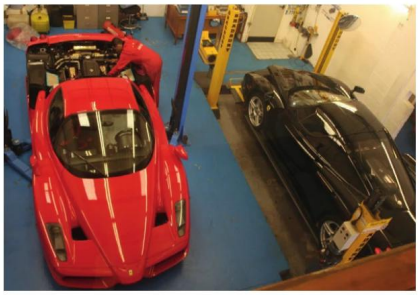


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TRIBUTE

Enzo Ferrari

1898-1988

WRITER **DENIS JENKINSON** / TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** **OCTOBER 1988**

Anyone who lives beyond man's natural span of "three score years and 10" has to be respected, and to live a further 20 years demands admiration. If that man has devoted nearly 70 of those years to a passion for racing cars and motor racing, then those of us who believe in motor racing as a way of life must hold the greatest admiration for such a man, and such a man was Enzo Ferrari.

From 1920 to 1938 his name was synonymous with Alfa Romeo, and in Italy Alfa Romeo *was* motor racing. In 1947 Ferrari struck out on his own as the manufacturer of Ferrari cars, and they have become more of a part of the Italian way of life in motoring and motor racing than even Alfa Romeo. If Enzo Ferrari had not fallen out with Wilfredo Ricart, Alfa Romeo's chief engineer, in 1938, he might never have started his own firm and a Ferrari car might never have been born. The name of Ferrari would undoubtedly have stayed with motor racing, for it was Ferrari's passion, even to becoming an obsession.

In his early days it was Grand Prix racing that was his true love, and in the 1930s he ran a powerful team that kept the name Alfa Romeo in the forefront of Grand Prix racing. In 1948 Ferrari committed his new factory to a programme of Formula 1 Grand Prix racing, and to this day the name Ferrari has been in Grand Prix racing consistently, missing the odd race here and there, but never missing a season. If for nothing else, 40 years of continuous support for Grand Prix racing shows a dedication beyond normal understanding.

Throughout his life in motor racing Ferrari only believed in one thing, and that was overall victory. Not for him an insignificant class victory, or success in some minor category or unimportant event. Only the top echelon interested him, and consequently the name Ferrari became linked to important and serious events. If the name Ferrari was not in the entry, the event did not rank of much importance.

He ran the Alfa Romeo racing operation from 1929 to 1939 under the banner of Scuderia Ferrari, so that the name Ferrari became associated with more things than the shrewd and calculating Modenese artisan who ran the team. In the past 40 years of racing, Ferrari almost changed from being a name to simply being an Italian word, used to encompass a wide variety of meanings all closely connected with racing and success.

When you spoke of "Ferrari" you could be referring to the man, to his cars or merely the image of Italian racing, and red racing cars at that. An exciting-looking red car in the street would bring only one word from an Italian enthusiast: "Ferrari" - even though it might be a Maserati, an Alfa Romeo, a Lancia, a de Tomaso, an Iso Rivolta or a Lamborghini.

Enzo Ferrari traded on this feeling among his followers by insisting that they did not use any title such as Mr, *Signore*, *Cavaliere*, *Commendatore* or *Ingegnere*, and certainly not Enzo. He claimed he was just "Ferrari" and, of course, in normal everyday life in Italy, the name Ferrari was about as impressive as Smith in England! In his home town of Modena he was usually referred to in conversation as "*Zio Enzo*" (Uncle Enzo).

His original Scuderia Ferrari was originated and established in Modena, some 30 miles west of Bologna, but wartime work for the Italian Government enabled him to establish a new factory at Maranello, south

PHOTOGRAPHY: GETTY IMAGES





Enzo poses outside the factory with his three Mille Miglia entries of 1956. Road racing was a particular passion of his

of Modena, and it was here that he built his Ferrari car factory. He never forsook Modena, living in a modest apartment in the centre of the town even when his whole manufacturing empire had moved to Maranello, and it was at home in Modena that he died.

I have already suggested that the best thing that happened for motor racing was Ferrari's argument with Wilfredo Ricart, which forced him to manufacture his own cars. The next-best thing that happened was to get Gioachino Colombo to leave Alfa Romeo and design the first Ferrari engine.

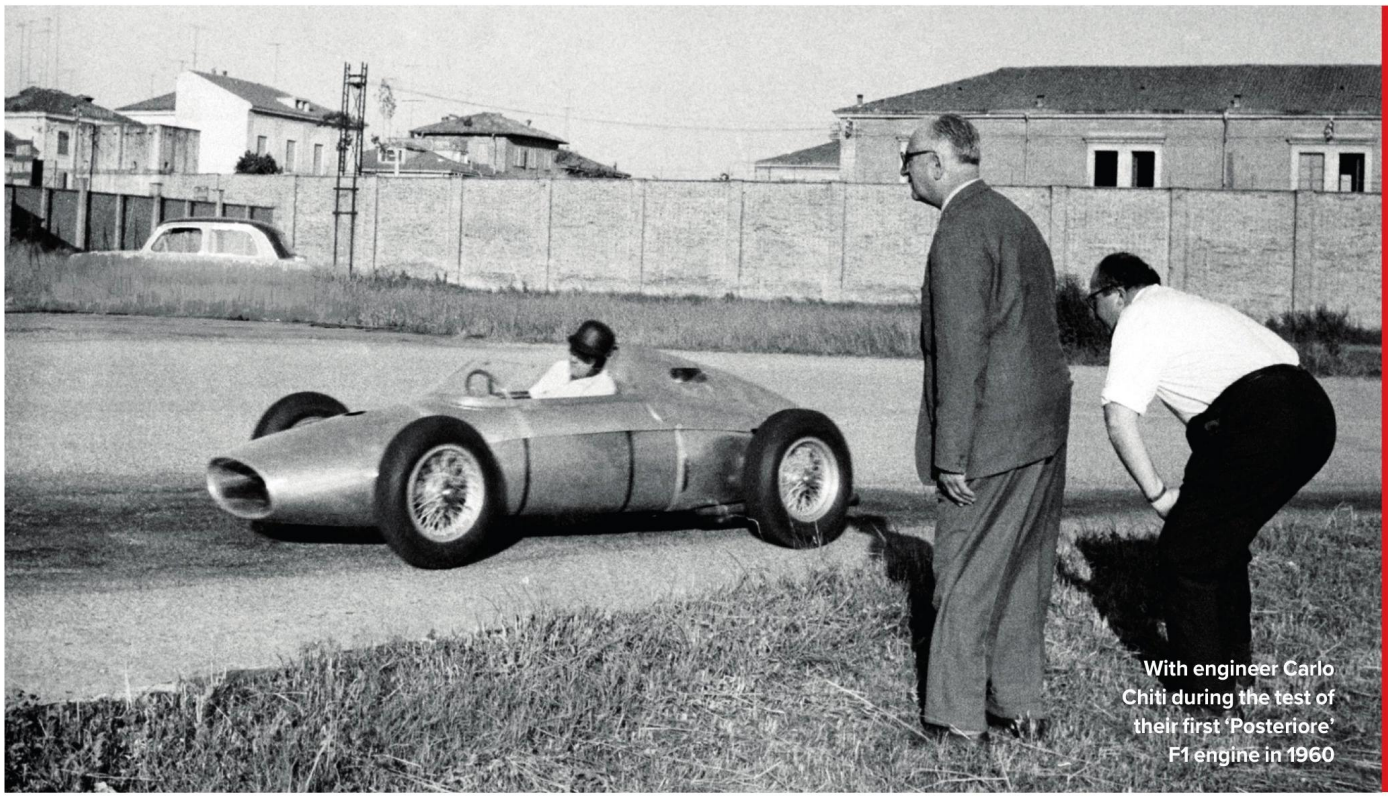
It was either luck or a stroke of genius that prompted Colombo to design a V12 engine for the first Ferrari, for the sound of all those tiny cylinders was sheer music: first as a 1.5-litre, then a 2-litre, and by steady increments up to five litres (there was even a one-off 7-litre!). Though Colombo did not stay to see the development through - other engineers did that - the whole musical sound of Ferrari came from the initial decision taken in 1945.

> "Ferrari may not have always won, but he seldom gave up, and never gave in"

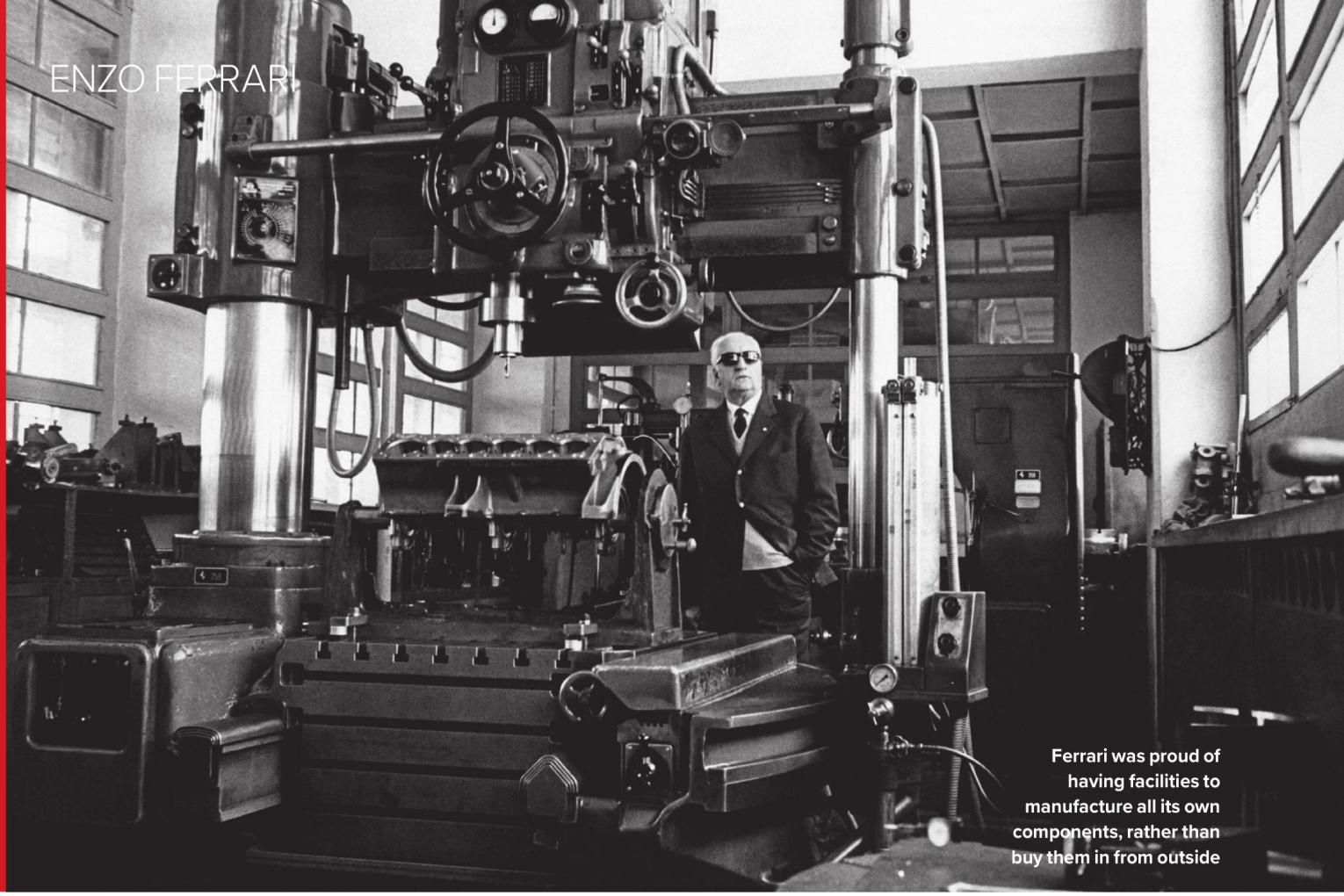
It is interesting to conjecture what would have happened if the first Ferrari had been a four-cylinder or a six-cylinder, and been just as successful. The thrill and excitement of a Ferrari engine would never have materialised and a big part of the Ferrari legend would be missing. Even though his engineers subsequently designed successful four-, six- and eight-cylinder engines, none of them emitted the true music of a real Ferrari.

More than anywhere, it was the Le Mans 24 Hours race that brought the song of a Ferrari V12 to many thousands of ears, as it did not pass by in a fleeting moment but was continuous for 24 hours. If you didn't enjoy that music you were destined to suffer for 24 hours, for one thing that made Ferrari engines admired the world over was their incredible reliability. This was understandable, for the engine was the heart of the racing car to Ferrari and everything went into the design and development of Ferrari racing engines, even if such vital things as brakes, suspension, chassis-frames and gearboxes were a bit primitive at times.

Right through his Alfa Romeo years Ferrari supported the sports car racing scene, and was a powerful force at Le Mans and in the Mille Miglia, as well as lesser events, but all the time Grand Prix racing was his first love. Open-road racing was taken away by officialdom hounding sports car racing on to purpose-built tracks, and he finally opted out of Le Mans after a fight to the death with Ford in the mid-'60s. Ferrari may not always have won, but he seldom gave up, and never gave in.



With engineer Carlo Chiti during the test of their first 'Posteriore' F1 engine in 1960



Ferrari was proud of having facilities to manufacture all its own components, rather than buy them in from outside

In Grand Prix racing Ferrari superiority rose and fell at regular intervals, the heights being reached when the opposition was poor, and the depths being plumbed when the opposition was strong. The list of makes that beat Ferrari at one time or another is a lengthy one, but most of them are long gone from the racing scene. Maserati, Vanwall, Cooper, BRM and Mercedes-Benz all fought and defeated Ferrari, but while they disappeared from racing the red cars from Maranello always came back for more. Today they are being beaten by McLaren-Honda but they are still there, and still fighting hard. Ferrari knew no other way; let us hope his successors have that same indomitable spirit.

Of all the journalists who have written about Ferrari since his death I must be the only one who never spoke to him, or went to one of the "play-acting dramas" he indulged in his dotage. He did once speak to me. In 1956, when I was closely involved with Stirling Moss and Maserati, I went to the Ferrari racing department with Peter Collins - not particularly to see the racing department, but to go for a test run with Collins in one of the big 3.7-litre 4-cylinder sports-cars. Ferrari appeared, looked down at me over his large glasses and said, "A Maserati spy?", and was gone.

Having seen Ferrari in his heyday, when he actually attended races or test sessions, but even then only in Italian events, usually devoid of a tie or jacket, wearing braces to hold up his trousers and with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, I had no wish to see him in his dotage. A grand old man, undoubtedly; a legendary figure for anyone who had never seen him in a local bar or restaurant in Modena, acting like a perfectly normal Italian artisan. When he was active he was never portentous, he was just "Ferrari". Only in his last 20 years did he don the mantle of mystique, a clever piece of play-acting to a gullible audience, making the most of every aspect of life and playing to the limit.

> "Only in his last 20 years did he don the mantle of mystique... clever play-acting"

Even his death was played in that way. His wishes were respected by his close associates, who did not tell the world of his death until after his funeral. It was then too late for a 20-mile long funeral cortège, a lying in state, a week in mourning and all the rest of the religious mumbo-jumbo that only benefits those left behind.

The realisation of that final wish was the true Enzo Ferrari. An Italian artisan, born in 1898, who made as big a mark on Italian history as many legendary figures. To remain faithful to your belief in motor racing for 70 of those 90 years without faltering is as big a tribute as anyone could want.

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LUNCH WITH

Rob Smedley

He worked with a young Fernando Alonso, turned down a job with Ferrari... and then became one of the team's key engineers. **Simon Arron** meets a football fan who fell in love with Formula 1

PHOTOGRAPHY **LYNDON McNEIL** / TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** **JULY 2019**

To a kid growing up in 1970s Middlesbrough, Formula 1 might as well have been a parallel universe. "I come from a working-class background and motor racing wasn't the most obvious thing to follow," Rob Smedley says. "My whole family was into football, massive Middlesbrough fans, but during the 1980s my dad started getting into F1. I'd noticed it in the background on TV, but thought it looked incredibly dull. And then in 1987, he asked whether I fancied going to the British Grand Prix. I said, 'OK, so long as we take a transistor radio to listen to the football scores.'"

To hear how Smedley, 45, morphed from uninterested teen to one of the most prominent Formula 1 race engineers of his generation, we meet at Branca, Oxford, where he selects char-grilled sea bream with spinach and new potatoes. "It's part of my bid to stay healthy," he says, before pausing momentarily and adding, "Actually, I'll have a half of lager, too..."

That Silverstone weekend had an unexpected effect. "It was like a switch," he says. "The noise, speed, colour... I'd never known anything like it and was immediately hooked. There were no electronic passes for the F1 paddock in those days, but there was a bloke on the gate so it was still hard to get in. We ended up clambering over the fence near Copse and then sneaked through a gate into the pits - all part of my very first taste of motor racing. Somebody eventually spotted us and we were just being challenged when one of the Leyton House March mechanics came out and said, 'Hang on, they're my guests' at which point security walked off. The mechanic took pity on us, then showed us around the garage and I decided there and then that I wanted to work with F1 cars. I see F1 as the pinnacle of a marriage between art and engineering. It's functional, it's about performance - but the cars' intricacy makes them things of great beauty. Even today I can see art in them."

He took the first steps towards his future by hanging out at RS Karting, a shop in the centre of Middlesbrough. "I went along to discover how the karts worked and that progressed to helping out at race weekends, as a result of which I got the chance to assist other drivers - and I was getting paid for it. I'd been doing paper rounds and all sorts, then found I could work as a kart mechanic and earn £80 per weekend, probably five times what I'd been making before. This looked like a career worth pursuing..."

Having obtained A-levels in maths, physics and computer science, he moved on to study mechanical engineering at Loughborough and spent his summers working 12-week shifts at Reynard Racing Cars in Bicester. "I'm sure I got that chance because of the stuff I'd done previously," he says, "I wasn't exactly involved in the key decisions, but I was gaining experience."

So much so that company chairman Adrian Reynard offered him a full-time role upon graduation, though Smedley opted instead for a position with Pilbeam Racing Designs, where he worked on various projects - including Peugeot's 406 touring car, the Pilbeam MP84 sports-prototype and one of the final Ford Escort RS Cosworth rally cars, for M-Sport. "Mike Pilbeam asked me to do quite a lot of work on the Escort," he says. "Front and rear suspension, stress calculations, engine installation... I'd been



"F1 is the pinnacle of a marriage between art and engineering. Even today I see art in the cars"



attuned to single-seaters and touring cars, then I was taken to a rally test in Kielder Forest with Juha Kankkunen. As I was going to be doing calculations for the structural elements, Mike said, 'I think it would be an idea to get a first-hand idea of the loads involved.' So I sat alongside Juha in an older Group A car and soon realised I needed a rethink about how strong the car had to be."

Towards the end of 1998, Smedley spotted an F1 opportunity - an advertisement for a job with Stewart GP. "I was hired," he says, "but things didn't go terribly well. I was working on Johnny Herbert's car, which seemed to be the second-string effort. The race engineer and I were both new to our roles, but he had less track experience than I did and we just didn't get on, so I left quite quickly.

"Then a job came up with Williams Touring Car Engineering, to work on Jason Plato's Renault Laguna as design and data engineer. But it's like anything. If you go along and get stuck in, you start doing one job and end up doing about 10 others. After I'd been there a month, the team manager said, 'We've been trying to sort out this sequential gearbox, but can't get our heads around it - would you take a look?' I did some calculations and worked out that the timing on the shift mechanism was all wrong, so I redesigned it and that was a great project because it gave me a proper understanding of how gearboxes worked. It turned out to be a fun year, but then Renault decided to quit the BTCC and we were all laid off. Such is motor racing..."

Smedley found refuge in Heist-op-den-Berg, Belgium, as a race engineer for Team Astromega in the FIA Formula 3000 Championship. "Our technical team was led by Chris Murphy, the former Lotus F1 designer, who was going to look after Fabrice Walfisch, notionally the number one driver. Chris asked me to look after our second signing, whoever it might be, but that was fine - I was just happy to have a job. We went to a pre-season test in Barcelona, where I was supposed to look after Robert Lechner, a promising Austrian, but that fell through and I was told I'd be looking after some Spanish kid who had just arrived - that was my introduction to Fernando Alonso."

This was a big leap for an 18-year-old with a single season of car racing under his belt - during which, admittedly, he'd won the Formula Nissan title - and Smedley admits he didn't expect too much. Any notion that this might be a low-key campaign was, however, swiftly dispelled. "We had some data from a previous test," he says, "and on old tyres Fernando almost immediately went quicker than we'd previously managed on fresh rubber. I thought something must be wrong, but he looked pretty impressive so we sent him out on new Avons and he knocked 2sec off our time from the previous test. I'd never seen such raw talent - and I haven't since."

Alonso became ever more effective as the season progressed. He qualified and ran third at Magny-Cours, until sidelined by a broken fuel pump, finished second behind champion Bruno Junqueira in Budapest and then absolutely walloped the field in the seasonal finale at Spa. "Before that race," Smedley says, "Fernando and I went to Spa because he wanted to take me around a circuit to show how things looked from his perspective, so I could understand. It was a real light-bulb moment. We were in a BMW touring car with a passenger seat and I was able to watch the way he used the brakes and steering to balance the car. It made it easier for me to understand exactly what he wanted when we were looking for a set-up - and ever since then I've done that as much as possible. I decided I couldn't be a truly effective race engineer without an intimate understanding of how somebody drives."

Within a matter of months, both would be in F1, Alonso with Minardi and Smedley with Jordan. "I was really enjoying F3000 and its camaraderie," he says, "but when Jordan offered me a data engineering role I thought, 'It's F1 and my last foray didn't go well, so...' I'd been there eight months when I got the chance to become a race engineer. I did a few grands prix with Heinz-Harald Frentzen and Jean Alesi at the end of 2001, then worked with Giancarlo Fisichella from 2002. We had a great relationship from the outset and, at the end of that season, Williams offered me the chance to engineer Juan Pablo Montoya. That was a bit weird, because I'd gone from being made redundant



by Williams to being head-hunted by its F1 team, but this business has always been like that. I had a chat with Patrick Head, which was great. He said, 'I've heard good things about you, so I'd like to employ you before you become too expensive!'

"At the same time, Ferrari had been in touch and offered me a role with the race team, but those conversations didn't last too long because what I really wanted was to join its test team. People thought I was mad, but I hadn't been in F1 for very long and felt like I was going up the pinball table a bit too quickly. I wanted to step back and learn my craft, which at the time was with a top test team. But I was ready to join Williams... until Eddie Jordan scuppered it. When I told him I was leaving, he did this big, dramatic thing, getting down on one knee, 'I'm not asking you to stay, I'm begging you for the good of the company...' I know you look back and regret certain things, but I was still pretty much a child back then so did another year with Jordan."

The campaign included an unlikely victory in a chaotic, rain-hit Brazilian GP at

"I'd never seen such a raw talent as Alonso – and I haven't since"







Left: Joy on the podium celebrating Massa's maiden victory in Turkey, 2006. Above: Massa needed a confidence boost to succeed. Below: Smedley with Williams in 2016

GETTY IMAGES

Interlagos - which the FIA initially failed to recognise, having misinterpreted the timing data - but overall it was clear that Jordan's best days were behind it. When Ferrari approached again at the season's end, this time with the offer of a job on the test team, he accepted.

"It was as though I'd walked away from an F1 team and entered a different category - F1-plus. It was a real eye-opener to see how the whole machine operated. The amount I learned, the amount of work we were doing, the level of science... It was the making of me - and an absolute honour."

It was also an opportunity to work first-hand with Michael Schumacher.

"He was relentless," Smedley says, "and had so much humility, too. One of the biggest misconceptions about Michael is that he was arrogant, which is a brilliantly bad description. If you actually worked with the guy, you'd have seen a truly humble man. Behind the wheel he was an animal, which is why he has those seven gold medals around his neck. He didn't achieve that by being the nicest man in western Europe. He's a machine and made some questionable decisions, but don't let that define him - allow his brilliance to do that. Within the team he was just one of the lads, a hard-working cog in a huge organisation.

"He'd win a race by a ridiculous margin and 36 hours later he'd be with us at Fiorano, in the truck at 7am for a meeting. He'd make a point of shaking everybody's hand and thank them for all the effort that had gone into the previous weekend. That's a side the general public very rarely got to see."

Early in 2006, Smedley's role within the team changed. "Technical director Ross Brawn and I often used to catch the same flight from Gatwick to Bologna," he says, "but when we landed he'd disappear with his driver and leave me to my own devices. Then, one day, he asked whether I'd like a lift to the factory. I thought, 'This is probably going to be a bad conversation - why would stratospheric Ross want to talk to me?' Anyway, he began to tell me that he wasn't happy with the way things were going for Felipe Massa and would I be interested in engineering him. I was good mates with Gabriele Delli Colli, who had been looking after Felipe, so I felt a twinge of disloyalty, but somebody was clearly going to take over and there was never subsequently any issue between the two of us.

"It was already Monday and we were flying to the Nürburgring on Wednesday, so I didn't have much time. The situation had deteriorated to such an extent that the team wasn't sure it had made the right decision by signing Felipe - it was my task to find out. It was difficult to see the real Felipe at that point, because he was so nervous. He'd had a few bad results and couldn't sit still, kept coming out with random comments, 'I need to win a race, I need to beat Michael', stuff like that. I told him he just needed to calm down...

"For that first race it was really just a matter of getting him through the weekend, which is all I did. I told him to get back to basics and enjoy himself; he could clearly drive racing cars, but this was just a bigger, better team. I had to learn where his trigger points were, and work out how to use them. The team was obviously very Michael-centric, as it should have been, but once Felipe understood I was on his side, I soon started to see a change and he finished third, behind Michael and Fernando. I remember Ross giving me a hug and whispering in my ear, 'I knew you'd do it' - and there's no better validation than that. Ross has kind of been my F1 dad, someone I respect hugely.

"It was just a matter of building from there. I had to get Felipe back to basics technically and psychologically. He had to forget any lofty ambitions until he had the basics in place - which at that stage he didn't. He was properly quick, but would struggle to string 10 laps together in a race. You can't inject talent into a driver, but I knew he had that and we could deal with the other bits."

Massa scored his maiden F1 victory that summer in Istanbul, helped by Alonso's Renault splitting the Ferraris during the pitstops and protecting the leader against any imposition of team orders.

"Afterwards," Smedley says, "I went to the debrief and thought there would be euphoria, but the attitude was more, 'Why didn't Michael win?' Everyone was really gracious for Felipe, but the main feeling was that we might be letting Michael's title chances slip away, because those were points he should have had. The reality is that we should have swapped the two of them around before the stops, but we didn't. Felipe drove a great race, though, absolutely flawless."



"Schumacher was relentless and had so much humility, too"

Schumacher's retirement at the year's end brought Kimi Räikkönen into the team - and Massa compared well with the Finn, particularly in 2008 when he established himself as Ferrari's main title hope. Had Lewis Hamilton not gained one position during the final moments of the season-closing Brazilian GP, indeed, Massa would have been crowned. In reality, the title was lost as a result of several incidents - mistakes in the first two races, engine failure a couple of laps shy of victory in Budapest, a bungled refuelling stop in Singapore - but the last few seconds at Interlagos came to define the season.

"It wasn't all that emotional from where I was sitting," Smedley says, "because when you're at the heart of it all you're simply doing a job. You can see all this mayhem going on in your peripheral vision, but it's only when work has finished that it sinks in.

"I think Felipe's dignified post-race reaction enabled people to see the real him, someone who was a fierce competitor, who had been every inch Lewis's equal throughout the campaign but knew how to take defeat. He did himself a lot of favours that day. If he had won the title, would he have been held in any higher regard? Would it have changed anything? I don't think so."

Massa again appeared the more effective Ferrari driver in 2009, but his season ended brutally in Budapest, when a stray damper spring from Rubens Barrichello's Brawn struck him squarely on the crash helmet. The Brazilian suffered serious head injuries that sidelined him for the season's balance.

"I think he hit the radio button when he slumped in the cockpit," Smedley says, "so we could hear him groaning and that was very distressing. It took a while to fathom out what had happened. I was worried that he'd had a heart attack or something, until we saw images that showed impact damage to his helmet and more information began to come through. Then they put up privacy screens around the car, so you begin to fear the worst. It was one of those moments when you start to question why you're involved - a question I asked myself for a while after that. I've had good relationships with drivers since then, but I vowed I'd never again develop as close a bond with anyone as I had with Felipe. He's one of my proper mates - an annoying little s**t at times, but also a true friend.

"I stayed with him for a couple of days, then came back to Budapest at the end of the week - by which time he was out of his induced coma. We knew he'd be all right, although we obviously didn't know whether he'd drive an F1 car again. But I didn't care about that; I just wanted to know that my mate - son, husband, brother, father-to-be - was going to live. When I walked in, he looked at me inquisitively, then a smile spread across his face and he said, 'Jean!' He kind of knew who I was. He said, 'You're something to do with racing, aren't you? Right, I need to be ready for the next race, in Valencia, so I must get back in the gym in a few days.' His head was the size of a beach ball at the time, and dark blue in parts..."

He would be fit to test by October, little more than two months after the incident, and Ferrari prepared a two-year-old car for him to try at Mugello.

"The whole world wanted to see Felipe back," Smedley says, "but [team principal] Stefano Domenicali had a business to manage. As soon as Felipe had completed his first run I gave Stefano a call to tell him there was no difference - you could see that from the telemetry. We knew he'd need a bit of rehabilitation, but that just required a few days in a racing car."

One thing that had changed was his team-mate's identity. The underperforming Räikkönen had been dropped with a year of his contract remaining, to make way for Smedley's former charge Alonso. Massa returned for the 2010 Bahrain GP and outqualified the Spaniard, but Alonso passed him through the first sequence of corners and a template for the future was defined. "Nothing was explicit for Felipe," Smedley says. "He didn't have a contract specifying that he'd be number two, only that he'd have equal treatment. But things can unravel quickly if you have an inkling that the team isn't completely behind you.

"There were a few times when he wasn't allowed to win, but mostly he was beaten because he just couldn't get on terms with Fernando - and that was because he had too much stuff going on in his mind."

The main flashpoint occurred during the 2010 German GP, when Massa outmanoeuvred Alonso at the start and continued to lead until receiving a radio message that became a seasonal catchphrase: 'Felipe, Fernando is faster than you - do you understand?' How uncomfortable did Smedley feel having to deliver it?

"Well he's a mate and I wanted him to win," he says, "but there was a clear team plan and my contract - and payslip - had 'Ferrari' written on top, nothing else, so I was fine with that, but I became infamous overnight. I appeared on every BBC news bulletin - including Radio 4. I was now this

'controversial' British engineer. It was all a bit weird. Most of the negativity was directed at Ferrari, but I was in the middle and wished I wasn't. Ferrari could have done better that day, ditto Fernando and Felipe. None of us could say, 'Yes, we all behaved perfectly.' If we had, there wouldn't have been so much fuss."

The Smedley/Massa partnership continued at Ferrari until the end of 2013, when both departed for Williams. "Having been with Ferrari when things were really good," he says, "I perhaps wasn't as enamoured as I might have been with its latest engineering direction. Plus, there was a pull to return to England because the kids were at an age when senior school was looming. I'd probably seen the best of Ferrari and could leave, like Ross, as one of the few Englishmen to have worked a long spell there without being sacked.

"Williams seemed an interesting project. I agreed terms before Felipe did, but they needed a driver and I suggested they talk to him because I knew he'd score as many points as the car was capable of getting - and if you look at 2014-15, he did. He brought solid professionalism and a wealth of experience.

"The team clearly needed a lot of work. We instilled lots of new engineering practices, but the next part of the journey was R&D investment and that never happened. If you want to be a true constructor, you have to have that level of investment or you'll be left behind, regardless of how good your people might be. I don't want to talk about particular individuals, but it's clear some bad decisions have been taken for the team to be in its current position. It's a real shame."

He left at the end of 2018 and is now doing some consultancy work for Formula One Management while awaiting fresh opportunities. "I wanted some time out with my family, because they've been neglected for a long time, but F1 will always be the same burning passion, just as it was when I was a kid. If I find something I want to do on the engineering side, then I'll go and do it."

One final question, has he ever fancied putting his accumulated knowledge to the test behind the wheel? He laughs loudly.

"I did buy a go-kart when I was younger," he says, "but I only raced it a couple of times, once at Langbaurgh, where I think I seized the engine, and once at Felton, where I spun at the same hairpin on pretty much every lap I did.

"I like to understand how drivers operate, from squiggly lines on the telemetry graphs, but that's about it."

Ferrari's unlikely Monte Carlo pole

Massa said he never felt comfortable around the streets of Monaco, but the telemetry told a different story

The look on Felipe Massa's face wasn't so much joy as bewilderment. He'd first contested the Monaco GP in 2002 and had recorded one podium finish, but it was never a circuit at which he'd felt wholly at ease. Yet now, in 2008, he'd stuck his Ferrari on pole on a day when he'd hitherto looked unlikely to challenge. Rob Smedley was his engineer – and a few firm words played their part.

"After we'd started working together in 2006," Smedley says, "Felipe told me, 'Look, I'm not very good at Monaco – that's just how it is.' So after that year's race, I did the usual analysis and came to the conclusion that he'd been talking bollocks. If you dug into the data, you found he could potentially run at a similar pace to Michael Schumacher. It was there, but he just hadn't put it all together. It was the same the following year, against Kimi Räikkönen.

"For 2008 we came up with a different way of setting up the car and Felipe was immediately quick, but the one place he couldn't get right was Ste Dévote. He seemed to have more grip turning in there than he did at Casino Square, yet he was braking earlier. Before Q1 we had a conversation and he was a little bit better, but not much. He came back saying it was impossible to brake any later into Ste Dévote, so just before Q3 I said, 'I know what the problem is – it's you! You're scared to brake late.'

"His next lap was the same, about 0.2sec down on Kimi through that one corner – and again he claimed he couldn't brake any later. He said, 'I will if you want me to, but I'll end up in the barrier...' At that point I wandered over and grabbed him by the scruff of the neck. I said, 'D'you want to let the whole of f***ing Brazil down here, because you're f***ing letting me down?'

"Felipe then flicked down his visor, lit up the tyres... and subsequently braked 32 metres later into Ste Dévote. I'm fairly sure he was trying to prove that he *would* end up in the barrier, but then he realised, 'F**k, I've got through.'

"That was it – pole position."



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Power beside the throne

Few got close to Enzo Ferrari, but as his English PA, **Brenda Vernor** was closer than most at the Scuderia

TAKEN FROM
MOTOR SPORT AUGUST 1994



Enzo Ferrari has always been regarded as an institution in Italy. In fact, someone once suggested that first comes the Pope, then Ferrari. Being his secretary must have been the dream of thousands of Italian signorinas... even signoras. How come an English woman from Croydon landed the job?

"I went to Italy on holiday in the early 1960s and met an English girl who was married to an Italian, the manager of the Palace Hotel in Modena. She suggested I should stay on in Italy to which I replied, 'You must be nuts,' but that's what happened - I stayed! In 1962 I took a job as English teacher at a private school. At that time, Englishman Mike Parkes, Ferrari's chief development engineer and works driver, was looking for a secretary. I taught at the school during the day and worked for Mike in the evenings. I worked for him for 16 years. Mike lived in the same house in Modena as Lina Lardi and her son Piero Lardi Ferrari, and that's where I first met the 'old man'. In fact, Piero was an English student of mine at the time - he was then 16; today he's my boss! Ferrari said that if Mike ever left he'd like me to work for him. The implication was that he didn't want us to work for him at the same time as we'd only end up fighting! Mike didn't leave - he died in a road accident; about two months later, in July '78, Ferrari 'phoned me to ask me to work for him, mainly to do his translations. That's how it happened."

English and Italian lifestyles are traditionally different. The mere fact that you are still there after 30 years must mean you've adapted well.

"One reason I've adapted so well is that - like the Italians - I'm quite extrovert. I say it like it is... I'm forthright and cannot stand liars and two-faced people. My philosophy is that if people don't like the truth it's just too bad. Several of our drivers learnt that about me. But I'm also a lot like my father, who was Irish, and one of the dearest people I've ever known. He'd give anything away just to make other people happy. I'm like that too. I enjoy giving. I like the Italian lifestyle... I know so many people in Maranello; there's always someone to turn to. They are very friendly and often a bit too nosy, but that doesn't really matter. I love pasta but I don't generally like the Italians' attitude towards animals. I love animals and don't like to see dogs chained up and fed with scraps. Another problem I have with Italians is that they have so little sense of order. I'm very punctual and have never kept anyone waiting. But, yes, I'm happy there - whether I'll ever return to England to live, I don't know... I've lost a lot of contact there. I take each day as it comes."

When did you learn Italian and how long did it take you? And having learnt 'high' Italian how long did it take you to pick up the Modenese dialect?

"I had never studied Italian, unfortunately, but I took a job as an au pair with an Italian family in Bologna where nobody spoke English and that's how I learnt. The best way - among the people! I learnt the Modenese dialect at Ferrari - the mechanics speak nothing else so if you don't learn the dialect you don't speak to anyone!"

How did you fit into the Ferrari hierarchy?

"First of all, Ferrari had two male secretaries: Valerio Stradi who, from the age of 15 for the next 35 years, handled Ferrari's personal affairs (he retired recently); and Georgio Ferri, who was responsible for paying telephone and electricity accounts and that sort of thing. I worked closely with Franco Gozzi in the press department and, apart from translation work, was directly involved with the racing department, representing Ferrari at FOCA and generally being involved with all aspects of motor sport and Ferrari's racing division... looking after the drivers and all their affairs. There were 200 men in the racing department."

Haw much control did you have? Were you fairly autonomous?

"Oh no, that wasn't possible at Ferrari! Ferrari was the boss. He always nitpicked at my press releases and translations. He always - almost on principle - changed something like a comma or one word!"

Most people have an image of Enzo Ferrari as being a despot, a tyrant, of being aloof.., a real Caesar. Yet in an interview some years ago he confessed to being timid?

"Yes, the tyrannical image, I think, was a bit of a front. In fact his admission of timidity could largely be true. He was actually a very nice person, but one had to be careful of his moods. He had a wicked sense of humour and often teased people - particularly the drivers about their girlfriends - even Mike in front of me! He also enjoyed practical jokes. He always said I had the best *telaio* [chassis] in the racing department. He had a fiery temper but after a flare-up it would all be over and forgotten within 10 minutes."

Did Ferrari have many endearing characteristics?

"He had a phenomenal memory for facts, figures and statistics and this was the case until his death. For example I once typed a letter to someone and Ferrari informed me that the addressee had moved five years earlier and proceeded to quote from memory the new address, postal code and telephone number. That happened all the time. And as I said he had a sense of humour. He was also quite a ladies' man. . . He also loved company and would always greet everyone - even the washing-up woman. He would go to great lengths to say 'good morning' to everyone."

Did he have any particular quirks? Any *bétes noires*?

"No, nothing that immediately springs to mind, but he didn't like being addressed as '*Commendatore*', a title that stems from the fascist era. He preferred '*Ingegnere*' and that was how he was addressed by his staff and those close to him. But as I said one had to be careful of his moods; if I wanted a day off (like Friday to go down to the coast for a long weekend) I had to wait for the right moment. On one particular occasion when I asked he looked very glum and sternly asked if I was going to wear a bikini. When I replied in the affirmative he said I could go!"

Ferrari's moods seemed almost pervasive. In fact in September 1967 I was a victim of such a mood. My friend Sir John Samuel (who had owned Diva Cars in London, but later went on to develop electric vehicles) and I arrived at the main gate in the hope of being given a conducted tour of the factory. For us both it had been a long-standing ambition to visit Ferrari. We were met by Jonathan Williams, a works P4 driver at the time, but were told we couldn't have picked a worse day because 'the Old Man was in a black mood', the reason being that Jackie Stewart had sent a telegram that very morning declining an offer of a Ferrari works drive. In fact, Jonathan said, even Gianni Agnelli wouldn't be allowed into the factory that day!

"That was before my time but, yes, that could have been the case. He could be cantankerous, but that was his privilege."

The name of Piero Lardi Ferrari has cropped up. It's been an open secret for many years that Enzo Ferrari, despite being absolutely distraught at the death of his own son, Dino, as a result of muscular dystrophy in 1956, had another son by Lina Lardi.

"Yes, that's true and now, of course, it's common knowledge. As I said I've known Piero for many years and he's now my boss. Piero had quite a difficult upbringing in that he was always kept in the background. His mother never married."

Is Piero like his father in any way?

"Only in temper. He's exactly like his father - a flare-up lasts for about 10 minutes and then it's all over. Confrontations really upset him. He is actually a very caring person. Almost too good... he commands a great deal of respect from everyone at Ferrari. But as for being like old man Ferrari, no. He was a legend... a hard act to follow."

After the years of being 'mother' to the racing department, you and Piero went to the production car division?

"Yes,I see F40s every day; and every day is a new learning experience!

A number of people - English speaking racing drivers and journalists and others who knew Ferrari quite well - maintain that he understood every word of English even though he only spoke Italian.

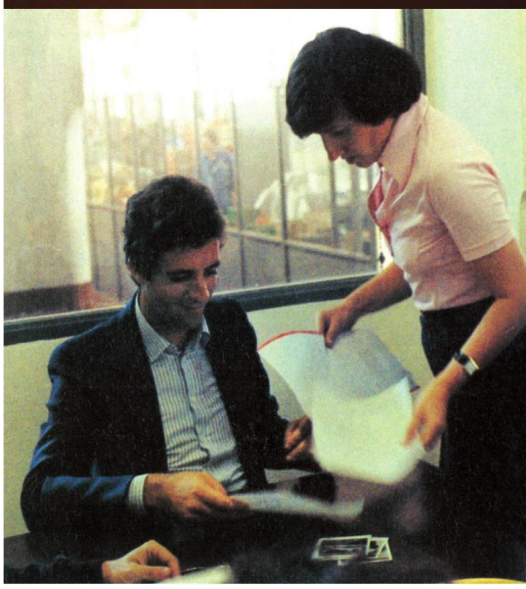
"That's not true. He neither spoke nor understood English; but he spoke French."

To drive for Ferrari seemed the ultimate dream of many top racing drivers, but when they got there it often ended in unhappiness and recriminations. Politics always seemed the root cause.

"Yes, politics is Ferrari... politics is being Italian. What else can I say? I suppose it makes them different."

While other heads of car companies and racing teams thrived on international







Left: Brenda with Piero Lardi Ferrari at the factory. Above: Enzo Ferrari had many quirks but was actually a kind and surprisingly timid gentleman

travel Enzo seemed happy at home.

"Yes, he never travelled abroad. He enjoyed going to practice sessions at Monza and Imola but would always watch the races on TV at the Fiorano circuit. After the events he would summon his drivers to Maranello to discuss their performances."

Where did Enzo live? Near the factory?

"He had a villa close to the factory but never really lived there. He had a four-storey house in Modena and after his wife's death in 1976 Piero moved there with his family and mother. Piero's daughter Antonella occupies the top floor. She has a four-year-old son... there's another Enzo Ferrari!"

It's said that behind every successful man is a supportive wife ... a power behind the throne. Was this the case with the Ferraris?

"I don't think so. Laura Ferrari did come to the factory each day and had lunch with the staff but I think his mother, who died at the age of 90 in about 1962 or 1963, had more influence. It was she who insisted that Piero should be brought into the business."

"Chris Amon was super, but sensitive. He got demoralised so quickly"

I once heard that Ferrari had a late metabolism cycle (I think that's the medical term) in that he was a slow starter in the morning but could go on to the early hours when everyone else was ready to drop.

"I'm not sure about that, but it's possible. He would go to the barber every morning, then collect his mail from the office in Modena... there was another office in Modena... and arrive at the factory at about 11. Then the buzz would go round: 'Watch out, the Old Man's arrived!' He certainly had a presence. He generally worked to about 7.30 in the evenings, including weekends."

What other outside interests did he have?

"He enjoyed opera and in his young days he was a good journalist... he loved reading newspapers from cover to cover... but his whole life really revolved around his factory."

From the early 1950s until the early 1970s, Ferrari was actively involved in sports car racing, in fact during those years probably won every major sports car class that existed. Yet since 1972 there's been no official sports car works team and emphasis since then has been on Formula 1. It's no secret that Ferrari's F1 performanceof late has hardly been a success; surely, participation and success in sports car racing would be more important than F1 from a marketing point of view? Wouldn't winning Le Mans be more important than, say, winning the Hungarian Grand Prix? It almost seems as if Ferrari capitulated to Porsche without a fight. I'm sure Porsche's many successes in endurance and sports car rating have boosted production car sales.

"The reason was because it was too expensive to race in two categories and Ferrari elected to go the Formula 1 route."

You must have seen a number of Grand Prix drivers come and go. Can you tell me about your involvement with them?

"Before I joined the company officially I knew Lorenzo Bandini well. He was such a nice guy and lived in the same block of flats as I did. He'd 'phone me late at night to discuss his troubles and would often have breakfast with me and then give me a lift to the school where I was teaching. When he died in that terrible accident at Monaco I vowed I'd never go back there. I eventually did, 10 years later. I also knew Ludovico Scarfiotti well... Such a gentleman... and he died unnecessarily in a silly hillclimb accident.

Chris Amon... another super person... but sensitive. He got demoralised so quickly. He always wanted to know what the Italian papers had to say about him and his performances... often I didn't tell him exactly what the press said! When I joined the company I used to look after a succession of drivers. I would find houses or apartments for them, arrange their transport, sort out their insurance, many of their personal affairs, their laundry, arrange schooling for their children, handle medical and dental appointments; and in one case I had to rush someone's wife to hospital when she miscarried. For this I inherited the title of 'mother' but always said 'aunt' would be better - it wouldn't make me feel so old! Carlos Reutemann left at the end of 1978 - the year I joined. He walked into my office

once (I'd never met him before) and I stopped typing immediately: I'd never seen such a handsome man!

Gilles Villeneuve was a crazy character - he could never drive off without wheelspinning. I remember once going for drive with him up a mountain pass in a 328. If anything had come from the other side I don't know what would have happened. He couldn't understand why I was looking so worried. He once 'phoned me at 5 o'clock in the morning from his apartment in Monaco to check on the weather as he wanted to fly down to the factory in his helicopter. I drew the curtains and all I saw was thick fog and told him that he stood no chance. So what did he do? He set off! He got about halfway and had to put it down on a farm where he stayed overnight. After another helicopter flight with Jody Scheckter as passenger, an ashen-faced Jody told me: 'Never again - the guy is nuts!' He asked me to get him back to Monaco by any other means - car, train, coach - whatever. Gilles was actually quite an introvert but opened up in Jody's company. They were great buddies. Jody was very funny in those days. He had a dry sense of humour and always had me in fits of laughter. The Italians, in particular the people of Maranello, loved him. He now lives in Atlanta and I think he's changed quite a lot from those days.

Didier Pironi was another favourite. Pironi had great difficulty in walking after his bad accident at Hockenheim in 1981 when both his legs were smashed. Afterwards he had to endure several operations and was strapped in the boat when it capsized and he drowned. I was away for a weekend with Piero and his wife Floriana when we heard the news on the radio that Pironi had been killed in a power boat accident.

I'm also very fond of René Arnoux. He often calls me. He is such a nice, funny guy. He is fond of children and once gave a party for 53 handicapped children. He was so good with those kids. Some say he is rough but it's not fair to judge people until you know them.

Ah, Patrick Tambay, what a gentleman and so handsome! Also a very intelligent person. I don't know if you know he has a degree in economic science. When he left I cried. He was somehow different and left a great void.

My colleagues put up a large photograph in my office of Michele Alboreto when he succeeded Patrick. I was most upset and told them to remove it, but when I got to know Michele and his wife Nadia we became firm friends. I often bake cakes for them!

Stefan Johansson is like a younger brother. He still keeps in touch. The drivers often used to scribble dedications and notes on my desk pad and one I particularly cherish is a note from Stefan: 'To Brenda - more than a mother, better than a friend, thank you for all your kindness.'

Gerhard Berger is another good friend. He's always cheerful and keeps out of politics and intrigue. I will hear nothing bad about him. Nigel Mansell I really only knew, to say 'hello' to. Prost didn't even say that! Jean Alesi is sweet and educated. Capelli I didn't get to know at all - sad, isn't it!"

Did Mr Ferrari have favourites among the drivers or did he adopt the role of impartial headmaster?

"If he did have favourites he never showed it. He was rather like an impartial headmaster towards the drivers."

You must have met a number of famous people at the factory.

"So many, I forget who. Prince Bernard of the Netherlands is a charming and polite man. Paul Newman came into my office once and when I looked up into those blue eyes I nearly fell off my chair. Sylvester Stallone is shy but opens up as he gets to know you. Some others were Nick Mason of Pink Floyd; the Shah of Persia; Princess Caroline's late husband Stefano Casiraghi; Prince Albert of Monaco; Luciano Pavarotti. The Argentinian president, Carlos Menem, once visited the factory wearing blue jeans and tennis shoes. When I politely held out my hand to say goodbye he gave me a bear hug. Another old so-and-so, a ladies' man I'm sure!"

Where do you live?

"In Maranello, about 10 minutes from the factory. It's most convenient; I can pop home for lunch or a quick shower in summer, or to let my labrador out for walks."

Do you drive a Ferrari?

"No! I have actually never driven one but hope to before I die! Until recently I had a Fiat Uno Turbo but now have an Uno 70SX. A few months ago I wrote off my Uno Turbo. At 10 o'clock one night I was driving along the road behind the Ferrari factory and hit a barrier at some unlit roadworks. The car slewed across the road and was written off against the wall of the factory. I broke my right shoulder in five places and even though the bones have healed I still do not have full use of my right arm."

When Ferrari died in 1988 I believe he was buried before his death was officially announced.

"That's correct. That was his wish and only his immediate family were present at the service. I was in America at the time. He died on August 14 and was buried at 7am on the morning of August 15, my birthday. Only later that morning was his death made public to the media. Over 3000 letters, cards and telegrams of sympathy were received. Piero replied to every one. Every year on his birthday, February 18, and on the anniversary of his death flowers arrive at the factory from all over the world. Piero thanks everyone personally."

The end of an era.

"Yes, a long era!"

"Drivers used to scribble dedications and notes on my desk"



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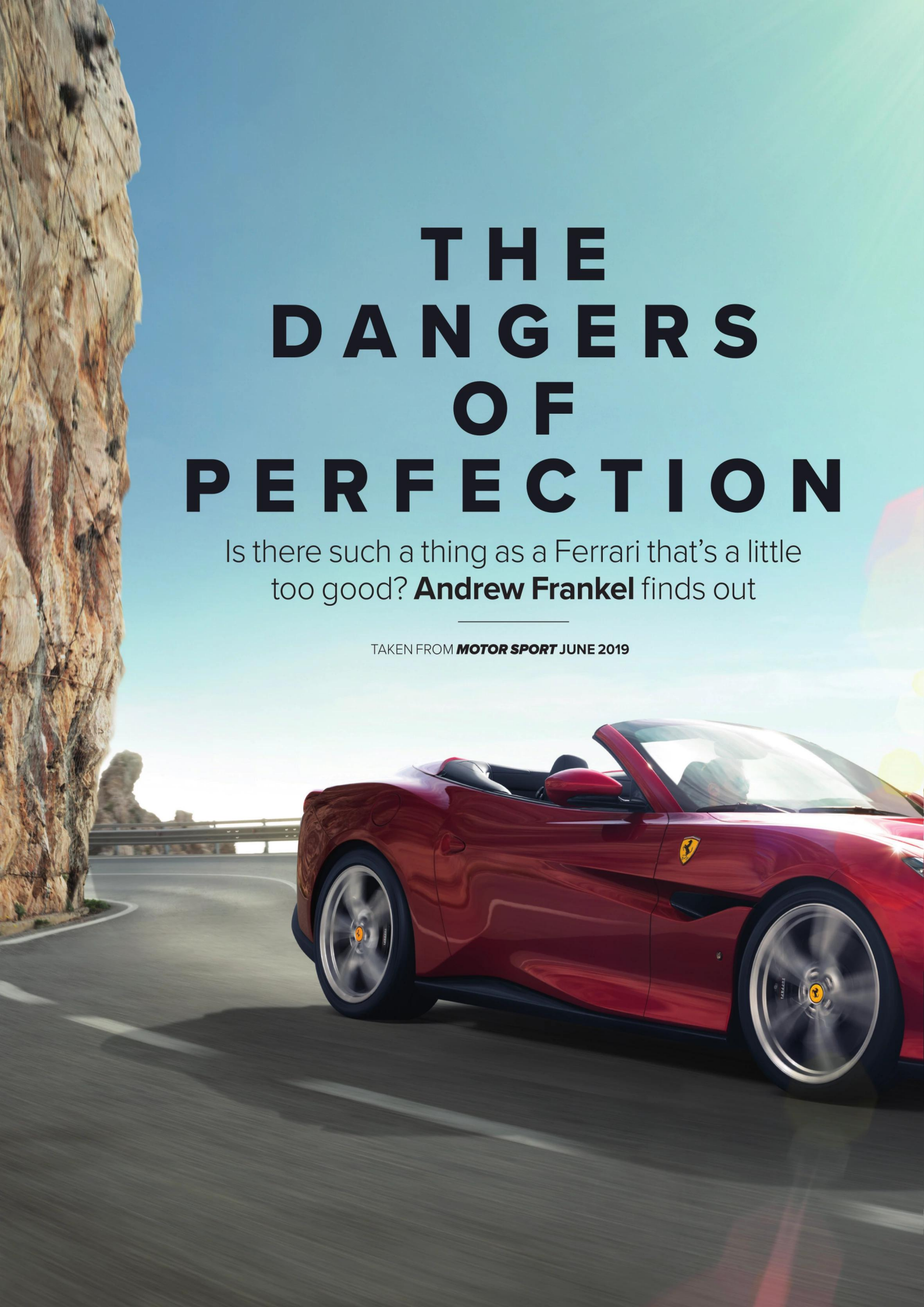
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THE DANGERS OF PERFECTION

Is there such a thing as a Ferrari that's a little too good? **Andrew Frankel** finds out

TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** **JUNE 2019**





FERRARI PORTOFINO

Being somewhat traditional and having grown up fascinated by Ferraris, I've come to know what I like about them. I like them to have two seats. If it's going to have a V8 engine it must be mounted behind the driver, just as a V12 must be up front. And I like Ferraris to have closed roofs. Convertible supercars exist only to help their occupants draw attention to themselves, a curious pastime of which I'm not a fan.

By rights, I should care little for this convertible 2+2 Ferrari Portofino with its front-mounted V8. All Ferraris have twin roles: to provide a certain sort of driving experience, and to illustrate the apparent success of the driver (though as I prove all too well, this rule is not entirely foolproof).

The Portofino replaces the old California T and is a genuinely new car, said to be both stiffer and lighter than the machine it replaces. Its twin-turbo 3.9-litre V8 is derived from that in the 488GTB and, while less powerful, still puts out 592bhp, enough to cannon it to 62mph in 3.5sec, despite the traction limitations of having the power generated at a different end of the car to the wheels that are required to transmit it to the Tarmac. And anyone who complains about the top speed being an entire mile per hour below 200mph really ought to re-evaluate their priorities in life.

The Portofino tries hard to get you onside from the very start. It's a fine-looking car. It's also easy to get in and see out. The heated seats are extremely comfortable and, while the major instrumentation is not exactly attractive, the electronic clocks do their job well. The minor controls are quite scattered and not in the least intuitive to operate, but it's easy enough.

Of course, this is not a mass-produced luxury car, so if you were expecting instant clearing of a foggy windscreen, world-class navigation mapping or concert hall acoustics, you're going to be disappointed. But when I think back to the almost wilfully clunky Ferraris I drove in my early days as a hack, I marvel at how far the company has come and the efforts it has made to make its cars easier to use without rendering them more boring to drive. Even the folding roof works beautifully, rising and falling without you needing to slow if you're in town and, once raised, sealing you in so well anyone unaware of the Portofino's party trick would simply assume they were in a coupé.

But that's not the Portofino's big surprise. That comes when you drive it. It seems ridiculous to say I wasn't expecting much from a Ferrari with almost 600bhp, but the only other Ferrari to place a derivative of this engine in its nose - the GTC4 Lusso - left me cold. Not so the Portofino.

Its chassis is its real trump card, but I'll deal with the powertrain first. It's certainly fit for purpose, albeit a million miles from those magnificent normally

aspirated V8s and V12s that would populate the vast majority of any book of great Ferrari engines. There is some low rpm lethargy and it doesn't rev as high as a McLaren motor, but once on song lag is vestigial and thrust prodigious. It's a shame that song couldn't be more tuneful. Others who heard it and the rifle cracks Ferrari arranges for it to make on full-throttle upshifts in Sport mode were much impressed by its sound, but there's no music to it and, given it's a twin-turbo V8 with a flat-plane crank, I'd have been amazed if there were. But despite the sometimes less than instant shifts of its seven-speed double-clutch transmission, few would say this powertrain did not get the job done.

Yet I liked the way it rode and handled far more. It still seems strange to be writing about a Ferrari where the engine plays a supporting role to the chassis, but that's where we are in 2019. For a start, on the broken country roads near where I live, it rides really well. Coupled with low levels of road and wind noise and those excellent seats, the Portofino's long-distance credentials are clear. Yes, the rear seats are nearly (but not completely) useless, and luggage capacity is very limited with the roof down, but for two people heading for the continent who'd never drop the top on the motorway anyway, it would be a very accomplished Grand Tourer.

It handles accurately, too, albeit not in a see-how-sideways it goes way (though it will if you must). Yes, I'd prefer more steering feel, but it has a less aggressive rack than mid-engined Ferraris and it can be driven with confidence in difficult conditions.

The Portofino struck me as being a very carefully planned and thoughtfully executed car, one that knows exactly who the target customer is, but which nevertheless exceeds expectations in most important respects. The more I drove it, the more I liked it.

The only thing I remain unsure about is whether it feels like a Ferrari. The Grand Touring Ferrari is almost as old a concept as Ferrari itself and this is its best in years. But it's so good at so many things regarded as hallmarks for other traditionally more luxurious brands - like ride and refinement - that they actually risk obscuring the brand identity of its creator.

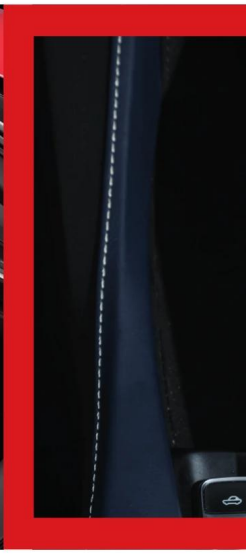
Should this matter? Almost certainly not. To almost everyone, the fact that it looks so unmistakeably like a Ferrari will tick the credibility box. Any remaining doubters will likely be won over by its acceleration.

To me however, the Portofino does not have the character of a Ferrari - in part because it is such a rounded, nuanced performer. To me Ferraris have always had a wild side, have always been a challenge to drive fast, have always forced you to accept compromise as part of that character. And the Portofino doesn't. It's just a bloody good car, irrespective of the badge on its front.



"Ferraris have traditionally forced you to accept compromise. The Portofino doesn't"





With its 592bhp V8 mounted up front it shouldn't work, but the Portofino's chassis is a masterpiece





FERRARI PORTOFINO

Price £166,241
Engine 3.9 litres, 8 cylinders
Power 592bhp@7500rpm
Weight 1664kg
Power to weight 356bhp per tonne
Transmission seven-speed double clutch, rear-wheel drive
0-60mph 3.5sec
Top speed 199mph
Economy 26.4mpg
CO_2 245g/km
Verdict Disappointingly excellent

Lap of the Godfathers

Aristocrat Vincenzo Florio created it, local hero Nino Vaccarella made it his own. A return to the roads of the Targa Florio in 2010 showed the echoes they created live on – even above the bark of a modern Ferrari V8

WRITER **DAMIEN SMITH** / PHTOTOGRAPHS **MATT HOWELL**
TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** **DECEMBER 2010**


OP 556TV



"We wander through the crumbling stands. The atmosphere is still and spooky"

"I'll give you the same tip I gave to Jacky Ickx in 1973 when he was driving the Targa for the first time, in the Ferrari 312P," says the voice on the end of the phone. "I told him 'This is not a race!' He crashed on the first lap and had an enormous accident. I saw him afterwards and asked him if he was okay. 'Yes, I'm okay,' he replied. 'But I had a very interesting accident - a very long way down a mountain!'"

The voice is Brian Redman's. I've called him at his Florida home a couple of days before my first visit to the Circuito delle Madonie on the volcanic island of Sicily, the ball at the toe of Italy's boot. The Targa Florio. An epic race steeped in lore, where men pushed their limits of endurance, bravery... foolhardiness, to the edge and over it. Nazzaro, Nuvolari, Moss... Vaccarella, Elford, Siffert... Ferrari, Porsche, Alfa Romeo, Mercedes-Benz - so many names, so many stories, so much history. And so many miles. To grapple with the Targa - nearly 70 years of myth and legend, a race that is hard to relate to from the safety of our homogenised, modern world of infinite run-offs, carbon composite construction and the HANS device - is daunting in the extreme.

And of course, I'm not even racing there. The last 'proper' Targa was held back in 1973, after which its World Championship status was stripped. It continued until 1977 when two spectators were killed as a car skidded off the road. Too much, even for the 1970s. Brian's words - "This is not a race!" - are simply a reminder. These roads are perilous, the best and worst of their kind. Don't get carried away.

Later when I read over the old race reports, it appears Jacky might have been spooked by the place: in practice he smashed the nose off his 312P against a wall and retired from the race when he hit a rock on lap three. Then I reflect on Brian's record in the Madonie: four starts, only one finish - albeit a very special one. Victory in 1970 with Siffert in the squat 908/3 Porsche built specially for this race. Then there is '71, a year on from his great victory, and the crash in which he was terribly burnt: "I had my accident about 20km in, but I don't remember where. Siffert had crashed in practice and the car's handling was very poor. I hit a concrete post and the fuel tank exploded. Do not crash - there are a lot of things to hit."

But I'm only visiting the place, there's nothing for me to worry about. Except there is, you see. To make this a trip worthy of *Motor Sport*, I wanted to experience the Targa roads in something more than a Fiat hire car. Hence the stunning £170,000 Ferrari 458 Italia - everything a modern sports car aspires to be - awaiting me, fresh from Maranello. The violent yellow paint job is worth £15k alone, apparently. I'm no racing driver - just a bloke who got lucky. If I bend it here, this place is likely to bend me.

"We never really talked about the danger. Apart from the long straight it wasn't all that fast," said Redman last week. It's time to take a leaf out of his book and just get on with it. The Ferrari glides out of the pretty, ancient town of Cefalù in automatic mode - surprisingly docile and 'normal' in traffic - in search of the Piccolo Madonie, the 'short' circuit on which the legends were created since WWII. I'll worry about the pre-war Grande Circuito tomorrow.

Out of Cefalù heading west we ignore the signs for the autostrada and stick to the SS113 (A-road in Anglo-Saxon). It's not very 'Targa Florio' here. It's industrial, there are roadworks and it's nondescript. It's also very straight and images from period photographs flash through my mind. This is Buonfornello, the only proper straight on the Targa.

It offered a welcome slug out of the town of Campofelice di Roccella after the miles of twisting mountain roads. I'm starting at the end of the 'Piccolo' - but as I would later discover, the start of the 'Grande' circuit.

On the same day I'd spoken to Brian Redman, Vic Elford had also kindly talked me through a lap. Like Brian, he was on the end of a phone line in Florida, but with a little help from Google Maps he'd been my guide. "The straight was about four and a half miles long and with the Targa gearing we were limited to about 185mph," he said. It's a heavily populated road today and I keep it sensible. There's no sense of the Africa-bound Scirocco crosswind he mentioned that would push his Porsche across the width of the road as he blasted down the straight.

Monte San Calogero looms large ahead of us as the road turns inland, away from an unsightly heavy industry plant. Ahead of a railway crossing, there are signs to Cerda and a junction turning left. We take it and within a minute we're upon the pit buildings and grandstands as the road swoops up to the left.

We stop and look back at the start/finish. It's that shot of Arturo Merzario powering away in his 312P at the start of the '73 race, crowds spilling on to the road, right there. A gap in the fence allows us to wander through the crumbling concrete stands. A monument to the Targa's father, Vincenzo Florio, sits shaded under trees and, as is typical of such places, the atmosphere is still, quiet and spooky. Signage is visible, but fading fast, and I'm surprised how neglected these familiar buildings appear. They're derelict, but at least they're still standing.

GETTY









The remnants of a bygone era. The pit buildings and grandstands (left) still stand, but are decaying rapidly





"The stunning scenery is wasted as there is so much to do. how could anyone remember all this?"

We press on towards Cerda. Here, the roads begin to sweep, but there is still too much traffic to really enjoy the Ferrari. Vic told me the road is now 50 per cent wider than it once was - so single-track, then.

We enter the bustling small town of Cerda and recognise the long high street that climbs slow and straight. At the top it sweeps left then immediately into a long right. Today, traffic restricts us to a crawl. According to Elford, "At the top end of Cerda in the Porsche I was the only one in fifth gear. That was over 170mph." The street is virtually unchanged and such speeds, attained while locals stood applauding from their doorsteps and balconies, are almost impossible to imagine.

This is what I came to Sicily to discover.

My notes from the conversation with Vic read: "After 2km there is a junction - turn left. This is where the wheel of my 907 fell off in '68. There's a wall about 10 feet high where spectators were standing. They jumped down and lifted the car back on the road for me." So this was where it started, the great comeback. Elford, sharing the Porsche with Umberto Maglioli, lost over 18 minutes at this spot, then set off on one of the greatest sports car drives in history, smashing the lap record on the way. It's why his name is still whispered with reverence in these parts.

As we climb away from Cerda, all signs of traffic melt away. The Ferrari is in 'sport' mode now and we begin to press on. But there is never a moment's peace. The stunning, rugged scenery is wasted on us because there is too much to do: second-gear right-hander, accelerate up to third



with a tug of the right paddle, flick the left for a satisfying blip down to second (this car makes me sound so much better than I am!) and turn in. And so it goes on. How could anyone remember this?

As the road plunges down into a valley and begins to climb towards Caltavuturo, Vic's words echo: "I had a photographic memory. Having come from rallying, when I learned the Targa I realised I was writing imaginary pace notes in my head. It was the same as the Nürburgring - I knew every inch."

On the Targa, drivers could practice weeks in advance on the open roads, but still Redman's words strike a chord: "I never knew any of it. How do you remember 950-odd corners?"

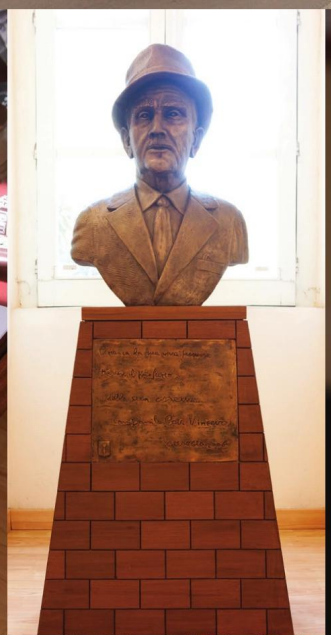
There was also the road surface to contend with. It's not very good now, and although period reports explain attempts to resurface sections, it couldn't have been much better then. Earthquakes, landslips, floods - they've all left their mark. Round a blind bend in the low-slung Ferrari and you're likely to find a cracked step in the surface - perhaps there'll be a temporary road sign, perhaps there won't.

Back to Vic's notes: "Just before Caltavuturo turn left and go downhill. Pass under the autostrada and climb up to Scillato (don't go into the town, it should be on your left)." Now we slow down for the next town and look for more famous landmarks: Collesano.

This is the birthplace of one Nino Vaccarella, the revered local hero who triumphed for Ferrari in 1965 and for Alfa in '71 and '75. Here, we find the hairpin so often photographed from a bank looking











Above: The famous Collesano hairpin as it looks now, with the Vaccarella graffiti long washed away. Left: Museum in Collesano houses many treasures, including Elford mementos. Right: Vaccarella himself

down on the street. This is Vaccarella's corner, where he crashed out in front of his faithful in '66, where they'd daubed 'VV - Viva Vaccarella' on the sides of houses.

From the turn, the road plunges into a walled right-hander, again popular with the photographers. But where's the graffiti now? Much of it has been scrubbed clean or lost to newly built walls, but if you look hard enough not all of it is gone.

We take a break. We're only 48 of the 72km in, and we feel like we've been driving for hours. In 1970 Leo Kinnunen smashed the lap record in 33min 36sec, at an average of a shade under 80mph. I'm getting some perspective now.



GETTY

The official Targa Florio museum is easy to find in Collesano (there are also two private collections open to the public in Cerda and Campofelice), and is signposted 200 yards off the main street. They don't speak much English here, but it doesn't matter. The large collection of photographs, the drivers' overalls and helmets on display - they all speak for themselves.

We've arranged to meet a friend of Vic's here at the museum. Giuseppe Valenza is a local with the Targa in his blood - and he speaks good English, which is useful. He has big news: we are to meet the man himself. Nino will see us this afternoon, but not here - in his apartment, of all places, in the city of Palermo.

Signs around the island herald a much-anticipated visit from the Pope, but we're not interested in the Pontiff. On Sicily, the nearest thing to God begins with a V...

Our new best friend leads us out of Collesano to complete the 'Piccolo' lap and the last leg down to Campofelice. As Vic said, it's "pretty fast and downhill", but also busy with traffic. For now, my mind is on other things besides the Ferrari and the winding roads.

Palermo is a shock to the system after the Madonie. The bright yellow Ferrari sticks out somewhat as we nudge carefully through the congested streets. Young Sicilian boys and girls, bare-headed, in T-shirts and shorts, stare as they cut us up on scooters, and we quickly cotton on to why so many of the cars bear the scars of city life. Traffic lights mean little, roundabouts - well, you just plunge in and hope. That £15k paint job is at more risk here than in the mountains.

We cling to the brake lights of Giuseppe's Alfa and ride the Ferrari's horn until we finally pull up by one of the many towering apartment blocks. I'm sweating despite the air-con.

> "In my time, it was possible to die. Big drivers – Musso, Clark, von Trips..."

The old-fashioned elevator is only big enough for two and we push open its door to emerge into a dim hallway on the fourth floor. This is the no-frills home of the racing teacher, the hero of all Sicily.

The Man opens the door to us. Receding grey hair slicked back into a flick at the neck, cream slacks, beige loafers (no socks), shirt open almost to the navel and a giant gold medallion nestling against his abdomen - complete with Prancing Horse insignia. Then there are those heavy-lid eyes, staring into us with more than a glint of old warrior pride. He smiles and then Nino Vaccarella welcomes us into his home.

The neat but small apartment is a shrine to motor racing, and Ferrari dominates, on his bookshelves and in the pictures. Giuseppe is here to help with translation, but 'Ninni' is irrepressible and spouts forth a glorious torrent of broken English.

"In my time, it was possible to die. Big drivers - Musso, Castelotti, Clark, von Trips... Now, very difficult - many regulements [sic]. No overcross [sic!]. When I see F1 I sleep [he mimes, head resting on hands]. FIA is no good, Max Mosley - no good. Todt - exact man. He is experienced. He will change the sport for the good. Ecclestone - very intelligent. A fox. Money, money, money."

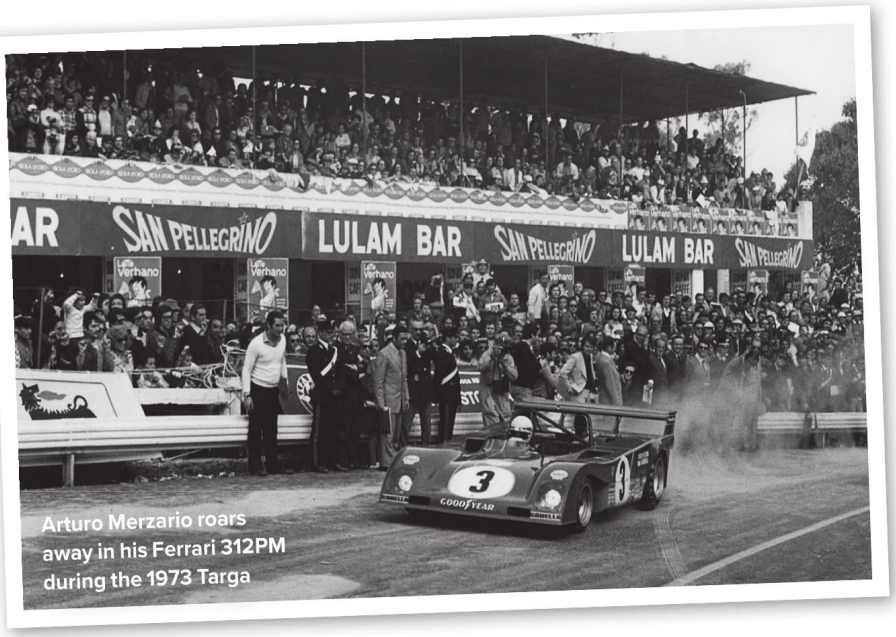
The modern sport leaves him cold, although his animated speech and open humour warms the soul. "Singapore - fantastic. Big buildings, the lights. But it is not possible to pass. Just see Hamilton and Webber. It is not a good circuit like Spa, Monza, Silverstone. In my time there was Targa, Nürburgring, Le Mans, Reims... they were roads. My opinion, okay?"

No arguments there, *Signor Nino*.

He opens his photo albums, full of faces and memories. "See here? Who is this? Chiti, Scarfiotti, Bandini, Dragoni, Parkes..." There's Sebring - "stupid. An airfield." And here's Graham Hill - "an English Sicilian. When Graham Hill wins the English crowd... [mimes polite, reserved applause with a po face]. It is different in Sicily," and he tells us of his reception in '65, when he was carried victorious from his 275P2 and lofted high in adulation by his people. Viva Vaccarella...

It's been a special visit, an honour to be welcomed into his home. He looks fit and well, and remains busy - two phone calls interrupt the stream of memories. He has an appointment, but there's time for more reminiscing and he hands round sweets. "Ferrari in my heart," he tells us, and we do not doubt him.

Back on the bustling street, we blink and try to take in our meeting with the Master



Arturo Merzario roars away in his Ferrari 312PM during the 1973 Targa

"I marvel at Vincenzo Florio's vision, the bravery of the men who accepted his challenge"

of the Madonie. At the Targa, on home turf, he knew every turn and was tough to beat. He "was not afraid of anybody". Redman told me that he remembers catching Nino and trying to pass three times, only to be vigorously rebuffed on each occasion. Sensibly, he waited and followed for 100 miles to jump him at the pitstops.

Once again, I take a leaf out of Brian's book as we head back into the Palermo throng. No heroics in this crazy city.

Vincenzo Florio was just 23 when he founded the race that would stamp his name on the pioneering world of motor sport. He was already well travelled and had the benefit of a European education via both Paris and Eton. Indeed, he was a cultured 18-year-old when in 1901 he first toured the Madonie area, described as practically unexplored, a virgin land. He borrowed a Renault with a De Dion-Bouton engine from his brother-in-law, Prince Pietro Lanza of Trabia, to blaze a trail over the rocky paths that would one day become the roads of Targa legend. After four days which took him to Collesano and Isnello, he returned to Palermo fired up by the artistic, cultural and geographical attractions of the villages and landscapes he had seen.

He had also become fascinated by the new sport of motor racing and in early 1902 he took part in - and won - the Targa Rignano Bovolenta-Padova race on a Panhard-Levassor. His imagination gave him a new ambition: to promote the Madonie region with a race across its winding tracks.

Florio's career as a race promoter began in Brescia, where he created the Coppa Florio, then closer to home with the Palermo-Monreale rally in 1904. The success of that event hardened his determination.

The following year he took his friend and racing aficionado Marquis Della Motta for a drive in a Fiat in an attempt to survey a route, taking in the towns of Geraci and Castelbuono. His friend offered encouragement.

In 1905 Florio founded the Permanent Society for Economic Development, Festivals and Sporting Events and after months of lobbying in Paris, the Targa Florio was established, to take place over a 148km mountain circuit - the Grande Circuito delle Madonie. Competitors would be challenged to complete three laps.

On May 6 1906 just 10 cars took the start of the first Targa Florio, including a Fiat for Vincenzo Lancia. The start/finish would be located on the Buonfornello straight, where Sicilian high society gathered with a crowd of thousands to witness Turin's Alessandro Cagno become the race's first victor, on an Itala in a time of 9hr 32min 22sec and at an average speed of 46.8kph (29mph). From then until the start of WWI, the Targa Florio endured fortunes as rocky as the roads it ran on. Between 1912 and '14, Florio abandoned the Madonie in favour of a single lap around the perimeter of the island. But Vincenzo Florio's hard work was to be rewarded. After 'the war to end all wars' the race bearing his name would become a peak any marque with pretensions to greatness had to scale, and feats on the Madonie turned to legend. Florio's legacy for Sicily would be assured.

Day two in the Ferrari. We decide to trace the Grande Circuito, in the wheel tracks of Vincenzo Florio. A third circuit, the Mezzo, was used between 1919-30 and turned left at Castellana Sicula to wind back towards Collesano. Time will beat us on this one; it's a road we'll have to miss on this trip.

Through Cerda and up to Caltavuturo, our route is as the day before. But instead of plunging left towards Scillato and Collesano, we keep climbing straight on. The roads become smoother and faster as we head deep into the Madonie national park. The Ferrari's in 'race' mode now and revels in the fast sweeps that lead us first to Castellana Sicula and then on to the stunning twin mountain towns of Petralia Sottana and Petralia Soprana. They have clearly changed little in centuries.

Next, it's a climb into the clouds to Geraci Siculo on fresh, smooth Tarmac - we feel spoilt here after some of the roads we've faced - but Madonie has saved the best until last. It's mostly downhill to Castelbuono, but I rarely get out of third gear as the 4.5-litre V8 rasps and barks behind my shoulders. It's the best road I've ever driven.

Our journey is nearly over as we pass through Isnello and back to more familiar territory in Collesano, picking up the final leg of the 'Piccolo' course as we had done the day before.

As we cruise back to base in Cefalù I can't help but marvel at Vincenzo Florio's vision, and the bravery of the men who accepted his challenge.

It couldn't go on, of course. The modern world was always bound to impose its restrictions even on this beautiful, desolate land. Even so, one can still pass through miles of Madonie without seeing a soul. Here, the spirit of the Targa Florio lives on. As each year passes, the great race gets further away. But the locals haven't forgotten - and neither will we.

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When he finally got his hands on Ferrari's new baby, our continental correspondent reckoned it ushered in a new future for sports cars

WRITER **DENIS JENKINSON** / TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** **SEPTEMBER 1971**





ALAMY

The highest point in my road-going mid-engine experience must still be the Ford GT40, but this was a pure racing car adapted for road use and not practical for everyday long-duration use, but the ultimate road car for sheer pleasure. Very high on the list and the nearest thing to the ideal mid-engined road-going coupé was the experimental Rover BS6, which Lord Stokes seems to have killed, thus depriving the British Industry of a chance to show that it can make cars as good as anyone. In all my mid-engine enthusiasm there was one serious gap of experience, and that was the Dino Ferrari.

I watched the development of this car from the first racing models, through the first production racing models, to the completely revised road-going production models, and saw it gradually grow up and mature into a very sophisticated sports car. I watched Italian owners suffering the pangs of growth with the early models, in the days when it was the thing to do to sidle up to the owner of a Dino Ferrari as he was about to drink his coffee and innocently enquire "How's the Dino?" Nine times out of 10 he would spill his coffee as he hastily snapped "Why?" Early Dino owners were very touchy about the fact that they had paid an awful lot of money for a car that was still having teething troubles.

Those days are long since past, and the Dino owner today cannot wait to tell you what a wonderful car it is, yet I was never able to get first-hand knowledge for one of those strange reasons that afterwards seem quite illogical. I suppose I was never in the right place at the right time, but at last this gap in my mid-engined experience has been filled, thanks to Maranello Concessionaires of Egham, Surrey, who look after Ferrari imports. Without reservation it has gone down in my special list of the unbelievable, along with the GT40, the Rover BS6 and the Mercedes-Benz C111, but the outstanding thing is that the Dino Ferrari is a production car, even to the point of being available with right-hand steering for the insular English, whereas the others were one-off models and racing cars.

Before we get too carried away it should be noted that I am talking about the FERRARI Dino, not the FIAT Dino, for the Fiat car is an orthodox front-engined two-seater roadster or coupé, which is pleasant in many ways but not an outstanding motor car. It uses a similar 2.4-litre V6 four-overhead camshaft engine and various bits and pieces in common with the Ferrari

version, such as the light-alloy wheels, but the two cars are as different as Lotus and Cooper used to be.

Ferrari's "little jewel", for that is how the Dino has been described, is a very sleek and smooth two-seater coupé, the steel-panelled body being to the design of Pininfarina, and it must surely be one of the best designs to come from that firm. It is built by Scaglietti in Modena and mounted on a square-section tube chassis frame, with independent suspension to all four wheels by wishbones and coil-spring/damper units. The 65-degree V6 engine, of bore and stroke 92.5 x 60 mm. 2418cc, is mounted just ahead of the rear wheels and in an east-to-west direction, or transversely as it is called. The five-speed gearbox is integral with the sump and driven by a transfer gear train on the left, the primary gear on this train being in line with the crankshaft and after the clutch. A spur gear from the gearbox drives the differential unit and jointed drive-shafts run out to each rear wheel. This results in a remarkably compact power unit taking up very little space, so that there is a large luggage boot in the tail of the car without unnecessary overhang.

The four overhead camshafts are driven by chains from the 'front' of the crankshaft, which is of course on the right side of the car, and in the vee of the engine are three Weber 40DCF carburettors fed by an air box which gathers air from a large filter, which in-turn is fed by an air duct just behind the left-side door. The V6-cylinder block is in cast iron, all other parts being in alloy, and a duct by the right-side door feeds cooling air onto the ignition system. The front three exhaust pipes wiggle down under the engine unit to join the rear three exhaust pipes, and there are four pipes protruding from under the tail of the car.

The 2.4-litre engine revs to 7600rpm for a power output of 195 DIN horsepower, and it does this on a 9-to-1 compression ratio. It will run to 8000rpm, and all the best journalistic road-testers seem to get 8000 in fifth gear, which is a theoretical 151mph. I found that the rpm instrument was so badly sited, having been put in position by a stylist, that the needle disappeared from view at about 7400rpm, and by leaning forward I could just see it nudging 7500rpm in fifth gear.

Without doing a timed run through electric clocks you cannot really quote a true maximum for a car like the Dino, but it will no doubt do an honest 145mph under favourable conditions, and I would expect it to record about 142mph for a two-way run through the traps at the Elvington Speed Festival. The fuel tank is on the left side of the car, to the rear of the door, and in the nose of the car there is the spare wheel and tools with the radiator right at the front, the temperature being controlled by two electric fans operated thermostatically.

Unlike some mid-engined coupés the Dino Ferrari presents no problem of entry or egress, the doors being wide and the opening unobstructed. The bucket seats look first class, but are in fact about the only weak point of the car, for they are very well shaped if you happen to be built to that



Pretty from all angles, the Pininfarina design made the Dino an instant classic – despite its non-reclining seats...

"The Dino will no doubt do 145mph in the right conditions"





ALAMY

shape, but tend to be too small for large drivers, which is a pity, for the fore and aft adjustment is so good that there is adequate room for all sizes, from 5ft 2in midgets to 6ft 4in giants. My main criticism of the seats is the fact that it is not possible to alter the angle of the back of the seat, a very necessary adjustment on any car that is going to be used for serious motoring.

Of the driving position itself and the visibility there is no criticism at all, and the rear and rear-three-quarter views are excellent, thanks to a low line on the engine compartment cover and a very clever rear window that is curved at its ends to flow into the body sides. Not only does this rear treatment look good but it is remarkably effective in providing all-round vision, and at no time during using the Dino was there any embarrassment with rearward vision.

A disappointment was the very ineffectual layout of the instruments, as they appear to have been put in place by a stylist and not a motorist, for with an engine like the Dino V6 the rpm indicator is all-important, not because you have to keep it buzzing all the time like a 911S Porsche, but because it revs so freely and the car has such superb gear ratios that the needle rushes up into the red sector on the tachometer incredibly easily. A car like this needs a large clear tachometer in the centre of the panel in front of the driver and other instruments should be secondary, as on a 911S Porsche; the Dino has matching speedo. and rev-counter laid out to make things look pretty.

The three-spoke dished steering wheel is nicely tucked away out of the line of vision and the long central gear-lever operates in a functional and clear gate, the five forward ratios being beautifully spaced so that as you accelerate hard through all the gears the music of the V6 engine seems to remain constant at all times. Considering that the engine is just behind your head the noise level is very low indeed and you can converse quite normally at 100mph, and with all the windows shut there is no noticeable wind noise.

The shape of the Dino was evolved in the wind-tunnel at the Turin Polytechnic Institute and the results would appear to be very satisfactory on three counts, the aforementioned low wind noise, the fact that a day of 100mph-plus motoring left very few dead flies on the nose, and the remarkable way the car maintains high speed if you lift off and snick into neutral. The gear gate is laid out with first and reverse on the left, second and third in the centre, and fourth



"It makes you purr with satisfaction and say 'why can't all cars handle like this?'"

and fifth on the right, the gate being typical Ferrari, leaving no question of doubt as to which gear you are in or where the next is. The lever has quite a long and deliberate movement, not terribly quick, but a joy to use, and even though the engine pulls cleanly from tickover through the rev-range, you tend to keep the engine revving for the sheer pleasure of using the gearbox and listening to the dynamo-like music behind you.

The gear-lever is spring loaded into the centre of the gate so that it automatically lies opposite the second and third ratios and with the right-hand driving position you push it away and back for first and pull it towards you against the spring for fourth, forwards, and fifth backwards. This makes changes from fourth to third under heavy braking a real driver's joy of heel-and-toe movement on the pedals.

The rack and pinion steering gear makes the steering just about perfect at any speed, particularly up at the top end of the performance, while the suspension is absolutely in character with the performance as well. In towns the ride seems a little harsh, but once over about 50mph it really starts to work, and the faster you go the more impressive becomes the ride and stability, so that 130mph comes up on any reasonable stretch of road and 100mph is effortless.

The way the wheels stay on the road is truly impressive and to change direction through an 80mph ess-bend over camber changes at the same time makes you purr with satisfaction and say to yourself, "Marvellous, why can't all cars handle like this?" In road motoring at any sort of pace the ride and stability result in a very 'flat' feeling and you think there is no roll, but a few laps of the Thruxton circuit, admittedly on road tyres and road tyre pressures, produced quite a lot of roll on corners and made me realise that this Dino was a standard road-going production model, superb in its role as an everyday sports car, but not a racing car. At the 1000-kilometre race at the Nürburgring last May there was a production Dino trying to compete against fully-race-prepared 911 Porsches and it was pathetic, but as a road car compared to a production 911S Porsche, the boot is on the other foot and the Dino is supreme.

Of all the mid-engined cars of which I have had experience the Dino stands head and shoulders above the rest, with the exception of the GT40 Ford, which was a pure racing car, and the BS6 Rover V8, which was an experimental one-off, remarkable for producing brilliant results from unsophisticated components. While I had the Dino on loan people were continually asking me what it was like, and the simplest answer was to ask the questioner what he or she thought the Dino looked like. The reply was invariably "It looks marvellous", or beautiful, or fabulous, or any other popular adjective, to which my simple reply was "That's how it goes". After discussing the car at great length with a friend he remarked that if my only two criticisms were the position of the tachometer and the lack of an adjustment to the seat back, it must be a very impressive car. He was absolutely right, it is a very impressive car. If you have never driven a good mid-engined car then you cannot start to really appreciate the handling, the ride, the stability and the feel that such a car imparts, but once you have experienced it it makes all front-engined or rear-engined cars obsolete. As a production car selling in England for £5252 it must be the ultimate sports car.

GETTY IMAGES

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RACING COLLECTIBLES



Ferrari has made its 488 Challenge bigger, faster and more hardcore, and aimed it at the UK. **Andrew Frankel** gets to grips with the world's most powerful single-make racer

PHOTOGRAPHS **MAX EAREY** / TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** **SEPTEMBER 2019**

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Say what you like about what Brexit or the lack it is doing to our economy, for one lucky constituency of well-heeled voters it doesn't appear to be having any effect at all. These are people who buy Ferraris. The UK is now Ferrari's second-largest market after the US, accounting for almost 2200 sales last year. So Ferrari has decided to launch a UK-only branch of its now 26-year-old Ferrari Challenge one-make racing series.

And that makes it unique: the addition of the UK means there are now four such series around the world, but while the European, Asia Pacific and North America ones are regional, we alone as a country have a series to ourselves. So far this year it's already been to Brands Hatch, Snetterton and Croft, with Silverstone still to come.

I caught up with it at the season prelude, which was also at Brands, where no fewer than 20 drivers, old and young, rich and poor - OK, probably not poor - took delivery of their new 488 Challenge race cars. And jolly excited they looked about it too, so excited indeed that one took the opportunity to turn left at the exit of Paddock Hill Bend early in the first session with a seriously deleterious effect on his bank balance.

Being old enough, my mind spooled back to another time and another track when a rather younger, fatter Frankel drove the F355 Challenge at Fiorano. The difference in how Ferrari chose to go one-make racing then and now is illuminating to say the least.

Back then it was enough to be able to say you raced a Ferrari. This was 1996, the series was only three-years old and the F355 was only the second Ferrari after the 348 to be turned into a one-make racer. To do this, Ferrari stiffened its suspension, fitted some slicks and the necessary safety equipment, and that was pretty much it.

> "The 488 Challenge isn't a modified road car, more its evil twin"

Modifications to the bodywork extended to the rather haphazard application of some stickers, while if you sat behind the wheel the only way you'd know you weren't in the road car was by the fire extinguisher in the passenger footwell and the little cut-off switch ahead of the gear lever. It even kept its electric windows, for goodness sake.

Now compare that to what we have here today, which is not so much a modified version of a 488 road car as its evil alter ego. The engine has bespoke race mapping and is 20kg lighter than the road car's, and that doesn't include the 8.5kg shaved from the exhaust system. The gearbox has shorter ratios, too. I don't think the F355 even had traction control, but the 488 racer has a stability system that's so sophisticated it provides two separate controls to allow the driver to select not just at what point the system intervenes, but the level of actual intervention. So, a scared gentleman driver in the wet could programme the car to limit yaw to nothing at the first sign of slip, while a pro could let it all hang out



to a point where the car might otherwise be beyond retrieval.

It of course has full race suspension and monstrous Pirelli slicks, but it's probably in the area of aerodynamics - an area ignored entirely by the F355 - that the car is most changed. You'll notice most the barn-door rear wing that's developed from the GT Pro Le Mans-spec 488, but it's balanced out by a hell of a front spoiler and some convincing dive planes. They've even raked back the front radiators to improve air flow and reduce drag. There are new vents at the front and back to help cool the engine and brakes.

Inside, the road car cabin is noticeable now only for its absence. You could be in a GT3 car. A single-screen digital dash doesn't describe infotainment options but perhaps more relevantly, the settings you've chosen for both traction control strategies and the ABS, too.

On the wheel you'll no longer find switches for your indicators but instead buttons for the car-to-pits radio, drinks bottle, pit-lane speed limiter and scrolling through pages on the information screen. To your right there's a bank of less important switches, one of which controls the air-conditioning, not as a luxury item they forgot to remove, but a safety item designed to keep drivers cool and focused.

> "At first the experience is dominated by the engine"

But perhaps the single most significant thing about this race car is the one thing that hasn't changed: unlike GT4, GT3 and even WEC GT racers, the output of the engine has not been touched, so the 488 Challenge retains the full 670bhp of the road car. Ferrari claims it to be the most powerful one-make racer in the world.

Which means it's properly rapid. The only comparable circuit times we have are from Fiorano where the 950bhp LaFerrari hypercar recorded a lap time a fraction under 1min 20sec. The Challenge car goes round in 1min 15.5sec which, put another way, is 7.5sec around a short lap quicker than the 488 road car from which it is derived. Put a third way, it is only 1.5sec slower than the £2 million, 1036bhp FXX K purpose-built track car. Which makes the Challenge car's €249,000 list price before taxes seem a bit more reasonable. That said, if you're going to race it there's a £24,000 entry fee for the season plus a £90,000 service fee for all technical assistance, tyres and fuel for all qualifying and race sessions, although if you want to go testing - and you will because at least some of your rivals will be booking entire tracks to themselves for the day just to get their eye in - that's all down to you and your own pocket.

James Calado, who won this year's LMGTE Pro category at Le Mans and the 2017 WEC title, shows me around. "It's really good fun because it's not being held back by restrictors," he says. "It's properly quick in a straight line, but obviously you're losing a lot to the GTE car through the corners." Unlike the Challenge, the Le Mans machine develops vast amounts of downforce, mainly from underneath the car. "Be really positive







with it, don't worry if it starts to move around and just enjoy it." As pre-match briefings go, it's one of the less proscriptive.

It's going to be interesting, not least because while its 1340kg dry weight might sound quite impressive by road car standards (and it's about 130kg lighter than the standard 488GTB), it's still a reasonably heavy racer. But with a great deal of power.

If I have a reference point, it's the McLaren 570S GT4 car I raced at Spa last year, because both are mid-engined twin-turbo V8 single-make racers without GT3 levels of downforce. But the big difference is that while McLaren decided to run its series to precise GT4 regs, which means restricting the engine back to as little as 430bhp and fitting iron brakes, Ferrari felt no such obligation. And, as I left the blend line behind me and put my foot down for the first time, I was somewhat startled by how the car leapt down the track.

At first the experience is dominated by the engine, which is perhaps how life should be in any Ferrari. With less weight and shorter gears the racer feels not only significantly faster than the road car, which is already exceptionally quick, but faster in a straight line than any GT4 or GT3 race

What is the Ferrari Challenge?

A brief history of Ferrari's global grand touring series

First created in 1993, the Ferrari Challenge is a single-make series operated by the Maranello marque. Its first car was the 348 Berlinetta, but it has since evolved over time to use the F355, 360, F430, 458 and now the current 488 Challenge model.

Ferrari operates three regional classes around the world, the Ferrari Challenge Europe, North America and Asia-Pacific. There was formerly a domestic Italian series, but it was merged into the European category from 2012. All competitors can also take part in an end-of-season world final, the Finali Mondiali, which brings all Challenge drivers together from across the series.

The Ferrari Challenge GB is new for this year [2019] and runs over four rounds for its initial season, with races at Brands Hatch, Snetterton, Croft and the Silverstone Grand Prix circuit scheduled.



JAKOB EBREY

FERRARI 488 CHALLENGE

Price £250,000
Engine 3.9 litres V8 turbocharged
Power 670bhp
Weight 1340kg
Power to weight 500bhp per tonne
Transmission Seven-speed double clutch with paddle shift
Suspension Double wishbones with adjustable dampers
Brakes Carbon ceramic discs, 398x38mm front, 380x34mm rear



machine. Ferrari says it will accelerate from rest to the red line in fourth gear in six seconds flat, and I believe it.

Thus, the temptation is to drive it like some old American street machine, thundering down the straights and crawling through the corners. But the Brands Hatch Indy Circuit doesn't have any straights of note, certainly not in a car as capable of devouring them as this, and this is a mid-engined Ferrari with carbon-ceramic brakes (road car Brembo discs with race-spec pads), slicks and race suspension. So I start to work it a little harder, prodding and probing here and there to see what it will do and how it will do it. And here's the thing: the Challenge reveals itself to be a very different kind of racing car, one that for a modern machine takes a rather novel approach to the deceptively difficult business of getting itself around a race track.

For because it is a one-make racer and all the cars are the same, the lap time doesn't matter. That Fiorano time might seem pretty rapid, but it's far slower than this car could go if Ferrari wanted it to. The truth is that while the driving experience of a GT4 car like the McLaren is dominated by cornering speed, in the 488 Challenge it is not. On the contrary and relative to the power at your disposal, it has very little downforce and not even that much mechanical grip.

And were this another car, this could be problematic: frustrating at best, rather hazardous at worst. But it's not. In fact, it is entirely to the benefit of the driving experience. I will not be the first to observe that the road-going 488GTB is probably the best balanced mid-engined car on the market, and it's a trait that has been handed down to its race-prepped sibling.

As Calado said, there is nothing to fear from letting it move around a little - or, indeed, a lot. With enormous amounts of torque, what I expect are quite hard Pirellis and, lest we forget, those magic dials allowing you to tailor-make your own safety nets, you can keep it neutral, slide it a little or skid it a lot. The only problem with taking the more extrovert approach is that in a race scenario you're going to come nowhere. But perhaps you don't care about that?

> "It's a car for people who love the simple business of just driving"

Even if you do care, the car's inherent friendliness means you can set it up for the minimum intervention level, which will allow you to extract the maximum from the car in terms of lap time, while knowing that if you do overdose the tyres, or they start to get distressed in the latter stages of the race, the car's not going bury you in the barriers.

I really liked this car. Despite all its technology and its state of the art appearance, there is something delightfully old school about it.

It is a real drivers' car, by which I mean it is a car for people who love the simple business of driving far more than they do the more complex business of winning. Come first or last in one of these and you're going to have a hoot, which, surely, in a series where all the cars are the same, is the only thing that matters.

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1994 FERRARI F40 - JAPAN GT CHAMPIONSHIP RACE WINNER

This interesting 1994 F40 was raced by Team Taisan in the Japanese GT Championship in 1994 and was race 5 winner driven by Oscar Larraui and Tetsuya Ota. Using a road car (still road registered) Taisan gradually modifi ed the car to handle the demands of racing during the year including modifying the front and rear aerodynamics, F40 LM suspesnion parts , and lightweight wheels to name a few. Having covered 13,800kms this F40 would be a great car for Endurance Legends series and other Motoring Events...please call for more information.



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Customer satisfaction

Ferrari's Clienti scheme grants a second life to its old F1 cars in private hands, and is the perfect playground for its track-only XX supercars

WRITER **JETHRO BOVINGDON** / TAKEN FROM **RACE TO ROAD 2017 EDITION**


Corse Clienti
Shell
Santander
KASPERSKY
vodafone
FIAT
MARTINI
Alice
V-Power
6
259

I am well aware that this supplement is all about the glory of Ferrari. And when they're glorious they really are glorious. But I have to admit the thought of going to the World Finals a few years ago, held at Mugello, filled me with dread. The merchandise, the flags, the devotees dressed head to toe in red polyester and just the sense that this event is as much about ego as giving the fans a unique insight into the magic of the cars... it all combined to make me wish I could be anywhere else.

The first few minutes confirmed all of that and more. But then I stepped through the narrow door of a pit garage and almost fell straight back out of it. To my left, two rows of Ferrari's track-only XX cars. 599XX and FXX's stretching all the way to the far end of the pit complex. To my right what seemed like dozens of '90s and 2000-era F1 cars. Engineers buzzed round each, laptop cables draped over the flicks, kicks and slashes of aero-sculpted carbon fibre and piles of slicks and wets guarded each and every car. Then one of the 599XXs started up, its V12 clapping against the floor and walls and setting everything alight to its fast, energetic vibrations. It was completely and utterly extraordinary. Glorious, even.

So that was the moment when I saw the light. I suddenly understood the Corse Clienti and F1 Clienti programs. I got why you might buy a highly modified road car that's no longer road legal but isn't actually allowed to race in any series. Illogical, absurd... and kind of cool. And I definitely understood why you might want a pretty recent F1 car fettled and polished by a factory team and delivered to any circuit of your choosing whenever you fancied playing Schuey, Kimi, Massa or Alonso. It didn't matter that some of these cars would later be puttering around the track at what seemed like tickover. These guys and girls were living the dream and who could blame them?

Of course, Ferrari is fantastic at selling the dream and so it seems odd that they didn't create a department to handle the sales of their old F1 cars and provide a proper support network for them until 2003. Of course, there were already several F1 machines in private hands even then, but since the formation of F1 Clienti the scope of the events available to owners, the support in terms of tyres, engine parts and (heaven forbid) new bodywork has massively increased. If you have the funds then buying an F1 car, having full factory support and even having the odd shunt is now entirely viable.

"A 599XX started up, its V12 clapping against the walls... it was extraordinary. Glorious"





The sheer joy of driving: Corse Clienti caters for past Formula 1 machinery as well as sports car exotica

















Rows of ex-Grand Prix machinery await in the Imola pit lane. Top: The XX car programme began in 2005, and has only become more extreme



What sort of funds do you need? This is where it all gets a bit hazy. Just a couple of years ago the cars started at around €1.2 million and went up to €2.5 million for something with real provenance. Something like a championship-winning car campaigned by the great Michael Schumacher. However, those prices have risen considerably since the new hybrid machines have been racing. Such is the complication of these cars that F1 Clienti has decided, for now at least, not to sell them on to private individuals. That means the pool of Ferrari F1 machines has been frozen and may never get any bigger.

Do the maths and it really is an exclusive club. Ferrari builds no more than six chassis per season, and only one or two of those will be sold on via F1 Clienti. So, from 2003 to 2013 (the hybrid rules came into effect in 2014) that's a maximum of 22 cars. Now there are plenty of older models catered for by F1 Clienti from the '90s and even some from the '80s, but even so it's a tiny and now finite group of ex-racing cars. Recently that's been reflected in the prices these cars command, which now range from €2 million to €5 million. Of course that's before you factor in running, storing, repairing and transporting the cars.

The success of F1 Clienti was certainly a factor in the creation of Corse Clienti. Sure, Ferrari spun it that the new 'XX' models, launched in 2005, were development testbeds for the road cars and that those buying their way into the program effectively became 'test drivers' for Ferrari. A lovely notion. Maybe there's a grain or two of truth in there, too. But no question that F1 Clienti proved the business model of running a very exclusive club on racetracks around the world. And, unlike the F1 cars, Ferrari can develop and launch a new XX whenever it sees fit...

The first of these cars was the FXX, based on the road-going Enzo and launched at the Bologna Motor Show on December 1, 2005. It quickly blew aside any cynicism about a not-quite-road car that can't be raced either by virtue of being quite spectacular. Just 29 were to be built and it took the formidable Enzo and upped the ante in every conceivable way: The V12 grew in capacity from 5998cc to 6262cc and power jumped from 650bhp at 7800rpm to an astonishing 789bhp at 8500rpm, gearshift speed time was cut to 80 milliseconds, weight was reduced to 1155kg dry (the Enzo was 1365kg) and downforce was up a full 40 per cent. Bridgestone developed a specific 19-inch slick tyre, the braking package was unique (and trialled new carbon-ceramic discs that would later

"Ferrari spun it that XX models were development testbeds, and buyers were Ferrari test drivers"



reach the road cars) and the FXX could lap Fiorano nearly 7sec faster than the Enzo, at 1min 18.00sec.

Each FXX cost €1.5 million plus taxes and included a 14-event programme at tracks across the world with driver coaching, telemetry and video support. Customers loved it.

In late 2007 Ferrari announced an Evoluzione package for the FXX to 'extend the FXX test programme.' The engine's rev limit was raised and so power rose to 860bhp at 9500rpm, gearshifts were now achieved in 60 milliseconds and the gear ratios were tweaked. A new rear diffuser helped achieve a 25 per cent increase in aero efficiency, the brakes were revised and the electronics - an area where the FXX programme genuinely has informed future road cars - made the car more easily manageable for gentlemen drivers right at the limit. The Fiorano lap time was cut to 1min 16.00sec.

So the template was set and since then we've seen the 599XX in 2010 (a mere 720bhp and €1.2 million, 29 built), which went on to influence the 599GTO road car and arguably the more recent F12 Tdf, which took the extreme front-end response model of the XX and GTO and attempted to tame it with rear-wheel steering. The wonderfully named FXX K - I like to think it was named by Kimi - was launched in late 2014. Just 40 were built, and this super-LaFerrari produces 1035bhp thanks to an 848bhp 6.3-litre V12 and a 187bhp electric motor.

Utilising hybrid technology, Side Slip Angle Control, an e-differential, magneto-rheological dampers and a host of other technologies, the FXX K really does deliver on the 'test programme' ethos behind the XX programme. I still don't buy the whole 'our XX customers are effectively test drivers' theory, but I have come to realise that cars like the FXX K deserve to be celebrated rather than derided as clever means to get an awful lot of money from private individuals.

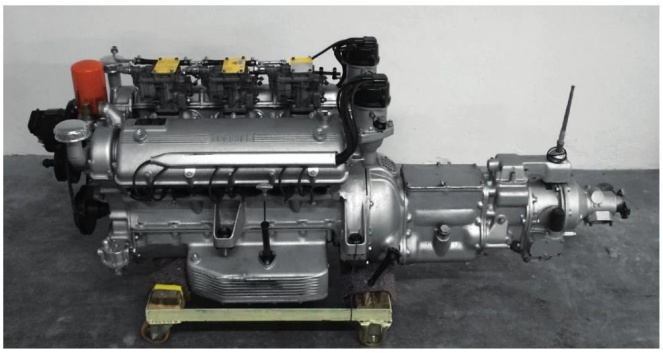
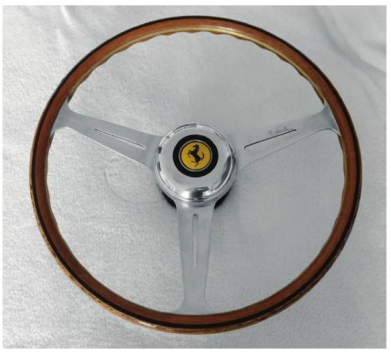
Back at Mugello all those years ago, a 599XX owner put it best. He was right near the top of the food chain at Google and enjoyed every second of the XX programme. "I don't want to race," he said. "It's too big a risk. But I can fly here, enjoy these incredible cars and get a taste of what being inside a top-level team feels like. I know I'm not a racing driver... the telemetry tells me that much! But you know what? Put our instructors into my world and I think they'd be a lot further off the pace than I am in the 599XX. This, to me, well... it's magic."

"I don't want to race – it's too big a risk. But here I can enjoy these incredible cars. It's magic!"



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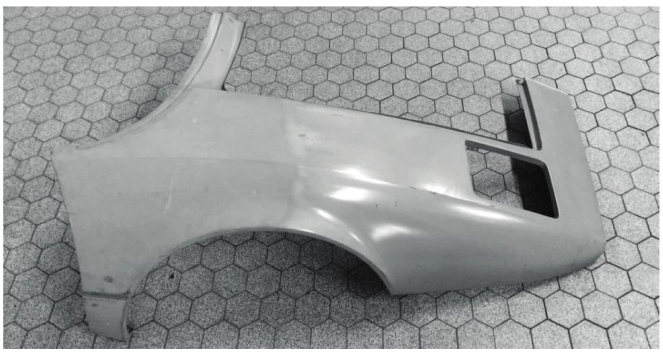
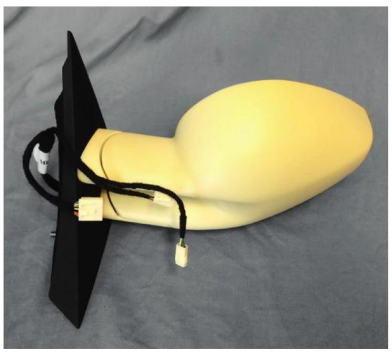
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FERRARI'S V12 LABORATORY



The 550 Maranello is the car that lured Ferrari back into GT racing after years on the sidelines, even if it wasn't originally the factory's own work. However, **Robert Ladbrook** tracked down one that is

PHOTOGRAPHER **JAYSON FONG**/ TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** DECEMBER 2019



There's a distant whine of electronics, followed by a whip crack of starter motor... then all hell breaks loose. The source of the noise is out of sight, but it's almost ungodly as it echoes around our largely lifeless surroundings, the empty buildings and grandstands of Rockingham capturing each glorious decibel and reflecting it back into the pits at the centre of the bowl.

It sounds like the biggest, angriest swarm of hornets that nature could muster, each armed with a chainsaw for added effect. There's a flash of yellow and red as it rounds the final chicane, and then the tempo rises to the point of deafening crescendo when you're finally forced to admit that leaving your earplugs at home was actually a bad idea.

This is the sound of a V12. And not just any V12. Perhaps one of the most important V12s ever to come out of Maranello, and it's certainly bringing this place back to life.

While Rockingham closed its doors for licensed racing at the end of last year, it's still available for now for private hire and the track is largely as it was - barring the lorry park that's formed around the back of the oval layout. It's quite a contrast - grey disused race circuit meets stunning race car that's as shouty to hear as it is to behold.

"It's 120 decibels on the throttle, and is just as loud inside as it is outside," says the car's owner Mike Humphreys, a keen racer in both modern and historic machinery. "I just love it. It was one of those spur of the moment decisions to buy it, I went looking for a modern GT car and just couldn't resist it! It's fast, loud, beautiful, and has a 6-litre V12... there's not much to not love about it."

The 550 Maranello GT1 was a game-changer for Ferrari, even if it never really got the plaudits it deserved during its relatively short competition lifecycle. Ferrari had been absent from top-line GT racing for the best part of a decade until this car arrived. And not just this model. This *actual* car.

This is 550 Maranello chassis F133GT 2102 - the first factory-produced competition 550. It was this car that almost single-

handedly brought the Prancing Horse back into sports car racing at a key period.

I'd almost forgotten that GT cars sounded like this amongst the modern era of smaller capacity forced-induction powerplants that dominate the current GT racing landscape. But back at the turn of the millennium, this was the unrestricted, unrelenting soundtrack to the world's best sports cars. There was something gloriously raw about the early 2000s GT1 era, and the 550 Maranello typifies many of the things that made it great.

It's actually a product of the privateer innovators, rather than the factory boardrooms, meaning it was built with performance and passion in mind, rather than marketing. The sport was changing fast at the start of this century and, while Michael Schumacher had just embarked on half a decade of dominance for Ferrari in Grand Prix racing, the firm was missing a trick elsewhere.

Following the F40 LM programme of the late 1980s, Ferrari switched focus to pumping out single-make Challenge cars in the middle of the 1990s after withdrawing from FIA-sanctioned competition following a rules row against its old nemesis, Porsche.

At the time GT racing was undergoing a renaissance. After production racing was largely killed off by the shift toward prototypes in the early 1980s, and then the collapse of the World Sportscar Championship in 1992, there wasn't much GT racing of note until Stéphane Ratel, Jürgen Barth and Patrick Peter formed the BPR Global GT Series in 1994, which promptly gained so much traction it morphed into the FIA GT Championship for 1997. Manufacturers finally had a new stage to show off their designs against the competition, and Ferrari's F40 was a building block of that environment. However, that design was rapidly becoming outdated against the likes of the McLaren F1 GTR, so Ferrari set about developing its successor - the F50 GT. Three cars were built, and extensively tested, but things fell flat when Porsche unveiled its 911 GT1 in 1996. GT1 was conceived as a place where manufacturers could modify their current road cars to go racing. But Porsche did things the other way, building the GT1 as a pure-bred racing prototype, and then creating enough watered-down road-going versions to satisfy the rules. Ferrari's toys swiftly exited the pram, and so did the brand from top-flight GT racing. The F50 GT was never raced, while Porsche kick-started a development war with other rivals.



A predator in waiting. The 550 Maranello GT1 sits menacingly

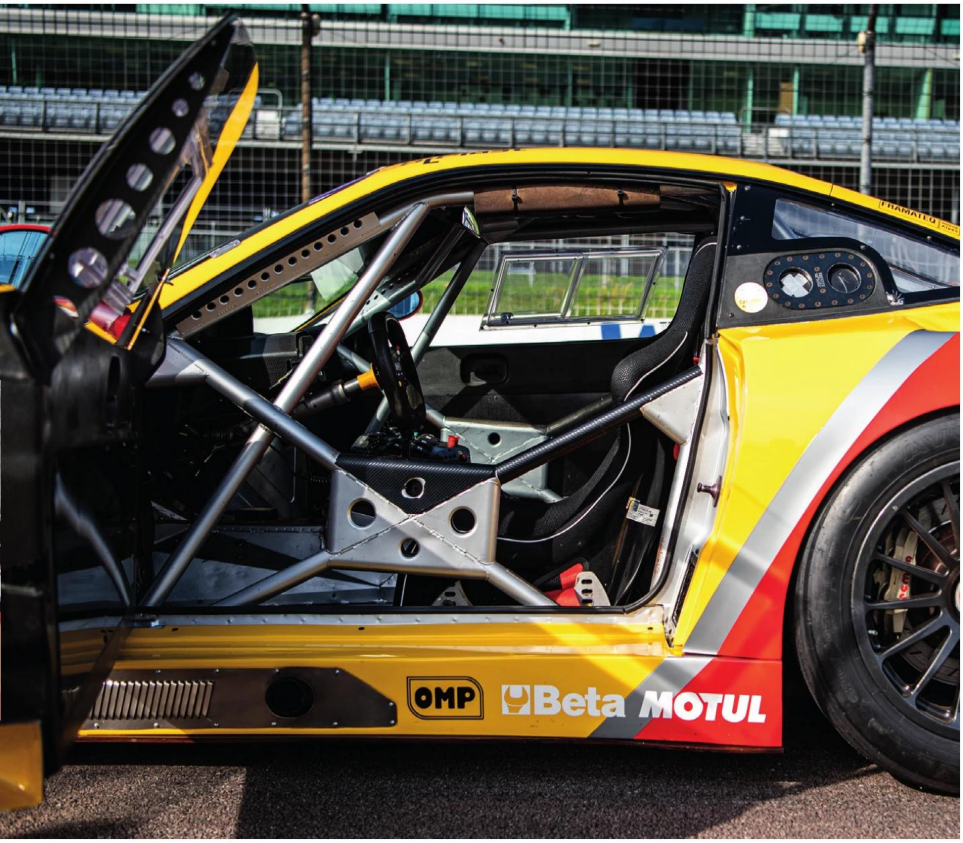
That was that for Ferrari, until two years later when it began to receive extra orders for its road-going 550 model, which had been designed, developed and produced without even the slightest intention of taking it racing. First introduced in 1996, the 550 took Ferrari very much back to its heartland design - a nimble chassis mated to a front-mounted 5.5-litre V12 and wrapped in aerodynamic Pininfarina bodywork.

It didn't take long for privateer tuners to cotton on to the design's performance potential. The first competition version came about in 1999, when noted rally car builder Michel Enjolras struck a deal with the Italtecnica fabrication and tuning firm to build a racing variant. That car, run by the Red Racing team, competed in the French GT Championship in 1999. But things began to snowball when former rally driver Frédéric Dor commissioned British firm Prodrive to build a series of 550s to FIA specifications, and with a specific focus on the Le Mans 24 Hours. Dor founded Care Racing Development to look after the cars, and donated his own road-going 550 to be the first of the batch.



Mike Humphreys (inset) now owns the car. Top: the carbon-insulated V12 and boot-mounted ancillaries, above. Right: Steel monocoque





550 MARANELLO GT1

Prodrive essentially cut the car to pieces and started from scratch, with a steel monocoque chassis harbouring all of the vital components - including that hulking V12, which had now been expanded to six litres. Over four years, 10 550s were built by Prodrive, and were successful from the start, winning races in the FIA GT Championship in 2001 and 2002, plus the odd victory in America, and then eventually winning the GTS Class of the Le Mans 24 Hours in 2003.

Meanwhile, Italtecnica built more cars, as did German privateer Franz Wieth. Suddenly the 550 was a regular sight in GT series across the world, and Ferrari wasn't actually directly involved with any of it. With all this success happening with Ferrari's product but not its own expertise, something had to change. So the factory contracted N.Technology to build a 'proper' 550, with official components, in Ferrari's name.

N.Technology already had an 'in' with Ferrari, given it was running Alfa Romeo's factory touring car programmes, and had been responsible for all of Fiat's racing activities since its formation. With Italtecnica looking after the development of the near-600bhp V12, N.Technology produced three chassis, which were all given official Ferrari competition chassis numbers. One became a show car and never raced, but the other two were prepared by Ferrari and placed with JMB Racing for FIA GT in 2003. Ferrari used the cars as rolling laboratories for development of the forthcoming 575 GTC model, which would be its first true customer GT car since the F40.

This, as one of those two, is then a properly significant car. Arguably the model that made Ferrari fall in love with GT racing again. And N.Technology used some trick engineering solutions to help it succeed.

The V12 was moved further back toward the driver and fitted low in the chassis with custom engine mounts. To even out its weight, certain elements were moved to the rear, with the single-piece sequential gearbox and differential mounted in the boot, as is the battery, power steering pump, alternator and dry sump system. With the engine almost behind the front axle, and the gearbox and ancillaries just in front of the rear one, the majority of the weight sits in the centre with the driver, avoiding much of the nose-heavy handling constraints of other front-engined cars of the time.

"It's beautifully old school, but has some really trick pieces of kit for the time," says Kevin Clarke, who now looks after the car for Humphreys through his Intersport

Racing concern. “It doesn’t have all of the electronic gizmos modern GT cars do, but it has a particularly good differential, so whenever it slides it’s always controllable. You can light up the tyres at pretty much any speed if you want to, but the car is very well balanced so you can always catch it. To get the best from it you have to keep it on the limit, which is right inside the sideways mark. You have to rely on the huge power and torque to do the work, which makes it a brilliant drivers’ car.”

Clothed in lightweight carbon fibre bodywork, this car was campaigned by Philipp Peter, Fabio Babini (and Boris Derichebourg for the longer-distance races), most notably in that year’s Spa 24 Hours where it led the Prodrive-built BMS Scuderia Italia entries before engine issues. With the 575 incoming, the two factory 550s were removed from competition and mothballed into storage at the end of 2003. With the 575 being the last racing Ferrari to use a V12, the 550 was the car in which the final spec of this special engine was developed.

That could have been the end of the story for the factory 550s, but chassis 2102 was rescued by amateur racer Piero Nappi in 2005, and used to win multiple rounds of the Italian Hillclimb Championship. Nappi’s title success would be a rare hillclimb win for Ferrari in the modern age, and earned Nappi a personal congratulation from then-Ferrari president Jean Todt, who proclaimed Nappi to be “an essential element to defending the prestigious name of Ferrari”. It also proved that the factory was still keeping an eye on this particular 550.

Nappi sold the car two years ago to Humphreys, who had an interesting first experience of the 600bhp V12. “We went to Naples to see the car, and I test drove it around a local go-kart track, which wasn’t an ideal introduction considering the car was as wide as the track and the main straight was about 100 metres long. I basically checked first and second gear worked and put my money down!” he says.

“Piero had tried to auction the car a few times before, mostly locally, and once he even put it into a furniture auction in Padova, so no wonder it didn’t sell. I saw a small advert for it online, and it just looked like a tatty hillclimb car, but there was a tiny picture of the FIA papers and the Ferrari letter, and I could just make out Jean Todt’s signature. That’s what sold me.

“The car’s unbelievable to drive. At eight tenths it’s a pussycat, albeit a loud one. It had just had an engine rebuild when I got it, but we took the gearbox apart to check that and five dogs just fell out of it, so we had that entirely redone.

“It’s got good grip, but just phenomenal grunt - it’ll spin its wheels right up the rev range in first, second and third if you let it.”

Humphreys has restored it to its Spa 24 Hours livery and has used the car in demonstrations at the Le Mans Classic, and plans to give it a full racing return in the coming seasons. “I plan to start racing it, as I’ve only driven it for demo events at Le Mans and Paul Ricard with the Global Endurance Legends, but I need a fair few test days first,” he adds. “There’s a lot to get used to, as the car actually creates a decent amount of downforce, so it’s adapting to the difference in cornering speeds with the aero and the big slicks and brakes.”

With plans to race once again after a 16-year lay off, it can only be good news that a fair few more circuits could soon be filled with this same sweet sound, very soon.

“The hillclimb victory earned a letter from Jean Todt himself”



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"We have everything we need to win..."

That's the view of Ferrari's new team principal Mattia Binotto, but a run of Mercedes 1-2s told a different tale at the F1 campaign's dawn. **Mark Hughes** spoke exclusively to the Italian

PORTRAITS **ANDREW HONE** / TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** **JULY 2019**

Mattia Binotto, the man in the background doing great work at Maranello for the last 24 years, finally finds himself in the spotlight as Scuderia Ferrari's boss. The contrast in style with his predecessor Maurizio Arrivabene could hardly be starker; quiet consensus replacing the adversarial pass-it-down-the-line commands, a search for the nuances of understanding as opposed to raging against the circumstances, engineering rigour rather than marketing bluster, someone who understands how people work together rather than how they choose cigarettes.

Before his sudden and untimely death last year, Sergio Marchionne had come to realise what Binotto's true role should be. The talents he'd demonstrated as technical director, as he'd totally revitalised Ferrari's long-dormant creative energy, made him the logical choice to lead the whole team. The upper management left in Marchionne's wake eventually came to the same conclusion - and so the spotlight swung around to shine upon him. Ironically, he does not enjoy that light anything like as much as his predecessor, but neither does he duck it. It's just part of the whole, and he's never been stressed by learning new skills or assuming more responsibility. So he sits down with *Motor Sport*, camera shutter clacking in the background, to tell us about his new role.

"Being technical director didn't mean I was the best technician," he says. "That's not the case at all. I am the person who can help the others develop their creativity or deliver what our targets and objectives are. It's true since I started at Ferrari I have been responsible for a continuously increasing number of people.... It's something I enjoy, and I believe it's my strongest skill." He has continued with exactly the same approach in his new position.

"There are many areas with which I was not familiar until now, with merchandising, sponsors, politics, drivers. That's the most difficult part, dealing with things that didn't involve me in the past... but other than that, it's just adding some people. The approach has not changed."

Think Ross Brawn rather than Adrian Newey, then, as he expands his technical management into team leadership. He has a similar way with people,



getting their respect through his actions while retaining a nicely soft exterior. The ambition and steel lie somewhere beneath, out of sight.

Changes elsewhere in the structure have barely altered with his promotion; he's simply added another layer to his own responsibilities. So he's pretty much in the role that Brawn inhabited back in the day, when Binotto worked in the engine department. "I learned much from Ross. I worked closely with him and still for me he's a good reference. Sometimes when I need to make a decision I think, 'What would Ross do?' He was a great leader at Ferrari. If you have such a reference you use it. There were so many fantastic people to learn from - Michael [Schumacher], Jean [Todt], Rory [Byrne]. I'm still working with Rory, of course. He is a part-time technical advisor but certainly when he's involved he's very passionate about what he's doing. It's great to have him still with us."

Binotto's personality has been reflected in a much more relaxed working atmosphere within the team during a race weekend, even if it's been replaced by a different sort of tension - that of an internal competition between the two drivers.

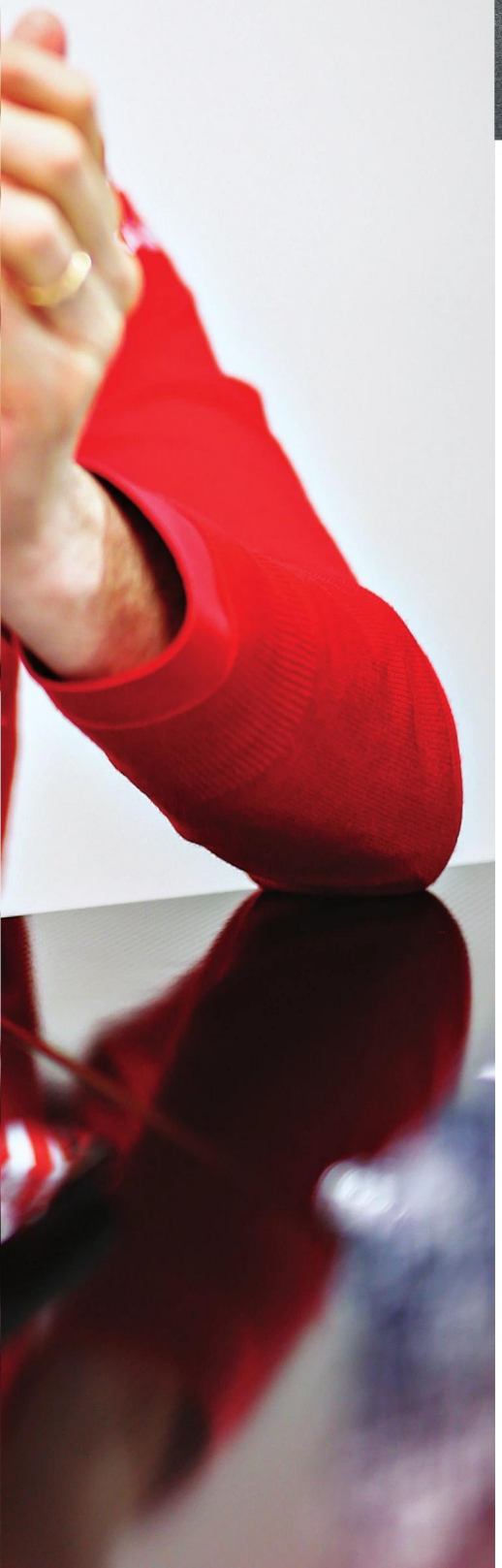
Arrivabene had pressure imposed upon him by Marchionne and reacted to that by applying that pressure, in turn, to those working for him. Not in a positive way. When some development parts did not work as simulation had suggested during a critical phase of the championship, Arrivabene raged to the staff in that department: "If I get taken down, I'm bringing you all with me." Word of that came directly from the inside. It illustrates perhaps the pressure the man was under - but also his rough, unsophisticated understanding of how to handle it, how to get the best from a group of creative people. He was essentially making exactly the mistakes that Binotto's restructuring of the technical department had reversed for Ferrari in the summer of 2016, after years of a culture of fear.

Binotto didn't make any big announcements to the staff upon taking over, explaining how it would be. That's not his style. He tactfully underplays the contrast. "No, certainly the objectives are unchanged. So in that respect there was no different message. Certainly my style might be different to the past seasons, but everyone in Ferrari knows me





The duo of Charles Leclerc and Sebastian Vettel has brought a fresh feel to Ferrari on track, with Binotto doing the same off it



so I don't think it was something I needed to explain."

He's respected rather than feared - and that is absolutely in line with the changes he oversaw in that 2016 technical restructure, which allowed for a different, more collaborative approach that he describes as: "More horizontal - to make sure the people working for you and your collaborators are the ones responsible for what you are doing, and feel accountable. It's really down to them to understand how we are playing our game and feeling accountable for what they are doing and it's down to me put them in the right condition to do it."

He gives Marchionne much of the credit for the initiative behind it, and it's clear his relationship with the late boss was very different to Arrivabene's.

"The real architect of that was Sergio Marchionne. He felt the necessity of changing our approach, changing things internally, giving a boost to free some energy from the entire organisation and we worked through the company looking at chassis, power unit and having one single person - myself - in the position of technical director over engine and chassis. But I did not want that to be 'in command'; that's not the way we approach it. I personally am fully convinced by the type of organisation in which people may feel more inclusive, feeling part of the team, feeling accountable for what they are doing, feeling accountable for what we are delivering as well. They are the people playing the game on the field, I'm simply the one putting them into the right conditions to deliver."

> "I'm convinced by the type of organisation in which people feel included"

Since this was implemented Ferrari has become arguably the most innovative and creative of all the teams, no longer simply adopting what other teams had done - as had become the trend since the Byrne/Brawn glory years. Suddenly it was Ferrari concepts being copied, Ferrari pushing up against the FIA boundaries of what was permitted. "I really think this is just from that change of approach," he says. "The people have not changed. You give more freedom and you get more ideas. You remove yourself from being a bottleneck in all the decisions. It's not one person in command, so it's not only one person thinking. Then to make the ideas happen, what you need to put in place is just a process of escalation on certain critical decisions.

"Mr Marchionne? First of all, he was a very smart person, with a very fast brain. Very straightforward. It was easy to understand what he was asking. Very challenging - he always set very ambitious targets. But at the end of the day, for me it was a great period. I learned much. Not only from the way he was managing and approaching, also the way of thinking about discontinuity. Because what he did at the time - changing completely our approach

to the organisation - was quite a big discontinuity, not only within Ferrari but in the whole of F1...

"We both strongly believed in an organisation in which everyone has their own skills and responsibilities for which they are personally accountable and this vision is shared today by our chairman John Elkann, who is always very close to the team.

"Aggressive is not the right word for Mr Marchionne. He was very demanding. Being demanding is part of the ambition. That was his way of doing it - because he was convinced that we were capable of delivering more than we believed we could."

But it wasn't only Binotto that Marchionne had decided to promote. The replacement of Kimi Räikkönen with Ferrari junior driver Charles Leclerc was absolutely his initiative and - as with Binotto's promotion - something that hung in the balance for a while after Marchionne's death. But ultimately Elkann decided to follow through with Marchionne's plan on both. It represents ambition, even if it's made for a dimension of difficulty that wasn't there before as the ambitious Leclerc sees the necessity of proving himself against the veteran multiple champion Sebastian Vettel. Binotto has dealt with the inevitable flashpoints calmly, but without undermining Leclerc's ambition or Vettel's pride. It's going to be a tricky situation to manage.

"I don't think there are many tensions. Each driver is trying to do his best to be ahead of all the others, but I think we have a great understanding between us of what we are doing. The interests of the team always come first and that's the way we are acting. Overall I am happy having Charles and Seb with us because they are fantastic drivers - and that's a nice problem to have."

Binotto made clear before the season started that, although the drivers are free to compete with each other, in any 50/50 situations Vettel would be favoured. "Yes, there are always situations where as a team you need to take a decision and prioritise one driver or another. In a 50/50 situation Seb has priority for the reasons I explained at the time - many years at Ferrari, four world titles, Charles still very young. That's at the start of the season; things might evolve and we have to evaluate as it goes on. But we wanted to remove some pressure from Charles at the beginning."





A picture of happiness, but can it last? At the moment, Vettel has priority, but young charger Leclerc hasn't been hanging around

Five races in, Ferrari had twice had the fastest car but a technical failure (Bahrain) and driver errors (Vettel's in Bahrain, Leclerc's in Baku) allowed Mercedes to take five straight 1-2s. So what does the Scuderia need to win, to make that final step?

"No doubt the first few races have not been to our advantage. But if we look so far, including testing, we have been competitive with Mercedes except in Australia - and there were reasons we could not perform there. Even in Barcelona winter testing Mercedes was very close at the end, did the same lap as us actually. We were slightly faster in Bahrain, they were slightly faster in China. It's the type of variance you get through a season between two cars of similar performance. It could also be that Mercedes is slightly ahead in terms of actual performance but I don't think they are so far ahead on speed to have had 1-2s in the first five races. We are still positive, still looking with optimism to the next races. We know it will be a long season, we can see challenges. It's what we are trying to do.

"I think we have all the ingredients to do well, but we still need to work - and work a lot. Overall we are still a very young team. And being a young team, we are in the process of learning.

"Even if you look at last season, towards the end of the season a few things were not perfect, shall we say, but that's part of the process of learning. In terms of methodology, the way we approach development, we are still in a learning phase. It's a matter of working and building all together. I think we have everything we need in order to win. In this moment stability is key and we just need to go on working as we are."

"We are still a very young team, in the process of learning much"



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MYTH MAKER

Ferrari 312 T3

The car that brought Gilles Villeneuve his first Grand Prix victory and placed the Canadian firmly in motor racing's pantheon of legendary drivers

WRITER **PAUL FEARNLEY** / TAKEN FROM ***MOTOR SPORT*** **AUGUST 2006**

This is the car in which Gilles Villeneuve learned his Formula One craft, won over (most of) his critics, became the apple of Enzo's eye, captured the Tifosi's heart - and passed into Canadian lore.

Their story had a fanfare beginning at the 1978 United States GP West. Villeneuve had never been to Long Beach before, so, as was his inimitable way, lurid spins dotted his practice as he overstepped even his preternatural hand-to-eye, seat-to-pants limits. He was, though, revelling in the circuit's claustrophobic challenge and in the feel of his brand new car - he'd driven T3/032 at Kyalami - and secured his first GP front-row slot.

This was only his seventh GP, his sixth with Ferrari and his second in a T3 - yet he led it like a veteran, slipping unscathed from the first hairpin as his should-know-betters locked horns, brakes and wheels. He withstood pressure from the Brabham-Alfas of John Watson and Niki Lauda and his pole-sitting team-mate Carlos Reutemann with such sang froid that the mistake (on lap 39 of 80) came as a genuine surprise. A hurried attempt to lap the Shadow of Clay Regazzoni left 034 in the wall and tyre marks on Regga's crash helmet.

Denis Jenkinson, *Motor Sport*'s forthright reporter, had seen enough. "He'll learn and he'll win," was his unusually paternal assessment of Villeneuve's Californian performance.

This win, though, was Reutemann's. Being his second of a nascent season the charismatic 'Lole' looked a good title bet. The championship, however, was about to be tilted on its axis.

Lotus rolled out its paradigm-shifting 79 at Monaco, and though Mario Andretti chose to race the 78, Reutemann and Ferrari's short spell as realistic favourites ended the moment 'Lole' fluffed his start from what had been a dominant pole.

> "An attempt to lap the Shadow left 034 in the wall and tyre marks on Regga's helmet"

The ground-effect 79 hit the ground sticking two weeks later in Belgium, Ronnie Peterson's 78 supporting Andretti in a black and gold 1-2. 'Superswede' had his own 79 by Spain in early June, and Chapman's men were again in a class of their own. Although Brabham's controversial fan car suckered the 79s in Sweden, victories for Andretti and Peterson made Lotus champion constructor as early as August 13.

Ferrari was by this stage fourth in the overall standings after a topsy-turvy mid-season. Villeneuve had been running fourth on lap 63 at Monaco when 034 emerged from the tunnel on three wheels - a blown front-left had pitched it into the barrier. An exact same failure had then kiboshed a potential second at Zolder, Gilles salvaging fourth - his first three points of the season - behind Reutemann.

Enzo had long complained about racing on Goodyears; Michelin, meanwhile, was hamstrung by the lack of miles put under its new-age radials by Renault's fractious turbo. So this disaffected pair joined forces for 1978.

Goodyear was still blithely knocking out cross-plies when Reutemann's at-a-canter win in Rio shook the Akron giant to its carcass. Its potential race winners were forthwith given preferential treatment, and qualifying tyres the consistency of putty came on stream. Throw the 79 into Goodyear's mix and suddenly Ferrari and Michelin were drowning, not winning.

The understeering T3s chomped through their fronts within a dozen laps of Jarama, and the problem was only marginally improved for Anderstorp and Paul Ricard.

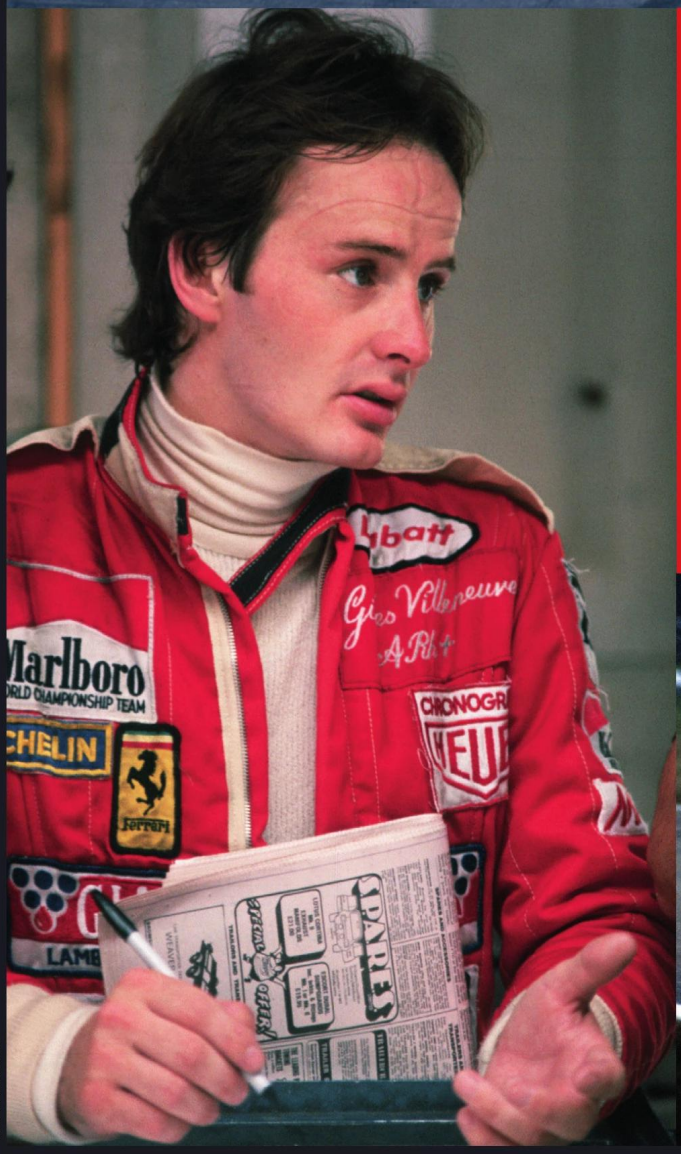
The more experienced Reutemann managed this better than Gilles - Carlos's switch to taller-profile covers turned his mid-gridder into a winner at Brands - but outside the cockpit it was clear who was getting the better of their battle.

Although T3's ancestry appeared obvious from a distance, beneath its flatter and squarer-cut bodywork was a redesigned car: all-new monocoque, neater trasversale gearbox casing, radiator layout and suspension. In a bid to wed with Michelin's radial rubber, tech chief Mauro Forghieri had dumped T2's long,





The gestation period for 312 T3 was a difficult one in 1978, with mass retirements before it finally came good







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Elation as Gilles Villeneuve takes the flag in the 1978 Canadian Grand Prix

"Villeneuve kept quiet counsel, and buried the loud pedal, adopting fantastic angles"

fabricated front rockers and tiny coil springs for tubular wishbones and larger spring/damper units: different wheel movement, travel and steering geometry.

And Reutemann didn't like it. He reckoned T2 had been better, and he had a point - with or without skirts, T3 was never going to be a ground-effect world-beater. Villeneuve, meanwhile, kept quiet counsel and buried the loud pedal, adopting "fantastic angles" to try to negate the understeer. Barring the German GP, he had used 034 to tough out this lean spell: 10th in Spain, ninth in Sweden, 12th in France - lapped each time - and a broken driveshaft in Britain. He had eventually stopped the rot with a mature third in the rain-hit Austrian GP, and then grabbed a gripless point in Holland. It wasn't until Italy, however, that he conclusively proved Long Beach had been no fluke.

Finally on the taller tyres and the correct front suspension geometry, Villeneuve qualified second at Monza (Reutemann was 11th). He then strove to keep calm during the delays after Peterson's accident and Jody Scheckter's Armco-mashing off on the second warm-up lap; as his peers flitted to and fro, Gilles sat quietly in 034 for 45 minutes.

The race didn't start until gone 6pm. At which point the man on the lights delayed for an age. Villeneuve crept... and snapped, triggering pole man Andretti, too. The Ferrari kept the faster Lotus at bay for 36 laps, by which time it had dawned on Andretti that no mistake would be forthcoming - so he scrabbled by at Parabolica. But their efforts counted for nought - bar a title-clinching point for Mario - because both had been penalised a minute for their premature getaways.

Lotus and Andretti's season faltered thereafter, and Michelin's latest wares put Ferrari first in the queue for the end-of-season crumbs.

The ousted Reutemann - Jody Scheckter was a shoo-in for 1979 - flicked the Scuderia a victory V at Watkins Glen, the T3s holding a tantalising 1-2 until Villeneuve's flat-12 let go after 22 laps...

And then it happened, on the following Sunday, on an island in the St Lawrence river, and on a tyre choice Michelin warned would be marginal on full tanks: Villeneuve and 034 won the Canadian GP. True, had it not been for a pinprick in a brake pipe, Lotus's outstanding stand-in Jean-Pierre Jarier would have cruised it. But not even 'Jumper' could deny that Ferrari 312T3, chassis 034, had delivered something far more memorable beneath that October, snow-filled Québec sky.

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AUCTION STATIONS

Our selection of significant or interesting Ferraris that have gone under the hammer over the years

1954 375 Plus

£10,750,000 / BONHAMS, 2014

In 1954 Ferrari's mix and match scheme of engines and chassis plus its hand-built output meant it could tailor a handful of cars for specific events. The eight 375 Plus machines packed a gutsy 4.9-litre V12 handing out 330bhp, taking it over 180mph. With this power it helped take the 1954 sports car title, competing in the Targa Florio, Mille Miglia and Le Mans. Stolen in the 1980s then restored by an unsuspecting new owner, this one entered historic racing in the Noughties before being sold back to the States.





1964 250LM

$17,600,000 / RM SOTHEBY'S, 2015

Even rarer (by a chassis or two) than the GTO, this mid-engined beauty featured in one of Enzo's regular spats with the rule-makers. Though it was essentially a prototype with a roof, he claimed it was merely an upgraded 250GT and should run in the GT class - but the authorities pointed out he hadn't built the required 50 of them. A year on they relented, but Ferrari had the last laugh. At Le Mans in 1965 a 250LM won, beating all the prototypes - and he'd still only built 32. Bought new by chocolate heir Ron Fry, this one has survived in highly original condition.



1967 275GT NART Spider

$27,500,000 / RM SOTHEBY'S, 2013

Lately the perceived value gap between competition machinery and what were once dismissed as 'boulevard cruisers' has shrunk radically. This open version of the 275 was never intended to go racing, but its rarity and appeal punted it onto the top shelf when it changed hands in 2013. Ferrari never offered a convertible 275, yet this is no aftermarket conversion. One of only 12 commissioned by North American Racing Team, Luigi Chinetti's US operation, it was built in Modena by favoured Ferrari coachbuilder Scaglietti, and combines undisputed pedigree with sensational looks.



2002 ENZO

$2,640,000 / RM SOTHEBY'S, 2020

Online bids have long been part of the picture, but after lockdown robbed the auction circus of its real-life drama and razzamatazz virtual sales soon livened up. Bidding millions of dollars for a car you haven't seen in the flesh may sound risky, but this Enzo, with a bare 1250 miles on its 6-litre V12, had lived a pampered life in two car collections so was a pretty safe bet. Hence breaking a new auction record - the highest online sale price for a car. Styled with a strong F1 influence and utilising a carbon-fibre tub, only 399 Enzos were built and they were only offered to selected clients, who presumably didn't mind the thought of the 7mpg fuel thirst round town...



1989 Modena Spyder

$235,000 / MECUM, 2014

This car has no place here at all. It's not a Ferrari, although it looks like one. But it may have helped boost the desirability of the 56 250GT Californias that Ferrari actually built, because if you were young in the Eighties you probably watched disaster comedy *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, and came out wanting a Ferrari like Ferris's. And if you were young then, and you've done well enough since to have a few millions to spare... Sensibly, filming actually involved these Ford V8-powered California-built fibreglass replicas by a firm called Modena - which Ferrari soon shut down. It may not be a genuine Italian classic - but just think of it as a good-looking stunt double.

1962 250GTO

€48,405,000 / RM SOTHEBY'S 2018

After a stalled period in prices, Microsoft executive Greg Whitten sent his 250GTO, the magic name considered the platinum cherry on a gold-plated cake, to Pebble Beach for the Monterey sales - where it smashed the previous auction record. While there are tales of another GTO hitting $70m in a private sale, this is currently the auction peak for any car. Although it looks like the later GTO64 with its hints of the future 250LM, this is an early car rebodied in 1964 by Scaglietti with the upgraded body design. Boasting many successes including two Targa Florio class wins, this machine has all the right credentials and impeccable history.





1984 308GTS Qv

$181,000 / BONHAMS, 2017

It may not be in same price league as our other choices, but this is one famous car - if you watched the 1980s *Magnum P.I.* TV series. This is the machine that twinkly-eyed, moustachio'd private investigator Thomas Magnum, played by Tom Selleck, used to commute between scene of crime, villain's lair and his luxurious base, all in relentless Hawaiian sunshine. Or one of them, at least - four or five were used per series. With the 32-valve *quattrovalvole* version of the transverse V8, it may be standard, but it's a TV star.



1964 250 GT/L Berlinetta Lusso

€2,400,000 / GOODING & CO, 2014

It's the word 'Lusso' that tells you which way Maranello aimed this design. It means 'luxury'. These elegant, roomy 3-litre V12 coupés had no pretensions to winning races - they were long-legged tourers to take you rapidly and comfortably between your Paris home and business in Turin, or coast to coast across the USA like this one, delivered new to Chinetti in New York. Previously regarded as less desirable due to lacking the racing credentials, they are now being valued for their own qualities.

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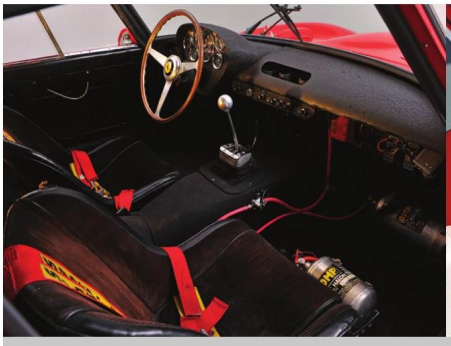
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1962 250GTO

$38,115,000 / BONHAMS, 2014

Cover star of the Ferrari legend, the GTO ticks every box on the desirability chart - it's rare, fast, loud, refined and beautiful. Its race-proven 3-litre V12 is even reliable, as these things go. And in its day it won and won. This example was ordered and raced by Swiss racer Jo Schlesser, then won a stack of Italian hillclimbs before being retired and sold in 1965 - and then kept by the new owner for 49 years. When finally sold it became the world's most expensive car - so far.



1957 335S Spider

$35,700,000 / ARTCURIAL, 2016

Raced as a 315S at Sebring by Peter Collins and then placed second in the Mille Miglia by Wolfgang von Trips, this spartan spider was upgraded at Maranello from 3.8 litres to 4.1, making it a 335S under Ferrari's capacity-based name system. Mike Hawthorn, Luigi Musso, Stirling Moss and Masten Gregory all added honours in just two competitive years, making it one of the most storied of the marque's legendary racers. After spending most of its life in two private collections, the car's new owner is reported to be Barcelona footballer Lionel Messi.





1957 250 Testa Rossa

$16,400,000 / GOODING & CO, 2011

Funny how everything sounds better in Italian. Testa Rossa just means 'red head' - the racing department painted the cylinder heads of the Le Mans cars scarlet - but once the cars were clad in striking pontoon-wing Scaglietti bodywork and began to defeat all opposition the name became another Ferrari banner. Victory at Le Mans in 1958, 1960 and 1961 made the Testa Rossa a by-word in Maranello's history, and this 1957 prototype was the daddy.



1956 250GT Berlinetta Tour de France

$6,700,000 / RM SOTHEBY'S, 2012

After a version won the 1956 Tour de France Auto, the 250GT was labelled for the race - and similar cars won the next three events. This one started life racing in California but fell on hard times, even being abandoned by the roadside. Once rescued, it had a secret - it appeared in the 1966 film *The Love Bug* where in the cross-country race it was beaten - by a Volkswagen. But then, it was Herbie...

1961 250GT California

$18,500,000 / ARTCURIAL, 2015

As well as smothering the marque with race-winning glory, Ferrari's 250 series marked its closest overlap between racing and road cars. Today's collectors compete fiercely to possess any of these dual-purpose V12 masterpieces Though viewed in its time as a mere boulevard cruiser aimed at earning US dollars for Maranello's coffers, the open-topped California with its swooping cowled headlamps has now caught up with its racing cousins in the money stakes. With only 56 built, collector rivalry has seen bidding soar, peaking with this example once owned by French film star Alain Delon.





2012 458 Italia GTD

$462,000 / AUCTIONS AMERICA, 2017

Competition success makes a car a bit special, and though this is the same shape as a 458 you might see parked at the kerb, it's very different underneath. Lowered, tautened, tweaked and tuned, Ferrari's 458 GT3 racers reaped a rich harvest of GT victories and titles, both national and international, and in 2012 this one collected GT honours in the gruelling Daytona 24 Hours event.



1998 F300 F1 car

€1,700,000 / BARRETT JACKSON, 2016

Recent Ferrari F1 cars don't appear for sale often, but this 1998 machine received a round of applause at the auction when its V10 engine was started and briefly spun up to its 18,000rpm ceiling. Ferrari certificates show that multiple world champion Michael Schumacher regularly drove this chassis in the '98 season as he steadily transformed the previously ailing team's fortunes.



1956 290MM Spider

$28,000,000 / RM SOTHEBY'S, 2016

A keystone of Ferrari's successful campaign for the 1956 sports car championship, this brutal 320bhp machine has champion Juan Manuel Fangio's fingerprints all over its steering wheel. And those of Musso, Collins, Phil Hill, von Trips... Powered by a glorious 3.5-litre V12, it had only a year as a works racer, but what a year - Mille Miglia, Nürburgring, Buenos Aires... And it emerged without damage, a fabulously original survivor of just four built. Preserved in private collections in France and then England, it now lives in the USA.



1967 275GTB/4

£6,000,000 / RM SOTHEBY'S, 2014

What price a famous name? In this case, double your estimate then double again, because the famous name is film legend Steve McQueen. That's why this coupé, desirable but not one of the great Ferraris, sold for a remarkable four times what was expected at Pebble Beach. Car lover McQueen was on the set of *Bullitt* when the scarlet beauty arrived, and while filming the greatest car chase ever he was surely itching to switch from the lead character's Mustang GT390 to his new Italian passion.





2016 LaFerrari

$7,000,000 / RM SOTHEBY'S, 2016

Usually it's the 1950s and '60s classics that hit the money stratosphere when auction time comes around, but when this technological marvel, the last LaFerrari built, crossed the sale block it instantly became the priciest 21st-century machine ever sold. Carrying more power and less weight than McLaren's P1 or Porsche's 918, this is the pinnacle of hybrids, combining a muscular 760bhp of petrol power with 160bhp of extra topping from its electric motor for a 950bhp eruption. Though Ferrari had completed its planned 499-car run, it decided to create one final example for auction, with all the proceeds to help rebuilding efforts following several devastating earthquakes in central Italy.



1965 Dino Berlinetta Speciale

€4,400,000 / ARTCURIAL, 2017

Unique and unregistered, this stunning show prototype inspired the compact Dino range that would become a Ferrari success story. But when it burst upon the Paris Motor Show in 1965 no-one had seen anything like it before. Curvaceous and aggressive, it concealed its compact V6 engine below a reverse-curved rear window, with long air intakes on its flanks. A high point of the Maranello/Pininfarina collaboration, this was at one time a star of the Le Mans museum.



1950 166MM Berlinetta

€5,500,000 / GOODING & CO, 2016

Though built only in handfuls, the race successes of the 166 placed Maranello squarely on the international stage, and it became the firm's first 'production' model. Its delicate 2-litre V12 made a glorious noise, and elegant Touring bodies added svelte beauty. This example contested the arduous Mille Miglia twice in open barchetta form before being turned into a coupé in 1953 by Zagato, making it a unique relic of Ferrari's earliest era.







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