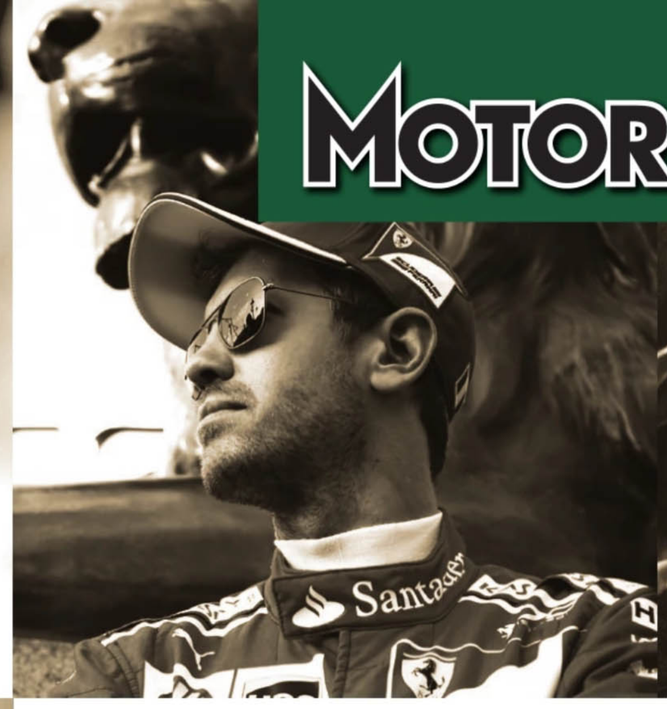
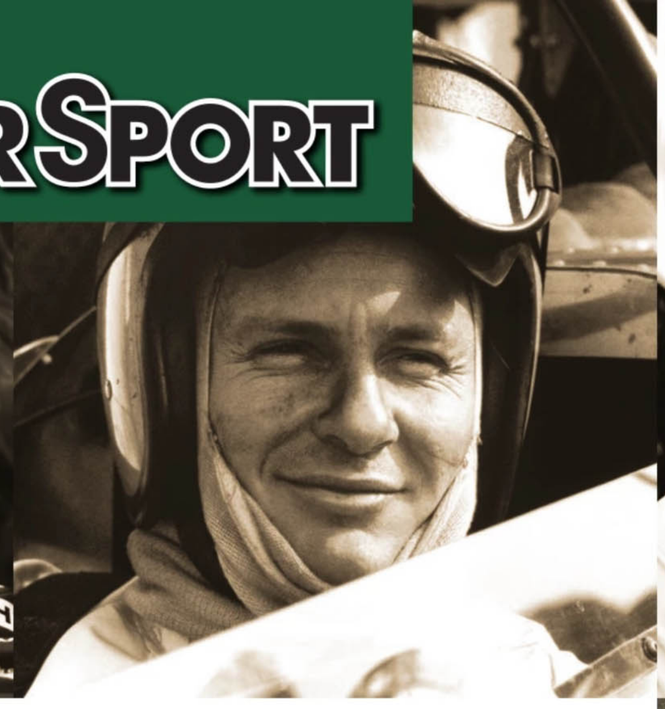










20 of the finest Formula 1 drivers in history

GRAND PRIX LEGENDS





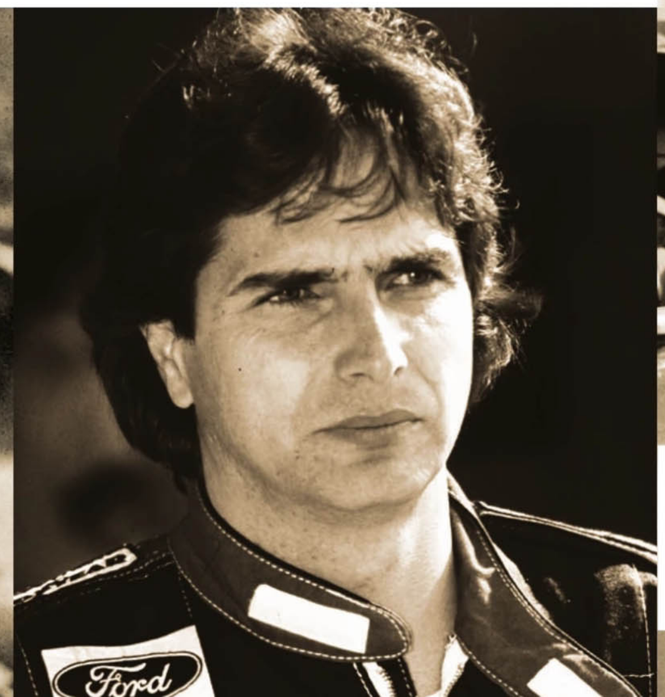
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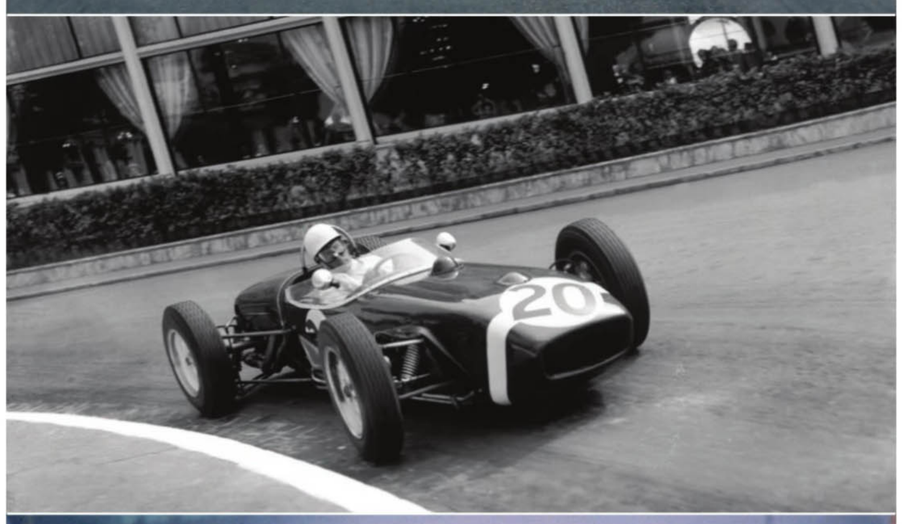














MOTOR SPORT

WELCOME TO GRAND PRIX LEGENDS

The question has been asked many times in the past and will continue to be posed as time rolls on: what confers 'legendary' status upon a racing driver? Many of the most celebrated cases (Juan Manuel Fangio and Michael Schumacher, for instance) appeared in the first volume of our Grand Prix Legends series, published in 2015, but here we spread the net a little wider.

Bruce McLaren's Formula 1 record might pale alongside others, but his associated achievements underline indelible greatness. François Cevert started only 46 Grands Prix, but almost 45 years after his death his charisma lingers. He raced F1 cars all too briefly, but perhaps symbolises the spirit of that time better than any other driver (and he also won a Can-Am race, in a car bearing Bruce's name). Sebastian Vettel has never been able to woo German crowds in the manner of forebear Schumacher, but four consecutive world titles did not happen by chance. Yes, he had an ultra-competitive car – but the same was also previously true of Clark, Ascari, Fangio and many others.

That doesn't dilute the significance of their achievements.

For this latest *Motor Sport* special edition, we have raided our 94-year-old archive to select the finest prose from many of the best writers ever to have covered the sport. Some of their subjects are multiple world champions, others belong here for reasons beyond simple statistics.

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Whether or not you agree with their inclusion, we hope you'll enjoy the content. Feel free to let us know your thoughts via Twitter *(@Motor_Sport)*, Facebook *(www.facebook.com/MotorSport1924)* or Instagram *(motor_sport1924)*.

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MIKA HÄKKINEN

BY MARK SKEWIS

It's the stuff Hollywood thrives on: driver fights for life after accident; makes heroic comeback; wins world championship; walks off into sunset.

Mika Häkkinen concedes that last year's accident at Adelaide, which so nearly claimed his life, has knocked some of the romance out of him.

"When I was ill, in hospital or home, whatever, I didn't think about racing," he says quietly. "I was just thinking about the next day, about what was going to happen, whether I was going to have a lunch or something. I wasn't thinking about when I was going to get back in a racing car."

The trouble with Hollywood is that real life has a terrible habit of refusing to follow the script. Motor racing history is littered with talented drivers who recovered from injury, but never recovered their confidence or speed.

Karl Wendlinger was the last such figure to return, having spent weeks in a coma after shunting at Monaco in 1994. Contrary to the way it is sometimes depicted, the Formula 1 paddock is not a place devoid of sympathy. It's just that you can't run a multi-million dollar team on it. Wendlinger was dropped after just four races and, despite a late-season reprieve, axed for good at the year's end. ▶

After a near-fatal crash the Finn returned to the cockpit, but found that driving his F1 McLaren was not as hard as facing up to the expectations of press and public

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, APRIL 1996


shell
BOSS
HUGO BOSS
McLAREN INTERNATIONAL
PEUGEOT

"HE WAS NOT THE SAME," REVEALED SAUBER team manager Max Welti. "Yes, he looks the same and can walk and talk the same, but his reactions aren't the same. The really sad thing is that I don't think even Karl can tell what's different in his driving."

At times Wendlinger looked haunted, like a man desperate to emerge from a bad dream. Häkkinen faced the daunting prospect of running the same gamut of emotions.

"Personally I think a puncture is harder to deal with than if it had been his fault," opines Keke Rosberg, Häkkinen's manager. "Drivers aren't often scared of their own mistakes maybe because they all believe they're so bloody good! It was things beyond my control that used to worry me as a driver. The fear of losing the wing, the brakes, the suspension, tyres. They are harder to come to terms with than your own error, which you believe can easily be avoided."

"I knew from the faces of the people around me that I'd had a bad crash," Häkkinen recalls of Adelaide. The same tell-tale signs brought home the importance of his first run back in a Grand Prix car, at Paul Ricard. "Some of the mechanics made me more nervous than anything else. When I was beside the car, putting on my driving suit and crash helmet, many of the mechanics were really quiet, not saying anything. Usually in F1 there is a lot of noise and there is always something happening. This time it was completely silent. I had to tell them to chill out and lighten up!

"I sat in the car, doing the usual checks, and I was thinking to myself: 'What am I feeling now? Do I feel scared or normal?' I heard the sound of the engine, felt the car, and that was it. I realised I really love it."

Subsequently he was quickest in pre-season testing at Estoril. But producing in testing was one thing, to perform in the cauldron of a GP weekend especially back in the country where he was for so long confined to hospital presented the ultimate test.

He confesses the tension got to him.

"Sitting in the aeroplane before I landed in Melbourne I was looking out the window, seeing Australia, and my mind was thinking, 'This is the country where you had a big shunt. Then you just tell yourself, 'Don't think about it. Close the curtains and just don't look out'. If you do start thinking about it your emotions can have too much effect on you and you never know what's going to happen. It's very tricky. Very difficult. One good thing was that going around the track on the driver parade I realised how many fans I have in Australia. That gave me a lot of courage, a lot of strength to continue."

Left stunned by his driver's pace in testing, an upbeat McLaren boss Ron Dennis claimed, "The accident has matured Mika a bit. He is more professional than before."

Asked whether he had changed, the Finn responded: "Yeah, my hair is a bit shorter!" but the humour was forced, and for much the Melbourne weekend the usual ready smile was nowhere to be seen.

"Probably I have changed," he admits in a moment of reflection, "but it's always hard to see the changes in yourself. You just think to yourself, 'I'm always the same guy, the same person', until somebody comes and says, 'What's going on with you?'

"When you have something like that [the accident] it naturally changes your life a bit; changes your thinking on anything. Maybe when I am out on a racetrack I am not taking so many risks. I am more calculating - I used to take them every lap; now it's maybe every second lap."

Sceptics were quick to pounce on the fact that he

A year after his serious crash there, Häkkinen returned to Melbourne, finishing an impressive fifth





was clearly ill at ease with the media. At a brief conference he virtually retreated inside his shell, showing evident distress as the battery of flash guns were fired off in his direction. "It's very uncomfortable to try and start talking about some important things in your life to somebody else if there are 15 cameras flashing in front of you," he explained afterwards.

● ● ●

ROSBERG BETRAYS LITTLE SURPRISE WHEN the news of Mika's reaction is relayed to him. ''He was scared," he says candidly. "Scared to face people and hear them saying, 'Is he still able to do it?' He's been to hell and back. He's just spent two months alone with his girlfriend with nothing to do all day but read the horror stories in the papers. Of course he was uncomfortable. Put yourself on a platform with the whole world staring at you for a weakness, wondering if you could still see like you used to or not. How would you feel?

"He is still very nervous of people, worried about the world saying he is no longer able to race. You know that it only takes a bad run now and people are immediately saying, 'Hey, hey, poor Mika. He hasn't got it any more...

Has he still got what it takes? On the evidence of Melbourne you would have to say 'yes'. As is customary, Häkkinen languished well down the timesheets for most of qualifying, only to produce that one-off late lap that infuriates team-mates and technicians alike. Having out-qualified David Coulthard, who not so many months ago was spoiling Damon Hill's title challenge, he out-raced him too. In the circumstances, with a car that isn't yet a front-runner, you could have asked no more than to start fifth and finish in the same position. If McLaren had problems in Australia, the finger couldn't be pointed in his direction.

"I think he did a good job to keep those guys behind him in the race," sums up Rosberg. "Coulthard was struggling to get past a Footwork:, Mika was losing two and a half seconds a lap to the leaders. One slip and he would have been ninth. I'm happy and proud of his determination. He did a good job."

After the race the Finn admitted he had mixed feelings. "It's difficult," he mused, "because some ▶



Häkkinen's remakable return to McLaren in 1996 would later culminate in two world championships

people are saying this comeback is a sensation. It's not. I don't call fifth place a sensation. But in another sense just to be here and finish this race was my personal victory."

When he spoke to Rosberg that night, he was more annoyed than he was elated, and his comments to the press before he left the track betrayed his disappointment. "The car's not quick enough," he said bluntly. "At the end of the race I was really tired, which I think is natural anyway, but I also think I did more work than anybody else out there! The car wasn't exactly like it should have been. Now it's up to the engineers and designers to give David and myself a car that is capable of competing.

"I'm not after finishing fifth or third, or something like that. I'm not interested and I don't want it. That's not I want from my career. I want to win and there's nothing else that counts."

Two bleak years at McLaren have left him frustrated while younger men like Jacques Villeneuve have come in and jumped the queue. The next few months mark something of a watershed, not least because his Mika's contract with McLaren expires at the end of the season.

The team's gloomy outlook as it heads for round two, in Brazil, is something of a stark contrast to the end of 1993. Then, with the last lndycar hotshot, Michael Andretti, sent packing, Häkkinen graduated from the McLaren test ranks and promptly performed the impossible, outqualifying Ayrton Senna. "He was only human, a racing driver, that's it," shrugs Häkkinen at the memory. "He was terrified because I was quicker. He didn't understand. He was checking out data, sitting on a Goodyear in the corner next to the computers, and he didn't understand why I was quicker. I was maybe three-four kilometres quicker than him through the first corner, and he didn't understand. I mean, the cars were identical.

"It was funny that moment. He got a bit upset when I started joking, during the briefing!

"Really, though, it was a wake-up call for me rather than Ayrton. I mean, working with him.

"Jesus. I woke up. How much I still had to improve to be a professional racing driver. It was then I realised I wasn't going to be a champion unless I worked really hard."

In Melbourne Mika Häkkinen Mark II was certainly working hard.

"Australia was hard for him in many respects, not just in the car," accepts Rosberg. "He had a function every night, you know, so he was going back to the hotel from the track, grabbing half an hour's rest, and then going out again. That's hard when you think he's only been back training for a few weeks anyway.

"But that's the way it's got to be, all or nothing. You can't go talking about him as the driver coming back from injury, and make allowances. How long do you go on with that? If you're back, you're back. I don't think we should be talking about the past, we should be talking about his future. Because, at the age of 27, I still believe he's got a future." ■



MIKA HÄKKINEN

Born: September 28 1968,
Vantaa, Finland

WINS
20

POLE POSITIONS
26

WIN RATE
12.4%

FASTEST LAPS
25

161
STARTS

420
POINTS

WORLD CHAMPION
1998, 1999

PETER COLLINS

BY NIGEL ROEBUCK

Peter Collins was the debonair embodiment of the 1950s racing driver, a man of good looks and charm and wit. Born in 1931, he missed the war; with half a dozen years more behind him, he would surely have flown Spitfires.

As it was, Collins, the son of a Kidderminster motor dealer, raced cars, beginning with a Formula 3 Cooper-Norton in 1949. Immediately successful, he was into John Heath's HWM team by 1952, alongside Stirling Moss, and made his Grand Prix debut at Berne. At the same time he joined Aston Martin, and John Wyer, never an easy man to please, thought very highly of him, both as man and driver. "He was," said Wyer's wife, Tottie, "an enchanting youth."

In those free-wheeling days, it was the custom for the top drivers to participate in all manner of events, and Collins drove a great variety of cars, his Formule Libre performances in Tony Vandervell's 4.5-litre Thinwall Special Ferrari (which regularly vanquished the foolish BRM V16) leaving no doubts about his ability to handle real power.

In 1955 he won the *Daily Express* Trophy at Silverstone in the Owen Racing Organisation's Maserati 250F, and later that year, on September 24, drove the company's first 2.5-litre BRM on its debut at the Oulton Park Gold Cup, a race clear in my childhood memory.

The car didn't last, of course, but I can still recall the excitement in the crowd at Old Hall in the early laps as Peter ran third, behind the factory 250Fs of Moss and Luigi Musso, but ahead of Mike Hawthorn and Eugenio Castellotti in the Ferrari-entered Lancia D50s. ▶

It was a golden time, and Peter Collins seemed the picture of gilded youth, with charm, looks and talent. But it was also an era of danger and tragedy

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, SEPTEMBER 2008



By 1952 Collins (no29) was in HWM team. Right: second at Monaco and a Spa victory put Collins in reach of 1956 title

IN THE PADDOCK THAT MORNING I ASKED Collins to sign my programme, and as he did so Peter noticed my father's camera. "I say! Is that a Voigtlander?" At once the two of them were into a conversation about photography, while I, scarcely believing, listened in. Eventually I asked him if he were going to stay with BRM the following year. "Well," said Collins, "I've got my hopes of Ferrari…"

At nine I had a scoop, and didn't realise it. After a one-off drive for Mercedes in the Targa Florio (where he shared the winning 300SLR with Moss), Peter duly had his meeting with Enzo, signed a contract, and thus began the most successful, if tragically brief, period of his career.

Ferrari, as we know, had many estimable qualities, but softness of heart was not among them, and Collins was in his employ at a particularly perilous time, its dangers amplified by the Old Man's stark way with the men who drove for him.

Sir Peter Ustinov was a lover of motor racing all his life, and especially so in the 1950s, when he attended many a Grand Prix. A couple of years before his death in 2004, we spent most of an afternoon talking about the sport: "I was at Monaco in '55, and actually saw Ascari fly into the harbour…"

Ustinov also remembered a story told to him by Collins, who was a good friend. "Peter was in Ferrari's office one day in the spring of '57, and the phone rang. The Old Man picked up the receiver: 'Castellotti morto? No, no, no…' A brief pause, then, 'E la macchina?'"

Two months later, Collins was on course to emulate Stirling Moss in winning the Mille Miglia, but his car failed on the homeward run. Later that afternoon, another of his Ferrari team-mates, Alfonso de Portago, was killed.

That was how racing was then: if you chose to do it, you accepted the risks. "It's odd what the mind can do, you know," Louise, Collins's widow, remembers. "There were a lot of bad accidents, but afterwards there was always this justification, a reason why it could never happen to anyone else. I remember one time Peter started to say something about, 'If anything ever happens to me', and I said, 'Oh, shush…'

"I know it's a cliche to talk about living for the moment, but that's what we did. The world was a different place back then."

In 1956, Collins's first year with Ferrari, he truly made his mark, winning his first Grand Prix at Spa, his second at Reims. By the time of Monza he was in with a real shout at the World Championship, but if anything defines the man it was his selfless behaviour in this most crucial of races.

Before half-distance Fangio's Lancia-Ferrari had retired with a broken steering-arm, and the maestro's day seemed done, the title fight now apparently between Moss, leading in his Maserati, and Collins. When Musso came in for a routine stop, he declined a request that he hand over to Fangio.

Five laps later, though, in came Collins, and when he saw his idol sitting on the pitwall he immediately



climbed out. "Without being asked," Fangio said, "he offered me his car to finish in. In my gratitude I threw my arms round him and kissed him, then got in the car, and continued on to second place…"

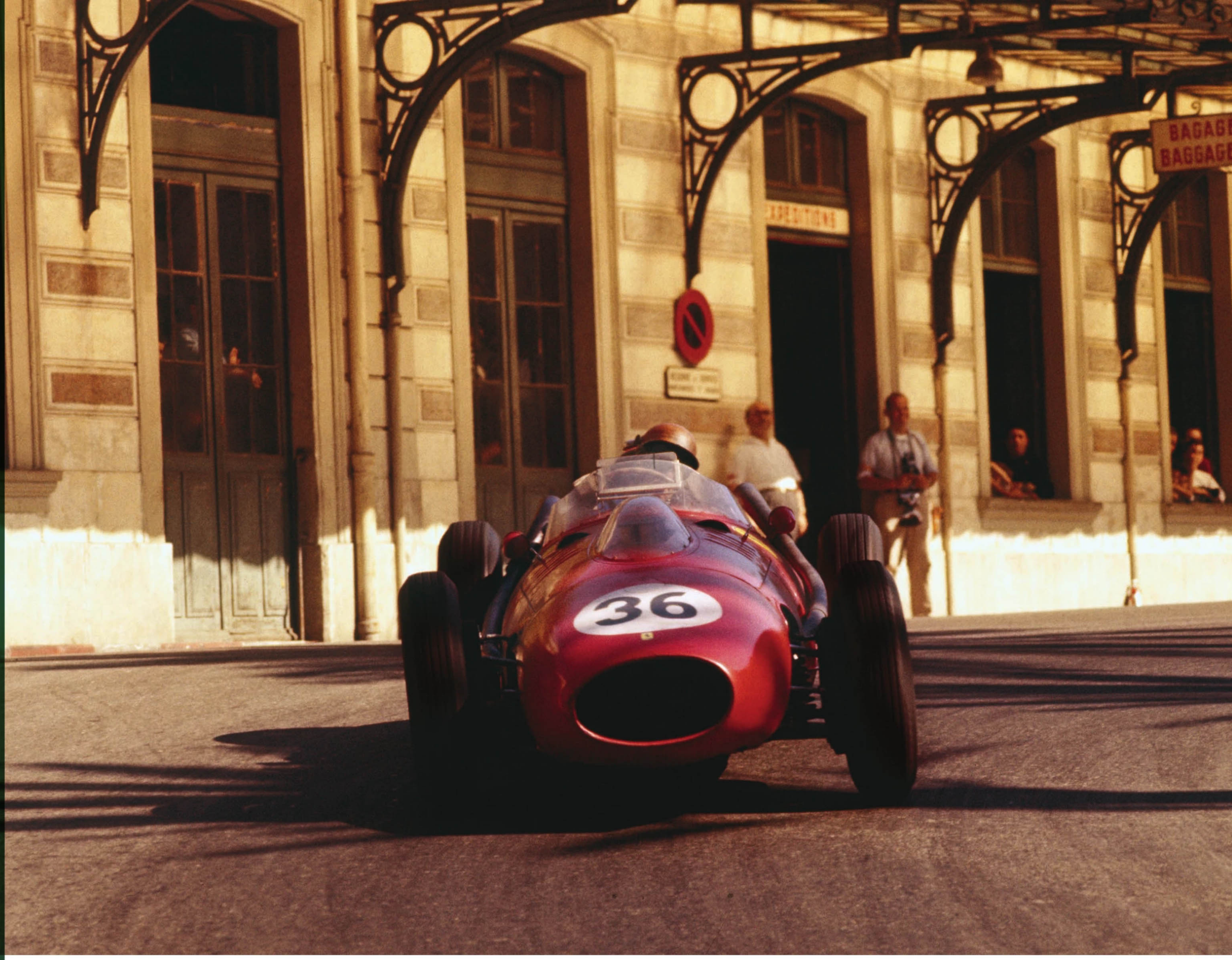
That gave Juan Manuel the points he needed for his fourth championship, and when I interviewed him, more than 20 years later, his eyes filled with tears as he remembered his young English team-mate.

Collins, though, saw nothing exceptional in his self-sacrifice. "He never gave it a thought," Louise says. "Maybe it was easier to be a sportsman in those days, because there wasn't the money – that wasn't why those boys raced. Peter revered Fangio, and he was only 24 years old – he didn't feel there was much urgency about winning the World Championship. He cared more about winning races. Team spirit was very important to him – if he hadn't enjoyed racing, it wouldn't have been worth a damn to him. It was important, above all, that someone in a Ferrari won the championship. Probably that doesn't even make sense to the drivers today…"

No, probably it doesn't, but certainly it helps to explain the unusual degree of affection Ferrari felt for Collins. "He looked upon Peter as a surrogate son, and it was the same with Laura – Mrs Ferrari, that is. They had lost their only son, Dino, in the summer of '56, and they kind of adopted Peter.

"Ferrari always seemed like a very tragic character to me, and Laura… my God, there was one powerful woman! She was kindly to me, but I never saw any ▶





humour in her – at all. She always wore black, very forbidding, and she and Ferrari went to the cemetery every day. I don't mean to sound hard, but it struck me as very theatrical, somehow.

"Eventually Peter went in to see Ferrari, and in effect told him to snap out of it. It made him angry that he was neglecting the company, spending so much time in this endless mourning. People couldn't believe that anyone would have the guts to say something like that to Ferrari, but actually he accepted it, and was much lighter after that."

IN F1 TERMS, 1957 WAS A POOR YEAR FOR Ferrari, the team winning not a single Grand Prix, but for Collins it had its compensations: for one thing, his close friend Mike Hawthorn had rejoined Ferrari; for another, he married Louise, a Broadway actress, precisely one week after meeting her.

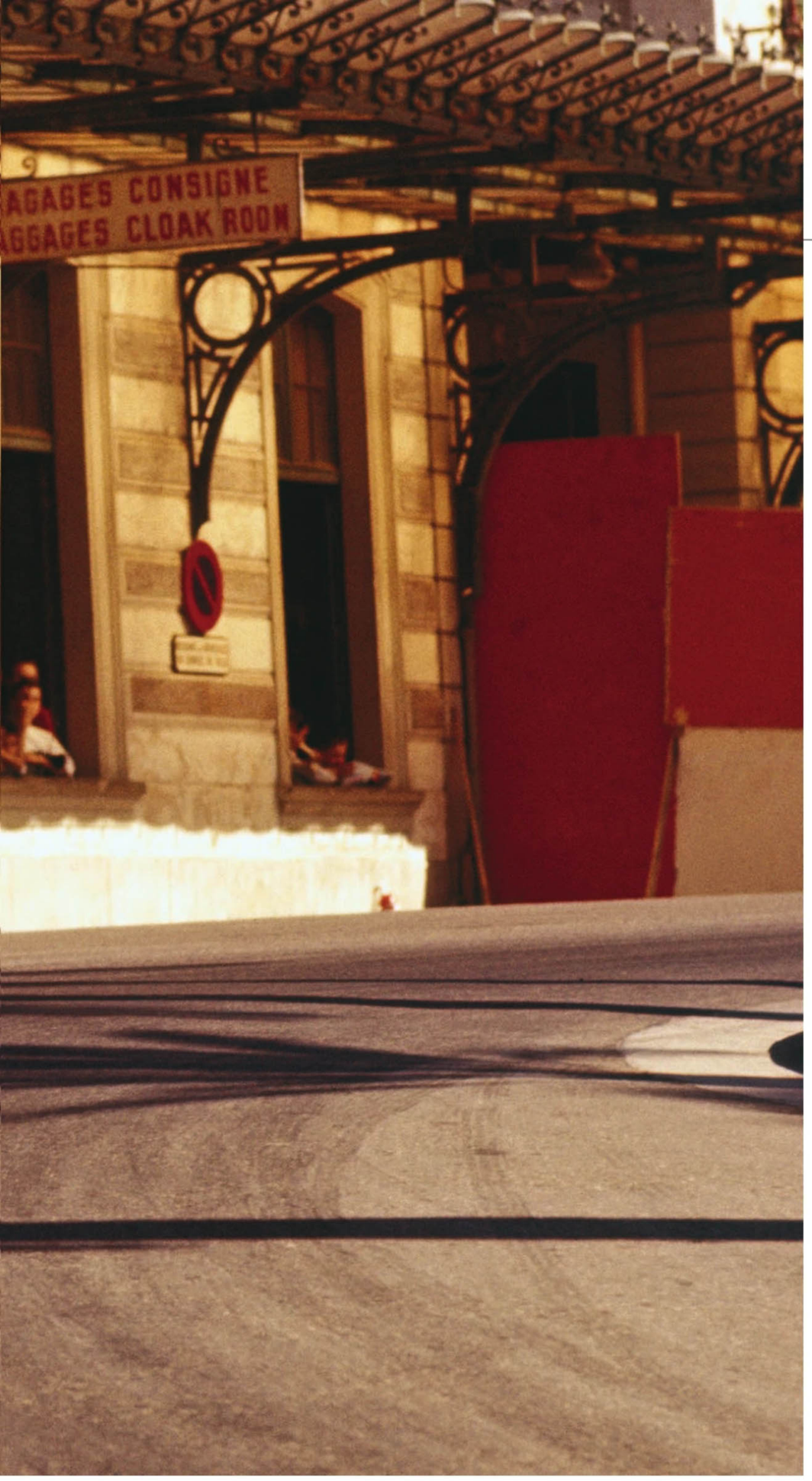
This did not please the Old Man, who fundamentally believed that contentment was the enemy of competitiveness. "He gave Peter a really hard time," remembers Phil Hill, another Ferrari team member of the time. "Peter and Louise were living near Modena, but in the end they kind of fled to Monte Carlo, where they lived on a boat."

By now it was 1958, and Collins's season began well, with victories in the *Daily Express* Trophy at Silverstone, and also – partnering Hill – in the Buenos Aires 1000 Kms and the Sebring 12 Hours.

The friendship with Hawthorn was perhaps as close as the sport has known, but Roy Salvadori has suggested that, to some degree, it compromised Ferrari's competitiveness against the onslaught of a Vanwall team comprising Moss, Tony Brooks and Stuart Lewis-Evans: such good mates were they that it didn't really seem to matter which one won. Both Moss and Brooks think that a fair point.

"In fact, they were very different types," says Louise, "and maybe that was why they got on so well. When the three of us were together, Michael was usually much calmer. If he was fed up with the outside world, maybe he found us a kind of refuge. He could be incredibly rude sometimes, but he never was to me, I must say. I liked him a great deal.

"We spent a lot of time together, but only at the races, really. Mike liked to get back to England as soon as possible, but Peter and I were on the boat in Monte Carlo – we didn't really have a base, as such. I never really felt Mike was infringing in our lives."



"Mike and Peter were both bloody good," says Moss, "although I wouldn't rate either with Tony [Brooks]. Of the two, on his day Mike was definitely quicker, I think – but then Mike didn't have that many days. Overall I'd put Pete ahead – about equal with Jean Behra. Put it this way: if I had to choose a co-driver for the 'Ring, Peter would be on a very short list. He was also very good company."

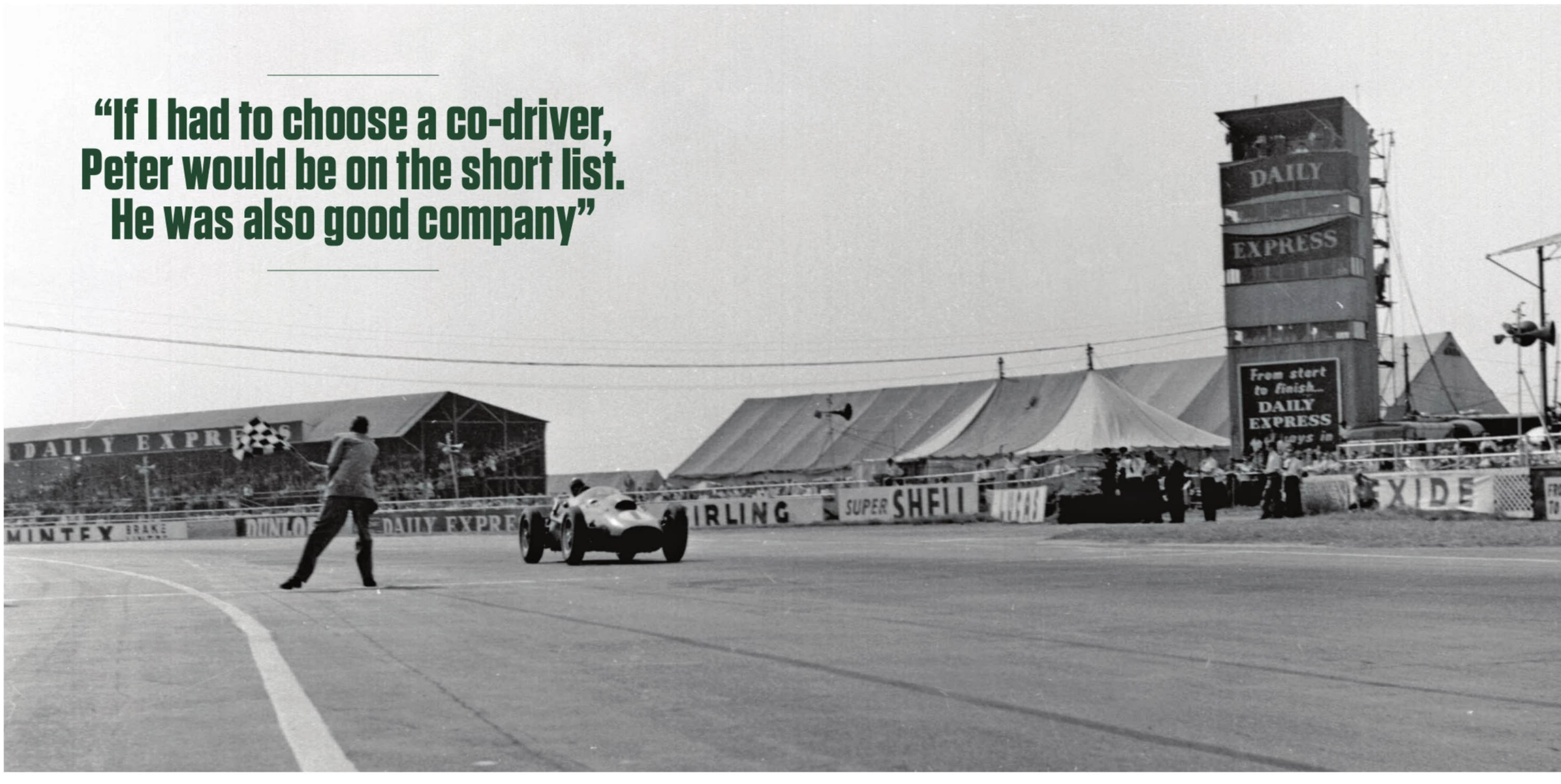
Hill was close to both his English team-mates: "Peter was just a charming guy, whereas Mike was hard for anyone to get along with – although I was on to him quickly, and never had any problems with him.

"I wasn't on the F1 squad at that time. Ferrari ran three cars for Mike, Peter and Luigi Musso, and I used to feel sorry for Musso, because they gave him a very tough time. I think they were still at the end of that 'Brits-hate-the-Eyeties' thing – went back to the war. Certainly they never passed up a chance to belittle Musso. They ripped him up one side and down the other…"

As the '58 F1 season progressed, Vanwall had the upper hand on Ferrari, and the Old Man was becoming unsettled. At Le Mans, a race neither of them liked, Collins and Hawthorn shared a car, and after Mike had driven the wheels off it in the early stages, battling with Behra's Maserati 450S, it retired in Peter's hands with a clutch problem.

"There was the suggestion," says Hill, "that, between them, they deliberately wrecked the clutch so they could go home early. I never believed it – I mean, Mike wouldn't have had to agree to something like that, because he did that to a clutch automatically! But the Old Man got very angry – and Peter was punished

"If I had to choose a co-driver, Peter would be on the short list. He was also good company"



Below, victory in the 1958 British GP, in what seemed a wonderful season, until fate took a hand

for it. When he got to Reims, for the French Grand Prix, he found there was no car for him – instead they'd entered him for the Formula 2 car support race…"

Collins, not surprisingly, was distraught, but after Hawthorn stressed to team manager Romolo Tavoni that he had been responsible for the Le Mans debacle, Ferrari was persuaded to relent. In the French Grand Prix Hawthorn – at the top of his form – won, while Collins was a distant fifth, and the unfortunate Luigi Musso, trying to stay with Hawthorn, was killed on the 10th lap.

Highly emotional times at Maranello, then, and next on the schedule was Silverstone, where Hawthorn and Collins qualified only fourth and sixth respectively. As expected, Moss's Vanwall led away, but Collins made a fantastic start, and by Becketts was through into a lead he never lost.



"I did well through the funeral but at the memorial service I saw Mike and it really got to me. I wept through the whole thing"

"It was," Louise remembers, "a perfect day. The weather was great, and Silverstone had an English garden party atmosphere back then. Once Peter was in front, no one could challenge him. Wonderful…"

Once Moss had retired, Hawthorn made it a Ferrari 1-2, and Enzo Ferrari was somewhat soothed. Ahead lay the Nürburgring, where Mike and Peter had finished second and third in 1957, beaten by Fangio on his day of days.

At half-distance in the German Grand Prix the scenario was uncannily similar to that of the year before, with Hawthorn and Collins swapping the lead – and being caught by an inspired driver from another team. Brooks and his Vanwall were on a charge.

"My car was diabolical on full tanks," Tony recalls, "and by the time it began to handle properly again, the Ferraris were more than half a minute ahead. Eventually I caught and passed them, but they had me on top speed and could get by again on the long straight leading up to the finish. I knew my only hope was to snatch the lead very early in the lap, and pull out so much that they couldn't slipstream past again at the end of it. Eventually that worked out, and the tragedy was that Peter, trying to stay with me, overdid it…"

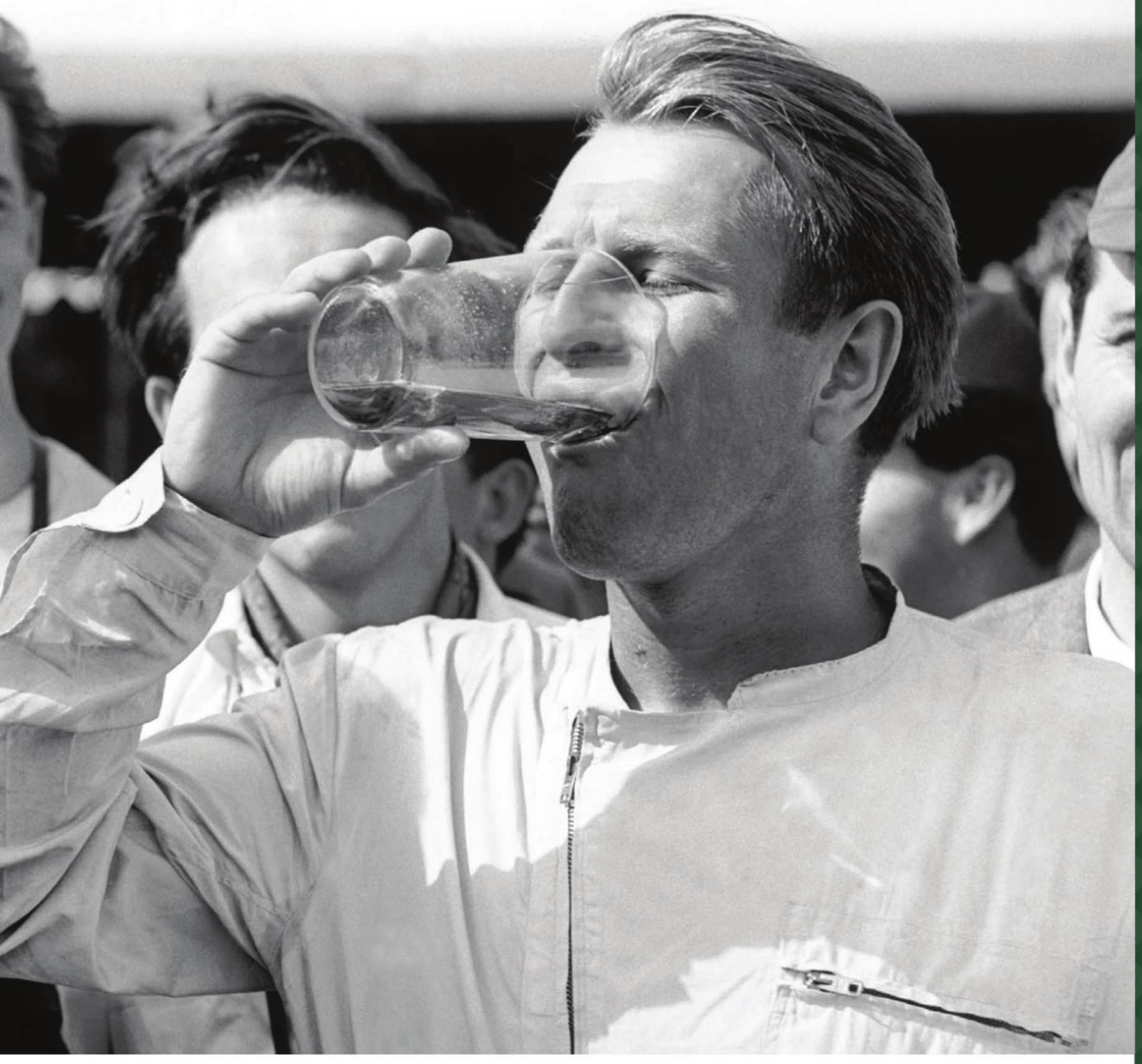
COLLINS CRASHED AT PFLANZGARTEN, which Hill, racing Ferrari's F2 car that day, remembers as, "A really hairy place. If you didn't get enough slowing down done before you went in there, you could really get into trouble, and that's what happened with Peter. At Ferrari we had those darn Houdaille shock-absorbers, and on the bumps of the Nürburgring they went away so fast you couldn't believe it. I was struggling by then, and I'm sure Peter and Mike were, too."

When Collins's Ferrari somersaulted, he was thrown out, against a tree. "Perhaps," says Moss, "if he'd been wearing a seat belt, as they did in America, Peter might have got away with it, but we didn't have roll-over bars or anything in those days, and usually your best hope was to be thrown out."

"Obviously," says Brooks, "I felt pretty bad about Peter's accident at the time, although I didn't feel responsible or anything like that. All that stuff about top racing drivers not making mistakes… we did, and sometimes we got away with it, and sometimes we didn't. I think Peter made a simple mistake, went into the corner a little bit too quickly, perhaps a bit off line. And if you went off at the 'Ring, of course, you were in the hands of the gods, because it was all ditches and trees…"

Collins's death, only two weeks after his brilliant Silverstone victory, only four after the loss of Musso at Reims, caused enormous grief in the racing community, and in the country as a whole, for Peter had personified all that was good about sport. "Like everyone else," says Brooks, "I was very fond of him. Such a pleasant, friendly, character."

For Louise Collins, married only a year, it was an



Collins enjoys a victory pint after his 1958 Silverstone win. Best mate Hawthorn, left, finished second

unimaginably awful time. “After Peter died, Mike brought me back to England. I did well through the funeral, but at the memorial service I saw Mike at the door of the church, and it really got to me. I wept through the whole thing.

“We met again at Monza. Maybe it seems odd I went to a race again, two months after Peter’s death, but Ferrari begged me, and said he would go with me. In fact, I don’t believe he had any intention of going – and he didn’t! But in a way it was good he tricked me, because although it wasn’t a great weekend, it was important to see all my friends. When you lose someone, what’s really difficult is to do the things you did before, but without them.

“At Monza I recall having a long talk with Mike, way into the night. But everything was different, with Peter gone. Our friendship had been based so much on going racing together, but now I wasn’t a driver’s wife any more – I was going off to be an actress again. In fact, that same weekend Peter Ustinov called, asking me to do his play Romanoff and Juliet, and it was exactly what I needed.

“Racing was so different then. Much more dangerous, of course, and not highly paid. But it seems to me there was much more joy in it, and I’m so glad I experienced it. There was etiquette, if you like, rules by which the boys played – a feeling that they were all doing something they loved, and weren’t they lucky? Peter and I weren’t together very long, but it was the happiest time of my life.” ■

PETER
COLLINS

Born: Nov 6 1931, Kidderminster, England
Died: August 3 1958, Bonn, Germany

WINS
3

POLE POSITIONS
0

WIN RATE
9.4%

FASTEST LAPS
0

32
STARTS

47
POINTS

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP
THIRD PLACE
1956

BRUCE McLAREN

BY MARK HUGHES

Ambition is a funny thing. For some it burns so bright it sears a lasting scar on their personalities. Others look as if they don't have a scrap of it in their souls, their serene progress looking to the casual observer like luck, even when it is nothing of the sort. Bruce McLaren, more than most, was one of the latter.

He was the youngest driver ever to win a Grand Prix and the youngest to lead the Formula 1 World Championship. But his real place in history is not as a driver. It is as the founder of the colossus of a race team that now vies with Ferrari as the most successful of all time, even though Bruce himself didn't live to see such levels of achievement. As a driver he was good but not great; it was as someone with an innate ability to attract the right people, as an engineer and as a truly inspirational leader, that would prove him to be so very special.

Driving was just the starting point for an ambition that burned fiercely, despite his mellow disposition. Tyler Alexander, whose destiny was interlocked with Bruce's from the early '60s until McLaren's death in 1970, says, "In one way he was laid back but in another he wasn't at all. He wasn't shy either, just quiet. And even that's not 100 per cent right because he was kinda none of those things but all of them at the same time. But he was very determined that he was going to do something with himself." ▶

He didn't live to savour the full fruits of his team's success, but the Kiwi's spirit influenced much of what McLaren subsequently went on to achieve

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, MARCH 1999



TEAM McLAREN'S FIRST DESIGNER, ROBIN Herd, concurs: "He had a likeable exterior but the ego was hidden in there. He could take an intense dislike to people who were outside the team he felt were not up to it, though they would never have known it. Oh yes, the fires most definitely burned within him."

For all the ambition though, fortune did smile on him. He was in the right place at the right time for Jack Brabham to take him under his wing and install him at Cooper, which turned out to be the perfect team to give him the necessary grounding for setting up on his own. Furthermore he arrived in racing just as it was demanding the sort of technical feedback from drivers that very few were able to give, but which Bruce could. All this kick-started Team McLaren into healthy life. But his outstanding qualities not only allowed him to make maximum use of good fortune, in some indefinable way they probably created much of it. "He had a charisma that just magically drew extraordinary people around him," says Herd today.

The founder of Team McLaren was the quiet son of a garage proprietor from Auckland, New Zealand, and a successful local bike racer. Young Bruce was captivated. But the thing that really stirred him wasn't Dad's wheel-to-wheel battles on the tracks, but rather the workings of the machines themselves. He was a natural-born engineer. The mechanics soon became used to their spanners going missing to the little boy fettling his tricycle - it was telling even then that he spent more time doing this than actually riding the thing.

He was a studious, serious kid. 'Pop' McLaren indulged his only son's enthusiasms, which so mirrored his own, but it never made Bruce cocky. "I think part of that," says his close friend and associate Eoin Young, "came from his spell in hospital as a boy." At the age of nine, Bruce was found to be suffering from Perthes Disease - a serious hip condition for which the only treatment was total bed rest. He spent the next three years in a children's hospital flat on his back or in a wheelchair. The legacy was a permanent limp, powerful shoulders and perhaps a deepened intensity. His studying during that period laid the foundations for a subsequent Auckland college course in engineering.

Don't get the idea he was dull, though; he had the sense of fun and adventure, for example, that saw him organise illicit bathchair races around the hospital. "Even though he wasn't in the least bit flamboyant," says Alexander, "he did enjoy a good time."

Certainly he figured in his share of off-track high-jinks, maybe not kicking them off but not shy about getting involved, as confirmed by Howden Ganley, now a British Racing Drivers' Club luminary, then a McLaren mechanic: "his sense of humour was dry and sharp and was an important part of the team's atmosphere."

But you'd need to know him well to discover all this. "The whole McLaren team atmosphere," says his former mechanic Paul Vincent, "was self-effacing and introverted. It could be fun inside, but it didn't ▶





Bruce running ahead of Lorenzo Bandini in his team's maiden GP, Monaco 1966



McLaren guides his M14A towards second in Spain, 1970. Right, in Cooper T77 at Brands Hatch, 1965

project itself to the outside at all. That trait, which you can still see in McLaren today, came very much from Bruce."

THE QUANTUM LEAP FROM COLLEGE KID TO founder of one of the great Grand Prix teams was fairly short. It consisted of Pop McLaren giving his son an Austin Seven Ulster to kick off his racing career, and Brabham visiting for the off-season series of races and taking him under his wing. "Brabham looked on the McLaren family as a willing cheque book at the beginning," says Young. "He'd go out there with the Cooper he'd been racing for a year in Europe and at the end of the series he would sell it to the McLarens. Bruce in turn was enormously fortunate that Jack was a bit of a loner and saw Bruce as a good understudy, the ideal number two who wasn't ever going to beat him in a straight fight."

"Yes, we used to allow Jack, and later Bruce, to sell our cars down under at the end of the season," confirms John Cooper. "That was our way of looking after them because we couldn't actually pay them very much."

Brabham's idea of bringing the young McLaren to Europe and installing him at Cooper gained critical momentum when the New Zealand Auto Club named Bruce as the recipient of its 'Driver to Europe' prize in 1958. After a few Formula 2 events for Cooper, he was entered in the F2 class of that year's German Grand Prix and created a minor sensation by winning the section on his first visit to the Nürburgring. He was just pipped to the F2 championship by Brabham; for the following season would be promoted to Formula 1.

Before that, though, he returned home as the local hero, to take part in the forerunner of the Tasman series. This was when he met Young, then just an enthusiastic race fan who worked in a bank. "It was at Teretonga," remembers Eoin. "He was due to be racing in a hillclimb in my town of Timaru the following week and I just went up to him, cap-in-hand, introduced myself and asked if he wanted me to show him the road, because I knew it. I was so chuffed to have met him but what I didn't realise was that he didn't know anyone there anyway and thought it would be neat to have someone who would show him around."

The following Saturday night, Young introduced McLaren to a pretty blonde girl called Patricia, known as Patty to her friends. For him, it was love at first sight. "Apparently he decided right there and then that I was the one for him," she recalls. "But he went back to England shortly afterwards and we had a courtship by post. He came back again the following year, and the year after that we got engaged and I went with him to England."

Brabham's phlegmatic personality made hint a good match for the more fiery Patty. "It took a lot to make him cross – he had a wonderful nature," she says. But her fierce loyalty could create moments of friction. "At Portugal in 1960," remembers Cooper, "Bruce was leading the race and Jack was second, but in terms of the championship we needed them to be the other way around. We never had to apply team orders with those two, they looked after that between them. But Dean

Delamont walked past the pit and said 'Aren't you going to do something about that?' and I replied 'No, it's all under control.' But Patty heard this and so did Betty Brabham. Pat said, 'You're not slowing my old man down,' and then Betty got in on it and they started arguing between them. I couldn't stand it and went up to the BRM pits for the rest of the race."

At the final race of '59, McLaren, at 22 years old, had become the youngest driver to win a Grand Prix when team-mate Brabham ran out of fuel ahead of him. Another win in the opening race of 1960 ensured McLaren was also the youngest ever to lead the championship. It was a brilliant F1 apprenticeship, not only learning by watching over Brabham's shoulder but being in a team where the pair of them were left to engineer the cars themselves, spending more time in the drawing office and machine shop than in the cockpit.

Mike Barney, McLaren's mechanic at Cooper, recalls: "They were both very involved, but Jack was definitely the senior one. He had the ear of people at Cooper, Climax and Dunlop, had his finger on the pulse. Bruce knew what it was about but was just a young lad. He only came out of the shadows a bit when Jack left and began pushing his own ideas rather than those of Jack."

Brabham's departure to set up his own team, at the end of 1961, set a precedent for Bruce. Though he was to stay at Cooper for another four years, winning at Monaco in '62, the team was in decline and wasn't as receptive to his ideas as he would have liked. "Charles Cooper was really pissed off when Jack left," says Young, "even though John realised it was inevitable. The Old Man was convinced they'd taught Jack all he knew and now he was using that knowledge to fire back at them. That made things difficult for Bruce, almost to the point where Charles Cooper wouldn't let him into the drawing office."

He got his first real taste of running his own show when he modified two F1 Coopers and ran them in the Tasman series for himself and Timmy Mayer at the end of '64. This was when he first came into contact with Timmy's elder brother Teddy as well as their mechanic Tyler Alexander. Eoin Young had already been enlisted as Bruce's secretary: "He said he wanted me to come to England and be his secretary and I said 'what does a secretary do?' and he replied 'I don't really know, but Graham Hill and everybody have got one so you could be mine'." And so the nucleus of Team McLaren was formed.

Bruce was just a young lad. He came out of the shadows a bit when Jack Brabham left and began pushing his own ideas



WHEN BRUCE BOUGHT AN EX-ROGER PENSKE Cooper converted to sportscar spec - the Zerez Special - and installed an Oldsmobile V8, it was in reality the first McLaren car, even though Bruce insisted on calling it a Cooper-Oldsmobile to calm the political waters. But for all his years in Europe and the fact that he'd now set up his own racing offshoot, in many respects Bruce was still just a wide-eyed country boy. This much was evident in his comments to Young after meeting the high-flying Penske. "He said 'I watched him polishing his shoes. You know, he even cleans the backs of 'em!"

The Cooper-Oldsmobile gave Bruce a lot of success in both Britain and America, in the forerunner of the Can-Am series. It also brought a critical connection with Firestone, the American tyre company that was on the verge of vastly expanding its race programme, including a partnership with Ford in its attack on Le Mans. McLaren's skills as a test driver reaped big dividends in an era where such an ability was a rarity and he knew it. "He'd come back from testing the GT40," says Young, "and I'd ask how it had gone. He'd say 'Well I go pounding round and round, come in and suggest they could do this, could do that, this ▶

needs doing', and then Roy Salvadori comes in and says 'It's doing something funny at the front'."

The rewards were immediate. Bruce not only got a Le Mans Ford drive that allowed him to win the event with Chris Amon in 1966, but more importantly got a contract for all of Firestone's F1 and Can-Am development work. It was this which largely funded the new team., which was made official when he finally split from Cooper at the end of '65.

Robin Herd was duly recruited from the aircraft industry to design the first F1 McLaren, the M2B. Constructed from Mallite – a sandwich of honeycomb aluminium and balsa wood – it was probably the most advanced car on the '66 grid. It was let down, however, by a hopelessly inadequate destroked Ford Indy engine. But Herd was enraptured with his new place of work nonetheless. "It was by a substantial margin the most talented group of individuals I have ever encountered in motor racing, and there was such a vibrant atmosphere," he says.

"The whole thing shone from Bruce; he was the inspiration. That was partly because he was such an

Rewards came on the track, too. Bruce won the marque's first GP in 1968, the year team-mate Hulme was in title contention



able and likeable guy but also because he would be there doing it, he'd be the last to leave. His partnership with Teddy Mayer was perfect because he was a pretty special guy himself and they had this good cop/bad cop thing. Bruce used to say it was just like the Kennedy brothers wherein JFK was the smiling benign frontman and behind the scenes there was this other brother who was the hatchet man. Where you couldn't see Bruce's edge, Teddy was a walking edge."

"The thing I learned from Bruce," says Howden Ganley, "is to do whatever needs doing, no excuses. If you get into a problem, the easy thing to do is say 'Oh we can fix that tomorrow.' That isn't the way to do it – let's fix it now. Tonight. Even if it means pulling the guttering off the side of the building or cutting up the secretary's desk, you do it. Bruce had that in spades when the chips were down. He was a fantastic leader. If he'd come into the workshop one morning and said 'Right chaps, what we're going to do today is march across the Sahara', most of us would have said 'Yeah, all right Bruce, if that's what you think we should do, that's what we'll do'."

After visiting the factory during this initial period, journalist Charles Fox described the scene he witnessed like this: "There was that splendid sense of boys disguised as men employed in a pastime disguised as work." Today Tyler Alexander admits, "I suppose it might have looked like that."

The rewards came on the track, too. Bruce won the McLaren marque's first Grand Prix at Spa in 1968, the year team-mate Denny Hulme was in real contention for the world title, and in Can-Am the McLarens were literally unbeatable, so much so the series became swiftly nicknamed the 'Bruce and Denny Show'. McLaren's current supremo Ron Dennis was then working as a mechanic for Brabham and saw Bruce only from a distance. "It was more a distant respect than any sort of relationship," he says. "But he was clearly very dedicated to pushing his team forward and it was apparent even then that McLaren was setting new standards in racing car construction."

Then the happy days were shattered on June 2 1970. Bruce was testing at Goodwood when the bodywork of his M8D Can-Am car came loose, hurling the car off the track and into a marshal's post. He was killed instantly. Not yet 33 years old, he left behind Patty, their four-year-old daughter Amanda and an utterly devastated racing team.

"I guess we walked around in circles for a time," recalls Alexander, "thinking, 'Shit, what ever are we going to do?' before realising that what we would do is what we had been doing yesterday." Mayer, Phil Kerr,



Belgium 1968: McLaren (M7A) leads Rodríguez, Ickx and Beltoise on his way to the marque's maiden F1 victory

Alexander and the crew, heavy hearts notwithstanding, did what Bruce would have done, and carried on. That they did it so well was testament to the calibre of those Bruce had attracted.

There's no irony at all in the fact that he had planned to retire from driving at the end of the season, because he was still going to continue the sort of testing work in which he met his end. The road car project he'd planned more than 20 years before the McLaren F1 died with him after only one prototype had been built. Projects such as this and a possible tie-up with GM for a McLaren Corvette meant his world had been expanding and he had needed to devote more time to it. "He would have built an empire," believes Ganley. "Ron has ended up being the one who did it, but without taking anything away him, Bruce would have done that. He was well connected in Detroit, he was working with the big companies well before the other teams; he was the one with the vision."

A vision that has been realised in his absence, but not without his signature.

The last words and, with them, the proof belong to Ron Dennis. "It was his can-do philosophy and commitment to excellence that are the two values of his which are still very present in the McLaren of today." ■

BRUCE

McLAREN

Born: Aug 30 1937, Auckland, New Zealand
Died: June 2 1970, Goodwood, England

WINS 4

POLE POSITIONS 0

WIN RATE 4.00%

FASTEST LAPS 3

100 STARTS

196.5 POINTS

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP RUNNER-UP 1960

JENSON BUTTON

BY MARK HUGHES

World champion whose talents were sometimes hard to identify – unless you were trying to match his uncanny car sensitivity

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, NOVEMBER 2016

Jenson Button's talent is one of the most misunderstood among F1 drivers. His ability is so nuanced, a total outlier from the approximate grading one could make of the others, that it's led to the misconception that he was simply a right place/right time world champion. But that's to ignore the extraordinarily high level of his best drives – performances that rank with the best of the greats. On the other hand, the average performances over his 17-year F1 career probably place him as a very good rather than truly great driver. But he has been so much more than only that. Bear in mind also that in the 17 years of that career, he has been in a truly competitive car for only four of them.

Abu Dhabi this year may well turn out to be his final Grand Prix. He might yet make a comeback in 2018 as a super-fit, super-motivated and relatively inexpensive 38-year-old should Fernando Alonso decide against continuing after the end of his current contract. But let's for now assume Melbourne 2000 and Abu Dhabi 2016 will be the book-ends of Button's F1 career and recall the outstanding moments that prove he was something well beyond the ordinary. ▶



2000 USA, INDIANAPOLIS

In his rookie season, straight from a single season of F3, Button was in reality a little under-equipped for F1. But he grabbed the opportunity and this race towards the end of that season showcased his very special ability in tricky, changeable conditions. The rain had stopped as the race began but everyone was on wets; the infield was still extremely slippery but the banked section and main straight were drying fast. Sixth at the end of the first lap, Button had his familiar special feeling in such conditions. On lap two, held up by Jarno Trulli's Jordan, he went to pass. Trulli refused to give way, they clashed and were each forced to pit with punctures. With nothing to lose, Williams put Button on slicks. Within a couple of laps he was not far off the pace of the best wet-tyred cars and within five he was flying. In response, there was a flurry of pit stops as teams took Button's times as indicators that the track was ready for dries. Most of the grid came in between laps five and eight. Turns out it was way too early. Once onto dries no one could get near Button's times. Ferrari, having brought Barrichello in as guinea pig, left Schumacher out there, leading the race, building up a huge margin. The ideal time to change turned out to be between laps 13-16. Three-quarters of the field had been fooled into pitting about eight laps too early by Button's extraordinary feel in these conditions.

JENSON'S VIEW

"It's always tough driving a 700bhp car on slicks in the wet, but I guess that was the first moment I realised I could drive in certain conditions that others couldn't – even the best in the world. When certain senses were taken away they couldn't work in those conditions like I could, because I drove in a different manner that hurts me in certain ways – tyre temperatures and stuff – but I could feel my way around a circuit rather than using my eyes."

2004 SAN MARINO, IMOLA

The BAR-Honda 006 was the second-best car in F1 that year, though it was still about 1sec per lap slower than the Ferrari F2004. But at a cool Imola, the softer compounds made possible by the Michelin constructions on the BAR allowed it a single-lap grip advantage over Ferrari's Bridgestones. However, it was a much less robust tyre than the Bridgestone, needed much more management over the qualifying lap. A stunning Button time set the benchmark for Michael Schumacher's subsequent lap in the Ferrari. The Bridgestones allowed Schumi to attack the first two sectors harder than Button and by the time the Ferrari arrived at Variante Alta he was 0.2sec below Button's marker. He then attempted to take Button levels of commitment into those high-speed kerbs but the stiffer-walled Bridgestones were not as forgiving and in an instant Michael was wrestling a 150mph tank-slapper. He had just lost pole and it was the pressure of Button's superb lap that had done it. In the race there was never realistically going to be a contest. The Ferrari was much the faster car over a sequence of laps, but Jenson could at least rail against that reality. He won the start and completed the opening lap almost three seconds clear of Schumacher, taking full advantage of the greater initial grip of his tyres.

"It was like it was raining in front of me and dry for him," said an admiring Schumacher afterwards.

But even the Michelin-shod Juan Pablo Montoya was staggered at Button's initial pace. "He was unbelievable on that first lap. It was like he was on rails." And encapsulated in that is Button's beautiful high-momentum, high-precision way of working a car. He's perhaps too easily thrown off his game when his car has rear instability upon corner entry – the downside of a sensitivity that makes him so devastating in changeable track conditions – but with a car balanced the way he likes it, he can be untouchable. Had Montoya succeeded in going around Schumacher's outside at Tosa before the Ferrari's tyres were up to temperature, Button would have had a realistic chance of victory. But Schumacher forced the Williams off track, pulled away and inevitably leapfrogged the Honda at the stops. Nonetheless Button's second place represented an afternoon of on-the-limit perfection. It was the first full demonstration that, with the right car beneath him, he was capable of Stewart- or Prost-like domination of a Grand Prix. This was Button finally in full flower. But would the right car ever come along?

"When I was leading by 35 seconds I was thinking 'I want this to last forever', I didn't know when the next one would come"

JENSON'S VIEW

"Qualifying was one of those laps I really hooked up, where you don't leave anything on the table. I've had qualifying sessions like that where I've been 11th, like at Spa this year. We knew we had good pace through practice, but we didn't want to show it. Through the last two left-handers I would just cruise. We knew we could get pole. At the start there was so much excitement, so much emotion, that when the lights came on I'd completely forgotten the sequence! I went through it massively quickly and got one of the best launches I ever had."

2006 HUNGARY, HUNGARORING

The occasion of Button's first Grand Prix victory. It's



Breakthrough: Button scythes past Michael Schumacher on the way to his first victory, Hungary 2006

sometimes recalled as fortunate in that Fernando Alonso was forced to retire his Renault from the lead after an equally magnificent drive when his wheel came adrift after a pit stop. But it was more complex than that. Alonso and Button were the stars of this show, up from 15th and 14th grid positions to leave everyone else far behind. Taking full advantage of the superiority of their Michelin intermediates on a damp day, they delivered searing performances but in very different ways.

Alonso was more impressive in the opening laps, staking all on placing himself in ambitious places, ambushing the others playing themselves in more cautiously, scintillating moves all the more impressive given that he was fighting for the world championship. Button was more circumspect, the Honda not as good off the grid as the Renault, with less traction and a peakier engine. He let the race settle first, but when the moves came they were clinical: Heidfeld on the second lap, then Coulthard, Massa, Fisichella, Michael Schumacher in quick succession. By the time Button reached second place Alonso was 20sec up the road, even more after JB was brought in for fresh tyres. Game over. But then a safety car. Alonso got in and out still in the lead, but now Button was right with him. Except they had the lapped Ferrari of Felipe Massa between them. As racing resumed Alonso sprinted away while Massa, trying desperately to get heat into his Bridgestones, was stubbornly obstructive. It took three laps for Button to pass – by which time Alonso had pulled out nine seconds. Game over, surely?

Except – in just two laps Button had that 9sec down to 5sec. He was travelling at a different rate to anyone, even the other Michelin users. Alerted to Button's progress, Alonso upped his pace – but still Button closed at between 0.5sec and 0.75sec per lap. Before it was too late, Renault brought Alonso in and switched him to dries. Honda couldn't yet risk doing the same as its car took much longer to heat up the rubber than the Renault. And that was what was probably going to decide things in Alonso's favour. But then Fernando's wheel departed – and the clouds parted for Button's victory in his seventh season. It had been a virtuoso performance. Alonso had all the early eye-catching moves, but it was Button who had the truly amazing pace in the wet.

JENSON'S VIEW

"Lots of emotions– and there was frustration on Saturday with an engine failure. I qualified fourth but had to start 14th. It was a fun race, with so much fighting. We had better tyres than Ferrari, but still the fight with Michael was special. Fernando's wheel came off and it would have been interesting if that hadn't happened. We were catching him fast. Maybe our dry ▶



Monaco 2009 – an almost ethereal drive in the Brawn 001, bringing in a fifth victory in six races

pace wouldn't have been as good as his, I don't know. People say that's why we won, but they don't see the last five or six laps before that. When I was leading by 35sec I was thinking, 'I want this to last forever.' I really didn't know when the next one would come."

2007 EUROPE, NÜRBURGRING

The Honda RA107 was a dog, lacking grip, traction and balance. Button qualified 17th – about normal. But on race day it rained. And for three minutes Button worked a magic that left you wondering what all the others were doing. Then, looking down to change a steering wheel setting, he was caught out by a lake that on the previous lap had been a mere puddle. Over and out. It made it look like those stunning laps had been imprudent, but actually his departure came from a minor error of judgment that had nothing to do with the pace he'd been setting. That's just how much more at ease he was than anyone else as the heavens opened with the field having already started on slicks (apart from rookie Markus Winkelhock).

Button was 20th into the first turn, but as they reached the track's southern tip a black cloud dropped its load. Button's lightness and surety of touch, the direct line he has to the car's movement, made this child's play. He overtook 11 rivals in the next few corners as they slid to the pits for wets. During the 'out' lap he passed another five cars, going 1.8sec faster than the next best. He was already fourth and catching eventual winner Alonso. Then he looked down. They say, don't they, that you should never look down. But don't look back in anger either. A brief but electrifying two laps.

JENSON'S VIEW

"I felt the conditions and it's so nice in those situations, like you're in a different race. It's similar to indoor karting against a load of people who haven't got a clue, even though you're against the best drivers in the world! You're basically just picking your line so you'll lose less speed when you pass them, rather than wondering whether you will pass. I would've had to pretty much stop to get though that lake and it was just too late to do that."

2009 MONACO, MONTE CARLO

Which to choose of those six victories from the first seven races of '09? Each was drenched in class. Spain had been special, taking the car by the scruff of its oversteering neck as the tyres degraded to make the two-stop (which he'd been forced onto by traffic) beat team-mate Barrichello's faster three-stop. But Monaco was something else. On his pole lap he was faster with 50kg of fuel on board than he'd gone on low fuel in Q2. Barrichello had been faster all weekend – and then Jenson pulled that out of the bag, leaving the Brazilian

stunned. "It's strange," JB said later. "I feel like I'm finding this extra grip. I'm sort of floating through the corner and suddenly I can carry so much speed through every part of the corner. It just sort of comes to you and I don't really know where from. Afterwards the lap is very difficult to explain because I have almost no recall of it." He followed it up with a fine victory, easing his delicate super-soft tyres out way longer than anyone else, the foundation of a perfect afternoon that capped a perfect weekend. Grand Prix driving as an art form.

JENSON'S VIEW

"Monaco was all about the qualifying lap and then controlling the tyres in the race. They grained a lot. I was looking after the rears, making sure they didn't grain."

2010 CHINA, SHANGHAI

He'd outqualified his new McLaren team-mate Lewis Hamilton, won the start against him and extended his lead over him by decisively choosing to stay on slicks as the drizzle arrived. Lewis? He'd obeyed instructions to pit, then been forced to do so again for a corrective stop back onto slicks. Button was leading the race, 50sec ahead of Hamilton, but a big chunk of that was wiped out by a safety car as everyone then pitted for inters. By lap 39 of 56 Button and Hamilton were first and second on new intermediates and the rain was coming on heavier. A straight wet-weather driving duel for victory in identical cars.

There were unknown grip levels corner to corner as the rain increased, abated, then came on again, Hamilton hidden somewhere in the spray behind. "Give me the gap to Lewis," he radioed. "I can't see him." It was a little under 4sec. As they lapped backmarkers, Hamilton got the gap down to 1.2sec. Did Button crumble? No, he reeled off a perfect sequence of laps, within 0.1sec of each other, all 0.5sec faster than his team-mate could conjure, a stunning series of combination punches that finished off Hamilton.

Within a few more laps Hamilton, his front tyres worn, was forced to surrender. Button had aced him in the wet. It would be a similar story a couple of years later as the rain came down in the early laps of Interlagos; Hamilton ahead but twitchy slides everywhere as he fended off Button on his tail, Jenson just looking for a way by. Once he found it, around the outside of Turn Five, Button pulled easily away. In uncertain conditions, he was simply faster than Hamilton. And probably anyone else.

JENSON'S VIEW

"The call to stay out was a moment of feeling rather than seeing, which a lot of drivers don't do. It's tempting to see rain and think, 'It's time to come in.' But you need to feel the circuit. The safety car gave Lewis 50sec, like in Brazil 2012. To get a second win for the team four races in did a lot for the longevity of my stay."

2011 CANADA, MONTRÉAL

"We weren't just last," recalled Paddy Lowe of where Button's McLaren was when the final safety car came in with almost 60 per cent of the distance already gone, "we were worse than last. We hadn't even caught the safety car queue and were 10sec behind the penultimate car." He'd had two collisions – feisty territory-fighting ones with Hamilton and Fernando Alonso – a puncture, five stops and a drive-through penalty. Worse than last with only 40 per cent of the race left. Yet he won. Button overtook 13 cars in the remaining 28 laps, the final one – Vettel's race-leading Red Bull – five corners from home on the last lap.

It was an almost fairytale performance but at its core was a very real skill of Button's. Totally at ease in the variable conditions, he had the confidence to push, getting heat into his tyres on a day when that proved elusive to almost everyone else. In the crucial moments, he was hugely faster than anyone. Up to fourth with 15 laps to go, he was the fastest car on the track by the margin of 1.3sec. A final safety car brought him onto the tail of the dicing Schumacher and Webber and, once past them, he chased down Vettel's 5sec advantage with astonishing ease, taking 1.5sec each lap out of him until he was on the Red Bull's tail and applying the pressure. "That was one of the all-time great wins," said McLaren's Martin Whitmarsh, "and it was 90 per cent driver, 10 per cent car."

"That was one of the all-time great wins, and it was 90 percent driver, 10 per cent car"

JENSON'S VIEW

"Everything that could have gone wrong seemed to. As I caught Seb he began to push harder and was having moments as he took more risks. He kept going wide in that particular corner and, on the final lap, it was enough. He made the mistake because I pushed him. However bad it gets, never give up."

2012 BELGIUM, SPA-FRANCORCHAMPS

A stunning pole position, 0.9sec faster than team-mate Hamilton, a start-to-finish victory, not even losing the lead at the pit stops, a 13sec winning margin over Sebastian Vettel's Red Bull. Button had found the sweet spot, that narrow place of car balance, narrower than

that of most other drivers – but probably higher, too. Give him a competitive car that's perfectly balanced for his smooth one-sweep steering and beautifully synced throttle movements and he could be unbeatable.

Spa on that September day was one such occasion, recalling some of his best Brawn drives. His dominance of the weekend probably played its part in Hamilton going down a different set-up route with higher downforce, something that just exaggerated Button's superiority and led to Hamilton ill-advisedly tweeting telemetry details.

JENSON'S VIEW

"Probably my best race weekend. I started with a good car and just fine-tuned it as I went along. It was about understanding where the circuit grip level was going to go. We did so much with gearing. I was on the limiter for 3.5sec at the top of the hill. We used low ratios to give us a boost at corner exits and through Eau Rouge, so you were on the limiter a long time but you were only going to lose a few kph through that and there was more time to be found from the acceleration. The low-downforce wing didn't just produce less drag but actually gave more downforce in yaw than the high-downforce wing. It was more stable, more consistent. Lewis's tweets? They were simulator comparisons – it wasn't even real data!"

2014 BRAZIL, INTERLAGOS

McLaren's first hybrid car was no match for the similarly powered works Mercedes and Button had done well to qualify in fifth, within 0.9sec of Nico Rosberg's pole. His race was set to be with team-mate Kevin Magnussen, the two Red Bulls and Alonso's Ferrari. But he had a plan to escape them. If he could just hang onto the fast-down-the-straights Williams of Valtteri Bottas, he could use its tow to enable his DRS every lap, allowing him to use less fuel, which in turn would make available more power at the end if needed.

The Williams was a faster car, but using the McLaren's drag reduction system without actually trying to overtake, Button was able to hang onto it, taking advantage of his direct rivals being stuck behind the longer-running prime-tyred Lotus of Romain Grosjean. Magnussen, Vettel, Alonso and Ricciardo found themselves outfoxed by the wily old hand and, after Bottas dropped out, Button was left with a fourth place that massively flattered the car, defeating the faster Red Bulls as well as his team-mate. Furthermore, if McLaren hadn't bizarrely given pitstop priority to Magnussen, Button could have snatched third from Felipe Massa's Williams.

JENSON'S VIEW

"I used the DRS really well. I've done it a few times and was doing it in Bahrain this year. If you can just get in that DRS zone, pulling you along, you can look after your fuel and tyres and use them elsewhere. It makes a big difference at some tracks. It's about





Top: Montreal 2011– Button turns "worse than last" into a fairy-tale triumph. Above: using clever strategy to push his disappointing McLaren to a flattering fourth



picking how much electric power you want to use to put yourself in a DRS zone. I've always enjoyed playing around with that."

2016 AUSTRIA, RED BULL RING

It was only in the final moments of Q3 that the track dried and drivers pitted for slicks. Until that moment, with everyone on inters, Button's underpowered McLaren-Honda was second, only Hamilton's Mercedes having gone faster. That is not the performance of an ordinary driver, nor one going through the motions 17 years into his career.

He ended up fifth but others' penalties put him third. He ran second to Hamilton in the early stages, but in the dry it was inevitable he couldn't run with Mercs, Red Bulls and Ferraris. He did finish sixth, though – which was a lot higher than the car warranted.

JENSON'S VIEW

"It just shows what a difference position makes. Starting third, running second, no one overtook me for eight laps. You gain so much race time. It was inevitable what was going to happen, because we were losing out in straight-line speed so much to the Ferraris and Red Bulls. Definitely the best race of 2016 – we just read the situation well." ■

JENSON
BUTTON

Born: January 19 1980,
Frome, England

WINS 15

POLE POSITIONS 8

WIN RATE 4.9%

FASTEST LAPS 8

306 STARTS

1235 POINTS

WORLD CHAMPION 2009

MIKE HAWTHORN

BY DENIS JENKINSON

Although six previous Portuguese Grand Prix events have been held, starting in 1950 and fluctuating between the Porto circuit and the Lisbon circuit, they have all been for sports cars and, strictly speaking, not Grand Prix races at all. This year a full-scale Formula I event was organised and, in addition, it formed a round in the Drivers' World Championship series, so the town of Porto and the Boavista circuit were really put on the map for the Grand Prix 'circus' turned out in full. Of course, the town of Porto has long been on the map for drinkers of Port wine, one bank of the river which dissects the town being covered in famous factories in the Port industry. The town also has another claim to fame, in being, like Venice or Florence, spelt differently by the English, we putting an 'O' in front of the Portuguese spelling, calling it Oporto. In spite of not having had a Grand Prix race on their circuit before, or in Portugal, the organisers and members of the Automobile Club of Portugal were used to distinguished visitors from the motoring world, previous sports car races being won by such drivers as Bonetto, Villoresi, Castellotti, Behra. Salvadori on the Porto circuit, and Fangio, Moss, Gonzalez and Gregory on the Lisbon circuit. ▶

He was every schoolboy's hero – dashing, cheerful and quick. Our Continental Correspondent watched him in action on a truly tough road circuit

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, OCTOBER 1958



THE CIRCUIT OF PORTO IS A TRUE ROAD circuit and one of the last of the real street races, containing all the normal hazards of a town including tram-lines, kerbstones, cobbles, drains, trees, lampposts, pillar-boxes and so on. Those drivers who had not seen it before were slightly taken aback, for it was fast and long, while those who had driven in previous sports car races wondered how much faster the Grand Prix cars would turn the lap. Being a new circuit in the Grande Epreuve series, it justified an early arrival and the covering of a number of laps before any practice began, and was found to be most interesting. From the start the pits on the right and the circuit entered a vast 'roundabout' or open place, making a double-left turn across tram-lines in the opposite direction to normal traffic, and turned up the Avenida da Boavista. This is a long double-track road with the tramway down the centre, and the circuit ran up the left-hand carriageway, going uphill and dead straight. After a little more than two kilometres it swung sharp left into another climbing main road, surfaced with cobbles and having tram-lines on the right-hand side. Just short of a kilometre the road levelled out and the circuit turned left again into a narrow side turning and between houses and shops, the two previous long straights being lined by large residences with sumptuous gardens. After sweeping right and left the route joined a very smooth-surfaced, high-speed, winding descent that could only be described as 'Fangio Country', and this road ran back down to the sea front, where a double left sweep across more tram-lines and cobbles brought the road into the short finishing straight. It was not a difficult circuit to learn from the point of view of shape and direction but many of the corners left a number of different approaches available, whether to dodge the tram-lines or the bumps, or both, or ignore both, and so on.

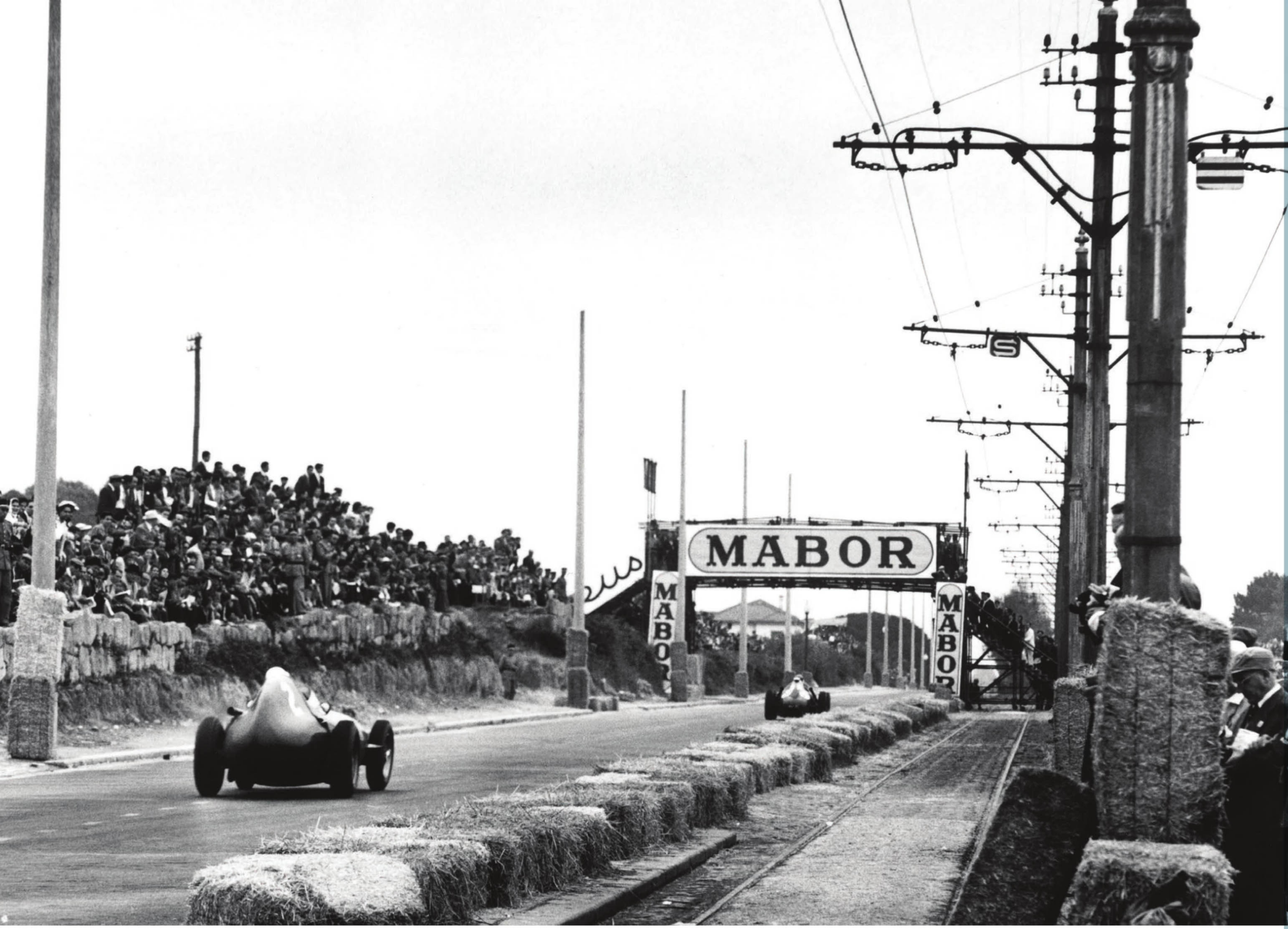
First practice was Friday afternoon, under quite hot conditions, and it started with everyone feeling their way round as there was no standard time to aim at, this being the first appearance of GP cars at Porto. Sports cars had lapped at under 3min, which was a vague guide, but it was not until Moss did 2min 48sec, Hawthorn 2min 49sec, and Schell, with the BRM, 2min 46sec, that things got properly under way. Brooks and Lewis-Evans were supporting Moss in the Vanwalls, and von Trips had the experimental Monza Ferrari with rear coil-springing. Behra was in the second BRM and there were three Coopers: Brabham and Salvadori in the works cars and Trintignant in the Walker-Cooper, while Allison and Hill had the 1958 works Lotus cars. Signorina de Filippis and Bonnier were out in their own Maseratis and Shelby was driving the 1958 works car which since Reims had been bought by Temple Buell. The Centro-Sud Scuderia had one car at the pits but no driver, as the American Troy Ruttmann had not turned up. As most people were beginning to get below 3min, Allison suddenly found himself going sideways up the Avenida at Boavista on some loose gravel and the nose of the Lotus struck a straw bale, whereupon the car spun and demolished itself among the kerbs and walls, Allison luckily stepping out of the wreckage quite unhurt. Lap speeds were increasing steadily among the fast works drivers, though it was interesting to see the variations in tackling the double left bend after the pits, where the cars had to cross the tram-lines once or twice depending on the line taken. Some drivers ignored the rails and humps and took a theoretical line through the bends, others made sure of crossing the rails at a large angle, some tried to avoid them as much as possible.

One school of thought aimed at arriving in the open space of the roundabout at the highest possible speed and then leaving it slowly, another aimed at entering slowly, avoiding the lumps, and leaving as fast as possible. Some drivers, such as Schell in the BRM, looked to be completely out of control while others, like Trintignant in the Cooper, looked smooth and effortless.

While all this was going on there was a moment of panic when de Filippis spun her Maserati and collected a lamp standard, both the concrete pole and the Maserati chassis being put very out of shape, but the Italian girl was quite unhurt. Hawthorn had fastest lap at this point, with 2min 43sec, while Behra and Trintignant were at 2min 45sec, the last time being quite exceptional for a 2-litre car on this circuit. Vanwalls were now ready to go and Moss did 2min



Boavista circuit was one of the last of the true street races, with kerbs, poles, cobbles and tram rails to focus the mind



"Hawthorn then went out again in the normal Ferrari, having tried the experimental one, and without much effort made fastest lap"

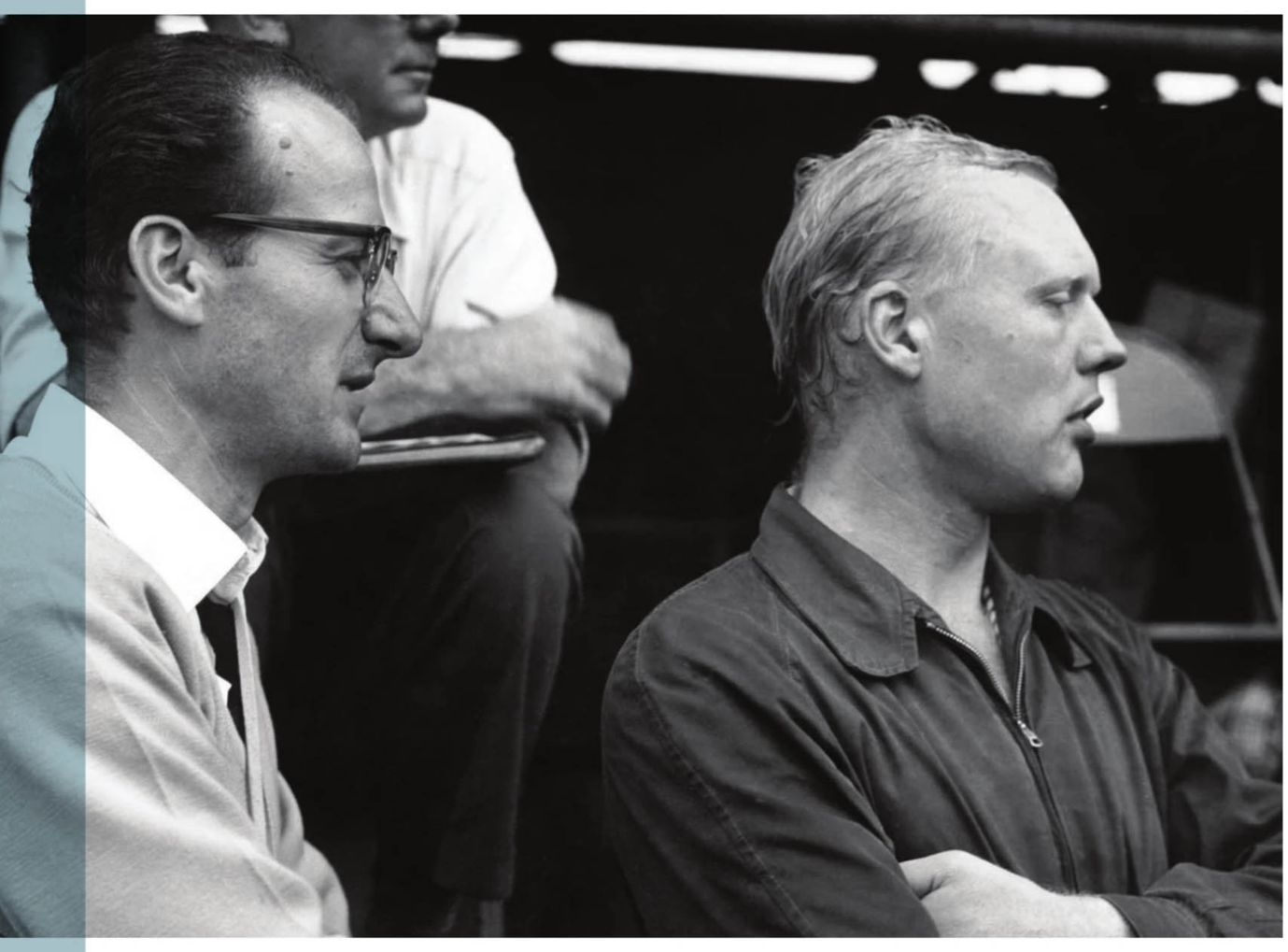
41sec, then began to try and did 2min 39sec, and by working hard knocked another second off, finishing up with 2min 37.65sec — the official timing being electrical to 1/100 of a second. Brooks soon joined in and got down to 2min 38sec, and then Hawthorn went out again in the normal Ferrari, having been turning some laps in the experimental one, and without too much effort made fastest lap in 2-min. 37.60sec. Meanwhile both Behra and Schell were below 2min 40sec, which had now become a sort of standard minimum, and the 'tiddlers' were still trying to get down to this figure. At long last Vanwalls let Lewis-Evans have a go and he quickly got down to 2min 39sec, and then Moss went out again with an extra air scoop on the oil radiator as the new separate cooler did not seem to be doing its stuff. He put in a number of laps at just over 2min 37sec and then as he stopped Behra went off with the BRM and did 2min 36.17sec, a new FTD. This brought Moss out again and he did 2min 35.24sec, while Brooks went out as well and did 2min 36.76sec. So practice finished with things beginning to get on the boil and everyone learning the way round.

NEXT DAY THERE WAS ANOTHER AFTERNOON practice, under a hot sun, and one or two changes had been made in the entry list. With the Lotus an unrepairable heap of bits, Allison contracted to drive the Centro-Sud Maserati as Ruttmann was obviously not going to turn up, and de Filippis borrowed Gerini's Maserati, which he had brought along in the hope of getting a late entry. Hawthorn and von Trips kept to the same Ferraris but they changed numbers, thus confusing the public, while Coopers more or less decided that Brabham should have the 2.2-litre car. Brooks, Behra, Schell and Lewis-Evans were soon out practising, but Moss and the two Ferrari drivers were biding their time. While both Behra and Brooks seemed to stick at times around 2min 37sec, Lewis-Evans was going very fast and set up a new fastest time of just under 2min 35sec, which Hawthorn then went out and improved upon with an official 2 min, 34.26sec, while Moss also joined in but was content to tour round in 2min 38sec, Shelby was beginning to get the feel of the new Maserati and was down into the 2min 40sec ▶

bracket, and Allison was going round quietly in the Centro-Sud Maserati trying to get used to having so much motor car around him and such low-geared steering. Both Schell and von Trips were almost down to 2min 37sec after trying very hard, and Brabham was bending the Cooper in all directions and doing 2min 38sec. Graham Hill in the lone Lotus was steadily improving his times and Vanwalls were sitting back for a bit of watching. Meanwhile, Salvadori had been steadily working away with the 2-litre Cooper and though he eventually almost broke 2min 43sec he could not approach Trintignant with the old Walker 2-litre Cooper. The little Frenchman was really at home on this fast street circuit and his normal very correct and precise driving was paying off handsomely amidst the various hazards around the course, such as kerbs and walls. His driving was a perfect example of the 'old school' of road racers compared with the present-day aerodrome-born driver, where space is unlimited. Trintignant's best time of 2min 37.97sec with the 2-litre Cooper was not a single lucky lap, for he was turning consistent laps at 2min 38sec.

Moss went out again and now began to try everything and approached 2min 34sec, while Behra began to menace with laps at only a little over 2min 35sec, but Moss then finished his efforts with 2min 34.21sec, which just beat Hawthorn's best. Having changed the rear springs and shock absorbers Brooks tried again, but only just managed to break 2min 36sec, and Shelby then tried the Centro-Sud Maserati to see if it was all right; it was, so Allison went out again to try a bit harder. With 20 minutes to go to the end of practice there was a lull and everyone sat in the pits to see who was going to make a last-minute effort to beat the time set by Moss. It was Lewis-Evans who set off just before the end and in three quick laps he got down to 2min 34.60sec, which put him on the front row of the grid with Moss and Hawthorn. This immediately stirred up Behra, who took the BRM out and just broke 2min 35sec, and though it was not good enough to get him in the front row, it put him in the select four who got times of 2min 34-and-a-bit seconds, and, as could be expected, everyone improved on their times of the day before.

Ferrari team manager Romolo Tavoni, left, with Mike Hawthorn in the pits



WITH PORTUGAL BASKING IN GLORIOUS sunshine at the end of practice, everything looked well for race day, for there had been little mechanical bother in spite of the high-speed circuit and the amount of practice everyone had been doing. However, overnight the rains came and all Sunday morning saw Porto covered in a miserable drizzling rain, while the Atlantic pounded against the sea front. Luckily the start was due to be at 4pm and after lunch the rain stopped, though the skies were still very grey.

As the cars and drivers assembled at the pits there did seem a chance of the roads drying out, and by the time everyone was in their place on the grid the weather was so promising that an enormous crowd had hurried out from the town by bus or tram, and every vantage point was packed.

As the 15 cars left the line and headed across the open space of the roundabout, making for the bottle-neck of the Avenida da Boavista, it was Moss who took the lead, and at the end of lap one he led Hawthorn, von Trips, Schell, Lewis-Evans, Behra, Brabham and Brooks, all following one another in quick succession and obviously treading cautiously on the still damp track. The rest followed at intervals, with Allison bringing up the rear in the old blue-and-white Maserati, looking very unhappy. Going up the double-track road Hawthorn went by the leading Vanwall and finished the second lap with quite a lead on Moss, while Schell, von Trips and Lewis-Evans followed nose-to-tail, with Behra not far behind. Then came a very tight bunch, filling the road as they approached the pits and getting into line for the next corner in the order Brabham, Brooks, Shelby and Trintignant, and already there was a dull pause before the remainder arrived, consisting of Bonnier with Salvadori and Hill all round him, and then de Filippis and Allison. The gap between Hawthorn and Moss was unchanged on the next lap, but von Trips had shaken off Schell and Lewis-Evans, and Behra had joined them, while Brooks had momentarily got away from the two Coopers. On lap five Moss closed visibly on Hawthorn, for the roads were drying fast and he had got the measure of the circuit, and Behra was now after von Trips, who was in third place 22sec behind Moss. For fifth place Schell and Lewis-Evans were getting in each other's way, so that Shelby caught them up, and Trintignant was harrying Brooks, the Vanwall driver obviously not at his ease on this circuit.

On laps six and seven Moss was right behind Hawthorn, the two of them being way out on their own, and Behra was pressing hard on the tail of von

Trips' Ferrari, and on lap eight Moss went by Hawthorn and Behra passed von Trips, so that at one stroke Ferraris dropped front first and third to second and fourth. The tail-end of the field had already been well and truly lapped and Bonnier had Hill and Salvadori climbing all over him, it seemed. The Italian girl retired out on the circuit, out of harm's way, and Bonnier then gave up from a disease that is becoming prevalent among drivers of the older Grand Prix machinery, that of 'small-car boredom'. At 10 laps Moss was pulling away steadily from Hawthorn for the Ferrari's brakes were showing signs of weakening and the Vanwall led by 6sec. Nearly half a minute later came Behra in a BRM comfortably leading von Trips, and then came Lewis-Evans with Shelby hanging on, the Texan having disposed of the American BRM driver, who was now following in seventh position ahead of Trintignant, Brabham and Brooks, the remainder of the runners having been lapped. Hawthorn now gave up all hope of battling with Moss and settled for second place, for the Ferrari brakes just were not up to those of the Vanwall, even though the car had plenty of steam.

In the next few laps Lewis-Evans began to close on von Trips, for the German driver had made a brief stop to have his bonnet refastened, and Shelby, who was getting the hang of the new Maserati, went along with the Vanwall. Brooks got past Brabham again and this time shook him off, and as Schell lost ground, falling behind Trintignant, the Vanwall also passed the BRM. Having got past von Trips, Lewis-Evans drew away from him but could make no impression on Behra, and Shelby having lost his free tow was now stuck with the German Ferrari driver, the two of them having a good battle, with Moss now closing up to lap them. Allison had already given up, feeling that he was only wearing out the car and getting in the way of the fast boys, and Salvadori and Hill were locked in mortal combat, though two laps behind the leader. At 20 laps, with Moss some 38sec ahead of Hawthorn, a slight shower of rain fell and for a while it looked as though it might develop, but luckily it held off. Behra was firmly in third place, nearly three-quarters of a minute ahead of Lewis-Evans, and von Trips was still only just ahead of Shelby, and then came Brooks, having been lapped by his team-leader! Moss was lapping comfortably and easily faster than anyone else, very much the master of the whole race and by half-distance, 25 laps, he had almost a minute lead. By letting his engine run up to 8000rpm on the long straight, Shelby managed to get by von Trips and keep ahead of him, and Moss lapped the two of them. By the halfway mark Hill was winning the Hornsey versus Surbiton battle for last place, but then overdid things past the pits and after one of the longest and slowest front-wheel slides ever seen the Lotus mounted the straw bales and settled down like a broody duck, with a bent chassis and an embarrassed driver, who then proceeded to help lift the car back onto the road, but it could not go on.

The roads were now pretty dry and Moss set up a new fastest lap on numerous occasions and his steadily increasing lead over Hawthorn became almost monotonous and people began to look elsewhere for interest, but around lap 30 there was little to be had, except that Shelby was not happy about revving so high and let von Trips get in front again, and a little while later eased up to remove an oily visor, only to have Brooks go by. After this brief dull pause everything happened at once for Moss lapped Lewis-Evans, who promptly tucked in behind and let his leader show him the way round, while Brooks moved up into fifth place ahead of von Trips. Almost at the same time Hawthorn decided his lack of brakes was beginning to get dodgy, so he pulled into the pits on lap 35 to have the front ones screwed up. This stop let Behra go by and gain a 20sec lead, and though Hawthorn rejoined the race and set up a new lap record he had little hope of catching the BRM for the Ferrari brakes soon disappeared again. For no apparent reason, other than over-doing it, Brooks spun at the far end of the Avenida da Boavista on lap 37 and stalled his engine, and though he tried hard he could not restart it on his own, eventually getting the help of officials and thus disqualifying himself, so that he

"Going up the double-track road Hawthorn went by the leading Vanwall and finished the second lap with quite a lead on Moss"

motored quietly back to the pits and retired. After being overtaken by nearly everyone, Schell began to regain places, when first Trintignant slowed up with his shock absorbers no longer working, and then Brabham eased up, feeling he was stretching the Cooper a bit. At 40 laps, with 10 to go, Moss was moving in to lap Hawthorn, who was still in third place behind Behra, and Lewis-Evans was still in Moss' slipstream. The leader had more than two minutes over the BRM and on lap 41 the Bourne car suddenly lost power and sounded woolly, for the Corundite centre portion of one of the 10mm KLG plugs had broken its gas seal and all the compression of that cylinder was leaking out. Naturally, Behra did not find this out until after the race, and at the time assumed a valve had stretched, or a spring broken, and struggled on with only three cylinders working, so that Hawthorn caught him on lap 42 and took second place. Quietly on his own in last place, Salvadori clouted a kerb and bent the Cooper's suspension, but limped on for the end was in sight.

When Hawthorn broke the lap record the Vanwall pit displayed a sign saying ' HAWT REC 'which Moss promptly misread and did nothing about, so the pit assumed the car or the driver was not up to any new ▶

“It was not until 11pm that a decision was made and Hawthorn given second place. By midnight, frustrated reporters were able to complete their stories”

Hawthorn's Ferrari 246 Dino heads Behra's BRM over the cobbled road surface


Belo Cruz
GENERAL ELECT
O FRIGORIFICO PARA TODA
ONDE FOR COM VAI MELHOR!
PARA ONDE FOR COM
24

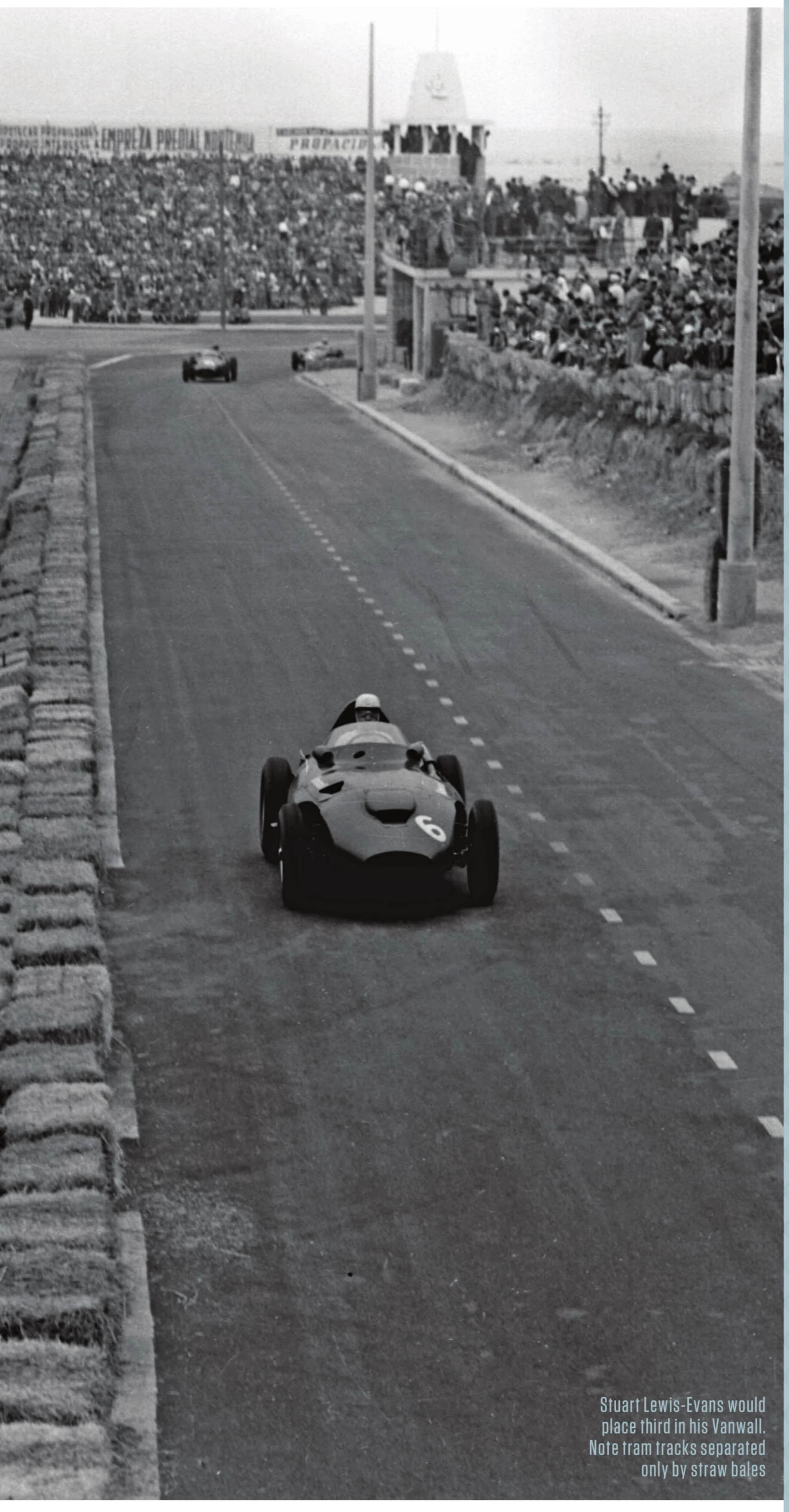
records and left him to tour round comfortably in the lead. On lap 45 Moss was right behind Behra and, of course, right behind Moss was Lewis-Evans, only a few feet behind in distance, but in fact a whole lap and a few feet, so that when Moss lapped Behra on lap 46, Lewis-Evans went by with him and into third place. The remaining four laps saw Moss closing up rapidly to lap Hawthorn, and taking Lewis-Evans with him, and seeing that Hawthorn might not realise what was happening his pit warned him that Lewis-Evans was only 5sec away, but of course they could not tell him that Moss lay between the Ferrari and the third-place Vanwall as far as positions on the road were. There seemed every possibility that Moss might be able to tow his team-mate into second place, but as they all started Moss' 50th lap it could be seen to be too late, unless Hawthorn made a mistake. The Ferrari brakes were still hopeless and Hawthorn, seeing a Vanwall in his mirror after getting a sign reading ' +4sec Evans' as he passed the pits, thought it was Evans immediately behind him. Leaving the main road on the back of the circuit to go into the narrow side-turning the Ferrari slid sideways and that allowed Moss to go by. Thinking his mistake had let Evans by into second place, Hawthorn was looking very unhappy. As Moss went by, the Vanwall leader thought, "Poor old Mike, he looks really upset at being lapped by me", whereupon he slowed down and waved Hawthorn in front again. Realising the situation regarding the two Vanwalls which had been behind him. Hawthorn was quick to take advantage of the courteous act by Moss and charged off down the hill to the sea-front. Back at the pits the three cars appeared in unchanged order from the previous lap and Hawthorn crossed the line to start his 50th lap, still in second place, but almost a whole lap behind the leader. Then Moss received the chequered flag, and Lewis-Evans was flagged off, in third place, one lap and some yards behind Moss. Naturally all three cars went on, Hawthorn to complete his 50th lap and the two Vanwalls to do a lap of honour.

AT PRECISELY THE SAME CORNER AS ON THE previous lap Hawthorn really spun this time and stalled the Ferrari engine. The two Vanwalls, having finished their race, were coming along slowly to find Hawthorn busily pushing his Ferrari trying to restart it. Moss stopped, and sat with his engine running, to see how Hawthorn was going to get on, while Lewis-Evans went by and toured round to the pits on his own, much to the consternation of everyone who was waiting for Hawthorn to be flagged in second and for Moss to complete his lap of honour. Back at 'drama corner' many officials wanted to help Hawthorn, but he and Moss both waved them away. Having spun up the escape road Hawthorn was pushing the Ferrari back towards the course, and was naturally so busy pushing and cursing his stupidity that he did not really look where he was going. Having got up enough speed be jumped in and jammed it into gear, and at that point the car mounted the footpath going in the opposite direction of the circuit. After a few hiccoughs and splutters the engine fired, so Moss drove on and Hawthorn swung round in the wide main road and carried on to complete his 50th lap and receive the chequered flag. Meanwhile, of course, all the other cars had finished and everyone was waiting for the Ferrari. While the excitement of the last laps had been going on Shelby had a front brake lock which spun him off the road on his 48th lap when lying sixth. When all the shouting had died down there was an embarrassing pause, for the officials had received a report from their observers that Hawthorn had restarted his car in the wrong direction of the circuit, and by the rules that meant disqualification! It was not until 11pm that night that a decision was made and Hawthorn was given second place. The Stewards agreed that being on the footpath did not constitute 'the wrong way of the circuit,' and they accepted confirmation from Moss, who was an eye-witness, that there had been no danger to any other competitor, for, as he so rightly pointed out, Hawthorn had been the only one in front of him when he got the chequered flag, all the other runners having stopped racing when Hawthorn spun. By midnight a lot of frustrated daily paper reporters were able to complete their stories.

The above fastest laps recorded by each driver during the race were given out with the official results, a practice other organisers might copy, for they make interesting reading. With the exception of Trintignant and the last three drivers, all others improved on their best practice times even though conditions were not so good, which indicates that improved knowledge and experience of the circuit was assisting as the race wore on, also supported by the fact that most drivers made their best laps quite late in the race. Mr Vandervell should be well pleased with his three drivers for their equality, all being within a half a second.

Significant is the fact that Brooks made his best lap on lap 36 and spun on lap 37, retiring at the pits on the next lap having been push-started by officials. Hill made his best time on lap 24 and at the end of the next lap lost control and hit the straw bales. Shelby made his best time on lap 46 and one lap and a bit later had a front brake lock on which spun him off the road, suggesting that his fastest lap strained the brakes a bit too much.

Hawthorn made his fastest lap just after his pit stop to have the front brakes adjusted and while he was trying in vain to catch Behra, while the BRM driver made his best lap at the same time, trying not to be caught. Brabham overtook Schell's BRM and while doing so recorded his best time, and Schell made his best four laps later when he regained his lead over the Cooper. Moss made his best lap on the one on which he lapped Lewis-Evans, and the junior member of the VanwaII team made his best while following his leader. Trintignant and Salvadori had no apparent stimulus for making their best laps. ■



Stuart Lewis-Evans would place third in his Vanwall. Note tram tracks separated only by straw bales

MIKE

HAWTHORN

Born: April 10 1929, Mexborough, England
Died: January 22 1959, Guildford, England

WINS 3	POLE POSITIONS 4
WIN RATE 6.7%	FASTEST LAPS 6
45 STARTS	127.64 POINTS

WORLD CHAMPION
1958

MARIO ANDRETTI

BY SIMON TAYLOR

Even before you meet Mario Andretti, the bare statistics tell you this man is unique. In a full-time career lasting an astonishing 35 seasons, he was a winner in F1, Champ Car, World Sports Cars, NASCAR, F5000, IROC and even at Pike's Peak. These days F1 drivers just do their 18 races a year, but, relying on a punishing schedule of transatlantic commuting, Mario liked to race every weekend — Grand Prix one Sunday, USAC dirt race the next, endurance sports car race the next.

He's been World Champion, Champ Car champion (four times) and USAC dirt champion, and has been voted Greatest American Driver Ever. He's surely the only man to have won significant races in five decades, from the 1950s to the 1990s. And he still doesn't think of himself as retired. He did Le Mans in 2000, and in 2003, at the age of 63, he lapped Indy at 225mph — until an accident not of his making cartwheeled the car to destruction. This is an extraordinary man who's had an extraordinary life.

He isn't tall, but when he enters a room you know he's arrived. There's a quiet dignity about him which has nothing to do with arrogance or ego, and everything to do with what you know he has achieved. Fangio, on the brief occasions I met him, had just this quality. And Mario's self-deprecating humour amplifies a remarkable recall which can dial up almost any race from that long career, right back to the dirt tracks of his teens nearly 50 years ago. ▶

He could, and would, take any ride going. Formula 1 or dirt track, he couldn't bear an idle weekend. And across four decades he won in all arenas. We talked to maybe the most versatile racer of all

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MARTINI

HE CAN NOW AFFORD TO LIVE ANYWHERE from Connecticut to California, but he has never left Nazareth, the small Pennsylvania town where he fetched up as a 15-year-old immigrant in 1955. Home is a palatial residence built to his specification and standing in spacious grounds on a hill above the town: he also has a vast lakeside estate, Open Woods, deep in the Pennsylvania wilds, and a successful vineyard in California's Napa Valley. In his house the galleried hall is lined floor to ceiling with cabinets housing hundreds of trophies, and the walls in other rooms are covered with photographs, plaques and mementoes, each recalling a moment or a friend from his crowded racing life. The lower ground level is made up of rows of spotless tiled garages, with work benches and quality tools. From the gleaming line-up we choose an orange Lamborghini Murcielago, and he drives me briskly to lunch.

It's a long way from his beginnings. In 1940, when he and his twin brother Aldo were born in Montona in north-eastern Italy, Nazis and local partisans were fighting in the streets. As war ended Montona became part of Yugoslavia, and for three years the Andrettis lived under Communist rule before escaping, with nothing, into Italy. They were billeted in an old monastery in Lucca. "In one big room there were 10 families living, separated only by blankets which we strung up. We lived there for seven years. My dad did odd jobs, always provided for us. We were never hungry, never cold. But as kids we knew it wasn't normal." In 1952 his father applied to emigrate to America. But he heard nothing more.

"In the race the surface broke into ruts. With no power steering my hands were hamburger meat by the end"



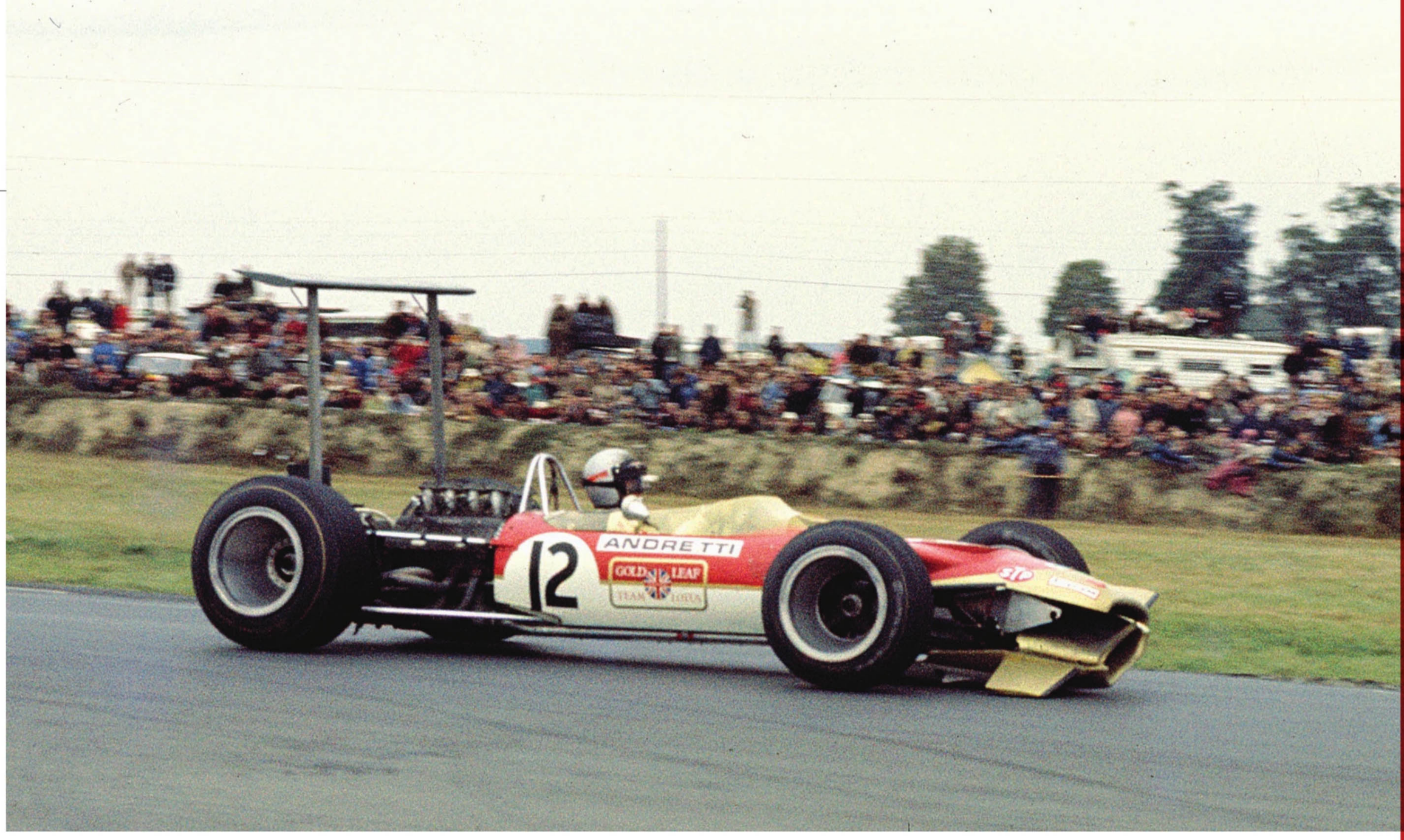
In 1954 a friend took Mario and Aldo to Monza for the Italian GP. The two 14-year-olds cheered themselves hoarse as the Ferrari of reigning champion Alberto Ascari led the Mercedes team until its engine expired. It made a deep impression. So did the sight of the 1955 Mille Miglia passing by, with Moss and his bearded passenger racing to victory.

Then, suddenly, emigration approval came through. In June 1955 the Andrettis arrived in Nazareth. Gigi Andretti found work at the local cement works, while the boys set about learning English. After school they pumped gas at the local Sunoco station. Within days they discovered that Nazareth had its own half-mile dirt oval on the edge of town.

Unknown to their parents, Mario and Aldo found an old Hudson in a local scrapyard and began to convert it into a stock car. "We scraped together every cent, got some help from local businessmen for parts we needed, and did all the work ourselves." By early 1959 they were ready for their maiden outing. "We painted the Hudson bright red, got ourselves smart overalls — everybody else ran in scruffy T-shirts — and we bought one helmet between us."

The twins were now 19, but local rules stipulated a minimum age of 21. "So we fudged our birth date on our licences. Then the promoter says he can't allow kids with no experience. So we tell him we've been racing in Formula Junior back in Italy since we were 13, and he buys it. We toss for who should race first, and Aldo gets it. Because he's an unknown, they start him at the back for his heat. And he comes through and wins. That's $25 — doled out straight away from the pay window. For the final they start him on the back again and he passes them all, pa pa pa pa, and he wins the race. $150. We couldn't believe it. Next weekend, my turn. I knew I had to do the same, so I did, from the back to the front, heat and final. We went on to run five different local tracks, and we were on top everywhere.

"Our parents knew nothing of this, because we knew they'd try to stop us. Then right at the end of the season, at Hatfield, Aldo was trying to pass the track champion, Freddy Adams, on the outside, and he got into the barrier, hooked his right front on a loose wooden plank. Cartwheeled end over end. They took him away in a coma, and read him the last rites at the hospital. I rang my mom and said he was watching the racing and he fell off the back of a truck, just had the wind knocked outta him. Next morning they brought



Watkins Glen, 1968: on his F1 debut Andretti is lying second when his Lotus 49's nose fins come adrift

the crashed car back to Nazareth and the word went round like wildfire that Aldo was dead. My dad didn't know what to do, he was so upset, so furious. He didn't talk to us for months. When Aldo regained consciousness, the first thing he said was, 'I'm sorry you had to be the one to face the old man'."

Our route in the Lamborghini takes us past the garage where, half a century ago, two teenagers pumped gas, and then the site of the old dirt oval, next to the now defunct Nazareth Speedway. We arrive at the Newbury Inn — like much of the town, clapboard-clad and dating back to the 18th century — and Mario orders staple American fare: cheeseburger and chips. From the wine list he selects two Andretti wines for me to try: a Chardonnay and a San Giovese. Both are excellent.

AS MARIO'S EARLY REPUTATION GREW, HE WAS offered drives: Stock Cars, then Midgets, then Sprint Cars. "Each dirt track was so different, and each would vary totally during the course of a race. You had to learn to read the surface. It was good training for F1 in the wet later on." In 1964 he got a strong Champ Car ride with Clint Brawner, who ran the Dean Van Lines team. But Brawner wouldn't let him make his debut at the notorious Langhorne dirt oval. "In its time Langhorne killed 52 drivers. They used to call it the widow-maker. It was shaped like a big D and you were sideways for three-quarters of the lap, going from lock to lock on the dirt, bunched close at 140mph and steering on the throttle. There used to be a fatality almost every race. One of Brawner's drivers, Jimmy Bryan, had been killed there. So he wouldn't run me, gave my car to an older guy called Bob Mathouser.

"But I was young, all piss and vinegar, and I wanted to race. So I picked up a ride in an old car belonging to Lee Glessner. Unlike the decent cars it had no power steering. But I wanted to beat Mathouser and prove a point to Clint Brawner. My mechanic that day was old Tommy Hinnershitz, who'd been a top dirt racer for 30 years. In practice I was so charged with adrenaline I was coming real close to the wall, not really knowing what the hell I was doing.

"So before qualifying Tommy says, 'Mario, see that post by the entry to Turn 3? No matter how good the car feels, you gotta back off there, set the car up.' Well, come qualifying I was really on it, and as I came to the post it felt real good. Then I remembered what he said, and I did back off a little bit... and I just barely, barely made it. If I'd gone 10 yards deeper, I woulda gone way out the ball park. They woulda found me in New Jersey. Tommy saved my life that day.

"In the race the surface broke into deep ruts. With no power steering, my hands were hamburger meat by the end. But I passed the Brawner car, finished ninth. It felt good.

"Eventually they paved Langhorne. But it was still tough. It was so quick, and you were turning all the time. You had to feather just before the start-finish line to get through Turn 1. One day I decided to stay flat, thought I'd get it all figured out when I got to the turn. I never did get it figured out, so I crashed after the finish line. But the lap before was a record. It held till they broke up the track for a shopping mall."

In 1965 Mario ran his first Indianapolis. He qualified fourth and finished third, winning Rookie of the Year, and in the pit lane he met Colin Chapman and Jim Clark. Andretti told Chapman his sights were set on Formula 1. "When you're ready", said Chapman, "call me."

That season Andretti beat AJ Foyt to become youngest-ever National Champion. He was Champion again the next year. Hungry to race anything and ▸

everything, he found sports car drives for the NART Ferrari team and then Ford at Le Mans, going on to win the Sebring 12 Hours three times in six years. He ran in NASCAR and Can-Am, too, yet still pursued a full Champ Car schedule, and raced midgets on dirt if he had a free weekend. In 1966 he drove 14 different cars in 51 races, taking 14 victories in four of them. In 1967 he won the biggest NASCAR race of all, the Daytona 500. "Those guys didn't like an open-wheeler coming down and beating them. Next day a newspaper headline said: South Mourns Andretti Victory." In 1969 his 4WD Lotus 64 broke a rear hub during Indy qualifying. Mario escaped with slight burns from the huge fiery accident that ensued, switched to his Brawner Hawk, put it on the front row, and won the race. That year brought his third Champ Car championship title.

"I never had any difficulty moving between disciplines. You get in a car, you switch off everything else and you focus on what you're at. Like I'm doing the Sebring 12 Hours on a Saturday, I fly out Saturday night, Sunday I'm racing a sprint car on a dirt oval. World of difference in the skills required, but the passion's the same."

In 1968, three years after their meeting at Indy, Mario made that call to Chapman. He tested the Lotus 49 at Monza, where 14 years before he'd pressed his nose to the fence to cheer on Ascari. At once he was very quick — "I felt like I was born in that car" — and Chapman decided to run him alongside Graham Hill and Jackie Oliver in the Italian Grand Prix. But there was a problem: on the Saturday Mario was contracted to the Hoosier 100 dirt race. So he qualified the Lotus at Monza on Friday, flew to America, did the Hoosier on Saturday, and flew back to Italy, arriving in the Monza paddock on Sunday morning. Then the FIA invoked a rule preventing a driver from racing twice within 24 hours, and Mario was refused permission to start.

Four weeks later at Watkins Glen it was a different story. Mario made F1 history by taking pole for his first grand prix. He was lying second to Jackie Stewart when his nose aerofoils came adrift, and he finally retired with clutch failure, but it was an auspicious beginning. During the next two seasons there were more F1 races for Lotus, and March with Andy Granatelli's 701, as well as sports car successes for Ferrari. In 1971 Ferrari offered Mario F1 drives when his other commitments allowed. In a fairy-tale debut for the team he won the South African GP, and set fastest lap. Then the Vel Miletich/Parnelli Jones team, for whom Mario ran in Champ Car and F5000, moved into F1 as well, doing a full season in 1975. But the Maurice Philippe-designed car was not a success.

"So 1976 comes along and I'm on the grid at Long Beach, third race of the season, and Chris Economaki puts a mike to me just before the off and says, 'Mario, how does it feel starting your last F1 race? Vel Miletich just told me he's pulling the plug on F1 to concentrate on Champ Cars.'

"No-one had said anything to me. I felt real stupid. I was so upset I almost didn't put the thing in gear. After the race I didn't even want to talk to them, I just went back to my hotel. Next morning I'm having breakfast



1971: Andretti qualifies his Ferrari for the US GP even though committed to a USAC race that day

all by myself, and Colin's having breakfast two tables away, all by himself. He's just had the worst weekend: one of his cars qualified last, and crashed out on the first lap, the other didn't qualify at all. We look at each other, my chin's in my socks, he's even more miserable, and he comes over to join me. So the wheels start rollin', and he says, 'Drive for me, Mario.' I said, 'But you got a car that may just be slightly quicker than a London bus. We got some work to do here.' We shook on that. I felt a horizon opening out. I knew Colin could make me World Champion.

"I CALLED MILETICH AND SAID, 'I'LL NEVER work for you again. And I'm gonna compete against you in Champ Cars.' He said, 'We have a contract.' I said, 'No we don't, you're in breach. Do what you wanna do, sue me.' Then I called Penske, told him I was doing F1, but I wanted to keep in Champ Car. He said, 'Whenever you're available, I'll have a car for you.'

"I told Colin I wanted to do all the F1 testing, but also I was going to stay in Champ Cars. He said, 'It's impossible. You're crazy.' I said, 'You're probably right, but I have to. There aren't enough races in F1. I can't have weekends when I'm sitting idle.' He didn't argue, he knew I was adamant.

"In '78 we won some of those races with no brakes. I complained, but Colin wouldn't have it. Some things you couldn't convince him about"

"I'll tell you how the ground effects thing got started. We were sitting round the table at Hethel, Colin, Martin Ogilvie, Tony Rudd, Nigel Bennett. I said what I wanted was downforce without penalty. I remembered testing the March 701 with those aerofoil-shaped sidepods that Robin Herd put on it. We tried taking them off and we lost direction entirely, like suddenly I needed 2.5 degrees extra front wing. So I knew they were working. But it was very inefficient because the air was spilling off them. I said, 'What happens if you have bigger pods, and fences?' The talk went on from there.

"Then we were testing at Hockenheim and in the middle of the Bosch Curve, when the car was on full roll, suddenly I was picking up a tremendous amount of extra grip. I said to Colin, 'something is happening aerodynamically here, when the car gets closer to the ground under roll.' So he sent [chief mechanic] Bob Dance into town to buy some plastic strips and they pop-rivetted them down the side of the car to close the gap entirely. I went out and got under the lap record at once, but as soon as the plastic wore out the grip went away again.

"Colin and I really bonded because he respected my way of working on the setup. He never wanted drivers to be too technical — all he wanted was feedback about what the car was doing. But I had tricks from American racing that were new to F1. I liked to set my cars up with stagger — the left rear tyre slightly bigger than the right rear, compensated with cross weight. I always had the left front and the left rear slightly bigger, even for a circuit that has more left-handers than right-handers. But for a circuit that's counter-clockwise, like Imola, you had to go the other way. And if you look at a circuit with, say, 11 corners, there may be seven or eight that are key for passing, or for speed on the next straight, and two or three that you have to throw away. I always tried to maximise the car for the key corners. I had my own notes and circuit map, and I tried to find the extra angle the others didn't have.

"Aerodynamically the 78 was a brick: on the straights it was dead slow. The 79 was much better, but it had serious brake problems. It had magnesium calipers to save weight, and the inboard rears got hot when the gearbox heated up. The pedal would go to the floor, you had to pump it like hell. In 1978 we won some of those races with no brakes. I complained, but Colin wouldn't have it. There were some things you couldn't convince him about, he'd just hit the roof.

"Colin could be very emotional. I remember him giving Gunnar Nilsson a bollocking about something, thrashing out at him. Then he saw me watching in disbelief, and he said, 'I'm sorry you had to see that side of me.' He would never have dared to talk to me like that. I said to Gunnar, 'How can you take that shit, just sitting there like a little child being scolded by a teacher? You can't get any respect like that.'

"But there was mutual respect between Colin and me. Mind you, I was concerned about the fragility of his cars. He loved titanium, but I insisted on no titanium suspension arms or pedals. That's what paralysed Regazzoni — a titanium brake pedal broke. I used to needle Colin about suspension failures. He didn't take it too well. I didn't want to labour it, he'd lost Jochen [Rindt] because of a brake shaft failure, but I didn't want to die because a suspension part broke. I had a good understanding with the boys on the team. I'd say to Bob Dance: 'If you reckon something doesn't seem strong enough, just tell me. I'll fight the battles with the Old Man.'

"Colin was always paranoid about weight, and wanted you to finish the race with no more than half a litre of fuel left. I used to say to Bob, 'Just put another half-gallon in there.' At Kyalami Colin found out and ordered him to pump the extra fuel out again, right there on the grid! I said to Colin, 'If I run out of fuel I'm gonna take it outta your hide.'" Two laps from the end the Lotus spluttered and started to run dry, and after an unscheduled fuel stop Mario was classified seventh... ▶



"In all my racing, I've always loved my mechanics. That's who you rely on, 100 per cent. Once you understand that, you become a family. I'm still in touch with a lot of the guys I worked with down the years. I always felt they won the races. You earn their respect by going balls out, and they work their butts off to give you what you need to get it done. The wins don't come all the time. But when they do, you all celebrate."

But when Mario won the World Championship for Colin, at Monza in 1978, there were no celebrations. His team-mate and close friend Ronnie Peterson died the following morning from injuries sustained in a Lap 1 pileup. "I've had a lot of team-mates, and not all of them were real friends. Ronnie was a special breed. We worked hard and played hard. We got together with our families, I'd stay at his house, he stayed at mine. We had fun. He had tremendous car control. He could carry a car, overcome its deficiencies. A real raw talent."

For 1978, Mario nearly left Lotus for Ferrari. "I expected to stay for '78, but we hadn't agreed the money. Colin stuck at $350,000 and $10,000 a point, but I wanted $500,000 and the points money. So in September '77 I win Monza for Colin, and then I say I have to go see Ferrari. He says, 'Don't go, we have a deal.' I say, 'Well, we do and we don't.'

So I'm in Ferrari's office, and we get to the uncomfortable stuff, money. That's why people have a manager, I guess, but I've always done my own deals. He says, 'How much do you want?' I say, 'Make me an offer.' And he says, 'Andretti, I can't put a price on your talent.' Very flattering, but also very clever, because it puts the ball right back in my court. So I'm thinking, $500,000 is what I want, so I say to him, $750,000? And he says, 'OK'. I think, Man, why didn't I ask for a million? So then I level with him. I tell him I have a handshake with Colin. He says, 'That's what we have lawyers for. If you want to drive for me, I can make it happen.'

So I say to Colin, 'You have to give me $750,000, and $10,000 a point.' He says, 'I can't.' I say, 'Then I go to Ferrari.' So he went back to Player's, they found the money, I stayed, and we won the Championship.

"I was still doing Champ Car, of course, and I won the IROC Championship too. I used to do the red-eye going over and Concorde coming back. I was Concorde's most frequent traveller, 26 crossings in a year. The ground staff were always ready for me, had my *Financial Times* and my brioche waiting. Those days, first class really was first class."

MARIO'S F1 CAREER LASTED 128 RACES, including a year with Alfa Romeo, a Long Beach ride for Williams, and two swansong races for Ferrari in the turbo era: he sent the Monza crowd delirious by taking pole in 1982, and finished third. At home the wins went on piling up: his fourth Champ Car title came in 1984. In 1993, at the age of 53, he won his final Champ Car victory at Phoenix, and took pole for the Michigan 500 at 234mph, a closed-course world record at the time. He bowed out of single-seaters in 1994 after starting 407 Champ Car races, 67 of them from pole. He won 52 of them, and led 7587 laps.

"I never went racing for the money. I did it because of my passion for it. If you race for money, you're racing for the wrong reason. But I always went for the best deals, because I was trying to justify the risks, for my family's sake. Dee Ann, my wife, used to say, 'Why not take a weekend off, take the kids to the movies?'. But I just had to do it. You have no idea how much I loved driving. My son Michael is happy being a team owner, but I never had any of those ambitions. The only part that excited me was the driving."

The Andretti's family record in racing is unique. Aldo raced on after his accident that first year, although his career never rivalled Mario's. Son Michael had a brief, unhappy F1 sojourn with McLaren, but his American career was hugely successful. An Indycar champion, he now heads up the Andretti-Green IRL team. Younger son Jeff and cousin John, Aldo's son, have all raced at top level: sometimes four Andrettis have been on the same grid.

Now there is Marco, Mario's grandson. In 2006,



In the game-changing Lotus 79, Mario leads Ronnie Peterson to a 1-2 result at Zandvoort in 1978, his title year

aged 19, he did his first Indy 500. Mario, Michael and Jeff had all won Rookie of the Year at Indy, so there was huge pressure on the boy. Marco not only followed the script and won Rookie of the Year: he very nearly won the race as well, missing victory by precisely sixty-three thousandths of a second. "He was truly thrown into the lion's den, and what I saw was a complete learning curve happening. He was putting something in the bank every day. He started that month as a boy, and finished it as a man." In December Marco had his first F1 test, for Honda. "I tell ya, he's smart. I say to Michael, he's smarter than both of us. He's gonna go far."

But no-one has come as far as Mario himself. During our lunch, a fan from another table comes shyly over to ask Mario to autograph a paper napkin for her six-year-old son. Mario asks the son's name, and then signs: "To Christopher. Always follow your dream. Mario Andretti".

That's just what Mario did. With self-belief, courage and inexhaustible will, the young boy at the Monza fence followed his dream. It made him the super-hero of American motor sport, and one of the most versatile racers of all time. ■

MARIO

ANDRETTI

Born: February 28 1940, Montona, Italy

WINS 12

POLE POSITIONS 18

WIN RATE 9.4%

FASTEST LAPS 10

STARTS 128

POINTS 180

WORLD CHAMPION 1978

PHIL HILL

BY ROB WIDDOWS

More than half a century ago a young man called Philip Toll Hill Jr turned his back on California sunshine and came to England, joining Jaguar as a trainee. He'd already won his first ever race back home but Europe had always captured his imagination, and later in life he became a confirmed Anglophile.

Now very frail, Phil Hill has made what will probably be his last journey to his adopted homeland of Europe for a celebration of his extraordinary career at the Goodwood Revival. The words that follow do not pretend to detail his achievements but simply offer an appraisal of the man, a feeling for the character of the first American to play the Europeans at their own game and win.

And win he did, with intelligence and the mechanical sympathy he'd learned and nurtured as a teenager with a passion for cars and what made them tick. The bare facts speak for themselves, Hill winning his first race in 1948 at the age of 21, then taking the first of three Le Mans victories just a decade later before clinching the World Championship at Monza in 1961. Six years later he won his last race, in the Chaparral 2F at Brands Hatch, and returned to his home in Santa Monica. Job done. ▶

Engineer, photographer, Anglophile, not to mention world champion racing driver, this quiet American was truly a man of parts

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, NOVEMBER 2006



LIKE ALL GREAT ACHIEVERS, HE IS FRUSTRATED and sometimes flustered by the imperfections of old age and failing health. But the glint in the eye is there, the sharp humour not yet extinguished and the sheer passion for racing still in the bloodstream. This is a rounded individual, so gifted in a racing car and yet so humble with it, and always intrigued by the wider world. The closed and shrink-wrapped world of Formula 1 today would have suited him not a bit.

"I don't know if I can recall the facts and the figures," he tells us as we surround him with cameras, microphones and notebooks. Doug Nye is here to prompt him, the historian preparing a book of sensational photographs taken by Hill during his racing career to be published next year. And Phil's wife Alma is by his side making sure he's looking his best.

"Goodwood is an important place for me," says Hill. "I first came here on Easter Monday in 1950 and I've loved the place ever since. There were those great Tourist Trophy races with Ferrari and the Daytona Cobras, and all the testing with the Ford GT project. Bruce McLaren and I spent days and days at Goodwood testing that car. Then coming back to race twice at the Revival, and now this tribute with so many old friends and my old cars. Just great."

We need to go back a lot further, though, to understand the achievements. The victory at Le Mans in 1958 was the breakthrough, the first big moment when the relaxed driving style caught the attention. It was a watershed year. In late June he won at La Sarthe with Gendebien in the Ferrari and was then promoted to the Scuderia's GP team not long after.

"Le Mans '58 was my first big race, the first really important race and unquestionably the best of my three wins there," recalls Phil. "It's such a huge thrill reeling off all those laps and then coming in to cross the line almost at a crawl, all those people flooding onto the track. In '58 we had terrible weather. It was hard to see, the rain was torrential, and my trick was to get the tool bag out from under the passenger seat and sit on it so I could see over the windshield. The other guys had mops, towels, and sponges but they were floundering while I'd duck down, look up, duck down and look up again over the screen. Boy, I had the worst neck ache for a month after that. But hey, the need to see was so much greater than the pain. I picked up a whole lap on the guys that night in the rain, just because I could see. It was an important win for me, period."

That first win at Le Mans in the Testa Rossa was shared with Olivier Gendebien, with whom he also won in 1961 and 1962. "It was something special," says Hill, "that feeling when you know you can win, when the sun shines after the rain and there's no tension any more. We were a good team, we had faith in each other. Some team-mates are so concerned about their own status and they lead you down the garden path. But we had faith in each other, Gendebien and



Driving one of McLaren's Coopers in 1964 brought little success. Below, at the 'Ring in Dino Ferrari





“It was a short time to be in Formula 1, but that’s life. You can’t explain the whys and wherefores. Good and bad times, you know”

I, and we’d never kid ourselves, we were always open with each other. I liked Peter Collins a lot as well. We got on real good, and Mike Hawthorn too. They both liked to party, especially Mike.”

PROMOTION TO THE GRAND PRIX TEAM followed a run in Joachim Bonnier’s Maserati 250F at Reims. Joining the Scuderia’s F1 squad for the German GP, Hill was quick in the Ferrari 156 straightaway but it was by no means all sweetness and success. Enzo Ferrari ran the team with an enormous amount of discipline and there was a huge level of internal politics. At Monza that same year he was asked to slow down, not an order a young racing driver likes to receive. The new boy was about to be summoned by the headmaster.

“I led the first few laps, then a tyre went down and I had to make a stop. Later I got the lead back and Tavoni came out in front of the pits and signalled me to slow down. I was a new boy, I wasn’t supposed to be up at the front. He was on his knees at the side of the track and the message was clear, the board reading HAW HILL, meaning Hawthorn was to be allowed to pass me and take second behind Brooks in the Vanwall. Anyhow, I started messing with the ignition switch, popping and banging past the grandstands for a few laps, so it looked like I had a problem and Hawthorn just went by. The Brits always seem to leave that story out when they talk about the ’58 season! It was kinda silly really, and the same thing happened in Casablanca, that time Enzo Ferrari and Tavoni had planned for Hawthorn to finish ahead of me. There was less than a second between us at the finish. But he was, you know, the team leader, and he had disc brakes on the car by then.” ▶



Compare this with recent machinations to keep Schumacher ahead of Barrichello and the clumsiness of that most public debacle just yards from the line in Austria. But it was ever thus at Ferrari, and Hill went through the school of hard knocks before winning the championship for the Italians four years after joining the team.

The title came in 1961, at Monza, Phil having already won at Spa. Both fast circuits, demanding skill and bravery from the American in the famous shark-nose Ferrari 156.

"I don't know if I loved those tracks, or it was just that I wasn't afraid of them," he says. "People spoke badly about Spa and Monza: they were afraid of being hurt bad, I guess.

And the Nürburgring, I liked that. The car flew so beautifully, landed so beautifully, and lap by lap we went faster and faster. We got the lap record, first time under nine minutes. Incredible, yeah."

But the victory at Monza was an emotional rollercoaster, a storm inside his head, the news of Wolfgang von Trips' death during that race thrusting a dagger through the celebrations for his world championship.

"It was blighted alright. Of course it was. We didn't know how bad the crash had been, you know. I mean in those days there were so many like that. Then we got the news and part of me wanted to be so happy for the championship and part of me was so full of grief. I'd gotten to a point by then when I was more sensitive to things like that and then the press asked me all this crazy stuff about inheriting the championship and all

"I got myself in a fix with Ferrari. He was the toughest of them all. If I'd had another couple of years in Italy I could have handled him"

of that. It was ridiculous. I was in cold turkey. It wasn't pleasant at the time, I tell you."

At this point in Hill's career there were those who talked of a lucky title, that the American was a one-hit wonder. Perhaps they chose to ignore three wins at Le Mans, three more at Sebring and two at the Nürburgring 1000kms.

The Ferrari days came to an end in '62, a massive row resulting in a wholesale walk-out by team insiders.

"Looking back I got myself in a bit of a fix with Ferrari and I often felt some guilt about all the stuff that went on there. But Enzo was the toughest of them all, and if I'd had another couple of years in Italy I could have handled him. He never got that much the better of me either — we communicated in schoolboy French and maybe I should have learned to be fluent in Italian. There was a lack of fairness in that team and that made it difficult. Things were being stirred up all the time and there came a point when there just had to be a breach, and there was. I stayed another year after the championship and that was bad. I only functioned as I did because of my relationship with the engineers."

The move from Modena to Bologna was not a good one. ATS was chaotic and the car was never competitive. "They were never going to achieve what they set out to do," says Phil. "It was just way too ambitious. I thought about quitting but it didn't take long for the juices to get going again." A subsequent move to Cooper brought little in the way of results, with one notable exception.

IN THOSE DAYS, THE GRAND PRIX DRIVERS wintered in New Zealand, taking in the Tasman series. Hill claims that his battle with Jack Brabham for third place in the South Pacific GP at Longford was one of his best ever performances, and the old flair was back in evidence for those few races with Bruce McLaren's team of Coopers. "It was my very last single-seater start. I'd given the best engine to Bruce after practice: he asked for it and he was the boss. But still I had a quick car and it was one of my very best races ever."



Hill's sharknose 156 Ferrari powers out of Spa's La Source with victory in his sights, and von Trips in his mirrors

Things get better, though, towards the end of this story. Leaving single-seaters behind, Hill went out on a high with Ford and Chaparral, and he made a huge contribution to bringing the Ford GT project to fruition.

Moving to Chaparral he was able to take some valuable information from Detroit to Texas. "Jim Hall was a wonderful guy," he says. "Going from a big company to a smaller race team was great fun. We had good times and Jim was always fending off the media who wanted to know the secrets of the transmission or the secrets of the wings. It was simple, really. You know, it was really just a fluid coupling, a torque converter and a dog clutch with three speeds. But the aerodynamics, the wings; that was marvellous gadgetry."

And it was in the Chaparral 2F that Hill took his final win (with Mike Spence) in the BOAC 500 at Brands in 1967. It was a great way to bow out, and one that showed all the old skill. He will be remembered, even revered, for the intelligence and the humility that he brought to the sport, and for the dry humour.

"I guess it all came a little late," smiles the 79-year-old all-American hero. "It was a short time to be in Formula 1, but that's life. You can't explain all the whys and wherefores. Good and bad times, you know". ■

PHIL
HILL

Born: April 20 1927, Miami, USA
Died: August 28 2008, Salinas, USA

WINS
3

POLE POSITIONS
6

WIN RATE
6.25%

FASTEST LAPS
6

48
STARTS

98
POINTS

WORLD CHAMPION
1961

JODY SCHECKTER

BY ALAN HENRY

He may now be a farmer, but in the early Seventies he was a fiery newcomer to F1 before maturing to champion status. Our man watched him win his home Grand Prix, South Africa

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, APRIL 1975

The six-week break between the Brazilian Grand Prix at the end of January and the South African Grand Prix on March 1 provided welcome relief for most Grand Prix teams, giving them time to reflect on their own individual situation after the first two events of the season and enabling several of them either to complete new machinery or try to take some corrective action if they decided their performance had been deficient in any way. Thus there were several new cars to be seen from a number of different teams in addition to a handful of locally-owned machines handled by South African competitors having their annual taste of international competition.

Kyalami has a predominantly friendly atmosphere aided by the unobtrusively autocratic control of Alex Blignaut, himself a former South African Grand Prix competitor and racing car entrant. In years gone by, before the upsurge of motor racing interest in South America which led to the re-establishment of an Argentine Grand Prix and the inauguration of the Brazilian Grand Prix, Kyalami was the starting point of the Formula 1 season and many of the teams went there for up to a couple of weeks prior to the race for testing purposes. Now South Africa's major race is the third Grand Prix of the calendar, but it still retains its congenial atmosphere nevertheless. After their disappointing performances in South America, Ken Tyrrell's team were extremely anxious that things should take an upswing for Kyalami, being as it is home ground for his number one driver Jody Scheckter who hails from East London. Derek Gardner had prepared some detail modifications on a brand new chassis (007/6) including fresh suspension geometry all round, a taller and slimmer airbox and repositioned water radiators in the style of the Parnelli (or as Tyrrell himself remarked "the Lotus 76—heaven forbid!").

Having reverted from inboard to outboard front brakes for South America, Gardner continued this apparent reversal of his development by replacing the torsion bars at the rear of the two Tyrrells with a conventional coil spring/damper arrangement. Depailler used 007/4, repaired after its accident at Interlagos and fitted with the coil springs, while Scheckter's 007/2 had been fitted with both torsion bars and coil springs for comparative tests and use as the team spare. Completing the Tyrrell line-up in South Africa was 007/1, one sold to Lexington Racing for Ian Scheckter to drive and still in original trim with inboard front brakes and torsion bar rear suspension. ▸



MCLAREN RACING BROUGHT ALONG THREE M23 cars under the care of Gordon Coppuck, Emerson Fittipaldi using M23/9 and Jochen Mass allocated M23/8, the World Champion's car having had its wheelbase lengthened even more. Brabham designer Gordon Murray was optimistic that his cars would produce a victory for the second successive year on his home soil, coming as he does from Durban, and the immaculate white Martini-Brabham BT44Bs were in exactly the same trim as they were raced in Brazil by Carlos Pace and Carlos Reutemann. March Engineering arrived with their first F2-based 751 for the plucky Vittorio Brambilla, his old 741 having been passed on to the Italian girl Lella Lombardi who drove an F5000 Lola last year and tried unsuccessfully to qualify for the British Grand Prix in a borrowed Brabham.

Slightly disappointed after their uninspired performance in South America, Ferrari decided to abandon the current 312B3s and replace them with a pair of the latest 312T chassis for Lauda and Regazzoni to use at Kyalami. The way in which Enzo Ferrari, helped by substantial financial backing from Fiat, can say "right, that car has finished its useful life. For the next race well use the new design" and then turn up at the next race with two new cars, rather than with one new car for his 'ace' and an old one for his 'scratcher', must make one or two of the less financially endowed teams drool with envy. One way or another, Ferrari was committed to his new chassis with its transverse-mounted five-speed gearbox and novel front suspension, although they hadn't yet built up a spare and relied on the latest B3, chassis 020, just in case anything should befall his latest equipment in his drivers' hands.

In stark contrast to the Ferrari way of doing things, the newly constituted BRM team faced the South African race with a singleton P201 chassis and their old V12 motor. Last year Beltoise managed to take second place in the South African Grand Prix, qualifying tyres and a number of important retirements rather flattering the car on that occasion, but even the most optimistic team member couldn't hope for a repeat performance. Mike Wilds had been 'put on the shelf' after failing to win the South American races for the rather imaginative Bourne hierarchy, his place being taken by Formula 5000 champion Bob Evans who will be driving in all the races this season.

Having decided that Ronnie Peterson will be their man after all during 1975, Team Lotus had built up a brand new car (72/R9) for their Swedish number one driver, R8 being long overdue for a rebuild. Jacky Ickx drove his usual R5 and the two Team Gunston cars for Eddie Keizan (72/R6) and Guy Tunmer (72/R7) lifted the Lotus contingent at Kyalami to four cars. Having used one of last year's DN3s in South America, Tom Pryce was very glad to at last have a race in the new DN5/2A following Jarier's promising showing in the first new car at Interlagos, while John Watson was hoping that the improvement in Team Surtees fortunes would continue with his single-car entry from the Edenbridge team. Frank Williams brought along his usual Cosworth-powered cars for Merzario and Laffite, now fitted with old Hesketh nose sections and front radiators and Hunt himself used his regular Hesketh 308/3 unchanged from South America.

Graham Hill's Lola team brought along one new T371 model for Rolf Stommelen, this being a development of the year-old T370 design but with different suspension geometry and repositioned fuel tanks, Hill himself still relying on his regular T370. Hoping for an improvement along with the Lolas were the Vels Parnelli Jones team with their single entry for Mario Andretti and the Penske machine for Donohue, this latter car having been lengthened by five inches and had its rear track increased by three inches in an effort to improve its rather erratic handling. Wilson



Twin Brabhams lead twin Tyrrells and Lauda's Ferrari as the Kyalami flag drops



Fittipaldi's rather bulky Copersucar Fittipaldi turned up for its third race and the entry was rounded off by South African F1 Champion Dave Charlton in his ex-works McLaren M23/3.

WITH PRACTICE TAKING PLACE ON Wednesday and Thursday for a Saturday race, the schedule was more leisurely than usual with Friday free for relaxation or work on the cars depending or not whether you were a driver or a mechanic. Denny Hulme's 1973 pole-winning time of 1min 16.3sec was the point at which to aim, for Lauda's Ferrari had only managed 1min 16.8sec during practice for last year's race when the Austrian was on pole position. When the first session began on Wednesday it did not take long for Lauda to set the ball rolling with a 1min 16.83sec in the new 312T, starting off, so to speak, where he left off at Kyalami last year, although before the end of the day Carlos Reutemann had improved on this, having taken his Brabham BT44B round in a 1min 16.61sec and Pace wasn't far behind on 1min 17sec dead.

While Fittipaldi (1min 17.22sec) and Jody Scheckter (1min 17.17sec) were busy chasing the Brabhams and leading Ferrari, further down the field there was plenty of drama in store. Hardly had the session been going than Graham Hill spun wildly at the Jukskei kink on the back straight, his Lola careering off the track and enmeshing itself amongst the safety-catch fencing much to the detriment of the chassis which was damaged beyond immediate repair. Examination of the Lola revealed the right rear tyre to be deflated so this seemed to be the reason for his sudden loss of control. While Hill was busy picking his car out of the ditch Peterson himself had a lot more to think about than a slight oil leak, for his new Lotus showed all the symptoms of brake trouble that he had originally experienced with 72/R8 in South America. On the Wednesday the best he could manage was 1min 18.20sec but the master cylinder and rear calipers were changed overnight and, with the addition of some fresh brake fluid, the problem seemed to be cured by Thursday, only for an oil scavenge pipe to become dislodged and herald Peterson's departure into the pits beneath billowing clouds of blue smoke.

In stark contrast to Brazil, the new Shadow DN5 simply wasn't performing at all well. Jarier, who had so completely dominated the race at Interlagos before his retirement, could only manage a lap in 1min 17.37sec on the first day, improving fractionally on the second but barely sufficient to get him into the front half of the grid. Tom Pryce fared even worse, his optimistic assessment of the DN5's potential during tests at Goodwood being prematurely (and one hopes temporarily) shattered with an eventual best of 1min 18.36 sec. Neither car was quick enough in a straight line and both drivers were quick to report this fact to their team manager.

Further down the field Ian Scheckter was busy imitating his younger brother's ebullient oversteering style of driving and to good effect as well, the Lexington Tyrrell managing 1min 18.01sec, its fastest practice time, in the second session. Ian Scheckter was the fastest 'resident' South African by a long way, outpacing Donohue in the unwieldy and erratic-handling Penske as well as Pryce and Ickx in the second works Lotus, the Belgian really dragging his heels and barely managing to lap faster than the two locally driven 72s of Keizan and Tunmer. Right at the back Evans was finding out about Formula 1 'in at the deep end', reckoning that his old Formula 5000 Lola would be quicker round Kyalami than the underpowered BRM. Thursday's session got off on a particularly unfortunate note for both Emerson Fittipaldi and Niki Lauda. The Brazilian's latest McLaren contrived to blow up its engine in spectacular fashion as it came through the 140mph right-hand ▸

Sunset Corner, dousing the track with oil for Lauda's Ferrari to hit helplessly a few yards behind. The Italian car spun wildly, crashing through the catch-fences on the outside of the corner, tearing the outer skin along one complete side of the monocoque as well as badly twisting the rear wing. But the disgruntled Austrian managed to extricate his damaged machine and brought it slowly back to the pits under its own steam, doubtless relieved that the present trend away from Armco barriers in favour of triple-layer catch-fencing had let him and his car get away so lightly.

After a short break in practice, the first of many on Thursday, Fittipaldi's McLaren was retrieved and while the McLaren mechanics laboured furiously adding the latest suspension parts to the spare car, the Ferrari lads were hard at it preparing the spare B3 for Lauda to use later the same day. It's interesting to note that while Lauda managed 1min 16.83sec in his brand new car, such was his irritation at being involved in somebody's else's misfortune, he managed 1min 16.96sec in the 'muletta', an effort which just goes to show how a driver will react to a situation when he is 'needled'.

Meanwhile there were other competitors enjoying better fortune. Carlos Pace pipped Reutemann for pole position, the Brazilian Grand Prix winner lapping in 1min 16.41sec which ensured that both the sleek Gordon Murray-designed Brabhams monopolised the front row of the grid, a personal triumph for the unassuming South African designer which almost equalled Jody Scheckter's efforts to gain overall third-fastest time. Driving progressively quicker and quicker, Tyrrell's number one gradually pared his way down to 1min 16.64sec before crashing very heavily at Barbeque Bend, the corner on which Revson's fatal accident took place in 1974. It was a simple case of stepping slightly over the limit and, once Scheckter had extricated himself from the forgiving catch fencing, he made no attempt to cover up his error or make pitiful excuses to his entrant. He had lost control pure and simple but at least his team had the satisfaction, as they hurriedly got to work preparing the team's spare car for the race, that their man had been contesting the leading grid positions rather than 'scratching around' at the back.

While all this drama was surrounding Scheckter, Patrick Depailler unobtrusively worked his way down to 1min 16.83sec, a praiseworthy effort, and Andretti appeared further up the grid than perhaps expected with a 1min 16.89 sec. Brambilla's new March had been hastily patched up after a trip into the catch-fencing on Wednesday, the stocky Italian making a few

Reutemann was the only man to threaten Scheckter's lead at Kyalami, briefly getting his Brabham BT44B up close



people stand up and take notice with a lap in 1min 17.05sec while the irrepressible Peterson was next, Ickx's pathetic lack of form being measured by Peterson's effort depending on which way you like to look at it. Watson made a fine effort in the Surtees while Fittipaldi found himself caught out with insufficient time left to put in a quick lap in the spare car and faced the start from way back on the sixth row of the grid. Both Shadow drivers just sat and wondered what had happened to the new Shadow's South American form. Ian Scheckter was the fastest of the 'residents' by a comfortable margin and both Donohue and Ickx simply should have gone quicker. Right at the back Evans' BRM qualified for the Englishman's first Formula 1 race as did Lella Lombardi, while Wilson Fittipaldi was the last one on the grid and eventually got left out as 27th man after a bout of arm waving and table thumping between the constructors and organisers at the end of the day.

If the Tyrrell team reckoned that its dose of ill-fortune was confined to Scheckter's accident on Thursday, then they found themselves sadly tricked on Saturday morning when the car's engine began losing power during the unofficial practice session and closer examination revealed ominous traces of white metal in the oil. There was nothing left but to change the engine again, all this just hours before the start of the Grand Prix.

BY 14.00 HOURS THE WHOLE FIELD WAS LINED up on the widely spaced grid waiting for the starter's flag, Wilson Fittipaldi's car hovering hopefully at the back waiting for some last-minute problem to strike one of the qualified competitors and enable him to start the race. Slowly they moved up towards the flag, the two purposeful white Brabhams side by side with their two drivers carefully watching each other out of the corner of their eyes. Down swept the flag and Pace made the best getaway by far, cresting the rise after the start line already five lengths ahead and leading away down to Crowthorne Corner with Scheckter bringing his Tyrrell through from the second row and Peterson's black and gold Lotus weaving through to third place from the fourth row of the grid.

Round through the curving, section down through Clubhouse and up to the right-hand hairpin at Leeukop they went with the Brabham still leading, out onto the main straight, and past the pits the order was Pace, J Scheckter, Peterson, Reutemann, Depailler, Regazzoni, E Fittipaldi, Lauda, Brambilla, Hunt, Andretti, Merzario, Laffite, Mass, Stommelen, Pryce, Watson, I Scheckter, Jarier, Donohue, Charlton, Evans, Ickx, Lombardi, Keizan and Tunmer with W Fittipaldi trailing into the pits having started rather too optimistically when one of the tail-enders appeared to be in trouble just before they moved up to the proper grid. Scheckter was not planning to ease the pressure on Pace, hanging on close to the Brabham as they completed their second lap and diving through under braking for Crowthorne Corner at the end of the main straight. Driving with all the confidence of an assured veteran, the young South African confidently began to control the race from the front. On lap three Reutemann came rushing through from fourth place, Pace waving him obligingly past before the Esses as the brakes on his BT44B started to feel spongy, for he didn't want to hold up his team-mate unduly as Depailler was still right behind. Peterson was already dropping away, the Swede grappling with huge armfuls of understeer on his Lotus which forced him to adapt his driving style to provoke huge oversteering slides to counteract the difficult situation.

Within 10 laps, the race had developed into a firm pattern. In the lead was Jody Scheckter, fighting off a determined challenge from Reutemann's Brabham just ahead of Depailler who had now got Emerson Fittipaldi muzzling his gearbox after a good start from the sixth row. Peterson had fallen back to be eaten up by the two Ferraris of Regazzoni and Lauda, running in tandem, while Andretti was next followed by Mass and Stommelen. Further back, Ian Scheckter had gone off sideways on to the grass and dropped to the back of the field in his 'original' Tyrrell 007 and was busy cutting a confident path back through the mid-field runners. ▶





Retirements included Brambilla's March, an early casualty with a split oil cooler, and Watson's Surtees which stopped after 18 laps with a faulty clutch mechanism which threatened to burn out the unit altogether. Right at the back Ickx was having trouble with the two local Lotuses, his 72 suffering from the same understeer problem as his team-mates but, unlike Peterson, he didn't appear to be coming to grips with the situation and just resigned himself to the problem. By contrast, his team-mate wore out one front left-hand tyre before corning into the pits for some wing adjustments and then rejoined the race at unabated speed.

At the head of the field it seemed as though an impasse was developing. Many observers had thought that Scheckter would contest the lead, but not many thought he would stay in front, particularly when he was under such constant pressure.

But while Reutemann hung on a few lengths behind, even making the occasional foray up alongside the Tyrrell's rear wheel under braking, but only once managing to get properly alongside under braking for Crowthorne. On that occasion Scheckter simply 'sat it out' and stayed ahead and, from that point on, Reutemann gave the impression that he might just settle for second place. Fittipaldi dropped away from Depailler as his McLaren developed a misfire, the World Champion making three pit stops before the fault was traced to a slightly loose lead in the distributor. This drama dropped Fittipaldi way down the field and, with Pace dropping back in fourth place and pumping his brake pedal on the straight to ensure he had enough retardation at the next corner, Depailler was left alone to chase the two leaders.

The two Ferraris ran steadily around in fourth and fifth places, Regazzoni not quick enough to keep up with the leaders and Lauda not forceful enough to elbow his way past. Mass was a lonely seventh and then came Stommelen who'd got Ian Scheckter's Tyrrell on his tail from lap 25 onwards. Unfortunately Scheckter senior's unsuccessful efforts to displace the Lola T371 ended rather ignominiously in the catch-fences at Crowthorne Corner on lap 56 after he'd locked the back wheels of his Tyrrell under braking. Nevertheless it had been a game effort, for although he was on his local circuit, he had driven very hard and passed a lot of cars before his accident rather than be promoted to seventh place by other people's misfortunes.

Almost unnoticed, Jarier's Shadow pulled in to retire with a broken exhaust pipe and an overheated engine after 37 laps and 16 laps later Hunt's Hesketh finally stopped with a metering unit failure, having already made a pit stop in the race's opening stages to replace the car's nose section after 'nudging' somebody in the



STRIKE

'traffic jam' on the opening lap. Behind Stommelen and Donohue, Pryce was now on his own while Peterson was ploughing his way past the local Lotuses and his undistinguished team-mate.

Gradually Reutemann faded to a couple of seconds behind the leading Tyrrell, this adding all the more to Scheckter's terrific confidence and the works Tyrrell driver didn't ease his pace at all over the last few laps, finally demoralising the Argentinian over the last few laps and finishing just over three seconds ahead of his opponent after 78 laps racing.

It was a deliriously happy occasion for the thousands of racing fans who swarmed onto the circuit to cheer their local hero and it was nice to hear Ken Tyrrell saying above all the hubbub "don't forget Patrick", the little Frenchman having driven a fine race into third place even though he was overshadowed by Scheckter's big day on his home soil. Pace finished a worn-out fourth, while Regazzoni's Ferrari stopped with a broken throttle linkage seven laps from the end which enabled Lauda to take an uninspired fifth ahead of Mass and Stommelen. Donohue and Pryce were next ahead of the hard-charging Peterson while Tunmer added his piece of effort to what was obviously a great day for South Africa by beating Ickx across the line even though the local Lotus 72s were two laps down on the victorious Tyrrell by the finish. ■

Above: triumph in South Africa, with team-mate Depailler. Left: in Brazil his Tyrrell 007 sprang a terminal oil leak

JODY SCHECKTER

Born: January 29 1950,
East London, South Africa

WINS 10

POLE POSITIONS 3

WIN RATE 9%

FASTEST LAPS 5

111 STARTS

255 POINTS

WORLD CHAMPION 1979

SEBASTIAN VETTEL

BY MARK HUGHES

The German made a stellar start to his Ferrari career, winning at only the second time of asking, but we spoke to him while the team was going through a relatively sticky patch

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, SEPTEMBER 2016

It may seem ridiculous to say it of a four-time world champion, but it's difficult to define where Sebastian Vettel's career is at right now, into the second year of his Ferrari contract. Perhaps it's unfair, but history will probably judge his entire F1 career upon how big a success he makes of his Ferrari years. A great F1 driver and multiple champion, but crossing that line into the immortals might require him returning to Maranello with the big trophy. This is an interview from smack in the middle of this undetermined phase.

You sense there are many opposing things pulling on him at this time; the transition from carefree young racing driver responsible only to himself to that of a family man with two kids waiting for him at home. From poster boy of the Red Bull organisation, responsible for his career since he was a kid, to recruitment into the biggest hot seat on the grid – lead driver for the Scuderia. From someone who turned up at every Grand Prix weekend expecting to win, to someone hoping against hope that he might be able to.

He's brilliantly well equipped for it all. But he wouldn't be human if those strains didn't show from time to time. Happy Seb can still be found on most Grand Prix weekends but punctuated by pensive Seb, under-the-cosh Seb, irritated Seb. Occasionally even angry Seb. It's a huge load he's pulling and Seb being who he is, he's chosen to do it very differently from his predecessor there, Fernando Alonso. After a honeymoon start to the partnership in 2015 – the sunshine of three races victories contrasting with their separate stormy '14 seasons – it's got a lot tougher this year. The Scuderia is under-delivering, has been operationally shaky and with a car that's still not quite good enough. Yet Vettel remains, above all, protective of the team. The situation and his personality have together cast him in the role of leader in a way he never needed to be – or maybe wasn't even equipped to be – when he was winning world titles at Red Bull. ▶





Leading Canada 2016, a race he eventually lost... though he enjoyed the fight on non-degrading tyres

IT'S INTERESTING INTERVIEWING HIM SO shortly after doing the same with Alonso. Two differences characterise their answers: firstly, Vettel's are very much present-orientated, make virtually no reference to the past. Secondly, they are invariably from the perspective of the team rather than himself.

About Montréal, for example, where a possible victory was lost to Ferrari's odd tactical call: "The strategy was criticised but I don't think it was bad. It wasn't like it was a massive mistake, not at all. There was plenty of reason to do it. But what beat us in the end was the fact the degradation of the tyre was not as high as we maybe predicted."

Yes, but that's a very charitable take on what happened there. Which is significant. Does he say stuff like this deliberately to deflect pressure from the team? "Not to be misunderstood, no. It's more I consider myself part of the team and for me it's a great honour to be part of this team and I see people working very hard day in, day out and really giving everything. Here and there, [the criticism] I hear is just not right. I don't want to fall into a game where you start to respond, explain, justify. Because I don't think we are here to justify ourselves. But I sort of sensed at some point that it just wasn't fair to the people inside the team and obviously I have the chance to give something out and that's what I did. I joked to an Italian journalist and said, 'Write something nice,' because sometimes the people in your own country can be your worst enemy. Look at the England football team – the biggest enemy there is probably the British press, ramping up the pressure. Same in Germany. I just think it's good to shake them a bit and wake them up by saying, 'Look you have something great here. Embrace it'."

Unlike most past Scuderia drivers who only got a full understanding of the scale of Ferrari's following once they arrived there (something that even applied to Michael Schumacher), Vettel understood the legend going in. Because he was a fan before he was a driver and talks fondly of the times his father took him to Hockenheim. He knows the sport's history probably better than any other driver, is steeped in it all and wants always to know more. His racing focus does not come at the expense of the world external to his career and there are always lots of references to life outside racing with Seb, whether that's football, history, travel, classic motorbikes, British sit-coms, music. His tastes are down-to-earth and family-orientated; he's not got an array of supercars, doesn't go in for the toys. He gives the impression he's very much at ease with himself and who he is, doesn't have the neurosis of many top performers – though he is savagely competitive beneath the genuine humility.

He's currently going through a Bruce Springsteen phase. "Yeah, I see he's on tour. He's on at Leeds, I think. But I've looked at the dates and I can't make it

work." He has that most blessed of things, a curious mind that operates on many levels simultaneously. The way he will sometimes work an earlier subject of a conversation into a joke much later is reminiscent of the mental sharpness and dexterity of a top comedian. But there's also a keen emotional intelligence that is actually a core part of his success – especially at such a politically sensitive environment as Ferrari.

"The way he makes points is so good," says James Allison. "He doesn't bang the table but he makes the points very clearly nonetheless. But always in a friendly way, a way that's inclusive. He is just a dream to work with." It's an ongoing process; there is still much to address.

A QUADRUPLE CHAMPION IS BY DEFINITION used to the limelight, but at Ferrari it's surely a harsher light? "It's the same," he insists. "For me nothing has changed. Yes, the awareness of the team is different and how people sometimes seem to respond is very different but in the end it shouldn't change a thing. So I think there's always pressure. If you were my boss and said to me, 'OK, now you need to deliver because last race you did a mistake.' Maybe it's not a nice thing to say. It may be the truth but the way to tackle it is I try my best for myself first. It sounds egotistical but that's what I expect from myself and I'm the first to criticise myself. I never try to hold anything back and if I make a mistake I admit it. The pressure I put on myself is bigger than people can put on from the outside.

"We finished second in the constructors last year and so the natural step is to challenge the leader. I actually think the performance of the car and the gap to the leaders has been better than last year. The start of the season, with reliability and stuff, has been a bit wobbly. But we have made progress. The wins we had last year gave us momentum and were an amazing achievement really because, not too long before, everything had changed – a lot of the structure, a lot of people internally changing positions and that all takes time to settle. I wouldn't say we've done everything yet – for sure, not. We are still on a long and steep learning curve – but I'd say we are making good progress.

"The car is a step forward from last year. The first time Kimi and I tried it we felt the same – there was just more grip in every part of the corner, a big step up. But it's fair to say that at times we've struggled to extract the best from it and from the tyres. We had a bad qualifying in Barcelona but good pace, same in Monaco. But at Monaco for example, the car was a lot better than the nine-tenths off pole we were. It just wasn't fair that the car was that far off. I could feel it had the grip in it and I was just pushing too hard. I felt the lap time was there and maybe I was trying too much and should have tried for a lap that was maybe two or three tenths off rather than trying to steal pole position.

"I think I'm sitting in the best seat to judge this sort of thing. Some of the stuff I might share with media ▶



The way he will work an earlier subject into a joke is reminiscent of the mental sharpness of a top comedian



afterwards, some of the stuff I don't. But I share it all here [in the team] and we try to progress."

IT ISN'T ONLY WITHIN THE TEAM THAT HIS natural leadership qualities have been evident. Behind the scenes, he's most frequently the spokesman for the drivers on a wide range of issues. He is the one who will visit Charlie Whiting, talk to Bernie Ecclestone, visit Pirelli, trying to get a full picture. The outside world caught a glimpse of angry Seb at Spa last year when his right-rear Pirelli failed, fortunately just after Eau Rouge rather than mid-corner there. He was similarly unimpressed, but tighter-lipped this time, when another exploding tyre spun him out of the lead in Austria this year at 200mph. But it's not only that which makes him less than a total fan of the Italian tyres. He's been one of the prime movers in pressing for a return to tyres on which drivers can push rather than driving to a delta to maximise stint lengths. Without his pressure behind the scenes on this, the FIA might not have issued its stipulation to Pirelli that the 2017 tyres should be robust enough not to permanently fry when drivers push them to the limit.

"It's about making the driver the limit once again – which he is not at the moment, not usually," he says. "The biggest thing to tackle is race pace. Maybe that's been a bit misunderstood in the past. A big part of the difference between qualifying and race is to do with having a full tank of fuel. The cars start the race very

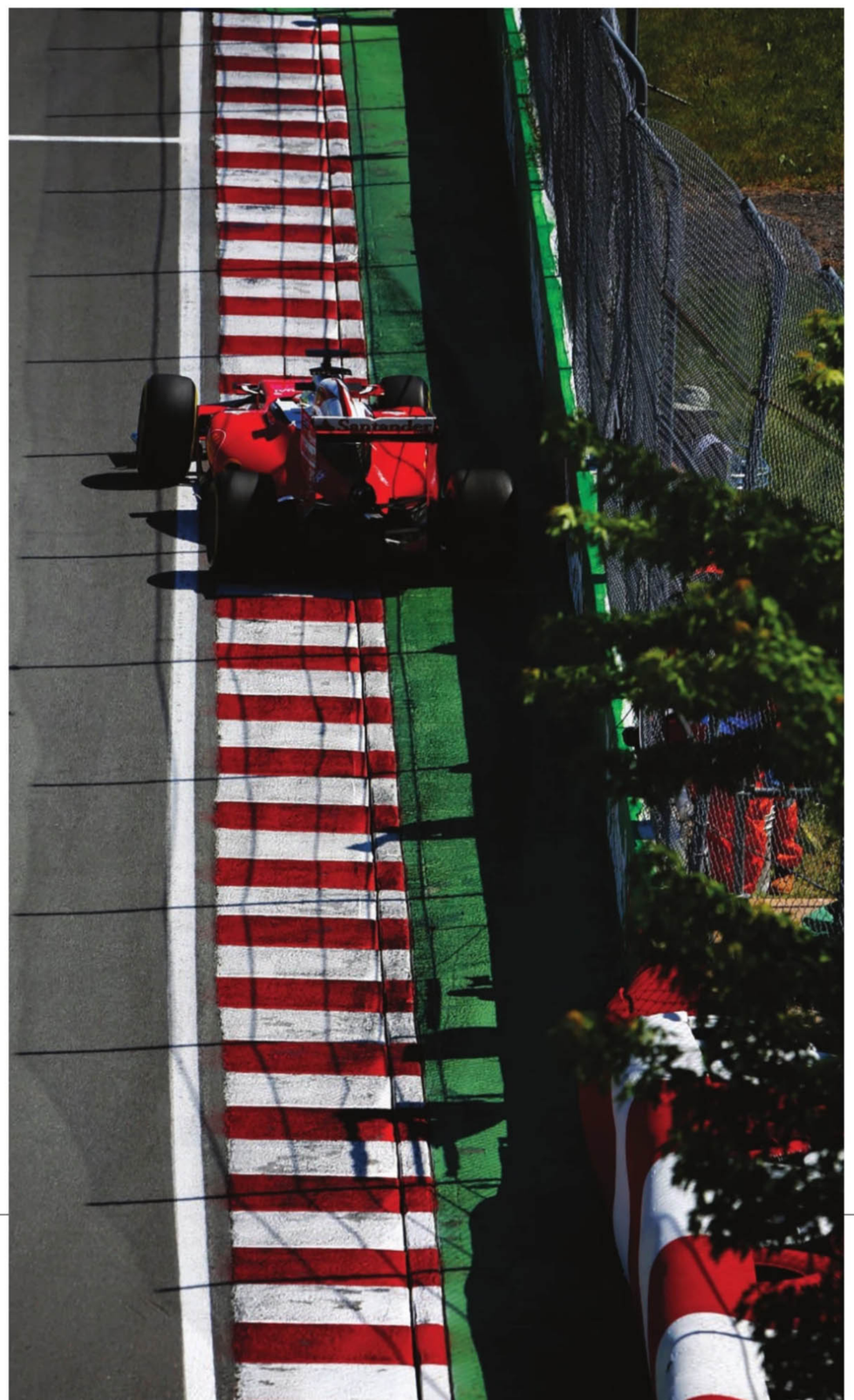












heavy compared to the early 2000s when they'd start with 50kg or less. But that's not the problem. The tyre degradation is often huge – and *that's* the problem. I hope that next year we really will be on the limit in the races – and the driver becomes the limit. I hope he has a physical challenge and a technical challenge and be on the limit. Right now, we are just not. We aren't on holiday but if you look at a picture after the race from 10 years ago and compare to now you can see how different it is. We want it so you have to push and focus yourself every single corner of every single lap. Sometimes it can be like this. In the last stint in Canada, when Lewis and I were fighting, there was no deg and it was like this. Even though I wasn't happy that I was no longer in the lead by that stage, I said to myself during that stint that actually this is a lot of fun. I was able to continually push, push, push. The limit was myself – and once or twice I ran wide, which didn't help, but that's what we want. At the moment usually we are just managing the car rather than driving it on the edge."

Formula 1 would be brilliantly well served if Pirelli can come up with the goods with the '17 tyres and the prospect of seeing Vettel, Hamilton, Alonso, Ricciardo, Verstappen et al pushing each other to the ragged edge is one to be savoured. Ask him how confident he is we'll see this and his face says more than his words: a big 'you've put me on the spot' grin and a delay, then: ▶

Plaudits for third place in Mexico, above. Opposite page, Pirelli dramas in Belgium & Austria; Montréal lock-up

"Erm, not sure. Depends. Depends on how good the tyres will be, how well they'll last. How big the split will be from Saturday to Sunday," then the slick subject change mid-sentence, "and overall if you want my opinion, power-wise, these engines are as good as I have ever experienced. I only did one single test in a V10, the rest was V8s. The sound of these is down but in terms of raw power output, it's really good. But we must tackle the tyre deg; that's the big one."

Another factor in how close to that ragged edge Seb might be pushed could be how well his team-mate Kimi Räikkönen – who had his Ferrari deal extended for another year during the British Grand Prix weekend – can perform.

So far, Räikkönen has continued in the passive Ferrari number two role he occupied during his year alongside Alonso – and there's a general perception that's how Seb likes it. He and Kimi were friends, neighbours and table- tennis partners when Vettel was at Red Bull.

"With Kimi it's great," he says. "Outside the car there are no politics, no games. Here and there I've experienced that in my past, not just in F1. Times when someone is trying to hide something. It's very transparent now, in this generation. It's difficult to hide because if a team-mate doesn't tell you which set-up he runs or changes he makes, you just look it up. So it's just silly and takes away energy, especially when you are trying to catch up, as we are at the minute. Kimi is perfect in this."

WE CAN BE SURE THAT VETTEL WAS CLOSELY consulted in the process. "It's nice if I get asked, nice to be involved, to feel as part of the team. But then again I always try to stay out of these things as well. Equally I don't think it would be right to look for an easy way out. I don't think that really exists to be honest. And it would be silly. If you want to be the best, you might as well have the best driver – or second best if you're convinced that you are the best – in your team. Equally I think if you're not ready for that challenge, what does it feel like when you win?"

Conflicted on the matter? Or just politically adept?

Can he ever win at this team, post-Ross Brawn? Does it still have the stuff of titles within it? But if it were to happen, Vettel's status would finally be Schumacher-like. And what would he do then? "Well first of all I'd be very happy," he grins, "because I'd have achieved what I want to achieve. I don't know yet. Yes, I'm getting older and when people say, 'Oh happy to have you back for the ninth time in Montréal' then you realise you aren't just doing it for a year or two. I'm pretty sure you won't see me here as often as some other drivers; that's just not my style. I am fairly quiet and will probably settle for something quiet. I definitely still want something to do because otherwise I'd go mad. Does it have to be something to do with racing? I don't know yet. I have a couple of things in mind, but they're not ready to present." ■

If a team-mate doesn't tell you which set-up he runs or changes he makes, you look it up. It's just silly. Kimi is perfect in this



SEBASTIAN

VETTEL

Born: July 3 1987,
Heppenheim, Germany

WINS
47

POLE POSITIONS
50

WIN RATE
23.7%

FASTEST LAPS
33

198
STARTS

2425
POINTS

WORLD CHAMPION
2010, 2011,
2012, 2013

NELSON PIQUET

BY ALAN HENRY

Nelson Piquet won his first world championship in just his third full season in Formula 1. To us, it was further proof that great drivers tend to do well from the get-go

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, DECEMBER 1981

Ever since the World Championship for Drivers was instituted in 1950 the business of scoring points in order to take the title has frequently taken a high priority in the minds of competing drivers, even to the stage where it takes preference over the all-out effort to win individual motor races. The result of this has often been that the official world champion has won fewer races than a competitor who has failed to take the title. But in the highly sponsored and commercial world of Formula 1 today, the ultimate prize to be coveted is the championship — even though the best man doesn't always win.

Let's look back to see some examples of this theory. James Hunt, title holder in 1976, has publicly decried Gilles Villeneuve's approach in trying to win individual races at the expense of losing a championship. Taking the Dutch Grand Prix in 1979 as a classic example, he criticises the French-Canadian driver for staying out on the track, battling for the lead with Alan Jones's Williams, when a pit stop to change a deflating tyre on his Ferrari might well have resulted in him finishing the race strongly, thereby beating team-mate Jody Scheckter to the championship. "After all", said Hunt at the time, "this business isn't simply about winning races, it's about world championships." Well that's all a matter of personal opinion. Certainly, Tony Brooks once said that he never had a great deal of confidence in the championship system since 1958 "when Stirling won four races, I won three — and Mike Hawthorn won one and was world champion!" ▶


parmalat



A blow-out at Becketts in the 1981 British GP resulted in a heavy crash, above; Piquet sweeping to victory in Argentina, right

IN 1967 DENNY HULME BECAME TITLE HOLDER with two wins to his credit — Jim Clark won twice that number during the same season. And in 1977 Niki Lauda took his second championship by stealth, chalking up three victories to the four of Mario Andretti. In the Austrian's defence, however, it should be said that he won his first championship in 1975 with a crushing streak of five victories, and repeated that total the following year when he lost the title by a point to James Hunt.

So, we pose the question yet again – what price the world championship? This year two men have scored three wins during the season and four men have scored two. One of the competitors to fall in the former category is 29-year-old Brabham team leader Nelson Piquet and he's the man who has been crowned 1981 world champion. Three wins out of 15 races may not seem like a crushing victory of the first order, but that probably serves to indicate just how competitive Grand Prix racing has become in terms of strong teams rather than how poor the individual drivers might be. But the harsh facts of the matter are that Nelson Souto Maior, who decided to race under his mother's maiden name of Piquet to avoid publicity in the face of disapproving parents, has won the world championship title in his third full season of Grand Prix racing. Some people have held this up as an achievement of considerable merit. In our view all it proves is that good drivers tend to be good from the word go. Jack Brabham won his first title in his second full year of F1, Phil Hill in his third, Jim Clark in his third, Emerson Fittipaldi his second, James Hunt his third and Niki Lauda his fourth. This compares with Mike Hawthorn, whose success came in his sixth year and Jody Scheckter who took the same length of time. Interestingly, Alan Jones seemed an old hand at the F1 game when he became champion in 1980. But in fact it was only his third full season in F1. His rides with Hesketh and Hill (1975), Surtees (1976) and Shadow (1977) did not amount to complete seasons...

Piquet's "learning curve", however, has been particularly impressive. From the moment he arrived in Europe to tackle Formula 3 in 1977, he never failed to seek out, and listen to, good advice from the right quarter. In 1977 he took in a season of European Formula 3. He was reasonably capable, but didn't appear anything terribly special. But with one season's experience under his belt he took the decision to contest the British F3 championships as well as taking in some of the more important European "prestige" races. Driving a works-supported Ralt fettled under the watchful eye of preparation expert Gregg Siddle, Piquet took the British F3 scene by storm, fighting an intense battle for supremacy against Brazilian arch-rival Francesco "Chico" Serra (March) and Derek Warwick (Ralt).

"There was a lot of bad feeling between myself and Serra," Piquet recalls. "His mother worked for the important TV Globo network back in Brazil and Chico was always sending back slanted stories as to how the series was going. He complained a lot about the engines I was using (Piquet's F3 2-litre Toyotas were being prepared, expensively but well, by Novamotor in Italy). Eventually I got so sick of this that I had a large number of *Motoring News* and *Autosport* reports translated into Brazilian, the accuracy of the translation sworn in front of a Notary Public, and sent back to Brazil so everybody could see the truth."

Bernie Ecclestone on Piquet: "He was obviously a thinker but he was a winner as well. And very competitive"

The record, however, speaks quite convincingly in Piquet's favour. He won F3 races by the armful, winning the important BP title and leaving Derek Warwick to beat Serra for the Vandervell series when he moved up to F1 two-thirds of the way through the year. "We had taken our Ralt away from the factory earlier in the season," recalls Piquet, "so that we could develop out special 'tweaks' in private. Now I had a lot of regard for Derek Warwick. He was very quick in the wet and was running a Ralt just like ours. But he wasn't terribly good at setting his car up. So when I moved into Formula 1, I made a point of giving Derek all my chassis settings which enabled him to beat Serra for the other championship. That taught Chico a bit of a lesson!"



INTERESTINGLY, PIQUET'S PROGRESS DIDN'T include any F2 competition. Although this intermediate category is definitely beneficial for the aspiring F1 competitor, in that it provides him with the opportunity of running 100-mile races to provide a "bridge" between the 15-lap club F3 race and the 200-mile Grand Prix, an increasing number of rising stars miss it out altogether. That's because it has become so prohibitively expensive that the really promising men feel that sponsorship money is better raised for a crack at F1 rather than spending two-thirds of an F1 budget on F2, with no guarantee that anybody will take much notice of your success.

In common with many other Grand Prix stars, Piquet's progress in Formula 1 was impressive from the outset. He made an unobtrusive debut in the 1978 German Grand Prix, driving the works Ensign, but this ended with an engine failure after 31 laps of Hockenheim. His performance had seemed confident enough to turn a few heads, and a deal was quickly arranged for him to drive a McLaren M23 owned by BS Fabrications in the Austrian, Dutch and Italian races. The M23 was an outdated car by this time but Piquet ran further up the field than expected, outperforming F2 ace Bruno Giacomelli's later works McLaren M26 at Zandvoort to underline his tremendous potential. BS Fabrications by this time had its own F1 design at the mock-up stage in preparation for 1979 and desperately searched round for sufficient money to complete the programme. The team hoped to sign Piquet to drive it, but the whole idea never got off the ground. Meanwhile, Piquet's performance had attracted the attention of Brabham team owner Bernie Ecclestone. "I was impressed with Nelson ever since he'd come to ask me my advice during his F3 days," remembers Ecclestone. "He was obviously a thinker, but he was a winner as well. And very competitive..." After some brief negotiations, Piquet was signed to succeed John Watson as Niki Lauda's team-mate – and actually made his debut with the team as a third entry in the 1978 Canadian Prix at Montréal.

For 1979 Brabham collaborated with Alfa Romeo to produce a new Formula 1 package, replacing the flat 12-powered BT46 with the V12-cylinder BT48. ▶

Piquet leads Reutemann, Pironi and Watson at Zolder, 1981, above. At Monaco that same year, right, and winning in Germany, bottom

After an initially promising debut, these overweight and thirsty machines dropped out of contention which meant that Lauda and Piquet had a generally disappointing year. There was only one BT48 raced at Buenos Aires, for Lauda, leaving Piquet to drive a flat-12 in his first GP as official number two in the team. Hardly had the race got under way than Nelson found himself embroiled in a first corner pile-up caused by another competitor and was lifted out of the

A team management mix-up meant that the spare car's practice engine hadn't been changed the previous night

smashed BT46 with a chipped bone in his ankle. Two weeks later he showed commendable determination in starting his home Grand Prix at Interlagos in considerable pain, but now in a BT48-V12. There was no question of his surviving a full race distance, so his car went to the grid fitted with soft qualifying tyres and half full fuel tanks. Predictably, he made quite an impression while he lasted!

A few weeks later in South Africa we saw Piquet give further indications of his long-term potential. The Brabham BT48s finished sixth and seventh with Lauda just ahead as they crossed the finishing line. Lauda paid his youthful team-mate a rare tribute: "Bloody Piquet. Every time I look in the mirror, there he was. So I thought 'Right, I'll try really hard for a couple of laps and get rid of you.' So I got my head down and gave it everything I'd got. Then looked in the mirror... and he was still just as close!"

As the season wore on, Piquet increasingly got on terms with Lauda during practice sessions. Many people attributed that to a loss of competitive spirit on the Austrian's part, but Nelson is quick to quash this assessment of the situation. "I promise you, it was all a question of equipment. Those Alfa V12s varied so alarmingly you never knew what to expect when you'd had an engine change. One would rev 600rpm higher than another, so if you had a bad one there was nothing you could do about it. Throughout the year Niki and I were separated by a few tenths on most starting grids, irrespective of the engine situation. We were about the same weight and I always felt that if a driver was the same weight as me, then we were potentially in with an even chance. But there were times when I simply knew I'd got the better engine. I would sit in the pits and watch Niki charge round as quickly as he could; but there was no way. I realised just how bad some of his engines were, as were some of mine!"

At the end of 1979 Lauda decided that he was





retiring (a decision that held for only two seasons!) and the Austrian abruptly walked out on his team in practice for the Canadian GP. This decision left Piquet as team leader at the time Brabham was beginning to race the Cosworth-engined BT49. Ecclestone took the decision to switch to Cosworth power because he knew that Alfa was planning to field its own works effort the following year, and he didn't want his team running the danger of being left 'second best' when it came to engine supply.

Piquet immediately found the Cosworth "smooth and progressive compared with the Alfa V12. The complete opposite of what everybody had told me. The 12 snapped in unexpectedly. With the V8 everything was lovely and responsive. It did exactly what you wanted it to do."

IT WAS AT THE WHEEL OF THE COSWORTH-engined BT49 that Nelson Piquet began to carve his F1 reputation as a leading contender. He started the 1980 season with a good second place to Jones's Williams at Buenos Aires and then won the Long Beach street race, leading magnificently from start to finish. By the end of the season he'd added the Italian and Dutch Grands Prix to his tally of victories and went into the Canadian Grand Prix at Montréal with a chance of beating Jones for the championship. Unfortunately the two touched at the first bend, sparking off a multiple pile-up that resulted in the race being stopped. For the subsequent ▶





Piquet clinched the 1981 title after finishing fifth in Las Vegas

restart Piquet transferred into his spare BT49 owing to minor suspension damage on his other chassis, but a team management mix-up meant that the spare car's practice engine hadn't been changed the previous night. That spelled engine failure when Nelson was comfortably ahead – and the championship went to Jones. "I wasn't really too disappointed," reflects Nelson, "because I wasn't expecting to be challenging for the championship in my first year as team leader. You know, Brabham gave me a fantastic deal, really. When I was younger it was always my ambition to drive for Brabham. Some people hope to drive for Ferrari or Lotus, but I always wanted to be in the Brabham team. I don't know why, but that's the truth."

One of the strongest facts in making the Brabham team as strong as it currently is must be the quiet, unflustered presence of Gordon Murray at the head of the technical side of things. The quiet South African-born designer, now a naturalised British subject, has built up a reputation for first-class engineering and innovation over the past few years. He developed a sympathetic and successful working relationship with Lauda and that has simply carried on into the Piquet era. In many ways, Murray feels that Lauda's character has rubbed off on Piquet. The Brazilian's mannerisms and dry humour art very reminiscent of the Austrian, as is his approach to the business of racing. In fact, Murray feels that, in 1981, Piquet has probably improved to the point where he's better than Lauda was at the peak of his career – and instill improving.

"Nelson learned a great deal from Niki, particularly about testing," insists Murray. "He now knows just what information I need and what I'm not bothered with. He can also come to a conclusion, very quickly, about what should be done to the car to effect the desired improvement in performance. I first realised how much he was learning in 1979 and, certainly, he was as good as Lauda by the end of last year. Now I

think he's probably better. And I don't think he'll stop improving. I would expect him to go on performing well and to peak out in about three years, when he is 32 years old. I feel that's about the optimum age for a Grand Prix driver to be performing at his best."

IN 1981 PIQUET'S THREE VICTORIES HAVE BEEN in the Argentine, San Marino and German Grands Prix. He drove well in all three races, although his critics will be quick to point out that he had the benefit of hydro-pneumatic suspension in Buenos Aires, allowing the Brabham BT48C to develop more ground effect than its rivals. Many people thought this to be highly illegal at the time (although everybody was using similar systems within a couple of races!) and considered that Piquet had a manifestly unfair advantage. But the reality is that there are only winners and losers in the Formula 1 game – and Piquet won the Argentine Grand Prix. He drove superbly at Imola, winning the San Marino race after a splendid drive through from eighth place, and he capitalised on other people's misfortunes to win at Hockenheim. On the debit side, an incredibly stupid decision to start on slick dry-weather tyres in the rain at Rio cost him victory on home ground and he allowed himself to be pressured into an error at Monaco when Jones was breathing down his neck. Another error, when he slid off the road in the Spanish Grand Prix, plus concern over the totally exhausted and dehydrated condition he was in at the end of the Las Vegas race, raised questions as to his physical fitness. They are questions, criticisms, which Piquet doesn't avoid answering.

"Once you've been racing F1 for a few years, the physical side seems to become a bit easier. You're not so tense, you learn to relax in the cockpit. That means there is a temptation to stop exercising. I trained a lot for my first three seasons, but now I've eased up. I suppose I should do more, but I don't smoke, drink and I always have a lot of sleep. I'm quite fit, I think." But Piquet's physique is that of a jockey. Jones, who doesn't train and likes his beer, is built like an ox in comparison. Piquet has been told that he must get himself into better physical shape for 1982.

So how does one judge Nelson Piquet, 1981 world champion? At the end of the day, ignoring everybody else's excuses, it was Piquet who won the title by the rules of the game in force at the time. Some of his drives may have made it appear that he was driving "strategically", in the mould of Lauda, for points rather than wins. And he wouldn't dispute that he was taking that approach in the last few races. In 1982 we will see Nelson Piquet in his true light. Now that he has won the championship, will he ease off, ambition satisfied, or will he race on to prove that he can cross that thin dividing line between "good" and "very good"? If he does the latter then he stands a good chance of becoming the first man to win two consecutive world titles since Jack Brabham in 1959 and 1960. ■

NELSON PIQUET

Born: 17 August 1952,
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

WINS 23

POLE POSITIONS 24

WIN RATE 11.3%

FASTEST LAPS 23

204 STARTS

485.5 POINTS

WORLD CHAMPION
1981, 1983, 1987

TAZIO NUVOLARI

BY ROB WIDDOWS

On this part of the world you can gaze up at the balcony made famous by Romeo and Juliet. You can wander the streets of Brescia, home of the Mille Miglia, and imagine Moss and Jenks whistling through in their Mercedes-Benz. You can meander down to Maranello; see the empire that Enzo built.

Or you can spend a day in Mantua where Romeo was exiled after killing Tybalt, and where Tazio Nuvolari is worshipped to this day. He is a god, this man they call Il Mantovano Volante, the Flying Mantuan.

We are in the heart of motor racing country, where the Vatican vies with Ferrari for devotion, where Alberto Ascari, Nuvolari and Achille Varzi were born and raised. Names that stir the pulse of every red-blooded racing fan. Mention Tazio to any man in Mantua and he will smile, gaze heavenward, nod approvingly. This was no ordinary racing driver, no mere superstar. No, this is someone revered and respected more than half a century after his death.

I have been following the ghost of a man considered to be one of the all-time greats. The man who, according to Enzo Ferrari, invented the four-wheel drift, a driver who made cars bend to his will, dance to his deft touch. Ferrari, not known for his generosity but a shrewd judge of talent, said Nuvolari "could win with any kind of car, in any circumstances and on any track". ▶

To many he remains the greatest of the great, able to wrest victory seemingly from nowhere. In his home town of Mantua especially, he is still revered by young and old

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, FEBRUARY 2010


PIRELLI
AUTO-UNION



“The poet D’Annuncio presented the racer with a golden tortoise. ‘To the fastest man in the world, the slowest animal’, he said”

In his home town of Mantua there is mercifully little sign of Tazio tat for tourists. There is Tazio Toys, complete with red racing car logo, and Ristorante Nuvolari, which turns out to be an unpretentious eatery tucked down a back street. Inquiries at the tourist office are met with a friendly shrug. Yes, there used to be a Nuvolari museum, but the building was closed for repairs and… well, it just never opened again. So very Italian.

But there is one place where every fan must go. A major exhibition at the magnificent Palazzo Te is celebrating the life of Nuvolari, beautifully weaving together the various strands of his life. Entitled ‘Quando Scatta Nuvolari’ (When Nuvolari Shoots) the exhibition displays the man’s photographic archive as well as the cars and motorcycles he raced. Lost for decades after his death in 1953, hundreds of dusty old tins of film were recently discovered among documents inherited by the Automobile Club Mantova.

My pilgrimage begins in Castel d’Ario, a small town on the flat plains of the River Mincio just a few miles from Mantua. In a nice touch of irony, the town is twinned with Galliate, home of Nuvolari’s arch-rival Varzi. Somebody has a sense of humour. Nuvolari was born here in the family home, which still stands on the edge of town. A simple stone plaque is the only clue. A few yards down the road a bronze statue stands atop a marble plinth, inscribed to ‘Nivola – Campione Automobilistico di Tutti Tempi’ (Nuvolari – champion driver of all time). He is almost hidden by trees, staring out as life goes by, a laurel wreath and the famous goggles slung around his neck, leather gloves on his hands.

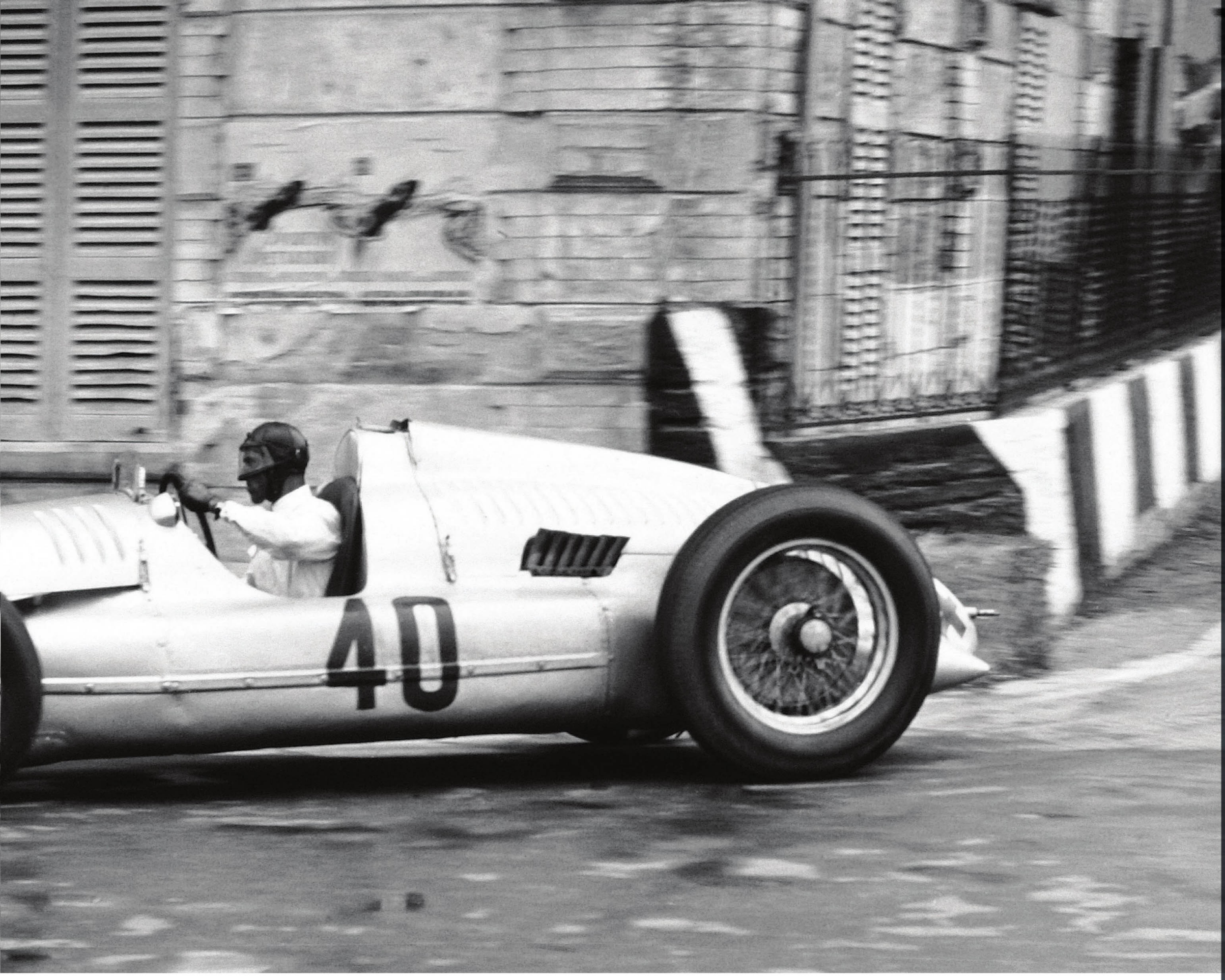
In the winter of 1892 Arturo Nuvolari, a wealthy











Tired of Alfa's unreliability, in 1938 Nuvolari signed with Auto Union and went on to renewed glory

farmer and bicycle racer, and his wife Elisa were preparing for the birth of their first child. Little could they have imagined that their son would go on to become arguably the world's greatest racing driver. His uncle Giuseppe was a multiple national champion bike racer and was the early catalyst for young Tazio's competitive spirit. Dashing around the lanes of Lombardi, he fell in love with speed, the thrill of the chase. He was daring, fast, and he seemed to have no fear.

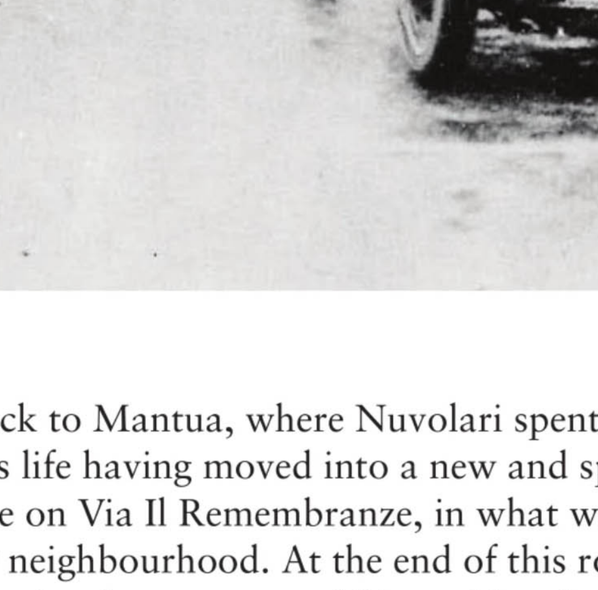
Pedals soon gave way to power: Nuvolari took up motorcycle racing in his early twenties. He was immediately successful, but this early career was cut short by the outbreak of World War I. Having served as an army driver, he returned to two wheels and moved, with his new wife Carolina, to the family farm at Ronchesana on the plains of the River Po not far from Castel d'Ario. Today the farm is deserted, the gardens overgrown and the fine house in sad disrepair. But you can imagine him recovering here in the peaceful fields after the heat of battle.

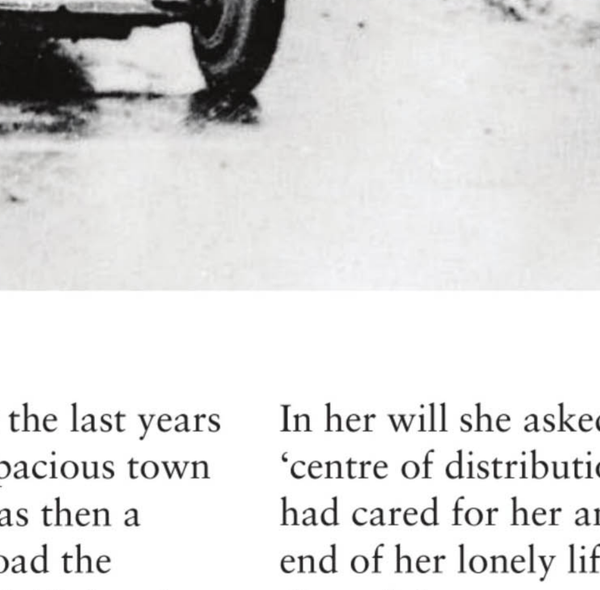
Nuvolari's success on two wheels had brought him to the attention of Alfa Romeo, but an initial test at Monza did not go well. The Alfa's gearbox seized and he crashed heavily. But this was just the start. For five years Nuvolari raced both cars and motorcycles, switching between his beloved Bianchi bikes and a Bugatti T35. In 1931 he returned to Alfa Romeo, with whom he will forever be associated. Immediately competitive, he won the Targa Florio and the following year he took the European championship, establishing a reputation for exceptional skill and bravery.

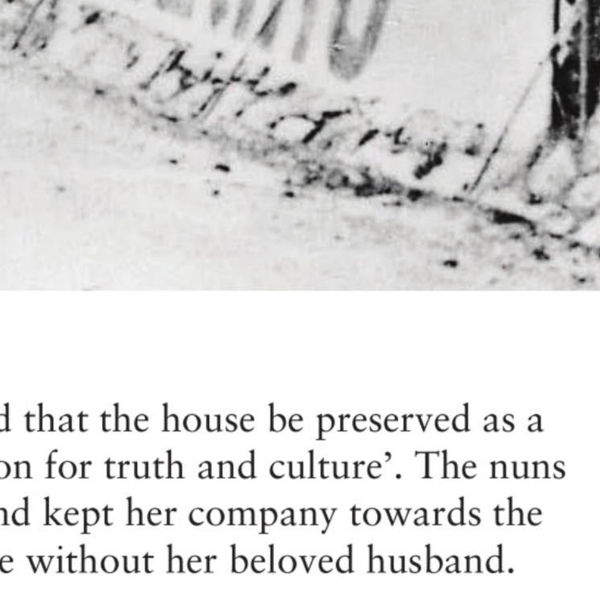
As his fame spread, Nuvolari was introduced to the poet Gabriele D'Annunzio who in 1932 presented the racer with a golden tortoise. "To the fastest man in the world, the slowest animal," he said and, from that day on, Nuvolari carried the badge of a tortoise inscribed with the letters TN on his clothing, his stationery and, later, his aeroplane. It was his talisman, his lucky charm, a part of his legacy. His career went from strength to strength, with Alfa Romeo and Maserati, and for Ferrari with whom he had a fruitful but feisty relationship. He later joined Auto Union where he was said to be earning one million lire in 1938. Nuvolari had stormed out of Alfa Romeo, critical of its race preparation after a series of failures, and announced his retirement. But the mighty German team tempted him back for two seasons before the outbreak of World War II. ▶

Back to Mantua, where Nuvolari spent the last years of his life having moved into a new and spacious town house on Via Il Remembranze, in what was then a leafy neighbourhood. At the end of this road the square has been re-named Piazza Nuvolari. Today the house is occupied by the Figlie di San Paolo, the sisters of Saint Paul, a religious order to whom Nuvolari's widow Carolina left the house when she died in 1981. In her will she asked that the house be preserved as a 'centre of distribution for truth and culture'. The nuns had cared for her and kept her company towards the end of her lonely life without her beloved husband. One of the nuns, persuaded by historian and exhibition co-curator Adolfo Orsi, allows us inside. It is a strange experience, the dining room just as it was when the Nuvolaris entertained their friends to dinner. His study

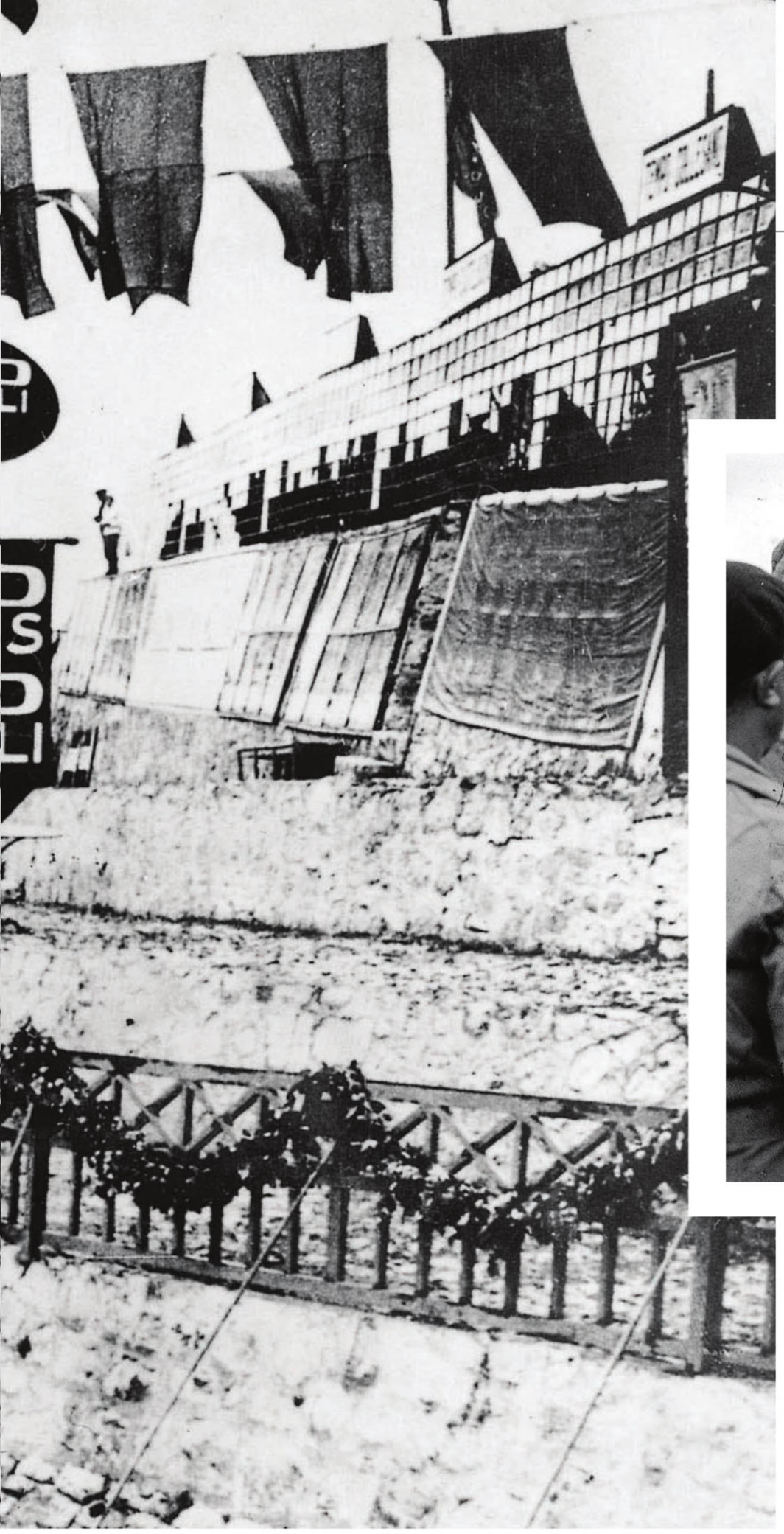








TAZIO NUVOLARI





In 1931 Nuvolari became a full-time Alfa Romeo driver, winning the Targa Florio, left, though in the TT, above, his 8C engine let him down

has an air of peace and tranquillity, the trophies, medals and garlands long ago removed for safe keeping. Upstairs is the room where he died. Photographs are not allowed.

Partially hidden by high walls, the house remains largely anonymous, save for a bronze plaque on the wall depicting the couple's sons, Giorgio and Alberto. It is a moving reminder that, amid the fame and glory of a great career, there was pain and tragedy. Both boys died as teenagers, Giorgio of heart disease in 1937, his younger brother from kidney disease in 1946. In spite of his tough and rugged exterior, Nuvolari suffered from asthma and his health deteriorated rapidly as he mourned the loss of his children. He drove his last race in 1950.

At the Palazzo Te, tourists and devotees stand shoulder to shoulder in admiration of the Nuvolari archive. A small boy and his grandfather are staring at a dramatic picture of the great man flinging an Alfa Romeo 8C Monza round the streets of Monte Carlo on his way to winning the 1932 Grand Prix de Monaco. Less than two months later Vittorio Jano introduced his new Tipo B and Nuvolari won again at Monza and Reims. This was one of the rare seasons in which he consistently had one of the fastest cars and he could do no wrong. In that same year he won the Targa Florio for the second time. His mechanic Paride Mabelli, describing their victory, related how Nuvolari instructed him to sit on the floor every time he shouted – a signal that the driver was on the limit and wanted to lower the car's centre of gravity. Mabelli spent almost the entire race on the floor, Nuvolari shouting at the first fast corner and not relenting until the last one.

The old man and the boy move on. They have seen Nuvolari's family life, his holiday snaps, his visit to Indianapolis, his turbulent times with Alfa, Maserati and Ferrari. Now they stand before an image of what many believe to be Nuvolari's finest hour – the 1935 German GP at the Nürburgring. He had rejoined Enzo Ferrari's team, despite an earlier row with the founder, and was up against the Titans, Mercedes and Auto Union, in clearly inferior equipment. He was 43 years old. The Alfa Romeo Tipo B was out of date. He started the race from the front row but was delayed by a pitstop, charging back out into the forests with renewed ambition. The task appeared impossible but Nuvolari drove like a man possessed, catching and passing the leaders until only Manfred von Brauchitsch in the Mercedes-Benz W25B was ahead. The German's tyres could not take the punishment of pursuit and the diminutive Italian went on to win by more than two minutes. It is the stuff of legend.

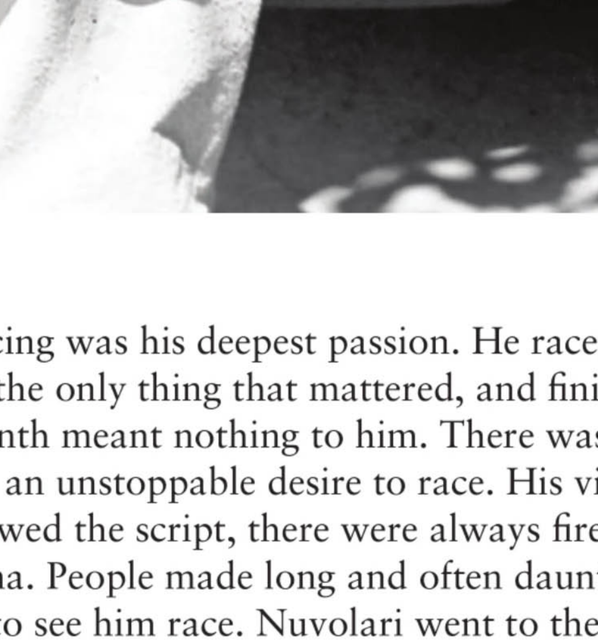
"He was a soul possessed by the demon of speed," says Gianni Cancellieri, co-curator of the exhibition. ▶

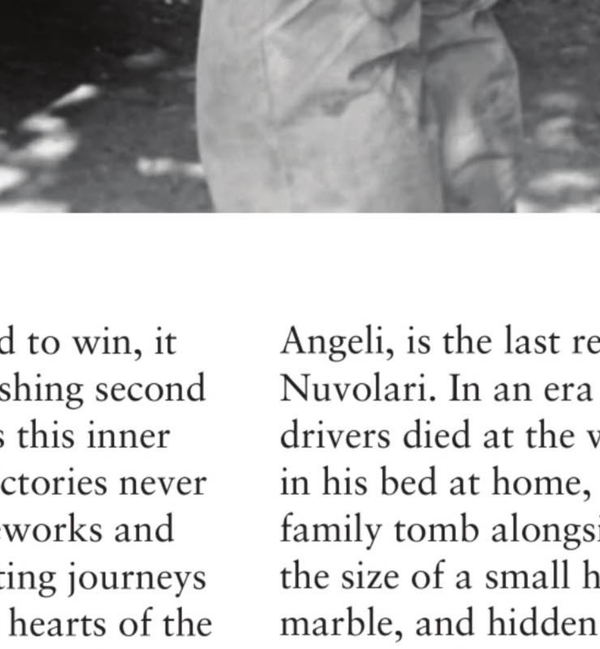
Despair as Nuvolari retires from the 1938 Coppa Acerbo when his Auto Union loses its fuel pressure

"Racing was his deepest passion. He raced to win, it was the only thing that mattered, and finishing second or tenth meant nothing to him. There was this inner fury, an unstoppable desire to race. His victories never followed the script, there were always fireworks and drama. People made long and often daunting journeys just to see him race. Nuvolari went to the hearts of the people with his mix of exceptional human depth and extraordinary charisma."

Our journey ends on the road that leads out of Mantua towards Cremona. Here, at the Cimitero Degli Angeli, is the last resting place of the Famiglia Nuvolari. In an era when most of the great Grand Prix drivers died at the wheel, the bravest of them all died in his bed at home, his last wish to be laid to rest in the family tomb alongside his beloved sons. The tomb is the size of a small house, made almost entirely of marble, and hidden among the heavy branches of an ancient cedar tree. Inside, in the shadow of a single candle, a framed photograph of the man at the wheel of an Auto Union and his leather helmet lie alongside the coffin. Outside, above the door, is a simple









TAZIO NUVOLARI

“He was so tough, so determined, so fast, and so... romantic. He made a bad car good. The whole of Italy loved him”

inscription, ‘Correrai Ancor Piu Veloce Per Le Vie Del Cielo’. It reads, ‘You will race faster still on the streets of heaven’.

Earlier at the Palazzo Te, a group had gathered around another image, talking excitedly. This was the man aboard an Auto Union at the Nürburgring in 1939. Head back, elbow out, left arm high, holding the big car on opposite lock. He was at the height of his powers, having missed an earlier opportunity with Auto Union after Varzi refused to have him as his team-mate. Later in life Varzi, who was killed in practice for the 1948 Swiss GP, admitted that his rival was “the boldest, most skilful madman of us all. Not a maestro, but an artist. A maestro can teach, but art cannot be taught”. Praise indeed for an Italian who had rattled his cage on many occasions.

The group moves down the line of photographs to 1946, the first post-war season, and here they see a different Nuvolari, gritting his teeth against the pain of injury and steering with only his right hand. “He was so tough, so determined, so fast and so… romantic,” the old man tells the boy. “He made a bad car good. The whole of Italy loved him.” Not just the whole of Italy. Dr Ferdinand Porsche is reported to have described Nuvolari as “the greatest racing driver of the past, the present and the future”. In Italy you feel the reverence, the romance and the adulation. To study the bare facts, the statistics, you may turn to the history books.

Was he the greatest of them all? It doesn’t matter. It’s not the point. He is, and always will be, a hero. There is not a man alive with racing in his blood who will ever forget the feats of the little man from Mantua. ■

TAZIO

NUVOLARI

Born: November 16 1892, Castel d’Ario, Italy.
Died: August 11 1953, Mantua, Italy

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP

WINS 4

POLE POSITIONS 33

WIN RATE 13.3%

30 STARTS

EUROPEAN CHAMPION 1932

AYRTON SENNA

BY ALAN HENRY

The Brazilian showed great promise during his maiden F1 season... and by the second race of his sophomore campaign he was a Grand Prix winner. He did it in style, too

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, JUNE 1985

It would probably be a very slight exaggeration to suggest that Ayrton Senna has brought a fresh standard of driving excellence to Formula One simply on the strength of his splendid flag-to-flag victory in the Portuguese Grand Prix at Estoril, but it wouldn't be too much of an exaggeration. It was a masterly performance for two or three reasons. Obviously, the fact that Senna started from pole position after establishing the fastest qualifying times in the two official sessions was one of them, but the way he handled himself in the race and assessed his own performance afterwards indicated that here was a quite unusually objective racing driver with the capacity for intelligent self-appraisal.

Senna's 1min 21.007sec fastest lap around the Estoril autodrome meant that he beat Alain Prost's McLaren MP4/2B by almost 0.4sec and, with rain falling steadily, the Brazilian made it a case of "no contest" once the race got underway. He might have had a troubled practice, the Lotus mechanics taking some time to pinpoint the cause of a misfire that had troubled his car in Brazil, while his spare car had clutch trouble and stranded him out on the circuit during one untimed session, but the race was no problem whatsoever. Quickly mastering the technique of running in the highest possible gear at all times, thereby minimising wheelspin on the treacherous track surface, Senna drove away into the distance and lapped everybody bar second-placed Michele Alboreto's Ferrari 156/85. ▶



BRAVELY, AND IN DETERMINED STYLE, SENNA'S team-mate Elio de Angelis came sprinting through from his position outside Keke Rosberg's Williams FW10 on the second row, and the Italian did his level best to keep up for the first few laps. Some people thought he was 'protecting' Senna from any non-Lotus challenge, but the fact of the matter was that the latter required no such assistance. Within 15 laps he was out of sight and de Angelis's concentration was focused on fending off Prost's McLaren, which shadowed him relentlessly from the start.

Time after time Prost seemed close enough to get by, occasionally edging the McLaren's nose alongside the Lotus, but Elio was driving with tremendous composure and refused to be ruffled into a mistake. As the race progressed, so the rain intensified to the point where huge lakes were forming on the start/finish straight and the drivers hardly dared take their eyes off the road to read their pit signals, such was the degree of concentration required. At one point Senna actually slid off the circuit, getting all four wheels on the grass, as he went down the hill behind the paddock, and later dismissed idolatrous reports that it was a brilliant piece of car control with an honest, "It was just luck that it came back on the road!" Funny how top drivers seem to make their own luck...

EVENTUALLY IT WAS THE NORMALLY COOL Prost whose McLaren pirouetted off on the standing water in front of the pits. Bobbing along in de Angelis's wake, the red and white car suddenly snapped into a series of spins, glanced the guard rail opposite the pit wall and shuddered to a halt with a stalled engine. That little drama handed Michele Alboreto third place on a plate and he took up the attack on de Angelis, finally slipping through ahead of the Lotus on lap 43, although at this stage the Ferrari found itself a minute behind Senna and with no realistic chance of catching up. All Michele could do was to prevent himself being lapped, a task successfully achieved by the time the sodden chequered flag came out after 67 laps and two hours of racing.

Immediately after Alboreto slipped past him, de Angelis slid wide on an uphill right-hander, an excursion that probably contributed to the slow puncture he sustained in one of his front Goodyears shortly before the finish. He thus had to ease his pace slightly in order to stay in control and was unable to ▶



Early stages of the 1985 Portuguese GP, with Senna leading de Angelis, Prost, Alboreto, Warwick, Lauda and the rest

Some people thought de Angelis was 'protecting' Senna from any non-Lotus challenge, but the latter needed no such assistance



AYRTON SENNA

fend off Patrick Tambay's Renault RE60, which came storming confidently through to take third place ahead of him at the end. The top half dozen was completed by Nigel Mansell's Williams FW10 and the Cosworth DFY-engined Tyrrell 012 of Stefan Bellof. Mansell's performance was quite noteworthy after a troubled practice, during which he crashed heavily after being knocked off the circuit by the warring Alfa Romeo 'team-mates' Riccardo Patrese and Eddie Cheever. Then, on the warm-up lap, Mansell spun again and damaged his Williams' nose section, so he pulled in for repairs and was obliged to start from the pit lane once the field had departed. He drove with just the right blend of restraint and determination to complete the race a few lengths ahead of Bellof, the German's Tyrrell sporting a frayed nose section damaged in an earlier collision with Manfred Winkelhock's RAM.

The other Williams of Keke Rosberg stalled at the start and was clipped by Jonathan Palmer's debutant Zakspeed 841 as the German car accelerated away from the grid. Palmer sustained suspension damage that resulted in his early retirement, while the Williams's legacy was a damaged tyre that was later replaced when the Finn made a quick pitstop.

The somewhat sudden power delivery that characterises the Honda V6 engine eventually caught Rosberg out, however, and he spun into the barrier on the right-hander before the pits, slightly injuring his hand in the process. "It's either got nothing – or 7,000bhp!" quipped Rosberg on the subject of the Japanese engine.



SINCE THE BRAZILIAN GRAND PRIX, RENÉ Arnoux had abruptly left the Ferrari team, although whether he was fired or resigned will be a matter of some debate for many months to come. His consistently disappointing form over the past season, allied to problems recovering from a leg muscle operation over the winter, were touted as the reasons behind his departure. His place was taken by the popular Swede Stefan Johansson, whom Alex Hawkridge of Toleman released from any further commitment to the English team. Ferrari's new boy qualified a cautious 11th and had his race prospects compromised when he was rammed early on by the impetuous Patrese, spinning both Ferrari and Alfa Romeo off the circuit. Johansson was the only one to continue and he finally finished eighth immediately behind Derek Warwick's Renault RE60, despite a stop to change tyres and free a sticking front brake. Warwick had briefly poked into the top six in the early stages, but made a precautionary pitstop after spinning lightly into a guard rail, and was disappointed that he could only finish seventh. Pirelli's wet-weather rubber was totally ineffectual and Nelson Piquet was reduced to the status of pathetic also-ran in the appalling conditions, skittering round at walking pace in his Brabham BT54-BMW – a derivative of the car that monopolised pole position in 1984. Nelson made



AYRTON SENNA



One of the decade's most celebrated racing images: Lotus team boss Peter Warr greets Senna in the persistent deluge

so many stops during the race that he actually changed into some dry overalls on one occasion, before finally calling a day to the whole disappointing affair.

Similarly handicapped by their Pirellis, the Ligier team first had Jacques Laffite pull out of the race on his own initiative, and then de Cesaris was called in on the Frenchman's recommendation, so Winkelhock's RAM was the only Pirelli runner left at the end, creeping round gently at the back. Niki Lauda's retirement with engine failure made this an event of minor, short-term historic significance. For with Prost out as well, it was the first time a McLaren had not finished a Grand Prix since Dallas last summer. More importantly, it was the first time a McLaren had failed to win a Grand Prix since the event in that sunscorched Texas city.

It was difficult to imagine a more worthy performer than Ayrton Senna to dislodge McLaren International from its impressively dominant pedestal. ■

AYRTON

SENNA

Born: March 21 1960, São Paulo, Brazil
Died: May 1 1994, Bologna, Italy

WINS
41

POLE POSITIONS
65

WIN RATE
25.5%

FASTEST LAPS
19

161
STARTS

614
POINTS

WORLD CHAMPION
1988, 1990, 1991

JIM CLARK

BY PAUL FEARNLEY

Stark results tell one tale of the quiet Scot's unstoppable ride to the 1963 title. But in parallel with F1, Clark's diary reveals his non-stop urge to race

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, AUGUST 2013

The year of Profumo, great train robbers, 'loveable mop tops' – and the grassy knoll. In its midst, a quiet Scottish hill farmer delivered on all the promise that had been so smack-in-the-face obvious to lovers of motor racing in the three seasons past. Fifty years ago, Jim Clark embarked on a run of success that would confirm him as the greatest racing driver in the world, perhaps the greatest we'd yet seen – or would ever see. These were indeed halcyon days. Silverstone Classic, the world's largest historic race meeting, will celebrate Clark's '63 season on July 26-28. No wonder. In this unforgettable year, Clark and Team Lotus first headed west to take on the Indianapolis 500; back in Europe and armed with Colin Chapman's groundbreaking monocoque Type 25, they won the first of five British Grands Prix; then between regular (and endless) continental sorties – perhaps in Chapman's Piper Commanche or Jack Brabham's Cessna – they claimed that historic first world title. The scope of Clark's season would be unrecognisable, impractical and plain impossible to such as Sebastian Vettel. So for the record, here it is: the breakdown of the days, weeks and months that made Jimmy the most cherished talent of his era.

"I knew long before it began that 1963 was going to be a hectic, and probably an eventful, season. But I could never have dreamed that the climax of the year's racing would be an afternoon on which I would rise to the heights of happiness and plunge to the depths of misery all within a few hours"
Jim Clark at the Wheel, February 1964

Lotus boss Colin Chapman worked his star turn hard and Jim Clark was ultra-keen to please at this stage of his career. Though shy with strangers, he revelled in his public displays of virtuosity. Driving was how he expressed himself best. Time spent at his family's Borders farm recharged the batteries, but he was most serene behind the wheel. It was where his doubts, worries and rivals fell away.

He could with apparent ease drive anything faster than anyone else could or cared to. This talent had broadened his horizons and he was eager for yet more new challenges: it was in 1963, with its added incentive of the Indianapolis 500 – a journey into the unknown – that he confirmed his greatness. ▶


ESSO
DUNLOP

A YEAR TO SAVOUR

Jim Clark's diary

MARCH

7th Clark samples the prototype Lotus Indycar at Snetterton. A lengthened, strengthened Type 25 F1 chassis, the Type 29 features (for now) 'stack' exhausts, symmetrical suspension and bolt-on wheels. Despite a recalcitrant 4.2-litre pushrod Ford V8, he beats easily his 2.5-litre F1 track record, and impresses when his report of an exhaust rattle unearths a spare bolt caught between tub and primaries.

14th With Chapman and the 29, now painted green, he flies to LA, meets Dan Gurney and his crew and travels with them to Ford's five-mile banked oval at Kingman, Arizona.

7-18th He shares the testing with Gurney and laps at 165mph. The engine, however, remains a concern.

23rd A modified V8 arrives at Indy minus several ancillaries, which are obtained from two rented Fairlane sedans. So much for Ford's million-dollar attack!

24th Clark gives the 29 its first run at Indy, lapping at 140-144mph while assessing suspension and carburettor settings.

25th He laps at 146mph before being halted by wind and rain.

26th A washout.

27th More bad weather curtails hopes of a morning run, and he and Chapman return home to contest the Lombank Trophy.

30th Having put his 25 on pole at a sodden Snetterton – by 2.4sec! – Clark's race develops into a lead dice with world champion Graham Hill's BRM. Troubled by grabbing brakes, the Lotus man finishes second, 11.2sec in arrears.

APRIL

6th Clark leads a Lotus 23B sweep of the first four places in the British Empire Trophy sports car race at Oulton Park. He is driving for Normand Racing.

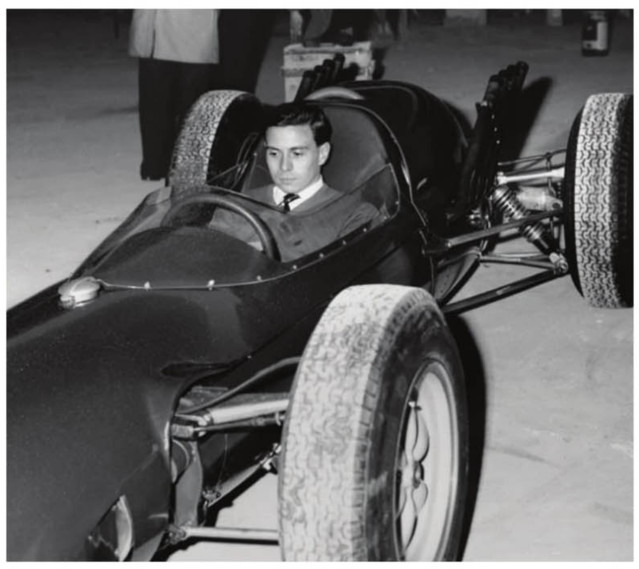
12th A lift to Edinburgh, a 'hop' to London, and a flight to southwest France: Continental start money has overtaken plans to contest Goodwood's Glover Trophy.

13th Despite being unhappy with his 25's handling on Dunlop's new R6, he is three seconds faster than the rest during an overcast afternoon practice for the Pau Grand Prix.

15th Easter sunshine melts tar and the start is delayed so cement dust can be spread. Wearing dark goggles against the glare and a plaster 'moustache' against the flying stones, he shares the lead with team-mate Trevor Taylor during a 100-lap 'demo' before winning by a nose.

19th Clark sets fastest time on the opening day of





Top: testing Indy 29 at Snetterton. Left: in stack-pipe 29 at Hethel and, below, at Indy. Bottom: quick at Monaco – but no luck





practice for the Imola GP, the first car race at the circuit since 1956.

20th Another pole: 2.5 sec quicker than Taylor, who loses a heap of time because of gearbox woes.

21st Another sunny day, another Clark walkover. Only Jo Siffert's Lotus-BRM finishes on the same lap.

26th More sunshine, this time in Liverpool, and another pole, this time for the Aintree 200. His advantage is eight-tenths.

27th Clark throws up a warning arm and the field swerves around him. His battery is flat and fitting a replacement costs almost two laps. Still the car isn't right, so Chapman puts him in Taylor's 25 and vice versa. Aboard a car on carbs rather than fuel injection, he drives brilliantly to finish third.

30th His Indycar arrives at Heathrow three days late, mechanic Bob Dance completing its build in a cargo shed. Along with British photo-journo David Phipps, acting as 'general coordinator', Clark collects it from Weir Cook airport. No customs, no documentation, they hook it behind their Oldsmobile Starfire – Ford has not supplied courtesy cars – and tow it eight miles to Indy. Phipps spots Clark's waving and speeds up. He was signalling him to slow down.

MAY

1st Somewhat grumpily, Clark begins from scratch the series of rigid rookie tests. His 146mph lap in March carries no weight.

6th Now on asymmetric suspension and harder Firestones, Gurney laps at 149mph; Clark is a fraction slower. Rivals demand they be given the smaller-diameter, wider tyres used by Lotus. An incensed A J Foyt calls Goodyear to implore it to come racing. It does.

7-8th Clark returns to the UK, via Chicago, and drives to Silverstone.

9th Practice for the BRDC International Trophy is a trial. His 25 still handling badly on R6s, he is only sixth quickest.

10th Rain. He has a run in Taylor's car, spins and damages it. Is he jet-lagged?

11th Not a jot. He dominates in front of an estimated 100,000 crowd. Back on R5s, he takes the lead on lap four and wins at a canter. One hour later he is on a plane again: Chapman's Miles Messenger. 'Chunky' opens its throttle – and nothing happens. They're stuck in mud in a field next to Stowe Corner. Uproarious, Clark and Gurney get out to push. They're due at Indy at 8am the next day.

12-16th Clark continues to dial in to Indy. With Lotus having given Firestone the nod, he has swapped his blue Dunlop overalls for a jazzier pair – pale yellow with a broad turquoise stripe edged in red down each arm and leg; they are made by local firm Hinchman. He is also persuaded to swap his peakless crash helmet for a peaked Bell Magnum.

17th After another washout, he draws number seven in readiness for Pole Day.

18th He circulates at 153mph – a 1mph improvement – during warmup, but then Gurney crashes at Turn 1, wrecking the team's only pair of Halibrand wheels. Thus Clark, his Bell still silver rather than blue, has to qualify on narrower rims, unscrubbed tyres and unsuitable camber settings. He does well to be fifth fastest: 149.75mph.

19th Gurney qualifies 12th and joins Clark and Chapman on their return to Europe. The Monaco GP beckons.

22nd Clark flies from London to Nice. Team Lotus are based at a small hotel in Eze.

23rd Fastest in the opening afternoon session in Monte Carlo, Clark is also second-fastest in the spare 'carburettor' 25.

24th He's fastest again, this time in the early morning cool. Having waited until a quick lap from Gurney's Brabham draws him out, he secures pole with five minutes to go: 1min 34.3sec.

25th Running on full tanks in the afternoon, he laps at 1min 35.5sec. He is three-tenths faster in the spare.

26th Fuel misting from breathers and entering the inlet trumpets causes his Climax to run rich in the early laps. Pushing hard to compensate, he grazes a lamp post (some say hydrant). Eventually he establishes a lead but, first, his clutch fails, and then, with 21 laps to go, he gets stuck in fourth gear at Tabac; he had been 'babying' the fragile transmission rather than treating it positively. At the Gasworks Hairpin, it all locks solid and he spins into retirement. He is classified eighth.

27th With Chapman and Gurney, plus RAC senior timekeeper Cyril Audrey, he sets off at 4.30am to catch a BEA Comet from Nice. London. Chicago. Indy.

29th Carburation Day: last-minute checks, plus a chance to get acquainted with Bill Stroppe's NASCAR refuelling crew, flown in by Ford from Atlanta: 'Big Jim' Gardner on the right rear impresses with his strength and dexterity; transmission expert Pete Weismann deftly wields the fuel hose.

30th Memorial Day sunshine. Cars on the apron by 8.30am. 'Spectacle of the Bands' at 9.30am. On the Banks of the Wabash. Cars on the grid by 10am. Astronaut Gordon Cooper. A 10-minute track inspection. Star-spangled Banner. A military band. Taps. Ten minutes to go. Back Home Again in Indiana. Three to go. Gentlemen, start your engines! No wonder Clark is relieved when the Chrysler Pace Car gets rolling. Three and a half hours later he finishes second behind 'Parnoily' Jones. Rookie of the Year, he impresses with his driving – he led for 28 laps – and dignity amid the controversy. His winnings total $56,238 and his Lotus contract allows him to pocket 45 per cent.

31st He flies to Toronto for the Player's 200 at Mosport. From the sublime…

JUNE

1st His scheduled car unfit, he drives local man Al Pease's 23, which is sponsored by Honest Ed of Toronto bargain basement fame. It's no match for the ▶

Porsches and he finishes third in class, eighth overall, before returning with friend John Whitmore, who had raced an Elan at Mosport, to the UK that evening.

3rd The F1 race at Whit Monday Crystal Palace having been cancelled, the 36-lap sports car encounter is the meeting's main event. Clark wins it in a Normand-run 23B.

5th He and Chapman embark for the Belgian GP.

7th First practice is at 5pm. His 25 wears a deflector screen that he looks over rather than through. (He reverts to the more reassuring conventional item for the race.) Hampered by 'pointy' Monaco settings and then by a gearbox problem, he sits disconsolate on the pit counter while his ZF is disassembled and checked.

8th Restricted by more gearbox bothers after lunch, he qualifies only eighth.

9th Rain, thunder and lightning give way to more hopeful conditions as the 3.30pm start approaches. The track is almost dry for the parade lap. But it's raining when he makes a rocket start to lead into Eau Rouge. Despite holding the car in top gear, he fends off Hill until the BRM retires with transmission trouble. At which juncture a storm rolls in (on lap 17). Speeds dip to 60mph in places; Clark's 29th lap is 2min 43sec slower than his fastest. Chapman tries to get the race stopped, but it runs its 32-lap course. Soaked, Clark parks immediately after the finish rather than complete a lap of honour. The Cooper of Bruce McLaren is 4min 54sec behind. The rest have been lapped.

20th Another storm delays Lotus's Channel crossing…

21st …and so Clark has to sit out the morning session at Zandvoort. He is immediately quick in the afternoon, though still frustrated by Dunlop's reworked, inconsistent R6s.

22nd In sunny but windy conditions, he stuns the opposition with a lap six-tenths faster than their best. The 'highlight' of his day, however, is a scuffle with policemen, who single him out from a group watching at Hunzerug.

23rd Clark takes the lead of the Dutch GP at the first corner and is never headed. He laps the entire field.

26th Lotus sends three cars to the French GP: for Clark, Taylor and Formula Junior rising star Peter Arundell. Clark is fastest during the evening session at Reims.

27th Lotus sits tight: rain.

28th Clark is not permitted to run Arundell's FJ car amid the F1s. He eventually sets pole, 0.7sec faster than Hill's BRM.

29th A day off. Well deserved.

30th Perennially bungling starter 'Toto' Roche allows Hill to be illegally push-started before sending the field on its way. Clark establishes a strong early lead, his 25 handling better than it has all season, albeit on a set of Dunlops in their fourth consecutive GP. When his engine falters on lap 14, however, he fears the worst – and prays for rain. It arrives. Now he worries his worn tyres won't cope. It rains just enough and he wins by more than a minute. His V8 is later found to have two broken valve springs.

JULY

12th Clark tests a 29 at Milwaukee to finalise ratios and Dunlop compounds for August's 200-miler. He lowers the record from 34.09sec to 32.65sec. He also samples the Ford Galaxie of Jim Hurtubise.

18th The Lotuses arrive at Silverstone for the British GP sporting Indy-inspired central yellow stripes. Clark misses much of the morning session because of a burst water pipe. He is fastest in the afternoon by a second.

19th Dan Gurney's Brabham matches him, but Clark's fastest lap of the previous day is good enough to secure pole.

20th An imbalance on smaller-section rear tyres requires a tweak of pressures on the grid. As a consequence, he is cautious initially on a track slicked by oil. Fifth into the first corner, he's in front by the fourth lap and pulls away remorselessly before backing off with his lead at 50sec. A bag tank had kinked while being brimmed, so he's worried he might not have enough fuel. He embarks on a top-gear 'economy drive' – and still wins by 26sec. A piper plays Scotland the Brave as the winning car, plus its driver, designer and crew, is paraded on a trailer behind a tractor.

26th Clark stops after only nine laps in a two-hour practice session at Solitude, near Stuttgart. Nobody can get within five seconds of his 3min 50.2sec.

27th He waits until Brabham gets close – 3min 51.8sec – matches him, and then does a 3min 52.6sec on full tanks.

28th His 25 has experimental driveshafts, which fail at the start. Clark helps with pit duties while a repair is made before venturing out for 10 laps – for the hell of it. He leaves the record at 3min 49.1sec.

AUGUST

2nd Afternoon rain at the Nürburgring prevents his responding to the morning speed of John Surtees's Ferrari 156-63.

3rd His Lotus fitted with a fresh engine and gearbox (minus reverse in a bid for better reliability), Clark beats Surtees to pole for the German GP by nine-tenths.

4th He makes his customary lightning getaway, but when accelerating in third gear feels the car "hang": a dud plug. Clark's engine misfires throughout, his gearbox grumbles towards the end, and Surtees relegates him to the only second place of his world championship GP career.

5th Having dashed from Germany, he drives Alan Brown's Galaxie 'Yank Tank' at Bank Holiday Brands Hatch. Despite it wallowing on incorrect springs – the correct ones are on a plane coming from America – he wins the 20-lapper.

11th Brabham gives him a scare in the Kanonloppet F1 race at Karlskoga, Sweden. Starting from pole, 'Black Jack' leads the first 20-lap heat in pouring rain until his engine hesitates, low on fuel, on the penultimate lap. Clark sweeps by to win – and secures overall victory later with a third place behind Brabham

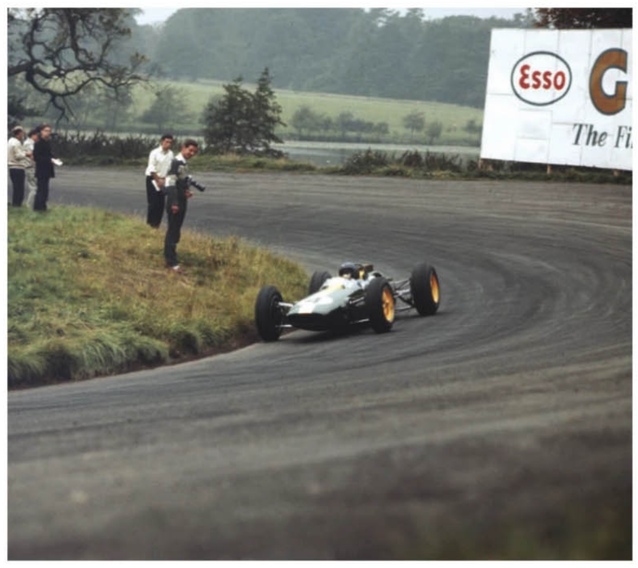




From top: more victories, in France and Holland, plus a Ford fiesta at Brands. Monza clinched both F1 titles; Gold Cup and first 100mph Oulton lap







and Lotus team-mate Trevor Taylor.

17th Clark and Gurney attend a USAC race on the dirt oval at Illinois State Fairgrounds. For once Clark refuses the offer of a drive.

18th Having clipped more than a second from the record to take pole for the Tony Bettenhausen 200 at Milwaukee, he leads all 200 laps, slowing to ensure he doesn't cause offence by lapping runner-up Foyt. Clark wins $11,413.

20-21st Clark and Gurney test at the one-mile Trenton oval in New Jersey. Running on untried tyres, Clark regularly breaks the lap record until the track's more steeply banked corners generate a critical loading and cause the steering arms to bend and crack.

31st His brand new 25 at the non-championship Austrian GP at Zeltweg is in development spec: aircraft-type flexible throttle cable, revised radius arms and VW-based Hewland. He does 48 laps to put mileage on the gearbox and sets the fastest time, 1.2sec quicker than Brabham.

SEPTEMBER

1st A split oil pipe curtails his morning session. He switches off before damage is done, but it's clear the track's ridged surface is causing problems. He takes the lead on lap four but stops five laps later in a plume of smoke. He returns just before mid-distance but stops again after three laps.

6th Official practice for the Italian GP begins at 3.30pm – on Monza's combined road-and-banking layout. After a Lola sheds a wheel police deem the banked section unsafe (for spectators); only the road course is to be used. The session restarts but ends prematurely because of a fierce storm.

7th Practice begins an hour early to compensate for time lost the previous day. Blighted by an unwilling engine, Clark spends much of the four hours in the pits, where even Coventry Climax designer Wally Hassan cannot completely cure the problem. Feeling "dismal", Clark qualifies third, 1.7sec slower than Surtees in the latest Ferrari.

8th He quickly comes to grips with new engine and gearbox, ratios and tyre sizes, and finds an extra 500rpm in the slipstreams of Surtees, Hill and Gurney. His rivals drop out one by one and eventually he is able to ease off and cruise home to secure his and Lotus's maiden world titles. Chapman sits astride his engine cover as he takes him on a lap of honour, during which they pick up stranded team-mate Mike Spence. The pits a seething mass of well-wishers, Clark nips into Dunlop's enclosure – whereupon he's informed the police want to see him in the organisers' office. There he is ordered to sign a letter confirming his attendance in court the following morning. The von Trips Affair – he was involved in the 1961 accident at Monza that killed the German racer and a dozen spectators – has reared up again. He refuses to sign, but will be allowed home if he supplies the address of an Italian legal representative. ▶

9th He returns to the UK in Brabham's Cessna; they take-off at 7am. Upon Clark's arrival, a press conference at a friend's Fleet Street office is hastily arranged. This becomes a grilling about the von Trips Affair rather than a breezy Q&A about the world titles just won. The new champion's head is "buzzing" when the working day ends at 8pm.

12th A friendlier welcome awaits him at home. A huge crowd turns out to cheer as he progresses in a white open-topped double-decker bus. He also takes the opportunity to drive a 1901 Burrell traction engine as part of Scottish Week in Duns.

21st It's a refreshed Clark that returns at Oulton. His Normand 23B is beaten by the more powerful Cooper Monaco of Roy Salvadori in the sports car race, and although he practises in a Lotus Cortina, he hands it to Jack Sears, who joins Taylor in giving the model its belated racing debut. Clark's priority is the F1 International Gold Cup, which he wins in immaculate style from pole – recording the track's first 100mph lap in doing so. He then embarks on another dash to America, which begins in Chapman's heavily laden Piper Commanche. From London they fly to Canada, where a Ford of America executive plane collects them for the last leg to Trenton.

22nd Despite only a few hours' sleep, he grabs pole and is poised to run away with this 200-mile USAC race when his 29 emits a cloud of blue smoke on lap 49. A scavenge hose, probably damaged in transit, has failed. He collects a cheque for $167.

28th He qualifies an ill-handling Normand 23B second for the *Autosport* Three Hours at Snetterton. The team is running three cars and none other than Mike Costin reckons Clark's is a 'start money special'. Yet he wins by two laps from Mike Parkes' Ferrari 250GTO – and then hops into a Lotus Cortina to finish second behind Brabham's Galaxie.

OCTOBER

4th It's chilly when the cars venture out at 1.10pm for the first five-hour practice session at the United States GP. Hill pips Clark to P1 by a tenth. The former's time, however, is regarded as dubious.

5th The second session at Watkins Glen is warmer. Hill and Clark fail to improve yet qualify one and two.

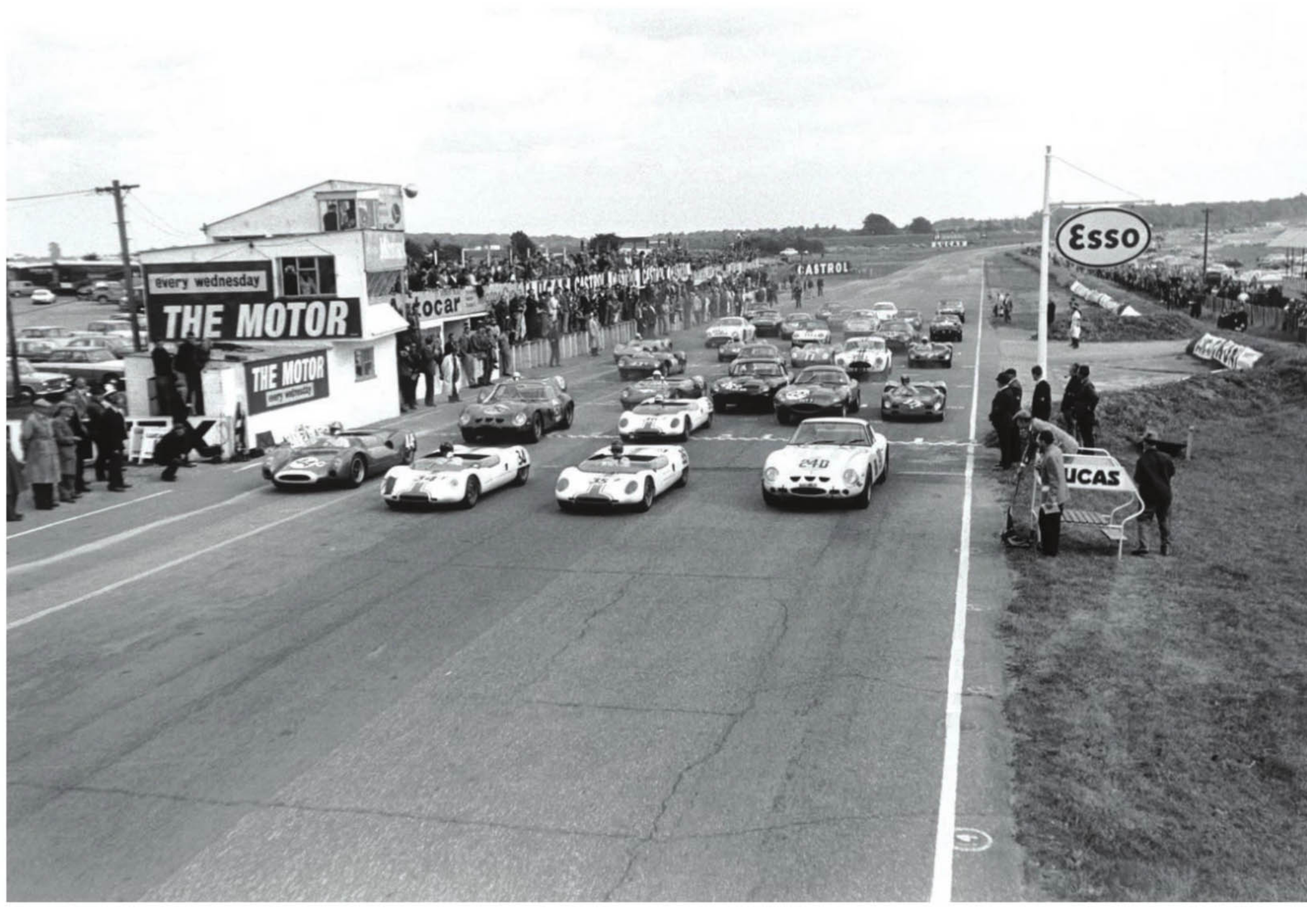
6th Clark's race almost doesn't happen. He stalls on the dummy grid because the fuel pressure pump is playing up and the battery is flat. A new battery is fitted, but not before the field has begun its second lap. He gives chase and sets fastest lap, but the pump continues to give trouble and he settles for third.

11th He is scheduled to drive the Arciero brothers' Lotus 19 in the LA Times GP at Riverside, but its Goodyears run dangerously hot, plus its Climax engine is registering low oil pressure…

12th … so he swaps to the 23B of Bob Challman, Lotus's abrasive West Coast dealer, and qualifies 19th.

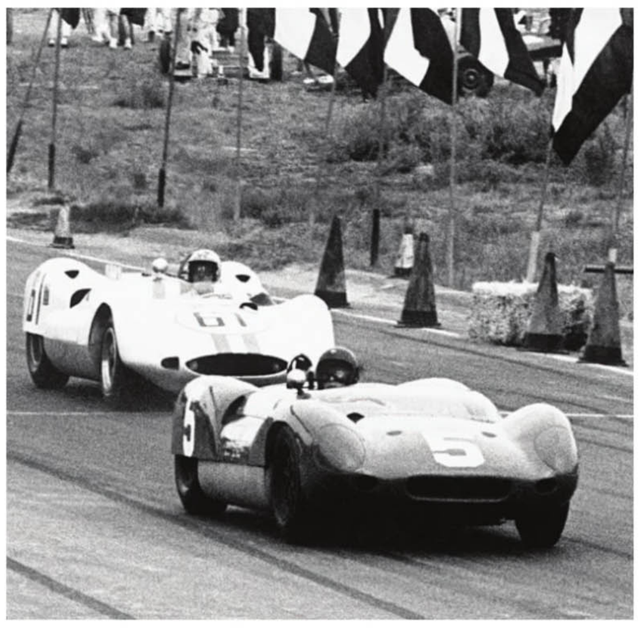
13th He finishes fifth overall and wins his class.

18th Only the first six grid places for the Monterey









From top: beating GTO at Snett; farmer Jim; Mexican triumph; leading at Laguna – until breakage; South Africa closes an amazing season



Pacific GP at Laguna Seca are decided in this session; he qualifies second in the Arcieros' 19, seven-tenths slower than Bob Holbert's King Cobra.

20th Clark has not long inherited the lead when he draws to a halt at the top of the Corkscrew after 31 laps because of a broken oil cooler.

25th High altitude – 7400ft above sea level – wreaks havoc with the injection on his 25 and max revs prove elusive. But he's the only man to break the two-minute barrier on the opening day of Mexican GP practice.

26th Despite sore sinuses, legacy of water-skiing with Hill in Acapulco, he knows his pole position is safe. It's raining. His gearbox is stripped overnight in a local Ford garage to investigate why it keeps jumping out of second.

27th Having met the President, he dominates a dry GP, leading every lap and finishing 1min 41.1sec ahead of Brabham. He also sets fastest lap.

28th Clark, Chapman, Gurney and Vic Barlow of Dunlop travel to Indianapolis for a three-day test of Ford's new quad-cam engine.

31st Clark takes the wheel of the 29 'mule'. Running on Weber carbs rather than Hilborn injection, the engine suffers a flat spot – when the gearbox at last allows Clark to engage top gear. He tries experimental Dunlops, and then samples the Goodyear Blue Streaks that so worried him at Riverside. Assured of their safety, he is unamused when a rear shreds at 180mph.

DECEMBER

7th He drives a twin-engine Mini Moke in the televised Autopoint at Bagshot. He gets bogged in mud in the first heat but wins the remaining two.

13th A recent recipient from PM Alec Douglas-Home of the Sports Writers' Association's Sportsman of the Year, Clark foregoes a test at Kingman and qualifies fourth for the non-championship Rand GP at Johannesburg's Kyalami.

14th Scorching weather causes his high-pressure fuel pump to seize in the first 25-lap heat. The problem is eased later, but he can only manage fifth and is classified 16th overall.

26th A cool breeze takes the edge off the heat as practice begins for the South African GP at East London. He suffers third-gear trouble, and is just as quick in Taylor's 25 to begin with. He eventually works down to 1min 30.2sec. But Surtees's Ferrari, the winner at Kyalami, is four-tenths faster.

27th The second session is cooler. Well, it is 6am. Third gear's selector breaks on what Clark was hoping would be his best lap. He still takes pole, but his margin over the Brabhams is just two-tenths.

28th The latter get the jump, but the Lotus is leading by the end of the first lap. He remains unruffled despite a gale blowing in from the ocean and wins by more than a minute. That runner-up Gurney sets fastest lap indicates that Clark is holding something in reserve – as he has been for much of the season. He's that good. And now the whole world knows. ■

JIM
CLARK

Born: March 4 1936, Kilmany, Scotland
Died: April 7 1968, Hockenheim, Germany



POLE POSITIONS
33



WIN RATE
34.7%

FASTEST LAPS
28



STARTS

274
POINTS





WORLD CHAMPION
1963, 1965

BERND ROSEMEYER

BY NIGEL ROEBUCK

He arrived like a bolt of lightning and for three glorious years lit up the European racing world. Yet his uncanny skills were not enough to preserve him from the laws of physics

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, JUNE 2013

Thirty years ago I wrote a column for *Autosport* about Bernd Rosemeyer, long dead before I was born, yet the figure of legend who first captured my imagination, triggering a life-long love affair with motor racing.

Soon afterwards, in the Zandvoort paddock, Murray Walker told me he had enjoyed the piece and had something he wished to give me. He then opened his case and handed me a single sheet of paper. When I took in what it was, I reeled.

At the time of Auto Union's participation in the South African Grand Prix in 1937, a prominent local cartoonist and illustrator named Jock Leyden did a pencil sketch of Rosemeyer, which he had the driver sign and subsequently gave to Graham Walker, Murray's celebrated father. Now, nearly half a century on, it was coming to me, and nothing in my collection of memorabilia stands higher in my affections.

While there are exceptions to the rule, it is a quirk of most racing drivers — as surprising as it is regrettable — that they have little interest in the history of their own sport, but something about Bernd Rosemeyer seems to intrigue people. I remember Derek Warwick, for example, saying he had read the piece and wanted to know more. And at the German Grand Prix in 1980 Gilles Villeneuve told me that 'an old guy in the hotel' had said he put him in mind of Rosemeyer, and did that make sense to me? ▶





Rosemeyer was dubious about facing Mercedes at Donington in 1937, yet he pulled off a magnificent win

BERND ROSEMEYER

Of course it did. So much of Villeneuve was reminiscent of Rosemeyer, and later I had similar thoughts of Stefan Bellof. All were freakishly quick, with talent to throw away — and all were abnormally brave. By Rudolf Caracciola's account, "Bernd did not know fear, and sometimes that is not good. You had to know where the real danger lay and we actually feared for his life in every race. Somehow I didn't think that a long life was in the cards for him."

I will admit to having had similar thoughts about Villeneuve, and although I thought Bellof destined to be Germany's first World Champion, he, too, was clearly a man more likely than most to go out on his shield.

"The Old Man," said Gilles, "told me I reminded him of Nuvolari..." If I could see that, so could I understand the man who had compared him with Rosemeyer. And I told him some more about this iconic figure, mentioning that every year, en route to Hockenheim, I would pull off at that point on the Frankfurt-Darmstadt autobahn where Rosemeyer had perished in 1938. A memorial stands, I said, in the place where they found him. Villeneuve was aghast: "He died on an autobahn?" Yes: he had been making a record attempt.

I first learned of the memorial's whereabouts — set back, at the end of a lay-by immediately beyond the Langen-Morfelden crossing — from Denis Jenkinson, who invariably paused there whenever he was in the vicinity. The young Jenks had been a fervent fan: "Nuvolari was everyone's hero, but Rosemeyer was my favourite..."

What originally appealed to me was that he was never part of the triumphal Mercedes-Benz machine. From the beginning of his brief career he was an Auto Union man, and I have always found these brutish and wayward cars more arresting than anything from the Three-Pointed Star. As well as that, Rosemeyer was invariably obliged to fight Mercedes alone.

BORN IN 1909, HE INITIALLY RACED motorcycles with success, but his sights were always on Grand Prix racing. Over the winter of 1934-35 Auto Union gave him a test, along with several other would-be drivers. Rosemeyer came out of it well, was offered a contract and in May 1935 made his debut at the ultra-fast Avus, of all places. It beggars belief that this was his first race in a car of any kind.

René Dreyfus, at the time driving Alfa Romeos for Scuderia Ferrari, was competing at Avus that weekend. From my frequent visits to New York, I came to know the gentlemanly Dreyfus well through the last 15 years of his life and was enraptured by his first-hand reminiscences of a time in racing so long gone. We would meet for dinner and the journalist in me yearned to take a tape recorder, but it would have been an intrusion on a social occasion with a man like René: instead I would hasten back to my hotel and scribble down everything I could remember.

"In those days," he said, "Caracciola thought he was the best, and technically he was: certainly he was the most complete driver — but Nuvolari was undoubtedly the greatest. Tazio could do things with a car that no one else could do — although Varzi, until he destroyed himself, was almost his equal. He was the most precise driver I ever saw."

And Rosemeyer? "If he had been given more time, who knows? Certainly no one — even Nuvolari — drove an Auto Union like Rosemeyer did. Some people said that because he never drove anything else it was easier for him to adapt to a rear-engined car — he had nothing to unlearn, if you like. That might have been true, but I would say he was faster than anyone..."

Dreyfus remembered little of the race in which Rosemeyer made his debut. "Avus was a terrible circuit, very fast, but no real challenge, and everyone — except the Germans — hated it. I recall meeting Bernd for the first time and he caused a sensation by starting on the front row, but it was soon after that, at the Nürburgring, that he was really able to show what he had."

So he was. In the Eifelrennen, on a wet-dry afternoon, Rosemeyer took the lead from Caracciola with three laps to go, and although he was ultimately repassed on the long straight immediately before the finish, he had given very serious notice of intent. In two races, he was on his way to becoming Auto Union's mainstay.

This marked the beginning of a battle, sometimes very personal, between the two greatest German drivers of the time. "We did not," said Caracciola, "give a second to each other. It was his wild, stormy, youth against the experience of an opponent 10 years older. He wanted to push me off my throne and I wanted to sit there a while longer..." As with Nuvolari and Varzi, though, the ferocious rivals would ultimately become friends. "Bernd was such a good-natured fellow," said Dreyfus, "it was impossible to dislike him..."

Again, resonances of Villeneuve and Bellof.

THE FINAL RACE OF 1935 WAS THE Czechoslovakian Grand Prix, and Rosemeyer — racing a car for the ninth time — scored his first victory. It was also here that he met Elly Beinhorn, then more celebrated than he, for she was Germany's Amy Johnson, a flyer of great distinction, and in Brno to present one of her many lectures. On July 13 1936 — 13 was the lucky number of both — they were married and would travel to the races in her aeroplane.

Rosemeyer was the dominant driver of 1936, becoming European Champion (then the equivalent of World Champion) in only his second season as a Grand Prix driver. At the Nürburgring he won not only the German GP, but also the circuit's traditional 'second' race, the Eifelrennen, in which as a rookie he had made such an impression the previous year.

If a single race defines Rosemeyer, and his place in ▶

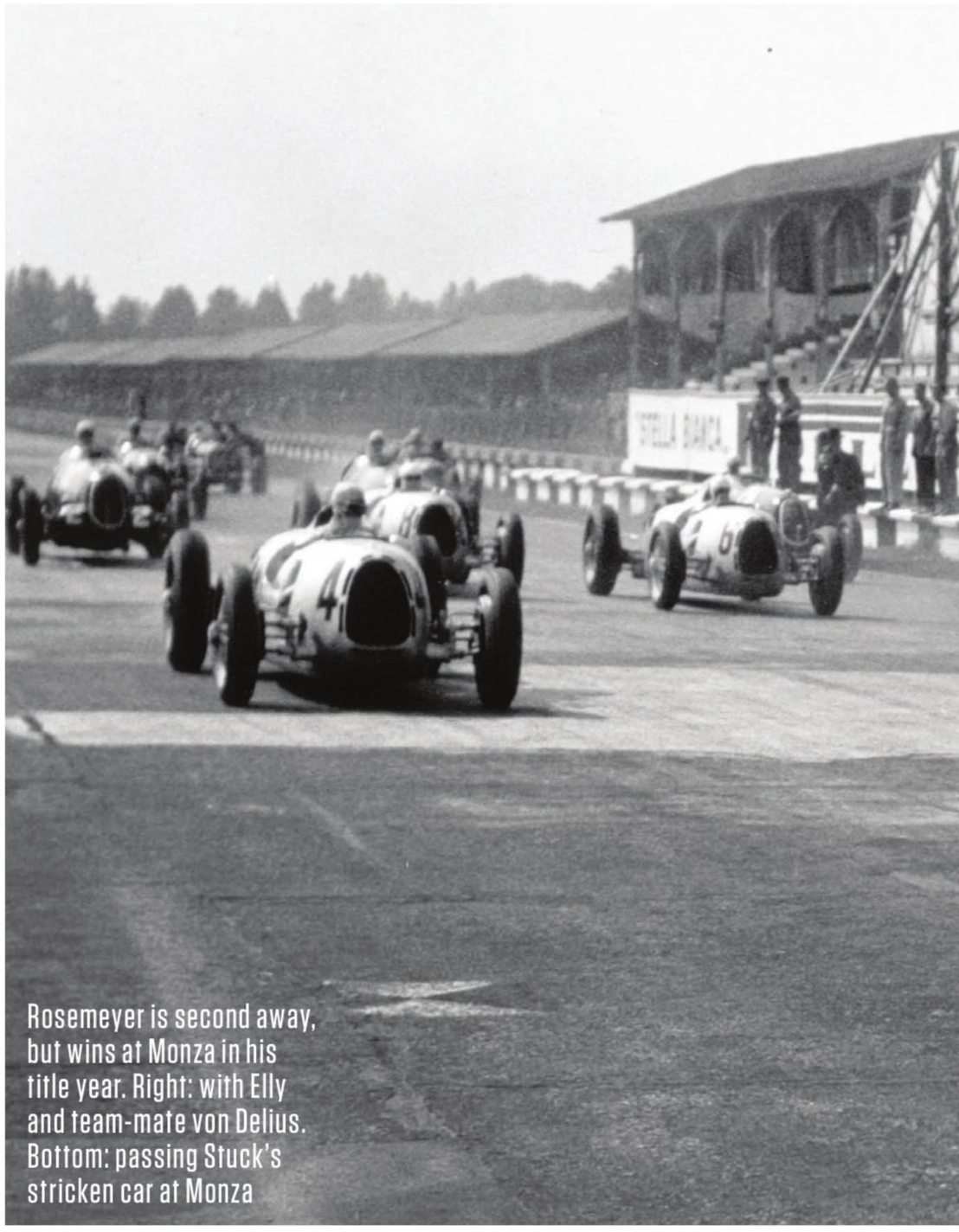
racing legend, it is this one. Although it was mid-June, the Nordschleife was at its most treacherous. The fog lifted shortly before the start, but rain continued to beat down. For a couple of laps Caracciola led, but soon Nuvolari (Alfa Romeo) and Rosemeyer were past him and the race distilled to these two. They ran in tandem until lap seven, at which point thick fog descended again, whereupon the Auto Union took the lead and disappeared.

In her memoir of life with Bernd, *Mein Mann, der Rennfahrer*, Elly Beinhorn Rosemeyer lists the lap times of both her husband and Nuvolari, and they make remarkable reading, being very similar until the fog came down — whereupon Nuvolari's slowed dramatically and Rosemeyer's hardly at all. In four laps of the 14-mile circuit, he pulled away by more than two minutes, recording one of the most fabled victories in racing history.

Elly makes mention of Bernd's extraordinary eyesight — way better than her own, which was in itself unusually good — and obviously that will have been no hindrance in conditions like these, but there is more to it than that. Imagine, if you will, what was involved in driving an unwieldy Grand Prix car, with 520 horsepower from its 6-litre V16 engine going to the road through skinny tyres, into the dead reckoning that was the Nürburgring that afternoon: Rosemeyer was touched by genius.

Here, on the face of it, was the personification of Hitler's fair-haired Aryan hero, prepared to risk his life for the glory of Germany, the embodiment of youthful courage and strength. Grand Prix racing was of immense importance to the country's propaganda machine, and Hitler had his own man — one Adolf Hühnlein — at the races, always in uniform.

Recorded in Elly's book is that Heinrich Himmler was so impressed with Bernd's Nürburgring victory that he made him an Obersturmführer in the SS. This was considered a great honour at the time, and not, as Elly wrily noted, the sort of invitation you could refuse. With the award came a uniform, which, to the conspicuous disappointment of the Nazi hierarchy, Bernd resolutely refused to wear. Fortunately, as she points out, he was by now so much a national hero as to be effectively beyond sanction.



Rosemeyer is second away, but wins at Monza in his title year. Right: with Elly and team-mate von Delius. Bottom: passing Stuck's stricken car at Monza

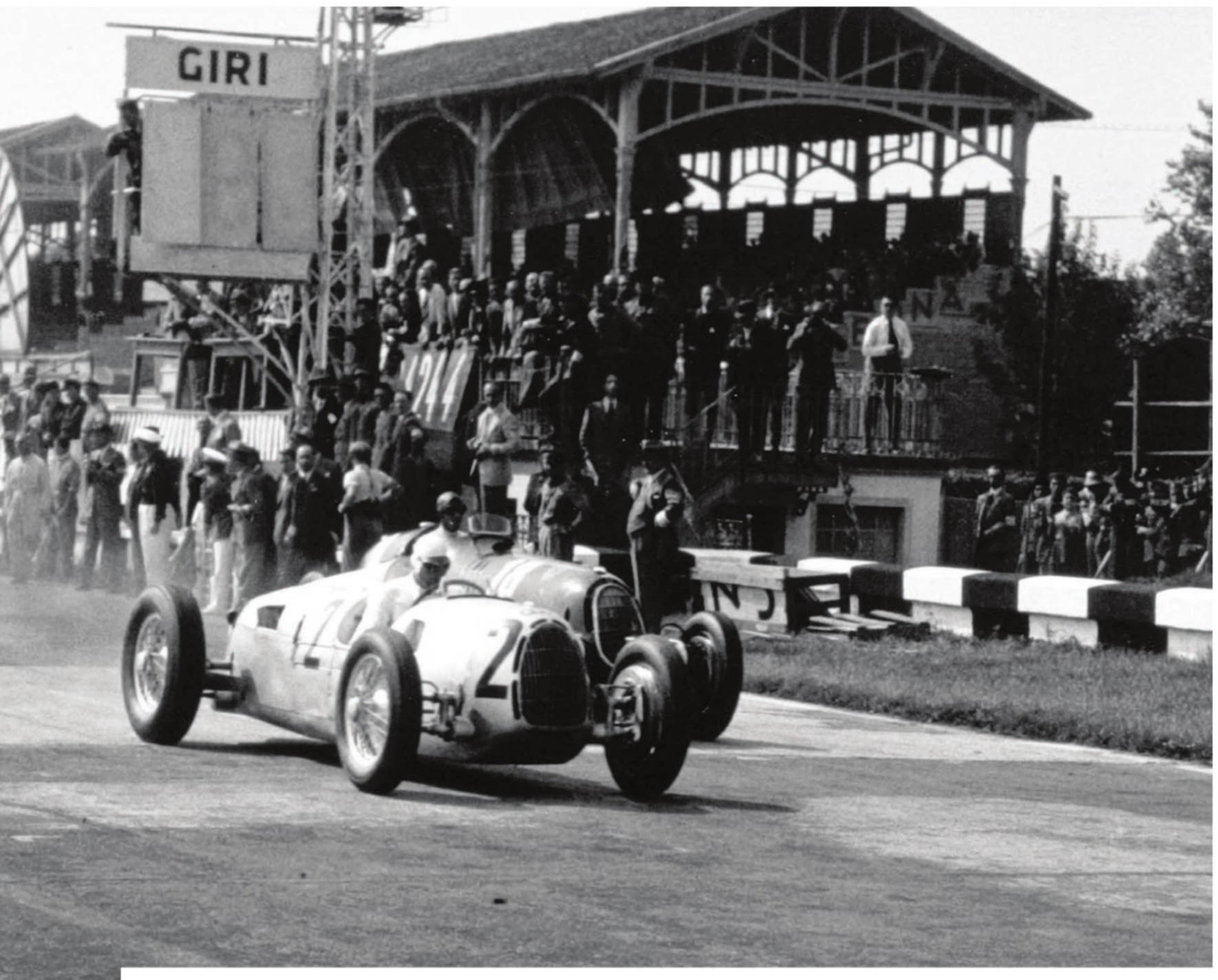
TODAY IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO IMAGINE the circumstances of GP racing 70 and 80 years ago. Dreyfus told me that he knew of no driver — save perhaps Manfred von Brauchitsch — who was a genuine Nazi sympathiser. "Certainly Rudi (Caracciola) was not, and nor was Bernd. But they all had to give the Nazi salute on the rostrum — even Dick Seaman, when he won at the Nürburgring in 1938..."

When the opportunity arose, though, the drivers delighted in puncturing Hühnlein's authority. Before the German GP of 1937 they were lectured on the matter of morals: German men and women, went the stern instruction, do not kiss in public, so there must be no displays of affection before a race. Rosemeyer, it seems, had a quiet word with his colleagues, and as soon as Hühnlein and his cronies took their places in the stand, to a man the German drivers climbed from their cars, returned to the pits and — to loud approval from the crowd — positively seized their wives and girlfriends...

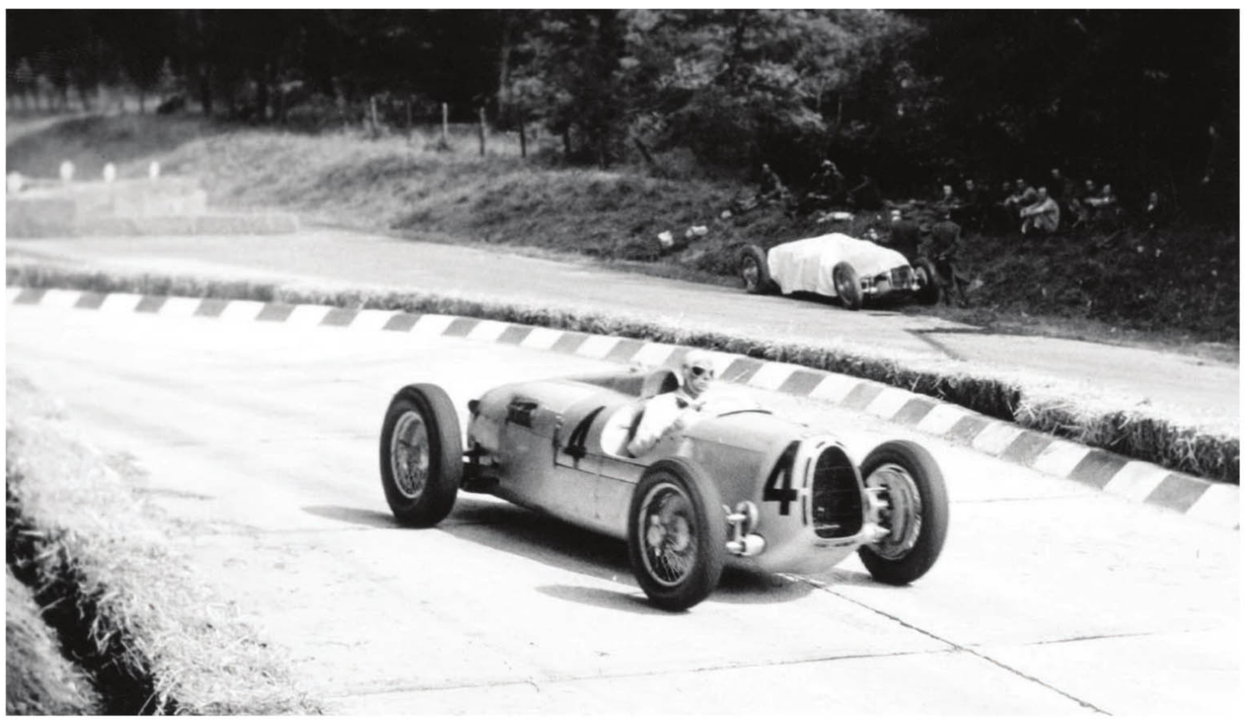
In December 1936 Rosemeyer drove an Auto Union in the South African Grand Prix, flying there in his wife's Messerschmitt Taifun. What should also have been a holiday, though, was marred by news of his mother's unexpected death. Soon after their return to Europe there was more family tragedy, for his younger brother Job was killed in a road accident.

Elly recounts that only once did his father ask Bernd to give up racing, which he said he could not do: "Racing is as essential to me as the air I breathe. I know I might be killed, but if I give up now it will be the end of life for me anyway. But I promise you this: if ever I feel nervous about racing, I will never get in a car again..."

If the 1936 season had been one of great success for Auto Union, the team had a more difficult time of it the following year, for by now Mercedes had introduced the iconic W125 and this indisputably was the car to have. If Caracciola regained the European Championship, though, Rosemeyer still had his







moments, winning the Eifelrennen again, as well as the Coppa Acerbo at Pescara and the Vanderbilt Cup on Long Island. There was also sadness, however: in the German Grand Prix Ernst von Delius, Auto Union's junior driver and Bernd's close friend, was killed in an accident with Seaman's Mercedes.

In the autumn came the inaugural Donington GP, which brought the German teams to England for the first time. Rosemeyer was anything but enthusiastic about taking part, for he felt Auto Union had little chance against Mercedes, but in the event a typically brilliant drive brought victory after a long battle with von Brauchitsch. It would be his last.

SOON AFTERWARDS CAME THE REKORDWOCHE — a week of record attempts to be staged on the Frankfurt-Darmstadt autobahn. Earlier in the year, when the stretch was closed to allow Goldie Gardner to go for class records in his MG, Auto Union took the opportunity to run a streamlined car for Rosemeyer.

All these years on, the circumstances take a little believing. For one thing, no autobahn is completely straight, and there were gentle curves in this one. For another, only one side of it was closed, with normal traffic proceeding along the other. For another yet, at the end of the run a knee-high barrier had been placed across the road, so as to divert traffic coming from Darmstadt into the lanes still open...

When Rosemeyer made his first run — supposedly only a warm-up — he not only went faster than expected, but also forgot about the barrier. When officials realised he wasn't going to stop in time they hastily removed it, which was just as well for he went by them at about 175mph — and now found himself proceeding towards Darmstadt with normal traffic coming towards him!

Rosemeyer himself was unconcerned: "They could see me — I could see them..." Indeed he seems to have found the episode amusing; on reaching Darmstadt, he had space enough to turn the car around and calmly drove back again, remembering en route to thank those who had moved the barrier...

In the course of the day, Bernd set a number of Class B records, including 242.09mph for the mile and — astonishingly — 233.89mph for 10 miles! This last was achieved over a stretch of 14 miles, allowing for flying start and slowing down, and the strain of holding a car at that speed on a two-lane road, punctuated by bridges, can scarcely be imagined.

Afterwards his wife asked how it had been. "Crazy!" Rosemeyer said. "Especially in the 10-mile run. When you go under a bridge, for a split second the noise of the engine completely disappears — then returns like a thunderclap when you are through..."

Bernd was disappointed, however, at being unable to break the 400kph (250mph) barrier, coming up only slightly short on his fastest run. "Just think of it — to be the first man to exceed 400 on an ordinary road..."

This he duly achieved during Rekordwoche in ▶

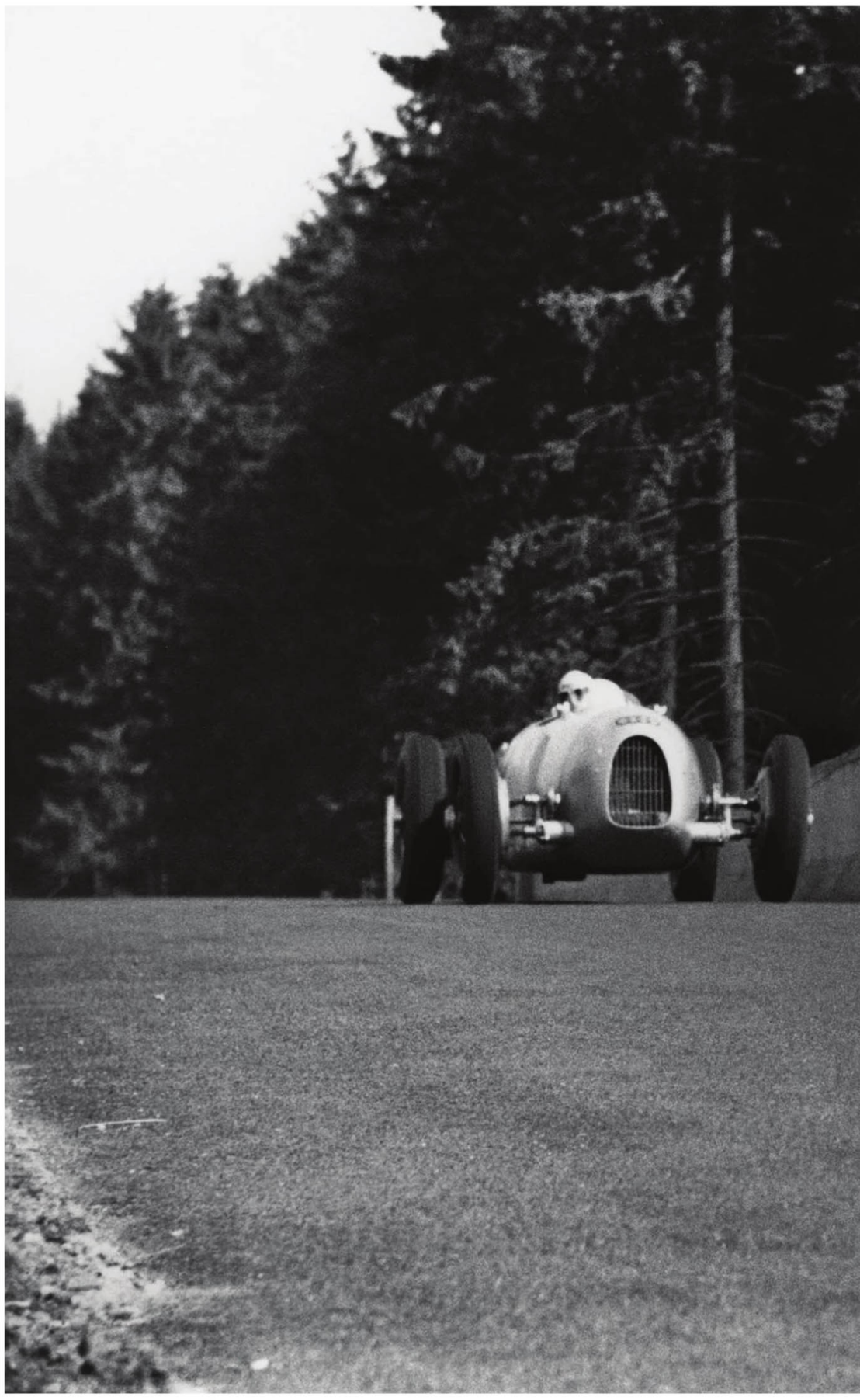
October. In what was very much a head-to-head between Auto Union and Mercedes, it was Rosemeyer versus Caracciola, the two greatest German drivers of the day — and this time both sides of the autobahn were closed.

Mercedes might have had the better of the Grand Prix season, but Auto Union's streamliner (as had been raced at the flat-out Avus, where Bernd had lapped at a numbing 176mph) had a clear edge here, Caracciola not surprisingly disturbed by his Mercedes's front-end lift at extreme speeds.

For Rosemeyer, who had set many new records, it was a week of complete triumph, although he had been disturbed by one long run, which he finished in a state of semiconsciousness, the probable consequence of exhaust fumes in the cockpit.

Now, at last, the season was over, and within a few days the Rosemeyers' son — also named Bernd — was born. Ahead was apparently a long winter of rest with his family before the new father had to think about driving again, but at the start of January news emerged that Daimler-Benz, stung by what had happened in Record Week, was not prepared to wait for the next one and had pulled strings to enable another series of record attempts shortly to be made.

Rosemeyer was none too impressed, his wife incensed. "This was unjust," she wrote, "because there was an unwritten rule that if one German company



"Caracciola says he wanted to tell Rosemeyer to forget about running that day, but for some reason felt he should not interfere"

held a record, another would not try immediately to beat it. But there were many injustices done to Auto Union at that time because the management was not on the best of terms with the Nazi government, and refused to give Hitler any of the company's big cars for his demonstrations. If Auto Union had failed in the 1937 Rekordwoche, we would never have received permission to try again in January 1938..."

Be that as it may, the company felt obligated to compete. Mercedes had revamped the aerodynamics of its car, and now Auto Union hastily did the same. The car Rosemeyer would drive had all-enveloping bodywork that almost, like a precursor to the 'skirts' era in Formula 1, touched the ground.

Bernd arrived in Frankfurt on January 27, speaking light-heartedly of an emergency landing he had been obliged to make in bad weather the night before. The day was given over to an inspection of the autobahn course, and the next morning he arrived back there to learn that his record had been beaten.

Rosemeyer naturally congratulated his Mercedes rival, and in his memoirs Caracciola says that by this time the wind was picking up to a worrying degree, that he wanted to tell Rosemeyer to forget about running that day, but for some reason felt he should not interfere.

Looking at it now, the whole thing seems insane. Here were two great Grand Prix drivers, blasting down a two-lane road at speeds not far from 300mph in wintry conditions. Why did it so matter which team held the record? One thinks of Eugenio Castellotti, killed at Modena in 1957, obeying the dictat of Enzo Ferrari that — for the honour of the company — he regain the circuit lap record from Maserati's Jean Behra.

As it was, Rosemeyer put on his linen helmet, climbed into his car, made a first run, then the return in the opposite direction. When he came back he was pleased to learn of his speed, for he had not been flat out and had recorded 268mph, compared with



Nürburgring 1936: in only his second car race, Rosemeyer shows that he is going to be Auto Union's *wunderkind*

Caracciola's 270. He did, though, mention that there was quite a cross wind at the Morfelden junction. Shortly before midday the Auto Union accelerated away once more, but never came back.

The wreckage was strewn over six hundred yards. It was estimated that the Auto Union had been travelling at 280mph as it approached the Morfelden crossing, where it nudged the grass on the central reservation, then went out of control, somersaulted and disintegrated. The cause of the accident was later ascribed to a freak gust, and this might have been crucial, but many believed the flimsy aerodynamic bodywork simply broke up, putting the car beyond the control even of a Rosemeyer.

His body was found at the edge of the forest, where the memorial now stands, always with freshly cut flowers around it. He was 28 when he died, and had raced cars for only three years, fewer even than Villeneuve or Bellof. Meteors, as Dreyfus said, burn brightly but briefly. ■

BERND

ROSEMEYER

Born: October 14 1909, Lingen, Germany.
Died: January 28 1938, Frankfurt-Darmstadt Autobahn, Germany

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP

WINS 3

POLE POSITIONS 5

WIN RATE 21%

14 STARTS

EUROPEAN CHAMPION 1936

JUAN PABLO MONTOYA

BY SIMON TAYLOR

On these times of relentless specialisation in everything, including motor racing, true versatility is rare. In his day Mario Andretti was F1 world champion, won the Indianapolis 500 and won NASCAR's Daytona 500. Graham Hill was twice F1 world champion; he won the Indy 500 too, and Le Mans. Dan Gurney won in F1 – in one of his own Eagles, on one historic occasion – and was also a winner in Indycars, NASCAR and in endurance racing, Le Mans included. To that tally you can add Can-Am and Trans-Am.

But in the modern era, maybe no one has moved across different categories quite like Juan Pablo Montoya. He's not much interested in statistics, or indeed in championship titles: in his view, the one thing that matters is to win the next race. In whatever class or formula he finds himself, what presses his button is crossing the finish line first. When I remind him that he won the CART championship in his rookie year, he answers with a shrug.

However, when I mention his extraordinary roster of rookie race victories, winning in his first full season in every class of racing he has done since Formula Vauxhall, that does produce a happy grin. He was successively a rookie winner in F3, Formula 3000, CART, Formula 1, NASCAR and then back in Indycar. ▶

His stats suggest he had the flair and speed to become an F1 champion, but the Colombian was always one to do things on his own terms. Seven GP wins tell only a small part of his story

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, MARCH 2016

Juan

BUT WHEN I ASK HIM WHAT IT FELT LIKE switching straight from a Formula 1 car to a NASCAR blunderbuss, and from road circuits to ovals, there's another shrug. Juan treats every racing car as just that, a machine to win a race. He sees it as his job to adapt to different cars and different tracks, get the best out of whatever he has in his hands that day, and go for another win.

Ever since his first outings in karts and local single-seaters in his native Colombia, Juan has stood out because of his unshakeable self-confidence, his laid-back attitude, and his refusal to think that any other driver, however great, is unbeatable. He is also rare among modern professional racers in that he speaks exactly as he finds, and his directness will often produce harsh truths about himself as well as others.

We're lunching in maybe the smartest restaurant in downtown Miami, the Capital Grille (spelt like a radiator grille) at 444 Brickell Avenue. Juan lives a few blocks away and is a regular here, and the fastidious maître d' welcomes him by showing us to a private room. A definite plus is that Connie Montoya, Juan's elegant, charming and race-wise wife, joins us for lunch. She too is Colombian, but they and their three children spend much of the year in Miami.

As Juan tucks into crab cake and a substantial medium-rare sirloin steak – "I'll have mashed potatoes, and don't give me any greens" – he wants to tell me first about his recent Porsche test in the 919 hybrid Le Mans car. "The challenge of just working out how to drive it was pretty cool. The media made a big deal about it, but it was only a friendly invitation, and I did it with Roger Penske's permission. There was no hidden agenda, no offer from Porsche, and in 2016 I'm not doing anything except carrying on with my Penske Indycar contract."

JUAN WAS BORN IN BOGOTA 40 YEARS AGO TO an architect father who was a keen kart racer. "From when I was really little I went with him to the tracks, and as soon as I was old enough I was racing. I won a lot of championships and I wanted to move on to cars, but in Colombia the car racing people and the karting people didn't really get on. The car guys didn't want me, they said I was too young.

"So when I was 17 my dad paid for a three-day course at the Skip Barber Race School at Sears Point. My tutor was Vic Elford. I didn't really speak any English then, but Vic was really good to me and taught me a lot. Then back in Colombia I got myself into a Formula Renault, qualified on pole for my first race and won it."

The Montoyas were a middle-class family, and not particularly wealthy. To support his son's racing aspirations, Pablo Montoya had to mortgage his house. "My first full season, 1993, I did three Colombian championships: Formula Renault, another in Suzuki Swifts and another one in old Ladas. In the Swift I won seven out of 10 races, and because I was going well I



Montoya took a string of poles in 2002, but had no answer to Ferrari in races





got useful sponsorship from Mobil locally." He forgets to mention that he was also still karting, and won the SudAm 125 Championship. "In 1994 I went further afield. I won a couple of races in the Barber-Saab Pro Series in the US. I raced in Mexico in their Formula N: they were single-seaters with Nissan engines. And I did some sports car racing in Mexico in a little locally built car, super-low, carbon fibre, enclosed cockpit. That was the most fun I'd had up to then, and I won a lot of races.

"Now it was time to get serious, and come to England. I was 19." Via a Barber-Saab contact he got an introduction to Jackie and Paul Stewart, who gave him a test and forthwith put him in the Stewart Formula Vauxhall team alongside Jonny Kane. "My English was pretty non-existent. I found a room in Milton Keynes about 200 yards from the team's base, and I listened and I learned. I got most of my English from the mechanics, including all the bad words.

"Racing in England was a big wake-up call for me. To start with I was struggling, I really was. Jonny was quick, he understood the car. I was trying very hard, braking late everywhere, but the times weren't there. Then Jackie got me to take him round Oulton Park in an Escort Cosworth. I'm going into Druids as hard as I can, and as I turn in the rear end steps out. I'm thinking, 'Oh no, I'm going to bust my ass here, with Jackie Stewart as passenger. This is exactly what I don't need right now.'

Jackie Stewart said, 'I'm going to show you how it's done.' He was seven tenths quicker than my best time. That taught me...

"Anyway, I got the car back, and Jackie said: 'Very impressive car control. But you don't need to try that hard.' Then he took the wheel and he said, 'I'm going to show you how it's done.' Off he goes, really slow through the gears, really smooth on the brakes, very little steering effort, and I said to myself, 'Come on, grandpa!' And when we came into the pits and I saw the times, he was seven-tenths quicker than my best time. That taught me a good lesson. I was using up so much energy and effort, I was wasting time by trying too hard.

"After that I won three of my last six Formula Vauxhall races, and ended the season third in the championship. I wanted to stay with Paul Stewart for 1996, moving up to F3, but Paul wanted me to keep on in Vauxhall. I wasn't having that: I was a winner in Vauxhall and I was ready for F3. So I went to Fortec and did my F3 season with them. I was never really comfortable in that Dallara, and we had the ▶



The importance of being earnest: Montoya pictured at Imola in 2001

Mitsubishi engine, which wasn't as strong as the Mugen-Hondas, but I won two races." In fact the end-of-season F3 reviews said Juan was often the fastest driver out there, but he made lots of mistakes. They also said that he apparently had no fear.

"Yes, people said that, and sure, I did make mistakes, but I was so hungry. There's no point in racing unless you're hungry: why do it? The next year I was in F3000, and with a decent taste of power I was much more comfortable. I was now racing against some big names of the day. It took me a little time to realise that I was there because I was as good as them, and they weren't going to run me over. I never think I'm better than everybody. I just think, 'If they can do it, I can do it'."

Juan's speed in F3000, plus his charging determination and his apparent fearlessness, attracted plenty of attention. In 1997 with Helmut Marko's RSM team he won three races, but more mistakes lost him another two wins. Even so he missed the championship by just 1.5 points. By mid-season Frank Williams had offered him an F1 test.

"It was at Barcelona: me, Nicolas Minassian, Soheil Ayari and Max Wilson. Before that test I trained really hard, but nothing, even F3000, can prepare you for what F1 can do to your neck. Those two fast right-handers at Barcelona, I turned in, the car went right, but my head went left, I could barely see where I was

Frank Williams was really good to me. I owed Marko some money, so he paid that off, and also paid for a full F3000 season in 1998

going. But you can't lift, it's your job to be quick. Anyway, my times were good, and Frank gave me a test contract. He was really good to me. I owed Marko some money, so he paid that off, and he also paid David Sears what he was asking for a full F3000 season in 1998 at Super Nova."

Under Sears's guidance came greater maturity. "I had to learn. In racing you either learn, or you go home." In 12 hard-fought F3000 rounds Juan was on the podium nine times, with four victories, and won the championship with some ease. "Racing in F3000 and testing in F1 for Williams, it was all happening. By the end of the season I'd run as fast in testing as the regular Williams drivers [Jacques Villeneuve and Heinz-Harald Frentzen], I was F3000 champion and everyone expected me to be racing for Williams in 1999. So did I. I had a Williams contract, and it was a no-brainer.

"Then they told me they were going to go with Alex Zanardi and Ralf Schumacher." Zanardi, a two-time CART champion for Chip Ganassi, was coming back to Formula 1.

"I couldn't believe it. I went back to Colombia and thought, 'If I have to spend another season just testing, I'll never race in F1.' You spend more than one season as a test driver, you get stuck there. You do lots of hard work, and then you're kicked out to make way for another youngster. Like [Jean-Christophe] Bouillon, who was a tester at Williams before me. Who remembers what happened to him?

"Eddie Jordan called me and wanted to offer me a drive, but Williams said, 'You can't talk to him, you're under contract to us.' The final insult was when they said, 'We're testing in Barcelona with Zanardi, and we want you to come and help him.' I said I wouldn't do it, but they said, 'You have a contract, you have to do it.' So I did it, and of course I was faster than Zanardi.

"And who should turn up at the Barcelona test but Chip Ganassi, with his team manager Morris Nunn. That evening Ganassi said, 'Hey, I want to talk to you. Do you want to race for me in CART?' I told him I was tied to Williams, but he said, 'Frank's OK about it. Now, here's a contract. That's what I'll pay you. No discussion. Sign here.' I guess Frank had made some arrangement with Ganassi. I never really found out what the deal was, but in effect I was switched with Zanardi."

SO FOR 1999 JUAN FOUND HIMSELF DRIVING IN CART in a Ganassi Reynard-Honda. And, after seven victories and a season-long battle with Dario Franchitti, the rookie was CART champion. "Yeah, that was pretty good. I guess it was beginner's luck." In CART Juan quickly earned himself a reputation for being aggressive, even wild, which began with a famous incident in the second race of the year at Motegi, Japan. Michael Andretti, former champion and in his 17th season in the series, was Indycar royalty: Juan was the new boy. "He tried to intimidate me. I catch him on the back straight, I'm going alongside, and he turns in like I'm not there. I locked up the fronts trying not to hit him. So on the front straight I get in his draft. As I start to pass him he turns left. I don't lift off, so we crash."

Andretti's public rage made headlines, but Juan says, "After that people in Indycar took me a bit more seriously. I think I'm pretty fair, but at the end of the day you need to look after yourself, because nobody else will. Sure, I am very aggressive. The English media aren't used to people who actually race, race in every respect. When somebody is racing hard and overtaking they say, 'My God, he is so aggressive.' I believe motor sport is meant to be that."

Juan's first CART win was around the streets of Long Beach. "At that point I guess I thought I'd never make it back into F1, so that win meant a lot to me. But when I got on the ovals I thought, 'This is bad.' In my first test, at Homestead, I got way out of shape. I caught it before it hit the wall. but the Ganassi guys called me in at once to try to calm me down. They said, 'That was way too close.'

"Morris Nunn was really great. His relationship with me was way different from how he was with [Juan's team-mate] Jimmy Vasser. Vasser was older than me, very methodical, he'd spend hours setting up the car. Over dinner they'd still be talking about the set-up. I was more like, 'OK, that's close enough, just let me drive it.' In the end I learned that you can make your life easier with a better-handling car, but I've never spent anything near the time my team-mates spend on set-up.

"So I battled all season with Dario, and in the end we tied on points, but I got it because I had twice as many wins as he did. Gonzalo Rodríguez, he was from Uruguay, was killed at Laguna Seca, and then in the last race at Fontana Greg Moore was killed. Greg and I were really good friends, so that put a damper on winning the series. But I always say to people, 'Read what it says on the back of the ticket. Motor racing is dangerous.' It sucks, but either you admit it and live with it, or you shouldn't be racing.

"In 2000 Ganassi switched to the Lola chassis and Toyota engines. That was a difficult car. It was really good on the ovals, it wasn't bad on the road circuits, but the thing kept breaking down. I think I led about the same number of laps as I had in 1999, but I won just two races instead of seven. But because Chip did a deal with the IRL, I also got to do the Indy 500." And, first time out in the most famous American race of all, he won it.

Before the race, Juan was quoted as saying, "I don't know why Indy is such a big deal. It's got four corners, and they're all the same." Now he says, "Those guys have all grown up with it being a massive thing, so they psych themselves out. They told me, 'You've got to respect Indy.' So I started the month there being really careful, but every day it was the same track. On race day we had a good car, and I think I led 167 of the 200 laps. Job done.

"THEN, HALFWAY THROUGH 2000, FRANK Williams comes on the phone. 'Hello, Juan, how are you? Do you want to come and race in F1 for me next year? I know you have a contract with Chip, but I'll take care of that. This is what I'll pay you.' I said 'OK.' What else was I going to say?"

Right from the beginning of the 2001 season Juan was worth watching. At Interlagos, in his third F1 race, he muscled past the Ferrari of world champion Michael Schumacher and, despite carrying a one-stop fuel load, confidently led the race until, past half-distance, he was punted off by a backmarker. But as usual he is his own strongest critic.

"The FW23-BMW was a really great car, but to start with I don't think I was good enough. The level of commitment in F1 was completely different from anything I'd driven before. It was the first time I'd ▶

raced a car where you become the limit, not the car. You go through a fast corner as hard as you can, and the thing never moves. You think you can't go any quicker through there, and you look at the telemetry, and your team-mate is going eight miles per hour faster. Or you get into a braking zone and you think, 'If I brake any deeper I'll be in the gravel,' and you're losing four-tenths there because he's braking 15 metres later. But I adapted pretty quick, I got better through the season." He certainly did: at Hockenheim he led from pole until a refuelling glitch kept him in the pits for a long half-minute, overheating the engine which blew up two laps later. He was on pole again at Monza, and led most of the race to score his first Grand Prix victory.

When I ask about his relationship with his team-mate Ralf Schumacher, Juan is non-committal. "Just like it always is between team-mates, I suppose. We were both working to make the car better, but we never really worked together. We were so focused on beating each other. If we'd been handled better by the team, I think we'd have done a better job. Look at what it's like at Mercedes today, between Hamilton and Rosberg…"

In 2002 the Ferraris continued to rule the roost, which made Juan's third place in the championship a real achievement. He took a remarkable seven pole positions, five of them consecutively, and there were fastest laps but no wins. "In 2003 I could have won the title if things had been a bit different. I won Monaco, won Hockenheim, led Austria until the engine blew. With three races to go I was second in the table just one point behind Schumacher. Then things went wrong. I got a drive-through penalty in the US GP for supposedly pushing off [Rubens] Barrichello, which I didn't do. And in Japan, in the rain, I went straight into the lead and was going away when the hydraulics failed."

By 2004 Juan's relationship with Williams had deteriorated somewhat. "I had a bit of a falling-out with the team at one of the races. Part of the trouble was that I still wasn't mature enough to do all the aspects of my job exactly right. To be honest, I think very few drivers are, at that stage of their careers. But also I didn't feel that Williams and BMW were going in the right direction. Plus McLaren wanted me. I was a big Senna fan, and I saw what he had achieved at McLaren, so I decided it was the right place." Having won his final race for Williams at Interlagos, he moved on.

"So for 2005 there I was with Ron Dennis, and we won some races [Silverstone, Monza, Interlagos] but the car's handling was terrible. We changed a lot of things and in the second half of the season it was better, and from qualifying 11th and 16th I started getting some pole positions." In fact he missed two rounds because of a hairline shoulder fracture, which he said he had sustained playing tennis, although it was much rumoured that he'd had a motorcycle accident. Juan's only comment is: "Lots of people wanted to

Montoya spent 18 months with McLaren, then switched to NASCAR



JUAN PABLO MONTOYA

make that a big deal, but it was what it was.

"By the start of 2006 the McLaren was handling really well, although the Mercedes V8 didn't have enough power. But from the beginning of that year I reckoned I wasn't going to be at McLaren after the end of the season. Ron had an option on me for 2007, and he hadn't taken it up. He never said he wasn't going to take it up, he just said he was going to look at it. What does that mean?"

Maybe this was merely a Dennis negotiating ploy, but Juan is not a man to wait around to be told whether he has a drive or not. "I didn't want to be there if he didn't really want me. And I didn't think there was another drive in F1 open to me that was really worth taking. I didn't want to be in a mid-grid car, I'd done enough to be worth better than that."

At the beginning of July Juan's standing at McLaren wasn't helped by a disastrous US Grand Prix at Indianapolis, when he was involved in a four-car first-lap shunt that also took out his team-mate Kimi Räikkönen. Publicly Ron Dennis refused to blame Juan, although nobody knows what was said behind the closed doors of the McLaren motorhome. The very next day Juan, always one to seize the moment, took action.

"The thing is, when you grow up in Europe, you think Formula 1 is the only thing that matters. You don't see the other options. Chip Ganassi was now in NASCAR, so the Monday after the US GP I called him. All it took was that one phone call. Later that week Chip and I did the deal right here in this very restaurant. Nobody knew anything about it.

"Then I called Ron and I said, 'Hey, I want you to know that I am leaving at the end of the year. I'm announcing later today that I'm going to do NASCAR with Chip.' He said, 'I already knew that.' I don't know if he really did already know, or whether he just didn't want me to think he was a lap behind. I said, 'Of course I am still 100 per cent committed to McLaren to the end of the season.' He said, 'No, your head will not be there. I don't want you to drive for us any more'."

So Juan's F1 career was done. For the remainder of 2006 he played himself into NASCAR with a few ARCA races, leading his first at Talladega and finishing third, and then he did his first race in the top Sprint Cup series in the final round at Homestead. It was a dramatic debut: after a clash with Ryan Newman early in the race, with 16 laps to go Newman hit him from behind, sending him into the wall at 170mph. The Ganassi Dodge's fuel cell ruptured and the car exploded into a fireball. Newman denied to officials afterwards that the contact had been intentional. Welcome to NASCAR.

THOSE CARS WEIGH ONE AND A HALF TONS. They developed (before recent mandatory power restrictions) more than 800bhp from a push-rod V8 revving up to 10,000 rpm. On the big ovals they can run at 200mph. "After racing an F1 McLaren or Williams, of course a NASCAR car was totally different. But the cars are nothing like as basic as Europeans think they are. The stakes are high, and a tremendous amount of engineering goes into them, technology and effort like you wouldn't believe. At first, racing on the limit on the ovals in those big heavy cars at 180, 190mph, in a big drafting group up on the banking, it took some learning. The cars move around a lot. In NASCAR, if it ain't moving around you ain't going fast enough."

His rookie NASCAR Sprint Car victory came, significantly, on a road circuit. It was at Sears Point, where 15 years earlier he'd done his Skip Barber course. In the following seasons there were many top-five finishes, but only one more Sprint Cup victory, again on a road circuit, when he won at Watkins Glen in 2010. (I can't resist letting *Motor Sport* readers know that the correct name of that race was The Heluva Good! Sour Cream Dips at the Glen. It was sponsored by a food firm whose slogan is In Snacks We Trust.)

Juan also found time to try endurance racing, scoring outright victory in the 2007 Daytona 24 Hours in a Ganassi-entered Riley-Lexus with Scott Pruett and Salvador Durán. The following year he won it again, with Pruett, Memo Rojas and old CART rival Dario Franchitti. In 2009 he missed out on a hat-trick by the unbelievable margin, after 24 hours, of 0.167sec. But he did get his third Daytona 24 win, again with Ganassi, in 2013.

The team started going downhill. Chip Ganassi kept bringing in new people, it was like he got rid of anyone who was any good

"I really enjoyed my time in NASCAR, and I did it for seven years. The season is too much, too many races – with Chip I used to do 40 races a year – but we were moving forward, we were making changes, getting better. In 2009 we were running third in the championship by October: I'd had a couple of poles, led a couple of races for more laps than anyone else. My engineer Brian Pattie and I were working together really well, I'd adapted to the car, and the future looked bright.

"But then the team started going downhill. Chip kept bringing in new people, it was like he got rid of anyone who was any good. Brian Pattie left, and the last couple of years in NASCAR I was really miserable. One example: the one-mile oval at Loudon in New Hampshire was one of my best tracks, I'd had pole there, I'd led races there. The car was so bad it was getting out of shape even on the straight. After all the work we did to get it right for the race I was still 1.5sec off. It was the slowest car on the track. It was ▶





With Williams in 2003: leading Trulli at Albert Park, top, and dousing winner Barrichello at Silverstone

embarrassing. The team was telling me, 'It's not the car, it's how you're driving it.' Like they were talking to a 10-year-old. I was so pissed off, I really lost it. I had the biggest row with Chip I'd ever had.

"Earlier I'd had the chance to sign for another NASCAR team, but I decided to stay loyal to Chip. In 2013 I came very close to winning a couple of oval races. Then at the end of that season Chip told me I was leaving.

"I still didn't think I'd come to the end of NASCAR. It was unfinished business for me. It seemed Chip didn't think I could do anything else in a car, because when I suggested I could go back to racing for him in Indycar he looked at me like I was crazy. Then a few weeks later, when I signed an Indycar contract with Penske, he called me and he was really mad. He said, 'Why didn't you ask me first?'

"When Chip told me I was out I made a few calls, and there were a couple of options in NASCAR. I also made some calls to Europe, just to see what was out there. But the first guy I called was Roger Penske. I said. 'I'm now a free agent. I want to race for you.' He said, 'I don't have a place for you in NASCAR.' I said, 'I don't want NASCAR.'

"He went quiet for a bit, and then he said, 'Give me two weeks.' Two weeks later he called back and asked me to come to a meeting in Detroit. When I got there he gave me a piece of paper and he said, 'This is what we think.' I read the piece of paper, and I said, 'OK.' The whole thing took 20 minutes.

"First time back in a single-seater after seven years in NASCAR, it felt like getting back into karting. Things happened so much more quickly, braking, handling response, everything. Getting back up to 90 per cent was easy. The last 10 per cent took a little longer. In fact at the first test I was within 0.4sec of Will [Power, the team's number one], but getting that last four-tenths took a while."

So Juan was a strong contender straight away, and his speed culminated in a magnificent victory in the Pocono 500. From pole, he ran the fastest 500-mile race in history, averaging more than 202mph. He trumped that in 2015 by returning to the Indianapolis 500 and leading home Will Power in a joyful Penske one-two. "It was a lot of work, but it was fun. I didn't qualify well, I have no idea why. But in the race my car was good, and we came through."

After a season-long tally of high finishes and points Juan ended the season dead-heating at the top of the 2015 Indycar Championship with Ganassi driver Scott Dixon. But Dixon took the title with one more win, so that was one to Ganassi. Juan grins: "Well, you ask people who won the championship last year, they can't tell you. Ask them who won Indy last year, they'll know. Winning Indy is still the big deal.

"Driving for Penske has been an amazing experience, because Roger is an amazing guy. You can be the President of the United States, or you can be sweeping the floor, he'll treat you the same. He runs all his companies around the world, and he seems to know

the names of everybody who works for him. He is 79 years old, he is fit, he has incredible energy. To make the money he makes you have to be a smart guy. And he is a smart guy. Go to a race, watch him in the pits, see how intense he is, working on race strategy. You realise that he is still, every bit of him, a racer."

JUAN AND CONNIE'S ELDEST CHILD SEBASTIAN is 10, and passionate about racing. "He's been karting for three years now, and I think he goes pretty well. I don't want him to race every week, trying to show everybody how good he is, blowing money on engines and stuff. Maybe there's extra pressure on him being Montoya's son, but he has the right attitude about it. If you race, you either deal with pressure, or you don't."

Another Montoya project is Formula Smiles, a foundation set up a decade ago by Juan and Connie to help street kids and rural children in Colombia who are burdened by poverty and violence, and have no access to healthcare and education. Fundraising events they organise include a Pro-Am golf tournament and a charity race meeting whose attendees range from DTM front-runner Mattias Ekström to British karting star Jordon Lennox-Lamb, as well as everyone who is anyone in racing in Colombia. Both Juan and Connie are passionate about it, and to date many hundreds of children have benefited.

And that test in the Porsche 919 hybrid? "It was pretty amazing. I have to say it really does have horsepower. More than Formula 1, but then F1 cars today don't have a lot of power. The complexity of the car is extraordinary. It has more technology than an F1 car: all-wheel drive, two recovery systems, and in the cockpit you wouldn't believe the switches and things. Before they let me in the car they gave me a 30-page manual to read so I knew what to do. But like I said, the test was a one-off. There's no question of doing Indycar and sports cars side by side, because the Indycar season is pretty intensive. Something for the future maybe, if I ever want to do Le Mans.

"But for now I am committed to Roger, and I'm very happy where I am. The way Roger operates is a real lesson. He has created a place where we can all work together, and help each other. It's like a Formula 1 team, but with a Penske atmosphere. I've raced in a lot of different types of racing, with a lot of different teams, and I wouldn't change this for anything."

Sitting relaxed in the Miami restaurant, Juan is as laid-back as ever. But there's no mistaking the aggressive fire in his eyes, still burning as brightly as when I first met him 20 years ago, a charging newcomer in British F3.

"I don't know what's going to happen in 2016," he says. "I just want to win a lot of races. That's always what I want. Looking ahead into the future, it will be hard to know when to stop, because I love what I do. If a day comes when I don't want to race, I'll stop. But right now the push to win is still there, strong as ever. I'm hungry." ■

JUAN PABLO MONTOYA

Born: September 20 1975, Bogotá, Colombia

WINS 7	POLE POSITIONS 13
WIN RATE 7.4%	FASTEST LAPS 12
94 STARTS	307 POINTS

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP THIRD PLACE 2002, 2003

STIRLING MOSS

BY DENIS JENKINSON

He never won the F1 title, but remains one of the all-time greats. And he regards the 1961 Monaco GP as his finest race

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, JUNE 1961

Monte Carlo, May 14. With no races being held in the Argentine this year, the Monaco GP was the first Grande Épreuve of the season and naturally everyone wanted to be in it but, as usual, the number of cars permitted to start on the narrow and twisting 3.145km circuit was limited to 16. This year a different arrangement of selection was used, in place of the previous idea of taking the 16 fastest in practice out of those invited to compete.

Each factory team was given two places for its leading drivers, so that Bonnier and Gurney were in for Porsche, Graham Hill and Brooks for BRM, Brabham and McLaren for Cooper, Clark and Ireland for Lotus, and Phil Hill and von Trips for Ferrari. In addition to these 10 Moss and Trintignant were given definite entries, as members of private teams, because they were both past winners of the race. This meant that there were four places left for the remainder of the entry, to be decided between them on practice times; and battling for these places were Ritchie Ginther with a third works Ferrari, Hans Herrmann with a third works Porsche, Gendebien and Bianchi with Emerysons from the Equipe National Belge, Allison and Henry Taylor with UDT-Laystall Lotus cars, Masten Gregory with the Camoradi Cooper, Michael May, the Swiss driver, with Seidel's Lotus, and John Surtees with a Yeoman Credit Cooper. Reg Parnell had wisely only brought his fastest driver along and had sent Salvadori down to Naples, where another F1 race was being held on the same day. Before practice started the outcome of the four final places was fairly clear, for obviously Ginther and Herrmann with works cars would get in, as would Surtees with the Yeoman Credit car, so that there was only doubt about the 16th place and the also-rans were to struggle for one position on the starting grid. ▶



IN BRIGHT AND SUNNY WEATHER PRACTICE began on Thursday afternoon, May 11, and everyone was out with the exception of the Porsche team, the drivers and officials being there but no cars or mechanics. Jack Brabham was just in from Indianapolis, where he had been practising with the special 2.75-litre alcohol-burning Cooper-Climax, so he no doubt found the 1.5-litre Grand Prix Cooper-Climax a bit tame, but the Monte Carlo circuit as difficult as ever. A new and sensible innovation this year was the moving of the pits to the other side of the island on which they are situated, that is, on the return road from the Gasworks Hairpin. With cars taking the Tobacconist Corner on the harbour front faster each year, the beginning of the pits area was fast becoming an unhealthy place to be, for many of the cars were still sliding when they reached the old pits area. This change not only made things a little less dicey, but also permitted a much better line through the long curve down to the Gasworks Hairpin. Further to this, many guardrails had been put up around the edge of the circuit, consisting of I-section girders let into the ground with springy steel strips bolted to them, while at the Gasworks Hairpin an additional row of straw bales was placed on the outside, thus protecting the paying customers but making the radius of the turn slightly different.

If noise was anything to go by, the new 120-degree V6-cylinder Ferrari was most impressive as Ginther went through, passing BRMs and Coopers with ease, even though many of the British entries had now got new four-cylinder Coventry-Climax Mark II engines. Surtees was in a bit of trouble with the selector mechanism on his five-speed Cooper gearbox and Moss was not happy about the fuel-feed system on his 1960 Lotus. Graham Hill was going well in the BRM with Mk II Coventry-Climax engine, and the brand-new works Lotus cars of Clark and Ireland were beginning to go very fast. Brabham was not in the picture at all, but nevertheless was quietly adjusting his Cooper to the conditions without any fuss, and Phil Hill and von Trips with the 60-degree V6 Ferraris were hot on the heels of Ginther with the new car. Practice had begun with lap times around 1min 48sec, but the faster drivers soon reduced this to under 1min 45sec, and towards the end of the afternoon the three Ferraris were all below 1min 42sec, as was Moss with his Lotus, the Walker team being back on form again. As practice neared its close the new Lotus cars really got into their stride; Ireland was down with Moss and the Ferraris and Clark was beginning to look fast as well as going fast. He did a terrific lap in 1min 39.6sec, looking almost wild, and next time around he lost it at Ste Dévote and crashed heavily, wrecking the Lotus but escaping injury himself. While the dust was settling, practice ended and he was the only one to get below 1min 40sec, but this was small consolation for the amount of work required to sort out the wreckage. The Lotus factory had only just managed to get the two cars ready in time for the event and now there was a panic call to bring the workers down to Monaco to straighten everything out, the remains having to be stripped right down to the bare chassis frame and many bent tubes having to be cut out and replaced, and parts straightened or replaced.

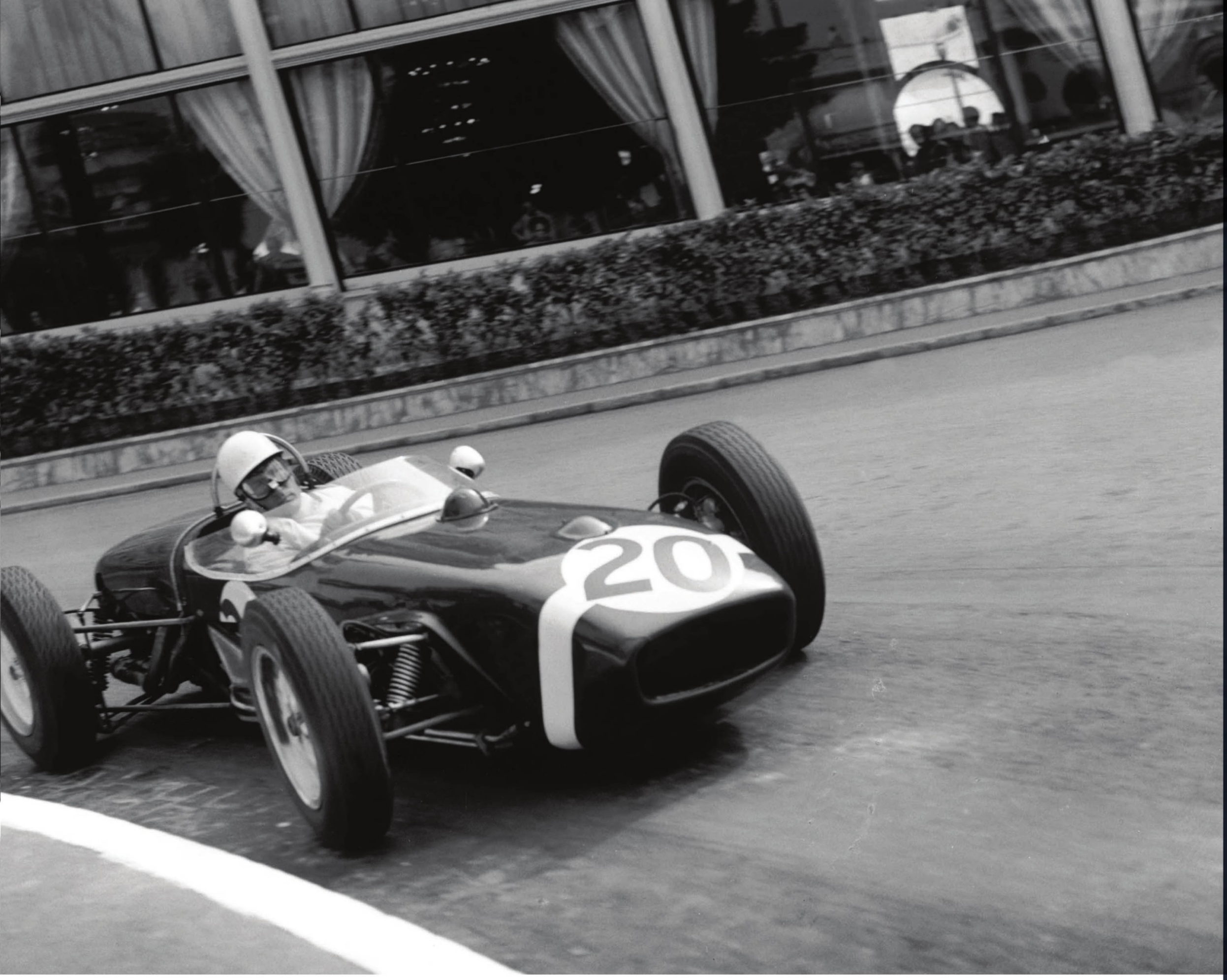


Concentration as an art form: the Ferraris were potentially faster, but Moss kept them at bay

Following the Grand Prix activity there was Formula Junior practice, the entry being divided into two groups for the Third Monaco Junior race to be held on Saturday, and it was interesting to reflect that the winners of the two previous Junior races at Monte Carlo, Michael May and Henry Taylor, were now taking part in the Grand Prix itself.

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THE NEXT FORMULA 1 PRACTICE WAS BRIGHT and early in the morning on Friday, starting at 7.15am, the Juniors already having practised at an even earlier hour. The Porsche team had arrived and had brought four cars, one as a spare, Moss had the Walker Cooper out as a spare and Yeoman Credit had its slim rebodied car as a spare for Surtees, both these reserve Coopers having old-type Climax engines. Needless to say there was only one works Lotus out, work on Clark's car still progressing, and Ireland's car now had a five-speed



gearbox in place of the four-speed he used the day before. UDT-Laystall gave Allison the MkII-engined car for this practice, Taylor having had it previously, but Graham Hill still had the faster BRM. The Ferrari drivers seemed very happy, their engines requiring little in the way of attention, and Ginther was putting in a lot of laps in the new one, this meeting being more in the nature of a test for the car than a serious race. As it was turning out, the new car was faster and as reliable as the older ones. There was no doubt that Ginther was going to qualify for the start for he turned 1min 39.8sec, and Surtees was equally sure of getting in as he did 1min 41.1sec, but Herrmann was not going fast enough and young Michael May saw a golden opportunity and took it. Two of the fast boys were having a little scrap and went by him, whereupon he tucked in behind them and thus inspired turned a lap in 1min 42.0sec with the old standard Lotus. This was more than a second quicker than he could hope to do on his own, and he only did one lap with them, but it was all that he needed to get to the forefront of the qualifiers. The Porsche engines on fuel injection were going well, pulling hard from 2000 up to 9000rpm, but they were handicapped by not having enough gears, the four-speed arrangement being tried out not proving successful. Phil Hill was really working hard and almost equalled Ginther's time and von Trips was not far behind, and for a while the three Ferraris were fastest of the morning, but then Graham Hill went out and broke things up with a lap in exactly 1min 40.0sec, thus taking third place in the morning. Clark was still second fastest overall and he, Ginther and Phil Hill were the only ones to get below 1min 40sec, and this had now become the target figure.

Ireland caused the Lotus mechanics more work by ramming the back of Gendebien and crumpling the nose of the new Lotus and later, for another reason altogether, the left rear suspension on Gendebien's Emeryson collapsed and he arrived at the pits with the wheel leaning at a most unorthodox angle. The ENB was having a bad time for, apart from neither car being fast enough, Bianchi stopped with oil pouring out of everywhere. After this second practice session the four qualifiers looked like being Ginther, Surtees, May and Allison, but there was still another practice period.

Saturday afternoon, at 2pm, conditions were perfect, being warm and dry but with a cloudy haze over the sun. This reduced glare and prevented excessive heat. ▶

Brabham had missed practice on the Friday, having flown back to Indianapolis in order to take part in the qualifying trials, and he was naturally enough still absent for this final session, but his car was at the pits for McLaren to try and make sure all was in order. On Friday Moss had tried the Cooper briefly and soon realised that the Lotus was much easier to drive on the twisty circuit, so he only had one car out for this final period, as had Surtees, but whereas the Walker Lotus was going well, having twin Bendix electric pumps now fitted in its fuel system, the Yeoman Credit Cooper did not do many laps and the motorcycle champion became a spectator, along with Jimmy Clark, whose Lotus was still being rebuilt. Ireland's fibreglass nose cowling had been repaired and was now painted yellow and Ferraris were wiring an additional 6-volt battery in with the normal 12-volt in order to increase current in the coils at high rpm. McLaren, in his usual quiet and unflurried way, had been getting on with the job in hand, going progressively faster, and it was not long before he got under the target figure of 1min 40.0sec, this being evidenced by the way he was gaining on Ginther in the new Ferrari while they were both out on the circuit. Ireland was not happy with the gearchange on the new five-speed box and bits were being filed off the gear gate, but Moss was now going very fast in his older Lotus. Michael May borrowed the spare works Porsche for a few laps and the Belgian drivers swapped cars for a time, while Allison still had the new Climax engine as Herrmann had ousted him from the list of qualifiers. Surtees was still well placed among the qualifiers with his Friday time, so did not bother to wear his car out, though his pit was keeping a watchful eye on Laystall in case either of its drivers looked like approaching 1min 42.0sec. The Walker Lotus was now going beautifully and Moss was making full use of it; suddenly putting all the Ferraris in their place with a lap in 1min 39.1sec gaining pole position on the grid. The third Ferrari, driven by von Trips, had got below the target time of 1min 40.0sec, but so had Graham Hill who was well content with his BRM, equalling Clark's very fast lap of the first day. While practice was at its height Ireland muffed a gearchange while in the tunnel and spun, bouncing along the guardrails, demolishing the Lotus as he went and injuring a knee cap as well as suffering numerous cuts and bruises. Considering the speed, which was more than 100mph, and the conditions, he was very lucky to escape so lightly, but it put him into hospital for a time. The organisation took an absurdly long time to clear up the wreckage and pronounce the circuit ready for practice again, so that when it resumed only 10 minutes remajned. Meanwhile, cement dust had been sprinkled on some of the corners where the road was looking oily, so that it was impossible for any more very fast times to be recorded. UDT-Laystall changed numbers and sent Taylor out in the Mk II-engined car in an attempt to qualify but it was to no avail. On times the four qualifiers were Ginther, Surtees, Herrmann and May, but as Ireland was now out of the race Allison was brought in.

Following this final practice the Formula Junior race took place and 40 cars were divided into two heats by ballot, 20 cars to each heat. Both groups raced over 16 laps and the first 11 in each went to the final, irrespective of their speed or race time. The 22 in the final raced for 24 laps for the III Grand Prix Monaco-Junior. In the first heat an immaculate Trevor Taylor in an immaculate 1961 Lotus-Ford drove an immaculate race, in a class by himself, while in heat two, which had only 19 starters, one Lotus having failed in practice, the works Lola-Fords of Ashdown, Prior and Hine tried unsuccessfully to catch Maggs in Ken Tyrrell's Cooper-BMC, this heat being won at a slightly slower speed than the first. The finalists lined up on the grid according to the time they took in their respective



heats, so that Trevor Taylor was in pole position with Maggs and John Love alongside him. What would probably have proved to be a runaway win for the yellow-overalled Taylor in the gleaming Lotus 20 was spoilt when he spun on the opening lap and came round next to last with water coming out of a split radiator. On lap two he set the fastest lap but then he saw his temperature gauge rising and stopped before he blew up. This left Arundell and McKee in the other Team Lotus cars to do battle with Love and Maggs in Tyrrell's Cooper-BMC cars so that the race took on an interesting Dagenham vs Longbridge aspect and they both took turns at leading, Arundell and Love changing places and the average speed rising steadily to more than that in heat one. The outcome was finally settled when Love spun at Ste Dévote and, though this

let Arundell go on to an easy win, it did not lose second place for BMC. Formula Junior drivers can be grouped into those who are going to make good racing drivers and those who will never be racing drivers, whether they race Formula Junior, sports cars or saloon cars – and some try all three. It was interesting to see two newcomers keeping up with the established Junior racers and these were the Swiss driver Josef Siffert in a 1960 Lotus-Ford and Philip Robinson in the Alec Francis-built very sleek Alexis, the former finishing fifth and the latter having the misfortune to lose a certain sixth place when his engine seized just before the end of the race.

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THE GRAND PRIX OF MONACO WAS ALL SET to start at 2.45pm on Sunday afternoon and the weather was perfect for racing, being warm and dry with haze and clouds partly obscuring the sun. Jack Brabham had arrived at lunchtime back from Indianapolis, where he had averaged 145.14mph for his four qualifying laps, and everyone was preparing for the 100 laps of the Monte Carlo circuit.

Surtees was using a MkI Climax engine in his Yeoman Credit Cooper, in place of the new one he had used in practice, and Moss had the cockpit sides removed from his Lotus, anticipating a hot race. He also had a drinking bottle fitted on the left of the seat. Clark's Lotus had been completed, fitted with a five-speed gearbox, but it had barely been run since the rebuild was finished. Allison had the UDT-Laystall Lotus-Climax with the MkII engine and altogether

Moss was now 10sec ahead of them and looking very comfortable, though driving fast and lapping under 1min 40sec

there were six of these new engines in the race, Ireland, of course, being a non-starter.

At 2.30pm the 16 starters lined up on the grid with Brabham in the unusual position of last, due to having done only one practice for the race. While warming up it was found that Clark's engine was oiling the plug on one cylinder, presumably due to faulty or broken piston rings, so he was wheeled on to the grid with three hard plugs and one soft one in the engine and he waited until 10sec before the fall of the flag before he pressed the button and started the engine. Naturally the other 15 engines were running by this time and, as the starter stepped to one side to indicate the final 5sec, Clark's engine blew out a great cloud of smoke – a sure sign that all was not well in one of the cylinders.

The start was perfect and all 16 cars rushed down to the Gasworks Hairpin with Ginther's Ferrari leading. The little American was first out of the hairpin and the red Ferrari fairly streaked away past the pits and up the hill towards the Casino, with Clark and Moss following. At the end of the opening lap Ginther was already many lengths ahead, followed by Clark, Moss, Gurney, Brooks, Bonnier, Phil Hill, McLaren, Graham Hill, von Trips, Suttees and Brabham, the world champion having already gained four places. Ginther's start had left everyone gasping and wondering where he had gone, for he gained a five-second lead in three laps. On lap two Moss had gone through in second place and Clark was missing, though he coasted towards the back of the pits long after everyone had gone by. A wire to the fuel pump had been hurriedly assembled in the rebuilding and had become trapped under a frame tube and worn through.

This was fixed and Clark motored around the hairpin to the proper side of the pits and had a plug changed for the troublesome one had oiled again. He did one more lap and it oiled yet again, so a very soft plug was put in and he finally joined in the race on all four cylinders when the leaders were on lap seven. Ginther's meteoric start with the 120-degree Ferrari had really shaken everybody and it took Moss five laps to recover and get into his stride. Gradually he whittled down the gap and Bonnier, in the new Porsche, kept with him, these two soon leaving the rest of the field. After Bonnier came a fast and furious pack of cars led by Gurney in the old Porsche and comprising Brooks, McLaren, Phil Hill, Graham Hill, von Trips and Surtees, these seven doing some pretty hectic pushing and shoving. Just behind sat Brabham watching all this and presumably waiting for it to sort itself out. By lap eight Moss was only 1.5sec from Ginther and Bonnier was still close to the tail of the Lotus. Gurney had detached himself from the pack and Phil Hill had scratched past Brooks, but the other four were still nose-to-tail and arriving at the Gasworks turn in a struggling bunch, von Trips very nearly hitting McLaren amidships as he tried to cut in to the apex, only to come to rest and drop to the back of the bunch. At 10 laps the pace was as hot as ever and Ginther went round in just on 1min 40sec, but Moss was right with him and properly in his stride now so that Bonnier lost a bit of ground. As the bunch in the middle of the field approached the hairpin and started lap 12, Graham Hill was leading them but then his engine cut and he pulled into the side and let the others go past. He pushed the car along to the pits but his race was over; his engine was using a belt-driven fuel pump, but the pump gland had leaked and let fuel into the pulley bearing, which had seized and the belt had broken.

On lap 12 Moss was right on Ginther's tail and still there on lap 13, when Bonnier had closed up again, but on lap 14 both the Lotus and the Porsche nipped by the Ferrari. Meanwhile Phil Hill had caught and passed Gurney and the tight little foursome had become ▶

sorted out, Brooks being at the back and the others pulling away, with von Trips leading them. Brabham was still in 10th place and beginning to look as though he was going to stay there, his face showing signs of the lack of proper sleep from which he had been suffering during the past week. Moss had already lapped Allison and now began to pull away slowly but surely, Ginther dropping back a bit after his meteoric opening laps. After a bit of a struggle von Trips got past Gurney so now the three Ferraris were line-ahead in number order 36, 38 and 40 and holding third, fourth and fifth positions. At 20 laps Moss had pulled out a 6sec lead over Bonnier and the three Ferraris were beginning to hustle each other along and close up on the Porsche, while Gurney could not keep up the pace and was dropping back to join Brooks at the end of the fast part of the field. Brabham was now beginning to miss upward gearchanges, a sure sign that fatigue was affecting him and added to this his engine was beginning to smoke, no doubt caused by over-revving as he missed third gear. Behind Brabham, and spread out, came Herrmann, in the new short-chassis Porsche, Trintignant, Michael May and Allison, with Jimmy Clark now going all right but many laps in arrears. On lap 24 Phil Hill went by Ginther and the three Ferraris were right up with Bonnier's Porsche, but Moss was now 10sec ahead of them and looking very comfortable, though driving fast and lapping in well under 1min 40sec. On the next lap the three angry-looking Ferraris, with their shark-like noses, were crowding the silver Porsche and in a mêlée on lap 26 Phil Hill led the group, with Bonnier almost alongside, and von Trips led Ginther, but it was all so close that for two laps any of them could have been in any position, except of course, in first place, for Moss was out on his own, but ominously not gaining any more ground. The foursome battling for second position were keeping a level 10sec behind Moss, and in view of the cutting and thrusting going on this was not much lead to have but he obviously could not increase it without stretching the Lotus a bit. At 32 laps Ginther got by von Trips and the order was Moss, Phil Hill, Bonnier, Ginther, von Trips and then, some way back, McLaren and Surtees in very close company. Surtees was driving his old engine very hard and McLaren was ill at ease for his fuel pressure was very high causing the carburettors to flood. Cooper had fitted electric pumps, like a lot of other people, but they were working too well, so now and again McLaren would reach over his right shoulder and turn off the electrical master switch that protrudes through the bulkhead, thus switching off the pumps in an attempt to reduce the pressure to the carburettor.

This little bother was slowing him a bit and it allowed Surtees to keep up and later go by and take sixth position. He did this very smartly as they approached the Gasworks right-hand hairpin, for they came up behind Allison as they put the brakes on and McLaren went to the left of the light green Lotus and Surtees to the right so that all three arrived with the brakes hard on, wheel to wheel. By practically coming to rest on the very apex of the hairpin Surtees flicked round on the inside, while McLaren had to go wide. It was a superb bit of judgment on the part of the ex-motorcyclist for many famous drivers had tried a similar manoeuvre only to arrive too quickly and go straight on across their opponent's bows, or too slowly and have their opponent cut across the front and block the turn.

While this was going on, Brabham was about to be lapped by Moss but avoided this by stopping at his pit to change plugs, as his engine had been misfiring for some time. Already lapped were Trintignant, who was going as well as the old Cooper-Maserati could be expected, Herrmann who was having trouble changing gear, Michael May, and Allison; while many laps behind Clark was circulating regularly having rather a boring time with no one to race against.



Master of his domain: the trademark style of a relaxed Moss

AT 40 LAPS IT LOOKED AS THOUGH STALEMATE had set in for Moss was still 10sec ahead of Phil Hill, who was no longer being challenged by Bonnier, the Swede having given up trying to do anything about the leading Ferrari. But one man had not given up and, in fact, had got his second wind, and this was Ritchie Ginther. He closed right up on Bonnier, leaving von Trips behind and on lap 41 did the well known "dive-to-the-inside" at the hairpin, ran a bit wide coming out so that Bonnier was able to get across to the inside as they left the corner and then the cars went up the road past the pits absolutely side-by-side, there being little difference on low-speed acceleration. However, the power of the Ferrari told and Ginther got ahead and rapidly closed on Phil Hill. This manoeuvre had obviously needled Bonnier for he kept with Ginther and the two Ferraris and the Porsche were soon nose-to-tail. Ginther was clearly forcing the pace now, pushing Phil Hill along and towing Bonnier and the three of them slowly but surely began to gain on Moss, who was naturally being kept well informed by his pit. At 45 laps his 10sec lead had been reduced to 8sec and by 50 laps, which was half distance it was 7sec – and they were all lapping below 1min 38sec, already faster than anyone had gone in practice. Bonnier was beginning to pant with the effort of keeping up and he lost his 'tow', while von Trips had been left quite a way behind. The Surtees/McLaren duel had ended, they were now running well apart, but Gurney and Brooks were running close together in eighth and ninth positions, but not doing anything very desperate. The rest of the field had been lapped twice or more by Moss, and May had stopped at the pits with a broken oil pipe on his gearbox. Brabham had reappeared for three more laps and then retired, while Jimmy Clark was still going around nine laps in arrears. Ginther now had the look of a very determined man and was pushing Phil Hill along very hard and by 55 laps had forced Hill on so much that Moss had only 4.5sec in hand. Brooks had retired just before being lapped by the leaders, for he had got his nose cowling hooked on Gurney's exhaust pipe and in the ensuing excitement had over-revved the BRM's engine and it had burst. By lap 58 Moss could see the two Ferraris clearly in his rear-view mirrors and was now driving really hard for the two red cars had a relentless look about them. Using the Lotus to its fullest extent Moss was able to hold the gap at 5sec, but he was really scrabbling into the Gasworks turn, using all the brakes at his disposal and staying in front by sheer driving virtuosity, never wasting a fraction of a second anywhere, especially when lapping slower cars. On lap 60 Bonnier did not appear, his engine having died on him due to vapour-lock in the fuel pumps, which upset the injection pump. He walked back to the pits not realising that as things cooled off the system returned to normal. Fastest practice lap now seemed slow in comparison to the pace at which Moss and the two Ferraris were going. Every time the two Maranello cars gained a little ground Moss would nip by a slower car and the slight baulking would put the Ferraris back to 5sec. This was the luck of the game and on three occasions Moss just got by a slower car going into Ste Dévote and the American drivers had to follow it round by the Casino, losing valuable yards. This sort of 'traffic driving' was the saviour for Moss, for there is no one to match him at lapping slower cars and taking every opportunity with an uncanny foresight. Phil Hill was certainly no match and Ginther could hardly hope to compete, given his limited experience. It was rather like a fighter-plane being chased by a superior enemy and being saved by dodging into clouds. It had been obvious for some time that though Ginther was setting the Ferrari pace from third position, he was being held up by Hill, for whereas Hill was looking hot and breathless, Ginther was looking cool and calculating, chewing his gum and driving with a very set expression on his face. At 70 laps the gap was still 5sec but Moss was looking in his mirrors as much as he was looking ahead, driving as only Moss knows how, holding off the inevitable by sheer skill and brilliance. Only two weeks before we had seen Moss driving at nine and a half tenths in Sicily and now he was doing it again in Monte Carlo, not for a fleeting moment but continually, lap after lap, having no time to waste on waving to his friends. So great was the excitement that the rest of the runners were forgotten and the disappearance of Surtees when his Yeoman Credit Climax engine blew up on lap 69 was almost missed.

So great was the excitement that the rest of the runners were forgotten and the disappearance of Surtees was almost missed

McLAREN BRAKED HEAVILY BEFORE THE hairpin to let Moss through and Ginther was beginning to make Phil Hill realise he was in the way. On lap 72 the gap enlarged to 6.5sec and this made Ginther get rough with his team-mate, who was out of his depth at this speed, and had been for some time. As they started lap 75 Ginther was alongside and elbowing him out of the way and by lap 77 he had closed the gap to 5.5sec and got away from Hill. On lap 78 he got hung up by a slow car on the twisty part of the course and the gap returned to 6sec, but by lap 80 it was down to 4.5sec and Ginther was giving all he had got, the Ferrari sounding really angry. On lap 82 the gap was 4sec, only half a second gain, but how the wiry little ▶



This was Moss's third Monaco GP win – and his second on the trot for privateer Rob Walker's Lotus team

American was working to gain those few yards on a superb Moss, who was watching his mirror all the time. They were now lapping below 1min 37sec and the tension was terrific, Ginther was looking so determined that a lesser man than Moss would have given up, but not the 'Golden Boy'. He was enjoying every minute of the battle, even if he was sweating a bit. Most people, especially a new driver to Grand Prix racing, would have settled for a safe second place behind the master driver, but not Ginther. He pushed harder than ever, doing his 84th lap in 1min 36.3sec, only a tenth of a second off the absolute lap record set up last year by a 2.5-litre car. This reduced the gap to 3.5sec, but the superb Moss replied by recording an identical time on lap 85 and putting the gap back to 4.5sec. In the middle of all this excitement, McLaren ran out of petrol as he rounded the hairpin, but was able to coast to the pits and take on more and rejoin the race, but it let Gurney by into fifth place. At 5sec the gap stayed, Moss having got the measure of the Ferrari by sheer driving skill for he was giving away more than 25bhp. On lap 89 they lapped von Trips and on lap 91 Ginther – determined to have one last desperate attempt – threw away his chewing-gum. He had no great hope of getting the lead, for even if he caught Moss he would still have to get by, but he kept the pressure on in the hope that something would happen. It was too much to hope that Moss would make a mistake, for even on the limit this rarely happens to the master, but there was always the hope that the Lotus-Climax would break, if pressed continuously; equally there was the risk that the Ferrari would break, but as Ginther showed last year at Modena he is a great believer in "if you are going to race, then race to the bitter end" – and be had been really racing. On lap 96 he chopped half a second off and the gap was 4.5sec, on lap 97 he had gained a yard or two, on lap 98 it was 4sec and the same as they started their last lap. Not for a long while now had we seen such a race, where it was not going to be won until the chequered flag fell. All around that last lap Moss was watching his mirrors and Ginther was just as



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determined as ever and they crossed the finishing line 3.6seconds apart and the vast crowd sank back in exhaustion saying, “What a race, and this new Formula 1 has only just started.”

A very harassed Phil Hill arrived third and on his slowing-down lap found von Trips stopped by the roadside, the Ferrari having lost all its sparks on its last lap, so the German rode to the finish on the tail of his team-mate’s car. A very relieved and happy Moss went to receive the winner’s cup, his third Monaco GP win and a happy and smiling freckle-faced Ginther said “Couldn’t try any harder, but it wasn’t enough.”

When he switched off the Ferrari engine, the left-hand bank of chokes gradually filled with petrol, the float chambers flooding badly, which explained the slight hesitation the engine had suffered on initial pick-up away from the hairpin. Moss had taken the MkII Climax engine well up to its limit of nearly 8000rpm, using every one of its 152bhp and it had responded nobly, as had the Lotus chassis, Colotti gearbox, Dunlop tyres and Girling disc brakes. ■

STIRLING MOSS

Born: September 17 1929,
Kensington, London, England

WINS 16

POLE POSITIONS 16

WIN RATE 24.2%

FASTEST LAPS 19

66 **STARTS**

186.5 POINTS

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP RUNNER-UP
1955, 1956, 1957, 1958

LEWIS HAMILTON

BY ADAM COOPER

It is easy to forget that Lewis Hamilton had to wait six years between his first World Championship and his second. We caught up with him during that barren period and talked god, girlfriends and racing glory

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, JANUARY 2014

Lewis Hamilton is in a relaxed mood as we sit in the open lounge area on top of the Mercedes hospitality building in Abu Dhabi, a quiet refuge from the bustling paddock below.

He's a relatively late arrival from India. Most of his peers could hardly wait to leave Delhi for the UAE, rushing to the airport on the Sunday night after the race. Lewis travelled instead to Calcutta in his new role as an ambassador for Save the Children. He has a genuine affection for kids, always apparent when he stops in the paddock for a picture or an autograph, and the extended Indian trip was an eye-opener.

"People try so hard to make you welcome and they do their best," he says, with a smile. "They've got beautiful kids there, too."

His latest charity role adds yet another layer to the complex personality that is Lewis Hamilton, a man who currently describes himself on Twitter, sincerely and seriously, as 'F1 driver, artist, singer/songwriter/musician.'

Many people were sceptical when it was announced that Lewis would be leaving McLaren for Mercedes – even his own father had advised him to stay with the team that had been his home since he was first picked up by Ron Dennis as a 13-year-old kart racer.

A year on, no one is questioning his decision to head for pastures new… although not even Lewis could have predicted the tumble that McLaren's fortunes would take in 2013. And, equally, he insists that he didn't expect to win a race for Mercedes-Benz, nor earn a string of pole positions. ▶


Mercedes-Benz
ONAS
I G
Blackberry

Nevertheless, Hamilton's overriding feeling about this year is that he has underperformed, in that his qualifying pace was rarely converted into a decent result. Before and after the summer change of tyre spec, he often struggled more than team-mate Nico Rosberg to get the most out of the Pirellis and, rightly or wrongly, he blames himself for that.

"Things have been above expectations this year in terms of the team's performance, and how I've got along with everyone," he says. "All those things are ticked off, they're great, but from my side of things I'm not 100 per cent happy with my performance. I can't pinpoint exactly why. There have been some good races. The times when the car was really good, Monaco for example, I should have been on top of it, but I really struggled. I've been struggling mostly with the car and the electronics and everything."

In some ways winning the Hungarian GP was a bonus. What a lot of people failed to grasp last year is that Lewis had seen the bigger picture of the upcoming turbo era. He appreciated the strength of the technical team that Ross Brawn had put together – and understood that there were obvious benefits of driving for a works team that shared its ownership with the engine supplier.

"When I made the decision," he says, "I knew where the team was going. I knew the plans they had, where the wind tunnel development was going, all that kind of stuff. And also I was conscious that next year we'd have a new engine from Mercedes. It just seemed like the right place to be, especially with the rules changing as well. There were tons of things that I had to consider. I'm proud that I made the choice, but it was difficult. Even my family said I should stay – my dad told me to remain with McLaren!

"Just to arrive at the first race and be in the mix... Jeez, I'd prepared myself to be perhaps about 10th or something like that at the start of the season, just in case it was really bad, and it was way better. It's been a real blessing to come here – and also for it to turn out so positive after people were so negative about the move. I really just have to lift it up to God.

"There's a reason why I felt the way I felt, to make those decisions."

You don't need to be a shrink to view Hamilton's departure from McLaren as an escape from the apron strings of the team that groomed him.

"I feel like I definitely have more freedom at Mercedes," he says, before rephrasing his words. "It's not necessarily freedom, it's just that we had so many partners there. We had tons and tons of partners, 45 or something, and if you imagine for every partner you had to do five appearances... It was hardcore! Here we have fewer.

"McLaren's mentality is they've really got to source the money from sponsors, whereas here with Mercedes and Petronas the team hasn't got 50 sponsors to bring the budget in, so it's just a different mentality. Also they really understand that a driver needs to arrive fresh, clear in the head, fit and ready, that's the most important thing. It's just a slightly different approach, and one that fits me a little bit better."

I'm proud that I made the choice - but it was difficult. Even my dad told me to remain with McLaren!



IT'S NOT JUST A CHANGE OF SPONSOR workload that has played a role in clearing Hamilton's head. Lewis has always had a complicated private life, one that reflects his emotional personality. His on/off relationship with singer Nicole Scherzinger is rarely far from the headlines, and things have not always run smoothly with father and former manager Anthony. He readily admits that at times he's been distracted.

"Definitely," he says. "I don't feel that it's affected me this year – I think I've grown a lot. Through even the toughest part of this year, I won in Hungary. But in previous years I really struggled. Particularly part-way through 2010, and I would say in 2011 mostly, I was a disaster – I was a nervous wreck that year."

So girlfriend issues can potentially affect his demeanour over a race weekend? He laughs.

"I don't have any girlfriend issues, I'm one of the most eligible bachelors now! Well, it doesn't help to have negative energy around you, and to carry it around with you like baggage without even realising it's there. But I don't feel that this year I've had any baggage, so I've been able to go through the year enjoying it, really. Small patches of the year were tough, but everyone goes through those experiences.

"I think I've just matured a lot. I pray a lot, and over the last five years I've been bringing more and more God into my life, and that's been making a difference



Hamilton celebrates his first race win as a Mercedes driver at the 2013 Hungarian Grand Prix

this year more than ever. And that's why I'm so happy every day."

That happiness is often communicated to the public via Hamilton's busy Twitter feed, filled with messages of love and peace, mixed with quotes from Gandhi and other sources of inspiration. Purists may find some of it a little grating, but it's a reflection of the real Lewis.

"I read a lot about Bob Marley and his approach to life, and he felt like he could create peace by creating this beautiful music, and through that music share and spread love. I really respect that kind of approach. I guess I'm in the position where I can speak to several different people, say 'Have a great day, keep your head up and try to think positively'. And if I can make a difference to one person, that's a cool thing to be able to do."

Isn't he worried that he's a little over-exposed on Twitter and elsewhere?

"No... Look at Sebastian, he doesn't show anything. I guess people don't fully know him as well as maybe you do or I do from the little time I get to spend with him. People really knew Ayrton, I think, and I'd like people to know me. I wear my heart on my sleeve. It gets me in trouble a lot of the time, but that's the way it is and I'm not going to hold back because sometimes negativity comes with that.

"I like to share the experiences I have. I come from a very normal background, and so many people from where I was from would love to be doing what I'm doing, so I like to share those experiences. Not to put it in their faces or anything, but to show them what you can do, and what's possible."

He has a genuine respect for his fans: "For me it's just crazy, because I grew up in this small town Stevenage, which is nowhere. Who would have thought that I'd have people consciously going to buy my T-shirt or wearing my cap or making a banner with my name on it? I'm just so grateful for that kind of thing, the effort that people make. There's so much positive energy out there."

HE HAD A WIN AND POLES, BUT WHAT LEWIS didn't do in 2013 was fight for the World Championship. His first and only title in 2008 is starting to seem a long time ago. There have been signs of frustration after another afternoon driving his socks off for relatively little reward while up ahead Vettel has logged yet another victory with apparent ease. Lewis downplays any negative feelings.

"It's not frustrating," he says. "I wouldn't use frustrating as the word. It's just, interesting... There are so many great drivers here. Many of them can win the World Championship, some of them have come and gone, and never had a car like I had in 2008, they didn't have a car like Sebastian has, or Michael had, or Fernando had.

"And there are drivers that never made it into F1 that also had the potential to do that. Marc Hynes [1999 British F3 champion and one of Lewis's few close friends in racing] was massively talented; arguably he could have come in and done a great job, and there are other people like that as well.

"You never know how the rest of the years are going to go. Fernando might stop before he wins another World Championship. That would be weird for me, ▶



Sebastian Vettel plays catch-up in the Red Bull as Hamilton leads the 2013 Hungarian GP on route to victory for Mercedes

because he's such a great driver. Like Kimi for example... If Kimi leaves the sport with only one World Championship I'd be really surprised, because growing up watching him in F1 he was spectacular. But that's the way the sport is, you just have to kind of step back and change your mindset. If you're lucky enough to have a year when you have a car that allows you to do something, you just have to grab it with both hands.

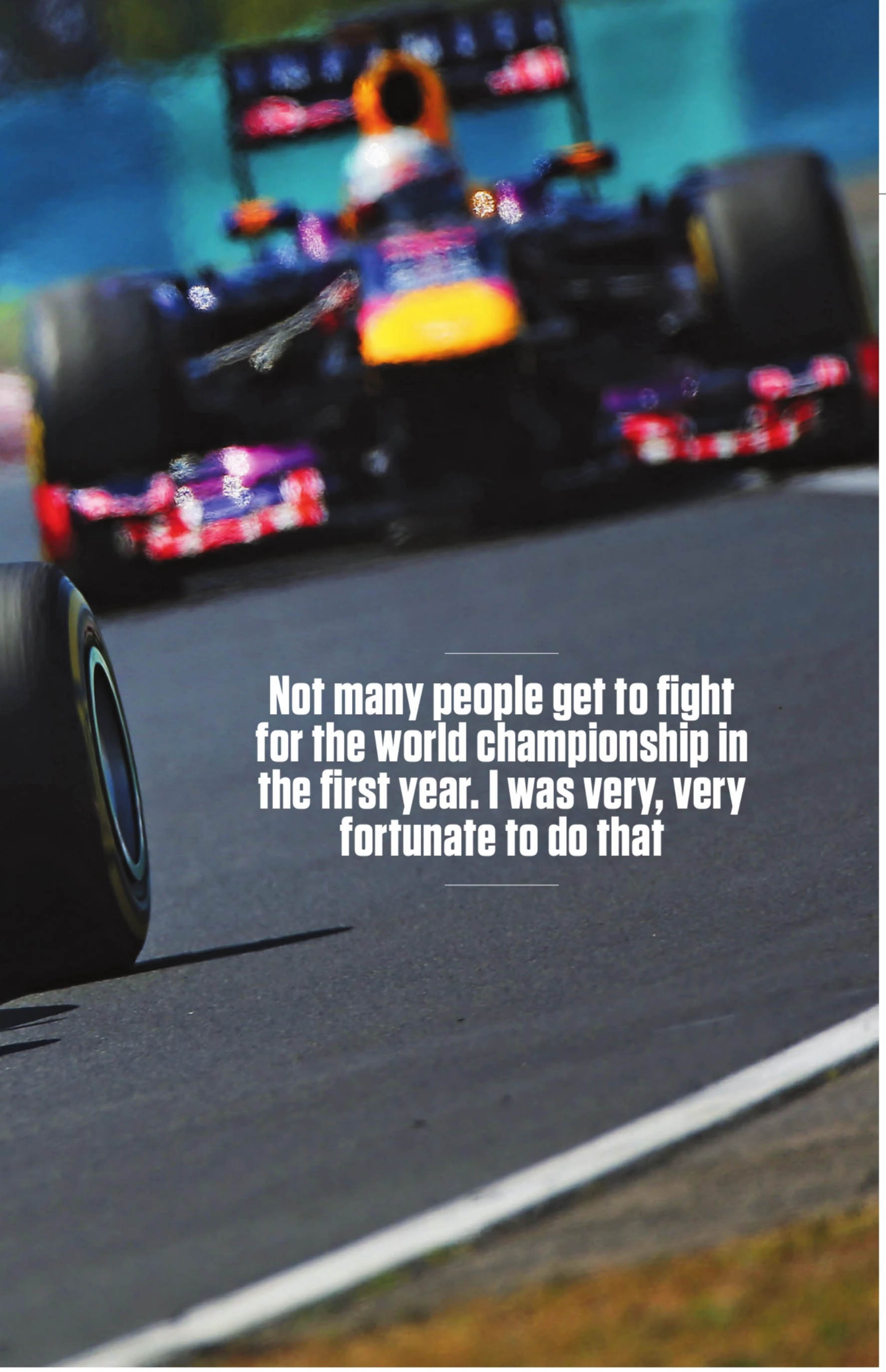
"When I came into F1 I didn't have any expectations. When I watched F1 before I got here I was always wondering, 'Can I fight with Fernando, can I fight with Michael?' I was sure I could if I had the chance. And then when I got there I fought with them, or at least with Fernando.

I definitely didn't expect to have the big drop in performance in 2009, and then I didn't expect the following years to be so bad. In my career, every year I was at the front. Actually, one year in karting was really bad, but it was a good learning year. When we had a competitive car I was always at the front.

"It's been interesting, if not perfect, but I've been fortunate first just to stay in F1, to have the wins that I've had each year and the success that I've had, to be able to move to a new team and continue to have success, being able to have my family, being able to travel, all those kinds of things. I think I just have to count my blessings."

He's insists that he's not envious of Vettel's run of success.

"It would have been nice to fight with him during these years. I guess I had my time. I was very, very fortunate when I came into the sport, not many people get to come in and be in a top team and have a chance to fight for the World Championship in the first year, and I was very, very fortunate to do that. Most others haven't. And then it's been his time to shine – it's been a long period for him to shine. I hope that at some stage I have my time again."



Not many people get to fight for the world championship in the first year. I was very, very fortunate to do that

Will that chance come in 2014? It's still anyone's guess as to how the formbook will look come Melbourne and, typically, Lewis is erring on the side of caution.

"I don't know how it's going to be, it might not go so well. But they will still be two incredible learning years. I get to work with a great group of people and I should learn a lot during that period. But ultimately the goal is to train my arse off this winter, so next year I'm fitter than I've ever been, in the best mental head space and hopefully one of the best cars."

He then checks himself momentarily and adds a fascinating postscript.

"I actually don't want to have the best car by a long way. I'd like to be able to fight with Fernando, be similar in pace, but through driving a little bit better finish ahead of him. And the same with Vettel, maybe, that would be cool. I don't want to win because I'm that much faster, you know what I mean?" ■

LEWIS
HAMILTON

Born: January 7 1985,
Tewin, Hertfordshire, England

WINS
62

POLE POSITIONS
72

WIN RATE
30%

FASTEST LAPS
38

208
STARTS

2610
POINTS

WORLD CHAMPION
2008, 2014,
2015, 2017

FRANÇOIS CEVERT

BY NIGEL ROEBUCK

He was understudy to Jackie Stewart, a rising star being groomed to lead the Tyrrell team following the Scot's retirement. Fate, though, would deny him that privilege...

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, NOVEMBER 2013

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



CEVERT'S F1 CAREER WAS BRIEF INDEED, little more than three years. He had joined Tyrrell at mid-season in 1970, following the abrupt retirement of Johnny Servoz-Gavin after the Monaco Grand Prix. Servoz-Gavin, who had come to Tyrrell following the departure of Jean-Pierre Beltoise to Matra, always had the reputation of a playboy. But if he had a keen taste for both the ladies and Johnnie Walker, so there had often been flashes of real brilliance in a racing car: standing in for the injured JYS at Monaco in 1968, he shook the establishment by qualifying Tyrrell's Matra-Cosworth second for what was his first race in an F1 car. Shortly before the start of the 1970 season, though, Servoz-Gavin took part in an off-road rally, during which he was struck in the eye by a tree branch.

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

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

I can't claim I knew he was going to be special. It wasn't like seeing Senna in the rain. Of the options, I thought François was the best

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

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

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

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

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

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

"In practice at Zandvoort Ken asked me if we could



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

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

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

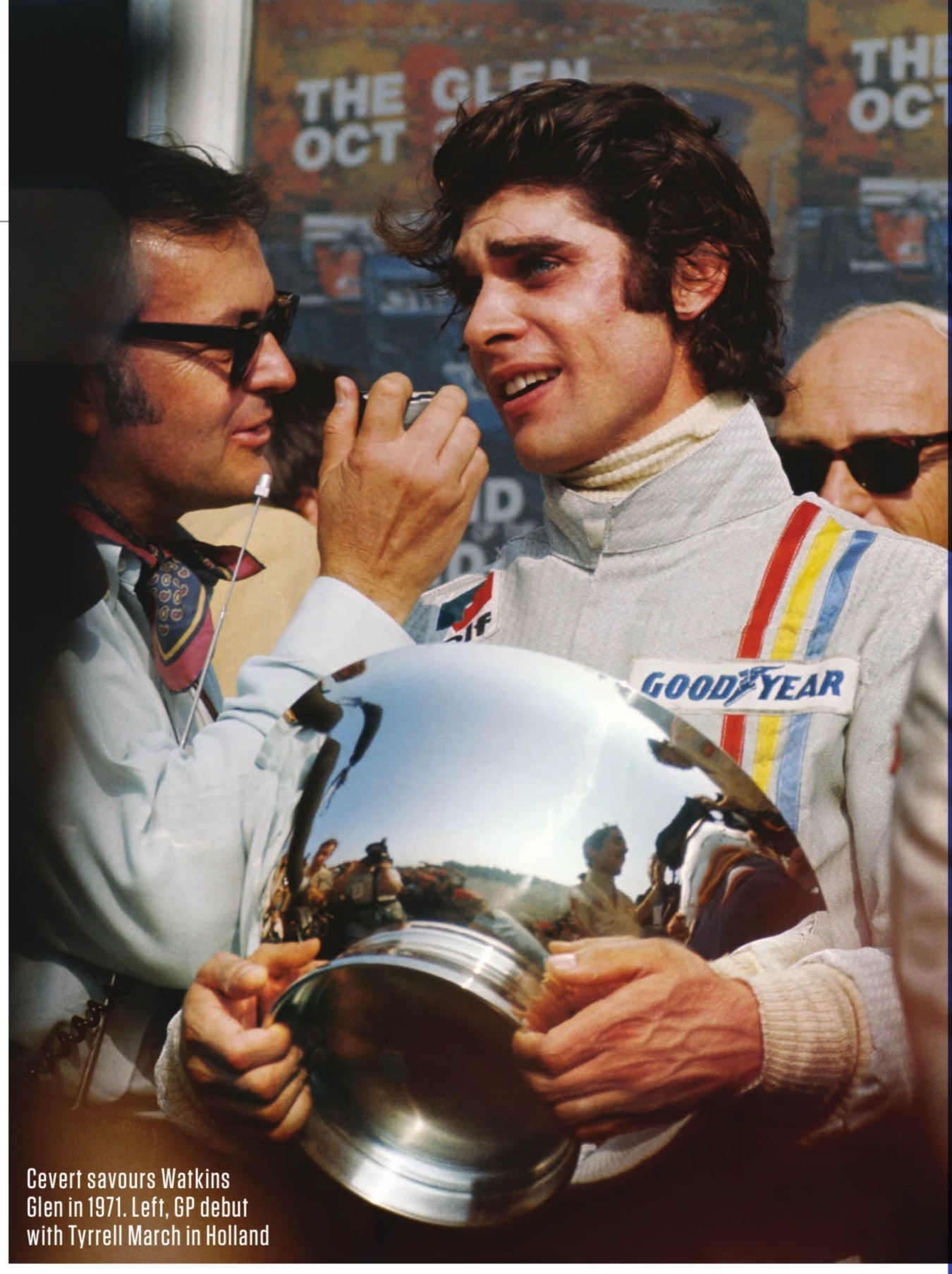
For all that, it was in the next race, at St Jovite, that Cevert gave notice of serious intent. By now Tyrrell had launched its first car, in which Stewart took pole position and dominated while it lasted, but Cevert, still in the unloved March, qualified fourth, and fought with Amon's similar car until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

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

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

"The thing about François," said Stewart, "was that he was absolutely unpretentious and genuine – not at all infatuated with himself, as so many people like him are. He was from a very rich Jewish family, but from the way he was you'd never have known about the wealth.

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



Cevert savours Watkins Glen in 1971. Left, GP debut with Tyrrell March in Holland

Whatever else, Cevert was never less than intensely serious about his job. From the beginning he revered Stewart, appreciating that he was working with the best: any time Jackie had words of counsel for him, be it specifics about the car or simply managing a Grand Prix weekend, he was going to listen.

IN 1971 STEWART TOOK THE SECOND OF HIS three World Championships, and Cevert, maturity growing by the race, finished third in the points standings, with second places (to JYS) at Zandvoort and the Nürburgring, a third at Monza – and finally, at Watkins Glen, a victory, the first by a French driver since 1958.

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

seconds clear of Jo Siffert's BRM and Ronnie Peterson's March.

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

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



Cevert at Paul Ricard in 1973, when he finished second to Ronnie Peterson

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

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

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

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

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

As was the custom back in the day, the F1 season finished with a couple of races in North America, and on a chaotically wet day at Mosport, where initially no one quite knew who had won, Cevert was injured in an accident with Jody Scheckter. "After the race," says Stewart, "Helen and I didn't know how badly hurt he'd been, so when they said he was in hospital we went there feeling a bit anxious. 'Are you a member of the family?' they said – which is never a good sign.

I said, 'No, but I'm his team-mate', and they told me 'OK, he's in room so-and-so'. We went there – but the room had been cleared, and I thought, 'Oh, Christ…' I said to the nurse, 'Is everything all right with Mr Cevert?' 'Yes,' she said, 'he's coming along well'. 'Oh, great – where is he?' 'Out on the balcony,' she said, 'smoking…' God, the relief we felt!"

For the Canadian and US Grands Prix Ford had provided a Galaxie for Stewart's use, and the intention had been to take a break between the races. "We asked François to come with us, saying that he could sit in the back, with his leg up. At first he said, 'No, no, it's your holiday', but we persuaded him, and I'll always be glad we did."

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

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



was mesmerised. It was magic, and they clapped like mad – and of course after that he had to do it every night!

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

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

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

By the time they got there Cevert was feeling fit again. He adored this circuit on which he had won, and was on the pace from the outset, vying with Ronnie Peterson's Lotus and Carlos Reutemann's Brabham for fastest time on the Saturday morning.

Towards the end of the session he went out one last time.

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

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

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

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

Stewart, like Amon, was using fourth. "To go quickly, third was the right gear – but the road dipped, and because it was a very short-wheelbase car, the ▶



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

At 11.54, with six minutes of the session remaining, Cevert's car glanced the right-hand Armco barrier at the top of the esses, then instantly dived across the road into the guardrail on the left, which split open on impact. The car was destroyed and the driver killed instantly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Another suggestion was that a puncture had put the Tyrrell wide in the first place, but that would surely have been detectable to the driver, who would have backed off.

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

The decision had already been taken for Tyrrell to withdraw from the race, as a mark of respect. "The mechanics were concerned something had broken," says Stewart. "I was sure I knew what had happened,

but they were so distressed I felt I had to go out, even though I knew I wasn't ever going to race again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FRANÇOIS
CEVERT

Born: February 25 1944, Paris, France
Died: October 6 1973, Watkins Glen, USA

WINS 1

POLE POSITIONS 0

WIN RATE 2.2%

FASTEST LAPS 2

46 STARTS

89 POINTS

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP 3RD PLACE 1971

TONY BROOKS

BY ALAN HENRY

Seventeen years ago, the chance of a British car winning a world championship Grand Prix was unlikely – and the prospect of that state of affairs changing looked remarkably dim. With Mercedes-Benz and Maserati having a virtual stranglehold on the world championship, British teams in no way matched up to the continental opposition.

BRM's effort usually resulted in a few fleeting moments of sheer speed that ended when the 2 1/2-litre motor fell apart or the chassis played evil tricks on its driver and sent him off the road. But the Guildford based Connaught organisation could at least be relied upon to field a car that handled well, even though the pre-war Alta motor just wasn't capable of staying with the more sophisticated power units from Italy and Germany. Yet it was in one of these cars that an unknown name in Formula 1 put British cars on the post-war racing map by heating the works Maseratis in the non-championship Syracuse Grand Prix at the very end of the 1955 season.

The man who pulled off this historic win was a quiet, unassuming dental student from Surrey, Charles Antony Standish Brooks, and it was to Brooks's modern Lancia and Fiat dealership in rural byfleet that we went to talk to him about the successful Grand Prix career into which he was pitched as a result of that 'outside' victory. Brooks has been retired from Formula 1 for 12 years, an honest decision made after honest self-appraisal at the early age of 29, "after a season driving the works BRMs, which were forced to rely on Coventry-Climax 4-cylinder motors ▶

The racer who quit, aged just 29. A shared win with Moss earned him a place in UK folklore, but a lower-profile success was arguably of greater significance

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, MARCH 1973


20.



TONY BROOKS



Spa 1958: Brooks heads for one of his three wins during the campaign

since the V8 unit never materialised. Quite frankly, the whole thing was rather unsatisfactory and this encouraged me to hasten retirement to the motor business, which I'd originally established in 1959."

In any event, Brooks was openly disillusioned about the world championship points system which, he felt, showed up in a very poor light in 1958. "Stirling Moss won three races for Vanwall, plus another in Rob Walker's Cooper-Climax, I won three for Vanwall and Mike Hawthorn won one for Ferrari. It was then I realised that you could go on chasing the world championship until you were 50 and still get no nearer to winning it. I thought, boy, if Moss won four, I won three and the world champion won one, then forget it." From many of today's highly-paid F1 'heroes' such talk would be dismissed as sour grapes, but Brooks's modest self appraisal lends sincerity to such a view. In fact, he talks about his arrival into top-line racing in an almost apologetic fashion. In 1954 and '55 his prowess at the wheel of an old Frazer Nash at Goodwood marked him out as a youngster with above-average capability and this led him into the works Aston Martin team, as an occasional member when the Feltham organisation ran three cars. "But generally I found myself left out when just two cars were running, so I was very much a 'part-timer'."

NEVERTHELESS, BROOKS'S PROWESS WAS sufficiently great to earn him a place in the works team for the 1955 Le Mans race, where he partnered wealthy amateur John Riseley-Pritchard at the wheel of the third entry. They didn't finish but the effect of the terrible accident involving Pierre Levegh's Mercedes-Benz, which cost the lives of more than 80 spectators, brought family pressure to bear on Riseley-Pritchard to give up motor racing. He comoplied with his family's insistence, thus leaving his Formula 2 Connaught available, and he immediately recruited Brooks to handle it for the rest of the year.

Then in October came the non-championship Formula 1 event scheduled for the road circuit at Syracuse on the very south-east tip of Sicily. It wasn't really much more than a glorified club affair, but the entry contained the Maserati team with Luigi Musso and Luigi Villoresi. The old London Transport coaches the Connaught team used to freight its squadron of cars made the trip to Sicily and designer Rodney Clarke opted to give Brooks his chance at the wheel of one of their 2 1/2-litre chassis. The young Englishman had to interrupt his dentistry studies at Manchester University to make the nine-hour plane journey to Sicily, still reluctant to acknowledge that he might have any racing talent.

"Quite honestly I still felt that dentistry was the way to go. I wanted a secure career behind me while I went motor racing; in retrospect I feel that I should have put my profession on one side, gone racing and returned to it later on. But that is hindsight; quite honestly, I felt they picked me for Syracuse simply because there ▶

wasn't anyone else available. As far as I was concerned it was study all the way down on the aeroplane and study all the way back. The race was what you might call a bit of light relief in between." By the time the official practice sessions ended. Brooks had planted the Connaught on the outside of the front row of the grid alongside the two Maseratis. The fact that he'd managed this feat simply didn't register with him as he admits he was more preoccupied trying to observe the Alta engine's strictly imposed rev-limit and "doing my best not to 'jigger-up' the pre-selector gearbox". At the start of the race the Connaught was slow away but slowly and surely made up ground on the leading Maseratis, passed them and started to pull away. For the driver of the green car "taught that red cars shouldn't get bigger, they should get smaller in front of you", the whole situation was rather beyond his appreciation. He stayed ahead and won.

Immediately after the race the young Englishman was mobbed by hundreds of enthusiastic Sicilians. Brooks recalled that he ran to climb onto his motor-scooter in order to escape their attentions –"I wasn't as European in my thinking as I hope I am now; it really was quite a frightening experience" – and tried to tighten the protective handkerchief that he had tied round his sore palms by means of grasping it in his teeth.

"The crown on my front tooth promptly fell to the ground, amongst the feet of all these mad Sicilians! But fortunately I had a spare crown, which I fixed for the prize-giving. But if my smiles looked a little stilted, that's the reason why!"



Brooks's BRM burns at Silverstone in '56; he was thrown clear. Below, duelling with Brabham (8) at Reims in '59

IMMEDIATELY A DIFFICULT SITUATION FACED Brooks. Should he stay with the Connaught team, as Rodney Clarke wished him to, or move to BRM where the Stewart Tresilian/Peter Berthon four-cylinder engine was proving intensely competitive (while it kept running). The Connaught chassis handled beautifully, but its engine was sadly uncompetitive, while the opposite was true of the BRM. After much serious thought, Brooks decided it was in his interest to sign for the BRM team. He stayed for just one season, but had proved to himself that the 2 1/2-litre BRM was a particularly nasty car to drive. "The BRM had the sheer speed, but it wouldn't go around corners. In fact, Mike Hawthorn and I led the 1956 British Grand Prix with ease for the first three laps until everyone else suddenly woke up. Then we had to race the cars; you had to corner the things like bicycles, they were absolutely hopeless. As I've said before, the Connaught had a competitive chassis with an uncompetitive engine while the BRM had a competitive engine and diabolical chassis... and I mean diabolical. It was an absolute danger."

Brooks's relationship with BRM came to an unfortunate head when the car turned over at Abbey Curve during the British GP after the throttle stuck open. "It threw me out, somersaulted a couple of times and then set itself on fire, which was about the best possible thing that could happen to that motor car. It did the only decent thing, committed 'hari-kari'." *[I remember giving Brooks a lift back to the paddock immediately afterwards – WB]* At the end of the season, he left to join Stirling Moss and Stuart Lewis-Evans in Tony Vandervell's Vanwall team.

The Vanwall era is well chronicled and needs no detailed history here, but Moss and Brooks shared the winning car in the 1957 British Grand Prix at Aintree and then went on to secure the world title for constructors in 1958 as they took victories in the Belgian, Portuguese, Dutch, German, Italian and Moroccan Grands Prix. Out of this impressive tally, Brooks took the Vanwall to first place at Spa-Francorchamps, Nürburgring and Monza and took third place in the world championship with 24 points to Hawthorn's 42 and Moss's 41.

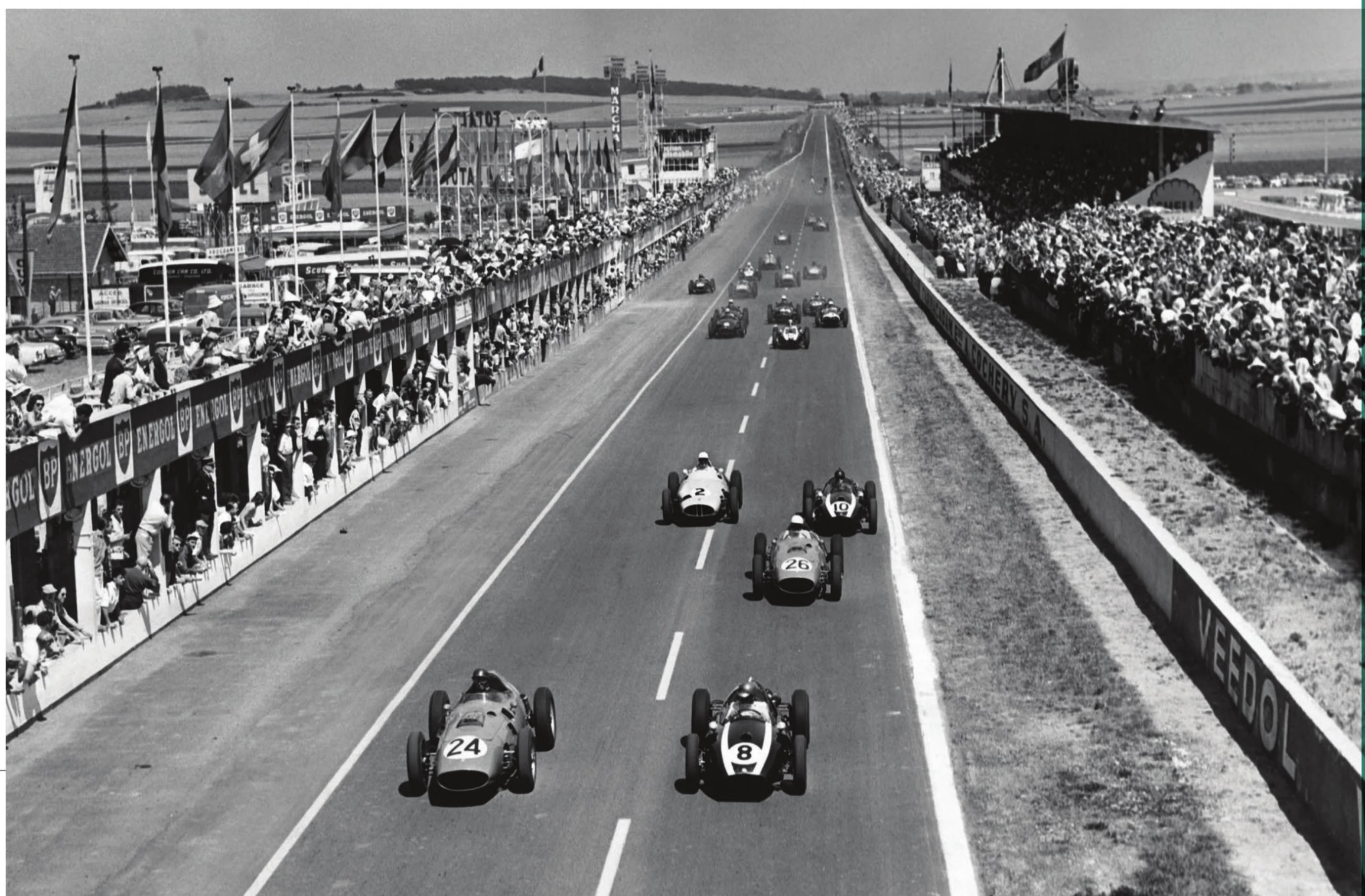
"But by this time I was fed up with sports cars and had made my mind up that I didn't want to drive at Le Mans again." Things now looked set for Brooks to stay with the Aston Martin sports-car team for 1959, but the shock news that Tony Vandervell was withdrawing his Vanwalls at the end of 1958 shed a new light onto the situation. Mike Hawthorn's retirement as world champion, followed by his tragic



I insisted I wasn't going to drive at Le Mans, a condition to which Ferrari agreed. I suppose this was something of a precedent

death in a road accident, meant that the Ferrari team had a vacant spot for a team leader. Brooks took up the offer "but I insisted that I wasn't going to drive at Le Mans, a condition to which Ferrari agreed. I suppose that this was something of a precedent, because Ferrari doesn't usually permit his drivers to opt out of sports car commitments. But I'd raced there four times and got precisely nowhere and I thought, 'If I ever drive in that race again, well, I'll want my head seeing to'." Brooks admits that by this time his interest in racing was confined to the 'purest' category: Formula 1.

The 1959 season held much the same fortunes for Brooks as the previous year, further emphasising his opinion that the world championship wasn't something on which one should hang one's racing ambitions to the exclusion of all else. The front-engined Ferrari was pitted against the agile rear-engined Cooper-Climax ▶





Leading BRM team-mate Graham Hill at Monza in 1961 – Brooks's penultimate Grand Prix start

of Jack Brabham and the Australian came out world champion with 31 points to Brooks's 27. However, Brooks points out that Ferrari missed the British Grand Prix owing to industrial strikes in Italy and he was forced to make do with an uncompetitive interim Vanwall, especially made ready for the occasion, while the Belgian event was cancelled "which was a pity, for I've always gone well at Spa and the Ferrari would have been at less of a disadvantage than anywhere else". Nonetheless, the name of the game is winning, and Brooks had triumphed in six Grands Prix in the space of 18 months. "That pleased me, at least to think that I could keep up with the best." By this time, Brooks's thoughts had turned towards retirement and the establishment of his garage business in Byfleet, within sight of the old Brooklands banking. [*I don't think he appreciated the historic site his premises occupied – WB*] He fully realised that Ferrari was working on a brand-new V6 that would be the engine to beat when the 1 1/2-litre formula came into being in 1961, but he also wanted to be based in England so that he could supervise his business. "I felt that it was unrealistic to run a proper business in Britain while driving for a team baked in Italy."

Thus Brooks came to an agreement that he would drive in a single-car Vanwall team with a new rear-engined chassis that Vandervell's organisation had produced. "This arrangement suited me down to the ground but, unfortunately, the car didn't materialise. I was rather annoyed about this, as I kept myself available to Tony Vandervell without any written contract in view of our previous association and, when it became clear that the car wasn't available, all the good drives had been snapped up. Really, after Lewis-Evans's death after Casablanca, I don't think Vandervell sustained any enthusiasm for racing at all. It's just a feeling I have, but I haven't any proof."

So Tony Brooks was doomed to drive an uncompetitive Cooper-Climax for the private Yeoman-Credit team. "Frankly, the less said about this, the better, as one just couldn't hope to keep up using last year's equipment." But things looked rather brighter for 1961 with an offer to rejoin BRM with Graham Hill and the promise of the powerful new V8. Sadly, things were to be little better and the BRMs were forced to rely on outdated Climax V8s while development of the new motor lagged behind. "It was ridiculous," he says. "With just 130bhp, you drove the things just like karts. It was disappointing and frustrating, particularly as the Ferraris were running as quickly as expected. For me it was particularly galling, knowing that I could have been driving one." Tony Brooks made his last racing appearance in a works BRM-Climax in the 1961 United States Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, finishing third behind the Lotus-CIimax of Innes Ireland and the Porsche of Dan Gurney. His

mind finally made up, at the comparatively early age of 29, he retired from active motor racing immediately, knowing he was still competitive. "There were offers for me to stay at BRM with Graham Hill, and I could have returned to Ferrari, but you've got to take the decision some time. I'd just completed two disappointing seasons and felt that this was the right time to do it."

Brooks holds very strong views about he subject of retirement, feeling that a professional driver should know when to stop and withdraw from active participation at a time when he is still being approached with new contracts.

"I don't consider Fangio to have had any alternative at the age of 48, neither Stirling after such a dreadful crash. I do wish that people would realise that a good gambler quits while they're ahead, as I feel they have a responsibility to their public as well as themselves." Brooks still had irons in the fire right up until the end of his career, even though he was casting an eye to

Brooks holds very strong views about the subject of retirement. 'I wish people would realise a good gambler quits while ahead'

future retirement in 1960.

Having started it as a sideline, Brooks never felt that racing owed him a living in the manner that so many of today's top drivers feel. The break was hard to make, for he realised that there were few other occupations where one could combine a stimulating sport with worldwide travel in order to carry out one's 'work'. That the current crop of Formula 1 drivers seems to moan continually about money and circuit safety just leaves a puzzled and unsympathetic expression on Brooks's face. He enjoyed racing and, to him, the challenge of a demanding road circuit was simply something to savour, so he has no time for those who, in his own words, are out "prostituting the name of Grand Prix racing".

It's simply no good for today's so-called experts to dismiss Brooks as an elderly eccentric with dim memories of racing at Brooklands to back up his idealistic thoughts. Now a well groomed 41, he has a clear power of recall over some of the most formative years for Britain in the field of Grand Prix racing. He thought about his performances in the cockpit of a Grand Prix car, became one of the very first real technical drivers who fully understood precisely what his car *was* doing as well as what it was *capable* of doing and coupled ability behind the wheel with a genuine lack of conceit that earned him many friends and fans all over Europe. ■

TONY
BROOKS

Born: February 25 1932,
Dukinfield, Cheshire, Great Britain

WINS
6

POLE POSITIONS
3

WIN RATE
15.8%

FASTEST LAPS
3

38
STARTS

75
POINTS

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP RUNNER-UP
1959

GERHARD BERGER

BY ROB WIDDOWS

His flamboyant style is indelibly linked to Formula 1's most dramatic era, and from humble origins Gerhard Berger became one of the great personalities in the paddock

TAKEN FROM *MOTOR SPORT*, MARCH 2016

Shooting the breeze with Berger is a glorious oasis in a desert of political correctness. There is no messing around, no ducking and diving. Gerhard's shots are fired from the hip.

If only he would come back to the paddock, bring his energy, humour, intelligence and mischief to bear on Formula 1 as it stumbles towards yet another crisis. But, in case you're wondering, he says he has no plans to return to the sport that has been his life. These days life's a beach… in Monaco.

Gazing out across the harbour, chilled out in check shirt and jeans, Gerhard Berger is just as he always was – fast, funny, and impatient of long questions. When he talks he looks you very straight in the eye, goes directly to the point, no matter what the topic.

"OK, we can talk about what is wrong, or right, with Formula 1 but let's start with the early days when it was just so much fun, and I never even dreamt of being in an F1 car." This sounds like a good idea. So let's enjoy some Berger banter over plates of pasta at Mozza, a favourite with racers at Portier, just down the road from his office above the famous Monaco tunnel.

Laughing as he talks, loving the memories, he takes us back to his boyhood in Austria.

"It's crazy, but I started driving when I was six or seven. My father had a trucking company and he liked cars, but there were no karts or racing cars, nobody was racing. What I loved was working on the trucks, or going to the scrapyard, getting an old car and fixing it, bringing it back to life. Then I would take it out, slide around on snow and ice in our village. It was crazy. Soon the police knew my name and I spent a lot of my childhood in the police station or in the hospital… I was nine years old, no licence, no insurance, no number plates but I was sliding around town – it was fantastic, and the police told me they'd make sure I never got a driving licence."

Pause for much laughter. "Then the real fun started: my father's truck drivers knew I was out on the roads and by the time I was 12 years old they'd take me on long-distance trips and I would drive when they were sleeping. Forty tons in the back, snow and ice, flat out, to see how fast I could do the corners without it tipping over. I was small, so I'd put a box on the seat, and the tourists towing their caravans would look up at me with some shock on their faces. I loved it and I'm just thankful I never hurt myself, or anybody else… The thing I loved was finding the limit, whether it was a car, a truck or fork-lift in the yard. This was my life, the driving, but racing came much later. When I was 14 I discovered motorbikes and did some small races, some slaloms, street racing, and illegal night racing up in the mountains and I found I was very quick in the rain, beating the other boys. ▶


MILD
SEVEN



"I HAD A PHOTO OF JOCHEN RINDT ON MY wall. He was a big hero, but I didn't follow motor racing as a fan, I was just obsessed with driving or riding on the limit. I had no big plan, no ambition. It's incredible that I did only 40 races between those early days and arriving in Formula 1. It just happened; I'd been given this talent for driving, I was winning a lot, and I was never scared, nothing frightened me."

There was a small local racing team in a nearby town and, having heard about Gerhard's exploits on the streets, they allowed him to visit and look at the cars. Then, out of the blue, in 1979, they asked him if he'd like to race a Group 5 Ford Escort they had prepared at the Österreichring.

"So I said OK, but I was still in college, no race licence, and I had no money. It turned out the guys were trying to sell the car and they knew my father had some money. Anyway, I did the race, and I won, which was a problem because it was in the papers and I'd never told my parents… They insisted I finish my education, so that was that until '81 when I bought myself an Alfasud, prepared it, won the German Alfasud Trophy and brought home some prize money. Alfa Romeo came to me after I won at the Österreichring, said they'd like to support me, supply some engines for Formula 3, but I'd never driven a single-seater." Pause for more laughter. "So I hired a Formula Ford and won my first race. Then I did Hockenheim in Ford 2000, Senna was there and many other big names, a strong field, and I qualified well. At the first corner somebody hit me, and at the chicane I had no brakes and I had a huge crash, cars everywhere, red flag, like a war zone, and I had no car any more. So I thought, OK, I know I have some talent and I need to find a way to Formula 3."

In 1982 Gerhard finished third in the German F3 series, with a Josef Kaufmann Martini-Alfa, up against the faster VWs. Then the big break came: he met Helmut Marko.

"He says, 'I've been watching you. Call me next week.' So I did. I was almost bankrupt, no car, no plans for the next year. So I met him in Graz and he says he's going to put me in the European F3 series. This was good because it was going to be more professional with him, I would learn about set-up and technical things, not just rely on my talent. I didn't speak any English, I hardly knew where England was, but I hitched up a trailer and drove over there to buy a Ralt from Dick Bennetts. It was crazy, driving through London with my trailer – I'd never seen traffic like that before. Anyway, we got the car, took it home and did a race at Vallelunga. This was the start of being a professional driver with free engines from Alfa and backing from Helmut Marko.

"The car wasn't very good, but I had no idea what to do about understeer or oversteer – I'd always just driven flat out. Helmut was very frustrated, he couldn't believe I knew so little, and he helped me a lot with the technical side. We needed money so he took me to some slaloms in Austria where we could earn prize







Sparks fly at the South African GP in 1993, top left. At the Belgian GP during his final season for Ferrari in 1995, above. The following year Berger returned to Benetton, top right

money and find sponsors. We won some races and Burghard Hummel, a long-time supporter from Austria, introduced me to Dieter Stappert at BMW. He offered me a touring car test at Mugello and I think I was quickest, so I got a place in the team and I was paid. Now I had money for F3 and I got to race the BMW. We got some F3 podiums in '83 and decided to do another year in '84 with Trivellato – but I didn't want to be team-mate to an Italian in an Italian team, so Roberto Ravaglia lost his seat. I felt really bad about this; I liked Roberto, but Dieter Stappert got him a drive with me at BMW so it was OK in the end."

GERHARD FINISHED THIRD IN THE EUROPEAN F3 championship, and now after fewer than 40 races in total he was on his way to F1 with ATS, recommended by Marko and Stappert, who brought BMW engines to the German team. Imagine it – no karting, some touring cars, a season of F3 and he was about to make his GP debut with more than 1000bhp of turbo power behind his back. The baptism was just four laps at Zandvoort.

"I know…" Pause for much chuckling. "It was crazy, this thing had so much power. I'd never felt anything like it – I mean I'd only done one proper season in a single-seater. It had 1300bhp, no tyre warmers, no power steering, manual gearbox, you'd spin the wheels in fifth gear… Incredible. Before I drove the car I walked down to Tarzan to check the braking point – it wasn't just the power, it was the ▶



Berger grapples with his 1000bhp ATS on debut at the 1984 Austrian GP, above. The following year he moved to Arrows, bottom right, on his way to the Scuderia

brakes. So I thought, 'OK, I shut my eyes and brake where Piquet brakes.' That's what I did, and somehow I got it round the corner. [ATS boss] Günther Schmid said to me, 'Wow, you brake late for Tarzan.' I had to put on a good show – they could see what I was doing from the pits. Everything happened so fast, always changing gear, the power band was so narrow, just 1500 revs, so you raced sometimes with one hand – steering with one, changing gears with the other. Crazy."

Everything was going according to plan. After just four races with ATS in '84 Gerhard Berger, GP driver, had arrived at his destination. A year with Arrows, a year with Benetton and he was on his way to the Scuderia.

"I had no plan," he chuckles, "but for the first time I could see some kind of professional career ahead. I also realised that, despite the natural talent I'd been given, I might never beat people like Senna, or Bellof, who had so much more racing experience. Bellof, I think, was the fastest of them all, and I'd met all the guys on my way to Formula 1.

"They were great times. I had found my family, it was a dream. It was hard-core in those days, it was dangerous, but it was a great time for motor racing, for drivers and the fans."

In the winter of 1984, with an Arrows contract on the table, Berger survived a horrible accident in the Austrian mountains, hit from behind by another car and pushed over the edge of the road. "I thought it was the end of my career. I broke my neck in two places, head and kidney injuries, I nearly died. They put some screws in my head and a plate in my neck – they'd never done this before, very risky, but I said, 'OK, go ahead.' Afterwards I looked like a monster, no hair, plaster everywhere, holes in my head. The doctors said there was no way to think about racing, that I should be in bed for three weeks. After a week I got up and left, still like a monster, but I had to see Jackie Oliver and get the Arrows drive. It was so funny, I went to see him, talking with my hands over my head, telling him I was fine, and he gave me the job… Crazy. Anyway, I learnt a lot at Arrows; Jackie was good, totally a racer."

In these early years Berger came up against all our heroes of that era – Mansell, Piquet, Prost and Senna to name just a few. It was his approach to danger, his appetite for risk, that helped him take them on, even as the new kid on the grid.

"Yes, the risks were in some way a turn-on for me. I was always looking for the edge. It felt cool to put two wheels on the grass to overtake, like in the turbo Ferrari at Hockenheim, 205mph on the straight, then bring the car back in line. My first race in Austria, I was green behind the ears, a bit stressed, but I remember overtaking Piquet going down to the Boschkurve and waving to him, like the Queen passing by. He must have thought I was crazy, but I had no fear, it didn't seem so special.

"I never thought about what would happen if I crashed, but all that changed completely after my accident at Tamburello at Imola [in 1989]. As I went towards the wall, flat out, no control, I knew it was going to be a big one. I could see it coming, then I

blacked out. They said the hit was about 120g, that's painful. There was the fire, that frightened me, and there was nothing left of the car. In the photos I am just somewhere in the wreckage, you cannot see me. It hurt, a lot, and I realised things can break on these cars, tyres can fail, nothing you can do, you're gone.

"Looking back, the way I drove was perhaps not always the way to win races and championships, not the fastest way, but I enjoyed the risks, I was looking for them. After Tamburello I thought about the risks. When I went to McLaren, Ron [Dennis] tried to get me to change my style, be more focused on success, like Vettel these days or Lauda before, but it was not my personality. Ron said to me, 'Gerhard, you are bloody quick, very talented, but you should stay off the kerbs, not be so sideways.' But this was not me and in fact I went slower when I tried to be neater, to think more about points and championships."

I thought it was the end of my career. I broke my neck in two places, head and kidney injuries, I almost died

So whom did he respect above all the others at this, the highest level? He was teamed with the greatest, raced against the greatest for almost a decade.

"There were two guys I rated at a different level. Senna and Bellof. They were unbelievable. Everybody forgets about Bellof, he was on the level of Senna, a risk taker, he could challenge anyone. When I joined McLaren I thought I could beat Senna, otherwise I would not have gone there, but he was so quick, so determined. I learnt a lot about racing from him, and we became close friends. At McLaren there was always the fight with Ferrari, like between Hunt and Lauda, or Schumacher and Häkkinen, and Ron always aspired to be like Mr Ferrari with his road cars and his race team. That was a big motivation for him. He got upset when people mentioned he was a mechanic; he didn't like that much. But we got on well, he liked my sense of humour. It was three good years."

BUT WE'RE JUMPING AHEAD: BACK TO 1986. Berger's first taste of the champagne came at Imola in April when he scored his, and Benetton's, maiden podium. Then, in Mexico in October, came the breakthrough victory. En route to the podium at Imola he'd passed Stefan Johansson's Ferrari, with two wheels on the grass, and back in Maranello Mr Ferrari made a little note in his black book.

"Benetton was a very happy time," he says, "working with Pat Symonds, still one of the best engineers in F1. And there was Rory Byrne, a genius, the best designer of his generation, and later on with John Barnard, who gave us the automatic gearbox. These were the best ever in F1, next to Adrian Newey. At the end of '86 I had offers from both McLaren and Ferrari: my brain said McLaren, my emotions said Ferrari, so I went with my emotions. I always did. Marco Piccinini had called me, said Mr Ferrari would like to see me, I thought, 'Shit, this sounds good.' So I drove to Maranello in my Audi 100, met Piccinini at a fuel station. He put me in the back of his car with a blanket over my head and drove me to Fiorano. I sat with Mr Ferrari and he says 'Do you have a manager?' I say no, and he says 'OK, if we agree, you can sign today.' He offered 700 or 800,000 and I thought, 'This is good, I would have driven for free!' " More laughter. "So I signed, with an option for a second year, and that was it, done. It wasn't the history. I just wanted to drive a Ferrari on the limit."

And so began three turbulent seasons.

"It was difficult at first. Michele [Alboreto] was the big hero in the team, but I was quite soon the leader. After three years I was tired, though, needed a new challenge, and McLaren looked like the best team – very organised, good facilities – but when I got there it was just like Ferrari. Ron Dennis created this great image, while Ferrari was more about emotions. I am as much a McLaren man as a Ferrari man; both are brilliant teams and I had a fantastic time. It was difficult being teamed with Ayrton: he was ahead of me in experience, better at some things, and he deserved to be the number one. He was maybe the best ever. I studied how he worked but I preferred my own way, no point copying him. I'd never met a driver with the capacity he had; I underestimated him. At Ferrari I worked with Giorgio Ascanelli; he knew how to make me faster, did all the technical things, so when I got Prost's engineer at McLaren I had no clue what to do with the car. I asked Ron to get Ascanelli for me, not ▶



easy, but he got it done. He says, 'You want the good news or the bad? Ascanelli is coming.' So what's the bad news? 'He's going to be on Senna's car'." Cue more laughter.

"Yes, it's funny now," he grins, "but it was a big thing at the time. Looking back, I do regret that I didn't take the technical side more seriously, and it would have helped if I'd done some karting like most of the other guys. I had the talent, but at McLaren I met the best, and I couldn't beat him. Senna would always push the engineers to get everything right; it wasn't just his speed, he played the game in every area, like Lauda, Prost or Vettel. I do regret not pushing harder, no question, but it just wasn't my way, all the homework… But I had more fun than any of them. I'd known Ayrton since Formula 3; we were opposites, but there was a chemistry. We respected each other. I was sometimes quicker and he was shocked, but he had better racecraft, and he was fitter.

"We became friends because he'd had a bad time with Prost and I never wanted to get involved in all that bullshit, the politics with Honda or whatever. We trusted each other. I showed him some fun; we spent some holiday time on my boat, planning how much money we would get from Ron for the new season. Ayrton enjoyed that, loved doing that deal for one million a race. I always liked the business side, almost as much as the racing, but Ayrton wasn't driven by money. He just wanted the best car; that was always his priority, the best car, one that could win."

Berger at the 1995 Italian GP. He was forced to retire after a TV camera on the car in front flew off and damaged his suspension

Sadly, Berger's final years, with Benetton-Renault following a second spell at Ferrari, were not his best, and were not his happiest.

"I was worn out, moody, tired. Ross and Rory had gone to Ferrari, it was not the same. It was a downward spiral, and maybe I stayed too long. It was the black time of my career. My father died, I got ill, and in '97 I did the deal to be Competitions Director at BMW, working with Frank and Patrick on the Williams-BMW Le Mans car and latterly on the F1 project. Frank said to me 'I could never afford you before, now I have you for free…' It was a good time, although the Sauber-BMW partnership never had the success it should have. It was a clash of cultures, the killer instinct wasn't there, and the BMW board lost passion for the sport.

"Then in 2006 there was Toro Rosso. I'd known Dietrich Mateschitz since the early days in Austria, and when he started Red Bull I was the first driver to promote this new product. So we wanted to do something together. We brought good people, Franz Tost, Giorgio Ascanelli and Sebastian Vettel, and we won a race [Monza 2008]. To win a race as a driver is the best thing, no question, but the next best is to win with your own team. Now you cannot win as a private team; unless you have a manufacturer you will burn your fingers. In the end we agreed to part because in the media it was becoming all about Gerhard Berger, not Red Bull, so it was time for a change."

FINALLY, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT TODAY'S Formula 1 with a man who has seen it all, from all sides. As the FIA's president of the single-seat



commission he worked on building a more structured pyramid between karting and F1, on rationalising the regulations, strengthening the quality of Formula 3 and launching Formula 4 as a new step on the ladder.

"F1? It's too complex and it doesn't look right, feel right or sound right. Manufacturers have too much influence. The sport should be run as a dictatorship, as Bernie always says. It is just impossible to run F1 with commissions, committees and steering groups. You need one independent person making the decisions. When Max [Mosley] was president of the FIA, for a long time he and Bernie were one voice, making clear decisions on strategy. Jean Todt is very knowledgeable, no question, he has his own ideas and agendas, but he is no longer one unit with Bernie, so this has allowed manufacturers to put their voices between Bernie, or CVC, and the FIA. It makes good stories for the media but it doesn't help the sport. The last Concorde Agreement gave more power to certain players and they are starting to use them, not for the good of the sport.

"Also, it is way too expensive: only Mercedes, Ferrari and Red Bull can afford it now. The business model is broken. If you put any businessman, without a passion for F1, into this situation he will say it's not a viable business This is not healthy. We need to simplify the sport: it is too complicated, too much technology. The fans want close racing, man to man, wheel to wheel, some excitement and drama. They aren't interested in tyres, DRS, KERS, ERS, or these stupid engine tokens and ridiculous grid penalties. Fans don't want to memorise all the rules. I just hope Bernie and Jean Todt can work together now to simplify the sport, and reduce the costs by standardising some of the new technology and increasing engine mileage. None of this is easy but right now the sport is just not good enough. The key word here is simplify. Bring it back to man and machine, something the fans can enjoy and understand without being technical experts."

Looking back over 2015 who most impressed Gerhard? "Lewis is outstanding, maybe unbeatable over one lap," he says. "I rate Nico very highly too, in a difficult situation against Lewis. Ricciardo is a good package, a good overtaker, has a good brain. Verstappen is a future champion, he's always fighting, always overtaking. It looks like he doesn't breathe in the race. I'm glad Helmut Marko took him into F1 at 17 – there was no reason to hold him back. For me though, Sebastian Vettel is the best: four title at such a young age, and the way he has brought Ferrari forward. He is the strongest, most complete package in F1 today."

Our time is up. The truck mechanic from a tiny village in Austria steps onto the balcony of his office overlooking Monte Carlo harbour, always just a sentence away from another funny story. Sadly, he isn't coming back to the paddock, where his flamboyant style is still an indelible memory. As we say our goodbyes we walk past models of the cars he raced, from Ford Escort to Ferrari – a rich, colourful career.

"Yes. And I had so much fun," he grins. "Nobody can take that away." ■

GERHARD
BERGER

Born: August 27 1959,
Wörgl, Austria

WINS
10

POLE POSITIONS
12

WIN RATE
4.8%

FASTEST LAPS
21

210
STARTS

385
POINTS

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP
3RD PLACE
1988, 1994

SOME KEY TOP 10s 1950-2017

WINS

Michael Schumacher	91
Lewis Hamilton	62
Alain Prost	51
Sebastian Vettel	47
Ayrton Senna	41
Fernando Alonso	32
Nigel Mansell	31
Jackie Stewart	27
Jim Clark	25
Niki Lauda	25

POINTS

Lewis Hamilton	2610
Sebastian Vettel	2425
Fernando Alonso	1849
Nico Rosberg	1594.5
Michael Schumacher	1566
Kimi Räikkönen	1565
Jenson Button	1235
Felipe Massa	1167
Mark Webber	1047.5
Daniel Ricciardo	816

FASTEST LAPS

Michael Schumacher	77
Kimi Räikkönen	45
Alain Prost	41
Lewis Hamilton	38
Sebastian Vettel	33
Nigel Mansell	30
Jim Clark	28
Mika Häkkinen	25
Niki Lauda	24
Juan Manuel Fangio	23

WORLD CHAMPIONS

Michael Schumacher	1994, 1995, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004
Juan Manuel Fangio	1951, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957
Alain Prost	1985, 1986, 1989, 1993
Sebastian Vettel	2010, 2011, 2012, 2013
Lewis Hamilton	2008, 2014, 2015, 2017
Jack Brabham	1959, 1960, 1966
Jackie Stewart	1969, 1971, 1973
Niki Lauda	1975, 1977, 1984
Nelson Piquet	1981, 1983, 1987
Ayrton Senna	1988, 1990, 1991
Alberto Ascari	1952, 1953
Graham Hill	1962, 1968
Jim Clark	1963, 1965
Emerson Fittipaldi	1972, 1974
Mika Häkkinen	1998, 1999
Fernando Alonso	2005, 2006
Giuseppe Farina	1950
Mike Hawthorn	1958
Phil Hill	1961
John Surtees	1964
Denny Hulme	1967
Jochen Rindt	1970
James Hunt	1976
Mario Andretti	1978
Jody Scheckter	1979
Alan Jones	1980
Keke Rosberg	1982
Nigel Mansell	1992
Damon Hill	1996
Jacques Villeneuve	1997
Kimi Räikkönen	2007
Jenson Button	2009
Nico Rosberg	2016

*Points for a win: 1950-59: 8 plus extra point for fastest lap. 1961-90: 9. 1991-2009: 10. 2010 to date: 25. Figures correct from end of 2017.

STARTS

Rubens Barrichello	323
Michael Schumacher	306
Jenson Button	306
Fernando Alonso	290
Kimi Räikkönen	270
Felipe Massa	269
Riccardo Patrese	256
Jarno Trulli	252
David Coulthard	246
Giancarlo Fisichella	229

POLE POSITIONS

Lewis Hamilton	72
Michael Schumacher	68
Ayrton Senna	65
Sebastian Vettel	50
Jim Clark	33
Alain Prost	33
Nigel Mansell	32
Nico Rosberg	30
Juan Manuel Fangio	29
Mika Häkkinen	26

FRONT ROW STARTS

Lewis Hamilton	118
Michael Schumacher	116
Ayrton Senna	87
Alain Prost	86
Sebastian Vettel	84
Nico Rosberg	60
Nigel Mansell	56
Jim Clark	48
Juan Manuel Fangio	48
Damon Hill	47