THE RED
BULLETIN
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AN ALMOST INDEPENDENT F1 NEWSPAPER

HERE COME THE ENGINE POLICE

PRINTED HERE AT THE RACE TRACK





PACESETTER

FORMULA ONE hospitality guru Paul Edwards is going up in the world. The 'chef to the stars' has been invited to the House of Commons by no less a person than Lord Astor of Hever. What on earth could the BAR's Mr Fix-it be doing at the centre of political power? At first glance the invitation looked like it had come from MI5 and Paul (aka Agent 003-and-a-half) was informed he had to wear a lounge suit ("yes, okay. I had to buy one") too. The mystery deepened. But it turned out he was going to be there on MIA business - no, not missing in action (as he often is on heavy nights out) but the Motor Industry Association, which pushes the cause of motor sport in the corridors of power. A case of out of the frying pan and into the fire.

McLAREN

PEOPLE WHO accuse Kimi Raikkonen of being a wild child just don't know what they are talking about. All this talk of drinking, carousing and wild parties is complete and absolute rubbish. Well sort of. The Kimster likes nothing more than a leisurely swim in the pool at his luxury pad in Zurich.

Well, it's not so much the swimming he likes as his latest party-piece; diving. Being Kimi it couldn't be a simple dive or somersault. Oh no. Ron Dennis will be comforted to learn his star turn launches himself out of a second floor window. "You have to get it right because it's a bit narrow," says the man himself. So there's a bit of a "critical human and water impact interface" eh Ron?



TOYOTA

AND THEY SAY the art of public relations is dead. Years back Nelson Piquet was asked how his Honda engine was behaving and he quipped: "It followed me all the way around every lap." Well it has taken nearly 17 years but there was the Red Bull Magny-Cours press release (which we won't mention) and now Toyota have got in on the act. Yesterday some wit got in the spirit of things on their press release with Jarno Trulli saying "I'm very Abbey" to be starting fourth. The popular Italian has only been outside the top five once while teammate Ralf Schumacher has only been inside it twice in 11 grands prix. No wonder then that the section containing his quotes was headed 'The Brake Fast Club'. I suppose if Ralf fails to finish (again) it'll be 'Ralf gets Stowe-ic'.



RENAULT



FANS HAVE FORCED Fernando Alonso out of his native Spain so he has taken refuge in Oxford near the Renault F1 factory. "If I want to go to dinner in Spain I have to choose a restaurant where I know the owner so he can find me a quiet table. Then I have to go in through the kitchen or the back door. It's all too much," said Alonso. The poor love.

Meanwhile, the car may look like someone has been throwing white paint at it but apparently the splatters are the work of highly rated Russian artists Zhitskiy and Sergey Kuzhavskiy and represent orchids in the style of sumi-e calligraphy.

According to the creators the orchids also symbolise the team's "prestige, tenacious spirit and grace".

PACESETTER

THE STORY ABOUT Bob McKenzie's nude run around Silverstone this morning has been the cause of much mirth up and down the paddock and the latest figure to join in the fun is fellow Scot David Coulthard. He offered the Daily Express scribe £10,000 towards Tommy's charity if he did the run in suspenders and stockings. McKenzie thought over the offer for the best part of a second before replying with a firm 'no'. But it transpires Bob will not be totally naked. Some deal has been struck for Bob to wear body paint and the latest rumour is that he will be decorated in silver and black and go into the record books as the slowest Silver Arrow in history. With a chuckle, DC anticipated the start of the race and warned Bob to "be careful where you are pointing when you do your hamstring stretches". McKenzie is already talking about his injury-plagued sporting career including Achilles troubles and we reckon this race will be a definite DNF... did not flap.



RED BULL

OVER AT RED BULL the cars will today race with the logo of 'Wings for Life' on the bargeboards rather than the usual Hangar 7 logo. Wings for Life is a charity that was set up by Dietrich Mateschitz and Heinz Kinigadner to help people suffering with spinal disabilities. It's also the charity promoted by us here at the Bulletin. When you pick up a copy each morning, look for the Wings for Life info printed on the front of the stands. Read the aims of the charity and give us a few quid and we'll pass it on. We've had a couple of sizeable donations already this weekend, so come on rich people – dig deep.



Red Bulletin
The bulls in the china shop

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BAR

THE WILL-HE-WON'T HE saga over Jenson Button's future took a wild leap at Silverstone yesterday. It has been delicately poised between Williams and BAR for some months. No-one else has got a look in. Then, out of the blue, the Daily Mirror were lining him up to replace Rubens while the Daily Express had Jense off to Williams. So when Jenson qualified in the top three, rival tabloids rubbed their hands in glee at the chance to 'set the record straight'. But Jenson kept the rumour mill grinding for one more day at least as he publicly refused to rule Ferrari in or out of the equation. "I won't deny it," said Button. So he is going to Maranello? "I'm not going to say yes or no," added Button. "I read that – a nice piece."

FOUR COMMENTARIES

PILOTS FIND DRIVING FORCE

BY ALAN HENRY

1 DRINK AND DRIVE

Silverstone brings with it a reminder of a more romantic era of motorsport. On the slowing down lap of the 1958 British Grand Prix Mike Hawthorn braked his Ferrari Dino 246 almost to a standstsill at Becketts Corner to grasp a pint of ale proffered by his pal David Phillips, father of the Jordan team's Ian Phillips, and duly returned to the pits cradling an empty tankard in his lap.

I find it vaguely reassuring that there once was an F1 era in which the drivers were more pissed than the journalists. But time moves on and the notion of a tweed-capped Christian Horner sprinting across a gravel trap to lob DC a Vodka and Red Bull seconds after he'd taken the chequered flag is a little more difficult to get my mind around.

In any event, he would probably instantly be summoned to a stewards' inquiry at which he'd be fined $10,000 for 'improper application of a non-authorised sponsors' product in a restricted area contrary to article 15, sub-section 4 of the FIA's international sporting code relating to the abuse of empty drinks cans at a round of the F1 world championship.

More pertinently, he would have probably been sentenced to a week on mineral water and cream crackers by his fellow members of the Grand Prix Drivers' Association, a limp-wristed organisation which I'm happy to say is finally showing a bit of steel in its dealings with the sport's alleged governing body.

Time was when mention of a GPDA delegation would have sent the fear of Christ down the spine of any self-respecting race organiser or FIA functionary. That was in the days of Jackie Stewart, of course, F1's answer to a Beatle, who was not only a dab hand behind the wheel but also advanced the curious notion that drivers were paid to display their skill and not be killed at the wheel.

This was radical stuff four decades ago. But the future Knight of the Realm could clearly see that he was going to make a healthy packet during his career and intended to enjoy a mega-rich old age, a task he's successfully accomplished.

Motor racing is immeasurably safer now than ever it was, largely because in the 1960s and '70s the GPDA seriously had teeth. People may say that Sir Jackie likes the sound of his own voice. In this instance at least, Schumacher, Coulthard and the rest of them can thank God that he did.

F1 FUNNIES



BY SUE DE NIMES

2 CONSPIRACY THEORY

Having broken the story that Jenson Button would be at Ferrari in 2006, The Red Bulletin can exclusively reveal that the whole story was a flight of fancy and little more than that.

The story, while plausible, was designed as a tribute to the imagination and invention of the Great British tabloids! Button was refusing to deny the story on Saturday but that is not really surprising as a new bidder will do him no harm at all as he negotiates with BAR to stay where he is.

When Jenson was up in the post-qualifying press conference at Silverstone, everyone wanted to know about Ferrari but what no-one asked was why would anyone move to Ferrari when they are sitting on the front row of the grid for the British Grand Prix and Michael Schumacher is lining up 10th?

Ferrari is not what it used to be. It may get better next year but then again it may get worse as the current team begins to break up and goes its separate ways. Jenson might like to promote the idea that he has a future in the red, but there is no real likelihood of that actually happening, although it might help BAR come up with a bit more cash to keep him in one of its cars.

For a start, Rubens Barrichello has a contract with Jean Todt's Little Red Army and Michael Schumacher is not going to be hugely excited about having some youthful charger alongside him in his dotage. Button would be too much like hard work.

If there is an out in his Williams contract, Jenson is far more likely to stay where he is in order to enjoy the fruits of Honda's new investment in F1 rather than head to Maranello.

Our flies on the wall at Maranello say that Rubens is staying where he is and that the whole Button furore was just a promotional tool for the race, much as the rumours of Jacques Villeneuve being useless helped to push up TV viewing figures in Canada and the description of Danica Patrick as a domestic appliance pushed up interest in the United States Grand Prix.

We are sure that if there was a Grand Prix in Holland we would soon hear that Christijan Albers is on the short list for McLaren.

Come to think of it...

ILLUSTRATIONS: CUNEO, KAINRATH



3 WEIGHED DOWN BY A LACK OF STAR QUALITY

PIT BITCH BY HELEN PARADYCE

4 BALLS AND ALL

Friday night was Ball Night for some and Pub Night for others. There's still a class structure in F1 and while one couldn't claim it's a case of the haves and have-nots, there are definitely the haves and the have-less.

The well-heeled and yours truly, trotted down to Stowe School on Friday night for the Silverstone Ball, where I felt decidedly over-dressed. I would like to take some of the women to task over their dress sense. Ladies, you can never have enough mirrors in your bedroom. They might have stopped you going out in a tight black dress that made you look like an explosion in a black pudding factory.

The big girl in small dress scenario took a turn for the worse when we went outside for the fireworks display. We were all given those silver survival blankets to fend off the 'warmth' of an English summer's evening and I had an overwhelming urge to baste the big girls, many of whom now looked like oven-ready turkeys.

Although Lionel Ritchie is not my idea of a musical soiree, he put on a professional enough show, before the discotheque took over. At this point, BMW's Mario Theissen got down and dirty to the Tony Christie oeuvre, 'Show Me The Way To Amarillo,' or should that be, 'Show Me The Way to Hinwil'?

To disguise the fact that someone is making a load of money out of these balls, they always feature an auction 'for chariddy,' timed to coincide with the moment when guests are at their drunkest. A Gibson guitar, signed by Jimmy Page (Led Zeppelin) and Brian May (Queen) went for over £20,000, but there was some less successful bidding. A woman thought she had bought a trip to Brazil, but when she discovered what she actually now owned was a painting of Jenson Button, she gave it back. Another painting almost fell into the wrong hands: when a portrait of David Coulthard was up for grabs, Christian Horner loyally thought he ought to get the bidding started at £10,000. This was followed by deafening silence and beads of sweat appeared on the team boss' forehead. Fortunately for him, a lady then upped the bid. "I'd have taken the money out of his wages if I'd had to buy it," quipped the relieved team boss.

A tight black dress made you look like an explosion in a black pudding factory

Meanwhile, in the paddock, the have-less mob were enjoying the earthy charms of the BAR Pub Night. Ray 'The Mailman' Matts is always the star of this evening, regaling everyone with his own skills on vocals and guitar – no Page/May Gibson for him. As the old boy is hanging up his typewriter at the end of the year, BAR presented him with a beautiful Fender Stratocaster. Ray was overcome and, for once, was lost for words.

Ray's most famous F1 episode is his Melbourne heart attack a few years back. For days, he thought he had indigestion, until he finally told his erstwhile travelling companion, Stan Piecha of The Sun, "it's not indigestion, it's an airlock." "You're not a bloody radiator," replied Stan. "You better see the doctor." But Ray was determined to go out for a light dinner, "maybe a bit of boiled fish". It wasn't until he'd consumed a mountain of fried fish and chips, smothered in vinegar, washed down with copious quantities of vino rosso and the odd pack of cigarettes, that his system finally crashed.

A final note for the Silverstone weekend: the police sniffer dogs made their usual inspection of the media centre yesterday and seemed particularly interested in the area around my seat. Quick as a flash, ace Autosport wordsmith, Mark Hughes came over to my desk. "You know Helen, it's not just explosives these dogs go for, they're also trained to sniff out bullshit!"

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

GETTING IN TUNE

It's Friday evening at a grand prix – what does that mean? For most it's a chance to escape the paddock for a few hard-earned beers. Not the boys at the BBC though. They've got a two-hour F1 extravaganza to broadcast. It's showtime...

The BBC Radio Five Live's Friday night F1 show is the UK's 'must listen' motor racing show. The formula is simple: informed comment, a dash of laughter, a sprinkling of daftness. For the British GP, Five Live broadcast from the Energy Station and hosts Simon Fuller and Maurice Hamilton welcomed a host of glittering guests.

The piece de resistance, however, was an exchange between David Coulthard and Jenson Button. The drivers were supposed to ask each other the best listener's questions. But it didn't quite go as planned...

DC: So Jenson, what makes the Brit GP special for you?

JB: It's in Britain and I'm British.

DC: I've been lucky enough to win twice here, what would it mean to you?

JB: It would be an amazing feeling to win your home grand prix. It would be an amazing thing to win a grand prix – which I haven't been able to do in the last five and a half years!

DC: Don't give up, don't give up!

JB: When did you first race here and can you remember back that far?

DC: Cheeky f...beep

JB: I think I was probably in nappies then.

DC: I think you were in nappies but just imagine all those extra years of tampering with ladies I've had.

JB: Then I've got all of that ahead of me... Do you find that when you're winning you're British and when you don't you're Scottish?

DC: Absolutely. No question that the north south divide exists.

JB: Does it matter much that you're racing in F1 which is a very English sport and you clearly have English as your second language?

DC: Ha ha! Cheeky f... beep again. I"m not some hairy-arsed highlander, down here giving it all William Wallace, we're gonna get one over on you. There's none of that.

My turn... you've had a difficult year, a lot of tough things have happened, it's been an emotional rollercoaster. How important was that fourth place in France?

JB: It was, because we've had a very difficult year. First it was reliability and then we were banned from three races and then I stuck it in the wall in Canada, ha, ha! So it's been difficult. But now we're only three points behind Minardi in the constructors' championship...

DC: Well, that is an achievement indeed!

JB: At last.

DC: I've got my drive sorted out for next year. There's a lot of speculation about you. Presumably you're still going to be in F1. Can you confirm that?

JB: I hope so!

DC: You haven't got a contract in place or an option?

JB: I couldn't possibly comment on that.

DC: But your fans want to know!

JB: But I wouldn't have a drive next year if I did comment on it! Now I've got one for you...

DC: I see, moving swiftly along then...

JB: Nice to see you be yourself at Red Bull. You've grown a beard.

DC: I'm just copying you.

JB: It's very sexy. But what about those two white bits at the end? Are they a design feature or what?

DC: Uhhhh, that's old age, which you might be lucky enough to see.

JB: Suits you though. It definitely goes with your jaw.

DC: What, the stubble or the grey bits?

JB: The grey bits.

DC: It started to come through when I stopped shaving in January and because I've been painting my hair for the last couple of years I thought: 'Oh bugger, I'm going to have to paint my beard too', but I actually like the white bits. So I'm going to leave it. As long as it stays to equal groups of grey. As soon as it starts going off one side or the other. I'm going to have to paint it or shave.

JB: I think I can speak for all the ladies when I say that you look a lot sexier this year.

DC: Well.... That's very nice of you to say so. And I'm just glad I'm sitting with my back to the wall and on the opposite side of the table from you. I guess that's it, we'll have to wrap up the interview because the music's playing.

JB: Drink?

DC: Great. Shall we?

DC: imagine the extra years of tampering with ladies I've had.
JB: I've got all of that ahead of me...

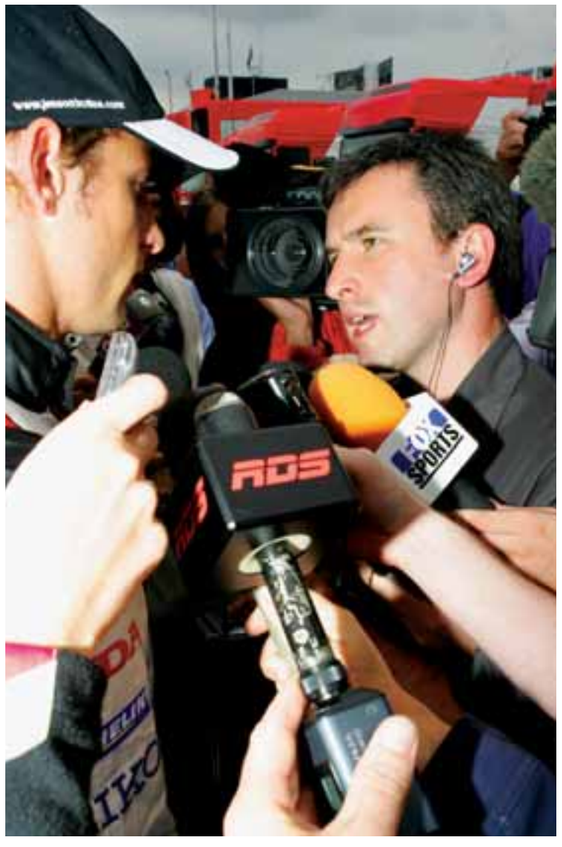


PHOTO: THOMAS BUTLER, SUTTON IMAGES



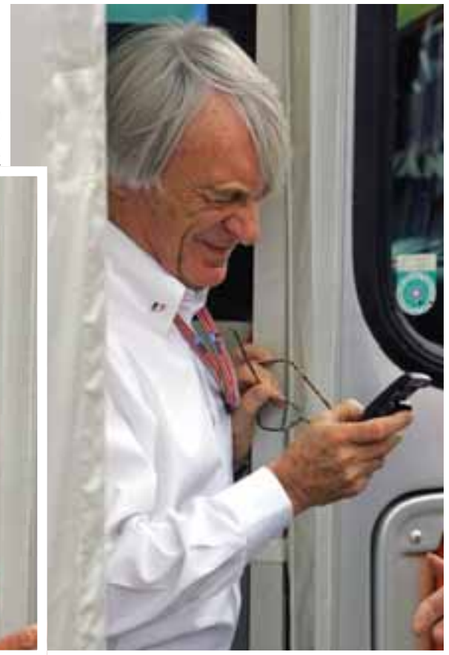


CLOCKWISE FROM TOP Five Live host Simon Fuller gets to grips with 1995 British Grand Prix winner Johnny Herbert, Mike Sewell gets up close and personal with Jenson Button, Maurice Hamilton gets slightly confused and David Coulthard gets collared



TRIGGER HAPPY

Funny place, Silverstone. Rains all week, colder than a letter to the GPDA but as soon as the sun pops out people start acting all strange. Who better to document the madness than our photographers



BERNIE WAITED FOR HIS usual race morning call from his number two in heaven... but unfortunately for the short-sighted Mr E, the reply came by text





EVER THE PRO Tanja carried on with the interview, even though Webber had been sick on her boots



BEAT ZENDER LAUGHED politely as the funny little man insisted he used to be a Sauber driver

MAURICE THE MICROPHONE learns how to play the spoons



PHOTO: CRISPIN THRUSTON, THOMAS MELZER, SUTTON IMAGES



HIDING FOOD FROM MONTOYA was a never-ending battle in the McLaren camp

ON ARRIVAL at the track all the team managers had to familiarise themselves with the instructions for Silverstone's chemical toilets





MINARDI'S PLANS to boost their income by selling Italian ice cream were wrecked by the Silverstone weather



"RATHER YOU than me mate!"



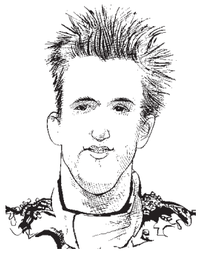
THE SONNY AND CHER of the paddock belt out their rendition of 'I Got You Babe'

IT'S WRITTEN IN THE STARS

On Earth as it is in Heaven. On the racetrack as it is in the Milky Way. Ancient wisdom. Star astrologer Boro Petricelli interprets Heaven's tyre marks for us and he already knows one thing at least: the Moon in Virgo over Silverstone loves cleanliness and abstinence – and promises to sweep the racetrack clean

TAURUS
(21 Apr–21 May)

ANALYSIS: What's better? To stay realistic? Or to have dreams? Is it true that only dreams come true? Or does every dream have to end with waking up? Saturn, Heaven's reality-checker, will check Nick today.



CONCLUSION: If Nick wants too much, Heaven will hit the brakes and throw him out of the race. If Nick plays safe, Heaven will speed him up but also throw him out. It's all about a happy medium.

NICK HEIDFELD | 10.5.1977 | BMW-WILLIAMS

PROGNOSIS: The best strategy is not to think! To stick to gut instincts! Not to race against anyone, but rather for oneself. A podium is on if Nick doesn't try to bite off more than he can chew.

CAPRICORN
(22 Dec-20 Jan)

ANALYSIS: The light of the Moon in Virgo is heating up Michael's Mars and is revealing an untameable power. Schumi bears his teeth, breathes fire and is full of energy like never before. Is actually explosive.



CONCLUSION: Schumi is under pressure. His ambition knows no compromise. He's pushing himself to the max. That boosts his performance, but also the risk of a volcanic eruption.

MICHAEL SCHUMACHER | 3.1.1969 | FERRARI

PROGNOSIS: The will to win is iron. Violent eruption of power. Absolute top achievement. But no gratification.

CANCER
(Jun 22–Jul 22)

ANALYSIS: The bad times are over. The major difficulties have been overcome. But Jarno doesn't feel liberated yet. He's sulking more over missed opportunities than concentrating on chances to come.



CONCLUSION: Three days before Jarno's 31st, but there are no gifts for him here. The coming year is under provocative Mars. The effort seems greater than the achievable goals.

JARNO TRULLI | 13.7.1974 | TOYOTA

PROGNOSIS: Back again but not quite there yet. Perhaps fifth place is still a possibility. But most probably not.

TAURUS
(21 Apr–21 May)

ANALYSIS: Felipe will be fast today. Mercury and the Moon will quicken his car, ensure fast reactions, speed and feeling. But how fast is a fast Felipe? How far can Mercury and Moon carry him?



CONCLUSION: Felipe, more is possible this weekend than in all your previous races! Even if, in spite of Mercury and the Moon, nothing looks promising.

FELIPE MASSA | 25.4.1981 | SAUBER-PETRONAS

PROGNOSIS: Scores for sure! Makes it close to the podium! If only Fisichella's, Barrichello's, and Alonso's horoscopes weren't so good!

LIBRA
(24 Sep–23 Oct)

ANALYSIS: If only the race were a football match and every aspect of the stars a goal, Kimi would lead in the first half 2-0, ship three goals from his rivals in the second half and manage to equalise in extra time.



CONCLUSION: It looks like a draw, doesn't it? Unfortunately, no! The first half was before the race. And there is no extra time in F1.

KIMI RAIKKONEN | 17.10.1979 | MCLAREN-MERCEDES

PROGNOSIS: Sorry, Kimi! More tears than Champagne. Maybe there's still hope, but the distance to Fernando will increase. Out!

LEO
(Jul 23–Aug 23)

ANALYSIS: The stars' position is nearly identical to last weekend's. It's not Heaven's second hand whose touch ensures short-term success, but rather the great hour hand of longevity that point to Alonso.



CONCLUSION: Fernando is the centre of the watch around which everything turns. The face of the watch that measures everything. And what time is it? It's Alonso-time!

FERNANDO ALONSO | 29.7.1981 | RENAULT

PROGNOSIS: What the entire Spanish armada couldn't manage, Fernando will manage alone today: The conquest of England! Victory.

THE STARS' GUESS

Boro's Prognosis for Silverstone

RANKING

1. Fernando Alonso
2. Rubens Barichello
3. Michael Schumacher
4. Giancarlo Fisichella
5. Jacques Villeneuve
6. Felipe Massa
7. Nick Heidfeld
8. Mark Webber

DROP OUTS
Albers
Karthikeyan
Klien
Montoya
R Schumacher
Raikkonen

ILLUSTRATIONS: OLIVER SCHOPF

ILLUSTRATION: ISABEL KLETT. PHOTO: PAOLO FOSCHINI, SUTTON IMAGES

BET AND WIN WITH BENOIT

Tricky stuff this Bulletin Bet. Schumacher in ninth, a circuit he's struggled at in the past, the potential for mayhem ahead. Is Silverstone a…

GAMBLERS' PARADISE



WHERE ARE THE REAL RISK-TAKERS? Where are the gamblers who hope for a miracle by putting their money on an outsider, by which I mean one Michael Schumacher. So far none of the participants has been brave enough to put Schumi in P1. Although some optimists believe he could make it to the podium from ninth (in front of his brother Ralf).

The seven times world champion doesn't feel too comfortable starting from midfield: "You have to be very, very careful, it's always much more dangerous there in the middle of the pack than being able to start from the front."

But it looks like his 64th pole position (record holder is Ayrton Senna with 65) is an even more remote possibility for the German. Ferrari still suffering from its crisis? It might be bad for them – but it is not for the Schumi bet. Predictions have become much more difficult. However, today, there's 900 euros extra in the jackpot, courtesy of Bet and Win. A tidy sum, which should tempt a few of the more reticent gamblers to abandon conservatism and take a few risks in an ever more tricky Bulletin Bet.

YOU BET!



QUALIFYING **1.** Alonso| Renault 1:19.905 **2.** Raikkonen*| McLaren-Mercedes 1:19.932 **3.** Button| BAR-Honda 1:20.207 **4.** Montoya| McLaren-Mercedes 1:20.382 **5.** Trulli| Toyota 1:20.459 **6.** Barrichello| Ferrari 1:20.906 **7.** Fisichella| Renault 1:21.010 **8.** Sato| BAR-Honda 1:21.114 **9.** R Schumacher| Toyota 1:21.191 **10.** M Schumacher| Ferrari 1:21.275 **11.** Villeneuve| Sauber-Petronas 1:21.352 **12.** Webber| Williams-BMW 1:21.997 **13.** Coulthard| Red Bull Racing 1:22.108 **14.** Heidfeld| BMW-Williams 1:22.117 **15.** Klien| Red Bull Racing 1:22.207 **16.** Massa| Sauber-Petronas 1:22.495 **17.** Karthikeyan| Jordan-Toyota 1:23.583 **18.** Albers| Minardi-Cosworth 1:24.576 **19.** Friesacher| Minardi-Cosworth 1:25.566 **20.** Monteiro| Jordan-Toyota NO TIME

*Ten place penalty

RULES OF PLAY The rules are simple. All you have to do is nominate how many laps Michael Schumacher will complete. Opt for a Michael finish and then you'll have to choose his final position. Choose a Schumi win then you'll need to predict the time-gap back to the next finisher. If nobody guesses correctly the winnings go to the nearest chosen lap, position or time. If you happen to hit the nail right on the head with your prediction your winnings will be topped up with the Bet and Win Bonus. It starts at 300 euros and as long as no one gets the prediction exactly right it climbs each race weekend by another 300 euros

HERE'S HOW YOU DO IT:
Find Benoit in the paddock, hand over your cash (here it's £25), make your prediction and you're in

betandwin.com

F ALONSO 1.85 | J P MONTOYA 5.0 | J TRULLI 25.0
K RAIKKONEN 4.00 | J BUTTON 14.0 | N KARTHIKEYAN 1000.0



ELIZABETH

LA UNA GREAT BRITAIN

Today promises high temperatures, for Britain anyway, but the sizzling sun won't be able to compete with Formula Una winner Elizabeth Mitchell. As the secret jury agreed, she's the hottest thing at Silverstone. In fact, she could stop the traffic. Keep her away from the grid – we don't want a repeat of Indy!

The 28-year-old personal assistant from Wiltshire rates travelling and going to the gym among her favourite past times, which explains her stunning figure and perfect tan. Mention France, and she beams. "I adore Cannes. I visit as often as possible, to keep my languages sharp and my wardrobe well stocked."

Has she caught the F1 bug, like she clearly has for the Riviera? "It's my first grand prix. Watching it on television just can't compare to the excitement of being here. And I've definitely caught the karting bug. We went the other week as part of the Una selection process in London. They also sent us out with £5 each – we had to bring back something that represents our character. I chose a remote control car and a bag of liquorice allsorts."

A strange choice, because liquorice isn't to everyone's taste, while Elizabeth clearly is. Usually shy and retiring F1 bachelors have been approaching her in the paddock, requesting photos and her autograph. She would always accommodate, albeit modestly.

She'll get the same treatment in Shanghai, when Red Bull fly her out to the Chinese Grand Prix. She couldn't believe the prize. "Everyone expects you to say 'Oh, I didn't know it would be me', but honestly it was a total shock."

PHOTO: THOMAS BUTLER

IT'S THE PITS

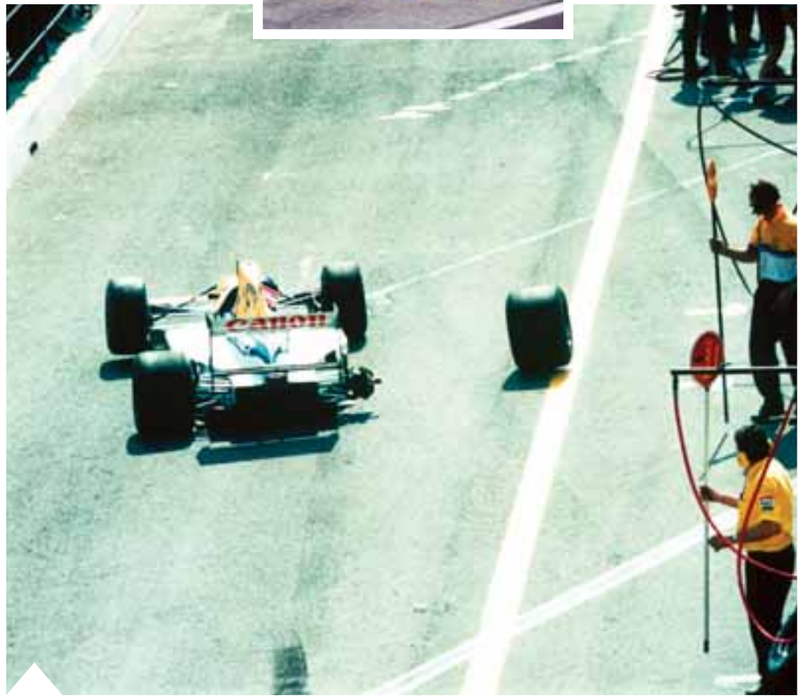
These days the race is won and lost as often in the pits as out on the race track. While everything usually runs like clockwork, on occasion the odd spanner gets thrown into the works. It's a high pressure situation and anything can happen in the next few seconds…

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE a wet race to confuse strategy. Add a team-mate coming in to have a new nose fitted, and you have the recipe for chaos – which is what Eddie Irvine experienced on lap 21 of the 1999 European Grand Prix. He suddenly switched his tyre choice from wets to dry-weather rubber, but arrived to find only three wheels awaiting him. There was a moment of marvellous Italian mayhem before the errant wheel was found and he was sent back out after a 28.2s stop.



WILLIAMS LOLLIPOP MAN Carl Gaden was in the wars, being attacked by Juan Pablo Montoya. The Colombian driver came into the pits from second place on lap 45 of the 2002 Spanish Grand Prix for his second fuel stop. Unfortunately, Gaden lifted the lollipop stick a second before the fuelling hose had been detached. Gaden dropped the sign again, but not before Montoya had moved forward onto Gaden's left foot. Montoya had to be pushed off the foot and was able to rejoin to finish second, but Gaden was hobbling around for a race or two.





OH DEAR! POOR NIGEL MANSELL. He was lying second to team-mate Riccardo Patrese when he pitted on lap 30 in Portugal. This time a miscommunication between his mechanics and lollipop man Peter Windsor (yes, the Peter Windsor) resulted in him losing his right rear wheel a few yards further down the pit lane. Mechanics were told to drag him back, but instead a wheel was fitted in the pit lane, clearly against the rules and Nige was black-flagged 21 laps later – by which time he was back up to seventh place.

BOTH MICHAEL SCHUMACHER AND FERRARI were surprisingly sanguine about the flash fire during the German driver's first pit in the 2003 Austrian Grand Prix. He was more worried about the effect of the fire extinguishant, which briefly caused the engine to lose power. It was on lap 23 when Michael pitted from the lead. Team-mate Rubens Barrichello had already been in and his fuel rig wouldn't work, so he was forced to use Michael's. Now Michael used the faulty rig and the fuel promptly caught fire. It was rapidly extinguished and Michael rejoined after 20.4s at rest. He went on to win the race.



PHOTO: DPPI





NO LESS THAN 11 CARS had been eliminated in startline shunts at the 1994 German Grand Prix. Jos Verstappen was lying in a promising fifth place in his Benetton, when he pitted for fuel on lap 15. But when the hose was taken off, fuel continued to flow and in an instant a massive fireball erupted, enveloping the car and mechanics. Their colleagues, all dressed in fireproof overalls and protective headgear quickly brought the flames under control, and amazingly only slight injuries resulted but it remains the most dramatic pit fire in F1 – 'The Ignited Colours of Benetton' ran the headline in an English newspaper.

"OH YES, IT'S ALL part of the more liberal Police Force. We're allowed to carry our baby around on duty as long as it's in a regulation Police Papoose..."

...But the Williams boys didn't fancy the idea of helping with the nappy changing



RUBENS WAS DELIGHTED to hear that Renault's siamese twins were finally going to be surgically separated





THE FIA REVEALED the new-look helmet to go with the 2008 technical regulations. (radio, model's own)



MORRIS THE MICROPHONE meets a Silverstone marshal

PHOTO: CRISPIN THRUSTON, THOMAS MELZER

PHOTOS FINISHED

This is it, the last Bull's Eye of the weekend. We've mined the archive, looked behind the fridge and finally scraped the bottom of the barrel. Under the bottom of the barrel we found these.



ALBERS TELLS DUTCH TV his F1 career is in limbo

THE BAR YOUNG drivers looked sceptical as Jock explained how he would be shaving their heads as part of their induction course

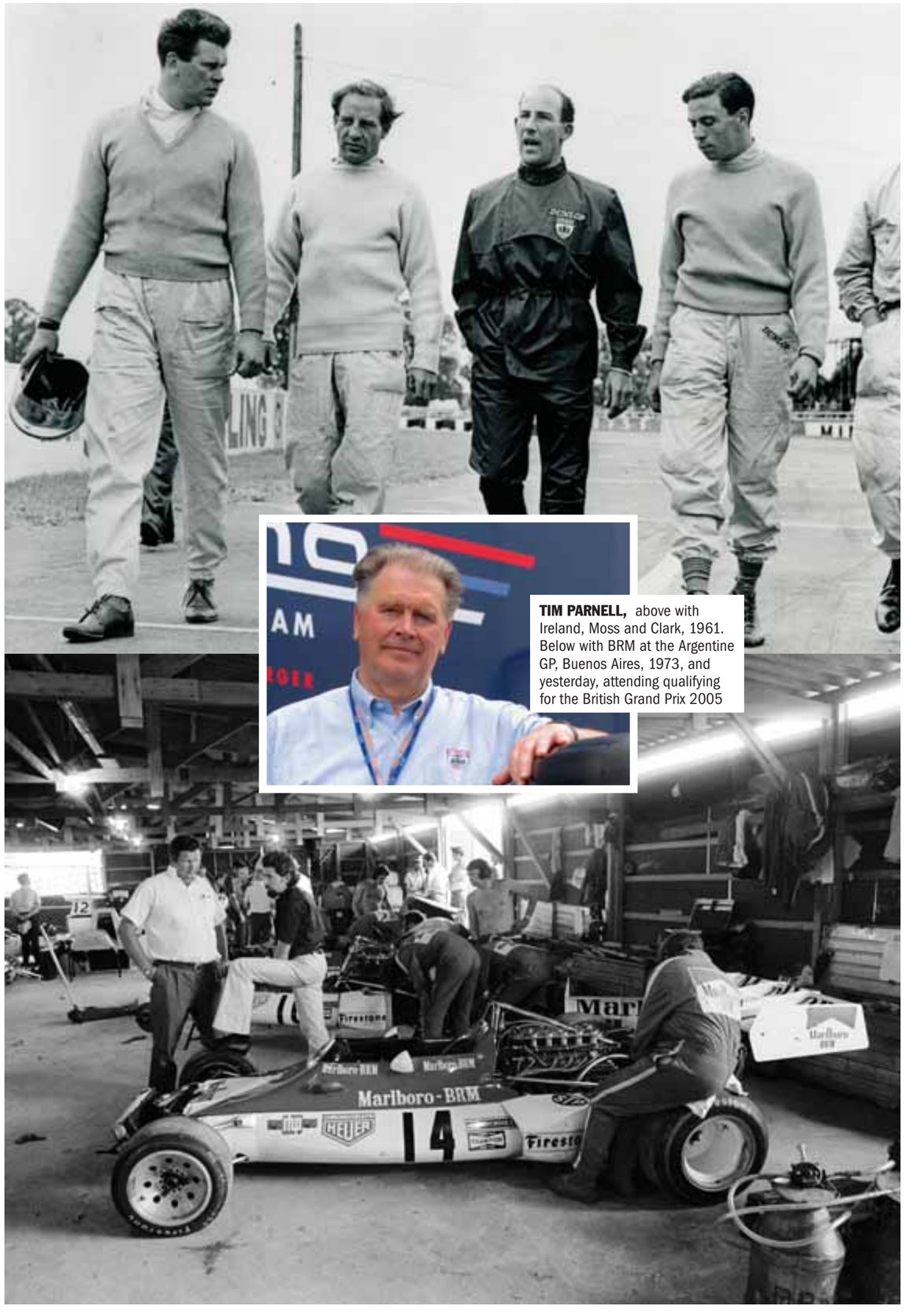




CLIPBOARD ENVY IS an increasing psychological problem in the F1 pit lane



PEDRO TRIED HIS BEST to look happy about his new Saturday job delivering pizzas for the paddock... but Kimi asking for a free slice of pepperoni wasn't making it any easier



TIM PARNELL, above with Ireland, Moss and Clark, 1961. Below with BRM at the Argentine GP, Buenos Aires, 1973, and yesterday, attending qualifying for the British Grand Prix 2005

PHOTO: CRISPIN THRUSTON, LAT, SUTTON IMAGES

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT

Silverstone has special memories for Tim Parnell. As a teenager he watched his father race here in the first world championship grand prix. He would later race in F1 himself, before moving on to the delicate practice of managing champions for BRM

Tim Parnell's entry on grandprix.com lists him as F1 driver (Lotus-Climax, Cooper-Climax), works team manager (BRM), BRDC vice-president and pig farmer. The last may be artistic licence; it's definitely a herd of Friesian cows strolling past the kitchen window of the Parnell family farmhouse, deep in rural Derbyshire, a few miles from the Donington Park circuit.

It isn't rare for a recent driver to live on a farm: it guarantees a certain amount of privacy, or at least the grim satisfaction of knowing that the paparazzi are going to get covered in cowshit for their troubles. For the old school, however, farm life was the natural breeding ground for racing drivers: space and grass tracks on which to race and access to workshops and machinery to build and repair cars. It's a heritage still with us, some of the world's best known motor sport organisations are to be found in splendid rural seclusion.

Tim's father Reg progressed from driver to team manager to team owner. It meant that Tim's formative years were dominated by racing. "I grew up in the sport, with the circuits and the drivers. Some of my earliest memories are of being taken to Brooklands. Later on, because my father was racing for Alfa Romeo, I was at the first world championship grand prix, here at Silverstone in May 1950."

"The crowd that day was absolutely colossal – I think probably in the region of 150,000 people. It took most of us about two days to get out of the place – the new road infrastructure around Silverstone really is a magnificent thing."

Parnell's F1 driving career lasted only a handful of races, but the sensations remain powerful. When asked to describe the sensation of competing, he does not hesitate: "It's phenomenal, just phenomenal. If you get it right it is the greatest lift that one can ever have within one's self. It's like climbing to the top of Everest."

As memories resurface the monologue becomes slightly more pained. "Of course there is no doubt that in those days motor racing was extremely dangerous. I was in the tragic race at Monza when all those people died after Jim and Taffy Trips collided. It was horrific. The way they brought the dead out and laid them at the side of the track, as we carried on racing… the sport today bares no relation to what it was back then."

"It was a tragic time and I lost a great many friends. Especially dear Jim, Jim Clark killed at Hockenheim on another terrible day."

Parnell's connection to the great Jim Clark – another farmer – goes back to the very beginning. "In the early years Jim would come down and stay with us on the farm. My father, before starting his own team, was team manager for Aston Martin. He gave Jim a test after a tip from a mutual friend. Jim was stunningly quick and eventually was persuaded to make a career out of racing. Later on, after Aston Martin stopped, Colin Chapman asked if he could borrow Jim for a couple of grand prix…"

Parnell stopped racing to concentrate on management after the death of his father. "All the sponsors were lined up for the year, we had two great drivers in Chris Amon and Mike Hailwood. We ran the team successfully and scored some points and then BRM came along and asked us to be their junior team. They would put drivers in, help with sponsorship and supply BRM engines. It worked out well, and I became team and works manager for the full BRM outfit in 1966."

The roll-call of BRM drivers during Parnell's tenure reads like a Who's Who of motor sport's golden era: Graham Hill, Jackie Stewart, John Surtees, Niki Lauda, Clay Regazzoni, Pedro Rodriguez, Jo Siffert, the list goes on. While he acknowledges that the team "certainly had the greats", Parnell also points out this brings it own problems.

Hill and Stewart were just so incredibly competitive. There were times when you wanted to knock their heads together

"Hill and Stewart in particular. They were just so incredibly competitive they wouldn't countenance any thought of driving a tactical race. There were times when what you really wanted to do was knock their heads together."

That said, it is for Hill that Parnell reserves his greatest admiration. "He was a great guy to work with, what we would call a real man's man and a marvellous ambassador for Britain as well. He was a hard man to work with in practice and at the race and expected high standards and things correctly done – he didn't really trust anything or anybody with the preparation of his car. But after the race, what a man – wonderful parties."

As Tim Parnell tells his stories, he points around the room where, hung on the walls and perched on bookshelves and tables amid the stereotypical farmhouse clutter, every spare inch of space is filled with photographs that span seven decades of motor-racing history. In one corner there is a trophy cabinet. It's a little dusty, but it's very full.



WIN A REALLY BIG CAR

TESTING TIMES

Over the weekend we've set you six rather devious questions. Collect your score, pick up the pieces of the puzzle, and by the end of the season you'll be in with a chance of winning the grand prize, a VW Touareg

QUESTION 5

Queen Elizabeth attended the first F1 race here at Silverstone in 1950. She is portayed in which of the pictures below?

☐ 1)

☐ 2)

☐ 3)

☐ 4)

QUESTION 6



This graphic is just a few steps away from...

☐ **1)** Monza
☐ **2)** Hockenheim
☐ **3)** Imola
☐ **4)** Nurburgring

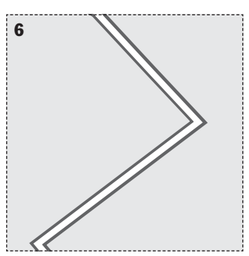
RULES OF PLAY

There are 19 rounds of the 2005 F1 championship. Identify the missing 20th racetrack and you'll have a crack at the grand prize.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS:
Correctly answer our six questions, set over the weekend, and make a note of the number associated with each. Check out the pieces of our puzzle (below). Three are fakes, one is a genuine section of the mystery track. Match the sum of your answers with the corresponding piece of circuit. Cut it out, tape it to your paddock pass, and by Shanghai you should have a complete track. If it's the map of a real track, then the Touareg could be yours! Back issues featuring previous questions are available from our office, near the concert stage.

YOUR SILVERSTONE NUMBERS

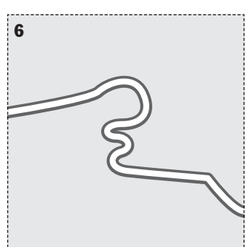
sum Friday	points
sum Saturday	points
sum Sunday	points



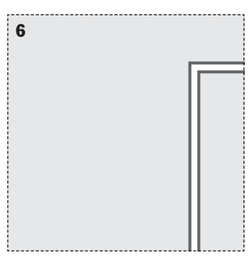
15 or less



16-17



18-19



20 or more



ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR. DAMON HILL TAKES A CRASH COURSE AT THE GRAND PRIX BALL



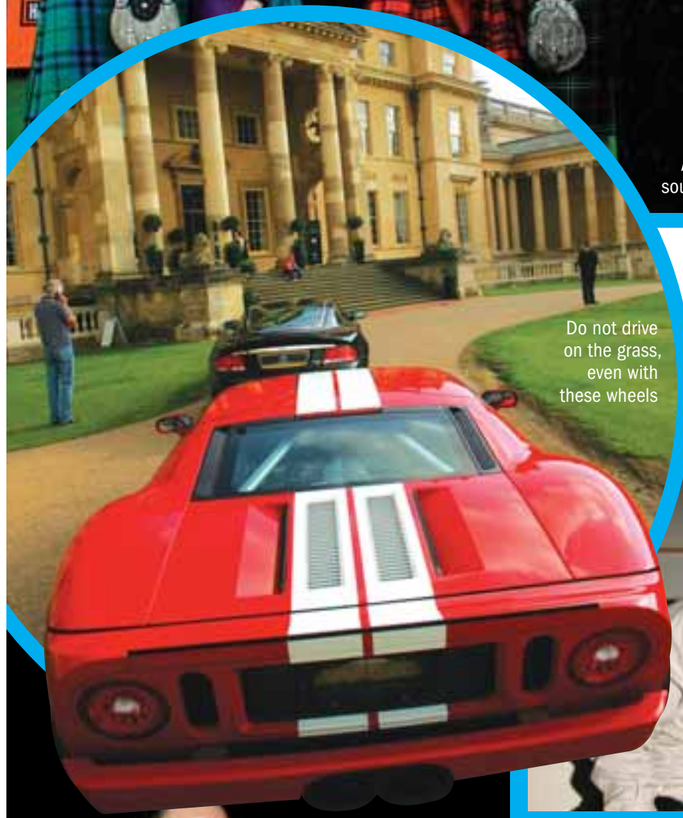
PHOTO: SUTTON IMAGES, XPOSURE



The Tartan Army came south in force



Lionel Richie encourages everybody to dance on the ceiling

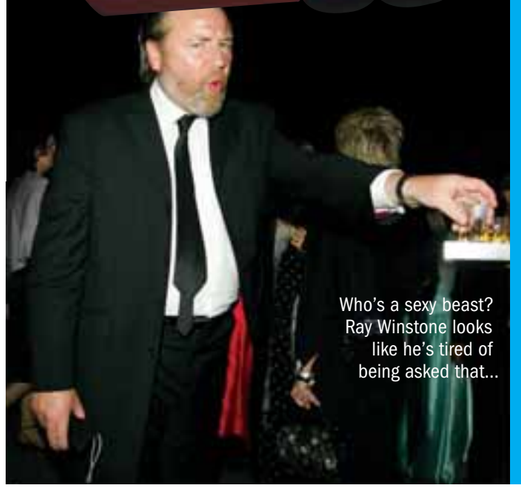


Do not drive on the grass, even with these wheels

IT'S THE GRAND PRIX BALL and the rich and famous come out to play. A traditional fixture on the sporting calendar, with DJs and little black dresses out in force. Silverstone's exclusive bash was very definitely guest-list only… and we weren't on it. But we thought you might like a peek over the wall at how the other half live, play and occasionally condescend to have their picture taken.



RICH MAN...



Who's a sexy beast? Ray Winstone looks like he's tired of being asked that...





PHOTO: SUTTON IMAGES, CRISPIN THRUSTON, XPOSURE



Photographer Steve Etherington gets stuck into a pint while, below, Ray Matts gets the Blues



BAR'S Jo Pinkstone holds a watching brief on Jenson's mate Adam



MEANWHILE IN THE REAL WORLD the have-nots opted for BAR's pub night. The staples of a traditional English boozer were supplied, including several traditional English boozers, mostly our colleagues from the press room. Pints, pies, pickled eggs and pickled scribes all added up to a right raucous night. Tunes were supplied by the Daily Mail's guitarist supreme Ray Matts, who was reduced to tears when presented with a Strat from the team to mark his impending retirement.

JT, Sylvana and Steven Tee raise their glasses while below, right Tracy Novak appears to kiss Stan Piecha's ring , watched by the requisite traditional barmaids, below, left

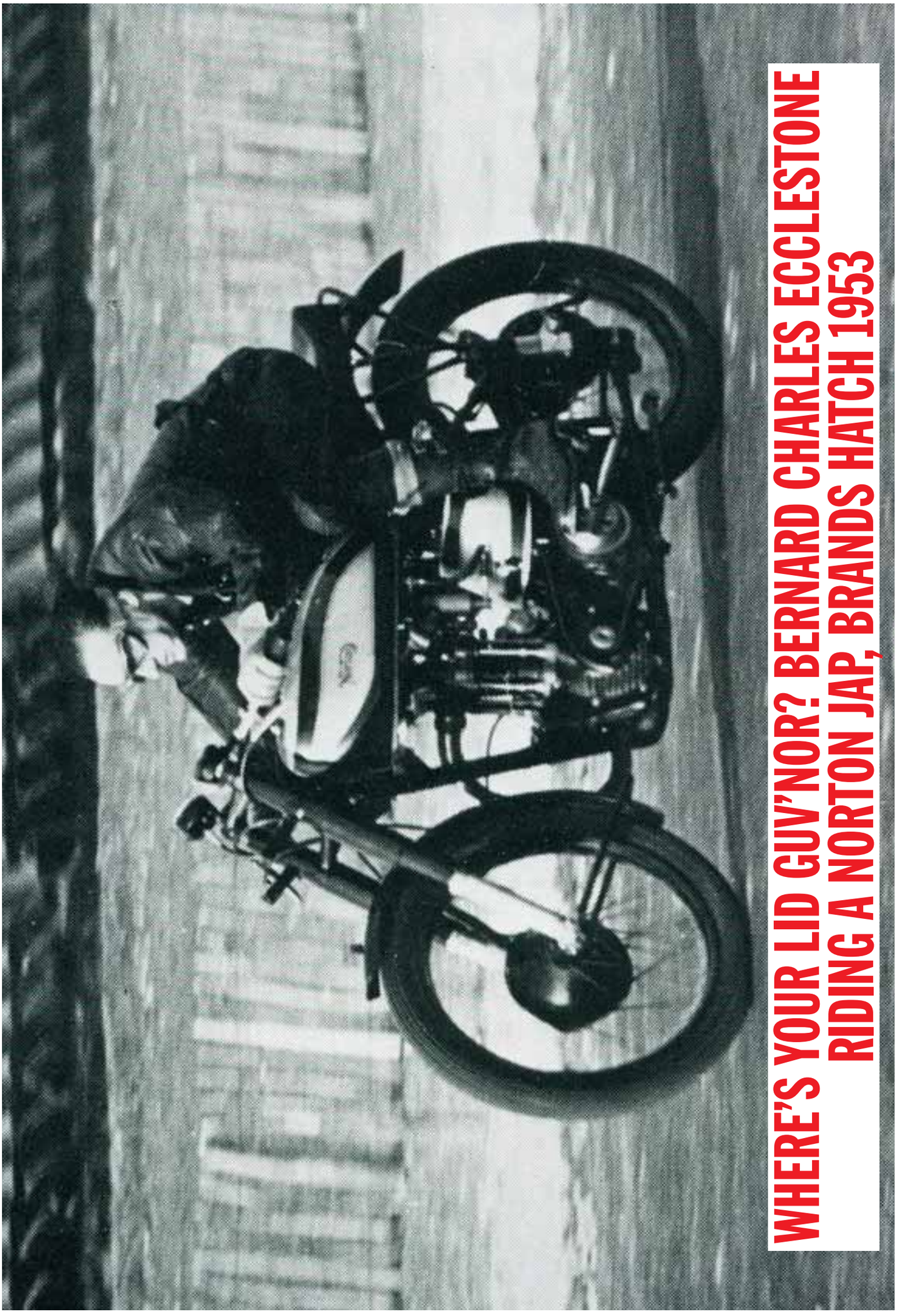
POOR MAN







Focus magazine's Christophe Schulte ponders the wisdom of a pickled onion, goaded by Inga Stracke



WHERE'S YOUR LID GUV'NOR? BERNARD CHARLES ECCLESTONE RIDING A NORTON JAP, BRANDS HATCH 1953