REFLECTIONS

‘MY FRIEND CHRIS AMON’



by Nigel Roebuck

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MATTERS OF MOMENT

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DAMIEN SMITH
EDITOR

NEWS OF CHRIS AMON'S passing filtered through from New Zealand on the morning of August 3. From the moment I read Mark Hughes's text message, my daily trudge on the commuter train felt a little heavier. The overcrowding began to thin as it always does the closer we crawled towards Finchley Road, and it was then that I remembered the 2016 *Motor Sport* calendar. Why? Because we'd chosen a 1960s 3-litre Formula 1 theme for this year and the image for August had just pinged crisply into mind. Of course. It had more or less picked itself.

For motor racing people, the summer month traditionally signalled a trip to the green lanes of Cheshire and the popular non-championship Oulton Park Gold Cup. Here then was another excuse to run *that* photograph, nice and big on our popular large-format calendar.

Sure enough, as I strolled into the office there it was hanging on our wall: Amon, Old Hall, Ferrari 312 – nose pointing directly at the lens rather than in the direction of travel. The art of the four-wheel drift, captured right there in glorious monochrome, surely the defining image of one of Grand Prix racing's greatest talents. The coincidence made us smile on a sad day.

Much was written about Amon in the days that followed his death, but only some of it by those who really knew him. Mark's contextual obituary runs on page 14, preceding the reflections of Nigel Roebuck. Regular readers won't need reminding that our editor-in-chief counted Chris among his closest friends and Nigel dedicates his column in its entirety this month to the Kiwi maestro. I suggest you'll want to read it.

❖

BIDDING *ADIEU* HAS BECOME something of a theme in this edition. Along with Chris Amon, we salute Jack Sears, another popular character from motor racing's glorious past (p38). Whether in Jaguar Mk2, Ford Galaxie, AC Cobra or exotic Ferrari GT, 'Gentleman' Jack could live comfortably in the company of the most highly rated paid professionals. It's only a surprise to be reminded how relatively short his racing career turned out to be, ending as abruptly as it did in 1965 through injury. And yet like Amon, Sears is one of those figures that appears woven into the fabric of motor sport's rich tapestry.

Unbeknown to both, these racers also shared membership of a strictly unofficial but select little club created by this magazine. In the past 10 years, the pair found themselves among the 125 subjects Simon Taylor took to lunch as part of our illustrious and much-loved series of career interviews. The 'Lunch with' stories have proven to be one of the pillars upon which *Motor Sport* was built in this decade past.

But nothing lasts forever. Simon has finally called for the bill, and while long-form interviews with drivers, team owners, engineers and so on will continue to be a staple of the magazine, his final lunch – with Sir Jackie Stewart, no less – undoubtedly marks the end of an era.

Simon offers a glimpse behind the creation of this series on page 96, and has also recorded a special podcast for the website as a further sign-off. He has every intention of remaining a regular visitor to this parish with various other contributions, so it's not a final farewell. But as his editor, I can confirm that as an interviewer he has set the bar at a height reserved for Brazilian pole vaulters.

I always looked forward to our monthly catch-ups to compare notes on whom he should target next. We always tried to work three or four interviews ahead, such was the time and effort they took to organise. Simon would track his 'victim', convince them to meet him in a restaurant, café, pub or hamburger joint (in the case of AJ Foyt), then embark on hours of research. 'Lunches' could involve a drive to a quiet country location in Oxfordshire – or a long-haul flight to Texas. Once the lunch was digested, there'd be hours of transcription awaiting him, the task of fact checking (racing drivers often tend to 're-remember' key moments in their lives!) and finally the process of piecing together 5500 words of word-perfect copy. Simon always filed on time and I'd look forward to a 'lunch' landing as the deadline approached. When I opened the file, I knew I'd rarely have to change a thing.

Of course, the interviews are available to revisit on our website archive. It's no exaggeration to say the 125 articles ▶



LAT

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A peak of perfection: the late, great Chris Amon with his Ferrari 312 on tiptoe at Oulton Park

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form an unsurpassable body of work as a cut-glass primary source, especially given that they're all from a single writer. Who else has spent so much time with illustrious world champions, Grand Prix winners, Le Mans and Indy 500 stars – and the odd second-hand car salesman? A few seemed impossible to pin down (Jean Alesi said yes, but then disappeared from contact), a couple turned us down flat (Johnny Dumfries, Eddie Irvine – their loss) and Jenson Button cancelled. But the figures we really regret not buying lunch for were already gone before the series started – I find it hard to imagine James Hunt and Innes Ireland restricting themselves to a glass of mineral water. Still, in terms of who we did get, I'd say we did all right.

When great motor sporting figures leave us, such as Amon and Sears, the value of the *'Lunch with'* archive only increases. Thank you, Simon. It's been a Michelin-starred feast.

❖

AND WITH THAT, I TOO MUST BID you *adieu*. This is my last issue of *Motor Sport* as its proud editor. In terms of editions, I topped the ton a little while back and it feels like the right time to move on. Editors rarely own the magazines they run, but they tend to feel like they do – and that was certainly the case for me. It gets personal, especially with a magazine as special as this one, and that makes it all the more difficult to walk away.

I offer my thanks to all the wonderful writers who have contributed over the years, particularly my friend Nigel Roebuck who was 'my Jenks' as an impressionable youth with an insatiable hunger for the greatest sport in the world.

'Thanks' doesn't quite cut it (but will have to do) for my tight-knit team of green-blooded enthusiasts here in the office, without whom this thing just wouldn't exist. We've shared a great deal during unforgettable, life-changing times.

Finally I must also thank you. *Motor Sport*'s incredibly loyal and deeply knowledgeable readers expect and demand the best. You've kept me on my toes – and quite right too! – but nearly always with a kind word of support and encouragement along the way.

It's been a privilege that I'll carry with me always. Ⓜ

SEE PAGE 66
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IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE

Exclusive interview with Jacques Villeneuve

ON SALE SEP 30



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THE MOTOR SPORT MONTH

IN PICTURES

JULY 29-31, 2016

WRC round 8

JYVÄSKYLÄ, FINLAND

Northern Irishman Kris Meeke made history when he took his Citroën DS3 WRC to victory on the 1000 Lakes (or the Rally Finland, as it is more prosaically named these days). It was the event's 66th running and 37-year-old Meeke became the first Briton ever to have scored an outright win. His Irish team-mate Craig Breen took third, behind works VW Polo driver Jari-Matti Latvala.

@WORLD



LAT

HOCKENHEIM, GERMANY, JULY 31
Williams test driver Alex Lynn scored his second GP2 victory of the year in the sprint race preceding the German Grand Prix, to keep his title hopes alive.





SIMON ARTHUR

VSCC PRESCOTT, ENGLAND, AUGUST 5-7
Having graced the Gloucestershire hill since 1938, the Vintage Sports-Car Club returned this year for a three-day event using both short and – for only the third time – long courses. The meeting attracted more than 300 entries: this is Andrew Howe-Davies exiting Pardon Hairpin in his Scat Type C.

SANTA POD, ENGLAND, JULY 16
Now in its sixth year, Santa Pod's annual Dragstalgia event is becoming an ever more popular feature at the famous Northamptonshire strip. Focused on the pioneering days of drag racing in the UK, it is an opportunity to pore over technology from the 1960s/1970s... and watch spectacular burn-outs.



STUART MITCHELL

THE MOTOR SPORT MONTH

IN PICTURES

CROFT, ENGLAND, AUGUST 6
Jaguar E-type driver Robert Gate echoes the spirit of Santa Pod (see left) during the combined '70s Road Sports & Historic Road Sports race at the HSCC's annual Croft Nostalgia Festival, which blends bygone militaria with lovely old aeroplanes and racing cars. The 2016 event was the seventh of its kind.



JEFF BLOXHAM

RED BULL RING, AUSTRIA, AUGUST 14
Ducati rider Andrea Iannone leads the field into the first turn as top-class bike racing returns to Austria for the first time since 1997. The 27-year-old Italian went on to record his maiden MotoGP victory, less than 1sec clear of fellow Ducati rider Andrea Dovizioso. Defending world champion Jorge Lorenzo (Yamaha) finished third.

SPA-FRANCORCHAMPS, BELGIUM, JULY 30-31
BMW recorded its second straight win in the Spa 24 Hours, the Blancpain Endurance Series's showpiece race. At the wheel of their Rowe Racing Z4, Alexander Sims, Maxime Martin and Philipp Eng had a trouble-free run – despite the fickle Ardennes weather. A sudden downpour hit the track with just 30 minutes to go...

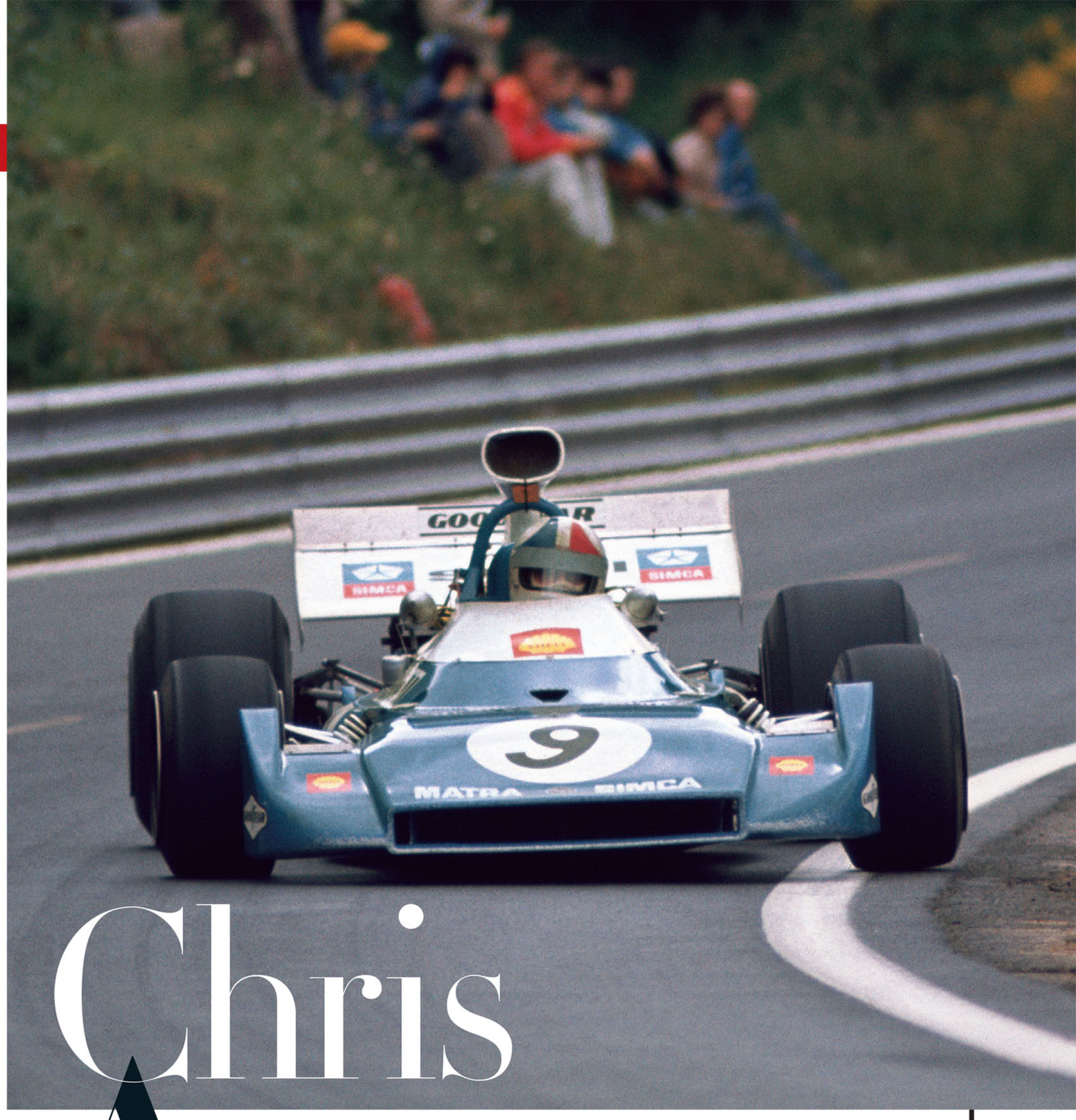
DUCATI



BTCC

KNOCKHILL, SCOTLAND, AUGUST 14
The first of the weekend's three British Touring Car Championship races marked Jason Plato's 500th start in the series. The 48-year-old responded by qualifying his Subaru Levorg on pole before going on to take his 95th career victory, half a second clear of BMW rival Jack Goff.

PASCAL SAIVET/VSA



Chris Amon

1943-2016

CHRIS AMON HAS PASSED away, aged 73, after an extended fight with cancer.

Never have statistics lied more diabolically in summarising a Formula 1 career. His time in Grand Prix racing spanned 1963-1976, encompassed spells at Ferrari and Matra – and he didn't win a single championship-status F1 race. Yet he is one of the greatest of all time, one who reached heights attained by a select handful. In the period 1968-72 only Jackie Stewart produced a comparable number of virtuoso performances – races where the driver demonstrated a degree of ability beyond any of his peers on the day. But with Amon, none of those days was rewarded.

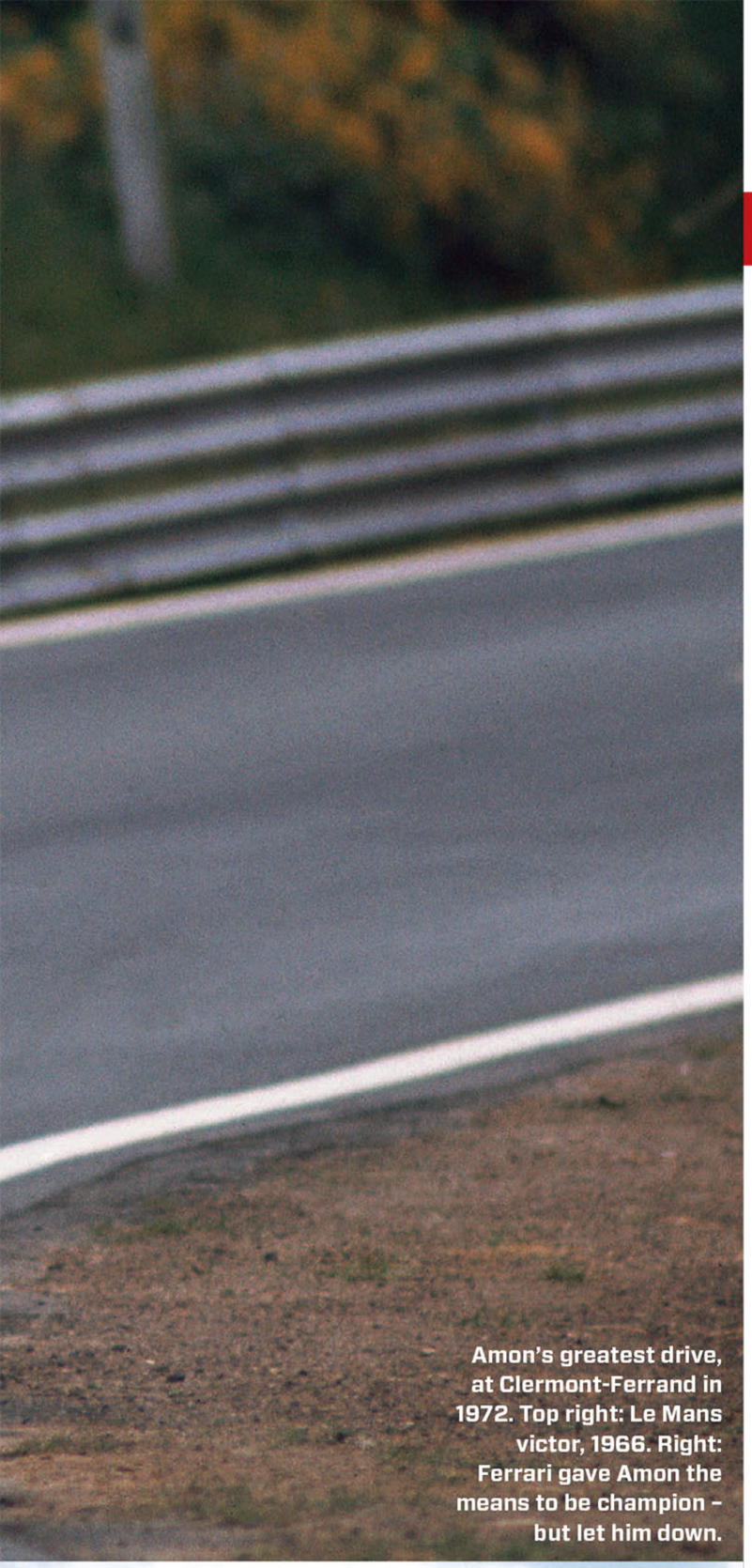
In the off-season Tasman races, he went wheel-to-wheel with Jim Clark and only narrowly lost out to him for the '67-68 title. One year on he defeated Jochen Rindt to take the title. Rindt once famously said the only two drivers he considered rivals were Stewart and Amon. Jacky Ickx was paired alongside Amon at Ferrari in '68 and is quite frank in his admission: "Chris was faster than I was, a magnificent driver."

The statistics of '68 bear that out. He should have been world champion then, his second year with the Scuderia. On the front row in eight of the 11 races he contested, including poles at Jarama, Spa and Zandvoort, he retired from a lead of almost a minute in Spain when a fuel pump fuse blew. In Spa, after qualifying on pole by almost four seconds, he retired from the lead with a holed radiator. At Mont Tremblant, a broken weld on a clutch plate fork left him making clutchless changes from lap eight, but he was leading by more than a minute when the gearbox cried enough 60-odd laps later. The fastest car-driver combination of the year, had he won those races the title would comfortably have been his. By '69 the heavy, thirsty, underpowered Ferrari was hopelessly outclassed, yet only mechanical failures kept him from winning Monaco and Spain (where he was leading by 40sec). It was the stuff of genius, to be ranked up there with Fangio or Clark.

But his day of days was probably at Clermont-Ferrand in 1972, with Matra. "Just every now and then you get a little feeling that perhaps there's no one out there who can do it quite as well as you today," he said when we spoke 27 years on. Having put the new MS120D on pole by almost a second, he proceeded to leave rivals in his dust, effortlessly extending his lead each lap around this most demanding track. Finally, it seemed, he was going to crack it. But no. A puncture. After limping to the pits for a new tyre, he rejoined back in eighth. In the remaining laps he was even more mesmerising, constantly breaking the lap record as he charged back up to third. It was probably one of the greatest drives of anyone's F1 career. Ever.

But it was probably also the day he surrendered himself to fate – as he revealed during that 1996 interview with *Motor Sport*. "From that day on, I started to lose interest. Subconsciously, I thought: 'If it's not going to work on this day, it's never going to work'." He paused after saying that, like he was considering whether to say what came next. "Yes, I'm pretty sure that's what happened. I never again felt that I really dug down deep. I was never quite 100 per cent after that."

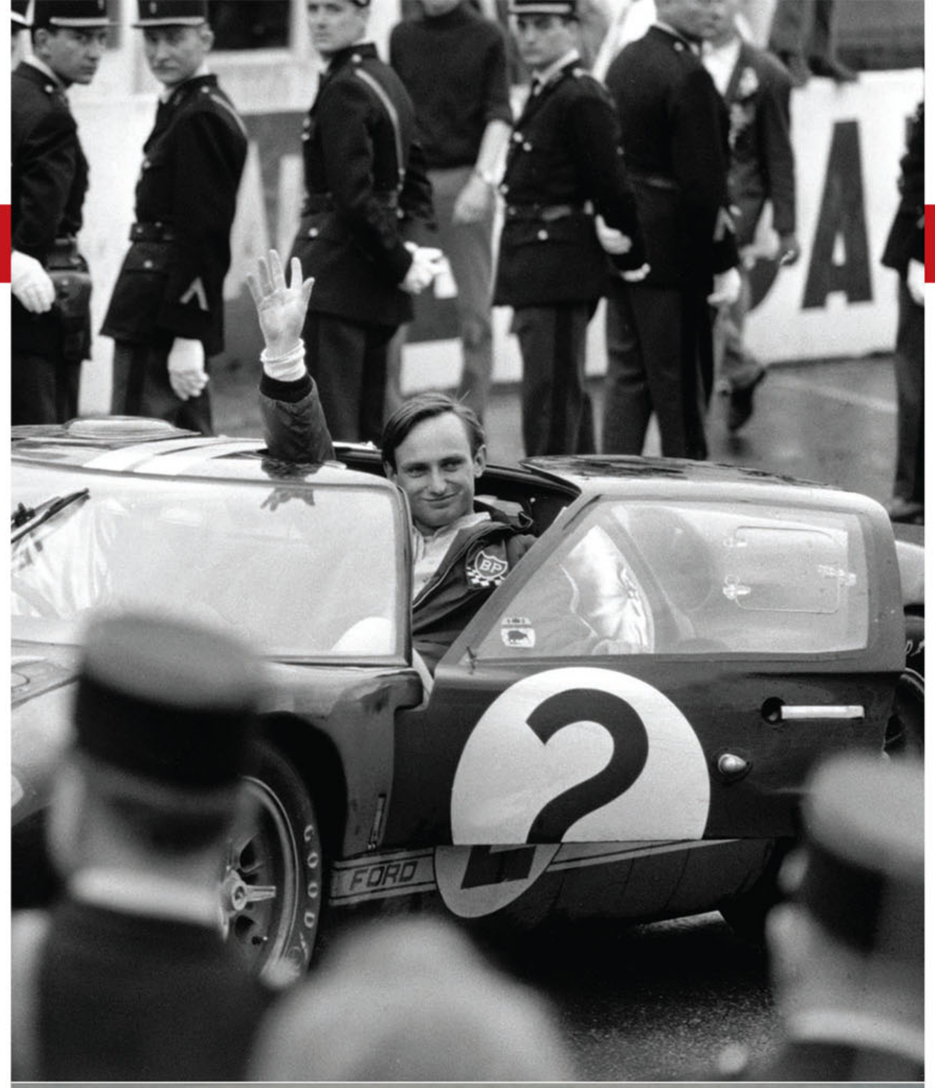
So many years later it was quite a startling admission, but he was a complex character – as a driver at any rate. In real life he was affable, easy,



Amon's greatest drive, at Clermont-Ferrand in 1972. Top right: Le Mans victor, 1966. Right: Ferrari gave Amon the means to be champion – but let him down.



ALL IMAGE LAT





relaxed, his lovely dry sense of humour often directed at himself. But as a driver, he was a curious mix of casual and ambitious. "I can't put my finger on quite what it is," said Stewart once, "but I know that it's there and that it's almost wilful how he compromises his chances with his choices out of the car."

The journalist Ted Simon, in his great inside account of the 1970 season *The Chequered Year*, wrote:

"He seemed deeply concerned with himself and troubled by his concern. Over the year he became more and more like a man searching in himself for a flaw, or a broken part that could be repaired."

The frustration could erupt explosively and Stewart recalled how Amon's mechanics classified his outbursts in ascending order of intensity: white, rainbow and purple. The conflicts never did seem to be resolved. Rather he just surrendered and, as he later admitted: "After '72 I was really in the back of my mind trying to get back to New Zealand." He stayed in F1 for another four years in a variety of low-rent cars and spurned competitive drives during that time: a return to Ferrari for '74, a Brabham BT44 drive mid-way through that year, a McLaren drive for '77 alongside Hunt, a second Wolf alongside Scheckter, also for '77. Success might have delayed his return home from where he'd been plucked as a teenager.

He was racing a Maserati 250F locally as a 17-year-old when a visiting Reg Parnell (who reckoned only Fangio had ever driven a 250F like he'd just witnessed) plucked him from obscurity. Amon had a whale of a time off-track for the next few years, especially with flatmate Mike Hailwood. On track, the talent meant things just kept happening for him and hindsight says that in Bruce McLaren he may have met, and then walked away from, the man who would have facilitated Amon becoming one of the recognised all-time greats, who might have got those stats to match the talent. He completed thousands of miles tyre testing for Bruce and the Firestone engineers were astonished at the fidelity of his feedback. They once tried a trick on him, replacing the tyres that had just come off with the same set. They just shook their heads and smiled when he returned and said: "These feel identical to that last set. Are you sure you haven't made a mistake and put them on again?"

When he took a drive with the tiny Ensign team in '75, it seemed just the last dregs of a once great career. In a sense it was, but in '76 he gave a few astonishing reminders of the great days. He had the car up to third in Belgium before its suspension broke and put him upside down. He qualified a stunning third for the Swedish Grand Prix, out-pacing the Ferraris. Again a mechanical failure led to a heavy crash. He was on the third row at Brands. I caught up with him again at the 2003 Australian Grand Prix and he said of that Ensign period: "I'd question whether that era really had as much depth of talent as in my earlier career. Because I know that I wasn't driving at my best by then and I shouldn't have been able to do the things I did with that car." He walked away after Niki Lauda's Nürburgring crash after noting that there'd been no marshals there to help the stricken driver. He finally got to go home to the farm – with his wife Tish – in '77. And good things were grown there.

Amid the glow of the hearth in the mid-90s, and probably with a glass of malt in his hand, he admitted that some frustration remained. "But in a very soft way now, tinged with a lot of fondness."

Mark Hughes

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REFLECTIONS *with*



Nigel Roebuck

>>FAREWELL TO A FRIEND: LOOKING BACK ON CHRIS AMON

YOUTHFUL OPTIMISM

Pictured here at Monza in 1967, Chris Amon appeared to have a bright future with Ferrari. For all his speed, though, and all the races he dominated, a world championship Formula 1 victory would prove ever elusive. He died on August 3, aged 73.

FERRARI

REFLECTIONS *with* Nigel Roebuck

PREDICTABLY JUST ABOUT ALL THE obituaries began with the easy cliché line: 'Chris Amon, widely regarded as the greatest driver never to win a Grand Prix…' It belongs with, 'Stirling Moss, the greatest driver never to win the world championship…'

Speak to Stirling, and he will say that now he actually quite likes the label: "I never won the title, but let's face it, boy, there were some pretty average people who did…" And Chris, too, became more at ease as the years passed: "No, I didn't win a Grand Prix, and people said I was the unluckiest driver in history, but most of the time I loved what I was doing – and I survived in an era when so many didn't…"

I first met Amon on April 15 1971, and this I know because it was the Thursday before the Spanish Grand Prix at Montjuich Park. This was my first day as a racing journalist, and I knew no one.

At Oulton Park a few weeks earlier, though, I had approached Rob Walker for advice about Barcelona – where to apply for a pass, and so on – and when I got there I sought him out to thank him.

"Well, if you're going to be doing this regularly," Rob said, "you'd better meet everybody…" For the next hour he took me around the paddock, languidly introducing me to all my heroes. At the time it seemed surreal.

"Now, where are Matra?" Rob said at one point. "You must meet Chris Amon – a brilliant driver, and also the nicest chap you'll ever come across in motor racing…" So we were introduced, and Chris charmingly welcomed me to my new life. There seemed nothing perfunctory about it: rather, he was genuinely friendly and continued to be throughout that summer – and ever after.

Although he loved a party, Amon was fundamentally shy and in the career he chose I thought his manners worked against him. There was no hard edge to Chris, and history shows that in this business it's something you need. Only once that I can remember – in the Argentine Grand Prix of 1971 – did he put a touch of ruthlessness into his work, and he won. Of course, given the way the cards invariably fell for him, that year it was a non-championship race.

For years already I had been a fervent Amon fan, revelling in his 'oversteery' way of driving, first in McLaren sports cars, then – when his F1 career really began to take off – in Ferraris and now Matras. I thought him an artist in a racing car – ultra-quick, but natural, flowing and unforced. Not for nothing did Ferrari's Mauro Forghieri tell me he considered Chris the equal of Jimmy Clark.

Who knows why friendships develop? To start with, Amon and I shared a deep interest in racing history: this, after all, was one who – at 17, wearing a short-sleeved shirt – had raced a Maserati 250F in New Zealand, and always said that this, the car that shaped his driving style, remained highest in his affections. We also had a similar sense of humour, and were always able to make each other laugh, but beyond that I think Chris appreciated that in the uncertain world of F1 I was on his side. As Jenks always said, "Never trust an unbiased journalist…"

That winter, and after, I was often at Amon's house in Littlewick Green, be it for Sunday lunch or maybe simply to watch a rugby match on TV. Mark Webber has described himself as 'an open fires sort of bloke', and that was very much Chris. He and I shared an enthusiasm for cricket and animals and – let it be said – pubs, and as time went by he increasingly asked for my opinions on this and that. I still recall a 'phone call late in 1973: "Nige, Ferrari has asked me to go back – what d'you think?"

Over the years I witnessed so many great Amon moments, not least at Monza in 1971 when he was walking off with the Italian Grand Prix. I remember the groan in the press box when suddenly Peterson's March came by in the lead, and the screaming Matra was falling back, Chris shielding his eyes with one hand. "I'd been losing tear-offs, so this time I stuck them on more firmly, and obviously I made a good job of it – when I went to pull the tear-off, the whole bloody visor flew away…"

And of course there was Clermont-Ferrand in '72, widely considered Amon's day of days in a racing car. At this pure 'driver's circuit', from pole he led away, leaving Stewart and the rest behind. Then another groan – this time from the entire French crowd – as JYS came by in front and Chris headed for the pits, left front tyre punctured.

Two-second stops were not the norm 40 years ago – in fact it took the Matra mechanics almost a minute to get him on his way – but there followed the most mesmeric drive I have ever seen: back Amon came, from eighth to third, repeatedly shattering the lap record, passing Cevert and Peterson in a single lap, taking more than a minute out of Stewart's lead. 'Amon – Seigneur!' ran the front page headline of *L'Équipe* the next day, and their story concluded thus: 'Bravo Stewart, but thank you, Mr Amon…'

In 1972 a publisher proposed that I write a book with him, and that winter we taped about 40 hours of conversation. Unfortunately, after the publisher did an overnight flit to foreign lands, the book never came to be and anyone else would have been apoplectic. Chris shrugged: "Don't worry – actually, it's been therapeutic to talk it all through…"

In the days since his death, I've been listening again to some of the tapes, and concluded that perhaps the best way to pay tribute to Amon is to offer a flavour of how the book might have been. Of all the teams he drove for, Ferrari was the one he loved best by far.

❖

BACK IN THE SIXTIES, AS JOHN SURTEES HAS SAID, TO Ferrari nothing came before Le Mans. "You'd test the Formula 1 car, but then you wouldn't see it again for ages…"

In 1966 Amon, sharing a Ford with Bruce McLaren, won the *Vingt-Quatre Heures*, and Chris never doubted it was primarily this that led to the offer from Ferrari at the end of the year.

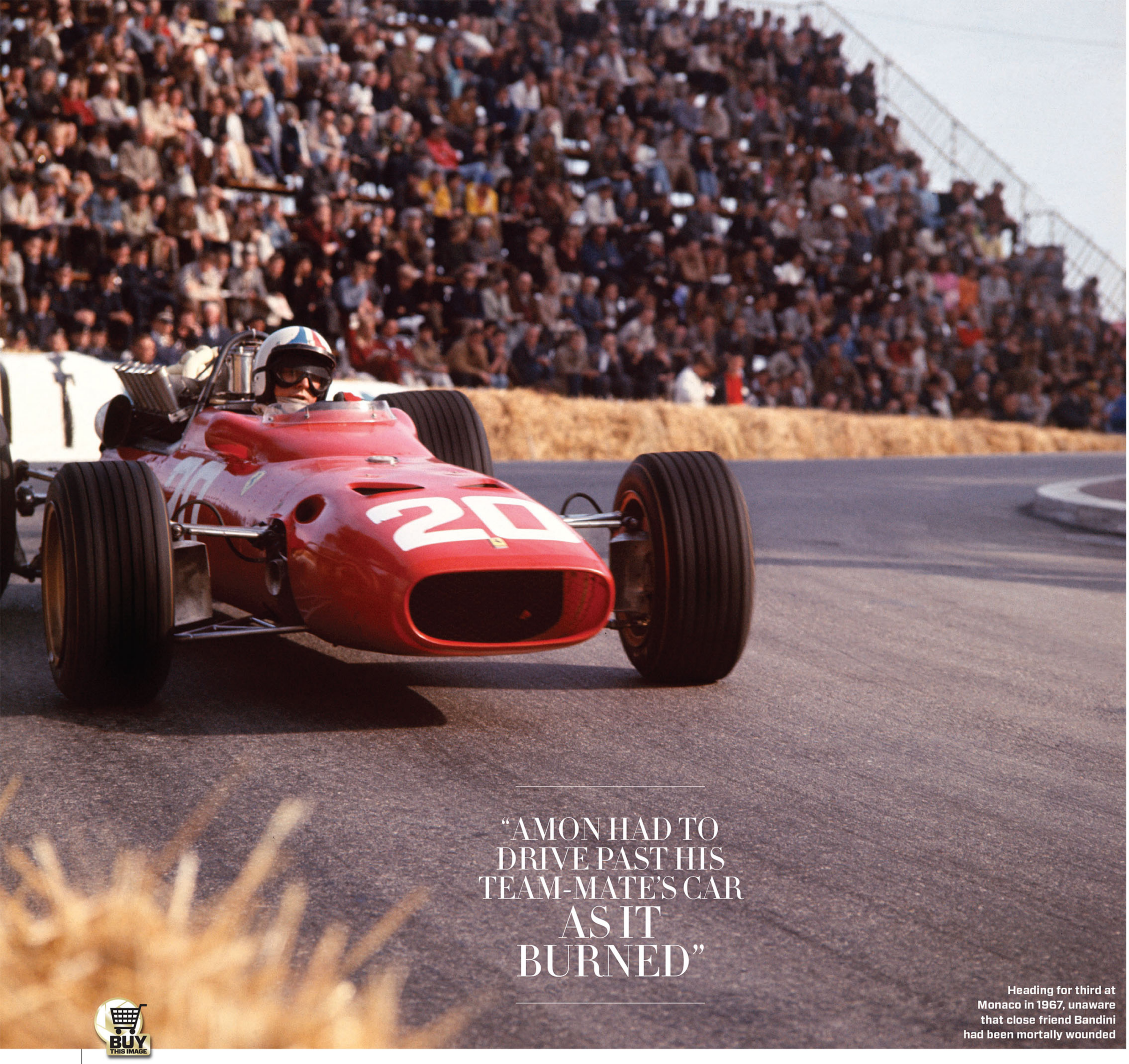
"I enjoyed sports cars, but obviously my priority was Formula 1, and when I first went to see Enzo Ferrari what worried me was that the contract didn't specifically include it. When I tried to make that point, he brushed it aside: 'Don't worry – just sign…' There was no retainer that first year, just a percentage of the prize money, but I didn't care…"

Ferrari had been stung by the Ford defeat at Le Mans, and his priority for 1967 was avenging it. The first race on the calendar was the Daytona 24 Hours, and in December '66 two of the glorious new 330P4s were flown out there for testing.

"At that time," Amon said, "[Eugenio] Dragoni was still in charge – I was very much the new boy, and treated as such! All four drivers were there – and I was fourth out in the car. They were all friendly, but whereas Bandini was warm from the start, I felt Parkes and Scarfiotti were wary of me.

"Anyway, they all trundled round, but none of them had been to Daytona before, whereas I'd done thousands of miles there. When they finally let me get in the car, I immediately went four or five seconds a lap quicker, which I think rather shook them…"

Amon then took part in more tests, at Monza. "I drove the P4, but



"AMON HAD TO DRIVE PAST HIS TEAM-MATE'S CAR AS IT BURNED"

Heading for third at Monaco in 1967, unaware that close friend Bandini had been mortally wounded

LAT

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they also had a couple of F1 cars there – which I wasn't invited to try. By the third day I was starting to fret, but they suddenly said 'get in', and on my second lap, coming out of Ascari, the left rear wheel flew off! The upright had broken, and it turned out this had been Parkes's car at the Italian Grand Prix, and the upright had been cracked when he clouted the fence at Lesmo.

"Not a great start – but it was the only structural failure I ever had with Ferrari, and that was worth a lot. So long as I was in a car I trusted, I never worried too much about the track – it was up to me to keep out of the trees…"

Amon's anxiety about what he would get to drive at Ferrari stemmed from the fact that, in his time-honoured style, the Old Man had contracted several drivers (with the sports car races in mind), and would assign them a Formula 1 car as the mood took him.

"Not a nice situation," said Chris, "but it became clear Bandini was always going to get a car, and the Old Man wanted to use me more than Scarfiotti or Parkes – he never thought of 'Lulu' as a Grand Prix driver, and didn't really want Mike to race at all, because he was so valuable as an engineer."

Back at Daytona for the race in February, they trounced the six-car Ford team on home ground, Amon/Bandini winning, with Parkes/Scarfiotti second and the older NART 412P of Rodriguez/Guichet third. Across the line they swept together, and for Chris it was a sweet moment. "For one thing, it was my first race for Ferrari; for another, on the Le Mans podium Henry Ford II had promised Bruce and me a Mustang each, but they never materialised. I think that pissed Bruce off more than it did me, and although he was still in a Ford at Daytona I didn't get the impression he was too upset when Ferrari rubbed it in…"

The P4's next race was the Monza 1000Kms, and Amon and Bandini won that, too. By now they had become good friends. "So many people with his looks are like strutting peacocks," said Chris, "but Lorenzo wasn't like that at all – one of the nicest people I ever met..."

This made Monaco all the more difficult for Amon to bear. In his first F1 race for Ferrari he finished third, but Bandini, chasing Hulme for the lead in the late laps, crashed at the chicane, suffering burns from which he would die three days later. Back then they didn't stop a race for any reason, and several times Amon had to drive past his team-mate's car as it burned. "I knew it was Lorenzo, because I could see a gold wheel, but it never occurred to me he could still be in it. There didn't seem to be much activity around the car, so I assumed he'd got out all right. It wasn't until after the race that I discovered he hadn't..."

At Zandvoort Amon finished third, lapping both Parkes and Scarfiotti, and he was also third in the Belgian GP, but at Spa – the 'old' Spa, of course – there was more trauma for Ferrari, for Parkes crashed disastrously on the opening lap.

"It was on Stewart's oil," said Amon. "The BRMs always dropped oil at the beginning of a race. I was right behind Mike, and had a bad moment on it, too. He spun backwards across the road, hit the bank, and rolled along it. It was like a toy car somersaulting over and over – just the most horrific bloody shunt you could imagine.

"Later they hung out a board telling me Mike was OK, but I didn't see it, and drove the whole race assuming he was dead. Coming so soon after Bandini's accident, that had a profound effect on me. It destroyed Scarfiotti – he never raced an F1 Ferrari again."

Although the commentator announced that the accident 'wasn't serious', that was far from the truth. Thrown from his car, Parkes suffered dreadful leg injuries, and although he recovered well there would be no more Formula 1. Thus Amon, initially the junior driver in the Ferrari squad, found himself, at 23, its sole representative, and needing to grow up very quickly. In the French Grand Prix he retired with a broken throttle cable, but then finished third at Silverstone and the Nürburgring, each time after race-long battles with Brabham.

At a wet Mosport Amon was sixth, and at Monza seventh with an engine down on power, but at Watkins Glen he ran second to Clark before his engine blew a dozen laps from the end. Shortly afterwards Jimmy's rear suspension folded up, so this was the first of numberless races Chris 'would have won...' In Mexico, the final race of '67, he qualified second to Clark and ran there until running out of fuel with three laps to go.

For all his late-season misfortune, Amon finished fifth in the world championship, and looked to 1968 with optimism, not least because he would have a team-mate again, in the shape of precocious young Jacky Ickx. If, though, it would be his finest season, in terms of performance, it would also be his most disappointing.

❖

OVER THE WINTER AMON COMPETED IN THE TASMAN Series, in which his Ferrari finished second to Clark's Lotus, but before the series started – on New Year's Day, no less – there was the opening round of the world championship, at Kyalami. The race, in which Amon finished fourth, is remembered as Clark's final GP victory.

Like all his fellow drivers, Chris revered Jimmy – or 'Jummy', as he always was in that Kiwi drawl – and the accident at Hockenheim on April 7 affected him deeply.

"In '68 I also did Formula 2 for Ferrari, and enjoyed it, but I didn't have a lot of enthusiasm for a slipstreamer at Hockenheim, and neither did Jimmy. Race day was wet and dismal, and I remember driving to the circuit, and thinking, 'Christ, fancy having to race round here in this...'

"I was next to Jimmy on the grid, and just before the start I walked over, and said, 'This isn't going to be pleasant at all...' He sort of shrugged.

"When Jimmy was in New Zealand, he always stayed at my parents' beach house, and he was so much more relaxed out there – almost a different person. I was close to him, but that weekend it was impossible to communicate with him, and that's always stuck in my mind.

"For one thing, he didn't want to be there – he'd been due to drive the Ford F3L at Brands, and it got changed at the last minute. I think, too, he was tired, as I was. We'd both spent the winter doing the Tasman, with a lot of racing and travelling, and then plunged straight into the European season. Immediately after Hockenheim Jimmy was due to go back to Scotland – he'd been living in tax exile in Paris for a year, but now the time was up, and he couldn't wait to get home.

"Out in the forest you couldn't see much for all the spray, but in the stadium section I could see his Lotus in front of me – about the same distance away every lap. We were both on Firestones, running around eighth or 10th, and I remember thinking, 'Jesus, these tyres have got to be useless if Jimmy's where he is...'

"Then I noticed some dirt at the side of the track, and on the next lap saw a stretcher coming over the fence. Through the stadium, though, the Lotus was still in the same position ahead of me, so I never thought Jimmy could have been involved in whatever it was. In fact, on the lap he crashed Graham – in the other Lotus – had had a pitstop, and he rejoined in front of me, exactly where Jimmy had been.

"After the race I said to Forghieri, 'Well, the tyres weren't much good – Clark wasn't getting anywhere, either...' I sort of sensed that no one wanted to look me in the face, and then Mauro said, 'Oh, Clark didn't finish – I think he's had an accident...'

"Then I saw a journalist friend, obviously terribly upset. He told me what had happened, and then I thought back to the dirt on the road. It was flat out at that point, and it was fairly obvious that if you went off there was no way of getting out of it – beyond the track it was just trees...

"Then we had to do the second heat. I don't think *anybody* wanted to do it, and personally I thought they should have cancelled it, but they were worried that would cause crowd problems – they never made any announcement about Jimmy. I was never so happy to get away from a race track.

"I remember waking up on the Monday to a beautiful sunny day. We were going off for a holiday in Pontresina, but of course I was intending to go to Scotland for the funeral – until the guy bringing my 'plane over to Zurich got snowed in, and I couldn't go, which very much upset me.

"Fatal accidents weren't exactly uncommon, but Jimmy was the one guy it was never going to happen to, and when it did inevitably there was the thought: 'If it can happen to him, what chance do the rest of us have?' I think we all felt we'd lost our leader. It took a long time for it to sink in – if he walked through the door even now you wouldn't be too surprised..."

❖

A MONTH LATER THE CLANS GATHERED AT JARAMA FOR the second round of the championship, and Amon remembered it as a jittery weekend. "We were all a bit unsettled. For one thing, a Grand Prix without Clark just didn't seem right, and also Mike Spence was killed at Indianapolis earlier that week – on the seventh of the month, like Jimmy."

Chris, though, took an easy pole position – his first in Formula 1 – and was comfortably in the lead until his fuel pump expired in the late laps. "I thought, 'Oh well, we'll win one soon...'"

Monaco was next, but no Ferraris were entered, the Old Man saying this was out of respect to Bandini, who had died there the previous year.

"Stewart also had to miss it, because he'd damaged a wrist in an F2 race, so when Tyrrell heard Ferrari wasn't going he asked me to drive Jackie's Matra-Cosworth. I was all for it, but Ferrari said no, so Ken put Johnny Servoz-Gavin in the car – and he stuck it on the front row!

"I went to Monaco, anyway, and spent an enjoyable weekend on a yacht with 'Charlie Luke' [Charles Lucas] & co, but I was so pissed off not to be driving. In the Ferrari – or the Matra, come to that – I'd have happily taken anyone on around there."

A fortnight later came the Belgian Grand Prix at Amon's beloved Spa, where his car was fitted for the first time with a primitive rear wing. "It didn't make a huge difference to the grip, but it certainly made the car feel more stable – I was on pole by almost four seconds…

"There's no way I shouldn't have won that race. I got a good start, and led by 150 yards at the end of the first lap, with Surtees behind me. I thought I was going to quietly disappear, but at Burnenville on the second lap I came up on Jo Bonnier, who was tooling along at about 10mph, with a wheel hanging off. I had to back right off, which allowed Surtees to get a tow on the long climb towards the end of the lap. He came by me, and there was nothing I could do about it.

"The problem I had now was that the Honda easily had the legs of the Ferrari on power, and every time I pulled out of the tow I fell back. All I could do was keep the pressure on, but on lap eight the Honda flicked up a stone, which pierced my oil cooler.

"Of all places, this happened at the Masta Kink – immediately I got oil on my rear tyres, and what happened next was one of the most horrific experiences I ever had. I came out of the kink sideways – at close to 180mph, I suppose – and I've no idea how I got the thing back. After that, all I could do was park it. I was *furious* that day! If it hadn't been for Bonnier, I don't think anyone would have seen me..."

Zandvoort brought another pole position, but race day was wet. "In practice only Rindt's Brabham was anywhere near me, and if it had been dry I think I could have won," said Amon, who eventually finished sixth, "but the Firestone wets were hopeless, particularly compared with the Dunlops on the Matras."

There was more rain at Rouen, and here Ferrari opted to hedge its bets, starting Amon on intermediates, Ickx on full wets – which the conditions swiftly demanded. "Jacky won, while I slithered around on the inters, then had to make a stop when I got a puncture.

"Again, it was 'the seventh of the month'. The weekend we were at Spa Scarfiotti had been killed in a hillclimb, and now it happened to Jo Schlesser when his engine seized, and he went off into a bank. His car pretty much exploded, and fuel – which ran all across the track – then ignited, so for several laps we were driving through flames. Just an awful bloody day…"



FERRARI

"INITIALLY FERRARI'S JUNIOR DRIVER, AMON NEEDED TO GROW UP VERY QUICKLY"

For all the tribulation and tragedy, Amon fundamentally loved life as a Ferrari driver, enjoyed living in Modena, testing something at the *autodromo* most days.

"It certainly wasn't like driving for anyone else! I'd test all morning, then have lunch with the Old Man – and there was always wine with the pasta. One day I realised we'd each had a bottle of Lambrusco, and Ferrari said, 'Good – you'll go faster this afternoon!' And I did, too, believe it or not…"

At Brands Hatch, on his 25th birthday, Amon was on the front row with the Lotuses. "Out of the slow corners we were blown off by the Cosworths, as usual – I managed to get ahead of Siffert for a few laps, but then he got me back. I was absolutely balls out the whole way, and in the last few laps ran out of rubber. The Ferrari people were annoyed, although they were more understanding when they saw the tyres.

"By now almost everyone was running wings, and Forghieri had decided that the best place for a wing was in the middle of the car: that wiped out a lot of the advantage we would have had. I'll always believe that if we'd had a bigger wing – and at the back of the car – we might well have won at Brands. As it was, I was second.

"For the Nürburgring I had pretty high hopes because I'd tested there, and broken the eight-minute barrier for the first time. When we arrived on the Thursday, the weather was beautiful, but the following morning it was raining – I did my first lap relatively gently, and that was second on the grid! Ickx did his a bit more frantically, and got pole.

"Before the race I remember Forghieri and Franco Gozzi saying, 'It's wet – so get as good a start as you can, and hold the rest up so Ickx can get away…' Because of Rouen, I guess they'd lost faith in my wet-weather driving! I didn't say very much, but when the flag dropped I got on with it – and Ickx was never within half a mile of me. I was behind Hill the whole way, and never saw anything but spray and fog – there was no point in worrying about aquaplaning on puddles because I couldn't *see* the bloody puddles!

"In the rain some days you're switched on, and some you're not – well, I am, anyway – and that day I was on it: I can remember holding some tremendous slides, and watching my hands doing it – they were all I could see! With a couple of laps to go, I pulled out to pass Graham coming by the pits, and the car got sideways; then, coming out of the north curve, it felt very strange, and into the next left-hander it just swapped ends – the diff had packed up.

"Everyone hailed Stewart's win as the drive of the century, but – as at Zandvoort – the Dunlop wets were *far* superior to the Firestones. When Jackie came past me on the first lap, I couldn't believe how much more grip he had. Whatever, that was another one gone, another one I felt, had it been dry, I could have won – if the diff had lasted, of course…

"For Monza we thought we'd got everything right. The engine was still down on power, but I was on the front row, with Surtees and McLaren. It was like so many circuits that year – on my own I could lap faster than anyone else, although whether or not I'd have ever have been able to break the tow is another question.

"At Monza we had these hydraulically operated wings, so you could flatten it on the straights by holding a button, then put it down again for the corners. This was Forghieri's brainchild, and although we were still too slow in a straight line, it certainly helped.

"In the early laps I was running second behind Bruce when the system suddenly sprang a leak, putting hydraulic fluid on to the rear tyres. This was at the second Lesmo, and I spun, hit the barrier – and somersaulted over it, into the trees.

"Surtees also hit the fence, trying to miss me, and I remember him peering anxiously at me, asking if I was all right. In fact, I didn't have a scratch – it sort of defied explanation, and I've been known to mention it when people go on about how unlucky I am!

"So many people were killed that year, and Derek Bell – who was walking back – saw the shunt, and was sure I was now one of them. When I caught up with him, and tapped him on the shoulder, he nearly fainted! I didn't have so much as a bruise, and how fortunate I was: it was only at the 'Ring that Ferrari had started putting seat belts in the cars…"

The accident, massive as it was, left no lingering after-effects. Far from it, in fact: two weeks later, in Canada, Amon was utterly dominant – until the Ferrari failed again.

"It was the same bloody performance. St Jovite was a circuit I adored, and I shared fastest time with Rindt, then led from the start, and although Siffert gave me quite a hard time for a few laps, once we'd burned off some of the fuel load I was able to pull away. The clutch disappeared after about 10 laps, but that day was so easy you can't believe it – I was a minute ahead when the gearbox broke with 18 laps to go, presumably because of all the clutchless changes…"

That left only Watkins Glen, where Chris was fourth on the grid, but retired with a broken water pipe, and Mexico City, where he qualified second, and went out with water pump failure. At the end of a season, in which he had qualified on the front row – including three pole positions – eight times in 11 races, Amon had finished but four times, only once on the podium. In the final point standings he was 10th.

In his magazine *Sport Auto*, though, Jabby Crombac entitled his season review '*Amon – champion sans couronne*'. "That was nice of Jabby," Chris smiled, "but the fact is, he's right – I *was* without a crown! If all had gone as it should, I think I'd have won the championship quite easily in '68."

His team-mate was of the same opinion. "When I was first at Ferrari," said Ickx, "I was with Chris, and he was a hero to me. We didn't have the fastest car, but the team was a very happy one.

"Enzo Ferrari loved Chris, and I understood why. Such a lovely guy, friendly, always willing to give you information and help – and such a *beautiful* driver. It seemed so easy for him – he had poles, led races, but somehow never won one, always because the car let him down.

"I'd only been in the team for a few races when I won at Rouen, and although I was happy I also felt guilty, because it should have been Chris winning – he was much faster than me, and he should have been world champion that year…"

❖

IN 1969 THERE WAS MORE OF THE SAME: AFTER AMON BEAT Rindt to the Tasman Championship, his F1 fortunes picked up where they had left off. At Barcelona he was leading Stewart by a minute when his engine seized, and at Monaco was running second to JYS – who later retired, for once – when the Ferrari's differential failed.

"People have talked about Clermont with the Matra, and certainly that was one of my better days, but actually I think I reached a personal peak round about the time of Barcelona in '69 – I'd briefly given up smoking, and remember feeling particularly sharp at that race. Because of everything that happened after that, in terms of being quick I don't think I ever consistently got back to that point…" At Zandvoort the car held together for once, but Chris's four points for third were to be his lot for the year: at Clermont his engine seized, and at Silverstone the gearbox broke.



Amon at Kyalami in 1968, when his pace was often compromised by ill fortune

LAT

"I THINK I'D HAVE WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP QUITE EASILY IN '68"

This, as it turned out, was Amon's last Grand Prix in a Ferrari. "By now, as well as being unreliable, the car was uncompetitive, and the team essentially pulled out, to concentrate on the new car for 1970. I was in two minds about what to do. I was getting this siren song from Max Mosley, then setting up March with Robin Herd, who I knew from my McLaren days. They were proposing a one-car team, with a sophisticated car and a big retainer – ha!

"As soon as I started testing the 312B I knew that – even though I'd become obsessed with having a DFV – the new flat-12 was the answer, in terms of horsepower. But it kept breaking – and I'm talking about fundamental things, like cranks! One day I just thought, 'I've had it…'

"My relationship with Ferrari was always good, and he was very upset when I left – I'd said I was going to drive for him in '70, then changed my mind. When I told him about March, he said, 'What do you know about these people? If you stay here, with our new car you will be world champion – if you leave, I'll win a race before you do…'

"He was right, wasn't he? The March 701 turned out to be ordinary at best – and by mid-season in '70 the flat-12 Ferrari was the car to have! In all honesty I regretted leaving Ferrari almost immediately, and I guess I have done ever since…"

As Niki Lauda said in his tribute, Chris Amon was "Unbelievably quick – one of the best ever…" Looking back now, and lamenting his loss, it doesn't seem to matter very much that he never won a GP. And at a time like this, halos and tokens and track limits matter even less. M



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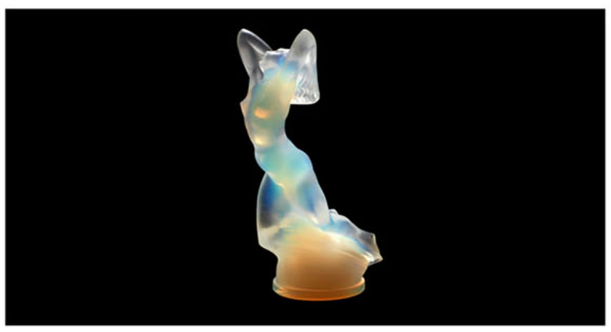
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F1 FRONTLINE *with*



Mark Hughes

>>THE SAFETY HALO DEBATE >>WHY FERRARI RE-SIGNED KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN

A HEAD FOR HEIGHTS

Although a patchy start to the season put him on the back foot, Lewis Hamilton went into Formula 1's summer break with four straight wins under his belt... and a 19-point advantage over team-mate and title rival Nico Rosberg.

LAT

F1 FRONTLINE

with

Mark Hughes

WHY HAS THE recently postponed cockpit halo proven to be so much more emotive for fans than pretty much all previous safety advances in Formula 1? There's probably a 'last straw' element to it, but it actually runs deeper than that. For a very long time there has been a disconnect between what the sport sells and what the reality is. For many, F1 is an escape from the humdrum; gladiators wheel-to-wheel in a high adrenaline, dangerous game, walking the tightrope between glory and devastation. It's not that people want to see death and injury. But they like to think they are watching a competition where the drivers are aware of that level of peril hanging over them – but choosing to do it anyway. It's an appealing, romantic rejection of the safety and blandness of everyday modern life.

Now think about the sport's major safety advances of the past few decades – car construction and materials, track design, self-sealing fuel valves etc – and they have not radically altered the look of the sport to the casual fan. He can still kid himself he's watching that romantic narrative in his mind play out.

But the halo cannot be ignored. It's right there, a hideous-looking thing, a visual suggestion that the element of danger that has always been implicit is no longer there, a visible trigger that's made it impossible to ignore the creeping safety-led homogenisation. It's a stark reminder that the driver is now performing on a tightrope that's only a few feet above the ground. He may be every bit as on the limit (in qualifying at least) as drivers have ever been, and actually probably even more. But with relatively little jeopardy. That has been the case for some time – but the halo visually insists the spectator acknowledges this, wakes him from his beautiful dream.

Yet from the inside it's not like this. From inside the cockpit it can still feel plenty real and dangerous. Jules Bianchi, Justin Wilson, Henry Surtees were all racing in the so-called 'safety' era, but are gone regardless. Like all F1 drivers from any time in history, they are not doing it from the perspective of how it was for their predecessors. Just like them, they are trying to minimise the inherent dangers with the best available knowledge and technology. That used to be cork helmets. Now it isn't. It isn't the fault of current drivers that the knowledge and technology have moved on to the point where it's presenting the sport with a stark choice. "This would be the first time in the sport's history it has chosen to ignore a safety advance," says the GPDA chairman Alex Wurz.

Right there is the choice facing the sport. Technology is forcing it to acknowledge a disconnect that it has not previously even been aware of. The drivers, living in the very vivid reality of the cockpit, can't relate to much of the fanbase's perception of what the sport is – and even if they were aware would consider it a fantasy. The fans in turn cannot relate to how it really is for the drivers. Left in the middle is the guy trying to sell the show. So although it was presented as 'The halo has been postponed for a year while it's more thoroughly tested', the suspicion is that the strong fan backlash is what was behind Bernie Ecclestone swaying things away from the halo's 2017 introduction at the recent strategy group meeting. Only days before, the FIA had made a presentation to the drivers saying the halo was up and running, ready to go.

That same disconnect between how the sport transmits its image and what fans wants to believe they are watching is also behind why radio transmissions became such an emotive subject. The fans, understandably, did not want to hear drivers being instructed by engineers on how to drive. Hence the radio restrictions. But the fans didn't like the resultant loss of 'colour' on the radio, the emotive, adrenaline-soaked stuff direct from the heat of battle. Furthermore, it was plainly ridiculous that a team could not tell its driver how to get around a safety issue. So – again driven by the fan backlash – radio restrictions have been removed. Driver coaching has returned through the back door in a classic case of 'be careful what you ask for'. The difference this time is that you won't hear it – because controller FOM will not be putting it out, as the broadcasters get only the messages deemed suitable by 'the management'.

It's too easy to stand back and rubbish such developments. They have arisen organically as technology and commerce have arrived at a point where choices need to be made. For the moment, F1 has deferred asking itself the fundamental questions and has merely attended to appearances. But now the disconnect is finally apparent to everyone, the sport can be better informed in its future choices. Ⓜ



FERRARI

Looking ahead – the halo won't appear next season, and fan opinion may be a factor

STRAIGHT *talk*

The sport may finally be forced to acknowledge the fans' view



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F1 FRONTLINE
with
Mark Hughes





FERRARI

Kimi: is he worth it?

The Finn was once considered the fastest driver in F1. Today, Räikkönen is a shadow of his former self – yet still has a Ferrari contract extension in his pocket. Why? Read on...

HERE WE ARE STILL TALKING ABOUT Kimi Räikkönen's Formula 1 career in the present tense, a decade-and-a-half since he was a bare rookie fresh out of just one season of car racing, in Formula Renault. He proved all the doubters wrong back then – recall, his Super Licence was only provisional until he 'proved his competence' – by taking points for Sauber on his debut. But can he prove them wrong all over again? Into his third disappointing season with Ferrari second time around, can he justify the Scuderia having extended his contract for another year to the end of 2017?

First of all, let's put that extension into a clearer perspective; Ferrari's long-term view of the driver market has it looking for the availability of Lewis Hamilton, Max Verstappen or Daniel Ricciardo, all committed to their current teams until at least the end of 2018. On the assumption that Sebastian Vettel will remain with the Scuderia, any recruitment of a driver to replace Räikkönen could therefore have been for just two seasons. Yet every one of the candidates – Sergio Perez, Valtteri Bottas, Carlos Sainz, Romain Grosjean, Nico Hulkenberg – had a contract with their existing teams that would have required Ferrari to buy out. Why buy out an existing contract of a driver who would only be there to keep the seat warm? It was being considered regardless because Räikkönen's form at that time was so poor. "Kimi just needs to prove he's worthy of a new contract," Sergio Marchionne said around Monaco/Canada time, the absolute nadir of Kimi's season. All he needed to do was produce a few respectable performances – well within his grasp – and the drive was his for another year. He duly did so and the extension was announced on the eve of the British Grand Prix.



For Ferrari it made much more sense to retain the known quantity of Kimi, especially so when it met with the approval of Vettel.

Secondly, let's be clear: Ferrari knows full well it is not contracting Räikkönen at the peak of his powers. The Kimi Räikkönen with the newly extended contract is not the ace of old. The Räikkönen that McLaren employed for five seasons was a stone cold virtuoso, a truly great F1 driver. With just slightly better reliability from the cars, he could quite conceivably have taken two world titles during that time – and they'd have been richly deserved. He was a devastating blend of calm and searing pace, totally impervious, relentlessly fast, his fantastic feel and balance evident in his breathtaking speed through the fast corners. In slow turns he'd banish the hated understeer by exquisitely-executed flicks and catches. Even on the days when the car wasn't quite there he'd regularly amaze the McLaren engineers with what he could conjure from it. He was, for a time – between 2003 and '06 – quite possibly F1's fastest driver. I've watched him trackside from corners all over the world throughout his career and occasionally back then, two or three times per season maybe, he'd leave you overwhelmed at what you'd just witnessed.

One of those days was at the Hungaroring's Turn Four in 2005. Here's how I recalled it at the time: "He's still flat in seventh, virtually on top of the blind exit corner now, then off the gas for a second, the McLaren's unique overrun cylinder cut making it briefly eerily quiet. His commitment on turn-in is breathtaking; it can't be done on anything more than faith. Blind exit, blind faith. Once he's committed to it – going down two gears between turn-in and apex before checking out – he's just along for the ride, the car angrily twitching through there at obscene speed. It's like he's now remote from the car, briefly riding above it, cannot hope to keep up with its every movement when it's in this state. He's somehow suspended in time and place, in some sort of tunnel, destiny no longer in his hands. So just wait there, let it buck, have faith in its downforce to ground those Michelins deep into the track's very pores, cornering and accelerating – for he left his right foot flat to the floor before checking out.

A second or so later, he's emerged out the other side and can return from suspended animation, become part of the machine again, rejoining the physical world, taking charge of his destiny once more."

He never looks like that now, has but rarely looked like that since joining Ferrari first time around – at Magny-Cours 2008 perhaps or through Pouhon at Spa occasionally. But the days of him routinely showing up and delivering raw, on-the-limit laps on demand are over. Even when he was finally winning the world championship in 2007, his first season at Ferrari, he was on the slide. The numbers back this up (see graphic). Having been quicker than his McLaren team-mates (Coulthard and Montoya) roughly 70 per cent of the time, he was only 50/50 in qualifying speed with Felipe Massa in that first season at Ferrari, and subsequently fell further. Into 2008 Massa aced him 6-2 in both pole positions and victories – and into the last few races of that season it was Räikkönen playing support to Massa's title challenge rather than the other way around. In the 2009 season up to Massa's Hungary accident, Räikkönen was down on his team-mate a disastrous 79 per cent of the time.



Räikkönen in his McLaren days, 2005. Back then he could be breathtaking LAT

The contrast between Kimi's still-devastating form in his final year at McLaren – enough to finish off the F1 career of Montoya – to his difficulty establishing any significant superiority over Massa just one year later seemed very much to do with F1's change from tyre war rubber to a conservative hard compound standard supply from 2007. Although the 2006 McLaren MP4-21 was an understeerer, the high grip of the tyres allowed him to deal with it much more effectively than Montoya. But a year on, whenever there was a high speed approach to a slow corner he would consistently lose out to Massa in the way he dealt with the F2007's understeer. Whereas Felipe would charge in regardless, braking later and simply winding on more lock, Kimi would back off earlier in response to the lack of front grip and brake more lightly. And the lap time would bleed away right there. It was as if without that feeling of high-grip planted security that the Michelins provided even as the aero loads bled off, his sensitivity was hindering rather than helping.

We know this because back in 2008 Ferrari made available to me telemetry from three circuits comparing the two drivers. Through the fast sweeps of Maggotts/Becketts, Spa's Pouhon and Istanbul's Turn Eight Räikkönen remained supreme. He came off the throttle less, his minimum speeds were higher, his throttle application earlier and smoother, his confidence with high-speed snaps of oversteer greater. But unfortunately for him, much more of the F1 calendar's total lap time comes from slow corners – where Massa was invariably faster. Even more unfortunately, the understeer trait he particularly dislikes is more prevalent in any F1 car on these sorts of corners – and is yet more acute on new tyres over a single lap of qualifying. He was clearly a more subtle, sensitive driver than Massa. But Felipe's strengths were more suited to the way F1 developed and has continued to develop.

In his early days Räikkönen spent many hours at the wheel alongside



FERRARI

renowned driver coach Rob Wilson, who remains a big fan, saying. "He is a very elegant driver, at his best on natural tracks with fast, sweeping lines like Spa, Interlagos, Suzuka, Silverstone where his finesse can give him an advantage. He has a fantastic feel for how his inputs effect the dynamic weight of each corner of the car – as much with his feet as his hands. That really helped him in the tyre war era, I think. You could use a marginal tyre, benefit from its speed but still make it last. There are no spikes in his inputs, very much in contrast to Felipe Massa, but even compared to Sebastian Vettel his inputs are nicer.

KIMI'S QUALIFYING PERFORMANCES COMPARED WITH HIS TEAM-MATES

2001 SAUBER	41%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	NICK HEIDFELD	59%
2002 McLAREN	59%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	DAVID COULTHARD	41%
2003 McLAREN	78%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	DAVID COULTHARD	22%
2004 McLAREN	80%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	DAVID COULTHARD	20%
2005 McLAREN	69%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	JUAN PABLO MONTOYA	31%
2006 McLAREN	78%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	JUAN PABLO MONTOYA	22%
2007 FERRARI	50%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	FELIPE MASSA	50%
2008 FERRARI	40%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	FELIPE MASSA	60%
2009 FERRARI	21%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	FELIPE MASSA	79%
2012 LOTUS	41%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	ROMAIN GROSJEAN	59%
2013 LOTUS	50%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	ROMAIN GROSJEAN	50%
2014 FERRARI	17%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	FERNANDO ALONSO	83%
2015 FERRARI	15%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	SEBASTIAN VETTEL	85%
2016 FERRARI	36%	KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN	SEBASTIAN VETTEL	64%

"What he will not do – and it's almost an aesthetic choice – is flick the car in the slow stuff and bounce it over kerbs, jarring his insides. He's a bit clumsy when he tries."

Yet in his earlier days, pre-2005 before he got his hands on what was for him the perfect car, the MP4-20, flick and slide was a regular part of Kimi's game. "Yes," agrees Wilson. "I remember from sitting alongside him in the McLaren days how he would max out the exit kerbs, kicking up dust beyond. But now it's as if that offends him. He's just attuned himself differently as he's got more experienced. Back then it was desperately important to him that he force the lap time, however it had to come. Now he just waits for the nice tracks and the good car. It's like the difference between Fittipaldi in 1972 and '75 or Jacky Ickx 1970 to '74."

Kimi's 2012-13 return to F1 with Lotus after his two-year rallying sabbatical is recalled as triumphant, adding two more Grand Prix wins to his CV and racking up so many podiums he came close to bankrupting the team (so generous was his points bonus). In reality, those Lotuses were superbly suited to the limitations of the Pirellis, their unique suspension giving the rubber an easier time even than ostensibly faster cars (and allowing Kimi to smother those hated kerbs). In addition, his team-mate Romain Grosjean was initially faster before a sequence of accidents put his career in jeopardy, giving him a confidence crisis. Into the second half of '13, helped by a tougher tyre, Grosjean again became the team's cutting edge. It was not possible to find anyone at Enstone prepared to say that in Kimi 2012/13 vintage they had a driver worthy of the same level of adulation they still held for Schumacher, Alonso and Kubica. That particular set of circumstances almost certainly flattered Räikkönen – probably not a popular view among the army of Kimi fans, but not a unique one either. "I believe that if Robert Kubica had still been there for those cars, he would have won at least one world title," said Mercedes' Toto Wolff in 2013.

Give Räikkönen a car with a poor front end, combine it with the hard compounds of the Pirelli era, put him on a track with a lot of slow corners and – even worse – lots of the severe kerbs that have become increasingly common in the past five years, and he can look awful. In there is summarised his 2014 season alongside Fernando Alonso, a driver who will willingly monster anything standing between him and a fast time. As the Ferrari became less bad these past couple of seasons, so Kimi's performances became more respectable and now that there's an air of crisis within the team, so maybe his complete detachment is coming into its own, as he's been faring better recently than Vettel.

Kimi has always refused to play the game, remained true to his own values and shunned the glitter, the plaudits, as unmoved by compliments as by criticism. As Wilson suggests, it perhaps used to be more important to him than it is now – and he was perhaps better suited to it than he is now, when the cars and tyres could be fine-tuned to what he wanted from a car rather than having to tune himself around a lot of specified points. He refuses to play that game too, almost wilfully. The mega-money arrived for Kimi at much the same time as F1 was dumbing itself down and that probably helped him shrug his shoulders and remain passive.

Ferrari was disappointed first time around that it hadn't recruited the team-leading Schumacher replacement it believed it was signing, someone to lead the team and make it sing. But second time around it knew what it was getting – even if he was only signed in 2014 as security against Alonso leaving. With another driver doing the team leading, it loves the way Kimi works, the lack of waves or politics – and in its current predicament that might be worth a lot. And on a good day, when everything happens to align, he can still do a fair impression of the driver that used to light up the tracks. Ⓜ

F1 FRONTLINE
with
Mark Hughes

GRAND PRIX NOTEBOOK

HUNGARY & GERMANY

BACK IN 2007 AT THE HUNGARORING FERNANDO ALONSO (initially) cost Lewis Hamilton a shot at pole position by infamously waiting in the pitlane with the other McLaren stacked up behind him, just long enough to prevent it getting out on track in time for another lap. On that occasion Alonso's actions were deliberate and aimed solely at Hamilton. Nine years later at the same venue these two were again at the centre of the qualifying story and again Alonso cost Hamilton a likely pole. This time Alonso's spinning across the track at Turn 10 in the dying moments of the final session was not targeted at Hamilton (though suspicions were voiced by other drivers and team personnel that the spin may not have been accidental and came just after a mistake that would likely have seen him out-qualified by team-mate Jenson Button) but Lewis was the first car upon the scene, forced to brake in avoidance. He thereby lost what had been shaping up into the likely pole lap. Those subsequently arriving at the waved double yellow flags for the Alonso incident were not compromised quite so much – including Hamilton's Mercedes team-mate Nico Rosberg who in lifting off fulfilled to the letter what the sporting regulations demanded, but on a drying track lost little enough time that he could still attack the remainder of the lap to secure pole.

The reverberations of the circumstances of that pole lap were felt most intensely inside the Mercedes team as Hamilton subsequently took matters into his own hands, much as he'd done here back in 2007. Hamilton unilaterally, without his team's knowledge, chose to visit race director Charlie Whiting and the stewards to question whether Rosberg had properly respected the regulations about double waved yellow flags. Originally the incident was not under investigation, but Hamilton's insistent questioning of Whiting throughout the evening may have been what led to Rosberg being called back to the circuit by the stewards from a team event in Budapest. They accepted his explanation and he retained his pole position.

Mercedes' Paddy Lowe later described Hamilton's actions as "regrettable" but the mood in the team Saturday evening was rather more intense than might be suggested by that innocuous word. Having one of its drivers unilaterally pushing for the other Mercedes to receive a penalty – potentially putting at risk the team's one-two position on the grid – angered both Lowe and team principal Toto Wolff. It was a new dimension to the internal struggle between their two drivers as they fight for the world title, one which took it beyond boundaries the management found acceptable. The team's interests were potentially being compromised by Hamilton pushing for his own and we understand that Lowe and Wolff were giving serious consideration to suspending him for a race. The timing of the forthcoming German Grand Prix – Mercedes' home race – just a few days later and the huge controversy such a move would have created there is believed to have been a deciding factor in the team stopping short of such drastic action.

All the controversy swirling around him only seemed to bring out Hamilton's best. He beat a somewhat passive Rosberg off the line in Hungary and proceeded to dominate the race, leaving Nico to fend off the challenge of Daniel Ricciardo's Red Bull for second. Seven days later at Hockenheim Hamilton again overcame Rosberg's pole position advantage within a few seconds of the start to record his sixth victory in seven races, putting him at the head of the championship by 19 points as F1 headed into the summer break.

Back in 2007 Hamilton's actions in Hungary went very much against his team's interests: initiating the dispute with Alonso by not respecting team instructions during the fuel burn-off phase that was then a feature of qualifying, then following it up with a visit to the stewards to complain of Alonso's impeding in the pitlane. It was the moment he transformed himself from McLaren protégé to an independent driver looking after only himself – and it left team boss Ron Dennis



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"IT WAS THE MOMENT HE TRANSFORMED HIMSELF INTO AN INDEPENDENT DRIVER"

ALL IMAGES LAT

seething. Yet amid the turbulence he'd created, Hamilton turned up the next day and delivered a flawless victory. In comparable circumstances this year he was similarly unaffected by the discord he'd created in Mercedes – as those clean sweeps at the Hungaroring and Hockenheim showed. In fact it's as if his performances are somehow enhanced by conflict around him. As someone whose paranoia antenna is very easily alerted, he seems to need something to fight against. Alain Prost once made a similar observation about how Ayrton Senna operated. Jochen Mass has talked about how his team-mate James Hunt always responded positively in his performances to off-track drama. "That made it very difficult for me," said Mass, a much more reflective and sensitive fellow. One can imagine that it's similarly difficult for Rosberg. No matter that Nico is mentally strong and capable of bouncing right back, turbulence and team censure bother him. Yet they seem just grist to Hamilton's mill.


In 2007 it was Alonso who triggered Hamilton's ire

Asked about his actions post-qualifying in Hungary, Hamilton, with wide-eyed innocence and with Rosberg sitting right next to him, neatly deflected the question to the safety issue – which was brilliantly done because it is very difficult to argue with the general point he made. "Well the stewards need to come up with some kind of solution," he said, "In the whole 23 years of my racing, it has been if it's yellow flag, you slow down and if it's double yellow flag, you be prepared to stop and Nico was doing the same speed at the apex as I was doing on the previous timed lap. If there happened to be a car that was spun or a marshal on the track, it would have been pretty hard for him to have slowed down in that case, so that's why... and the fact that he didn't get penalised for it means that we need to be careful because the message we're sending not only to the drivers here but also to the drivers in the lower categories is that it's now possible for you to lose only one tenth of a second in a double waved yellow flag section which is... one of the most dangerous scenarios... They need to clear that up because before it was two tenths that you were meant to lose with one yellow flag and half a second with two yellow flags. It wasn't the case yesterday and there was no penalty, so going into the next race, we could be battling for pole position and we see double yellow flags and we know we only have to do a small lift and lose one tenth of a second and we'll be fine and go purple in the sector. So that's why it does need to be clarified and I'm sure Charlie and the stewards are going to do so because it needs to be clear."

Rosberg, with sarcastic congratulation to Lewis for his speech responded with: "What you have to do with a double yellow is significantly reduce your speed and make sure you go safe. I went 20kph slower into that corner; 20kph is a different world in an F1 car, proper slow. It's completely... everything is safe. That's how I did my speed and lifted off 30 metres before my braking point, so I was just rolling in there, 20kph slower until I got to the apex. Then of course when you're in the apex, I would have a much tighter line because I went in slow and then so I could accelerate out again. So definitely

WORD *on the* BEAT

Ferrari and its technical director **James Allison** officially parted company between the Hungarian and German Grands Prix. Allison – who lost his wife to meningitis earlier this year – wished to spend more time with his family in the UK and had been unable to agree a way of working at Ferrari that would have made this feasible. Furthermore, it's understood that there was a fundamental disagreement with **Ferrari** boss **Sergio Marchionne** about a defined timetable for progress from the Scuderia's current position. Former engine department chief **Mattia Binotto** has been put in overall technical charge for now. Although **Toro Rosso's** technical director **James Key** has been mentioned as a possible target for Ferrari, it's believed he would not be in a position to accept any offer as he has already accepted an alternative.



The introduction of the **halo cockpit protection** device has been officially postponed for a year to 2018 following a meeting of the F1 Strategy Group. Although the FIA was keen to progress it, **Bernie Ecclestone** was against. On the Friday of the Hungarian Grand Prix weekend the drivers were summoned to an FIA presentation about the cockpit protection device by FIA safety consultant (and former Toro Rosso engineer) Laurent Miekes who had compiled an extensive report with simulation of how the device would have behaved in a series of recent accidents. It apparently made a major impression, at least two previously gung-ho drivers – Lewis Hamilton and Carlos Sainz – changing their stance afterwards. Those remaining publicly against it included Max Verstappen, Nico Hulkenberg, Romain Grosjean, Daniil Kvyat, Kevin Magnussen and Jolyon Palmer. Those pressing for its introduction included GPDA chairman Alex Wurz, Jenson Button, Sebastian Vettel and Fernando Alonso. Wurz commented: "This decision could almost be seen as 'business first and safety second.' Like all of us, obviously, I dearly hope that today's decision is not one that one day we will all come to bitterly regret."

McLaren's **Eric Boullier** is being mentioned as a possible recruitment by **Ferrari**, suggesting that current team principal **Maurizio Arrivabene's** position is less than secure. Boullier in turn is said to be less than delighted at the imminent arrival at **McLaren** of ex-VW rally boss **Jost Capito**.



I significantly reduced my speed and that's what it says you need to do and that's why for the stewards that was completely acceptable. It was very, very obvious what I did, very clear and of course on a drying track you're going to get massively faster every lap. It's not like the track was consistent. On a drying track, it's irrelevant what the sector time was because you're going to get so much quicker every time you go out there because there's wet patches and when they dry, you just go so much quicker. And so in that segment, I was slower, where there was the yellow flag but of course in the big sector, yeah, I'm quicker because the track is getting quicker and I'm pushing in all the other corners."

As a direct result of this controversy, the FIA had revised the convention from Hockenheim. Henceforth, in a similar situation, the session would be red-flagged, meaning there'd be no incentive for drivers to keep pushing. But much more interesting than such arcane matters is the psychological battle between the two title contenders and how it's continually morphing and developing even as they go into their third year of having only the other as their single realistic rival. Ⓜ



Hamilton's wide-eyed innocence met with sarcastic praise from Rosberg sat beside him

Rd 11 HUNGARY, JULY 24 2016

				RACE DISTANCE
1	LEWIS HAMILTON	Mercedes W07	1hr 40min 30.115sec	70 laps
2	NICO ROSBERG	Mercedes W07	1hr 40min 32.092sec	190.54 miles
3	DANIEL RICCIARDO	Red Bull RB12	1hr 40min 57.654sec	

FASTEST LAP KIMI RÄIKKÖNEN Ferrari SF16-H 1min 23.086sec

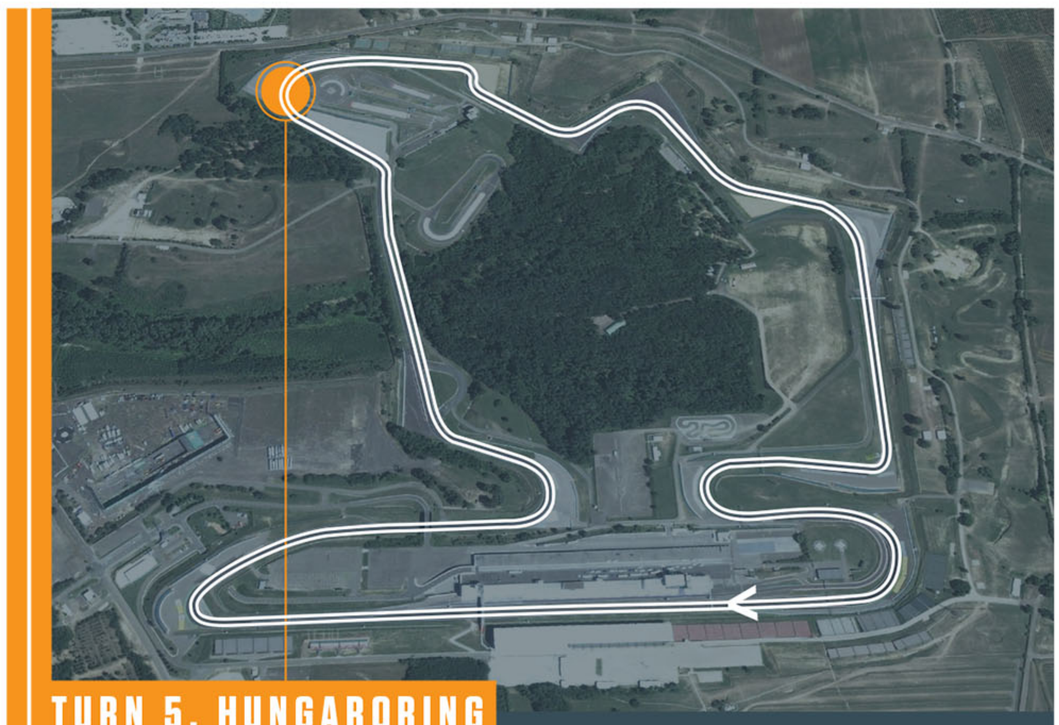
POLE POSITION NICO ROSBERG Mercedes W07 1min 19.9652sec

Rd 12 GERMANY, JULY 31 2016

				RACE DISTANCE
1	LEWIS HAMILTON	Mercedes W07	1hr 30min 44.200sec	67 laps
2	DANIEL RICCIARDO	Red Bull RB12	1hr 30min 51.196sec	198.94 miles
3	MAX VERSTAPPEN	Red Bull RB12	1hr 30min 57.613sec	

FASTEST LAP DANIEL RICCIARDO Red Bull RB12 1min 18.442sec

POLE POSITION NICO ROSBERG Mercedes W07 1min 14.363sec


TURN 5, HUNGARORING

Trackside view

"They've re-surfaced the Hungaroring and normally that would mean a reduction in grip. The smooth surface would ordinarily mean less for the rubber to grab hold of and the oily residue of the new bitumen would restrict the chemical bonding that's another part of the grip mechanism. But into Turn Five, the long, oval-like corner that loops the cars around the circuit's northern-most tip, they are visually faster than last year.

The Mercs in particular are carrying an entry speed unseen there since the tyre war days and then maintaining it, so what's happening? The absence of bumps is allowing a much cleaner line through there than was possible before when a bump around a third of the way into the turn required a compromised line. Also, the flattening of the circuit everywhere is allowing the teams to run the cars with much lower ride heights, enhancing the underbody aerodynamic grip.

Standing on the exit of five, as the cars clamber over the kerb, drivers reluctant to surrender the momentum they've built through there, some look much easier to handle than others. Early in the session that kerb is still damp from overnight rain and Valtteri Bottas is the first through on slicks, throttle manipulating over there, snaky little wiggle from the Williams part-way through, then savage acceleration in the short burst to the chicane.

By comparison Fernando Alonso's McLaren looks way more manageable and precise, allowing him to be ever more aggressive in his approach. This is a corner perfectly configured for Kimi Räikkönen's flowing style and he keeps up smooth momentum all the way through, visually faster despite fewer inputs than Sebastian Vettel.

But all this comparison is rendered incidental when a Mercedes comes through, wailing at a completely different pitch. You don't even need to look at it to know it's quicker; you can hear it."

MAP DATA: GOOGLE, DIGITALGLOBE



The Sebring 12 Hours gets under way in 2016... but what might the future hold for US sports car racing?

LAT

All change in North America

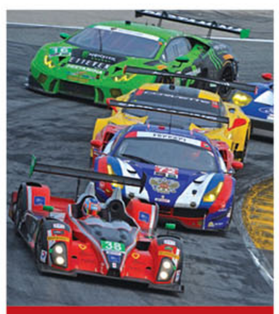
...but will new-look endurance races attract sufficient support? | BY GARY WATKINS

THE TOP FLIGHT OF NORTH American sports car racing will undergo a revolution next season. The Daytona Prototypes that carried over into the merged IMSA SportsCar Championship from the old Grand-Am series will finally be consigned to the museum. The question is, who will be signing up with a new breed of car coming on stream in 2017?

IMSA is adopting the same LMP2 rules that will come into force in the World Endurance Championship next year as the basis of its top category, known simply as the Prototype class. But there is a twist. The faster P2s, powered by a normally aspirated V8 built in the UK by Gibson Technology (né Zytek), will compete with cars built to the Daytona Prototype international rules announced last year.

DPi reflects IMSA's need for manufacturer involvement in its top class – there's no LMP1, remember. Manufacturers, and manufacturers only, will be able to develop their own bodywork and engines for a chassis built by any one of the four constructors licensed to produce P2 cars to the new rules: Dallara, ORECA, Onroak with the Ligier brand and Riley/Multimatic.

IMSA boss Scott Atherton is understandably cautious when making predictions about the Prototype field for 2017 and is reluctant to talk numbers. He does, however, reckon that there will be a "respectable field" when the new era begins at Daytona in January.



"A significant number of manufacturers have expressed an interest"
Scott Atherton

"No one has a crystal ball, but confidence is high and we expect to begin at a good level and grow from there – that's my patented line," he said. "There is a lot more going on than meets the eye, and there is a frustration that we have to respect confidentiality agreements and can't share a lot of what we know."

Pushed harder to put a figure on the likely Prototype grid for 2017, and he replied: "The same number that has been our typical Prototype grid. We had eight cars last time out at Road America [at the start of August] and I would say that we should reach that figure or surpass it."

Atherton also noted that IMSA is expecting additional entries for the pair of IMSA blue riband enduros at Daytona and Sebring that kick off the American season in January and March.

CAN DPI WORK?

Atherton insists that there is real interest in the DPi concept, though he does concede that only two manufacturers will be on the grid next season. He's not allowed to name them as yet, but they are General Motors with the Cadillac brand and Mazda. They have respectively signed up with Dallara and Riley/Multimatic to develop DPis.

"A significant number of manufacturers have expressed an interest," he said. "Right now we have two firm commitments and two or three in process. Two is a good launch pad, and we are confident that it will grow from there."

THE 2018 CONUNDRUM

IMSA has a pressing need to evolve the field through 2017 after announcing that its secondary class for full-house racing cars, the Prototype Challenge open to the one-make ORECA-Chevrolet FLM09, will end on schedule after next season. More pertinently it will not be replaced.

The governing body has opted against trying to incorporate the LMP3 class that was introduced into the European Le Mans Series last season and has instead found a home for it from next year in its Prototype Lites feeder series, which will be known as the Prototype Challenge. Increasing the performance of the P3s to sit between the Prototypes and the GTE cars that race in its GT Le Mans class might have been tricky, but Atherton insists that the new class structure has been motivated by a desire to simplify the series.

"The speed of the P3 cars was only a minor consideration," he explained. "More significant in our decision was a desire to bring a higher level of simplicity and clarity to our championship by having one Prototype class and two distinct GT divisions [GTLM and GT Daytona for GT3 cars].

"Grand-Am in its original configuration [and up to the merger with the American Le Mans Series that created the current series for 2014] had a single class for prototypes and a single class for GT cars.

"That makes the series much easier for the casual fan to grasp. I'm not suggesting that by eliminating PC all the confusion will go away, but it is a step in the right direction."

IMSA will, however, introduce a sub-class for pro-am line-ups, a move that Atherton is expecting to attract existing PC entrants.

"It will admittedly be a big step for some, but if you look at the best teams in the PC, it will not be so big in terms of their level of professionalism.

"P2 is an attractive formula courtesy of its value equation – a great job has been done in terms of the acquisition price and the running costs – and its global nature."

PC entrant Peter Baron, whose Starworks team won the World Endurance Championship P2 title in 2012, isn't so sure that many teams will make the jump. "Scott says that it's only an extra million dollars, but I'd like to see him buy a million-dollar house every year," he said.

Baron also pointed out that there are alternatives for the kind of amateur driver IMSA is looking to keep – or perhaps attract.

"For $2 million, so less than a season in IMSA, you could do the ELMS and the Le Mans 24 Hours," he explained. "Silverstone and Spa [which are part of the European series], as well as Le Mans, are circuits that you'll find on the bucket list of many of these wealthy guys."

COULD A DPI RACE AT LE MANS?

The idea of DPis racing as privateer P1s at the Le Mans 24 Hours was something first raised by race organiser the Automobile Club de l'Ouest. Club president Pierre Fillon made the suggestion as a reaction to a trans-Atlantic rules row that has culminated with DPis being allowed to run their own engine management systems rather than the spec P2 unit supplied by Cosworth. This has resulted in the abandonment of the original plan to allow DPis to race in P2 at Le Mans with their regular engines, but using the original bodywork supplied by their chosen constructor.

The ACO has stated that it will insist on any DPi racing in P1 complying fully to the rule book, which could prove to be an obstacle in North American machinery crossing the Atlantic.

Mazda North America, which is already racing a DPi-spec engine in a Lola chassis this year, has stated its aspirations to take the marque back to the Le Mans 24 Hours but has set out no timeframe.

— OBITUARIES —

John Blunsden

Popular motor racing publisher and motoring journalist John Blunsden has died at the age of 86, after a long illness. Owner of Motor Racing Publications, John produced some 250 books while also serving as Grand Prix correspondent for *The Times* from 1970-90.

Bill Alsup

Indycar driver Bill Alsup, 78, died in August while operating a crane near Silverton, Colorado. Alsup won the SCCA's Super Vee championship and USAC's Mini-Indy series in 1978 before moving up to Indycars.

Bryan Clauson

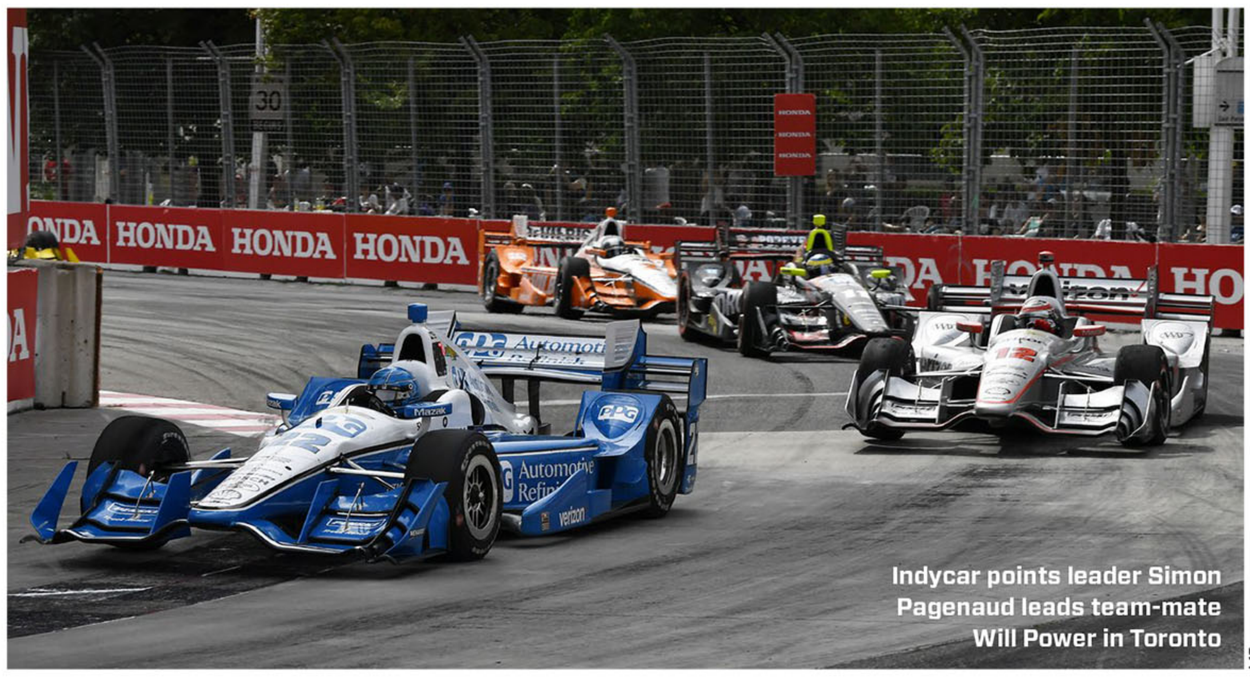
The 27-year-old racer died in August following a multi-car accident at the Belleville Nationals in Kansas. Clauson was a four-time USAC champion – twice in sprint cars and twice in midgets.

Fred Opert

Veteran entrant Fred Opert has passed away at the age of 77. Opert supported the careers of many young drivers, most notably Keke Rosberg.

Bill Smith

Bill Smith, who has died aged 88, was a director of McLaren Cars from the 1960s. He was also the founder of McLaren Engines in Detroit and chairman of McLaren North America.



Indycar points leader Simon Pagenaud leads team-mate Will Power in Toronto

LAT

GORDON KIRBY

A GOLDEN YEAR FOR PENSKE

IN ITS 50TH SEASON ROGER PENSKE'S TEAM looks likely to win its 14th IndyCar championship. With four races to go Team Penske ran one-two-three in the championship with Simon Pagenaud leading from Will Power and Helio Castroneves.

Between them, Pagenaud, Power and Juan Pablo Montoya won eight of the year's first 12 races. As I write in early August, Pagenaud had won four races and taken six poles while Power had three wins and two poles to his name. Pagenaud led Power by 58 points, with Castroneves a further 53 points behind. Josef Newgarden and defending champion Scott Dixon were next up, but too far back to figure in the championship reckoning.

Pagenaud and Power have been the men to beat this year. Castroneves has been quick in many races but has yet to win while Montoya won the season opener in St Petersburg but has had a miserable season since then, with no additional podium finishes. With four races to go he was a distant 12th in the points table.

Nevertheless, this is shaping up to be Penske's most dominant year since 1994 when the team won 12 races, Indy 500 included, and finished one-two-three in the standings. Penske's drivers must win all four remaining races this year to equal that record.

Pagenaud scored his fourth win of the year at Mid-Ohio after a fierce duel with Power. The Frenchman led the race's opening stages, but Power was able to pass by running two laps longer on a load of fuel. Pagenaud later attacked Power and made a superb pass as the pair banged wheels, but team owner Penske was delighted with the result.

"These guys both want to win," Penske said. "That's why they drive for us. Fortunately, it didn't cause a wreck and that's all we ask. Race hard, but don't wreck your team-mate."

Pagenaud joined Penske last year after three years with Sam Schmidt's team. He came to America in 2006, won the Formula Atlantic championship at his first attempt and moved up to Champ Cars in '07. He raced LMP1 in the American Le Mans Series from 2008-2011, winning the championship title with David Brabham in 2010.

With Penske last year the Frenchman led plenty of laps but wasn't able to win a race. This year, however, he's been the fastest man in the field and has led the championship since April. Aged 32, he is an intelligent fellow and a smooth, precise driver who's demonstrated he can be as aggressive as anyone. He's a clear favourite to win this year's championship.

Power, 35, has been racing Indycars for 12 years. This is his ninth year with Roger Penske's team. He finished second in the championship in 2010, '11 and '12 before finally winning his first title in 2014. Last year he finished third in the championship after he and Montoya collided in the finale and handed the title to Dixon. Power missed this year's season-opener because of inner ear problems, but came on strong through mid-season and appeared to be the only man capable of challenging Pagenaud for the title.

And of course, unlike F1 – where only one or two teams have realistic hopes of victory – many teams are capable of winning in IndyCar. Power and Pagenaud will have to fight not only with Castroneves and Montoya, but also the likes of Dixon and Tony Kanaan with Ganassi, Newgarden with Ed Carpenter's team, plus occasional potential winners such as Ryan Hunter-Reay with Andretti, Graham Rahal with his father's team and Sébastien Bourdais with KVH Racing. There will be plenty of opposition as Pagenaud, Power and Penske chase the team's unprecedented 14th IndyCar title.



LAT

Jack Sears

1930-2016

FOR MANY, JACK SEARS will be remembered as the first British Saloon Car champion back in 1958. But Sears, who died in August, will also be remembered as a talented sports and GT racer, and one of motor racing's true gentlemen.

Sears was aged 86 when he lost his battle with cancer, but his interest in the sport stayed with him until the end even though his racing career finished half a century ago, in 1965, after a serious testing accident at Silverstone.

'Gentleman Jack', as he was known, followed his father's passion for cars and started competing with the Veteran Car Club in the 1950s. He then built his reputation in Lister sports cars but really came to prominence when he won the inaugural British Saloon Car title after an end-of-season shoot-out with Tommy Sopwith at Brands Hatch.

Five years later he won the title for a second time, this time driving a mighty 7-litre Ford Galaxie in some of the races in a move that ended the reign of the Jaguar Mk2.

However, Sears was far more than a saloon car racer, although he made only one or two appearances in single-seaters. In powerful sports and GT cars he enjoyed considerable success and was fifth overall at Le Mans in 1963 in a Ferrari 330LMB shared with Mike Salmon. He raced AC Cobras for John Willment and scored a class win at Daytona in 1965 in a Daytona Coupé. Folklore records that he topped 180mph on the newly-opened M1 motorway when testing a Cobra ahead of the 1964 Le Mans 24 Hours.

However, the end of his racing career was approaching and it was the demand for his skills as a test and development driver that nearly cost him his life at the age of 35. Driving a Lotus 40 at Silverstone late in 1965 he crashed heavily and it took him a year to recover. He called time on racing and switched his focus to farming in Norfolk.



LAT

Across the following 50 years he would remain connected to motor racing, particularly as his son David became a successful racer and then team owner. Jack was involved in celebrations for the golden jubilee of the BTCC and attended many events, always proving popular with drivers, teams and fans. He endorsed the Jack Sears Trophy in the contemporary BTCC as a way of encouraging new drivers.

In a relatively short but highly successful professional racing career, Jack Sears achieved a great deal. However, he will be just as warmly remembered as a gentleman in the very best sense of the word, displaying impeccable manners and gentle good humour to all those with whom he came into contact.

BTCC series director Alan Gow paid tribute: "It is with great regret and genuine sadness that I learn of Jack's death. I really liked Jack a lot; not only as an extremely talented and inspirational racing driver, but more importantly as a hugely popular, humble and impressive human being." *Paul Lawrence*



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The Turner/Stanaway Aston rubs shoulders with the Mücke/Pla Ford at the 'Ring

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DARREN TURNER

NO NEED FOR MOTOR SPORT IN THE OLYMPICS

I READ SOMETHING THE OTHER DAY THAT suggested the Olympic Games should include motor sport. Frankly, I think that's a daft idea. There are so many amazing motor sport championships plus huge events such as Le Mans, the Indy 500 and the Monaco Grand Prix. Those are the moments when the world turns its eyes to our sport. The Olympics is the moment in the spotlight for athletics, swimming, gymnastics: all those amazing people who can run faster, swim faster, throw shapes better and generally perform super-human feats. Motor sport shouldn't come in and dilute that in any way.

Those competitors work so hard to be on peak form every four years and it is a great spectacle. On that note, I don't think tennis or golf should be in there as they already have huge, global trophies. Keep it simple and stick to the original format, I say! My theory falls down a bit when it comes to cycling as that needs to remain an Olympic sport, even though they have the Tour de France. All those different disciplines make for great viewing.

The best bit about the Olympics is that it happens when the motor sport schedule is quiet, so we actually get to watch it. Brazil has done a great job, but these Games have also put London 2012 into perspective. That really set a new level. It has been amazing to watch people such as Adam Peaty get our first swimming Gold, although the papers need a rap on the knuckles for referring to Dan Goodfellow as 'Tom Daley's synchronised partner.' Give the lad the credit he's due!



"There was a bit of argy-bargy, so our first pitstop was somewhat prolonged as we had to deal with the fact that one of the wing mirrors was hanging off"

One of the highlights of the year for me is the upcoming Goodwood Revival and I've already been down to the circuit to test the AC Cobra I'll be driving. It's one of those places that feels magical as soon as you go under the tunnel into the circuit. There were lots of beautiful cars and I also got to drive a very special Ford GT40 from the 1960s, which was a 'pinch me' moment. I might not be racing an Aston Martin at the Revival but I'll still be very close to the brand as Carroll Shelby was the man behind the Cobra and shared Aston's only outright Le Mans victory with Roy Salvadori.

The last month has been busy for me with lots of racing, which is just how I like it. We had some fun at the Nürburgring in the World Endurance Championship. My new team-mate Richie Stanaway did a great job, taking second place in the opening stint. Unfortunately there was a bit of argy-bargy, so our first pitstop was somewhat prolonged as we had to deal with the fact that one of the wing mirrors was hanging off. This put us down the order but it was another entertaining race and it felt good as the recent Balance of Performance changes have meant we could be more competitive than we had been so far this year.

I also got to do the Spa 24 Hours, which is always full of drama. I get parachuted into the customer teams for races like this, when they need another driver. It can all be a bit last-minute, but having been around the cars for so many years I'm very at home in them. Unfortunately a bit of damage in the opening hours put paid to a good result, but we were leading at the six-hour mark and took full points at that stage. It was fun, though, probably the most competitive GT3 race out there and it's a hard event – you generally feel like you are in a Mad Max movie when you are at the wheel.

There was some controversy at Spa when all of the Mercedes entries got hit hard with a five-minute stop-go penalty after qualifying [for running illegal ignition mapping]. Whether or not that was deserved, you had to respect the organisers for sticking to their guns, saying that the situation wasn't acceptable and making a point. We need to see more of that in the sport. If something is wrong it shouldn't be brushed under the carpet.

I'm now preparing for the next WEC round, which is in Mexico City and I'm massively excited about my first visit to this country. I've got my sombrero and my maracas and I'm ready to go! *[God help them... - Ed]*

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MotoGP's new standardised ECU cuts costs and acts more slowly, putting finesse back in riders' hands

TECH3 RACING

MAT OXLEY

NEURONS WIN OUT OVER DIGITS

A DECADE AFTER FORMULA 1 SWITCHED TO A single-spec ECU, MotoGP has gone the same way. Rights holder Dorna introduced the same-for-all Magneti Marelli kit following lengthy negotiations with the motorcycle manufacturers, to reduce costs, to shrink the gap between the front and back of the grid and to encourage new factories to enter the fray.

Although some riders believe this year's lower-tech rider aids are still too clever (see *Motor Sport*, June 2016), many are happy with the reduced technology, which allows them to use their own talent to make the difference.

This is Silvano Galbusera, Valentino Rossi's chief engineer at Yamaha. "Valentino says he now has more control, which can be good because he can make a difference over other riders. I believe the best ECU is still the rider's brain! The bad thing with the unified electronics is that they react more slowly because the calculations from the ECU are slower. It's only milliseconds but the riders feel it."

MotoGP machines use five different electronics programmes to help riders get the best from their 260-horsepower machines: traction control, anti-wheelie, engine-braking control, launch control and anti-jerk (you at the back of class, no need for giggling).

Traction control is the most important system because it's a vital safety net that has largely exorcised the bone-crunching high-side crash; when the rear tyre spins, grips and flicks the rider over the top. TCS reduces torque delivery by shutting the throttle, retarding the ignition or cutting sparks.

During the era of tailor-made factory software, TCS evolved into a performance tool that data engineers tuned to allow a certain amount of wheelspin at a certain part of a particular corner, to help the rider steer the bike and then allow him to fully open the throttle at an extreme angle of lean that would otherwise have spelt certain disaster.

"TCS is a lot more basic now," says Monster Yamaha rider Bradley Smith. "For example, before we could play a lot with the initial touch of the throttle – we could delay the TCS by five metres so you could pivot the bike with the first touch. Now the TCS doesn't allow that finesse. Before we could go from 30 per cent throttle to wide open and the TCS was that sophisticated it would sort everything out. Now if you go wide open you'll go sideways, so the TCS will only catch you when you go way too far."

The drop in anti-wheelie performance has been even greater. Anti-wheelie was devised to help the rider accelerate without losing time by closing the throttle to keep the front wheel on the asphalt. The factory systems predicted wheelies via the acceleration rate of the front suspension stroke, but the unified AW software waits until the suspension is topped out, indicating the front wheel is already in the air.

"The old system knew the wheelie was coming," says Smith. "Now it waits for the front to top out and then the throttle butterflies cut all the power, then they open again, so the front of the bike goes up and down. In the end you're better holding it yourself with the throttle."

Of course, most MotoGP fans think this is a good thing – they want to see the rider riding the bike, not some pitlane boffin.

The same goes for engine-braking control, which adjusts negative torque on a closed throttle to help the rider enter corners with just enough engine braking to slow the bike and steer it into the turn, without locking the rear wheel and sending the bike sideways.

"Last year we could change all kinds of variables in the engine braking," adds Smith. "We could limit how much each individual butterfly shut at each downshift. Now we have a much simpler formula, without the same finesse of controlling the bike off-throttle, so we have to play around a lot more."

Launch control is a separate anti-wheelie programme, used only at the start of races. Again, it's the same story of reduced technology and increased rider involvement.

"Getting my starts right has been the hardest thing," says Smith. "Last year I'd be wide open with the throttle, dump the clutch, get the bike launched and let the launch-control sort everything out. This year you can't use full power, so I'll start at, say, 75 per cent throttle, so the initial torque engagement is less when you release the clutch. Then when you go to full power you have to use the clutch again, otherwise the anti-wheelie comes in, the throttle butterflies shut and bounce open again and you feel like you're on a rocking horse."

Finally, there's anti-jerk. When the rider goes from off-throttle to on-throttle in mid-corner, the change from negative torque to positive causes a jerk in the transmission, which can be disastrous at full lean unless torque delivery is reduced to almost zero for a few milliseconds. The reduction in the efficiency of the TCS has made this programme more crucial than ever.

Smith again. "We use anti-jerk to filter power at the initial touch of the throttle, because if you start to spin the tyre there, it never comes back, which means your entire drive will be compromised. If you can keep grip at that initial touch, then you can keep your drive, which gives you half a bike length out of every corner."

The most impressive reality of MotoGP's lower-tech electronics era is that lap times are pretty much as fast as ever; which perhaps proves Galbusera's belief that the human brain is at least as good as a little black box. Ⓜ



"Now the front of the bike goes up and down. In the end you're better holding it yourself with the throttle"

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Balancing act: John McGuinness in 2016 TT action. He makes his Goodwood debut shortly

IOM

TT stars set for Goodwood

McGuinness and Dunlop face Revival showdown | BY PAUL LAWRENCE

TWO OF THE BIGGEST STARS OF motorcycle road racing, John McGuinness and Michael Dunlop, will go head-to-head in the Barry Sheene Memorial Trophy at the Goodwood Revival. It promises to be one of the highlights of the September 11-13 event.

McGuinness and Dunlop, who have 36 Isle of Man TT wins between them, will race 1950s Manx Nortons as they make their race debuts on the Sussex track. McGuinness has been a popular participant at Goodwood's Festival of Speed over recent years.

Morecambe-based McGuinness, 44, made his TT debut in 1996 and competed alongside Michael's uncle Joey, who remains the most successful TT rider of all time with 26 wins. McGuinness took his first Isle of Man win in the 1999 Lightweight TT and has won on the daunting track a further 22 times in a 20-year TT career.

Northern Irishman Dunlop, 27, made his first TT appearance in 2007 and currently lies sixth in the list of all-time TT winners on 13.

He dominated the Mountain Course in 2013 and 2014, winning eight out of 11 races he contested. He lost his father Robert and his uncle Joey to motorbike racing accidents.



IOM

■ The unique Japanese-built Maki F101 finished an F1 race in the UK for the first time at the Silverstone Classic, 42 years after failing to qualify for the British Grand Prix with Howden Ganley at the wheel. Current owner Marc Devis raced the 1974 car and finished 19th in the first Historic F1 event. The car failed to start any F1 races in period. "Before this year, it last ran in the 1990s," said Devis.

Brabham's Combe date

FORMER GRAND PRIX DRIVER and Le Mans winner David Brabham will be the star guest at this year's Castle Combe Autumn Classic on Saturday October 1. Brabham will either demonstrate a car or race at the event.

New on the line-up for 2016 will be an HRDC 'Coys Trophy BTCC Celebration' race for cars from the British Touring Car Championship between 1958 and 1966.

Among the anniversaries being celebrated is 70 years of the Cooper Car Company and a range of Coopers will be on both show and track. The 'dream garage' central display will include Duncan Pittaway's Bugatti T35 and Nick Mason's Ferrari 250GTO.

Win for the Washingtons

A TOTAL OF 98 CREWS FROM 107 starters reached the finish of the Peking to Paris Motor Challenge after more than a month of competition, when the great motoring adventure finished in France.

Bruce and Harry Washington from New Zealand won the overall prize for the Vintageants in their 1929 Chrysler 75 Roadster (top right), while Mark



Pickering and Dave Boddy from Australia won the Classic category in their 1973 Datsun 240Z.

"Each country was like its own rally," said Harry Washington. "Once you crossed the border, you never knew what you were going to get. I'd go back and do it all again tomorrow."

Röhrl 'christens' rare Audi

THIRTY YEARS AFTER THE PROJECT was abandoned, the unique Audi Group S prototype ran for the first time in public on the Eifel Rallye Festival.

As part of a record-breaking field of 60 Group B and Group S cars, the mid-engined Audi completed more miles on the demonstration than it had in the 30 years since the project was abandoned.



SIMON CHILDS

Double world rally champion Walter Röhrl drove the car and said: "It was terrific to be able to drive this unique prototype at its global premiere."

Group S was the planned replacement for Group B rally regulations, with power limited to 300bhp and a requirement for only 10 examples to be built. Following serious accidents in 1986, however, Group B was banned and Group S was shelved in favour of the more standard Group A.

Neil Cunningham tribute

FORMER TOURING CAR RACER Karl Jones made a return to racing at the Silverstone Classic, in memory of Neil Cunningham.

Jones and Ben Eastick honoured the memory of their friend by sharing

Eastick's Jaguar D-type in the Woodcote Trophy. They finished 14th overall, despite an engine change after qualifying, as Jones raced the D-type for the first time. Cunningham raced the D-type with Eastick before being diagnosed with Motor Neurone Disease.

"I thought of Neil many times during the weekend and how happy he was when racing this car," said Jones. "I'm thankful to Ben for making it happen."

Bell shines in Styria

DEREK BELL WAS A STAR OF THE Ennstal Classic in Austria last month, when he drove a 1929 Bentley in an event that takes in three days of mountain motoring in Styria. Bell, now 75, drove the 4½-litre 'blower' Bentley in the Racecar Trophy element of the event and was up against Dieter Quester (BMW 328) and Mauro Forghieri (Ferrari 250GT).



JEFF BLOXHAM

Merlyn back after 55 years

A MERLYN MK2 FRONT-ENGINED Formula Junior raced for the first time since 1961, when John Sykes took a double class win at the Croft Nostalgia Festival. Now owned by Merlyn enthusiast Sykes, the car was destined for the US but the order was cancelled and the chassis sat in storage at Merlyn's Colchester base for half a century until Sykes bought it and commissioned the firm to restore the car.

Tarling takes historic bow

MODERN SINGLE-SEATER RACER Richard Tarling made an impressive historic Grand Prix debut at the Silverstone Classic, with a class win and 10th overall in the one-off South African-built Assegai. Points failure in the second race denied him an overall podium. Current owner John Carpenter offered Tarling the chance to race the 1962 car.

— OBITUARIES —

Malcolm Neill

Malcolm Neill, who has died aged 72, was one of rallying's leading organisers. He followed his father into racing and rallying in Ireland, managed the Lombard RAC Rally for 14 years, advised overseas promoters and also created rally shows at Cornbury and Chatsworth.

Richard Budge

Richard Budge lost his battle with cancer last month, aged 69. He was an accomplished Chevron B8 and B19 racer and won the 1983 Oulton Park Gold Cup. He was a significant Historic Sports Car Club supporter and in the 1990s entered his B31/36 for Mike Wilds.

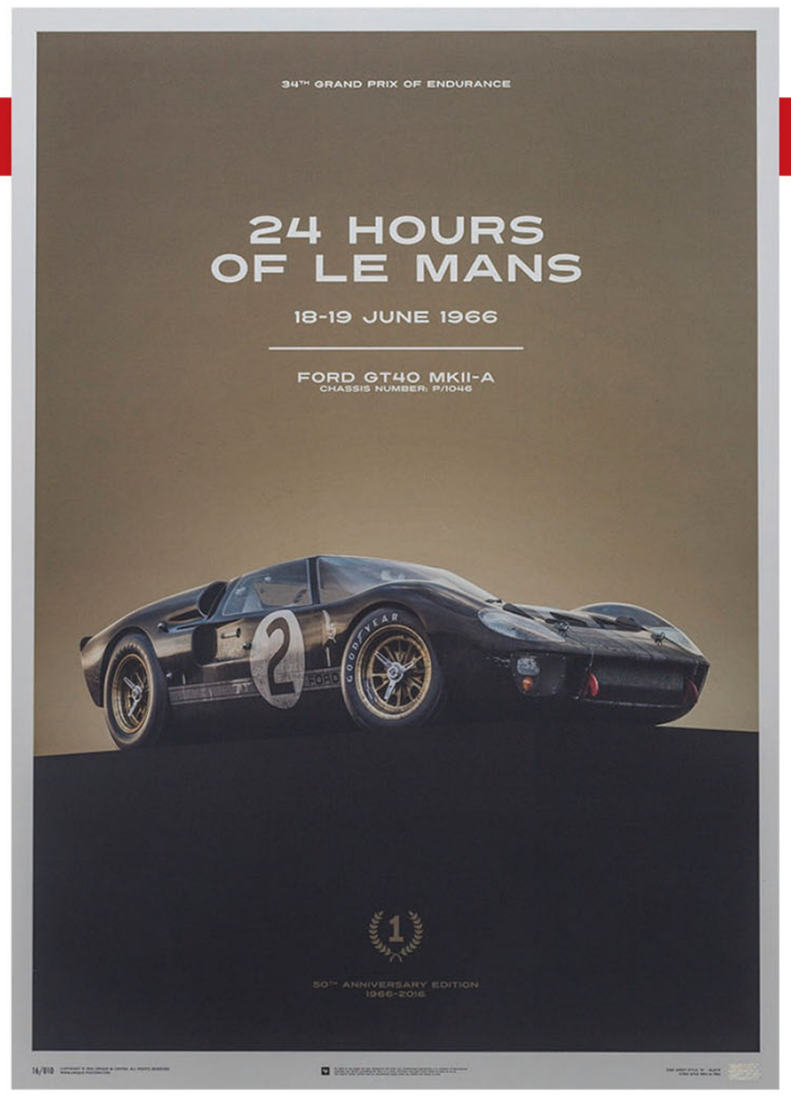
Peter Riley

Peter Riley, who has died aged 86, was one of Britain's leading rally drivers of the early 1960s. He competed on many major internationals in Ford Cortinas, Austin Healey 3000s and Mini Coopers. His wife Ann (née Wisdom) was also an accomplished driver.

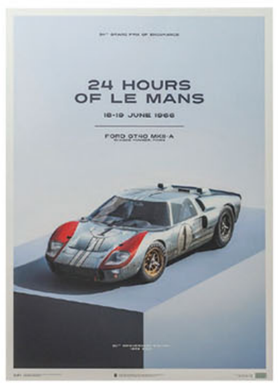
Mick Jones

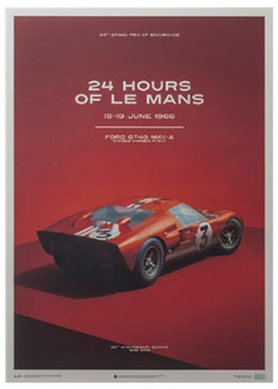
Factory Ford rally mechanic Mick Jones has died following a heart attack. He was a leading part of Ford's 1970s rally programme with the Escort and worked with many of the sport's greats, including Roger Clark. His extrovert character and sense of humour made him hugely popular.

PRODUCTS

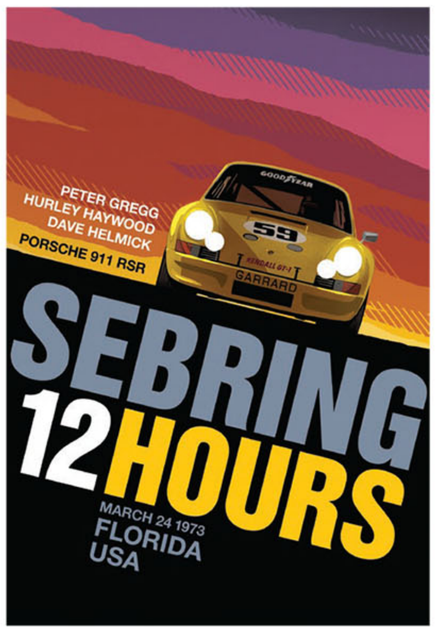








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My Life at the Wheel

John Fitzpatrick

Custom dictates that the worthiest books often fail to attract the audience they deserve – and one suspects this might fall into just such a category. Biographies about vacuous celebrities sell in significant quantities (for 10 minutes or so, at least), even though the content has precious little substance. This, though, is an engaging tale of a racing life well lived – and during one of the sport's most interesting periods, too.

It is a chronological look at the career of one of the UK's most successful sports and saloon car drivers, the racing memories sprinkled with many incidental anecdotes – such as racer Toine Hezemans and entrant Georg Loos throwing each others' watches against a wall, to see whether a Seiko was as resilient as a Rolex, the kind of thing that was fairly standard 30-odd years ago, yet would nowadays doubtless be dismissed as puerile or unprofessional.

It combines the factual and the amusing with the poignant, Fitzpatrick's reflections of Rolf Stommelen's final race – and its aftermath – serving as a powerful reminder of the era's potential perils, yet the author came through it with nary a scratch.

A worthwhile read. ***SA***

Published by AMA
ISBN: 978-0-692-72543-6, £49.99

Thrill of the Chase

Colin Crabbe

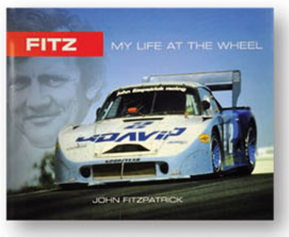
The tales Colin Crabbe – collector, seller, racer and tracker-down of fine cars – tells in this enjoyable book would stand by themselves as an entertaining biography even without the wonderful cars in his life.

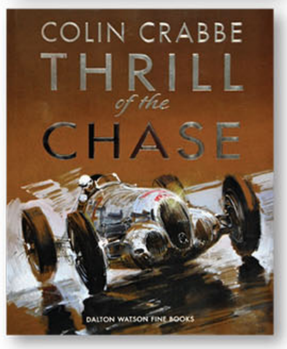
Born into privileged circumstances, he moved in an intriguing circle and throwaway lines about annoying Orson Welles, dining with Margaret the infamous Duchess of Argyll ("the plates were solid silver but the food stone cold") or being thrown out of Daphne's restaurant with Christopher Plummer make the biographical element highly entertaining.

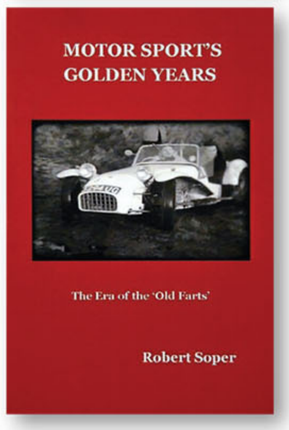
But after his rackety time in the Scots Guards he moved into cars. Special cars. Old, exotic, historic vehicles became a passion and he roamed the world tracking interesting cars, either to sell through his Antiques Automobiles firm or to race. Tales of Alfa Monzas from Brazil or finding a Ferrari Mondial in Eritrea make rich reading, and who hasn't fantasised about discovering a GP Silver Arrow in a shed. Crabbe found three – and raced them.

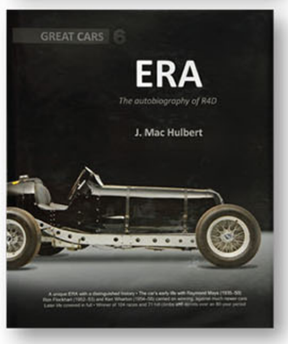
Page after page is loaded with supreme machinery and laced with tales of parties, police and customs contretemps; his almost accidental move into Formula 1 with Vic Elford is just one chapter in a stimulating life tale, told with mischievous frankness. ***GC***

Published by Dalton Watson
ISBN: 978-1-85443-276-6, £59

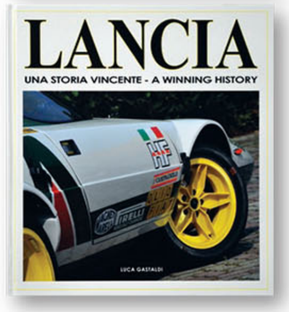












Motor Sport's Golden Years

The Era of the 'Old Farts'

Robert Soper

For all that this is a recent production, the design and production belong firmly in the period of the content – but that's no bad thing. There are many books staking a claim to cover the 'golden age' of motor racing, but you'll find few references here to Rosemeyer, Moss or Clark.

Rather, this is a personal account of time spent at the hub of grass-roots racing in Yorkshire and north-east England during the 1960s. When the author later began meeting former cohorts for an annual reunion lunch, he decided some of their recollections would form the basis of a book.

Some of the featured names will be familiar, others not at all, and the prose tends towards the functional rather than the poetic. None of that really matters, though, for this is mostly a charming snapshot of a very specific time and place. ***SA***

Published by Pompacalie
ISBN: 879-1-326-40719-3, £12.99

ERA

The Autobiography of R4D

J Mac Hulbert

With their slick presentation, lavish illustration and fastidious detail, these Porter Great Cars offerings have established themselves as a peak of single-chassis works.

Normally by marque aficionados, this one is penned by a business expert – who happens to be Mac Hulbert, the successful VSCC and HGPCA racer, and more important, for many years the owner of the most famous of ERAs, R4D, subject of this latest volume. It means he speaks with authority of the car's characteristics, surprisingly telling us that it doesn't handle as well as the A- and B-type ERAs. But it is fantastically quick as drivers from Raymond Mays onward have proved. Ron Flockhart, Ken Wharton, Willie Green, Neil Corner have all wielded the black voiturette, and all the time it has got quicker and broken more records, especially under Anthony Mayman.

While giving more pages to Mays and Flockhart, Mac outlines all owners through 80-odd years, backing his history with more footnotes than I've ever seen in a book – a page per chapter! But that underscores its completeness in telling an epic story. ***GC***

Published by Porter Press
ISBN: 978-1-907085-40-6, £60

Speed Trial

The Chateau Impney Sprint 1957-1968

Guy Loveridge

Chateau Impney's 2015 resurrection has been one of the recent feel-good stories within the ever-expanding world of historic motor racing. The modern course might differ from its forebear, but those who know say the spirit of the current event remains true to the original.

This charming booklet, produced in a style that would have been familiar in the 1960s, looks back on the original event with a blend of text, photos and programme covers. The price might appear steep for something so petite, but tucked inside the rear cover is a worthwhile DVD containing period footage – monochrome and colour – of Chateau Mk1.

It's as grainy as hell, but utterly lovely – a perfect complement that adds context for those of us (slightly) too young to have attended in period. ***SA***

Published by Douglas Loveridge
ISBN: 978-1-900113-09-0, £35

Lancia

A Winning History

Luca Gastaldi

Any book with an Alitalia Stratos on the cover starts with an unfair advantage, but there's a lot of Lancia's racing history to cram into a smallish book, especially when you only have half the text – the other half being Italian. No surprise then that after a flying leap through the early days we're straight into those lovely D-series sports-racers, the Grand Prix adventure and various Fulvia rally projects, which are disposed of in fourth if not fifth gear, while trying to squeeze in lots of facts about carbs and cams.

Things relax with the Beta Montecarlo and LC racers while 037 and Deltas get much photo coverage, though the text still feels compressed. Perhaps a tighter focus on modern rallying alone would have allowed the author time to expound his obvious knowledge. ***GC***

Published by Gastaldi
ISBN: 978-12-200-0997-3, €29

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www.shuttleworth.org/raceday

CARS FOR SALE

www.motorsportmagazine.com/cars-for-sale



STAR LOT @ BONHAMS

SEE PAGE 110 FOR TRACK TEST

1936 ASTON MARTIN SPEED MODEL 'RED DRAGON'
{Goodwood, September 10}

Works machine with motor enlarged to two litres, raced by Dick Seaman in the 1936 Ulster TT; Mille Miglia and Le Mans 24 Hours entry; modified post-war with skimpy bodywork by Dudley Folland at Monaco Motors and raced at Montlhéry and Spa under John Wyer's management. Recent events include Le Mans Classic and Mille Miglia, plus an invitation to Pebble Beach. Estimate: £1.6-2m

UNDER THE HAMMER

Key highlights at classic and racing auctions from around the world

H&H

@ **DONINGTON PARK** JULY 26

1972 Lotus Elan Sprint
Non-runner, stored for 14 years but made double estimate
Sold for £25,168



1933 Sunbeam 25hp sports coupé
One of two survivors with pillarless four-door body
Sold for £34,320

1967 Lancia Flavia coupé
Restored on TV show *Car SOS*; unusual in RHD
Sold for £21,450

@ **DUXFORD** OCTOBER 12

1934 MG N-type Magnette
Period competition history from 1934; 1500cc six-cylinder
Estimate: £70-80,000

Bonhams

@ **CHANTILLY** SEPTEMBER 3

1938 Horch 853 Special Roadster
Rare German machine, rescued from Ukraine and rebodied; 4.7-litre straight-eight engine
Estimate £860,000-1.1m



AUTOMOBILIA
MECUM



Metal Pennzoil oil sign
Estimate: TBA



US Royal Cord Tire sign, double-sided
Estimate: TBA

1984 Jaguar XJS Eventer
Best-looking estate ever built?
Estimate: £60-94,000

1935 Mercedes 500K
Special roadster; supercharged Teutonic grandeur
Estimate: £4.3-6m



@ BEAULIEU **SEPTEMBER 3**

1948 Morgan 4/4
Flat-rad example
Estimate: £4-6000

@ **GOODWOOD REVIVAL** SEPTEMBER 10

1959 BMC racing car transporter
Built to Pininfarina design; carries two cars plus crew
Estimate: £80-100,000

1962 Lotus Elite Super 95 coupé
Special Equipment model, believed to be 1962 Motor Show car
Estimate: £65-75,000

1950 Frazer Nash Le Mans Replica
Raced in period by Salvadori and others; continuous history; eligible for wide range of events
Estimate £580-640,000



@ **LONDON** SEPTEMBER 19

Robert White collection
Watches, motorbikes and cars to be sold for cancer charities, including 1958 AC Ace roadster
Estimate: £120-140,000



RM Sothebys

@ **BATTERSEA** SEPTEMBER 7

1997 Super Touring Renault Laguna
Prepared by Williams GP for Jason Plato in the British Touring Car Championship; two wins; race-ready
Estimate: £POA



1986 Audi Sport Quattro

Cut-down turbo 4WD rally rocket

Estimate: £290-320k



1953 Aston Martin DB2

Vantage version, rally history including 1954 RAC

Estimate: £185-215,000

1974 Alfa Romeo Giulia 1600 Familiare

Unusual panel version of sporting saloon – perfect historic support vehicle

No reserve



1939 Alfa Romeo 6C 2500 touring

Impressive tourer with six-cylinder triple-carb motor; class winner at Villa d'Este

Estimate: £1-2m

DVCA

@ DORCHESTER SEPTEMBER 8



1928 Renault NN1 Torpedo Commerciale

Unusual four-door pick-up, running and mechanically overhauled but unrestored

Estimate: £6-8000

Mecum

@ LOUISVILLE SEPTEMBER 10



1971 Dodge Charger R/T

390hp V8 muscle car

Estimate: TBA



1968 Chevrolet Camaro SS

Restored, four-speed Muncie manual 'box, 6.5-litre V8

Estimate: TBA

AUCTION CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

2-3 *SILVERSTONE AUCTIONS*
Blenheim Palace

3 *BONHAMS*
Beaulieu

3 *BONHAMS*
Chantilly, Paris

6-7 *RM SOTHEBYS*
Battersea

8 *COYS*
Fontwell, Sussex

8 *DVCA*
Dorchester

10 *MECUM*
Louisville

10 *MOSTALGIA*
Watkins Glen

17 *BARONS*
Kempton Park

24 *CLASSIC CAR AUCTIONS*
Leamington Spa

OCTOBER

6 *MECUM*
Chicago

8 *COYS*
Paris & Ascot

9 *ARTCURIAL*
Château sur Epte

12 *H&H*
Duxford

25 *BARONS*
Sandown Park

29 *COYS*
Alexandra Palace

30 *ARTCURIAL*
Paris

NOVEMBER

5 *MOSTALGIA*
Austin GP

16 *H&H*
Donington

26 *HISTORICS AT BROOKLANDS*
Brooklands



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DREAM GARAGE

LAMBORGHINI JARAMA 400GTS

With Porsche and Aston Martin both offering low-line four-seaters with exceptional performance, it's easy to forget that we've been here before. The super-sports four-seater surfaces at regular intervals: in the Eighties the Lotus Excel and Renault GTA both allowed you to bring three pals along for a rapid trip, while until it went mid-engined Ferrari usually had a 2+2 in its range. But the mould-breaker was Lamborghini, whose sensational 150mph Marzal concept car could have driven off the set of Thunderbirds. With its glass sides, that exhibitionists' delight was never going into production, but it sired the Espada, a massive machine that could convey four businessmen to their next meeting faster than a light plane.

Lower down the range, between Espada and Miura, Sant' Agata served up the slightly underwhelming Islero in 1968 – to no great acclaim – before rethinking it. The result was the Jarama – two large and two small seats clothed by Marcello Gandini at Bertone, in striking angular lines perfect for the 1970s. Retractable headlamp covers gave a cleaner nose without the problems of pop-up lights, and impressive NACA ducts on the bonnet added a touch of aerospace tech. It would be the last front-engined V12 to come from the Lamborghini factory.

The one in Foskers' showroom displays all the benefits of the model's mid-life upgrade, including a sleeker cockpit layout and a 365bhp tweak that pushed the open-road max to 160mph.

"This is the S version," says Gary Fry of Foskers, "which has power steering, better rear legroom, and a big air intake across the bonnet. And it sounds wonderful!"

Running on a shortened version of the Espada's floorpan, the Jarama naturally relies on unequal-length wishbone suspension to hold it up, with the glorious 12-cylinder masterpiece nestling low between the front wheels.

It's an impressive feat of packaging that would have upstaged most machinery you'd see on the road four decades back. "You do sit very low," Gary says, "and it's not the easiest thing in terms of getting in or out, but the controls are near at hand and there's a lovely short shift action to the gearlever. And the boot is massive – you could easily stick a set of golf clubs in there."

Having been restored, this Jarama is in fine shape and shows 45,000 miles on the dial. Only 23 came with the wood-rimmed three-spoked wheel on the British side of the dash, which makes it a rarity, and it appeared on the Cartier concours lawn at the Goodwood Festival. Which is a feather in any car's cap.

FACTFILE

YEAR 1966

ENGINE
V12, 4.0 litres, 365bhp

TRANSMISSION
five-speed manual

SUSPENSION
front and rear: double wishbones, coil springs

TOP SPEED 160mph

PRICE £POA



Styling cues from radical Nissan Le Mans racers can be seen in elements of BladeGlider's design

Nissan eyes electric future

Will BladeGlider be the shape of things to come? | BY ANDREW FRANKEL

RECENTLY THE OLYMPIC GAMES have provided a golden opportunity for manufacturers to display their wares, despite the apparent disparity between that evil old environmental criminal known to you and me as the car and the allegedly clean-living, fresh-faced five-ringed ideal. Nissan pitched hard to cover athlete and official transportation at the London Games in 2012, with its then-revolutionary all-electric Leaf, but lost out to BMW. In Rio it won the gig, however, supplying up to 5000 vehicles to support the Games and Brazil's Olympic and Paralympic teams.

Why this now, save the obvious topicality? Well, because Rio also marked the resurfacing of an old friend from the motor racing world, albeit in radically transformed guise. If the outline shape of Nissan's BladeGlider prototype looks familiar, that's because it evolved from the DeltaWing racer designed by Ben Bowlby and which became the darling of the 2012 Le Mans 24 Hours until unceremoniously punted into the scenery by a Toyota LMP1 car.

You may remember the DeltaWing then spawned the Nissan ZEOD RC hybrid electric racer, which in 2014 occupied the same Garage 56 slot for technically interesting but ineligible cars as had the DeltaWing, and which would complete the first competitive lap of Le Mans by any car using electric power alone.

Nor is the DeltaWing the sole inspiration for the BladeGlider. Look at its seating position, with a central driving seat flanked on either side by recessed seats for passengers and you'll see the same layout used by the McLaren F1 back in 1994.

Of course you don't need to do more than look at the pictures to know there will not be BladeGliders prowling around the streets any time soon, but Nissan is adamant that it is more than just an eye-catching vanity project and actually an important vision of a future all-electric sports car.



Important because for all their merits and despite the publicity created by Formula E, pure electric cars have struggled and largely failed to make a case for themselves as sporting propositions. To counter that the BladeGlider not only features the outlandish, narrow-track, low-drag silhouette of the DeltaWing and ZEOD RC racers, but also puts a total of 350bhp through its rear wheels, enough to power it to 62mph in comfortably less than five seconds. With that heritage plus the help of Williams Advanced Engineering in its development, the BladeGlider is not short of proper racing pedigree. All that remains to be seen are the genuinely sporting all-electric Nissan road cars it is claimed its design will inform and inspire.

Infiniti breaks new ground

INFINITI, THE LUXURY ARM OF Nissan, is poised to introduce the world's first production-ready internal combustion engine with a variable compression ratio. The advantages of being able to choose a compression ratio to suit any given driving style have been known for decades, but all attempts to design a viable system for road cars have so far failed.

The first Infiniti engine to feature the technology will be a 2-litre four-cylinder turbocharged motor, capable of altering its compression ratio from 8.0:1 to 14.0:1 and it will be shown at this year's Paris Motor Show. The technology means that at one end it can offer lower compression than almost all road car turbo engines and, at the other, a higher ratio than all but a few normally aspirated engines. This enables the engine to be optimised to produce either maximum power or efficiency depending on the driver's requirements. Infiniti says the ratio is infinitely variable between these two points, so the engine should always be operating at the optimal compression ratio for the conditions.

The company remains coy about exactly how it has succeeded where others have failed, but essentially the engine has the ability to vary the height its pistons reach on each upward stroke,

thereby also altering the engine displacement. No figures have been given to indicate what level of improvement in power, fuel consumption or emissions has been possible and it seems likely that a step-change will be claimed, not simply because of the technology but because the way in which the figures are calculated take no account of an engine's ability to transform itself in this way.

As for its future, it now seems entirely obvious that engines should vary their valve timing according to conditions, while 30 years ago it appeared to be black magic. We'll wait to see how the theory performs in practice, but don't be surprised if in a very short period of time engines of variable compression and displacement are no longer the exception, but the norm.

Bristol back on the road

AT APPROXIMATELY THE SAME time as this magazine in published, the production version of the new Bristol Bullet will be making its global public debut at Salon Privé.

The two-seat roadster hitherto known only as Project Pinnacle was seen as a camouflaged prototype at the Goodwood Festival of Speed, but now fuller details as well as undisguised photographs have been released.

The Bullet will be built in a limited run of 70 cars, one for every year since Bristol first became a car manufacturer, each costing around £250,000. The car features a bonded aluminium chassis like those favoured by Lotus and Aston Martin, to which carbon-fibre bodywork is attached. As predicted, power comes from the normally aspirated 4.8-litre BMW V8 last seen in the previous generation X5 off-roader. Available with six manual gears or eight that select themselves, the engine produces 370bhp which, says Bristol, is enough to propel the 1100kg Bullet to 62mph in 3.8sec and on to an electronically limited top speed of 155mph.

Although the car is determinedly traditional in style, in execution it features not only a modern drivetrain, but also such refinements as a touchscreen offering navigation, Bluetooth and a digital radio.

Aston Martin is believed to be considering the Mercedes-AMG 4-litre twin-turbo V8 engine for its new DB11 Grand Tourer. The engine, which has already been earmarked for the forthcoming Vantage, would be an easy fit because the cars are built on common architecture. Aston Martin had the chance to put its old Jaguar-derived V8 in the DB9 and never took it up, but this latest move would make sense given that it requires minimal development work.





BMW-powered Bristol Bullet will be built in strictly limited numbers and has a £250,000 price tag

The Bullet is the latest chapter in the often chequered history of Bristol Cars, a company spun off from the original Bristol Aeroplane Company. Although production was always limited, it slowed to a trickle in the 21st century, total sales of its most recent product, the Bristol Fighter, being estimated to be in low double digits. The company went into receivership in 2011 and was duly bought by KamKorp, a UK-based company that also owns the rights to the Frazer Nash name.

In line with Kamkorp's history in hybrid powertrains, it is believed that future Bristols will all feature some degree of electrification and that therefore the Bullet will be the last Bristol powered by a conventional normally aspirated V8 motor.

The Bullet name predates Bristol Cars by more than a quarter of a century and refers to a one-off aircraft intended to be used as a test bed for engine development. It first flew in 1920 and was scrapped four years later.

Alfa pricing targets BMW

ALFA ROMEO HAS ANNOUNCED UK pricing for its attractive and effective new Giulia saloon. The range starts with a 200bhp 2-litre petrol model priced to excite at £29,180 and progresses to £59,000 for the 510bhp Quadrofoglio. This market remains dominated by diesels, however, and with that in mind Alfa has priced its 180bhp Giulia Super JTDM at £31,950, £520 less than BMW charges for its closest rival, the benchmark 190bhp 320d Luxury.

Hot on its heels will come the all-new Alfa Romeo Stelvio, the marque's first SUV that is named after the well known and tortuous pass in north-eastern Italy. The car will use the same basic platform as the Giulia and a similar engine line-up, including the 2.9-litre twin-turbo V6 used to breathe fire into the Giulia Quadrifoglio. In that form it is expected to offer a stern challenge to the class-leading Porsche Macan Turbo.

Like the Giulia, however, most Stelvios will be diesels and as such will provide opposition to the established BMW X3, Audi Q5 and Land Rover Discovery Sport, as well as the well-received Jaguar F-Pace. Quite how an SUV likely to weigh more than 1.7 tonnes will tackle a pass famed for its 48 hairpin bends remains to be seen. Ⓜ

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/andrew-frankel

FIAT 124 SPIDER LUSSO

Excellent – if you're the right sort of person for it | BY ANDREW FRANKEL



THIS IS THE CURIOUS story of a Fiat that was meant to be an Alfa Romeo, but which is in fact and for the most part a Mazda.

The Italians are no strangers to complicated intermarque marriages, as anyone who can recall the Fiat Croma, Alfa 164, Lancia Thema and Saab 9000 Type Four family will remember. Nor are they in the least shy about building one car and badging it as another: the highly regarded Alfa Romeo 8C of 2007 was in all engineering terms a Maserati. So don't be too surprised to learn this Fiat 124 Spider was meant to be the new Alfa Spider until a change of heart among top brass, allegedly because it was considered a step too far for an Alfa to be built in Japan, turned it into a Fiat. Or a Mazda.

For the truth is that underneath those bespoke clothes lies the platform of a Mazda MX-5. In all but detail specification, it has the same suspension, the same gearbox, the same brakes and the same interior. No wonder then that both cars go down the same production line. In Hiroshima.

What Fiat has been able to do is give its version of the car its own look, and what an opportunity it missed. Instead of taking the chance to trial a new and funky design language that could help transform Fiat's image into that of a fresh, forward-thinking and innovative company, it has chosen to re-interpret the style of the 1960s 124 Spider, and it has done so poorly. If you have to do retro, and I so wish manufacturers possessed sufficient imagination not to, you'd best make damn sure you do it well, as did Fiat itself with the 500. I'm not sold on the looks of the MX-5 either, but it's a sight less contrived and more attractive than the Fiat.

Fiat also decided the 124 must have a Fiat engine, so rather than using Mazda's peppy normally aspirated 1.5 and 2-litre twin-cam motors, it exports its 1.4-litre turbo motor – hitherto seen in the likes of the Alfa Giulietta and Fiat 500 Abarth – to Japan where it gets fitted into the 124 and, if the car is to be sold in Europe, turned around and sent straight back again.

On paper the Fiat engine sits exactly between the two Mazda units, with more power and better acceleration than the 1.5 MX-5 but better fuel economy and lower emissions than the 2-litre Mazda. Elsewhere Fiat has tuned the suspension hardware to its own tastes and twiddled the steering software to make the car feel firmer to the touch.

Inside the cockpit, it's all MX-5 right down to the key fob, unless you count the rather good leather that's standard on mid-spec cars and above and, of course, the Fiat badges.

Given their similarities, I thought it fitting to give the 124 Spider exactly the same treatment as I had the MX-5 a few

FACTFILE

£23,295

ENGINE
1.4 litres, 4 cylinders, turbocharged

POWER
138bhp@5000rpm

TORQUE
177lb ft@2250 rpm

TRANSMISSION
six-speed manual, rear-wheel drive

WEIGHT
1050kg

POWER TO WEIGHT
167bhp per tonne

0-62MPH 7.5sec
TOP SPEED 134mph
ECONOMY 44.1mpg
CO_2 148g/km



months back. I'd get up early, drive out along some of Wales's best roads to a mountain I'd then climb and, suitably exercised, cruise home on motorways and dual carriageways. The Mazda had bowled me clean off my feet. Would the Fiat do the same?

In a word, no. Drive the 124 Spider on quick, deserted, challenging roads and you'll find yourself wondering why on earth Fiat didn't just save itself an enormous amount of bother and stick with Mazda's engines and chassis settings. Despite Fiat's insistence that the car is the result of a partnership of equals, it's built by Mazda in Japan and the MX-5 already has an established presence so – rightly or wrongly – the 124 is always going to be thought of as a reconstituted MX-5. Thereafter it's just a question of degree.

It's not that there's anything specifically wrong with the 124. Indeed, the last time I enjoyed driving a Fiat this much I was in an Abarth 131 Rally, but the whole car has lost the Mazda's delicious focus. The engine is awash with torque and makes your life very easy, but is that what you want with such a car? Would you not rather have the sizzling exhaust note, whipcrack throttle response and that sense of torque building as the revs rise? And while the steering might be heavier, it didn't provide me with that same sense of connection to the road, nor did I feel as confident in the chassis' balance, or so compelled to hoof it around on the throttle when no one was watching. And why is a limited-slip differential not even an option? Make no mistake, the Spider handles well, is fun to drive and if you'd not driven the Mazda you might never twig just how good this kind of car can be. But if you want an affordable sports car, the MX-5 is just better at all those things such cars should do well.



A Fiat MX-5? Interior is familiar from the Japanese sportster, but fresh lines and engine make it a different car

But what if you want something else? What if you want a car that looks distinctive, has the glamour of an Italian two-seater, but the engineering excellence and build quality of a Mazda? What if you don't give a stuff how such a car handles on the limit, what if you're never going to go near a red line? What if you just want a car that looks different, gets you noticed and drives perfectly pleasantly? Then, let me tell you, the Fiat 124 Spider is bloody brilliant.

It is easy to be patronising, especially on pages like this, about people's motives for buying such cars and for concluding that if they're never going to be driven fast they have wasted their money. On the contrary: if the car does exactly what you hoped it would do, even if that's not what someone else might want it to do, then you have bought well.

So look at it another way. The turbo engine removes all the hassle from driving. Yes, the gearbox is brilliant, but the torque of the turbo means if you just want to select a high gear and waft then you can. The ride quality is excellent too, better I would say than the Mazda's, so if you're doing long distances that's important, as is the engine's quieter voice. Even the boot's a little bit bigger than you'll find in the Mazda. Fiat's not even asking any more money for it, pricing it firmly in the middle of MX-5 money and, if you do really want to drive around with your hair on fire, there will shortly be an Abarth version with more power than any MX-5 and, heaven be praised, a standard limited-slip diff as well.

Which is why I think Fiat will do well with this car, so long as the public buys into its looks. I think the blend of the Italian image backed by the reassurance of Japanese engineering is a sufficiently enticing proposition to tempt many people, including those who might otherwise have bought an MX-5, into taking a much closer look at the 124 Spider. And while I'm never going to be one of them this should not be allowed to obscure the fact that, in the main, they should like what they find.



JAGUAR F-TYPE SVR

More of everything – including calm, poise and ability

EVERYTHING ABOUT THE new Jaguar F-type SVR seems to shout 'more'. There's more power from its 5-litre supercharged V8 motor – a further 25bhp to provide a total of 567bhp and make this the most powerful road-going Jaguar in history. There's more speed, too, much more speed in fact, thanks only in small part to the power hike. It is mostly due to careful aero work, where the air hits the front of the car, flows underneath it and departs the rear. This is the first standard-production Jaguar with a documented 200mph top speed. There's more grip courtesy of more rubber on the road, a more overt appearance and, of course, more money: a whacking £18,000 price rise over the scarcely sluggish equivalent F-type R. In other words, more.

There's other interesting stuff going on here too, from the lightweight titanium and Inconel exhausts that save 16kg to the forged alloys that shave off a further 14kg. If you're prepared to spend another £8570 another 21kg can be shed by optioning in carbon ceramic brakes. There's a complete suspension retune and fresh software or the electronic differential too. And if your neighbours have somehow failed to spot it's an SVR from its new front and rear spoilers, inside they're not likely to miss the luxurious SVR chairs or the SVR branding on the aluminium centre console.

FACTFILE

£110,000

ENGINE
5.0 litres, 8 cylinders, supercharged

POWER
567bhp@6500rpm

TORQUE
516lb ft@3500rpm

TRANSMISSION
eight-speed auto, four-wheel drive

WEIGHT
1705kg

POWER TO WEIGHT
333bhp per tonne

0-62MPH 3.7sec
TOP SPEED 200mph
ECONOMY 25.0mpg
CO_2 269g/km

But if the description and what you may already know about faster versions of the F-type suggests the SVR is about to provide the wildest ride of any car ever to put a cat on its nose, it doesn't take long behind the wheel to become disabused of that notion.

Despite its 200mph top speed and 3.7sec 0-62mph potential, what you notice first, second and third is not how fast is the SVR, but how fluent. While the power has been dialled up, the car itself has been calmed right down. And it is to its immense benefit.



The SVR is so much better at handling its power than a standard F-type R (especially the rear-wheel-drive variety) that at first you're struck by its relative lack of drama. But then as you push on and delve a little deeper into what this car can do, you realise that what the SVR modifications have done is turn the F-type from an entertaining recreation into a very serious high-performance GT.

Its additional straight-line speed is of no consequence relative to its new-found poise through bends. Now your point-to-point speed is not determined by power or grip, but the wonderful confidence the SVR imparts and the way it allows you to guide this quite large car from A to B.

More importantly still, the benefits remain when you rejoin the real world. I'd say this is the best-riding F-type I've driven, the one in which I'd most like to do a long journey.

Before I drove it I really questioned whether Jaguar could pull off a £100k coupé, especially as I had not cared for SVR's first effort, its take on the Range Rover Sport. But this F-type seems to me to define what an SVR product should be: not simply faster, which is easy to do, but better in every way. That's far more difficult, yet has been resoundingly achieved here.

FORD FIESTA ST200

The finest small sports hatch – but not the best value

I LOVE THE FORD FIESTA ST. Among small, affordable hot hatches it is in a league of its own. At least to me. I love its size, its look, its indefatigably cheery outlook and giant-killing ways on the open road. On roads tight enough for power alone not to be a determining factor, you'd need a hell of a weapon to drive away from this little hatch. And it has long been my experience that it is not possible to be unhappy and driving one of these fast at the same time.

So this new, more powerful, shorter-geared Fiesta ST200 with revised suspension should be better still, right? That's actually quite a difficult question to answer.

The difficulty is that while this new ST200 has 197bhp, so does the standard Fiesta ST. Because it can only provide it for limited periods on overboost, however, Ford has to declare its power at 178bhp. Ah yes, says Ford, but the ST200 can overboost too, all the way up to 215bhp (which the standard ST certainly cannot do). Ah yes, says I, but you can go to Mountune and buy a Ford-approved chip for £599 that will give your standard ST 215bhp not just on overboost, but all the time. But the ST200 costs, wait for it, £5000 more than the standard ST. Indeed it costs just five quid less than a standard Focus ST, a car not only an entire class size up, but with all of 247bhp under its bonnet.



The ST200 also comes with stiffer front and rear springs and more relaxed damping, but now so does the standard ST. Yes the ST200 does have a shorter final drive but otherwise the major changes to justify the additional expense are cosmetic: seats, grey paint, wheels, interior details and a stack of standard equipment you'd have to pay for as options on a standard Fiesta.

It exists to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the Fiesta and my instincts want to write it off as a smoke-and-mirrors job, a way of charging a lot more for providing very little extra. Except I can't. I can't write off any car that's so much fun to drive. It's hilarious, a hoot, a giggle on a decent road, more so than the similarly priced but purpose-built sportster that is the Fiat 124 Spider (reviewed elsewhere on these pages).



FACTFILE

£22,745

ENGINE
1.6 litres, 4 cylinders, turbocharged

POWER
197bhp@6000rpm

TORQUE
214lb ft@2000 rpm

TRANSMISSION
six-speed manual, front-wheel drive

WEIGHT
1163kg

POWER TO WEIGHT
169bhp per tonne

0-62MPH 6.7sec
TOP SPEED 143mph
ECONOMY 46.3mpg
CO_2 140g/km

The chassis can take the extra power with ease and the new suspension seems to have succeeded in its quest to calm somewhat the ride quality without in any way easing its appetite for an apex. I've driven rear-drive 1960s racing cars that are less keen to be steered on the throttle than this.

All I would observe is that exactly the same can now be said for any Fiesta ST. Just because it's more expensive, has a new badge, Recaro seats and cool paint, don't go thinking that the ST200 is going to be any more fun to drive. It's not. Underneath it all and short gears aside, in mechanical terms it's basically the same car as a base Fiesta ST with a Mountune chip. Which is the one I'd have because to me, value for money has always been a key component of all fast Fords – not just this one.

And it is the chipped Fiesta that, right now, is not just the finest small hot hatch on sale but also offers the best value.

www.motorsportmagazine.com/author/andrew-frankel

MERCEDES-AMG C63 S COUPÉ

Compelling to drive, this is finally a car to shade the BMW M4



Watch all four of our road test cars in action
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WERE THIS MERELY A coupé version of the Mercedes-AMG already seen in saloon and estate form, it would probably not have earned its place on these pages when space is tight. It would be similar to drive, less practical, more expensive but, to some at least, better looking than its four- and five-door brethren. But in fact it's different, slightly but significantly and the message it sends is as interesting as the car itself.

So yes, it has the same 4-litre V8 twin turbo motor which in 'S' guise punches out the same 503bhp and directs it through the same seven-speed paddle-shift gearbox to the rear wheels. What's different can be seen in its pumped-up bodywork: its track has been increased by 73mm at the front and 46mm at the back while the rear suspension is unique to this car, with different geometry and elastokinematics, strengthened wheel carriers and much greater stiffness.

What it seems to be saying is that this is not merely an extreme performance version of an existing coupé, but an extreme performance car in its own right and it just happens to exist in coupé form. The change of emphasis may be subtle, but it's important.

And it's reflected in the way the car drives, for this is the most sporting Mercedes yet to make it to market this side of the AMG GT and SLS supercars.

I'd feared that all those changes to the rear end would help better balance the ratio of the car's power to grip. Feared, because I love mildly over-engined cars so long as they come with fundamentally faithful responses, which lesser C63 Mercedes undoubtedly do. In fact the effect of the changes is to make the car more, not less, fun to drive.

Like its stable-mates, the C63 Coupé is quick enough for its performance to add a sense of occasion to every journey. Any car with its engine in the front and just two driven wheels that can hit 62mph in under 4sec is not just seriously quick, it has seriously good traction too. But you notice the car's additional layer of ability as soon as you turn into the first corner on your nearest decent road. You'll read in other media about how easily the tail can be kicked into the next county and still be recovered and it's true enough, but rather more important is the way it now just stays neutral for longer. I'm sure there's more grip, but there's better balance too and that's why the C63 S coupé is such a compelling thing to drive.

In fact sometimes you feel it's better than a car that still rides reasonably well yet weighs fully 1800kg has a right to be. But that's not what's most important here: in its new found point-to-point pace coupled to its extant power, this car is a statement from Mercedes, a challenge even to BMW, daring it to find a way to elevate its rival M4 to this level. Ever since the original 190E 2.3-16 Cosworth failed to square up the original M3, Mercedes has followed BMW's lead in this field. The C63 S Coupé is Mercedes' way of saying it's not playing that game any more, and it's BMW's turn to play catch-up. M

FACTFILE

£68,060

ENGINE
4.0 litres, 8 cylinders, twin turbocharged

POWER
503bhp@5500rpm

TORQUE
516lb ft@1750rpm

TRANSMISSION
seven-speed paddle shift, rear-wheel drive

WEIGHT
1800kg

POWER TO WEIGHT
279bhp per tonne

0-62MPH 3.9sec
TOP SPEED 155mph
ECONOMY 32.8mpg
CO_2 200g/km

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Chris Amon

It was with great sadness that I learned of the passing of Chris Amon from cancer just recently.

Many of us will have memories of Chris as a great driver among a generation of great drivers, all of whom he was capable of beating on his day. He's always remembered as the man who should have been a world champion but never won a Grand Prix, but I have a completely different recollection of him.

It was 1964, at the time of the European Grand Prix at Brands Hatch. Chris was driving for Reg Parnell Racing, which at that time was running the Lotus 25 with a 1.5-litre BRM V8 engine. Unfortunately Chris retired during the race. However, this weekend was Chris's 21st birthday.

Along with my good friend motor racing photographer Max Le Grand, I had been at the race on the Saturday and on the Sunday went to cover the regular cricket match between the drivers and the local Farningham Cricket Club. After the match, which was hilarious fun (I cannot remember if there was a result) Chris invited us to join him at a party.

This was to start with a meal at, if I recall correctly, the 'Contented Sole Fish Noshery' in the Surbiton area of south London. At the single, long dining table were the great and good of Formula 1 racing of the time, team owners like Chapman and Tyrrell, virtually all the drivers from the previous day's race, and a smattering of the motoring press. In a corner was a pianist thumping out old songs on a rather honky-tonk piano. I recall him recognising the crowd at the table and sending down a menu to be signed by all present.

After the meal we all adjourned to the home of Chris Amon, Mike Hailwood and one or two other drivers, in Ditton Road. The party was by this time pretty loud with the likes of Graham Hill and Innes Ireland helping Chris to celebrate.

When Max and I were leaving we saw a police panda car arriving. The officers were met on the steps, and I am stretching my memory here, by rally drivers Paddy Hopkirk and Terry Hunter. We were later to learn that the officers were pacified by Paddy and Terry furnishing them with autographs in their warrant books of most of those gathered there.

I wonder how many of those attending Chris's party are still around today? Perhaps someone can confirm my memories.

Rest in peace, Chris.

Peter Anderson, Gillingham, Kent

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(Further letters may appear in our digital edition only. Please include your full name and address)

Jack Sears

I share with my wife Nicky and all of you historic motor sport fans my deep sadness on hearing of Jack Sears' death. I was once privileged to sit next to Jack on a long-haul flight – eight hours of being enveloped in his stories was truly one of my life's highlights. This led to my good friend Bill Telford and I hanging out with Jack for the three days of the Shelby Convention, sharing the convertible Mustang that we'd rented. Jack subsequently invited me to bring Nicky to his Norfolk farmhouse for afternoon tea a few weeks later, when he graciously showed us around his private car collection. He personally signed my copy of his book and the bootlid of my Cobra. Every time we met since that date, he always recognised us and was delightful to be around.

Bill Telford organised a private dinner party during last year's Goodwood Revival, where the few of us present (including Allen Grant, another Shelby racer) had the immense pleasure of hearing Jack recount some of his stories. He was truly a great raconteur. The one that I enjoyed the most was how Mr Hurlock (one of the two brothers that owned AC at the time) insisted that the mechanics remove the spoiler from A98 (the one-off Cobra coupé built by the factory to compete in the 1964 Le Mans race) during free practice. Hurlock was determined to eke out extra top speed over Shelby's Daytona coupés. Jack reluctantly agreed and recounted vividly how, as he crested the slight brow towards the end of the Mulsanne straight, the car took off completely at more than 180mph.

Despite his best efforts one wheel landed before the other, sending him into a lurid slide. He was still travelling at 170mph-plus and desperately trying to scrub off speed before the impending disaster. The car lurched one way, then the other, with his corrections of opposite lock, then back the other way again until he finally stopped the snaking and regained control. Completely shaken and white with fright, he made his way gingerly back to the pits. Leaping out of the car, he addressed the waiting mechanics with the words "Get the f*****g spoiler back on, I almost killed myself!" So, while for most of the time he had a genteel and measured demeanour, there were occasions like this that he allowed his anger to come through. And who can blame him! That dinner party turns out to be the last time that Nicky and I saw Jack alive.

Colin Newbold, Tunbridge Wells

Thumbs up for Le Mans

In his interesting letter in July, Ken Lyon explained that he and his pal were in Brescia at the time of the 1956 Mille Miglia and afterwards at Maranello, where he took the photographs that you published.

What he does not say is that he and his friend had come to Europe early in 1956. Landing in Genoa they bought a Fiat Multipla that carried them to all the Grand Prix races and major sports car races throughout the 1956 season.

How do I know this? Well, in 1956 I hitch-hiked to Le Mans at the end of July and they gave me a lift to the circuit. Their kindness is something I won't forget. A wonderful weekend. Thank you, Ken.

Terry Harrison, Appleton, Cheshire

Reel history

In your excellent feature on the 50th anniversary of *Grand Prix*, you mention that Chris Lawrence turned his Cooper Ferrari into a pretend Manetta Ferrari.

Not so! Jo Bonnier's very tired Anglo Suisse Racing Team Brabham BT6 Climax was masquerading as a Ferrari most of the weekend, and overnight, after Friday's practice, Mike Spence's Parnell Lotus 33 BRM was repainted red. Spence also changed his normal yellow/red helmet for a Mike Parkes-style helmet as worn by Yves Montand as Jean-Pierre Sarti.

I was a BRSCC marshal in 1966 and we were invited to volunteer to 'work' at the filming after the British GP at Brands Hatch. We were even offered expenses! One day it heaved down with rain, but the second unit kept busy. If you look very carefully at the 'Spa'

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sequence there is a head-on shot of 'Nino Barlini' that was actually filmed on the back straight at Brands.

The rest of the time we stood around while they refilmed the marching Guards band and start procedure. "A hell of a way to start an auto race," said director Frankenheimer. I was on the grid and spent some time with Mike Spence – a really nice guy. We talked about the Ferrari-liveried Lotus-BRM that let him down in the GP.

The real highlight of the three days was the Yamura fire sequence. I was standing at Paddock Hill (along with hordes of others). What you see is what actually happened, real flames and everything – James Garner couldn't leap/fall out quickly enough as he was almost engulfed. Both he and Frankenheimer looked more than a little concerned afterwards.

They didn't shoot a second take!

David Fox, Schwenksville, Pennsylvania, USA

Hillclimb highlight

After 50 years of spectating at circuits and stages, we thought it was about time that we gave a hillclimb a go. Where better than Shelsley Walsh? A mix of historic cars and a venue new to us. An early start was rewarded by a fine day amid friendly competitors, club members, helpers and spectators. It's a most attractive venue, charming and well maintained. Hans Stuck and the other drivers had time for us punters and must stand out as examples for others in the sport.

The best day I've had watching motor sport in a long time. Well done MAC, a perfect day. I'll definitely be back.

Howard Smith, Prestatyn, North Wales

High amusement

I've been slow to read the August issue and noted the letter from David Cole regarding the high windscreens mandated by the FIA for the 1960 sports car season. I was at the Sebring 12 Hours that year, saw the ridiculous screens and am sending some of my photos along in case you'd like to publish them for the enjoyment (meaning a laugh) of your readers. It's interesting to note the FIA continues to come up with ridiculous rules over and over and over, ad inifinitum.

Jeff Allison, Ken-Caryl Valley, Colorado



JEFF ALLISON

High screens for the 1960 season. Note Ferrari 196S of Ricardo Rodriguez has simple Perspex, Hans Herrmann's Porsche 718 a fully engineered frame

Inflated opinions

There has been much talk recently about the Westminster Bubble – wherein British MPs think within their own milieu, divorced from reality.

Williams engineer Rob Smedley's recent remarks about the pit-car radio rules make me wonder if the F1 family needs to peer outside its own version of such a bubble. Rob said he was pleased that the lifting of radio restrictions meant virtually unlimited communications between teams and drivers. On BBC Radio 5 it was said that 'we' want to hear even more chat from the drivers. No, 'we' don't – programmes like *Loose Women* exist to serve any desire there may be to listen to inane conversation.

The drivers' car management, once an important part of their art, has been largely negated. The laptop army poring over data has enhanced reliability, but has also removed some of the happen chance that used to create odd but welcome results from time to time. Imagine the costs incurred, and yet testing has been all but abolished. To my mind it's a real shame, in terms of development cost-effectiveness – especially for the lesser teams. It's also bad for fans – attending a test session was a great way to see F1 at a much more intimate level than on a race day.

Most of all, I resent the 'bubble' for allowing the persistence of fundamental regulations that work against close racing. For years we have heard valid opinions that to constrain costs and improve the show, downforce should be limited. This, coupled with increased grip from bigger tyres, would allow for better racing and more overtaking. Inside the 'bubble', regulation tinkering is proposed, discussed and – sometimes – half-heartedly implemented. Result? On-track action has remained limited by aerodynamic interactions and costs have remained disproportionately high.

This is a 'bubble' that needs popping with some fresh, clever thinking at the head of F1's governance.

David Buckden, Walmer, Kent

A better view

Andrew Frankel's Kyalami report (May issue) brought back precious memories. Spectating from Leeukop, you could see three-quarters of the track: unbroken views from Sunset to the start-finish, then pick them up again at Crowthorne for a short burst before disappearing towards Jukskei, only to emerge very soon again at Sunset. Fast and flowing meant a short lap time.

First race I ever saw was the Nine Hours in 1971: Ferrari one-two, Ickx on a chase after a long delay. As an eight-year-old kid, I was hooked. I saw most GPs from '73 on, a highlight of course being Jody's '75 home win. And Senna's pole lap in '85. Then there was the time I had a pit pass by virtue of my brother who was marshalling. Said race was the '76 Wynns 1000 won by Scheckter, Nilsson and Grohs in a black BMW CSL. You couldn't beat it.

Then the new Kyalami: very disappointing and to add insult to injury, so many hospitality suites you couldn't see large parts of the track. As a guest one day, I was astounded when lunch was served during a race – many guests had their backs to the action.

The newly revised track looks much improved, and hopefully more is now visible again for trackside spectators. I would love to see the World Endurance Championship visiting. Thanks for a great mag, my first copy was the '76 Silverstone Six Hours report, Martini 935 on the cover. I wish I still had it, but I have most of the rest!

Jacobus Pienaar, Adelaide, Australia

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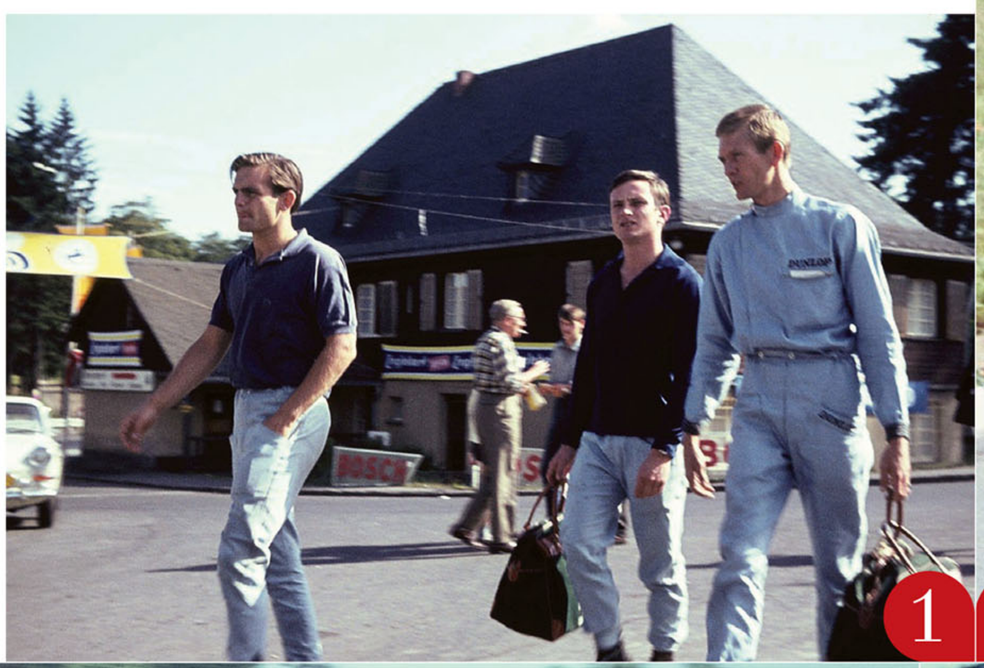
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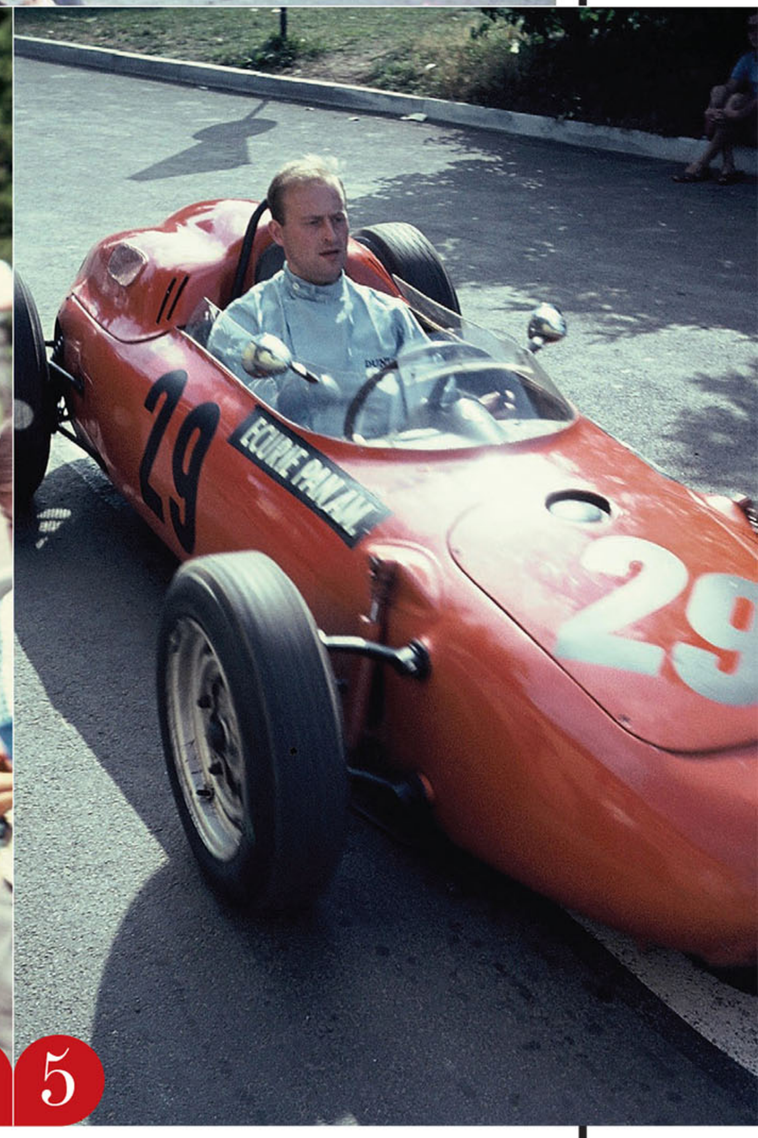
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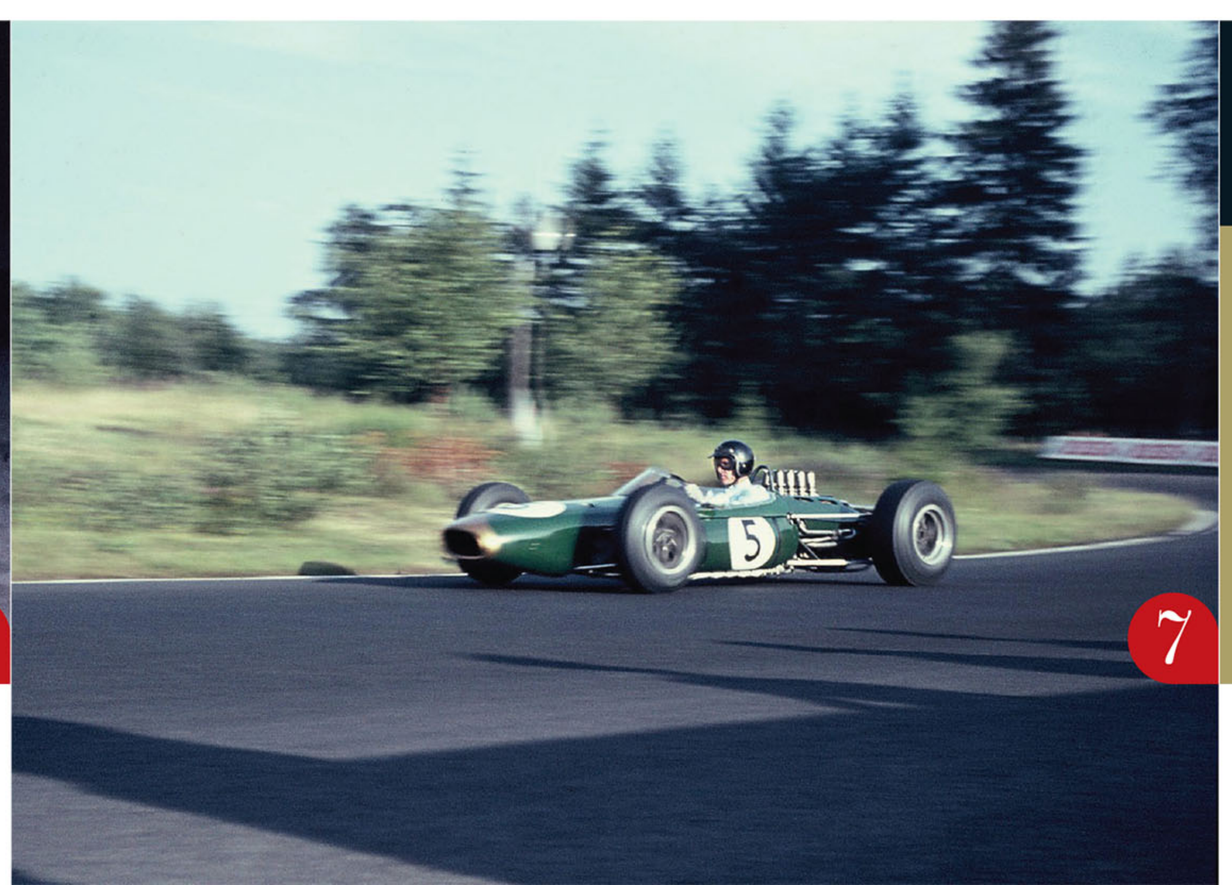


PIETER THOENES

Ontario-based Pieter Thoenes has appeared in this column before – December 2013, with shots from the 1966 Targa Florio. This month's theme? The 1964 German Grand Prix

1 Revson, Hailwood & Maggs **2** Fans greet Clark and Chapman, with Mike Spence partially hidden behind **3** Graham Hill – with bag! – after the race **4** Brabham **5** Poignant shot of Godin de Beaufort, killed later in the weekend **6** Gurney, McLaren & Phil Hill **7** Gurney's Brabham BT11 at South Curve





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SURTEES FOUNDATION NAMED AS CHARITY PARTNER

THE HENRY SURTEES FOUNDATION, created by his father in honour of the racer who lost his life at Brands Hatch in 2009, will be the official charity partner for the 2017 *Motor Sport* Hall of Fame.

Seven-time motorcycling and 1964 Formula 1 world champion John Surtees has dedicated much of his time to the cause since the tragedy, in which Henry suffered terrible head injuries in a freak Formula 2 accident.

The Foundation has several aims: to assist those affected by brain and physical injuries in accidents and help them to readjust to living in communities; to provide education and training within motor sport-related programmes in technology and engineering, and also in road safety campaigns; and to act as a resource to inspire young people in their personal development, education and career choices.

"The Trustees and I were delighted to be invited by *Motor Sport* to be the official charity partner for the prestigious Hall of Fame event in 2017," said Surtees, who was inducted into the exclusive club for motor racing heroes in 2012. "The Awards very much echo my own career as the nominations cater for both two- and four-wheeled motor sport. We look forward to working with *Motor Sport* in helping to make this a very special occasion, not only for the participants, the guests and public who have voted for who is next inducted, but also for the Henry Surtees Foundation."

For more information, go to www.henrysurteesfoundation.com

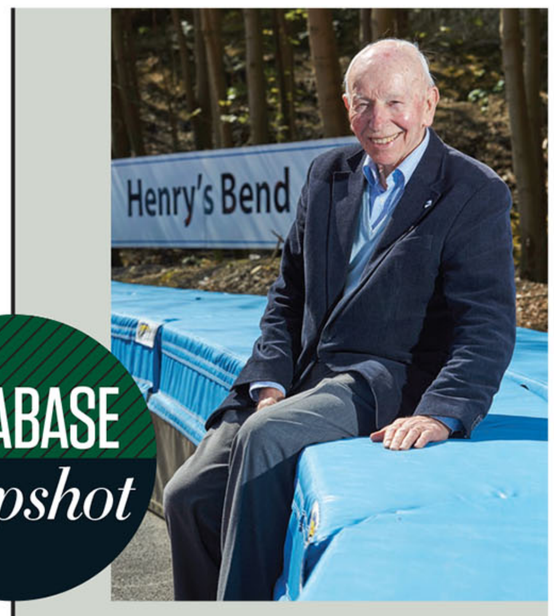
VOTE WHO WILL BE NEXT?

In September we record our first 2017 Hall of Fame podcast to begin deciding who next will join our exclusive club for motor racing heroes. To begin it's sports cars, and we've enlisted 2016 inductee Derek Bell and leading sports car journalist Gary Watkins to help choose a short list. Then it will be over to you to vote for who succeeds Derek as the next sports car Hall of Fame member.

Brian Redman, Pedro Rodriguez and Vic Elford all finished close to Bell in the 2016 polls so they will automatically be added to the list for 2017. Who else would you like to see nominated? Email webeditor@motorsportmagazine.com to share your thoughts ahead of the recording on September 7 (podcast released by September 12).

Find past Hall of Fame podcasts at www.motorsportmagazine.com/podcasts/all

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DATABASE *snapshot*

John Surtees

Age: 82
Born: February 11, 1934
Birth place: Tatsfield, Surrey

John Surtees' Formula 1 career spanned 1960-72 and included 111 world championship Grand Prix starts, six wins, eight pole positions and 11 fastest laps. But in an era in which non-championship F1 races were many and prestigious, he also added a number of other important wins.

NON-CHAMPIONSHIP F1 WINS

- 03.04.61 — Glover Trophy, Goodwood, *Cooper-Climax T53*
- 11.06.62 — International 2000 Guineas, Mallory Park, *Lola-Climax Mk4*
- 18.08.63 — Mediterranean Grand Prix, Pergusa, *Ferrari Dino 156/63*
- 12.04.64 — Syracuse Grand Prix, Syracuse, *Ferrari 158*
- 01.05.66 — Syracuse Grand Prix, Syracuse, *Ferrari 312*
- 22.08.70 — International Gold Cup, Oulton Park, *Surtees-Ford TS7*
- 21.08.71 — International Gold Cup, Oulton Park, *Surtees-Ford TS9*

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KEEPING AN EYE ON THE TIME: POWERFUL PLAYERS IN THE WATCH WORLD

by Richard Holt



FRÉDÉRIQUE CONSTANT Manufacture Perpetual Calendar, £7200

FRÉDÉRIQUE CONSTANT

What have the Romans ever done for us? Decent roads and underfloor heating are all very well, but one thing they did do was saddle us with a very silly calendar, full of months with uneven numbers of days.

It may be called the Gregorian calendar, after Pope Gregory XIII, but that is just because of some minor 16th century tweaking. The fact that your watch doesn't understand that there is no such date as September 31 is all thanks to the Romans.

In the world of modern technology, of course, wonky months and leap years are not a problem – accurately following the calendar requires an electronic brain no bigger than that of the average toaster. Doing it mechanically, on the other hand, is extremely difficult.

Watchmakers love a challenge though, as witnessed by the fact that they are still locked in a constant, defiant battle to outdo each other, even though the mechanical watch industry was many years ago supposed to have been beaten into submission by the battery-powered revolution.

The earliest so-called perpetual calendar clocks were made in the 18th century. In 1762, the English watchmaker Thomas Mudge made the first known pocket watch that knew how many days were in each month. Towards the end of the 19th century, Patek Philippe filed a patent to produce its own perpetual calendar, and in 1925 was the first company to put the complication into a wristwatch.

At the heart of a perpetual calendar is a program wheel, a cog with irregular teeth representing the lengths of each month within a four-year calendar, so that the watch can skip the correct number of days at the end of the shorter months, including February in both regular and leap years. This means a perpetual calendar will not, if kept wound, need adjusting until the year 2100 – when, according to Pope Gregory's refinements, we will skip a leap year to keep the years balanced out.

Perpetual calendars are what watchmakers consider a "grand complication" and as such command a hefty premium. This year, however, Frédérique Constant, a watchmaker that has helped pioneer the concept of affordable luxury, has brought out its own perpetual calendar, which starts at £7200. A fraction of the cost of perpetual calendars from other brands, this watch has caused quite a stir in the watchmaking world, gaining a lot of praise for the company. Frédérique Constant for one will be happy about the calendar legacy left by the Romans.

www.frederiqueconstant.com



PANERAI Luminor 1950 3 Days GMT Automatic Acciaio, £7000

PANERAI

The Florentine watchmaker Panerai started life making tool watches for the frogmen of the Italian navy in the Second World War. Since the watches were relaunched in the 1990s Panerai has become without doubt one of the coolest brands that you can get your wrists on. All of the modern watches bear a strong resemblance to those original navy instruments, making it a watch you can always spot from a distance. This strong brand identity means that every design is greeted with much excitement from Panerai's loyal fans. This year it has launched the 'Blue Collection', a series of four watches celebrating the company's connection to the sea.

www.panerai.com



RAYMOND WEIL Freelancer Chronograph, £2295

RAYMOND WEIL

Raymond Weil has a huge range of watches, and has made much of its musical inspirations – it recently signed a deal with Apple Records and made a watch listing all of the Beatles' studio albums around the dial. But it also does great takes on classic designs, such as this new elegant chronograph in the brand's Freelancer range.

www.raymond-weil.com

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"I've started to think the accident was the greatest opportunity of my life"

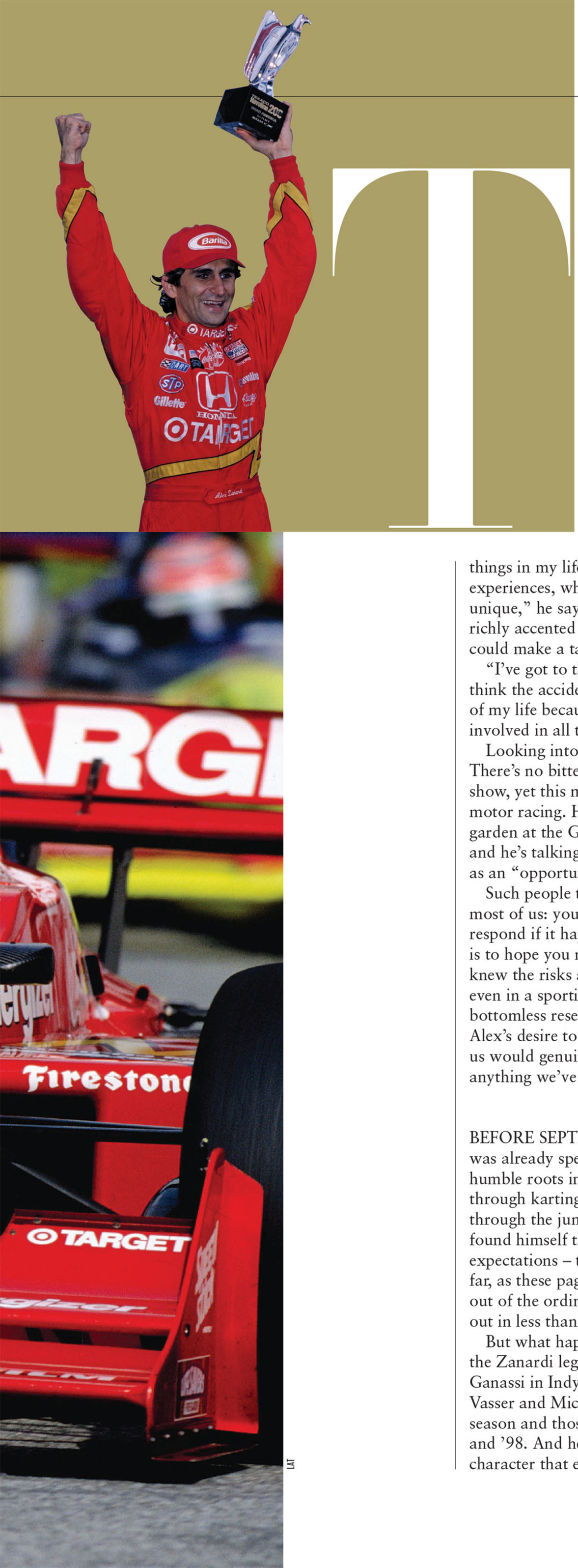
Alex Zanardi should have died when he lost his legs in an Indycar crash. Instead, it was the beginning of a new life for a wonderfully engaging man. His high-energy story is one of speed, gruesome tragedy – and uplifting joy

writer DAMIEN SMITH



Zanardi looked likely to return to his old winning ways in Germany, but fate then intervened

"ZANARDI DID IT WITH SUCH VERVE THAT EVEN BLINKERED F1 COULDN'T RESIST CALLING HIM BACK..."



LAT

THE WORDS SPARK THAT hair-raising warm tingle when you know you're in a moment you will never forget. Alessandro Zanardi – more commonly known as Alex – is speaking, and you find yourself mesmerised, as if under a charm. It takes genuine effort not to gawp open-mouthed as you take in what he is saying, given his very particular circumstances.

"In principle I think I am very lucky because I had the possibility to do so many things in my life and fill it with so many experiences, which makes my existence kind of unique," he says in his wonderfully precise and richly accented English. With that voice, he could make a tax return sound riveting.

"I've got to the point where I've started to think the accident was the greatest opportunity of my life because, for sure, I would not be involved in all the things I'm doing these days."

Looking into his eyes, I can tell he means it. There's no bitterness, these words aren't for show, yet this man has no legs – because of motor racing. Here we are in the drivers' club garden at the Goodwood Festival of Speed and he's talking about a life-ravaging trauma as an "opportunity".

Such people trigger a natural response in most of us: you ask yourself, 'How would I respond if it happened to me?' The only answer is to hope you never have to find out. Zanardi knew the risks and accepted them long ago. But even in a sporting breed celebrated for its bottomless reserves of stoic determination, Alex's desire to choose life – and one many of us would genuinely aspire to – is beyond anything we've known.

❖

BEFORE SEPTEMBER 15 2001, ZANARDI was already special. Here was a kid from humble roots in Bologna, who scrapped his way through karting, rolled with the punches through the junior single-seater categories, then found himself thrust into Formula 1 against his expectations – the dream becoming reality. So far, as these pages often tell, it's not a tale so out of the ordinary, especially as F1 spat the kid out in less than four short years.

But what happened next really kick-started the Zanardi legend: those three years with Chip Ganassi in Indycars, third to team-mate Jimmy Vasser and Michael Andretti in his rookie season and those glorious twin titles in 1997 and '98. And he did it all with such verve and character that even blinkered F1 couldn't resist calling him back to the fold. A rare second chance was the least he deserved, and at Williams of all places, that supposedly 'proper' race team. They seemed made for each other – and how we all wanted him to fly. Instead, the flair and swagger were swamped by the era's grooved tyres and a team that rapidly lost faith in him, even by F1's harsh standards. He sank.

Now here he was, two years later, in the midst of an Indycar comeback. Familiar Reynard chassis, pushed by familiar Honda shove – except the old spark was gone. How badly had Williams hurt him? Ganassi ally Morris Nunn was in the mix, but he was on the pitwall as team owner, not engineer, and Zanardi was doubting the Englishman's commitment. Fourth in Toronto had been the only pinprick in a brooding sky of bleak results.

But here in eastern Germany, on the newly built Lausitzring oval, that old magic from the Ganassi days was back. He'd sensed it, selfishly wanting the race to run while his American comrades reeled just four days after the atrocities of what would become known globally as '9/11'. Zanardi left the pitroad after his final splash-and-dash stop, 13 laps to run, with the tantalising taste of victory on the tip of his tongue. Then he spun. Marooned broadside across Turn One, he left the approaching Alex Tagliani nowhere to go and, at 200mph, no time to respond.

One Reynard split the other in two, Tagliani's nosecone spearing behind the front wheels and ahead of the sidepods. The worst-case scenario. In his autobiography, Zanardi describes it quite simply: "Part of the car stayed with me, and the other part left, with parts of me in it."

Indycar's illustrious medics, Drs Terry Trammell and Steve Olvey, saved his life. By-passing the circuit's medical centre and the closest hospital in Dresden, it was decided the 55-minute helicopter flight to better-equipped Berlin was Zanardi's only hope. His heart stopped three times en route and he was down to a single litre of blood… but somehow he pulled through. Multiple operations were needed to remove debris from what was left of his left leg, while the barely attached right knee was removed to ensure he lived. Critically, the surgeons didn't amputate from the hip: they left a stump, allowing for prostheses. Alex would walk again.

Within six weeks, he would leave hospital; less than two years after the crash, he would complete those missing 13 laps in an Indycar on a highly charged return to the Lausitzring; he would also return to racing, joining BMW in the World Touring Car Championship, no less – and he'd win races too. Amazing.

But the best was yet to come. He found a new sport almost by mistake. Invited to ▶

LAP63

by Ludovic A. Parayre



Mike Hailwood and Niki Lauda at Brands Hatch, 1973
photo: Ian Dawson

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attend the New York marathon in 2007, he decided to enter the hand-cycling category, bought a bike and with only a few weeks of training finished fourth. At the London Games of 2012 he became a Paralympic champion – twice – winning gold in both the individual road race (H4 class) and individual time trial (H4), adding a silver in the mixed team relay (H1-4). The venue? Brands Hatch, of course, where 21 years earlier he'd qualified on pole in Formula 3000 only to crash trying to improve his time. These were his first victories at the Kent speedbowl.

❖

"VERY OFTEN I'M ASKED 'WHERE DID you find the strength to react that way?'" he says, under the shade of a Goodwood tree. "I don't think you can talk about the reaction. I just opened my eyes and was very happy to be alive. I didn't have to produce any reaction, I just wanted to get back to the same quality of life I had before – or at least the best one I could reach.

"Once I was able to meet people, I had a lot of journalists coming to my hospital in Berlin, and surely it wasn't the first question and not even the second, because they were nice, but you knew what they had in mind was 'Alex, will you ever step into a race car again?' The problem [for me] was not psychological, but the question from their point of view was [exactly that]. For me at the time, I knew absolutely 100 per cent that if I would find the way to solve all the technical issues related to me driving with no legs, up here" – he puts his finger to his head – "I was the same driver I used to be.

"But that was not my priority. What it would take to live a self-sufficient life again was what mattered, because while I was answering that question I couldn't even take a leak on my own. One year after, once everything else was fixed, I started to say 'OK, what's next?'"



He humbly suggests that being 'Alex Zanardi' has always opened doors when he has set himself a challenge. Certainly BMW jumped at the coup of running him in the European and World Touring Car Championships. Also his racing driver skills and "mental set-up", as he describes it, were directly transferable to hand cycling. Before he turned a crank he had an edge over his fellow athletes.

He'll be calling on all that experience again this September, as he heads to Rio to defend his Paralympic titles. The man will be 50 in October.

"It won't be easy because I can tell you London was not easy either," he says. "I knew I could get there, but I only managed to close the circle right before the games. In 2011 I finished second in the time trial world championship, learning a lot of things and proving that I could somehow be a contender. But nobody was counting me as the favourite – so I surprised them all."

In true racing driver fashion, he sought another edge from the technical spec of his cycle. "It's a relatively new sport and there was a lot to innovate," he says. "I was not the most experienced, and still I am not, but I managed to discover things that other athletes still ignore to a certain degree. In London you could see people with 250mm cranks and others with 200. You could see people sitting almost 10mm from the ground and others sitting high enough that a rabbit could run underneath. I think I had the best vehicle by the time we were due to go racing, and that was part of my success."

Back in 2012, he dismissed any notion of defending his titles in Rio because of his age – but here we are, four years later. And just as in London, there are good omens. Last time it was Brands Hatch – this time the Olympic Village is close to the old oval he loved to race on in Indycars. As at Brands, he took a pole position, but never won there…

"Last year I managed to win the world championship, both in the time trial and in the road race," he says, "This time the team relay is where my chance to win a gold medal is the highest because we are very strong as a team." Who is his biggest rival? "Above all, Jetze Plat, a Dutch kid – and I say kid because he is half my age! You look at me and say 'Alex, you have big arms' [he really does…] Then you see him next to me and you say: 'Oh Alex…'"

❖

THERE'S A LEADING QUESTION FROM all this. What is his greatest sporting achievement? The assumption would be London 2012. But as usual, he surprises with something more interesting and thoughtful.

He begins with a long pause. "OK, if you say 'Alex, do you think out of all the achievements you have cashed after your accident, there is something greater than the ones you earned previously in your life?' I'd say no, because it was much tougher when I was 15 and I had to stand in front of adults who would say, 'You're not good enough.' I come from a little village near Bologna, with a father and a mother who were fantastic parents. They gave me the best education they could and were always next



Zanardi hadn't won at Brands Hatch during his first racing career, but he put that right in 2012

LAT



"WHEN I CROSSED THE LINE IT WAS FANTASTIC, BUT ALSO A LITTLE SAD BECAUSE IT WAS ALL BEHIND ME"

BMW





SUTTON



LAT

F3 (left) led to F3000 (middle) and F1, but his final GP stint proved disastrous with Williams (right). Above, a paragon of power and focus

to me, supporting me, which was far more important than supplying me financially with what it would take to get into a Formula 3 team. But still it was very hard.

"When you are 17 it is rare to be wise, to have two wires touching to make an electrical shock. One day, I don't know why but I thanked my old dad for all he was doing. I said 'Hey, since we started this go-kart adventure you've never gone with your friends for a holiday fishing at the river, you're always with me, and I want to thank you for it.' He said, 'Do you know what, son? The other night I came home from work very late and I parked in front of the bar in the village. All your friends were nicely dressed ready to go to the disco. I came by the garage and noticed the light was on. I found you asleep in your go-kart. I could imagine this kid working on his go-kart all day long, preparing for the race, up to the point he fell asleep. All the time you show me this passion for what you are doing, I'll do my best to support you, because it's worth it.'"

Alex continues: "When you are so passionate about what you do, you just take every day, not because you want something out of it, but because you enjoy it. I felt the same thing getting ready for the London Games. When I crossed that line to win the second gold medal, yes, it was a fantastic moment, but it was also a little sad because I knew it was all behind me. The fun part was getting ready for it, not cashing the achievement on that magical day."

❖

THE KARTING BEGAN WHEN HE WAS 13, just a year after his older sister Cristina had been killed in a car accident. Naturally his parents became over-protective of their wild and energetic son, but his father – a racing fan – reasoned from that brutal personal experience that the controlled environment of a kart circuit would be safer than the public road.

Zanardi was a contemporary of Michael Schumacher and crossed swords with the German during largely successful and enjoyable years he remembers fondly. After Formula 3, they would make their F1 debuts in the same year, 1991 – and for the same team. Michael famously subbed for the jailed Bertrand Gachot at Jordan for the Belgian GP, his performance catapulting him into a Benetton seat and future glory. Three races later it was Zanardi's turn, after he'd completed his Formula 3000 season with the grandly title Il Barone Rampante (two wins, a close and unlucky second in the title race to Christian Fittipaldi). In the final three Grands Prix of '91, Alex scored a pair of ninth place finishes, sandwiching a DNF. It was the retirement at Suzuka in the bright green 7UP Jordan 191 that Alex reflects upon today.

"I managed to drive one of the best-looking cars of all time," he says. "That was very special. I had a very good relationship with [designer] Gary Anderson and Trevor Foster, who was my race engineer. I remember the second race I did in Japan because the car was working very well. I didn't qualify too well because I got blocked three times by the same

driver – I tell you the sin but not the sinner. I started 13th, but before the Sunday morning warm-up I fought quite hard with Trevor because the car was working well already, and I said I thought we could make it better. So we changed the set-up and man, in the warm-up for most of the time I was the fastest car out there with a full load of fuel. I remember passing Alain Prost's Ferrari... In the race I was coming up like a rocket, and then I had a gearbox problem when I was already up to sixth place. I could probably have finished that race on the podium and who knows, my racing career could have been completely different.



Zanardi became a race winner once again at the wheel of factory-run BMWs with special mods

BMW

But I have nothing to complain about."

A brief and unhappy chapter at Minardi in 1992 was followed by a longer, two-year unhappy chapter at Team Lotus as it lurched towards extinction. Had Zanardi returned to Italy and a quiet life in Bologna at this stage, no one would have blamed him and he'd have taken his place as a footnote in motor racing history. As it was, he followed up on leads fed to him by Reynard's Rick Gorne – and looked west.

Yes, others from Europe had made the Indycar switch before, most notably Nigel Mansell. But it was Zanardi that made it a career choice for young guys looking for an alternative to the impenetrable F1 fortress. He also happened to join the American single-seater scene when it was as good as it had ever been – and, as it turned out, as good as it was ever going to get.

"Driving for Ganassi in 1996 was probably one of the best sporting experiences of my life," he says – although surely the 'probably' is unnecessary. "Not because I was very successful – this of course helps – but at the end of the day, those cars were just fantastic, so enjoyable to drive. It was the combination of power, grip, capability to accelerate and decelerate, cornering speeds… There was a lot available, but you really had to work hard to get it, in order to keep everything in a nice balance. Once you had it, it was fantastic.

"The budget required for a team to operate for one season was about 1/20th of what was needed for F1. Sponsors were fighting to put their logos on the most competitive cars, so it was an era where, as the good Lord would say, there was fish and wine for all. There was no need to fight for anything. That probably allowed more room for human relationships whereas in F1 it's a consistent fight. When you are running an organisation that needs to be supported with budgets in the region of €500-600m per year, you cannot leave much room for sentimentalism."

Without pressing him, we've segued directly from the most successful period of his motor racing life (see *Data Trace*, page 80) to the nadir: Williams in 1999.

He'd raced for Eddie Jordan and tested for Flavio Briatore's Benetton team – now they and others, including Alain Prost and even Jean Todt at Ferrari, wanted to talk to him. Why? Laguna Seca in '96 and *that* final-lap pass on Bryan Herta at the Corkscrew (he'd have lost that win today for violating track limits…); Cleveland '97, when a pit mix-up pushed him down the field and inspired one of the great fightbacks that included 18 fastest laps and a pass for Gil de Ferran's lead with two laps to go; and Long Beach '98, featuring yet another signature charge, this time after struggles in qualifying and a bent wishbone from an early race pile-up that a mechanic straightened by hand. He was fifth with five laps to go… and won (see Dario Franchitti's memories, page 78).

Zanardi was so hot back then. Not everyone loved him – Herta held a grudge, de Ferran, Al Unser Jr and others down the field felt he was too wild and reckless – but the majority of fans adored him, as did the media. He had character, a Latin racer's heart, bundles of natural charisma… Frank Williams couldn't resist.

It should have worked. But Williams, in its second season post-Renault and a year before its promising marriage with BMW, was hardly the best environment. Zanardi speaks fondly of F1 in earlier eras – "For sure, I would have loved to race in the 1970s, but I don't think I would have survived because with the character I have I would have killed myself!" – but Grand Prix cars had changed, even since the end of his Lotus days in '94, and they were certainly less powerful than the 1000bhp-plus Indycars he'd just walked away from. But it was the grooved Bridgestone tyres that he really struggled to get his head around. He needed to adapt his driving style, but instead chased set-ups to solve his frustrations – and he sensed the team lost faith as early as the fourth race at Imola.

But Zanardi isn't one for excuses. He takes the failure of '99 right on the chin.

"If the driver is not good enough he is the one who is taking everybody's work around [the circuit] on a Sunday afternoon, so you can give him one chance, you can give him another – but then you have to say *arrivederci*," he says. "As a driver you have to understand this. I was not surprised that at the end of the year I was called by Frank and he said 'We have to talk'. For sure his responsibility is to ensure the stability of the organisation he is running, and I failed to deliver what they were expecting.

"I can't say Frank Williams was an arsehole, I have to say the exact opposite because he was very supportive of me. One thing he said which touched me sincerely was his big disappointment that he didn't figure why he couldn't get out of me the same things Chip Ganassi managed to find. That was what he was in the market to buy! Of course, I have my theory, but it's part of my past. At the end of the day you can only enjoy a smooth road if you've gone through a bumpy one."

❖

LAST YEAR ZANARDI REVELLED IN racing for BMW in the Spa 24 Hours, joining Bruno Spengler and Timo Glock in a GT3 Z4. He wants to return, but chose to put motor racing on hold this season to focus on one thing: his Paralympics title defence.

"At the end of last year we sat with [BMW motor sport chief] Jens Marquardt and Jorge Kottmeier, who is in charge of marketing and

communications, and they asked me what I wanted to do this year. I said 'Guys, I really have to focus on the Paralympics. I cannot believe I'm going to be having many other opportunities in my life because they only come every four years.' They said 'OK, we'll leave you alone. At the end of the day, you are young… [big smile] We can pick up the conversation afterwards,' and I hope we will.

"As far as motor sport is concerned, I am too optimistic to believe my career is finished. BMW is making beautiful racing machines and I have a lot of friends in Munich."

He offers one final nugget, and another glimpse into that incredible psyche that just keeps driving him on.

"I've had so many sporting adventures. These days I'm almost 50 and it is normal that you lose some muscular power – but you gain wise-ness! When I was 17 I was very strong, but very stupid! Nevertheless I made it, you know, so somehow that is really the achievement.



BMW

"In this new life of mine, if you can call it that, the moment I felt most proud was when we had a day with the kids at home – not just my son, but his friends and his nephew. My nephew told his dad before going to sleep: 'Dad, when I get old I want to do two things. One is to drive a Formula 1 car and two is to lose my legs like Uncle Alex!' When my brother-in-law told me this, it sincerely touched me."

Zanardi beams, as he has done throughout our conversation. He radiates a joy, a zest for life that saturates anyone lucky enough to meet him. This man has a power way beyond the strength in those 'guns' that should crank him to another medal in Rio. He is the most impressive man I've ever met. Ⓜ

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Zanardi sprays third placed Franchitti on the Cleveland podium, 1998

LAT

DARIO FRANCHITTI:
'ZANARDI NEVER KNOWS WHEN HE'S BEATEN'

The Scot knew him as an Indycar rival, then as a friend

"I FIRST BECAME AWARE OF ALEX ZANARDI when he was on the cover of a karting magazine. He obviously had a good trajectory – but after Formula 1 he just disappeared. He popped up in a GT Lotus briefly and then showed up in America. In those days I was beginning to watch Indycars on television and he was doing a hell of a job. In 1997 I came over and obviously by then he was making headlines.

"He was one of those guys who just didn't know when he was beaten. At Long Beach in 1998 he was a lap down, Bryan Herta and I were fighting for the win and I didn't think he was someone to worry about. The next thing I knew he was past me, pushed Bryan out of the way and won the race. Years later he said, 'I have a question.' I thought, here we go, what's this? 'In Long Beach had you lost your mirrors?' I replied, 'It's funny you should say that, yes I had. How did you know?' 'Ah, it was so easy to pass you!' Bloody Zanardi!

"Back in 1997 I was intimidated to talk to him. But one time he just came up to me and started a conversation. What a nice guy. Then in Detroit we qualified side-by-side and in the race I fired him off into the tyres – completely my fault. Now I was worried! But I went straight up to him to apologise, fearing the worst, and he said, 'Don't worry, we all make mistakes.' He was so cool about it.

"His last street race (or so we thought) was Surfers Paradise in '98, before he went back to F1, and I remember I so wanted to beat him, which is a mark of what I thought of him. I qualified on pole, but they beat us out of the pits at the first stops. We were so closely matched. It would have meant so much to beat him that day.

"His season that followed in F1 was painful. As a driver you have to adapt, but when I drove that horrible Jaguar a few years later I got some indication of what he went through. The Firestone Indycar tyres, they talked to you and allowed you to hold it on the edge. When I drove those grooved Michelins it was like trying to ride a camel on ice-skates. They inspired no confidence. That year for Alex was horrible to watch; it just wasn't him.

"He wasn't always popular with his peers… Anyone at the top of the their game has got to be selfish and you're gonna bump heads. He was the top dog and there was a bunch of us trying to knock him off. But he had such strength of character and belief. It served him well later on. I found him great to race wheel-to-wheel with. Sure, he was aggressive and I saw him pull some questionable moves on others, but I never had a problem with him.

"When he had his accident my then-partner Ashley went with his wife Daniela to the hospital. I'd borrowed Colin McRae's plane for the weekend, and flew to Berlin with [Alex's team-mate] Tony Kanaan. At this stage we knew he'd lost his legs. But I thought on the way, 'If he can just get through this first bit, he'll be able to write his own story.' That strength of character means he doesn't understand 'no'. I always knew he had that drive. He was different, and I mean that in the best way. He looked at life differently from everyone else.

"I don't mind admitting there was a tear in the eye when he won the Paralympics medals. As for his rivals this time, I wish them luck… Oh, and with the prosthetic legs I'm certain he's taller than he used to be, too!"

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ALEX ZANARDI



He has a fine track record, but above all this charming Italian is a remarkable man

writer PETER HIGHAM

RUNNER-UP IN THE 1991 FIA F3000 Championship, Alex Zanardi made his F1 debut for Jordan in the season's final three Grands Prix. It marked the start of a faltering F1 career with Minardi and Lotus, which included sixth place in the 1993 Brazilian GP but was interrupted by severe concussion sustained in a violent accident at Eau Rouge during practice in Belgium that year.

Without an F1 drive after 1994, Zanardi emerged as a star for Chip Ganassi's Champ Car team. He won back-to-back titles in 1997-98 to earn another F1 chance with Williams. However, his 1999 return yielded nothing better than seventh in Italy. To emphasise his disappointing campaign, team-mate Ralf Schumacher was sixth in the standings.

He returned to Champ Cars in 2001 with Mo Nunn's new team. The American Memorial 500 at the Lausitzring was Zanardi's most competitive outing and he led before a late fuel stop. Sadly, he spun as he left the pits and Alex Tagliani's Reynard-Ford T-boned him at 200mph. Zanardi lost the lower half of both of his legs and was lucky to survive.

The Italian returned to racing at the wheel of a modified BMW in the 2003 European Touring Car Championship – scoring several ETCC and later WTCC victories – and began his hand-cycling career four years later. A veteran of the New York and London wheelchair marathons, he collected two gold medals in the 2012 Paralympics – the first time he had won a race at Brands Hatch. Ⓜ

RACING RECORD

	F1	CHAMP CARS	F3000
STARTS	41	66	11
WINS	0	15	2
BEST RESULT	6TH	1ST	1ST
POLE POSITIONS	0	10	3
FASTEST LAPS	0	18	3

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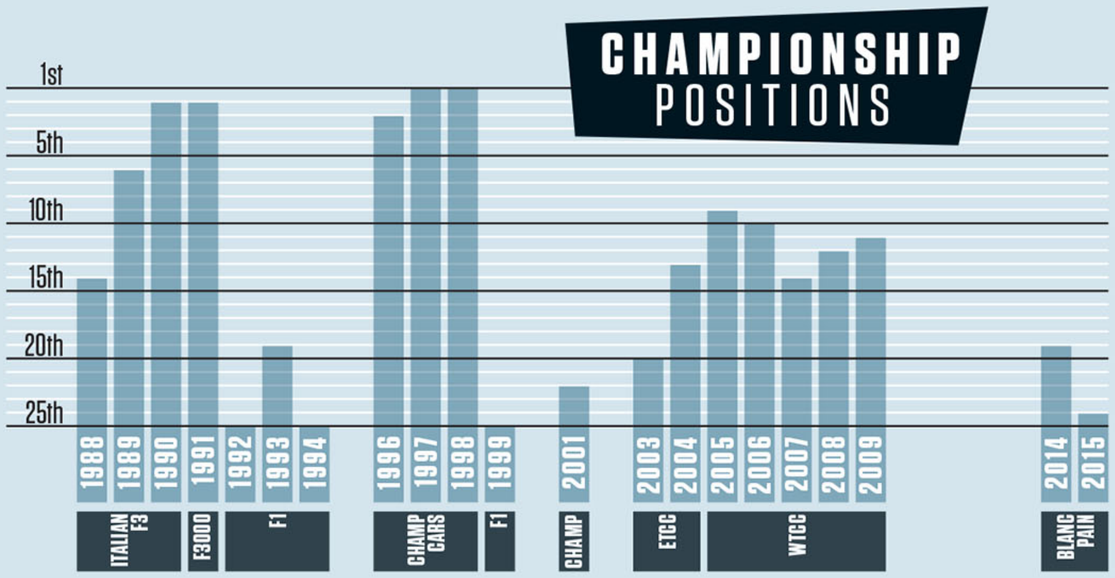
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1997 & 1998

CHAMP CAR WINS
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1997 LONG BEACH, CLEVELAND, MICHIGAN, MID-OHIO, ELKHART LAKE
1998 LONG BEACH, ST LOUIS, DETROIT, PORTLAND, CLEVELAND, TORONTO, SURFERS PARADISE

CHAMPIONSHIP POSITIONS



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THE LOAN RANGER

Two top-line racers without a ride in the 1973 Sebring 12 Hours persuaded a privateer to lend them his Porsche 911 RSR. It led to a remarkable victory. Now we test this very special car

writer ANDREW FRANKEL
photographer JAYSON FONG

YEARS AGO I DROVE DOWN TO DORSET to interview famed Porsche racer Nick Faure, the man who once found himself applying so much opposite lock he forgot which way the front wheels were pointing. In desperation, he let go of the steering wheel and in that instant discovered the secret of recovering a rear-engined Porsche from an apparently unrecoverable position.

Over the years Faure raced every kind of 911 from the 2.7 RS right up to 934s, 935s and even a Kremer K3. But when I asked him to name his favourite, he did not pause for thought. "Oh, it's the RSR, no doubt about that. The most beautiful car to drive, so much nicer and easier to balance than the later turbocharged cars. You could do anything in an RSR." And he did, including in 1975 helping drive a private RSR from 30th on the grid at Le Mans to sixth at the flag, beaten only by one other RSR and four prototypes. Even since that conversation I've wanted to drive one.



But there are RSRs and there are RSRs, and to me, three stand out. The first is the car that won the Daytona 24 Hours in 1973, outlasting all the whizz-bang Matra and Mirage prototypes to come home a barely believable 22 laps ahead of the second-placed Ferrari – despite the car being a completely unproven commodity racing over any distance, let alone 24 hours. Sadly it was returned to Weissach and broken up. The third is the car that won the Targa Florio that year, this time being there to cash and collect when the factory Ferraris and Alfas failed. Happily, that car still exists.

The second, and only because its victory came between Daytona and the Targa, is this car. In March 1973 it won the Sebring 12 Hours, the race that, along with Daytona and Le Mans, makes up the triple crown of endurance racing. And as anyone who has done all three will tell you, such is the nature of the Sebring track that surviving 12 hours there is just as big an achievement as making it through 24 at Daytona, Le Mans or anywhere else.

That weekend's drivers were Peter Gregg and Hurley Haywood, who had won Daytona just six weeks earlier, plus a certain Dave Helmick. At the time Haywood and Gregg were superstars of the US sports car racing scene. Gregg would go on to win Daytona four times before ending his own life in 1980, but Haywood would go on to become America's greatest endurance racer, his record including five wins at Daytona and three at Le Mans. As for Helmick, well, his was a walk-on part, of which more in a minute. For now, and as the startlingly yellow RSR warms up in the Donington Park pitlane, a brief reminder of what this car actually is.

❖

LIKE THOSE GREATEST RACING Porsches, the 917 and 956, the catalyst that resulted in the RSR was a rule change. When prototypes with engines of greater than three litres were outlawed from sports car racing from 1972, Porsche found itself with nothing to race. By 1973 the 908, which would continue to work wonders in private hands for years to come, was already five seasons old and all that remained was the good old 911, a car already past its 10th birthday. Nevertheless Porsche figured that a Group 4 version built to production GT specification might help sell street 911s, particularly if its 2.8-litre engine proved capable of beating the 4.4-litre Ferrari Daytonas and 7-litre Corvettes that would make up its closest competition. In the event, and as we have seen already, the result was often good enough to win outright.

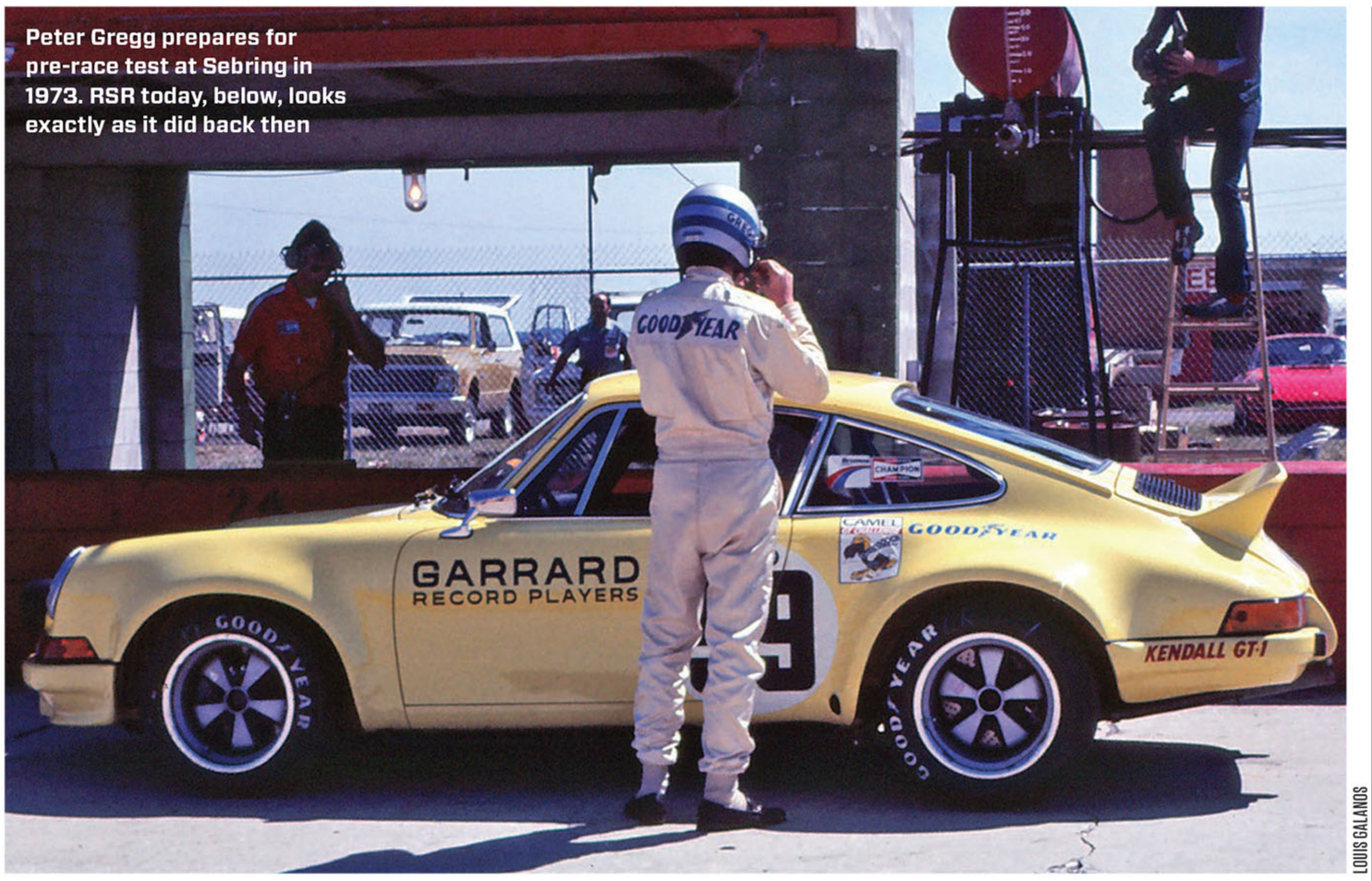
To turn the existing RS into an RSR was a mammoth job. Porsche wanted a 3-litre version of its venerable flat-six engine, but that would come only later (when switching crankcase material from magnesium to stronger aluminium allowed less space between the bores). For now 2808cc was as far as it could go. The biggest possible valves, hot cams, twin-plug heads and compression raised from 8.5 to 10.5:1 raised power from 210bhp at 6300rpm to 305bhp at 8000rpm.

To control the extra urge the RSR got a widened track and massive tyres, while Porsche also threw away the torsion-bar suspension for proper coil-over units, dropped the ride height, changed the geometry, fitted race springs and roll bars and, to slow it all down, fitted the 917's braking system. Extensive wind tunnel testing even coaxed a body whose basic design created significant lift into generating a small amount of downforce.

It was in this form that two cars were sent to Daytona in 1973 as a suck-it-and-see exercise. In testing, no RSR had lasted more than 18 hours without breaking. Porsche was so unsure of their ability even to finish let alone do well it didn't even enter as a works team, but instead gave one to Brumos, its Florida dealership run by Gregg, and the other to Roger Penske for his Can-Am dream team of Mark Donohue and George Follmer. But it was not the RSRs that broke, but the faster, more fragile prototypes. By midnight the Porsches were first and second and, when Penske's car finally succumbed to the expected engine failure, it left the Brumos car far out in the lead to run to the flag in a race troubled only by a late windscreen change. But because it had gone further, faster and for longer than had any RSR in testing, Porsche wanted it back to examine in forensic detail.

"Were it not for Dave Helmick we'd have been short of a ride," recalls the now 68-year-old Haywood. "When we discovered our car wasn't coming back, Weissach told Peter and me about this car in private ownership that while not in Brumos colours [white, with red and blue stripes] was essentially the same specification as our Daytona car. So we went to Sebring, met with Dave, checked the car out and discovered it was every bit as good as the car we'd had at Daytona." So they just had to persuade Helmick to let them have it. "He was pretty happy really, when he saw how quick and competitive Peter and I were. In the end we agreed he'd do a single stint, which was about an hour, and Peter and I would do the rest."

Some 72 cars started the Sebring 12 Hours on a hot, sunny weekend towards the end of March 1973. Being run to IMSA rules meant there were no prototypes, but if Haywood and Gregg thought that meant it would be a



Peter Gregg prepares for pre-race test at Sebring in 1973. RSR today, below, looks exactly as it did back then

LOUIS GALANOS









"KEEP THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN AND LISTEN TO THAT MOTOR HOWL ITS APPROVAL"

cakewalk, they were soon to be disabused of that notion. As well as other Porsches, their RSR was up against no fewer than 18 Corvettes with engines two and half times the size of that in the back of the RSR. Despite probably the best driver line-up on the grid, Haywood and Gregg could manage just fourth place in qualifying, behind three of the 'Vettes, the quickest of which was six seconds faster around the 5.2-mile airfield track.

"We knew the best Corvettes would have the edge on us in qualifying trim," says Hurley, "but Peter and I agreed not to get drawn into that contest. We were going to play to our car's strengths, run our own race, ignore everyone else and bet on Porsche engineering to make sure we were still around at the end, because we knew many others would not be." And he was right: of those 72, 39 finished but just 24 travelled far enough to be classified.

So the Chevrolets duly thundered off and then, one by one, broke. By half-distance all three Corvettes that had outpaced the RSR in qualifying were safely back in their pit garages with terminal mechanical maladies.

"After that we were able to control the race quite easily. I can remember another 911 getting quite close to us in the early evening [almost certainly the RS of Michael Keyser and Milt Minter that came second], but we had enough of a cushion and sufficient spare pace up our sleeves to be quite comfortable." Despite the need for another windscreen change, they crossed the line with a lap in hand over the RS and seven over the fastest surviving Corvette.

Haywood had a ball. "I loved driving Sebring. It's a track like no other. You'd always get an eclectic mix of cars on a circuit so bumpy you seemed to spend half of any given lap in the air. We did well there because Porsche built a car that was not only quick but was able to take everything the track could throw at it. But we also managed it well, to the extent we'd take strange lines through many bends just to avoid the worst of the bumps."

And the RSR? "I have very happy memories of it there. The car was very active, it did everything from the back end, it was really very mobile and great fun to drive. There's a picture of me on the podium and you can see the blisters on my hands from all the manhandling I had to do with it. Porsche had built a fine racing car, it made good power and responded wonderfully to everything you did with it."

Nick Faure, for one, would agree.

The Sebring RSR raced on in the US in '73 and '74, ending up with a new owner and upgraded to full wide-bodied 3-litre RSR specification. It was sold as such to an American collector in 1976 and left wearing Porsche 917/20 'Pink Pig' livery until in 2001 it was acquired by a new owner, who determined to return it to its original Sebring specification. The car finally came to the UK in 2004 when it was sold to its current owner, who gave it a full mechanical restoration to original 2.8 RSR specification so that today the car is almost exactly as it was when Haywood first clapped eyes on it 43 years ago.

❖

IF YOU COMPARE THE RSR AT SEBRING then and at Donington now and, a couple of Festival of Speed stickers aside, you would struggle to tell the difference. I love all the RSR details, from the big ones like those huge nine and 11in Fuchs alloys to the tiny ones, like the 10,000rpm tachometer with no redline. I have driven an RSR before, but only slowly and on the road. As I strap myself in I can feel myself shivering with excitement. The owner is there and, save an instruction to enjoy myself, makes no other commands. I have to ask how many revs to use. We settle at 7500rpm, just 500

short of peak power. Enough, in other words.

The interior of this winner of one of the world's three greatest endurance races would be instantly familiar to anyone who has sat in any kind of early 911. Calibrations and a spare Stack tacho aside, the dials are the same and in the same place. It has a street-standard RS wheel and the usual splatter of switchgear.

But when it starts you hear the difference at once. The song is the same, but the increase in volume and richness compared to a normal early air-cooled flat-six is akin to an entire orchestra playing music originally written for a string quartet.

❖

ODDLY ENOUGH, AS YOU NOSE OUT onto the circuit and start to try to understand this car, it feels far closer to a street machine than I had expected and, indeed, its full race specification suggests. It steers like a normal 911, perhaps a little heavier-helmed on street-legal Michelin TB15 track-day tyres, but that delicious feel is as clear as ever. It's only when you stop driving it like a road car and start driving it like the racer it is that its character changes entirely.

Even by Porsche standards, the engine is a masterpiece. Its flat-six motors from this era were all quite peaky, so you'd expect one as highly tuned as this to have an even narrower operating range, but that's not what transpires. Even at 4000rpm, halfway around the permitted sweep of the dial, it's fully on song, squatting the rear of the car down onto the Tarmac, nose sniffing the air in time-honoured 911 style. And it's quick – not dramatically, uncontainably quick because you'd need a 934



or 935 for that – but more than sufficiently rapid not only to stretch your mouth to your ears, but also to make sure you focus your attention very firmly on your braking points. This is, after all, an old 911 and the slow in, fast out rules still apply.

Or so it seems. At first I must say I am a touch unsettled by the car's handling. First fast time down the Craner Curves it wobbles a little as the track turns to the right beyond the exit of Redgate and again through the transition into the next left-hander. The car is worth millions and I don't really want to be scaring myself in it. But after a few laps it is clear there's nothing inherently wrong with the car, its high-speed behaviour merely the result of quite a soft street set-up and the TB15s which while little used, are rather old.

Armed and emboldened by this knowledge, the rest of my time in the car is the stuff of dreams. In the medium-speed and slower corners that make up the rest of the lap, it is the most neutral old 911 I've driven on a track, resisting the usual understeer you expect, yet still blessed with other-worldly traction and able to take power comically early in the corner. And once it does start to slide, there is no reason to back out of it, but unwind the requisite amount of lock, add a little in the other direction if needed, keep the throttles wide open and listen to that 12-plug motor howl its approval.

With the Targa Florio winner, this is one of the two most important racing 911s there is, a car whose picture I have looked at for decades without once ever dreaming I might see it, let alone drive it as hard as I liked. It does not disappoint. Sometimes time is too short to reveal a car's soul in the course of a necessarily brief track test. If you can emerge with even a glimpse of what they'd be like to race, you can call it a result. The RSR is not like this: I can see exactly why Hurley Haywood and Nick Faure loved the RSR for it is, in truth, nothing less than the most rewarding iteration of the greatest sports car ever invented. A few laps of Donington are a joy, so several hours at Sebring must have been heaven on earth. Ⓜ

Many thanks to classic car specialist William I'Anson (www.williamianson.com) for bringing the RSR to Donington.

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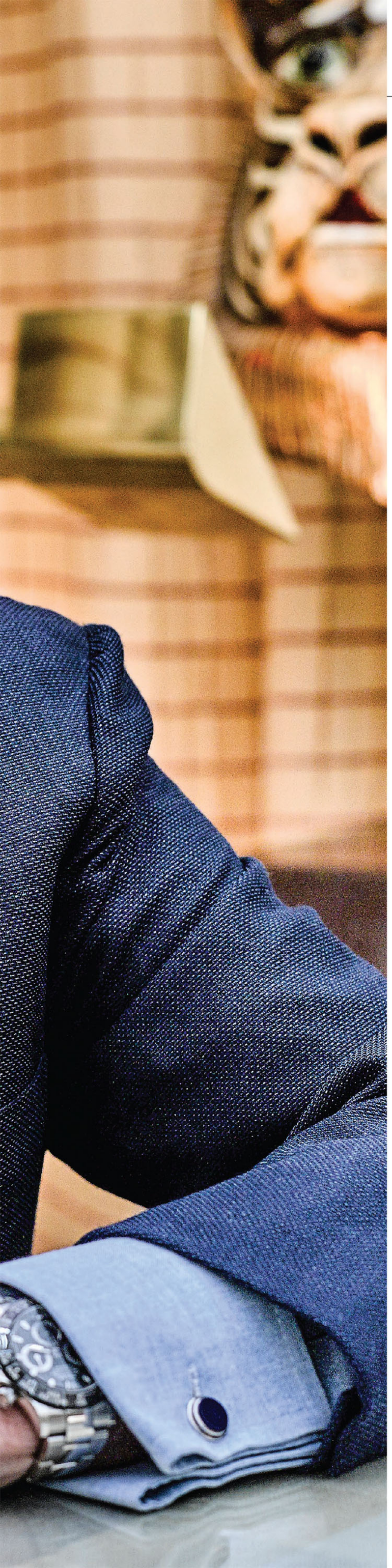


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{ LUNCH WITH }

SIR JACKIE STEWART

For his final lunch, Simon breaks bread with a giant of the sport – triple world champion, F1 team owner and businessman par excellence

writer SIMON TAYLOR | **photographer** JAMES MITCHELL

BY ALMOST ANY MEASURE, Jackie Stewart was the greatest racing driver of his era. Now, more than four decades after he hung up the white helmet with the tartan band, Sir Jackie remains a familiar figure. It's not just because memories live on of his three world championship titles in five seasons, or his 27 Grand Prix wins out of 99 starts. It's also because of his continuing presence in the public eye: his visible friendships with sporting heroes, businessmen, musicians and royalty; his 40-year worldwide role with the Ford Motor Company; his work as an ambassador for brands from Rolex to Heineken; and of course his three-year stretch as the creator and motivator of his own Formula 1 team. Now he's back in the news with his launch of a trust to search for a cure for dementia after Helen, his beloved wife of 54 years, began to develop the condition.

The details of Jackie's racing life, how he spent his 11 seasons as a driver, are well known. But aside from his four-wheeled achievements, this is a complex man who admits that he is still, with millions in the bank and a knighthood, driven by feelings of inferiority and a fear of failure.

So I proposed that I should take him to lunch to talk about the man rather than the race results. He responded by inviting me to his home in Buckinghamshire. Every house he and Helen have had – their first little bungalow in Dumbuck, his place on the borders of Lake Geneva at the height of his F1 career, now this comfortable mansion where they've lived for the past 20 years – has been called Clayton House. He originally devised the name to combine his two early passions of clay pigeon shooting and driving a car at over the ton.

The current Clayton House stands in 150 acres of fine countryside. The lawns are immaculately mown, the hedges geometrically clipped, the horticultural machinery in the crisp barns is as clean as race-ready single-seaters. Scattered around the lush grounds are 47 wooden seats, each carved with the name of a past racing figure whom Jackie has known. A few commemorate men like Fangio and Prof Watkins, but the majority are in memory of friends and colleagues – from Jo Siffert to

Bob McIntyre, from Mark Donohue to Roger Williamson – who during Jackie's life have died racing.

The house is hung with a startling collection of paintings: two Lowreys, a massive Landseer portrait of Sir Walter Scott which dominates the hall, even – astonishingly – a small Turner. Jackie is also fond of modern Scottish painters, and their work is liberally displayed. Several dramatic Zurini automotive sculptures are on view but only a few trophies, just those that are especially cherished among the hundreds that he won. The rest are stored in the outbuildings with all the rest of what Jackie dismisses as his "junk", along with a pair of Stewart F1 cars that he has retained and the Tyrrells, 003 and 005, that won him two of his titles and which he has bequeathed to his sons Paul and Mark.

There is a large dining room, but we eat in the more informal surroundings of the conservatory. Our meal is cooked and served by the Clayton House staff: Jackie employs 18 people to run his business life, the house and the estate. We start with Scottish smoked salmon from the River Spey, followed by chicken in mushroom sauce and strawberries and cream. Afterwards there are chocolates and camomile tea.

It's all a long way from Dumbuck and the little house next door to his father's small garage. "It had two bedrooms, my parents in one, my brother Jimmy and me in the other. I lived there until I was 23, when I moved out to get married to Helen."

Jackie was about nine years old when he realised he wasn't like the other kids at Dumbarton Academy Primary. "When it was my turn to stand up in front of the class and read from a book, I couldn't do it. All I saw on the page in front of me was a dense jumble of letters. The teacher said I was dumb, I was thick, I was idle. The other kids taunted me. I can't describe the shame and humiliation I felt." After twice failing his 11-plus young Stewart had to leave the Academy. At 15, to his relief, he left school to work on the pumps in his father's garage.

"When I married Helen I hadn't told her that I couldn't read or write. All through my career as a racing driver, even though I was making speeches at dinners, doing deals, appearing on TV chat shows, I still felt inadequate in anything to do with words. My inferiority complex meant I had to try harder at everything, pay attention to every detail, just to keep up with everyone else. I developed a photographic memory, so that I could recite every corner on every circuit, every braking distance and gear-change point, even for the Nürburgring.

"Years later, when my younger son Mark was 12 years old and struggling at his school near our home in Switzerland, his headmaster suggested he had learning difficulties which should be investigated. In London, after 20 minutes of tests, the specialist told us: 'Your son is dyslexic.' I didn't know what he was talking about, but when he said it was often hereditary I asked to be tested too.







SIR JACKIE STEWART
CAREER IN BRIEF

Born: 11/6/39, Milton, Scotland
1961-63 numerous sports car victories **1964** British F3 champion **1965** F1 with BRM, scored his first world championship victory at Monza – only his eighth such race **1966-67** F1, BRM; led '66 Indy 500 **1968** F1, Tyrrell Matra **1969** world champion, Tyrrell Matra **1970** F1, Tyrrell March **1971** & **1973** world champion, Tyrrell-Cosworth; retired at the end of 1973 with 27 GP wins from 99 starts

"And so, at the age of 41, I was diagnosed as severely dyslexic. In 1948 the phrase 'learning difficulties' hadn't been coined, and nobody at Dumbarton Academy had heard of dyslexia. All my life I'd been drowning, and now I'd been thrown a lifebelt. I wasn't thick and stupid after all. I later learned that many successful sportsmen are dyslexic: Muhammad Ali, Steve Redgrave, Carl Lewis, Duncan Goodhew, Sandy Lyle, a long list. When they finally find they are good at something they put into it more passion, more pain, and they succeed." Typically, Jackie has thrown himself into publicising dyslexia, becoming president of Dyslexia Scotland, and helping to get £1.4 million of state funds allocated to educating universities and teachers' colleges about the condition.

"To this day I can't use a computer or an iPhone, I can't find the letters on a keyboard to tap out my own name. I can't recite the alphabet past P. One of my PAs goes through my correspondence with me every day, and I dictate my replies. My book *Winning Is Not Enough*, which runs to 550 pages, took me several years, talking every word into a voice recorder.

"Back in 1954, swapping misery at school for a job in my dad's garage gave me a different focus. Aged 15 all I was good at was cleaning the floors, washing cars and serving petrol. But I decided to do those jobs as well as they could be done. If I served a customer with his petrol faster and cleaned his windscreen better I'd get a tip. I earned more in tips than I did from my wages, and by the time I was 17 I'd saved up £375, enough to buy myself a brand new Austin A30. I didn't know it, but that was to be the only car I ever bought with my own money.

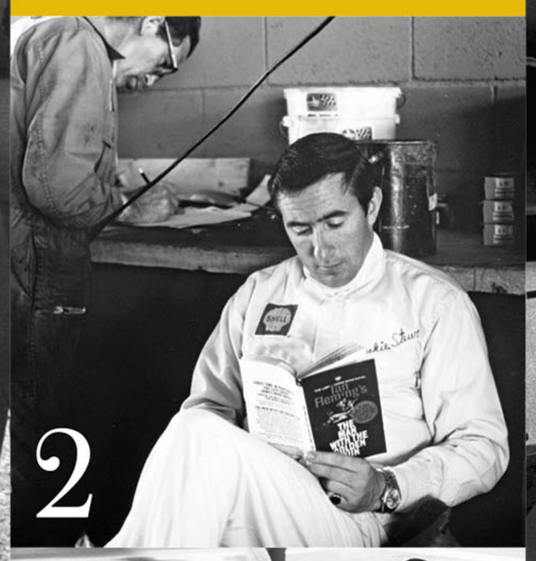
"What rescued me was clay pigeon shooting. My father was a good shot, and he set up a small hand trap in our back garden and let me use his 12-bore. When I was 15 I won my first-ever shooting competition, got a huge trophy and £5, and that completely altered my self-confidence. I shot for Scotland, and then Great Britain. I kept shooting until motor racing came into my life at 23. It taught me the first rudiments of mind management. In shooting, if you lose a target you can't get it back. When I started racing I realised it was just the same: if you make a small mistake you won't get it back. Every corner, every lap, had to be perfect."

JACKIE TOOK HIS FIRST STEPS IN RACING when a wealthy customer at the garage, Barry Filer, offered him drives in local events in his Porsche Super 90, and then a Marcos. He went well, and David Murray, whose team Ecurie Ecosse had run his older brother Jimmy some years before, put him in their Tojeiro-Buick and Cooper Monaco sports-racers. His speed in these rather elderly machines caught the eye of Ken Tyrrell. Tyrrell was running the works Cooper-BMC Formula 3 team, and his chosen drivers for 1964 were Timmy Mayer and Warwick Banks. Then Mayer was killed in the Tasman race at Longford, and Tyrrell had a seat to fill. Jackie was summoned to Goodwood for a test.

"I'd never driven a single-seater, and I didn't know anything. Bruce McLaren, lead driver in the Cooper F1 team, did the first laps to set a benchmark. Then, after Mr Tyrrell had told me sternly to play myself in gently, I went out. After three laps he called me in, looking displeased:

ALL IMAGES LAT















1 Young hopeful tries Tyrrell's F3 Cooper **2** Reading Ian Fleming, but words didn't come easy for JYS **3** Mexico 1969: Jackie jokes with close friend Jochen Rindt **4** 1970: Ford powers Jackie's March – and his future career **5** 1973 US GP would have been Stewart's century if not for death of team-mate Cevert **6** JYS was reluctant to become F1 team owner, but Ford persuaded him **7** With racer son Paul, core of Stewart Grand Prix **8** BRM F1 seat in 1965 came after only one year of F3



'I thought I told you to take it gently!' I did some more laps, then Bruce did some more laps. Typically Ken played his cards close to his chest, didn't give me any times. But John Cooper, watching at Madgwick, came running back and shouted to Ken, 'You've got to sign that boy!' I found out later that I'd beaten Bruce's best time.

"Ken drove me back to his house for afternoon tea and said, 'I want you to drive for me. I'm going to offer you £10,000 a year [a huge sum of money then, especially for F3] and you have to give me 10 per cent of your earnings from prize money and bonuses for the next 10 years.' This rocked me on my heels a bit, so I said, 'What if I want to keep the prize money and the bonuses?' He said, 'Then I'll pay you £5 a year.' That was the minimum sum then for a legal contract. I went home to Helen – we had no money at all, nothing except our bungalow – and we discussed it. I phoned Ken back and said, 'Mr Tyrrell, I'd like to take the £5.'

"Two weeks later I had my first outing for him, the opening round of the F3 championship at Snetterton. It poured with rain. It was only a 10-lapper, but I won by 44 seconds, and took home £186." All that season Jackie was virtually unbeatable, winning the British F3 Championship and European races at Monaco, Zandvoort, Reims and Rouen. "At the end of the year I'd made £10,000, so I reckoned I'd given Ken the right answer.

"That October I went to the Earl's Court Motor Show, which is where deals got done in those days. On the Ford stand I was drooling over a creamy white Zodiac with chrome wheels and red upholstery. A man leant on the rail next to me and said, 'How do you like it?' I said, 'It's fantastic.' He said, 'I'm Walter Hayes, and I know who you are. If you sign a contract with Ford I'll give you that car, and £500.'"

It was a very shrewd move by Hayes, who was Ford's director of public affairs and the man charged with changing its image from cheap and dreary to virile and high-performance, using initiatives like the Cosworth DFV F1 engine and the Lotus Cortina. His deal with Jackie lasted from 1964 to 2004, and involved Jackie in much more than publicity work. By the end his contract stipulated 52 days a year, much of it testing pre-production prototypes and preaching vehicle dynamics to the technical staff in Detroit.

Jackie's F3 success inevitably brought Formula 1 offers, and for 1965 – still only his second season as a full-time professional racing driver – he joined BRM as No2 to Graham Hill. He finished in the points in his first Grand Prix, was on the podium in his next three, and won his eighth, at Monza, finishing third in the world championship. "Jim Clark was world champion again that year. Since my first days in racing in Scotland Jimmy had been my hero. He helped me a lot, and we became very close. At one point we shared a flat in London. In those days drivers relaxed together, and Helen and I went on holiday with Jochen and Nina Rindt and Jim and Sally Stokes, who was Jim's main girlfriend at the time. Jim was clever: he had a lot of girlfriends, and he managed things so that each of them thought she was the only one."

Jackie's perfectionism, and his determination to hide his problems, made him concentrate on every detail out of the car as well as in it. "Graham taught me so much. He was a very good public speaker, and I watched how he did it. He had a little black book with all his jokes written down. I couldn't do the black book, but I got some good jokes and remembered them. Graham always dressed well: he told me you had to go to Savile Row to get a good suit. I found Kilgour, French & Stanbury were a bit constipated, so I went to Doug Hayward. You'd go in there and there'd be Roger Moore getting new suits, or one of the Rothschilds. Racing drivers have big necks and I have short arms, so I went to Jermyn Street to get my shirts made, and I got George Cleverley to make my shoes. He made shoes for everybody, from Winston Churchill to Danny Kaye. He worked until he died at 92, but the firm is still going, and I've never bought a pair of shoes from anyone else."

Jackie began to grow his hair very long, which was the norm for rock stars then but unheard of among racing drivers. Was this, I ask, done for marketing and image reasons, the 1960s equivalent of Lewis Hamilton's tattoos and bling? No, says Jackie somewhat unconvincingly: it was just that when he moved to Switzerland he had a different man to cut his hair.

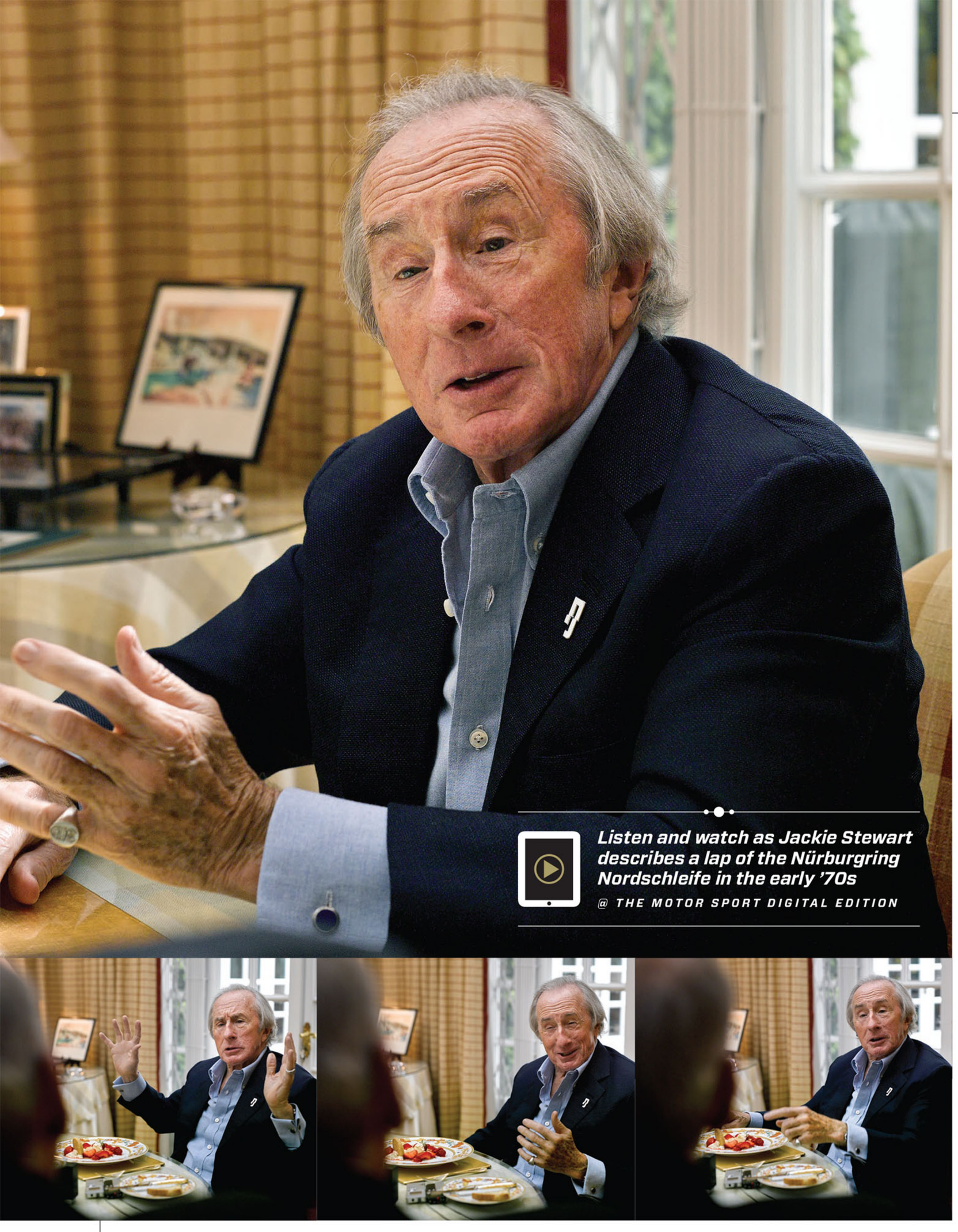
Jackie did three seasons with BRM. In 1966, three weeks after scoring a great win at Monaco, he had the worst accident of his career at Spa. During the first lap of the Belgian Grand Prix, going through the Masta Kink at around 170mph, he hit a river of water and aquaplaned off the track. He hit a telegraph pole, demolished a hut, and ended up trapped in the wreckage soaked in fuel. Incredibly, there was no sign of any marshals or emergency crews. Fortunately two other drivers who had gone off at the same spot, his team-mate Hill and Bob Bondurant, came to his rescue. Hill had to borrow a spanner from a spectator's car to remove the steering wheel and get him out. It was half an hour before he was taken on a grubby canvas stretcher to the so-called medical room, where the floor was littered with cigarette ends. This accident, which could so easily have been fatal, convinced him that drivers needed to insist on safety facilities at all circuits being improved.

By 1967 BRM's star was on the wane, and the heavy H16 was a great disappointment. Jackie was now also racing in F2 for Ken Tyrrell, who was running the British arm of the French Matra team as a prelude to his Formula 1 ambitions. These were realised in 1968, when Ken hired Jackie to race the V8 Cosworth-powered Matras while the French team ran their own V12 cars.

Jackie's three Grand Prix victories that year included an unforgettable day at the Nürburgring when, in dreadful conditions of



"I MADE MYSELF VERY UNPOPULAR WITH RACE ORGANISERS, TRACK OWNERS, THE CSI, EVEN WITH JOURNALISTS"



Listen and watch as Jackie Stewart describes a lap of the Nürburgring Nordschleife in the early '70s

@ THE MOTOR SPORT DIGITAL EDITION

fog and rain, he beat the rest of the field by more than *four minutes*. Despite missing two rounds because of a wrist injury he finished second in the championship. From 1969 the Tyrrell/Stewart partnership clicked into overdrive, and in the next five seasons, first with Matra-Ford and then with Tyrrell's own chassis, Jackie was champion three times.

THROUGHOUT HIS CAREER HE WAS always a prodigious worker, racing when time allowed in everything from sports and touring cars to the Indy 500. He persuaded Goodyear to give Tyrrell an exclusive tyre testing contract, going to South Africa in the winter and doing two full Grand Prix distances a day at Kyalami, every day for two weeks. "Every lap had to be under the record to understand fully the behaviour of each compound and construction.

"As well as F1 for Tyrrell, I was making public appearances to honour my contracts with Ford, Goodyear and Elf, I was doing stuff for Moët champagne and Rolex, and I'd also started working on American TV as a commentator for ABC's *Wide World of Sports*. Plus I was racing in the Can-Am Series for Carl Haas in that L&M Lola, which was a terrible thing. I only won two races in it. I'd fly from wherever the Grand Prix was to wherever the Can-Am race was, I'd go straight from the plane to do a public appearance at a shopping mall, then do a dinner that night, and be at the track next morning for practice. After the Can-Am race I'd have to rush to catch the first plane out and make it to the next Grand Prix. Police escorts to the airport never quite seemed to work, and I found the quickest way through the crowds was to persuade an ambulance man to give me a ride, siren going, lights flashing. With all that and the work for Ford and Goodyear and ABC TV, in 1971 I crossed the Atlantic 87 times. But I won the world championship again, and that season I earned a million pounds, quite a sum in those days. But I also contracted mononucleosis and developed an ulcer, although I only missed one Grand Prix while that was sorted out."

Jackie was now devoting a lot of time and energy to racing safety. He reckons that, during his 11-season career, 57 drivers died in different types of racing. "In 1968 there seemed to be no end to it. On April 7 I was in Spain, ironically inspecting the safety provisions at the Jarama circuit, and I got the shattering news that Jimmy had been killed in an F2 race at Hockenheim. Exactly one month later, May 7, my former team-mate Mike Spence died at Indianapolis. A month after that, June 8, Lodovico Scarfiotti was killed in the Rossfeld hillclimb. One more month, July 7, Jo Schlesser was burned to death in the French GP at Rouen. And four weeks after that I was racing in that wet German Grand Prix at the 'Ring. After I'd taken the chequered flag and come back to the pits my first words to Ken Tyrrell were: 'Is everybody OK?'

"I decided that Formula 1 drivers had to make their voice heard. There were some simple things that could be done, not very expensive things, that could make the tracks safer. And the marshalling and medical facilities at many circuits desperately needed to be improved. I was in the best position to take a stand. I'd been making my views felt ever since Jimmy's death, and the fact that I could then go out and win at the 'Ring in the wet showed that I wasn't making a noise because I couldn't win races. I was making a noise because I didn't want any more people to be needlessly killed.

"I made myself very unpopular, with the race organisers, the track owners, the governing body the CSI, even with the journalists. Denis Jenkinson on your *Motor Sport*, hugely respected and about the best writer of all on F1 racing, dubbed me and the drivers who agreed with me 'milk and water' racers. Even Ken Tyrrell wasn't happy, because he thought I was burning myself up with all this stuff. A lot of the drivers were shy of publicly saying they agreed with me, and one or two actually believed I was wrong. Jacky Ickx, for one, thought I was being unreasonable. But the Grand Prix Drivers' Association, made up just of us F1 drivers, elected me their president."

In 1969 four more drivers with F1 experience were killed: Lucien Bianchi, Paul Hawkins, Moises Solana and Gerhard Mitter. Then 1970, and on June 2 Bruce McLaren died testing his Can-Am car at Goodwood. Less than three weeks later Piers Courage was burned to death in the Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort. Taking all levels of motor sport into account, in that spring and early summer a shocking total of



Mementoes include Stewart and Tyrrell F1 cars. Below, Stewart raced wearing this wrist support after injury

17 racing drivers were killed in just four months.

"A few days after Piers' death most of the F1 drivers came to London for Bruce's memorial service at St Paul's Cathedral. Afterwards we all gathered in [BRM boss] Louis Stanley's suite at the top of the Dorchester Hotel. I said, 'Look, this is ridiculous, we can't go on like this.' Jochen Rindt had just come back from inspecting the Nürburgring ahead of the German Grand Prix, and he'd asked for a few reasonable changes: marshals with fire extinguishers around the circuit, run-off areas in a couple of particularly dangerous places. It wasn't as though we were asking for Armco barrier on both sides of an entire 14.5-mile track. But the circuit people refused to do anything. Nothing at all.

"I said, 'If we put up with this and go to the 'Ring we'll have no power to influence any other track to spend any money on safety. We mustn't go.' That didn't go over at all well: most of the members didn't like the idea of a boycott. So I called for a vote. I said if I was outvoted I'd resign from the GPDA, because I couldn't condone going to the 'Ring when they'd refused to do anything at all. It was looking like I would lose, then just before the vote was taken Jack Brabham stood up. 'Jackie's right. If we don't refuse to go, we're out of it.' That swung the vote, and we agreed that I should tell the organisers of the German Grand Prix, which was six weeks away, that we wouldn't race at the 'Ring.

"There was a hell of a row. In those days 375,000 people used to come to the German Grand Prix, and it was important to the



economy in the Eifel region. I had death threats. But of course they couldn't run the race without us. It was hastily moved to Hockenheim for that year, and by the following year the Nürburgring lot had made most of the changes we'd asked for.

"But then in September came that black Saturday, Jochen Rindt's death at Monza. Jochen and I were very close, and Helen and Nina are still best friends. The Rindts were our neighbours in Switzerland, and Jochen used to spend more time in our house than he did in his own.

"It was Saturday practice. I was in the pits about to go out, and Peter Gethin, who was driving for McLaren, came in and said 'Jochen's had a big shunt, it doesn't look good.' I rushed to race control, and they told me he was being brought by ambulance to the medical centre. When I got there they were bringing Jochen in on the back of a VW pick-up thing. His injuries were terrible. He never liked wearing the crutch straps on his seat belts, and he had submarined forward in the impact. There was a lot of blood, but he wasn't bleeding. So I knew his heart wasn't beating, and I knew he was dead.

"I still had to go out to set a grid time. I was in the car waiting for Ken to send me out – I was still in the blue March 701, because the first Tyrrell wasn't ready – and I pulled down my visor and burst into tears. Then I had to go out, and it was like throwing a switch. I had a job to do. The concentration kicked in and I did three laps, qualified on the second row. Then I came back in, got out of the car, took off my helmet, and burst into tears again. Somebody

"IF WE GO TO THE 'RING WE'LL HAVE NO INFLUENCE AT ANY TRACK. WE MUST NOT GO"

gave me a bottle of Coca-Cola, I drank it, and then I did something totally out of character for me. I smashed the bottle against the wall, shards of glass everywhere. In the car I was in control, out of the car I was not in control." The March shouldn't have been a match for the Ferraris, but in the race the next day Jackie led the slipstreaming group for 17 laps, and finished second.

During 1973, as it became increasingly clear that he would be world champion again by a comfortable margin, Jackie decided it would be his last season. He told Ken in confidence, but didn't tell Helen because he didn't want her to be counting down, race by race, to his retirement. In the Stewart household the dangers could never be forgotten. "Jo Bonnier was another close neighbour in Switzerland, and our elder son Paul, aged seven, went to the same school as little Kim Bonnier. Two weeks after Jo was killed at Le Mans, on the school bus Kim said to Paul, 'My daddy's dead, and your daddy's going to be next.'

"The final Grand Prix of the season, at Watkins Glen, would be my 100th, which seemed like a good point to finish. François Cevert had been my No2 for four seasons, and he'd become my friend, my protégé, almost my younger brother. Ken had decided he would be the team's No1 for 1974: he'd told me, but he hadn't yet told François."

Two weeks previously in the Canadian Grand Prix at Mosport Cevert had tangled with Jody Scheckter, hurting his legs, and it was decided that he and Jackie should spend a few days in Bermuda so that François could recuperate

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before Watkins Glen. "We stayed in this beach club, and most of the other guests were rich Americans who were, let's say, no longer young. The place was like a morgue. So on the third day, sitting in the dining room at dinner with everybody talking in hushed tones, François saw a piano in the corner and said, 'I'm going to wake them up a bit.' As you know, he was a brilliant pianist, and he launched into some loud boogie-woogie. This didn't go down at all well, and some of the old dears were summoning the management to get him to stop. So he moved seamlessly into Beethoven's piano sonata No8 in C minor, *The Pathétique*. After that they all adored him."

At Watkins Glen the accident happened during Saturday morning's practice. Tyrrell was running a third car for Chris Amon, and when Jackie came over the brow and saw the road strewn with blue bodywork, he assumed it was Amon who had crashed. "Then I saw Chris walking towards me beside the track. I slowed and gave him an enquiring thumbs-up, but he gave me a grim-faced sign back. That meant it must be François. I stopped, got out of my car and ran towards the wreckage. Jody was walking back towards me, and he said, 'Don't go there, you don't want to see.' But of course I had to, he was my team-mate. It was a terrible sight, his body was horribly mutilated. I stood there two feet from him, in total shock. Ken withdrew the team from the next day's race, and my career as a racing driver was over."



TEN YEARS LATER, WHEN PAUL WAS 17, he announced that he wanted to be a racing driver. Jackie and Helen were dismayed, but Paul was adamant, and in the end Jackie decided that, once Paul had finished university in America, the best way to approach it was to do it properly. Paul Stewart Racing was launched with all the Stewart efficiency, and fielded cars in the single-seater formulae for a variety of drivers as well as Paul, including a young David Coulthard.

"PSR won 13 championships, but Formula 1 was a big step. What happened was the Ford Motor Company was involved in Formula 1 with Sauber, and wasn't getting anywhere.

"In 1995 I was flying to Dearborn on one of the Ford private jets with Jac Nasser, soon to be the president of Ford, plus Neil Ressler, the company's chief technical officer. They asked me what I thought they should do. I said: 'You should get out. You're not going to win anything with Sauber.' They said they had to stay in, because their international dealer network felt it was important.

"So I said I'd run an F1 team for them. They could put up the money, and I'd do it for cost plus 10 per cent. They said, 'The board will never agree to Ford owning an F1 team. You should do it yourself.' I wasn't keen on that, but Paul liked the idea, and I got talked into it. I told Ford I'd do it if I got the engines for nothing and they paid half the driver costs.

"So Stewart Grand Prix happened, with Paul as chief operating officer and me selling the sponsorship. We had HSBC, Hewlett Packard, Lear Corporation, Texaco and others, and we were very well-funded. In the three years we ran the team we never lost money. In fact we made £5 million profit every year. In our fifth Grand Prix, Monaco, Rubens Barrichello finished second. In our third season we were fourth in the Constructors' Championship ahead of Williams and Benetton, and Johnny Herbert won us the German Grand Prix.

"Then Ford said they wanted to buy the team. I didn't want to sell. I wanted a family business that Paul and I could grow. But they kept coming back. First they offered $100 million. I still said I wasn't selling. Then they raised their offer to $130 million, and we went with that.

"Under Ford it was a disaster. The cars were painted green and branded as Jaguars, but over five seasons it never really worked. Neil Ressler ran it first, but had to return to America when his daughter got very sick. He appointed Bobby Rahal, who had run a good Indy team, but was lost in F1. Then they tried Niki Lauda, but he was rarely ever there. Then it was Tony Purnell, who'd been running an electronics company that Ford had bought. In the end Ford sold it to Red Bull for almost nothing. And Red Bull has done rather well with my old team…

"People say Formula 1 must have been better in my day, the good old days. But they were the bad old days: look how many people got killed.

"On the whole I think Bernie [Ecclestone] has been good for Formula 1. It wouldn't be what it is today without him. But some things are difficult to agree with – like the threat of losing the British Grand Prix. Bernie says, if you can't pay we'll go somewhere else, there are lots of new places that will pay. But the new places don't have the heritage, the history. Formula 1 needs a British Grand Prix, it needs Monaco, it needs a German GP and an Italian.

"If I were at the top of Mercedes today, I'd get out now while they're on top. It can't get better, and they can't afford to be second. Remember what they did in the 1950s: come in for two years, win everything, walk away. But if I was Honda, I'd stay in until they become real winners. They have massive resources, and there's an awful loss of dignity for them, and for McLaren. They must stay until they get it right.

"As for the Lewis and Nico thing: in my time you never needed to try to out-psych your team-mate because there was usually a proper No1 and No2. At BRM I was number two to Graham, and sometimes I beat him, but he was never the prima donna, he never once played a card against me. I don't approve of the public wrangling between those two, and I blame the team for that. It wouldn't have happened under Ken Tyrrell."

Now Jackie is working full-time on his new trust. He calls it Race against Dementia, and he is pursuing it with all his usual energy, determination and attention to detail. "I've put in £1 million to start it off. A pharmaceutical billionaire who has just sold his company has put in £1 million. This week a well-known businessman put in £100,000. The website is getting lots of hits, people are sending in fivers and tenners, which is really wonderful. We've put together a really good advisory group to ensure we use the money fruitfully, and we're looking for a medical Adrian Newey or Gordon Murray to drive the research.

"Around the world there are 45 million people suffering from dementia, and now that people are living longer there is a one in three chance that you will get it in your lifetime. The cost of caring for dementia sufferers in this country is more than the cost of caring for sufferers of heart disease and cancer combined.

"It's an epidemic, and a cure has got to be found. This is the most important thing I've ever done in my life."

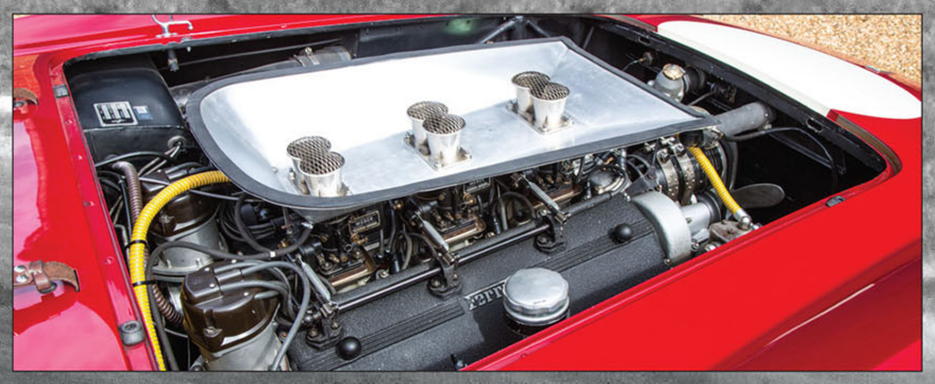
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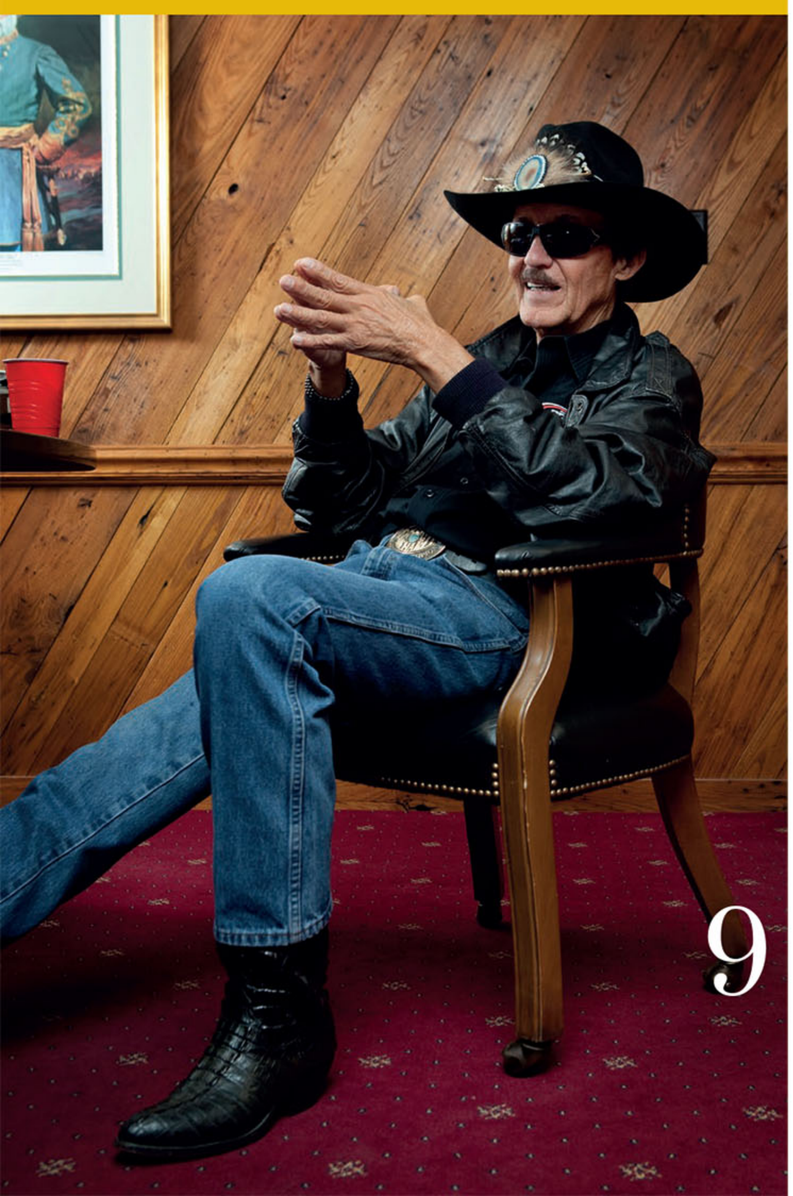


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1 Prof Watkins was a special favourite 2 Mark Webber helicoptered in 3 Dan Gurney in the Eagle workshop 4 Alan Jones enjoyed a good steak 5 Chris Amon, much missed 6 David Richards on Prodrive success 7 John Fitch relived 1955 Le Mans crash 8 No lunch with Keke Rosberg 9 Richard Petty: cowboy hat, shades and red plastic cup









{ LUNCH WITH }

SIMON TAYLOR

TIME FOR THE BILL

After 125 'Lunch with' interviews, Simon Taylor is hanging up his... knife and fork. He reflects on 10 memorable years and an incredible body of work

LAST WEEK, IN JACKIE Stewart's conservatory, I finished off the last of my strawberries and cream, drained my cup of camomile tea and, not without an inward tear, swallowed my final *Lunch with...* for *Motor Sport*.

Over the past 10 years and five months it has been my great privilege to take lunch with 125 special people. In their different ways, every one has enriched our lives: world champions, Le Mans winners, Indy 500 winners, rally drivers, NASCAR drivers, a land speed record holder, a drag racer, team owners, designers, mechanics, a doctor, a broadcaster. In my conversations and my questions, and then in the three-quarters of a million words that resulted, I have done my best to uncover the true character of each guest.

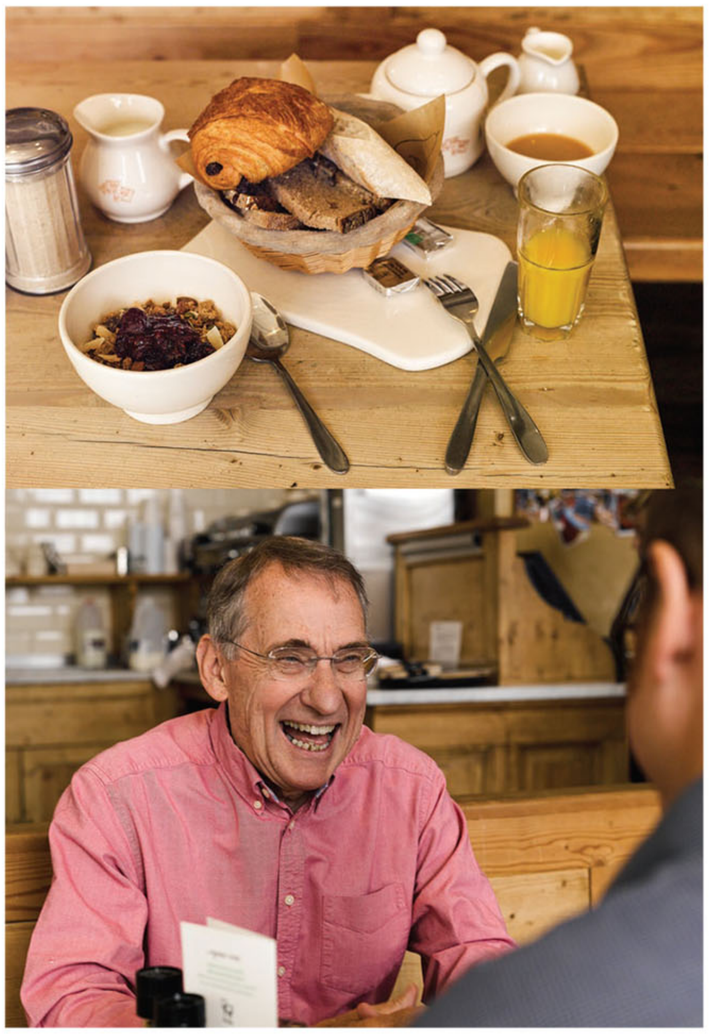
There have been stories of joys and tragedies, opinions and condemnations, anecdotes, wit, often surprises, sometimes previously untold secrets. The relaxed atmosphere of a pleasant lunch has usually encouraged my guests to be far more frank and direct than they might have been in the more guarded environment of a typical journalist's interview.

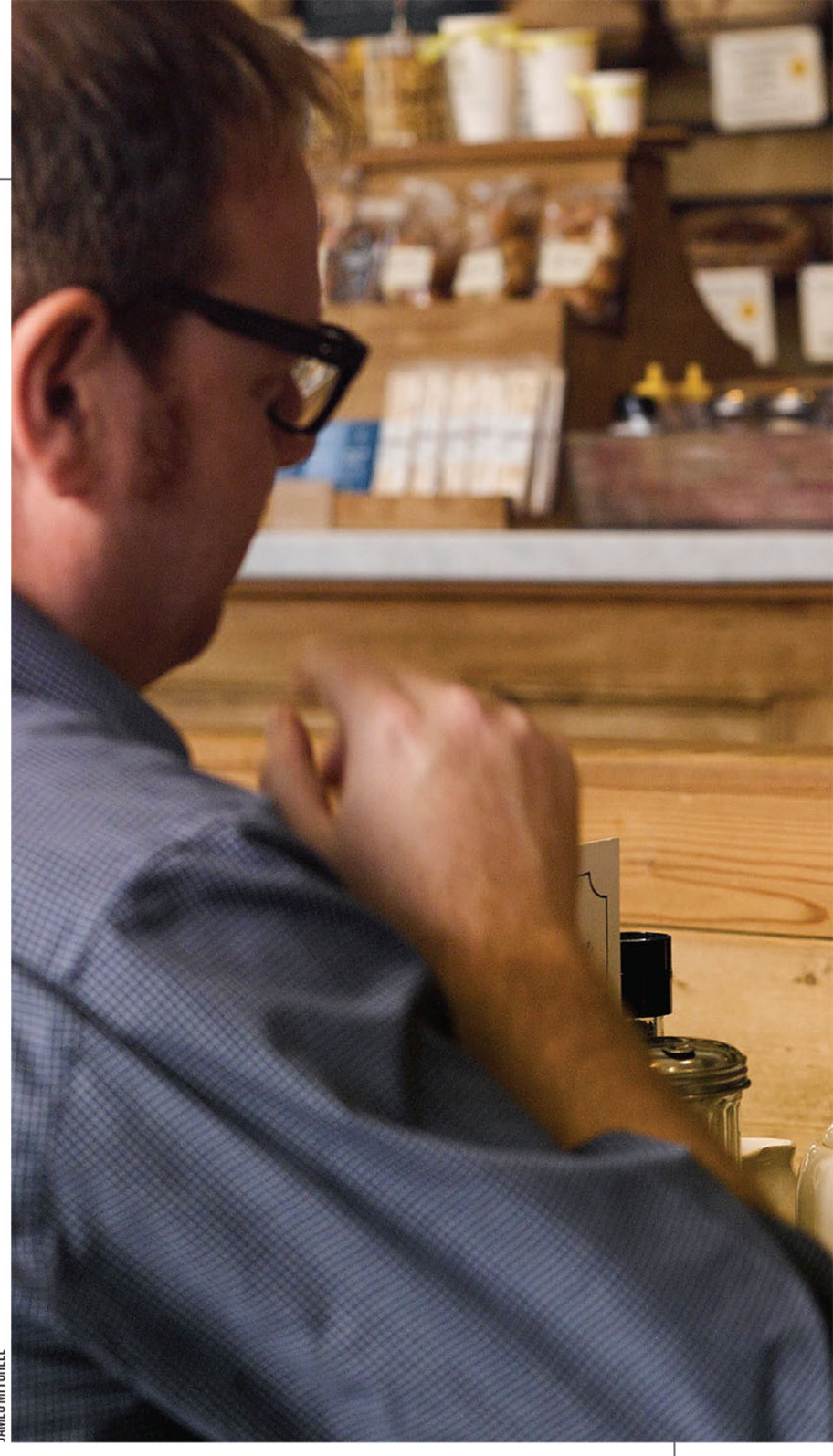
A lot of readers have been very kind and said they liked the series. Down the years I have had letters and e-mails from around the world. Strangers have come up to me at race meetings, in airport departure lounges and even on one occasion in a supermarket. One had an entire article embossed on metal and framed, and presented it to its subject. A book publisher produced a hard-back collection of 25 lunches (now out of print, but secondhand copies can be found). *Motor Sport* themselves may produce in the future a one-shot with a larger selection if they think there's a demand: meanwhile they're all on the website.

And now I have decided that *Lunch with...* has run its course for me. Lots of clichés will explain why: all good things come to an end, a change is as good as a rest, best to quit while you're ahead. Of course I'll go on writing for this wonderful magazine – which incidentally I started reading 65 years ago, soon after I learned to read. (I remember I had quite a lot of trouble with Wolseley and de Graffenried, and Freikaiserwagen defeated me completely).

This lunch thing started in 2006, when *Motor Sport* wanted to create a series of in-depth interviews with leading motor sport figures. The crux was that sitting down together over lunch would lead to some revealing conversation – and so it proved. First on stage was FIA president Max Mosley, a controversial figure, adept at making a journalist think what he wanted him to think. I'd known Max since we both raced in Clubmans Formula events in the late 1960s. In 1970, as one of the cash-strapped owners of March and eager for publicity in his hunt for sponsors, he let me do a few laps in one of the team's F1 cars. When I spun and stalled at Woodcote, a spectating Ronnie Peterson chortled loud enough for me to hear inside my helmet. So Max and I went back a long way, and I hoped I could deal with most of his circumlocutions.

After we'd talked in his Monte Carlo office, he suggested lunch in the sunshine of Casino Square at the Café de Paris. It was a fascinating two hours. The readers liked the result, and the editor told me to line up some more heroes.





JAMES MITCHELL

SUBS SPEND THEIR LIVES PRUNING profligate journalists' copy, and I was asked to keep those early lunches to a fairly conventional length. But when Damien Smith returned as editor at the end of 2007 he believed that *Motor Sport* was the one magazine in its field which should give its readers longer articles if the subject and the treatment merited it. He agreed that I should have between 5500 and 6000 words for each interview, so I could probe deeper into my subjects' lives.

I've travelled a fair distance, all over Europe, Australia, Canada, the USA from east to west. The farthest I went for lunch was to New Zealand and Chris Amon, a gentle and unpretentious man and one of the most underestimated F1 talents of all time. He drove six hours from his home on Lake Taupo to meet me in Auckland, and his choice of venue was a bistro that just happened to be next door to the humble filling station where, in an upstairs room, Bruce McLaren was born. I heard the sad news of Chris's death as I was writing this.

I always told my guest I would take him (or her – thank you, Desiré) to any restaurant, pub or bistro they chose. Some were grand, like Bibendum (Alain de Cadenet) or Langan's (Steve Soper). One was Harry Ramsden's original fish'n'chip shop in Yorkshire (Brian Redman), one was a Monte Carlo balcony overlooking the harbour (Roy Salvadori). Three were in golf clubs (Frank Gardner in Queensland, Darrell Waltrip in Tennessee, Eddie Jordan at Wentworth). Peter Warr wanted the best restaurant near his home in south-western France, a Michelin three-rosette job. Fortunately it was closed, although the second-best wasn't cheap. On the wine list was a 1950 Petrus at £3400 a bottle, but he tactfully chose a Tour de Pas at one hundredth of that.

"OVER LUNCH HE DIVULGED THAT INTERPOL HAD ISSUED A WARRANT FOR HIS ARREST"

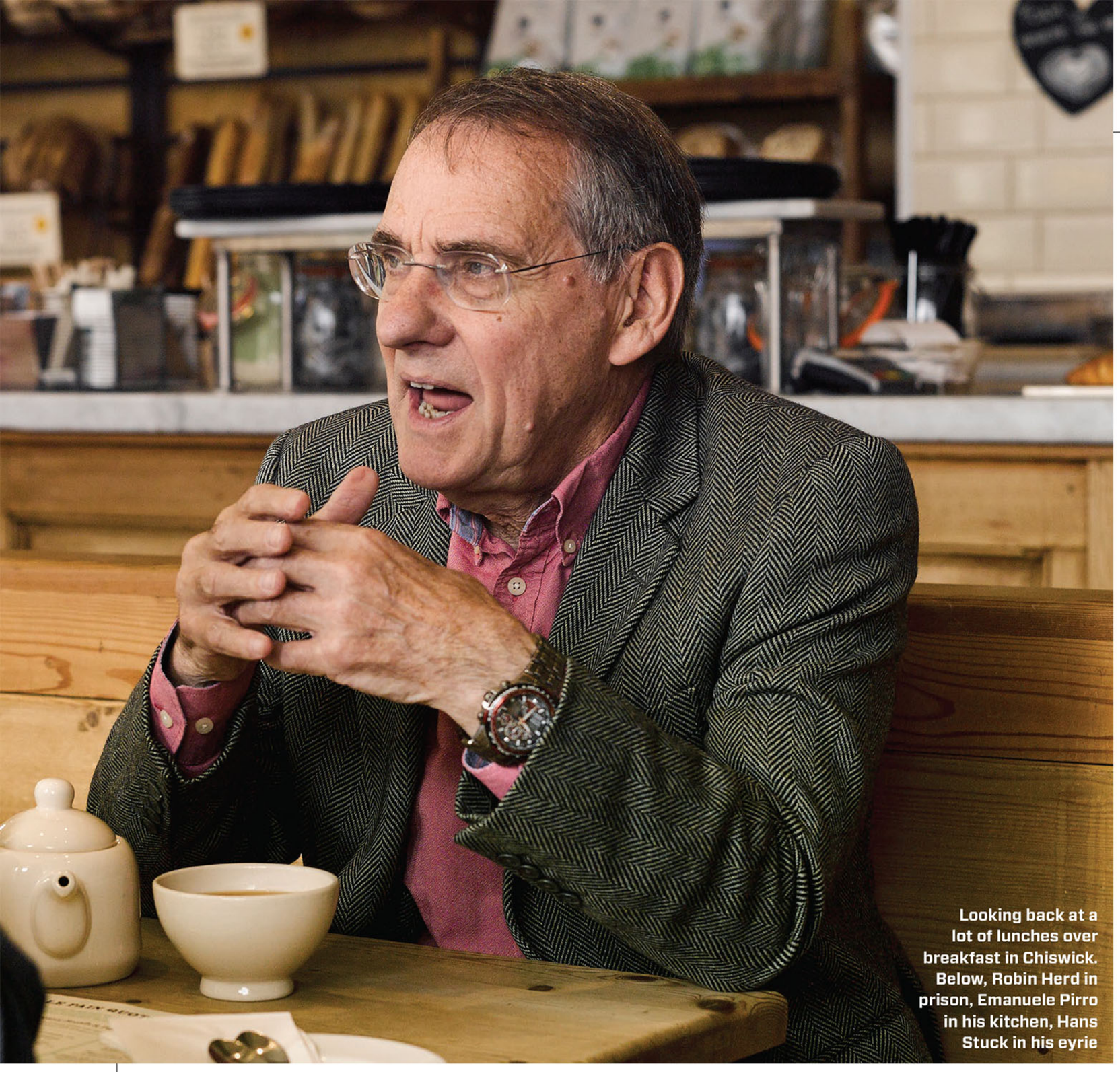
Some preferred to be interviewed at home. Jochen Mass and I ate under the vines shading the terrace of his idyllic French country cottage above the River Loup. Hans Stuck lives in a breathtaking house he designed himself up a mountain in the Austrian Tyrol, surrounded by snow-covered peaks and with a central staircase wrapped around the trunk of an ancient tree.

Stirling Moss asked for coronation chicken on white from the sandwich bar around the corner – "I'm too busy to eat lunch, boy", although we talked for nearly five hours. Mario Andretti took me in his Lamborghini to a hamburger bar in downtown Nazareth, Pa, but ensured that there was a good bottle from his own Californian vineyard on the table. Keke Rosberg said, "I don't do lunch, I'm too fat" but a coffee beside his swimming pool led us into a wonderful afternoon's stories. Emanuele Pirro, who loves to cook, rustled up linguine and sea bass in his kitchen in Olgiata.

I ate with Julian Bailey in his own pub, and Jo Ramirez took me to a genuine Mexican restaurant in London. With Mika Häkkinen I sat exactly where I'd sat in Casino Square with Max Mosley five years before. Mark Webber didn't mind where we met, as long as it had somewhere to land his helicopter, so I found a Hampshire country pub with a meadow. Mark said he'd be there at 1pm, and at 12.58 his chopper came into view over the trees.

Robin Herd, whose humour is irrepressible, recalled the dodgy early days of March by choosing the Oxford restaurant which is a makeover of the old city prison. One cell is preserved, and we photographed Robin sitting on the top bunk. Walter Wolf was surprised that I'd run him to earth on his ranch in Northern Canada: over lunch he cheerfully divulged that he couldn't return to Europe since Interpol had issued a warrant for his arrest.

Ron Dennis agreed to allocate me three hours over lunch in the stainless steel and glass palace that is the McLaren Technology Centre. But it turned out to be a difficult day for him: he arrived an hour late and could only give me 40 minutes. He was very apologetic, and instead asked me for the evening to his magnificent and spotless house (I had to take my shoes off at the door). Then we went to a pub nearby for a memorably frank and revealing chat until they threw us out at closing time. Damien allowed me 7500 words for that one.



Looking back at a lot of lunches over breakfast in Chiswick. Below, Robin Herd in prison, Emanuele Pirro in his kitchen, Hans Stuck in his eyrie







Some of the most memorable lunches were with people who sadly are no longer with us. I felt duly respectful in the North Wales home of *Motor Sport's* eccentric and voluble founder editor Bill Boddy, whose memory at 93 years of age was flawless. Tom Wheatcroft's giant laugh echoed for our entire lunch around the Leicestershire pub he'd chosen. At first Frank Gardner said he didn't want to be interviewed: "If you look back, all you get is a sore neck." But we did it anyway, and his dead-pan humour was just as it had been in the 1960s. He died the following year.

Professor Sid Watkins, simply one of the best people I have ever met in my life within and without motor sport, invited me to his house in the Scottish borders overlooking the River Tweed. We had lunch cooked by his author wife Susan in his kitchen, tales all afternoon, dinner in a fine local restaurant, and then single-malt whisky in his study until 3am. I got three hours' sleep in his guest room before creeping out of the house and into my rental car to catch my plane. Quite a few of Prof's stories were unpublishable, but every one was a gem. Like everyone, I felt a personal loss when he died.

A great help in persuading all these people to lunch with me was that most of them are readers of *Motor Sport*. And many were astonishingly welcoming: Jacky Ickx, a particular hero of mine, insisted on meeting me off the Brussels Eurostar, and was waiting for me on the platform. Dan Gurney e-mailed me to say, "I'd love you to come to Santa Ana for lunch, but you can't interview me because I want to keep all my good stories for my book." The next day he e-mailed again saying, "What the hell, I like that green magazine. Come anyway and I'll tell you my stories." And he did, while we ate in a corner of his still busy workshop surrounded by F1 and Indy Eagles. Dan is one of the world's nicest and most modest men.

When Roger Penske added the British Ferrari concessionaire to his portfolio and was flying in to check it over, he agreed to fit me into his schedule for 20 minutes over a coffee when his private jet landed at 6.30am. He said his philosophy was to look forward, not back, but once I got him going about his own racing and his teams – such as Mark Donohue and the Can-Am Porsche 917/30 – we kept talking in the back of his limo and I got nearly two hours. A few months later Roger invited me to a NASCAR race, and afterwards lent me one of his jets which took me, as its only passenger, to Milwaukee where I was due to lunch with David Hobbs.

Two of the most iconic, and most daunting, Americans were AJ Foyt and Richard Petty. AJ didn't know what to make of me at first, but turned out to be tough, good-humoured and talkative. He also took me to a hamburger joint, because there was nothing else close to his premises in rural Texas.

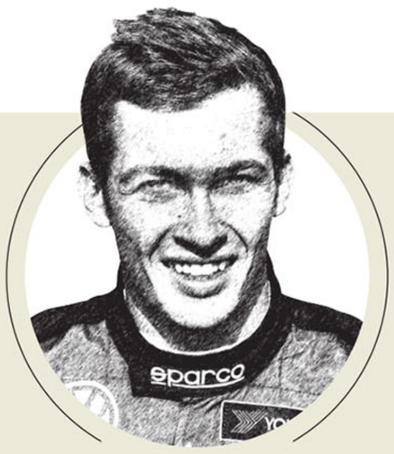
I was reminded that he and Andretti had history when he growled across the table, "Is this burger better 'n Andretti's?"

RICHARD PETTY WAS QUIET, courteous, dead straight. He wore his cowboy hat and his dark glasses throughout, carrying a red plastic cup into which he spat the residue of his chewing tobacco. When the photographer asked him to take off his shades briefly he just said, "Nope." He also took time to show me the beautifully equipped children's camp he has built two miles down the road in memory of his grandson Adam, who was killed in 2000, aged 19. Fully staffed, it caters for terminally ill and seriously disabled kids.

Much of the strength of these pieces has been down to the superb photography of James Mitchell, who shot all the portraits for the UK and European lunches, right back to Mosley. He lives in Italy, so there was a lot of travel for him too, and we got used to meeting in airport lounges and at car rental desks.

Out of all these, don't ask me who was my favourite. All have been wonderfully open with me, all have told me great stories. Most in their different ways have been heroic. A lot have been very funny, some touchingly personal, a few scary. Each one unforgettable.

When I told Damien I'd decided to eat no more lunches, he offered to turn the tables and give me breakfast. On my home turf of Chiswick, Le Pain Quotidien did us excellent granola and stewed fruit, egg muffins and coffee. We agreed, looking back over 10 years, that I've been a very, very lucky boy.



Gustavo Menezes

Sam Smith meets a former single-seater racer who has found instant success in the World Endurance Championship

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A YEAR has made for Gustavo Menezes. In the summer of 2015 he was, by his own admission, struggling in the FIA European F3 midfield. It was the 21-year-old Brazilian-American's second season at that level and results just weren't coming. Indeed, he made headlines only when he was involved in a huge aerial accident at Spa.

Menezes recalibrated over the winter to conclude a deal with the Signatech Alpine LMP2 team for a full WEC campaign – a shrewd choice, it seems, after he secured a Le Mans win at his first attempt. "It has worked out quite nicely, hasn't it?" he says. "It is hard when you are going through tough times in this sport to see light at the end of the tunnel, but I guess everyone goes through it.

"Things didn't come together in 2015, but moving into endurance racing has opened my eyes to many things. I am enjoying the teamwork element so much and learning a great deal about every aspect of racing."

After a hard-fought victory at Spa in May, Menezes and Signatech co-drivers Nicolas Lapierre and Stéphane Richelmi were rated among the favourites in the biggest and best LMP2 field yet assembled at Le Mans. They went on to secure victory in conclusive style, leading more than half the race in the Alpine A460 chassis designed and built by ORECA, and have since also won at the Nürburgring.

"Rain made the start tricky at Le Mans and we played it safe with tyres," Menezes says. "In the first few hours we were not dictating the pace, but we were not worried. When I got in the cockpit for the first time it was dry and we were able to get back up to the front of the field, but in all honesty I didn't know what position we were in because it was just total focus on the car and ensuring we could build a race-winning advantage.

"The big thing for me was the night driving. I did a quadruple stint and it is amazing how quickly you get into a rhythm. After the 12-hour mark we knew that, with the gap we had, we could just keep on doing what we were doing to give ourselves a really good chance. Obviously nobody says it, but we had the feeling that we were in as much control of the race as we could have been – it was a nice sensation."



LAT

CAREER IN BRIEF

Born: 19/9/1984, Los Angeles, America
2002-2010 karting; first title success in 2005
2011-12 Star Mazda, Formula Renault 2.0 **2013** German F3, 4th **2014-15** FIA European F3, United SportsCar Championship **2015** Global Rallycross Championship one-off **2016** LMP2, Signatech Alpine; class victory on Le Mans 24 Hours debut

The scenes of joy at the end of the race were unconfined as proud Signatech boss Philippe Sinault led his troops onto the famous rostrum. "I did my best to soak it all in, but still it was over so quickly," Menezes says. "It was like a dream coming true there and then. The feeling is pretty incredible, the range of emotions extreme."

With the added bonus of double points, Menezes' garden is rosy at the moment but he knows the LMP2 title fight will be tough.

"As long as we approach each weekend as we have been doing, then I'm sure we will get the job done because the Signatech crew is so slick and the car is very capable of winning on any type of track. We feel good about the rest of the season but we still have lots of racing ahead."

Menezes also has eyes on the season-ending WEC rookie test in Bahrain, where the three LMP1 manufacturers offer up a seat for the day.

"LMP2 is great preparation for an LMP1 chance," he says, "so if an opportunity comes to get my hands on the wheel of one of those cars then I'll grab it. I'm going to be pushing hard to get an opportunity like this. The first objective is the WEC LMP2 title and playing the team game, then we will see after that."

JEREMY COTTINGHAM

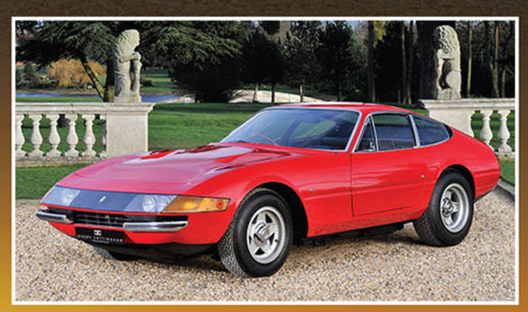
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Jack Brabham



Racer, engineer, legend... and Dad

To us, Jack Brabham was the driver who won a world title in a car bearing his own name. To his son, he was just The Old Man. Now, 50 years after that landmark success, David Brabham pays tribute to the father he knew

writer DAMIEN SMITH

LAT

Germany 1966: Brabham becomes a champion, but is also a father. Bottom, with David while recuperating from injury







SUTTON & LAT

"DAD WASN'T A great talker. But it always stuck that when I first started racing he looked at me and said 'David, it's all in here'." At those words, his face hardens and for a moment it's as if Jack Brabham is back with us. The grit in the voice, the determined heavy brow, the straight mouth, those close-set eyes boring into mine as he points an index finger to his temple… He looks so much like his old man it's startling.

David Brabham, the youngest of Jack's three sons, openly admits that he didn't have the easiest of relationships with his father. No surprise there, given the granite-hewn character we're talking about. But little more than two years after Jack's death at the age of 88, the memories are predominantly affectionate, and pride flows to the top of the brim, just as you'd hope for one of the greatest of motor racing men.

It's 50 years since Brabham carved what is likely to remain a unique place in history by becoming Formula 1 world champion in an



GETTY

eponymous chassis. The back-to-back titles for Cooper in 1959-60 were perhaps landmarks of greater significance to the sport as a whole, given the placing of Climax's engine behind Jack's hunched shoulders rather than ahead of his feet. But this third one was personal, a confirmation that even as an 'old man' of 40 here was a genuine motor racing colossus, as a driver, engineer, gilt-edged sportsman – take your pick.

Down at Goodwood, the anniversary won't go unnoticed. At the Revival on September 9-11 it will be Jack's turn to be honoured as Bruce McLaren, Jackie Stewart, John Surtees and Dan Gurney have been in previous years, with a gathering of his cars to be demonstrated and displayed. David has been deeply involved with the mission to source them, including the genuine 1966 BT19 that's coming all the way from 'Down Under'. Today he has agreed to meet me, at the Unicorn in the bustling Oxfordshire village of Deddington, to talk solely about the man he just knew as 'Dad'.

"In the history of Grand Prix racing, there's one era when I wish I'd been an adult and that was the 1960s," he says. "It was such an amazing period, actually not just for racing but for life on this planet. There was so much change going on. People got liberated.

"Looking back on '66, you had two of Dad's previous team-mates in Dan Gurney and Bruce McLaren coming out with their own Grand Prix cars to try and become the first to win a championship in a car of their own production." But it was Jack who was ahead of the game.

He was supposed to be winding down the driving by this time, thanks to the pincer pressures of his age and a burgeoning customer racing car business. He had Gurney and promising Kiwi Denny Hulme to hold the front line – until Dan left to form Eagle. As F1's 'return to power' 3-litre era dawned, this was no time to throttle back. Armed with an American-sourced V8 tuned by old contacts at Repco, mated to a typically no-nonsense spaceframe from his plain speaking partner Ron Tauranac, Brabham was ready to make hay. The rule change, despite a three-year notice period, appeared to catch most on the hop – especially when Coventry Climax made the shock announcement that it wouldn't play to the new capacity. Yes, Colin Chapman and Cosworth were sowing the seeds for the DFV, but that was more than a year away from bloom. Meanwhile Ferrari had its heavy, sports car-derived V12, but with John Surtees at its head Maranello was still well placed – until politics pushed the '64 champion over the edge. After his final win in red at Spa, he walked and pitched up at past-its-best Cooper.

Brabham consequently stormed through the summer, claiming four Grands Prix in a row – the French, British, Dutch and German – to lay hold of an unchallenged crown.

❖

THE PERCEPTION HAS LINGERED THAT Brabham's achievement in '66 is undervalued in comparison to the feats of others such as Clark during the same era. Perhaps it's the 'interim' nature of that Grand Prix season, as teams scrabbled for short-term, or at least severely compromised, power solutions. Jim Clark's Lotus, for example, was hobbled first by a Climax engine of only two litres, then by BRM's hulking (and unreliable) H16; likewise Graham Hill and Jackie Stewart in the constructor's works cars. But rather than undermine Brabham's success, his nous to develop a winning package should enhance it – and as ever, his ability behind the wheel couldn't be underestimated.

"As a driver, my own purple patch – where I was at such a level that whatever car I drove I felt I could beat anyone – was 44," says David. "The same age that Dad retired. When I turned 40 I looked at what Dad achieved at the same age in '66 and it blew me away: how he was able to focus on the business, focus on the race team, develop the cars in all the formulas, then jump into a Grand Prix car – against guys who only raced, remember. And they were bloody good, too, the likes of Clark, Graham Hill and so on.

"Don't forget he also dominated F2 in '66 [with Honda power] and could have won the F1 title again in 1967 when Denny was champion. He was developing cars and trying new bits, which didn't always work. Denny said to me, 'For sure, if your dad hadn't dicked around with the bloody cars he probably would have won the championship.' Denny had the reliable one, did a great job and won the championship. But they were pretty close at the end, after another dominant display.

"When he retired [at the end of 1970] he felt he still had more years left in him. He could have won the championship in that final season. He won the first race in South Africa, should have won Monaco and Brands Hatch… and both times Jochen Rindt beat him. If he'd won those two GPs it would have been a great fight."

Brabham was a pioneer in more ways than one. Juan Manuel Fangio, Stirling Moss and later Jackie Stewart are regularly credited for ushering in the concept of the 'professional racing driver'. But this tough nut from Australia, who cut his teeth racing midget 'speedcars' on the dirt tracks in and around Sydney, made his own significant contribution to pushing the game on.

"You've got to remember when Dad came over in 1955 motor racing was very much a gentleman's deal," says David. "So who was this rough nut? He was aggressive on the track and went to boundaries no one had really gone to in his attempts to win a race. He started to change the mindset of drivers coming through to be a bit more like him. Once that helmet went on you are talking about a different character, which is true for a lot of us. He was never flamboyant, he was a grafter. But when he put his mind to it he could beat any of them."

The influence of Ron Tauranac on the Brabham story can never be overstated, even from Jack's earliest days racing in Britain. Sadly, the 'T' from the 'BT' type numbers will be a notable absentee at the Goodwood celebrations, because of ill health, but David is keen that he won't be forgotten. It's one of the great motor

"IF YOUR DAD HADN'T DICKED ABOUT WITH THE CARS HE WOULD HAVE BEEN CHAMPION AGAIN"

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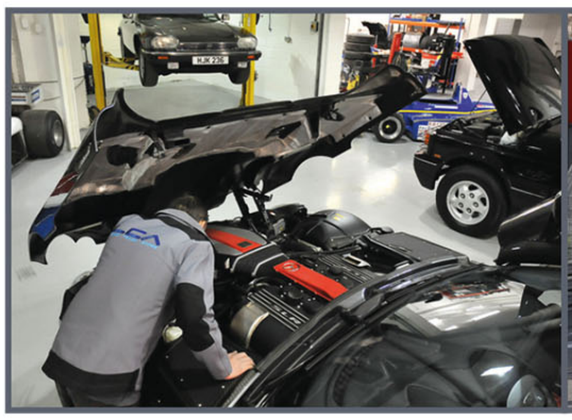
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racing partnerships, up there with Chapman and Clark, Tyrrell and Stewart. But given the nature of their characters, they didn't always rub along smoothly. Should they be described as friends? "Oh yes," says David. "But when you say 'relationship', you're talking about guys who got through the end of the war [both served in the Royal Australian Air Force]. They were particular characters… they weren't lovey-dovey! It was a case of 'This is how we do it. If you don't bloody do it like that, you're out.'

"When you think about how different they were, their relationship lasted forever. They never fell out enough for it to finish…" They'd met back in Australia when midget racer Jack was a rapid interloper on the hillclimb scene. Mutual appreciation was formed early on.

"And of course they both built their own cars," says David. "Dad always remembered Ron and his skill sets. When he was doing the Cooper stuff Dad would produce drawings, say 'This is what I want', send them by airmail to Ron and he'd do the magic of the design. He'd ship the paperwork back to England and Dad would then go and make it. He was involved as far back as Dad winning his first two world championships. Not many people know that.

"During that time Dad didn't feel Cooper was heading in the right direction, saw another opportunity for himself and brought Ron over. They were starting the process of building cars as early as '60. Their plan was to create a team and build customer cars for sale. At the time Cooper and Lotus dominated the world of race cars, but by the mid-60s Brabham was three or four times bigger than they were."

The customer angle was essential to Motor Racing Developments Ltd, the company behind Brabham racing cars. Tauranac was its driving force. "Very quickly the pair hit the market with a product, in a dangerous period," says David. "Ron was very pernickety, not about how light a car was, but how strong it was, from a rigidity and safety point of view." While Lotus broke F1 ground with its lightweight monocoques, Tauranac – with one eye firmly on his customer base – persevered with spaceframes. "Dad would do all the testing and development, so it was his neck on the line, plus he was an engineer with great intuition. Together they ended up dominating the world of F1 and the customer car market."

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FOR DAVID, THIS IS ALL SECOND-HAND history. He was born in 1965, so his memories of Jack's racing days are next to zero. "My first memory of the UK was Big Ben in Westminster. I always remember looking out of the window at St Thomas' Hospital because Dad had his accident and was in there [a broken leg, mid-season testing at Silverstone, 1969]. But I remember nothing to do with his racing, although I did go to some. I've seen pictures of the Hill kids – Damon and Samantha and myself – playing in a swimming pool. But [older brother] Geoffrey obviously remembers a lot more about that era because he was 14 when Dad won the championship in '66."



LAT

Jack with team-mate Denny Hulme at Pau for one of his 10 F2 wins in '66

"DAD WAS A BIG NAME. EVERYONE KNEW HIM. FIRST THING THEY WOULD SAY ABOUT ME WAS 'THAT'S JACK BRABHAM'S SON' "

David grew up in Australia, once his father had retired from racing and took his family back home. "As a kid growing up in Sydney, from about five to the age of 12, I didn't appreciate what Dad did," he recalls. "Where I'd walk to the kitchen from my bedroom there was a corridor and a wall of squares with trophies in them. But they were objects, just bits of metal to me. Normally when I was walking down that corridor I had a football or a skateboard in my hand. That was me! But every time someone would come to the house they would look at all these amazing trophies. I'd be thinking 'What are you looking at?'

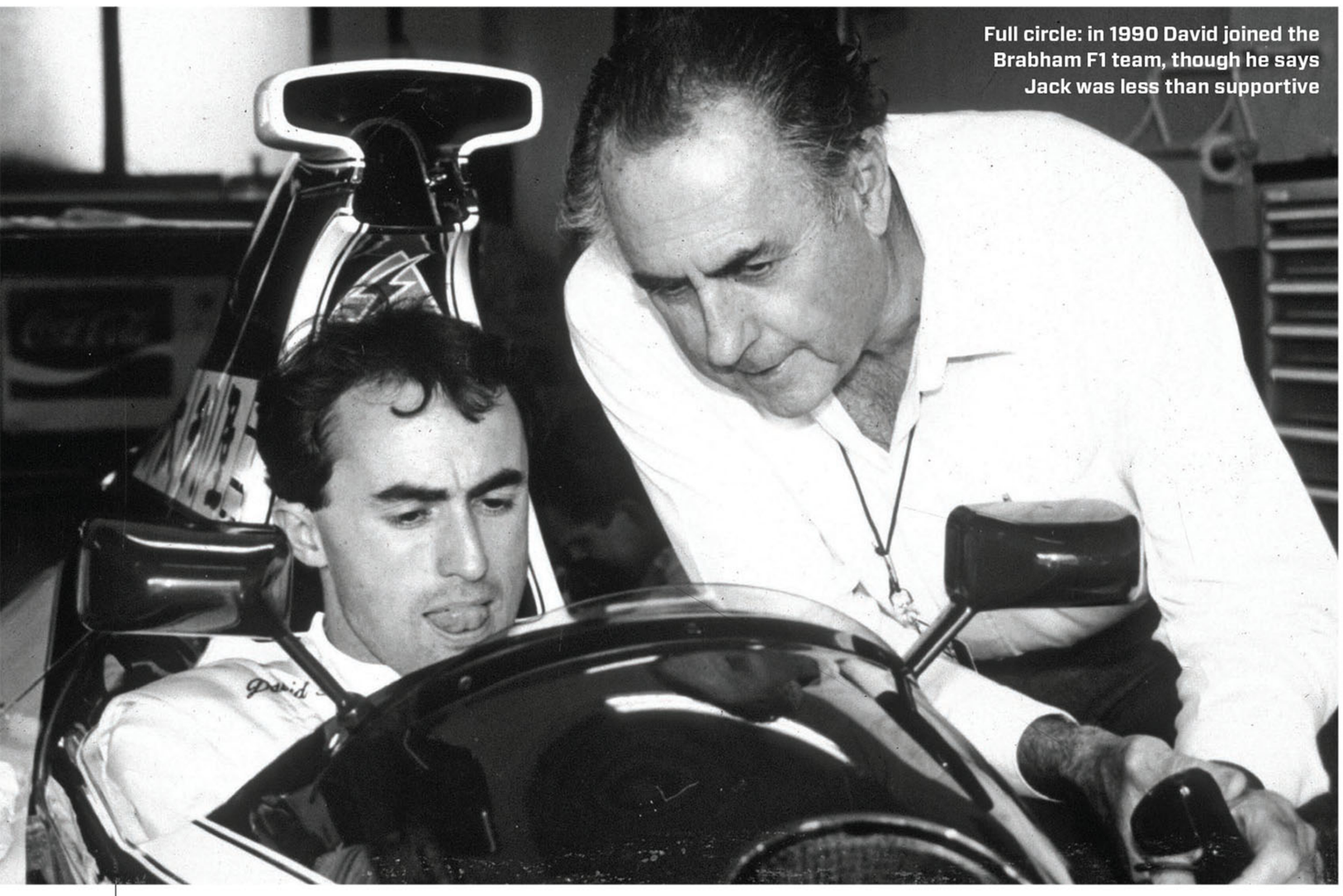
"Then I went to an agricultural boarding school. Dad was quite a big name in Australia during that period – huge, in fact. He was on TV ads, everyone knew who Jack Brabham was. The first thing people would say about me was: 'That's Jack Brabham's son.' I heard that so many times! To me he was just my Dad.

"It probably wasn't until I started racing karts and then Formula Ford, and started mixing with the racing world – which I hadn't done before – that I started to understand what he'd achieved."

Talk to David about the roots of his own career in racing, and it becomes clear his interest grew organically and entirely independently of his father. In fact, it not only took Jack by surprise, but perhaps David too. Now, having hit his own half-century, can he see Brabham character traits that carried over from father to son?

"My wife will tell you there's a lot, a lot more than I'd probably admit," he smiles – through gritted teeth! "I know I've got traits of my dad in me. I have a particular work ethic, I guess, and an expectation of myself."

There's also a pleasing, if entirely coincidental, parallel to Jack's dirt track racing roots. "My versatility was always very good and some of that came from the farm," says David. "If it was a tractor, a motorbike, a ute, a normal car – whatever it was I would drive flat out, as fast as I could go on the dirt, and try and drift as far as I could. Each felt different. Even though I didn't think about being a racing driver, I loved driving on the edge. That was inherent in me. Those years on the farm, I nearly killed myself… Then I jumped in a kart



Full circle: in 1990 David joined the Brabham F1 team, though he says Jack was less than supportive

SUTTON

and was fast straight away. They didn't know I'd been 'training' on the farm for so long."

When Simon Taylor interviewed David for this magazine in October 2012, he told a key story from his early career, when he stormed through from the back of the field to win in Adelaide at an Australian Grand Prix support race. The intense performance had followed a row with his dad on the grid, their relationship having already come under strain by David's news that his then-girlfriend was pregnant with his son Jason.

"Because he was away a lot I really grew up with my mum," says David. "She brought me up more than Dad did." He admits they grew closer when he followed in his dad's footsteps and left for England to pursue his racing ambitions. But his parents' divorce, relatively late in life in the 1990s, put further strain on their relationship. Jack's habit of disappearing when David's career hit choppy waters didn't help either…

"When I started racing over here and I was doing Formula 3, I was winning a lot – and so I saw Jack a lot," he smiles. "When I went to F1 in a Brabham that was full of problems I didn't see him! Right when I really needed you, Dad… But he wasn't like that. He was gone because he could see it was a disaster.

"We clashed quite a bit. I didn't always agree with what he did and I told him so. There would be a falling out and then we'd get back together again, and it was a bit like that all the way through, until… 1995, '96. From then on until the end of his life we had a pretty good relationship. I kind of got him and he got me, which was nice because now I have no regrets. You're young and you have an opinion, and you don't understand the full picture…"

❖

DAVID IS GENUINELY EXCITED ABOUT the Goodwood celebration of his father and perhaps it might be just what he needs right now. It hasn't been the easiest of years. His work continues to revive the Brabham name as a force in motor racing, but it's far from straightforward (see right), while the family has been rocked by estranged middle brother Gary's conviction for child sex offences in Australia. The Revival will offer a timely reminder of Jack's incredible achievements half a century ago and allow David one final opportunity to celebrate the legend – but more importantly the Dad – he knew.

"It's not easy to say this, but I can never remember my dad saying 'I love you'," he says. "It was just never said – not to say that he didn't. My mum was very similar, she found it hard to say. I don't know whether it was their up-bringing… I tell my kids and wife I love them every day. So I'm a different character like that."

They are different men, from entirely different times. But you sense Jack's presence will always be an influence on David's life. "Yes, there are times where I can get quite stubborn. And I just have to look in the mirror…" Ⓜ

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It may be your own moniker but that doesn't mean you own it

QUITE A BIT, IF YOU ASK DAVID BRABHAM. His battle to gain back control of the family name, from a business point of view, was perhaps the toughest of his life. Now he has it, he continues to work out what to do with it.

Badging an LMP2 sports car team would be relatively easy, but that's not in keeping with the Brabham tradition that Jack built. Anyway, David rightly doesn't see the value in that and has higher ambitions. The concept he's created isn't simple, but he promises a racing business offering a greater level of interactive online public involvement than we've yet seen. Conversations with potential investors continue… so watch this space.

For now, his account of Jack's 'encouragement' in the family name battle is worth recounting: "About 10 years ago I started to think about what I was going to do when I retired. I thought at least I had the name and I ought to be able to do something with it – but had no idea what. And then we found out this other guy had registered it in Germany. I spoke to Dad about it and he was incensed, furious. I said we've got two options: we either go to court and fight to get it back, or we walk away from it, forget it and we never see it again. Obviously we weren't going to sit back. The fight was on.

"We got as far as the front door of the court, turned around and Dad had gone. He said, 'If you want to carry on with this, go ahead but I'm no longer involved'. That was another one of the times we fell out!" – at this point he adds a few choice words about the old man – "So I went on by myself and was successful.

"After we'd won Dad rang me while I was at the Autosport Show in 2013 and said 'Well done, David. Good news you've got your name back'. He actually offered to give me a bit of money towards it, which was good because I had nothing left. He was chuffed… From the moment I found out who the bloke was to getting the name back under my control was seven years. Now I've put all that time and effort in, I have to find a way to use it."

To find out more about Project Brabham, go to www.brabham.co.uk

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A life well lived

First raced in 1936 by Dick Seaman, this Aston Martin has a sumptuous pedigree and continues to compete with distinction

writer ANDREW FRANKEL
photographer STUART COLLINS



IT'S NOT RED, CAN'T FLY AND doesn't breathe fire, but ever since one-time owner and proud Welshman Dudley Folland slapped one of his country's national emblems on the side, 'Red Dragon' it has remained. It is one of the most important of all pre-war Aston Martins, the ultimate development of a design whose origins date back to the vintage era. It is also one of the most widely raced cars in the world.

The story of Red Dragon starts in 1936, more than a decade before Folland bought, renamed and reshaped this distinctive old Aston. Then it was simply one of the first of a new breed of Aston Martin, born from the knowledge that the old order of Internationals, Le Mans, MkIIs and Ulsters had had their day. Given that this was the year in which the comparatively space-age, super light and slippery BMW 328 also made its debut, the new car came not one instant too soon.



Dick Seaman (left) about to lead the 1936 Ards TT – until the engine let go

By comparison to its new German rival, the Speed Model Aston Martin was a purely evolutionary model, different in both engine and chassis from those it succeeded but still very similar in concept. At the full two litres rather than 1.5, the engine was bigger and the chassis beefed up to take it, but the suspension was still staunchly semi-elliptic at each end, the gearbox resolutely free from any kind of syncromesh and the body designed with no more than passing interest as to how its progress through the air might impede its performance.

The factory built the car later known as Red Dragon to contest the 1936 TT at Ards, with none other than Dick Seaman scheduled to drive. Although not quite the household name he would become when he signed to drive for the Mercedes-Benz team, at 23 years old he was at the time unquestionably Britain's brightest racing prospect.

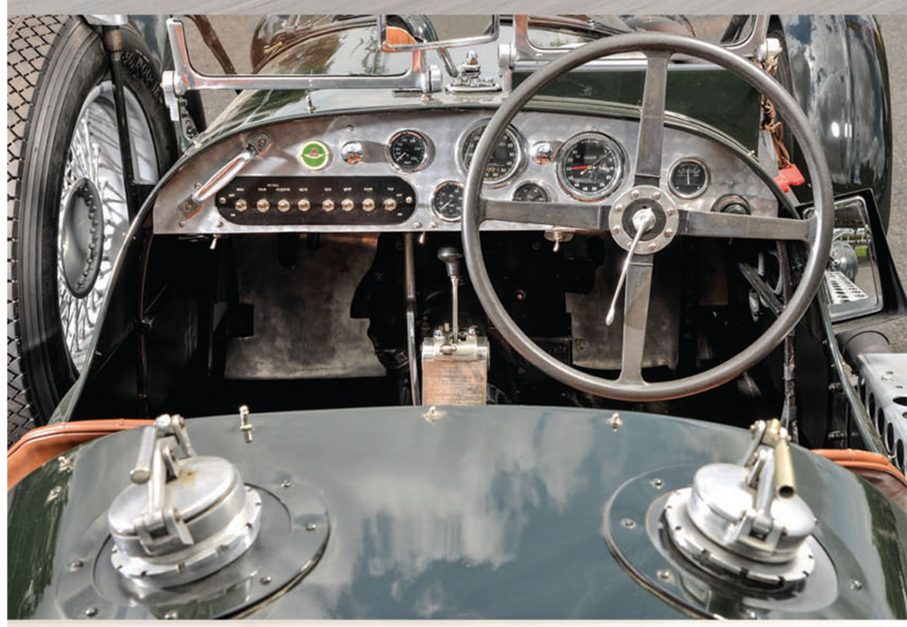
Despite the presence of no fewer than three of the dreaded 328s, one driven by Prince Bira, Seaman dropped them all and every other class competitor, storming around the fast and dangerous lap in an unchallenged lead for the first dozen tours of the 14-mile circuit. But then, for the first but by no means last time, engine failure spoiled all chance of the Aston recording the result its pace deserved. Nor was Seaman able to try again the following year: not only would his Mercedes contract have precluded it, but on lap 17 Jack Chambers had lost control of his Riley, piling into the crowd, killing eight and injuring dozens more. The TT would never come to Ards again. Seaman was also to have raced it at Le Mans that year, but strike action in France meant the race was cancelled. Instead the Aston with the catchy chassis number H6/711/U was sold.

In its new life with Dutchman Eddy Hertzberger, the car raced first in the 1937 Mille Miglia and finished second in its class, despite some more engine trouble. Next up came Le Mans, where it retired with another blown motor, while its second Mille Miglia in 1938 ended less happily than the first with, this time, terminal engine failure. It returned to the UK to while away the war in a Glasgow shed before finding its way to the aforementioned Folland, who in turn entrusted it to Monaco Motors to prepare for the 1948 Spa 24 hours.

THE NAME OF MONACO MOTORS might not be familiar, but that of the man who ran it undoubtedly will be. Although John Wyer would go on to be probably the greatest team manager in the history of sports car racing, back in 1948 the Monaco Motors payroll comprised Folland and his wife Joy, Ian Connell (who would co-drive with Folland in the race), Wyer and his wife Tottie. Such were the traditions of the times that the ladies were responsible for cooking and timekeeping, Wyer was team manager and first mechanic with Connell as second driver and second mechanic. As first driver, Folland alone had but one task, which Wyer considered fair enough on account of him being the owner.

In the 2-litre class two opponents were more noteworthy than others. First was a brand-new works Aston Martin in a team run by John Eason-Gibson (whose job Wyer would soon inherit and in time bring Aston the World Sports Car Championship and outright Le Mans win it so craved). This first post-war Aston was a pure prototype, the first car conceived under David Brown's patronage and the first of a line that would only retrospectively come to be known as the DB1. It had a unique body and St John Horsfall and Leslie Johnson







Cockpit looks more Twenties than Forties; dragon is fierce symbol of national pride



"IT LOOKS MORE LIKE AN EARLY FERRARI THAN A LATE PRE-WAR ASTON MARTIN"

at its wheel. The other car was Luigi Chinetti's 2-litre Ferrari 166 V12, which not only looked and sounded amazing but would set fastest lap before retiring. Folland was much taken with it.

At first the race went brilliantly for what can now be referred to as Red Dragon. Wyer's policy of determining the precise speed at which the Aston could safely be driven and ignoring everything and everyone else soon paid dividends as, in typically filthy Spa weather, the car climbed the leaderboard throughout the night, its vast fuel tank allowing it to run four hours between fills. But the works Aston was doing similarly well, too. As the last changes approached, Eason-Gibson suggested the two Astons did not fight each other but worked together to ensure a one-two finish with, of course, the factory car coming first. Folland and Wyer reluctantly agreed, only to see the works car increase its pace to extend its lead. Wyer protested; Eason-Gibson pleaded ignorance. But Wyer reckoned his car was quicker and knew it would not need another fill, the two advantages being enough to cancel out the works car's half-lap lead.

In the end, however, as Connell pulled away for the last time, the vast fuel tank split, pouring petrol over the rear tyres and causing the car to spin at Eau Rouge, off the track and down a bank into an unrecoverable position. The race was lost, but under the circumstances Connell had good reason to be thankful not to suffer an ending far less happy than this. Two months later the duo took Red Dragon to third at the Montlhéry 12 Hours. The following year Folland was joined by Anthony Heal to race Red Dragon at Le Mans, a dozen years after its debut there, but once more engine failure thwarted the team.

IF YOU LOOK AT RED DRAGON NOW and compare it to images taken in its heyday you'll not struggle to spot that it appears today in somewhat different form. In fact it looks rather more like an early Ferrari than a late pre-war Aston Martin. This is not a coincidence. Chinetti's performance in the Ferrari 166 at Spa in 1948 had not gone unnoticed and Folland became determined to have one of his own. In January 1949 Wyer and Folland travelled to Italy, met Mr Ferrari and *Ingegnere* Lampredi and negotiated the purchase of the 166 Spyder Corsa raced by Nuvolari in the previous year's Mille Miglia. Sprayed green and wearing Welsh dragons, the Ferrari took victory in the Lavant Cup at Goodwood first time out with Folland driving, and he then modified the original Red Dragon's bodywork into the 166-mimicking form it carries to this day.

We're at Goodwood today, a place Red Dragon raced in the 1950s, notably winning in the hands of Jack Fairman in March 1952, a somewhat extraordinary 16 years after Dick Seaman first climbed behind its large four-spoked Bakelite wheel.

It's not as beautiful a car as the Ulster it succeeded, even with Folland's much improved nose. But it is handsome from most angles, that raked-back radiator giving the car a sense of sleekness and purpose I rather like.

Happily Red Dragon still competes regularly and is maintained in ready-to-race form, so while I need to observe all the usual imperatives about bringing it back in the same number of pieces as I found it, no one is saying only this many revs or that many laps. The owner's sole stipulation is that no one else is on the track at the same time, which suits me just fine.

It would have been odd to race this car here in the 1950s, among the brand-new XK120 Jaguars and DB2 Astons because, just sitting in the car, it feels even older than it is. The milled aluminium dash, the haphazard spray of Jaeger chronometric dials and vast steering wheel with its manual advance and retard lever would all have been very familiar to those racing in the 1920s. Its base specification seems vintage, too: a simple ladder chassis with semi-elliptic springs at each corner and a simple beam axle at the front.

But signs of progress can be found. The dampers are hydraulic, not lever arm, the pedal layout is conventional, eschewing the centre-throttle design of earlier Astons, and while there is still no syncromesh on the four-speed gearbox, at least the layout is conventional and not backwards like those of its forebears.

Notable too is the amount of space in Red Dragon. I drove an Ulster recently and, while I just about managed to fit, it was cosy to say the least. The Speed Model chassis seems slightly but significantly bigger in every direction.

There's a bank of switches off to the left: one arms the magneto, two turn on the fuel pumps and the rest deal with the lights and engine fan we will not be needing today. So a couple of flicks and a press of a button later, the Dragon barks its first noises of the day. It's not a pretty sound, a typical old, mechanical four-cylinder thrash, but it exudes purpose.

It seems silly to say so, but the fact Red Dragon has conventional pedal and gear layouts actually make it harder to drive. My brain has such cars permanently logged into



On an empty Goodwood the Aston proves to have handling and poise far ahead of its specification

"THERE ARE FEW PRE-WAR CARS WITH AS FULL A HISTORY: LE MANS, MILLE MIGLIA, TT AND SPA 24 HOURS"

the 'awkward but interesting' category for hand and foot operation, so convincing it that this really is no different in configuration from a Ford Fiesta is less easy than you might expect. Every time I have to change a gear or press a pedal I have to remind myself which way to push or pull.

BUT I HAVE GOODWOOD TO MYSELF, A fairly rare privilege in its own right, and there is time to learn at my own pace. The Dragon is rather vocal, sufficiently so for me to fear it might fling Goodwood's noise meters into the red, but no one's waving any flags, so we'll press on.

The red line on the tachometer says 5000rpm, which sounds conservative to me for a freshly built race engine, but this motor was the primary source of most of the car's retirements in period. While I am sure all such issues have long since been developed out of it, I'm equally sure that straying beyond this mark comes under the category of 'unnecessary risk'.

I don't know how much power it has: I believe it would have been around the 110bhp mark in period, so is probably up to about 140bhp now. It feels pleasantly rapid but the joy of driving the Red Dragon in a straight line come primarily from the gearbox, whose lever flicks around its gate with Swiss-watch



precision. Time it right and you don't even need to double-declutch, but the fun way is to jab the clutch twice while moving your hand as fast as you can. So close are the ratios and so light is the flywheel that changing down requires only the slightest kick of the throttle between gears. It's a very easy and joyous way of passing time.

But that's not what's interesting me most. The faster I drive, the more at home the car feels in its environment. In itself this would not be particularly noteworthy, because most thoroughbred racing cars respond in a similar way, but the Aston's appetite for corners is unusual, particularly for a conservatively configured pre-war machine.

At first you notice simply enormous reserves of grip. At Goodwood the Fordwater kink is not a corner of any great consideration, the right-hand flick into St Mary's easy to take flat. I suspect even Madgwick could be tackled without a lift by someone who knew the car well. I've raced a direct contemporary here, an MG K3, and it felt like a duck on a frozen lake by comparison. Why? Two reasons, I suspect. First, the car was simply not reaching sufficient speed on the straights to challenge the chassis in the corners – and for that I blame the fact that every pre-war Aston I've driven has always felt like it could handle more power, though I also suspect this issue would be dramatically mitigated if I'd used the 6000rpm I'm sure the engine would handle with ease.

Secondly, however, this car handles beautifully. It angles into each apex with an accuracy that belies entirely its age and specification. It appears immune to Goodwood's humps and bumps and, when you do find yourself in a corner where you can challenge its grip, you find a car that understeers hardly at all, guiding you from the rear in a delightfully, smooth, gentle and easy fashion. I imagine that in the wet, robbed of some of its excess grip, the Red Dragon would not only be fantastic to drive, but also exceedingly quick.

There are few pre-war cars still racing today with as full and interesting a history as this: Le Mans, the Mille Miglia, the TT and Spa 24 Hours: it did them all. Cars raced by Dick Seaman in major events aren't exactly thick on the ground, either.

A Speed Model Aston Martin doesn't have quite the same cachet as a works Ulster, nor does it have the same stunning good looks, but to me the back story of Red Dragon, its adventures and the fact its career was so long it was book-ended by Seaman and Jack Fairman – 16 years and one world war apart – makes up the difference. This is a rare and special machine with more tales to tell than entire grids of less illustrious racing cars. Soon it will find itself a new owner and a new chapter to its extraordinary life: let's just hope it remains as visible and regularly raced in the future as it has in the past. For what it is like to drive now and for those who drove it when new, it deserves nothing less. Ⓜ

Many thanks to Bonhams and John Polson for helping to arrange this test. Red Dragon will be sold at its Goodwood Revival auction on September 10. The guide price is £1.6-2m

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Meet a forgotten world champion.



LAT

He beat Lewis Hamilton, was tipped for F1 – then fell hard into obscurity.

Now Colin Brown is back from the brink...

writer WILL BUXTON | **photographer** HOWARD SIMMONS

EVERY JANUARY, some of Europe's best amateur karters descend on Milton Keynes for the British Rental Kart Championship. With the winner securing a spot at the world finals, competition is fierce.

For a car salesman from Croydon his entry is a surprise, sprung on him by his brother.

Zipping up a pair of old, faded overalls, he pauses. His stomach twists, waves of nausea coursing through him as beads of sweat flow down his spine. Short of breath. Mouth dry. He turns to his sibling.

"I can't do this."

For the first time in years he allows his memories oxygen. Nausea replaced by anticipation. Breath easing, emotions settling, his eyes sparkle and dance. He hasn't so much as sat in a kart for seven years. He hasn't competed for 13. Unremarkable, perhaps, but this isn't just anyone.

This is Colin Brown, Formula A world champion and once Lewis Hamilton's greatest karting rival.

❖

IT IS A GLORIOUS DAY IN WANDSWORTH, the sun shining through the window of a small pub, a perfect spectrum of light refracted through a pint of water across a rickety wooden table.

"Did it come naturally? Maybe," Brown says. "I had a really long fringe and I could never really see where I was going. My first time at Rye House I came into the pits, didn't judge the gap, smashed into the back of Anthony Davidson and broke his rear axle."

Rookie shunts aside, Brown was up to speed quickly. He remained in awe of the likes of Jenson Button, Anthony Davidson and Dan Wheldon, but by the time he made it to Super One, competing against Gary Paffett, Niki Richardson and Mike Spencer, he was one of the boys to beat.

By 1994 Jenson Button had moved to Italy, racing for Team Rambo in Junior ICA, and the team wanted someone to spearhead its Cadet campaign. With wins at Fulbeck, Clay Pigeon and an early lead in the standings, Brown was the logical choice.

His first race was the Italian championship, but after winning the pre-final his kart was wheeled to the technical bay and excluded: the offending engine part was taken away and never returned. No appeal was offered, no explanation given. Next up was the Industrie Torneo at Parma. Again, Brown won. Again he was put through scrutineering. Again he was excluded from the event. But this time he was



Braga, 2000: Brown leads Piccione, Hamilton and Kubica on his way to winning the world title

CHRIS DIXON

banned from racing in Italy. "I was 13 years old and gutted. I loved it in Italy and I thought the whole country was against me. I didn't know what I'd done."

Within a year his ban was rescinded and he returned to Italy to race JICA in 1995. He won from the start, graduating quickly to ICA and in 1999 to Formula A. But it was in 2000, with a year under his belt, that it all came together.

"That 2000 season in Formula A was amazing," Lewis Hamilton says today. "It's almost like the Senna/Prost era of karting. There was a wave of really good drivers. It was a good time for karting with good tyres, air-cooled engines… it was just authentic. It was one of my favourite years of racing."

Hamilton and team-mate Nico Rosberg entered Formula A in 2000 as the target team, with entrant CRG rebranded as the official Mercedes-Benz McLaren outfit, MBM.com.

"It was very competitive, an extremely high level," says Rosberg. "We had an F1-style approach with an awesome truck, an awesome set-up. I was the youngest, about 14, and Colin was one of the first guys to whom I chatted when I got to Italy. He was winning at the time and doing so well. He was talented."

With incredible reliability and unrelenting pace, MBM.com dominated the multi-round European series. Hamilton romped home as champion, with Rosberg second in the standings. But that was as easy as the team would have things. What followed were three high-pressure events, beginning with the world championship at Braga, Portugal.

"The level of competition was high, but seems even more so now when you look back and see the drivers that were there," says Le Mans winner Loïc Duval, who'd finish that year's world championship in third place. Indeed, the field that year included names that would go on to win races and championships at almost every level of post-karting competition. Up against Hamilton, Duval and Rosberg were Robert Kubica, Lucas di Grassi, Giedo van der Garde, Pastor Maldonado, Marko Asmer, Jamie Green, Ernesto Viso, Mike Conway, Ben Hanley, Alvaro Parente and Clivio Piccione, to name but a few.

The final was a three-way contest between Brown, Hamilton and Piccione, but when Hamilton's crankshaft went it became a straight fight between Englishman and Monégasque. Earlier in the race Brown had witnessed Piccione try a move on Hamilton into the left-right kink on the straight. It failed, with the attacker losing a few kart lengths in the process.

"When I overtook Piccione on the last lap and we were going down the straight, I thought I would do exactly what Lewis did," Brown says, with a chuckle. "I fully opened the door and gave him no choice but to aim for that gap. As soon as I saw his nose, I shut the door, took the sweepers and sure enough he fell a few lengths behind. It was the break I needed."

Colin Brown was world champion. A few weeks later, he'd add the Monaco Kart Cup to his list of accomplishments, thus sealing two of the big three stand-alone events and half of the major Formula A titles.

The final race of 2000 was the World Cup in Japan. The teenagers were treated like rock stars by the fanatical fans and the race proved worthy of the adulation they received. It remains on YouTube today as a testament to an incredible generation of racing talent.

"It was a hell of a good race," Brown says. "My style was always aggressive but I was very relaxed. I got into the lead pretty early, but the slipstream meant a few kart lengths were never enough. Honestly, it could have been any of us that day."

By the third lap, Brown and Hamilton were out ahead, locked in an intense duel that would last for 20 laps. By the close Piccione would be involved, too, in a race only sealed on the penultimate tour when Hamilton took the lead with an audacious move at a seemingly impossible passing spot.

But Brown's frustration today lies not in the knowledge that he failed to defend from Hamilton, but that another driver had also nipped past: Piccione.

"To this day, I can't watch the last lap of the World Cup," Brown says. "Piccione never looked forward. I'll never forgive him for that. I think he was more interested in beating me than actually taking it to Lewis. I was screaming at him in my helmet to go after Hamilton because either one of us could have had a chance. But he didn't. That enraged me."

Hamilton was overjoyed, his delight coming in no small part due to the fact he'd beaten Brown in the process. "Colin was up there with the best," he says. "He was an all-round ▶





Brown comparing notes with Hamilton and Rosberg, far left, and the British team – including Brown, Hamilton, Jamie Green, Mike Conway and Susie Stoddart – at the Braga world final in 2000

CHRIS DIXON

"COLIN WAS UP THERE WITH THE BEST, A STEP AHEAD. HE WAS VERY TALENTED"

LEWIS HAMILTON

solid racer with an elegance to his driving.

"He was older than me and Nico, always one step ahead. We would be watching his races and he was one of those guys that you would cheer on because I knew him and he was really cool. It's like when I grew up watching Formula 1 and I saw Fernando race and then I got to F1 and I was racing against him. Your respect stays the same but then you think, 'Oh, I can match this guy and sometimes even be better.' But Colin was a very talented driver."

Brown, too, has nothing but respect for his great rival. "A lot of people think I must be really bitter about Lewis," he says, "but it's actually the complete opposite. Lewis was the best driver I came across when I was racing."

Of the four titles on offer for Formula A in 2000, honours were split evenly between Lewis Hamilton and Colin Brown. But while Hamilton decided to graduate to Super A in 2001, for Brown the time had come to move on to single-seaters.

At the BRDC Awards Colin was honoured with the ERA Club Trophy. Presented to the British driver who had established the most meritorious performance of the year outside his homeland, Brown became the first kartist and youngest driver ever to be given the honour. He was also made one of the club's first Rising Stars, alongside Hamilton.

❖

BROWN'S FATHER COLIN SR REALISED he'd taken his son's racing as far as he could and former racer David Hunt agreed to oversee Colin's burgeoning career. Hunt would put Brown into British Formula Renault for the 2001 season, but not before sending him to Pentti Airikkala's Racing Technique school.

"I was amazed and excited about Colin," the Flying Finn wrote to Hunt in June 2001. "Never before have I had such a naturally talented kid on my courses – and I have had a few pupils, more than 9000 since 1984."

Brown entered British Formula Renault with Dave Forster Racing, which had come second in the championship in 2000 with Ryan Dalziel. "The feeling of being in a single-seater for the first time was everything," Brown says. "It was life. Being strapped in this car, on a big, open circuit. It was better than anything I'd ever experienced. The speed, the smell... I loved it.

"We went off to Brands Hatch for the first round of the season. I qualified sixth, finished fifth and was awarded 'driver of the day', which I thought pretty cool. Round two was at Thruxton and at the end of the first practice session I was quickest. That felt the bollocks."

It was a promising start – so much so that Hunt reputedly received an approach for Colin's contract from Flavio Briatore.

"I deliberated this and had a chat with Colin and David," Brown Sr says. "David said we could go with Briatore, but we'd heard lots of



CHRIS DIXON



Brown (with back to camera) shares a joke with rival Hamilton. Colin's brother is on the left. Below, Brown celebrates his world title



LAT

"IF THE OUTCOME WERE THE SAME, I'D DO IT ALL AGAIN TO HAVE THOSE MOMENTS"

bad things about Flavio. I asked David if he had the money to get Colin to F1. Answer? 'Yes.' So we turned Briatore down. Three months later David ran out of money."

Colin's former kart manager Fabiano Beletti had become heavily involved in an Italian Formula Renault team and wanted his champion racer back behind the wheel, so for 2002 Brown moved back to Italy and signed with Scuderia Veregra.

He scored points just twice as the team struggled to find a shred of competitiveness. Beletti realised his outfit fell beneath the requirements of a driver with whom he had achieved so much, so for 2003 he funded a move to Euro F3000.

"The car was amazing," Brown says. "I was screaming and laughing every time I put my foot down. It blew me away."

The Euro F3000 calendar featured nine rounds at international-grade circuits. First time out at the Nürburgring he qualified 10th, but his driveshaft failed *en route* to the grid. For the second round at Magny-Cours he qualified 12th but battled to sixth. Driveshaft failure hit him again at Enna, before a stunning qualifying run at Monza put him on the front row.

"I stalled and fell back to last," he says, shaking his head. "I remember thinking, 'Shit, we are really quick here,' because in no time I'd caught them all up and I was picking them off. I knew I had the pace to get back onto the podium. I got back into sixth, but this nutty American [Joel Nelson] decided he would commit to a do-or-die and take us both out."

❖

BY NOW, COLIN WAS AGAIN STARTING to make waves and his exploits had come to the attention of John Byfield, who was managing Jenson Button in Formula 1.

"John contacted me and asked if Colin was under contract," says Brown Sr. "He said he was interested in signing Colin and I told him he needed to talk to the Italians. They had made quite a financial commitment to Colin, without any formal contract."

Today Byfield says that, with Button's career being his prime focus, he would not have taken on another driver. While he recalls contact with the Browns, he remembers only agreeing a loose advisory role in Colin's career.

According to the Browns, however, they signed a seven-year management deal with Byfield's Essentially Motorsport over a bottle of champagne at the Grosvenor House Hotel, London, on July 21 2003. Colin withdrew from Euro F3000 on the advice of his new manager, promising to repay Beletti. A Formula 1 reserve driver role and budget for a full season of competitive racing had been dangled as a tantalising prospect for 2004.

But Colin Brown would never sit in a racing car again.

"Fabiano Beletti was a great person," Brown says. "I loved him. I loved his family. I couldn't just walk away, but Dad insisted. I had no choice. Essentially said it was talking to people and had this, that and the other. It said it had funds, but never put me near another car or drive again. We never went near to or spoke to another team. We never had anything."

For Colin Brown, the 2004 season passed without a single lap in a racing car. As Rosberg flew to the GP2 title and Hamilton to European F3 honours in 2005, again Brown didn't so much as turn a wheel. By the time the contract with Essentially Motorsport was terminated by mutual consent, it was too late.

After almost three years away from competition, there was no chance of going back. His racing career was finished.



Brown showed promise in Formula Renault and, below, Euro F3000

SUTTON

"Colin had all the flair, all the passion, all the skill, all the ability," says Anthony Hamilton of his son's great rival. "He was always a threat. If Colin was in F1 today, he'd be one of the most in demand. My heart sinks when I say that."

For Brown Sr, time has not eased the pain of his son's experience. "The biggest works karting team in Italy once saw me in the lift at a race," he says. "They came over and said, 'When Colin goes out on track we all stop working and watch him. We've never seen anything like him.' As a father this has all been really, really upsetting. I still feel guilty about it."

Colin tried to stay involved in motor sport, becoming a kart instructor, but the pain of his lost career was too much to handle.

"I felt like I couldn't go near racetracks again, because they brought back memories of where I should be. I was out partying every weekend to try to get my mind off reality. I took my anger out on going out, shagging, being carefree, probably hurting people along the way and drowning my sorrows in a club or a bar. I did that for years. I was totally broken.

"It was the wrong thing to do. But when it gets to the point where depression gets a grip, you become a passenger. You're on a conveyor belt that you can't get off without help. I'd given up on myself."

He stares out of the window, eyes bloodshot and hands trembling. For the first time his words are timid, stuttering and broken, the bravado of the world-beater a distant shadow. "Over parts of my life I felt as though I had no reason to live," he says. "I've been suicidal. I can admit that. Once a week, sometimes more than once a week, for years."

He exhales deeply, steadying his hand on the glass of water and, taking a sip, looks up and smiles. "And then my little girl was born. She has given me my light back again. She has given me a reason."

❖

AND SO TO THAT FREEZING MORNING in Milton Keynes. And to that first step back into a world that had previously brought him so much pain.

"My brother has been my rock," he says. "He has been the one who stood by me and has now got me back into racing.

"That day I was so nervous. But as soon as I pulled my zip up, pulled my helmet on and sat in the kart, everything disappeared. It was like I'd never been out of the seat."

From that one amateur kart race, the name Colin Brown was once again spoken in karting circles. And it resonated.

His phone began ringing.

"I've had teams contacting me to come and test proper karts. That has lifted me out of a grave. I feel alive."

Brown could be forgiven any amount of animosity towards the sport that spat him out. Misfortune is one thing, but his story reflects the waste of a potentially peerless talent. Yet for all his heartbreak, and for all that might have been, he is now finally able to look back with fondness and pride.

"It's so funny. If I'd never had that amazing beginning to my life, would I have felt like I had lost so much? Probably not. But would I go back and change it? No. Even with all the shit I've been through, to have had that amazing experience… Who gets to do that?

"Even if the outcome were to be exactly the same, I would do it all again just to have those moments." Ⓜ

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EVENTS OF THE MONTH

SILVERSTONE CLASSIC



Musical Matra MS650 scored a triple triumph for Rob Hall in Can-Am/ Interserie and Masters Sports Cars

Silverstone Classic

THERE WERE SMILES APLENTY ON SATURDAY MORNING as glorious sunshine welcomed visitors to Silverstone for the 26th running of the Classic. As one person remarked: "the event is now older than some of the cars running here!"

With close to 1000 entries across 20 races and an estimated 10,000 cars on display from clubs in the infield, as well as an exhibit celebrating 40 years since James Hunt's Formula 1 World Championship, the action was non-stop. Live demonstrations were held for an array of 1990s sports cars, modern F1 machinery (headlined by Zak Brown's ex-Mika Häkkinen 2001 British Grand Prix winning McLaren MP4-16) and a host of motorcycle legends.

Matra took three victories in the hands of Rob Hall who stole the show in both of the 50th Anniversary Can-Am celebration races (the grids being bolstered by Interserie entries) and romped to a commanding victory in the FIA Masters Historic Sports

EVENTS
OF THE MONTH





Nick Padmore (Williams FW07C) carried off both Masters F1 races despite intense efforts by Ollie Hancock (Fittipaldi F5A)



Tin Top Sunday showcased Ric Wood's Capri, above chased by SD1, and M3 of Nick Whale heading P6 Rover









Cars event with Andy Willis. His exploits rightly earned him the *Motor Sport* Driver of the Weekend award, and he was visibly emotional when presented with it on Sunday evening.

Wolfgang Friedrichs and Simon Hadfield's Aston Martin DB4 comfortably claimed the Tourist Trophy after Lukas Halusa made his compulsory pitstop too early in the fabulous Ferrari 250 SWB 'Breadvan'. Hadfield also won out in the International Trophy for GT cars, sharing with regular partner Leo Voyazides in the Shelby Daytona Cobra.

Nick Padmore continued his fantastic season in FIA Masters Historic Formula 1 taking his fifth and sixth straight victories in an ex-Clay Regazzoni FW07C Williams – appropriate at the circuit where Regga claimed the team's maiden F1 win in an earlier evolution of the FW07 just over 37 years ago.



Friedrichs/Hadfield Aston took RAC TT event. Above, British GP-winning McLaren MP4-16 and Group C at sunset

Sunday's F1 race was easily the best of the weekend, if not of the historic racing season. Ollie Hancock was determined to fend off challenges for second place in his Fittipaldi F5A, after falling down the order on Saturday. He'd initially taken the lead for the second race in a row, from fourth on the grid around the outside at Abbey, before Padmore worked his way past.

Behind Hancock, Greg Thornton (Lotus 91/5) and championship hopeful Loic Deman (Tyrrell 010) swapped places constantly, before being joined in the battle by Classic regular Martin Stretton in his Tyrrell 012 and Christophe D'Ansembourg's Williams FW07C. When Stretton and D'Ansembourg clashed at Brooklands – sending the latter down the order – Rob Hall joined the fray in his Ligier JS17.

Approaching slower traffic to start the final lap (Padmore crossing the line with two seconds to spare, ensuring one more frenetic tour) Thornton was baulked, allowing Deman to shoot past and set after the Fittipaldi. Getting a good run onto the Hangar Straight the Belgian finally managed to make the pass at Stowe, denying the brilliant Hancock a second placed finish he had surely earned, while Hall also managed to pass Thornton on that blistering last 3.66 miles to secure fourth place. At the flag second to seventh were covered by just 1.067sec.

Earlier, on Saturday morning, Ollie's brother Sam took a jubilant win in the ex-Hill/von Trips Ferrari 246S 'Dino', handing the car its second straight Stirling Moss Trophy victory, while Chris Ward was forced to work hard for his Woodcote Trophy win, only





Big-engined Saloons pitched nimble Cortinas against US bruisers; left, Dodd and Noble battle; slinky Jaguar XJR-14

MATT WHITE & JAKOB EBREY

regaining the lead from Ollie Bryant with five minutes remaining in his Cooper-Jaguar T33.

The Vauxhall Vectra of Colin Noble Jr held off incessant pressure from James Dodd's Honda Accord for most of Saturday's Super Touring race, the pair crossing the line 0.2sec apart. Unfortunately the battle on Sunday had a less desirable outcome: Noble pushed Dodd off-track at the final corner, and the stewards later excluded him from the race for his actions.

In touring cars of the pre-66 variety, Craig Davies' Alan Mann Racing-liveried Ford Mustang prevailed while in U2TC Andy Wolfe and Richard Meaden dominated in their Ford Lotus Cortina. The 1990 BMW M3 of Nick and Harry Whale took victory in the Historic Touring Car Challenge.

Both of the Formula Junior races were fantastic spectacles, Sam Wilson taking the victories but being chased hard by Andrew Hibberd on Sunday.

Will Nuthall and Jon Fairley entertained the crowds in the pre-66 Grand Prix Cars race on Saturday afternoon, swapping the lead four times before an error by the latter handed Nuthall the win. A stalled Fairley was collected from behind on the grid on Sunday, eliminating several cars in the process. Peter Horsman eventually took the victory in his Lotus 18/21.

The glorious-sounding Lola T92/10 of Nathan Kinch was untroubled in Saturdays Group C finale while Bob Berridge's Nissan R93CK likewise coasted to victory on Sunday.

It's a long and tiring weekend, but easy to see why people return year after year. There really is nothing else like it. *Jamie Howlett*

PLAYING WITH A DOLLY

Our man fields a Triumph in a spirited tin-top tussle

IT TOOK A WHILE BUT NO-ONE WATCHING THE bulging grid of 45 cars entered for the Motor Racing Legends' Historic Touring Car Challenge at the Silverstone Classic could doubt that this kind of historic tin-top racing has at last taken off.

Nor could the grid have been more varied, with Ford Capris, Rover SD1s and BMW M3s sharing grid space with MG Metros, Alfa GTV6s and even a Renault 5 GT Turbo. Some were on slicks, some on crossplies, all were having a hoot.

I was somewhere down the back of the grid, sharing driving duties with Sarah Bennett-Baggs in MRL's own Adrian Flux-sponsored and very standard Group 1 Triumph Dolomite Sprint. Up the other end of the grid was my friend and colleague Dickie Meaden in a Capri powered by a full-fat Cosworth GAA motor. I had around 185bhp and skinny treaded Dunlops, he had 484bhp and huge Avon slicks.

I thought the speed differentials might be a problem but, on the Silverstone GP circuit at least, it wasn't an issue. And for those who feel variety is the spice of life, seeing a steroidal Rover P6 battling it out with a Golf GTI and an Escort RS2000 must have been one of the sights of the weekend.

As for us, we had a ball. We were racing for the Tony Dron Trophy for Group 1 cars and the great man and renowned Dolly racer was there to offer helpful tips, which boiled down to "don't slow down for anything". Taking his words to heart, our ex-Spa 24 hours Dolly, called Butch, spent 40 minutes going sideways, taking us to second in our class, about which we were fairly pleased. But nothing like as pleased as to see such a colourful caravan of Seventies and Eighties touring cars at an event as prestigious as this. Hopefully we put on a good show, hopefully we'll be asked back. *Andrew Frankel*



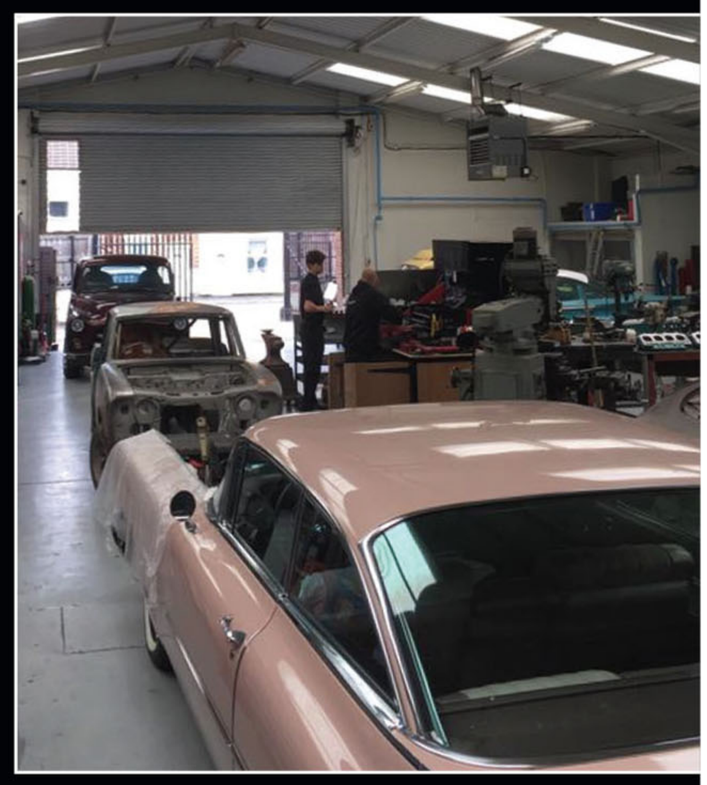
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Wiscombe does not permit a great deal of margin for error: Morgan driver Alan Foster heads through The Esses

ALL IMAGES SIMON ARRON

TIGHT COURSE, CURRY SAUCE

Wiscombe Park, July 30: Devon is notorious for its narrow lanes, but with careful planning they can be put to competitive use

MY JOURNEY BEGAN in 2016, at the Silverstone Classic qualifying day, and concluded circa 1976, in a remote corner of East Devon. I'd been transported from an event too vast to be staged at any other UK venue, but where petite classics aren't always easy to appreciate beyond the circuit's vast run-off areas, to the garden path of a Gothic country estate, whereon even a Ford Anglia looked slightly too large for purpose. But Wiscombe Park has been hosting hillclimb events since August 1958 and readers of this magazine should be familiar with one of the venue's original architects: Denis Sargent Jenkinson.

Traipsing the land in pursuit of motor sport, one becomes accustomed to roadside signs enticing drivers to stop and buy asparagus, cabbages or potatoes (often with a rogue apostrophe): en route to Wiscombe, 'cider next lay-by' looked a more compelling reason to pause.

Being unfamiliar with the terrain, I peeled upon arrival through what looked like a promising gate… and

found myself seconds later at the top of the 915-metre course, which drivers were presently exploring on foot. One of them asked for a lift to the bottom. "I've not been here before," he said. "It all looks a bit narrow, so it's probably just as well I'm not allowed to run nitrous injection…" This turned out to be Jeffrey Way, who competes in a 1978 7.5-litre Camaro.

The paddock, like that at many hillclimbs, is a slope of grassy wonder, which means a degree of effort is needed when manoeuvring cars manually. There are no permanent buildings, but dog-eared huts function perfectly well and are far more representative of our sport's essence than a three-tier motorhome will ever be. It's also an extraordinarily friendly place – I'm not sure I've ever known so many random strangers wander over to chat about cars or cameras – and early in the morning, before engines are primed, the whole area resonates to the sound of nearby sheep. Bucolic bliss, then.

Run by Woolbridge Motor Club, it was a day of competitive run-offs for those in several lower-key series, with practice for drivers who would the following afternoon be chasing British Hillclimb Championship points. Consequently, the entry featured everything from virtually standard Peugeot 106s to the no-holds-barred single-seaters that give this branch of the sport its appeal: colossal power expertly exploited within improbably tiny confines. Series leader Scott Moran might have been absent, but the sight of his rivals sashaying between the trees will stick awhile in the memory. You didn't even need to be able to see the cars to savour their presence: standing in the woodland towards the top of the hill, the echo of blipped throttles, locked brakes and trick exhausts provided adequate intoxication.



Norman Dunford heads up the hill with Wiscombe House to the left, paddock to the right and sheep just out of shot







The red flag flew a little too frequently – a symbol of Wiscombe's challenging nature (particularly at Martini, the final left-hander that follows a long straight) – and at some point my left shin was savaged by an unidentified insect with 5.7-litre teeth, but such trifles could not remove the day's gloss. Getting the most from the venue requires a fair degree of walking, but it would be a lovely place to take a stroll even were it not blessed with Ford Escorts or the spaceframe delights of a Maguire Mini – a 1970s racing staple that remains competitive in this domain.

From left, Darren Gumbley (Empire Wraith), paddock manoeuvres and Richard Spedding (GWR). Below, local haute cuisine



A cake competition was judged during the lunch break (something that probably wasn't happening simultaneously before German Grand Prix qualifying at Hockenheim) and a two-tier catering system was in place, with marshals having their own priority queue to ensure they could eat before returning to their posts – a nice touch that respected a breed whose contribution to the sport is all too often overlooked.

On which note I am pleased to report that one of the great northern delicacies – chips with curry sauce – is likewise available in East Devon… and very good value at £3.50.





WHEN TWO WORLDS COLLIDE

Cadwell Park, July 24: Formula Ford makes its maiden appearance on a VSCC bill – and not before time

THE CONTRAST COULD HARDLY HAVE been greater. When last I visited the Vintage Sports-Car Club's annual Cadwell Park meeting, in 2014, the rain had been so violent that it was bouncing from the asphalt and returning more or less whence it came. This time, sun cream was a more useful accessory than waterproof trousers or Gore-Tex boots.

The Cadwell paddock looks ever resplendent when busy – and especially so when packed with bygone machinery. It isn't every day, though, that you'll see a 1957 Kurtis Indycar emerging from the scrutineering shed adjacent to a Reynard FF82 Formula Ford chassis. But it is increasingly common for promoters to sell a couple of programme slots to other interested parties, to help balance costs, hence the Luna Logistics Classic FF1600 Championship became the first of its kind to grace a VSCC meeting. The subsequent reaction suggests it might not be the last, either.

The day began with a customary Cadwell fry-up and featured lots of close racing bisected by a leisurely lunch (sausage, chips and vanilla ice cream, albeit not all at the same time). Only two of the three entered ERAs survived into the afternoon – Mark Gillies was quickest in R3A, but it broke during practice and left Nick Topliss clear to win the opening scratch race in R4A – but one alone would be sufficient to stir the soul on a circuit such as this. Other highlights included a splendid squabble between Justin Maeers (GN Parker) and Tom Walker (Amilcar), the latter prevailing after Maeers faded in the slipstream of endless passing and repassing, and Julian Grimwade's victory in a 22-strong race for Frazer Nashes and GNs. Grimwade, Eddie Gibbs and Maeers were separated by just 1.3sec when the red flag appeared after Ian Bingham rolled without injury at The Mountain. The result was declared after three laps, but each of them had been a treat to behold. Won by Fred Harper's aforementioned Indy Kurtis (possibly not the ideal tool for Cadwell), the event for front-engine pre-61 racing cars featured a terrific battle for fourth place between Bill Tuer and Hamish Bibby, the pair of them 0.4sec apart after eight laps that underlined the ability of three-wheeled Morgans to corner perfectly capably on just two. The 500cc F3 drivers provided the day's closest finish, Mike Fowler (Cooper MkV) pipping Xavier Kingsland (Staride) by six hundredths (VSCC timing runs, rather charmingly, to only two decimal places).

Featuring 1979 European Formula Ford champion John Village (who ran as high as fourth until engine trouble intervened), the FF1600 race was a spectacular complement to the aforementioned.

Back at the wheel following a recent leg operation, Mike Gardner (Crosslé 32F) fought firmly but fairly at the head of the field with Adriano Medeiros (Van Diemen RF80). The two swapped places constantly until Gardner ran wide at Mansfield late in the race and slipped to third, behind team-mate Ghislain Genecand (Crosslé 25F). "It was completely my mistake," Gardner said, "but I'm not really bothered because it was a great race and I love driving here. I've really enjoyed seeing the VSCC cars, too. I've never previously attended one of their events and the cars are absolutely fantastic to watch. I hope we'll appear with them again in the future."

One suspects he isn't alone. M



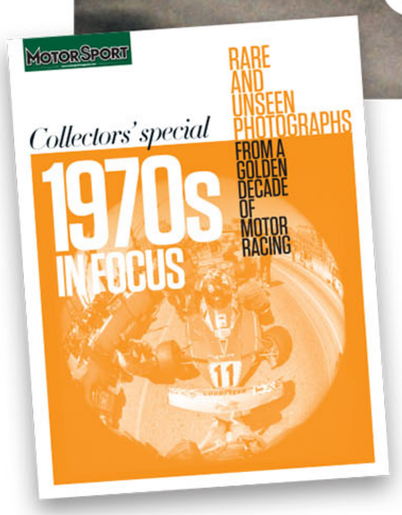
James Ricketts (Riley) leads Philip Bewley (T35) through the Wolds. Top, from left: Garner leads Medeiros; Chris Cadman (MG) gives chase

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Micros, bubbles, trikes and other mini-oddities abound in Hammond collection

MINUSCULE MOTORING

Hidden in a Kent farm is a reminder that cars were once a luxury not everyone could afford

TRIPPING OVER PRIVATE collections that don't shout their presence is one of the delights of this job. I'm sure I've driven down this quiet Kent lane on a navigational rally, but no one would know that behind the rosy brickwork of that little farm lurks one of the forgotten byways of the motor industry. Microcars, bubblecars, three-wheelers – all the crackpot inventiveness that went into producing cheap, small, economical vehicles for a person or two, and sometimes claiming to cope with a whole family.

They blossomed in two eras when money and materials were short – following the two world wars, when mobility wasn't a given and optimistic engineers thought the world was full of eager buyers desperate for minimal transport. Hence the tripod Bonds, abundant Isettas and scampering Scootacars that for a while looked like everyman's future.

But everyman didn't flock to them, and most disappeared down history's drain. So all hail the Hammond family who since the 1970s have rescued many of these unloved urchins to form one of only two microcar collections in the

GORDON CRUICKSHANK













Clockwise from left: tube-and-vinyl Velorex encloses 'bike engine. Bamby is roofed moped; angular 1WD Gordon; Champion Kombi sweet but slow

UK. It's only open by appointment (call 01580 891377), but I went along on their annual open day to investigate these tiny traffic teasers. From the farm's tree-lined campsite we crossed a rustic bridge over a stream into a grassy paddock, where visiting micros sat in leafy shade or puttered off to do driving tests. A minuscule folding caravan and a delicious faired-in Heinkel Tourist scooter with mono-wheel trailer distract me before I'm given a tour of the collection by Chris Thomas, who runs the Register of Unusual Microcars and edits its magazine. No need to read the labels as Chris has it all at his fingertips – he also maintains the microcar archive.

In this company the bubblecars look conventional and the Fiat Multipla positively grown-up alongside the crate-like Flipper (whose engine turns with the twin front wheels to provide reverse), the 49cc Bamby (plastic pyramid over one seat, three wheels), or the New Map Solyto – some flimsy steel folded around a French farmer and a kick-start motorcycle engine.

Some are almost proper cars: the Opperman Stirling, built in Boreham Wood despite the Germanic name, is an attractive 600cc coupé which BMC thought threatened its forthcoming Mini. Nearby, the Champion Kombi is a cute woodie almost like a Beetle estate – but could 450cc of Heinkel two-stroke ever drag a family around? Low production cost was everything in those post-war years, and alongside is a symmetrical 'push-me-pull-you' Champion saloon with interchangeable front/rear/left/right wings – 25 years before Pininfarina's Peugette.

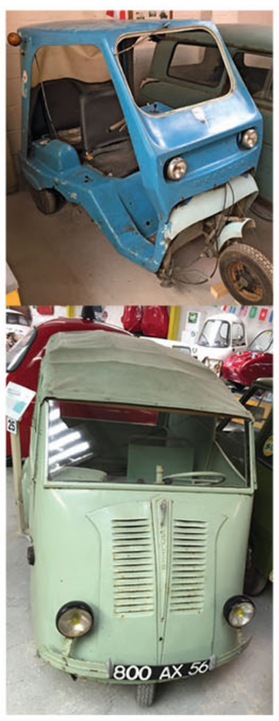
The cars are mostly 'as found' though there's a slow restoration programme. Jean Hammond tells me how the collection began with a single Heinkel bubble car, and how she and husband Edwin used to drive all over, even to Germany in their Heinkels, Goggomobils and the Meadows Frisky, a cheeky little coupé straight from the Jetsons. That's the same Meadows whose motors powered Lagondas and Invictas. Odd that so many firms worked at both ends of the auto spectrum: Allard – rumbling V8 tourers and the gloriously ugly plastic three-wheel Clipper; AC – Cobras and the topple-prone invalid car; Reliant – Scimitars and dodgy three-wheelers. The cuddly Scootacar, like a shrunken one-seat Isetta, was built by Hunslet the steam loco firm, and we know what Messerschmitt made apart from its racy tandem Kabinenroller…

The most bizarre thing there was the Moby. Imagine a moped with a sidecar that's ballooned to enclose the bike – yet you drive it from the sidecar. Why?

It wasn't all retro-reminiscing. Minimum transport is back in focus today, for different reasons, and queuing for a lamb burger with mint yoghurt and beetroot (no photos – I'm not Mr Arron) I met Simon Bailey, a researcher in ultra-light vehicles at Loughborough University who told me all about an electric tandem trike called SAM. There's a huge tonnage of metalwork being pointlessly dragged around our city streets by petrol engines, and he reckons compact devices like this are one answer.

Of course you can still buy a new Peel 55, as made famous by J Clarkson driving one through TV Centre – but it's 10 grand. I watched a couple skittering

Below: Meister trike and, bottom, New map Solyto – basic farmer mini-truck. Right, awful three-abreast Allard Clipper.







Left: lop-sided Moby. Below: cuddly Tourette with 197cc Villiers at the single rear wheel

around the farm like noisy kiddiecars; design-wise I love the principle of a minuscule footprint – a seat and some motive power – and car designers often play with these ideas, but Renault's Twizy is the only one you'll see around. Then there's the Segway – the world's most pointless use of electronics: all that technology to keep it upright, something every human can do for themselves if you put the wheels the right way round, fore and aft. It's called a scooter.

If you want to see some of these babies, Google the National Microcar Rally, on September 8-11 in Shropshire.

Musing on all this I went home and played with my new electric wheels for my wheelchair and thought, hmm – a seat and some motive power. All I need is a roof and I've cracked it.



CHAUFFEURING CAMPBELL

What's it like to be the daily driver to the fastest man in the world?

PHONE CALL FROM DUNCAN Rabagliati: "I've just met Donald Campbell's chauffeur – would you like to talk to him?"

Well, of course.

Tony Betteridge was working for a chauffeur agency when he was sent for interview with Donald Campbell, already a famous figure in the public arena. "We had a talk and then he said 'try the Bentley'. I was used to Bentleys and Rolls-Royce so that was no problem."



This was the sky blue 4¼ tourer Campbell used for many years.

Campbell took Tony on just after marrying Tonya Bern in 1958, and he quickly became part of the household, living in quarters attached to the house in Horsley, Surrey. "I used to drive Gina [Campbell's daughter] to school, get the shopping, and at Christmas the kids and I exchanged presents. And everybody went to the house for the Bonfire Night fireworks."

While not as abrasive as his father, Donald was no soft touch: "He was very direct – he'd soon tell you if you made a cock-up. But he'd praise you too." And there were perks: "Campbell was a director of Dowty Turbocraft [which produced a small waterjet powerboat using a Ford Zephyr engine] and I was able to play with that. And he had a villa in Majorca, and I would go out there to arrange the servants etc."

As well as making travel arrangements for the household and record team, Tony worked alongside Leo Villa, the Campbells' long-time engineer and developer, who was a keen Triumph TR4 driver. There was also an Austin-Healey Sprite team members could use. Donald had complete faith in Leo, says Tony. "He said 'I leave Villa to it; I'm just the driver'."

Campbell always felt his efforts were for the good of his country. Progress through patriotism. Says Tony: "He used to tell me 'It's no good sitting back, you must get on and do something or else other countries will go ahead of us."

Tony continues: "I was surprised Donald didn't want to drive himself, but it was fun for me. He bought a Mini Cooper, put his DC 7 numberplate on it and said to Leo. 'See if you can make it go any faster.' He used to drive to the Dorchester in it. Then he bought an Aston Martin DB5, but found it too noisy after his Jaguar XK150 and E-type."

While Campbell wasn't interested in driving himself on the road, he enjoyed flying himself. Villa wasn't quite so sure: "When Donald got his new Piper Commanche Leo said to me 'You can go up first'. But he didn't scare me."

While Tony was only peripherally involved in the UK end of Campbell's record projects – he drove the Duke of Edinburgh when he visited Motor Panels in Coventry where the car was being assembled – he was invited to Australia for the 1962 Lake Eyre attempts, "but in the end I was left behind. Donald gave me a Morris Minor to compensate."

Tony had left Campbell's employ before the record-breaker's tragic end on Coniston Water in 1967, but attended the memorial service at St Martin in the Fields and shows me the order of service, along with other mementoes of his time including signed photos. He went on chauffeuring, and between the film industry and private employers drove some famous names: Yul Brynner, Maggie Smith, Princess Margaret, and met Nelson Mandela. But even that great statesman couldn't claim the title of fastest man on earth. Ⓜ



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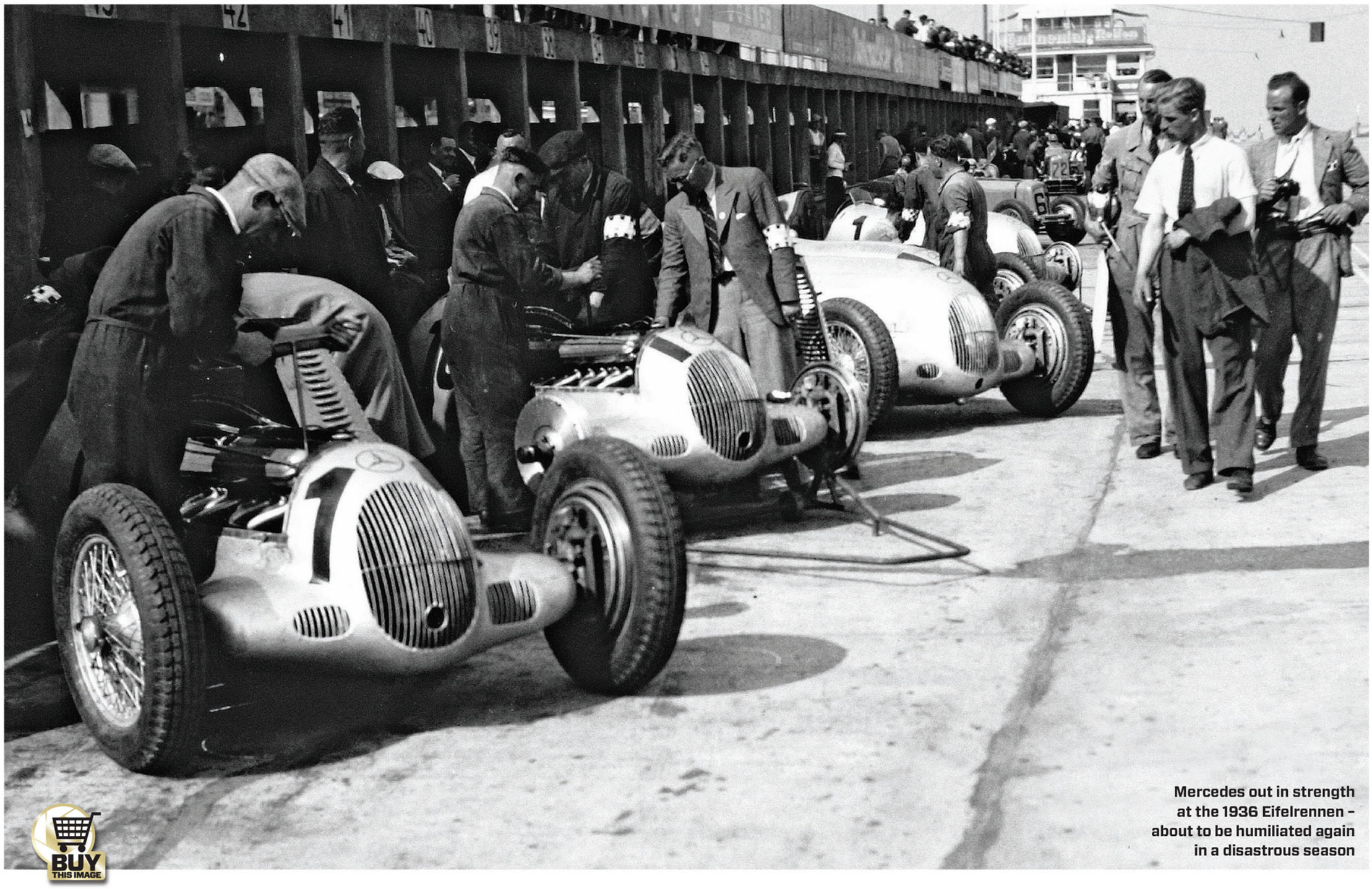
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FROM THE ARCHIVES WITH

DOUG NYE



Our eminent historian dips into the past to uncover the fascinating, quirky and curious



Mercedes out in strength at the 1936 Eifelrennen – about to be humiliated again in a disastrous season

LAT

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A SEASON TO FORGET

After a triumphant 1935, Mercedes-Benz dropped the ball – and Auto Union grabbed it

EIGHTY YEARS AGO, AS THE Grand Prix racing season of 1936 approached its conclusion, it was very apparent that Mercedes-Benz had screwed up. For many observers, even then, such a reality seemed a) barely conceivable yet b) something of a relief to see someone else winning...

That season's top-tier racing had been dominated by the upstart new rival Auto Union marque – with its superstar driver Bernd Rosemeyer who would win the European Championship title (the World Championship equivalent of the time). Alfa Romeo was also victorious which left only two early wins to Mercedes whose entries would be scratched from four races when the management realised they could not compete. Better a no-show than a bad show.

During 1935 Mercedes planned a new 60-degree V12 engine, the 5.57-litre Typ DAB, for 1936 but it proved hopelessly overweight at 650lbs, 250lbs more than the 1934-35 straight-eights. Power output was fine at 570bhp, but its great weight would have made the proposed 1936 V12 car impossibly nose-heavy.

In consequence Albert Heess's engine-design unit instead expanded

LAT

the original M25 straight-eight Grand Prix engine to the maximum permitted by its 95mm cylinder-bore spacing, to displace 4470cc as the M25E variant.

Four new Grand Prix cars were built for the coming season. Partly to accommodate a larger and heavier engine this new design's wheelbase was slashed by more than 10 inches to 97 inches overall. This concept was also intended to increase rearward weight bias, hopefully improving traction as power output had escalated.

This drastic reduction in wheelbase was aided by an entirely new lateral-shaft transaxle. It lowered the car's prop-shaft by stacking the two transmission shafts laterally beneath the final-drive spur gears instead of having the gearbox section in-line as in 1934-35. Worries that the change in drive direction added another pair of power-absorbing gears evaporated when testing proved the loss acceptably low.

These 'Model 1936' cars also adopted a new de Dion-influenced rear suspension system. The 1934-35 swing-axle system was replaced by a solid 'dead' axle connecting the wheels side to side, with separate universally jointed open drive shafts to each hub. The axle was a Y-shaped steel-tube fabrication, the arms of the Y carrying the wheel hubs while the single leg extended to a ball-pivot joint on the chassis' tapered rear end. This 'Y' fabrication initially rode vertically



MERCEDES-BENZ

between rubber-faced rollers housed in a guide channel at the back of the transaxle casing. In service that system would be replaced by a steel-faced vertical guide in the back of the transaxle, in which a bronze axle-guide would ride.

Springing was by quarter-elliptic leaf springs, while the parallel-link front suspension with horizontal lateral coil-springs housed in the front chassis cross-member was carried over from 1934-35.

The 'Model 1936' was given a lovely almost circular-section body, with front and rear suspensions carefully cowled. One minor early problem was that tall, muscular Manfred von Brauchitsch could hardly fit into the new cockpit…

The new Mercedes-Benz won first time out but with 'Rainmaster' Rudi Caracciola driving on the rain-soaked, slow circuit at Monte Carlo. Two V16-cylinder rear-engined Auto Unions finished second and third. Second time out was very different – under the baking Libyan sun on the high-speed Mellaha course at Tripoli, both handling and steering were criticised and high raceday winds gave all drivers queasy moments. Auto Unions finished one-two. The less important Tunis GP then gave Mercedes-Benz its second win of 1936 – once the rival (and leading) Auto Union of Varzi had crashed and Rosemeyer's had caught fire.

Top: Caracciola's skills bring flattering debut win for new car at wet Monaco. Above: farmyard preparations for team at Nürburgring

In the Pena Rhin race at Barcelona the 'Model 1936' cars were heavily criticised for their abrupt pitch change which unsettled the handling and the drivers. And Tazio Nuvolari won in a V12 Alfa Romeo.

Engine troubles also affected Mercedes-Benz. Rosemeyer's Auto Union led three Alfas home in the EifelRennen at the Nürburgring. Despite extensive engine development the Model 1936 again failed badly in that year's German Grand Prix – dominated by Rosemeyer's Auto Union. Thereupon Daimler-Benz decreed a pause in racing activity. Works-team racing was reorganised, with a sub-division of the Experimental Department introduced, to be entitled the *Rennabteilung* – racing department. Young engineer Rudolf Uhlenhaut, just 30, was given responsibility for assembling, preparing and testing the GP cars before delivery to Neubauer's

sporting department to be raced.

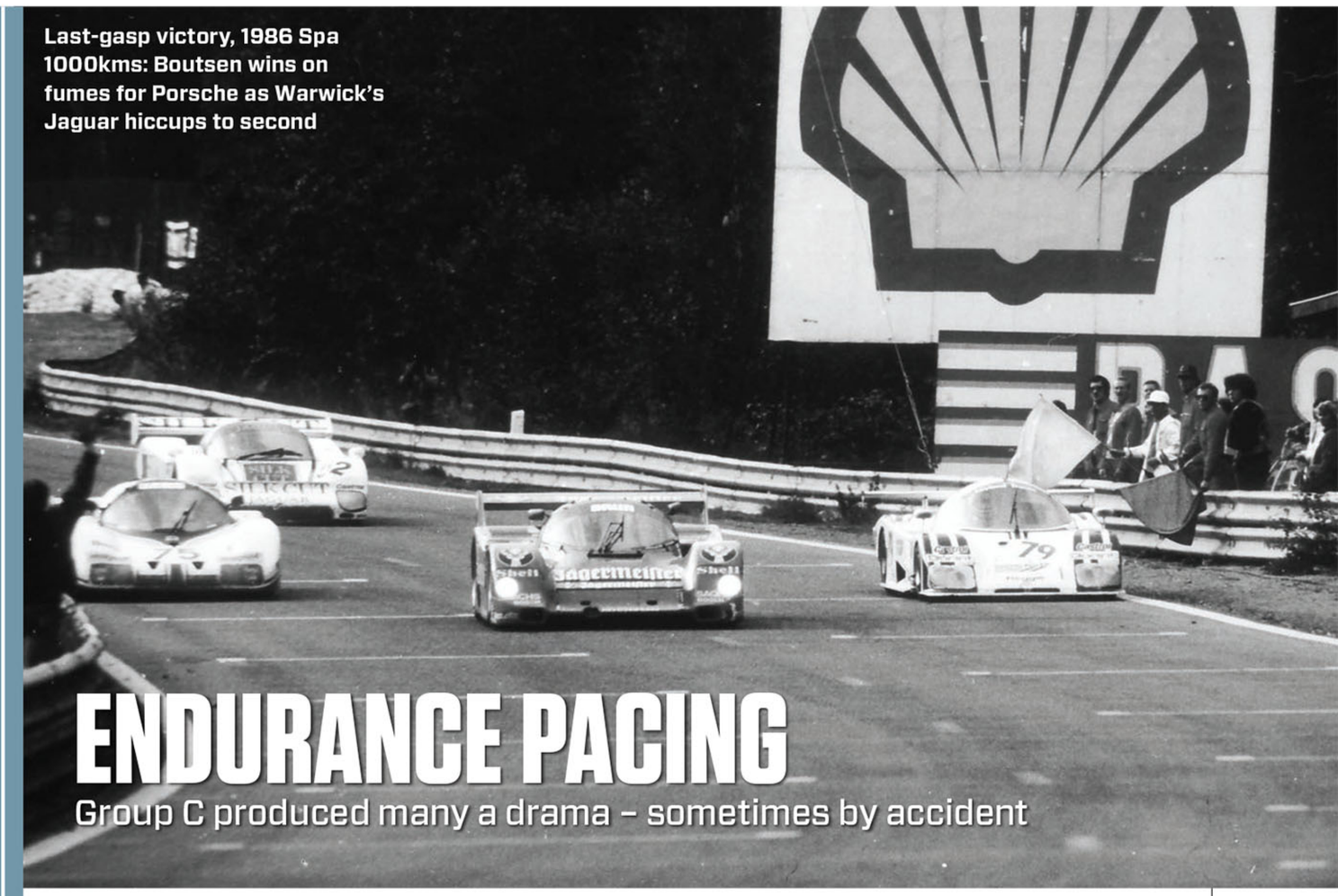
From August 10-15, 1936, the new department conducted intensive testing at the Nürburgring. Planned race entries at Livorno and Pescara were cancelled. Caracciola and von Brauchitsch test-drove, reporting "...a marked bouncing of the front wheels from the ground and very substantial juddering of the wheels, clearly more on the new car than the old [1935] one. However, with the new car the rear axle rides firmly on the road".

Since these old hands had previously contributed to the Model 1936's development, young Uhlenhaut tried driving himself – after they had left the Nürburgring. He showed enormous natural talent, recalling "I realised that a racing car was much the same as a passenger car – there's not very much difference, nothing sensational". He traced the front suspension deficit to the system's anti-shimmy bushings, and identified inadequate steering geometry as fostering excessive toe-in change. He also found the soft suspension was running out of free movement, allowing persistent bottoming which caused the juddering and steering kick about which Caracciola and Brauchitsch had been bitching.

Uhlenhaut also found that both the chassis frames of the 1935 and 1936 cars and the 1936 de Dion-style rear suspension 'Y' tube needed stiffening; bending under stress and vibrating badly. He made 23 recommendations in all.

Entries were then confirmed for the Swiss Grand Prix on August 23, 1936, where different problems intruded after Caracciola had led – before Rosemeyer's rear-engined Auto Union had flashed past him. Uhlenhaut reported "The drivers declared themselves generally satisfied with the roadholding" but that "...it was clearly evident that the power of the Auto Union car in the middle and upper speed ranges is far superior... A further participation in racing with the E-motor seems to be useless".

Bowing to the inevitable, Mercedes-Benz entries in the Italian Grand Prix, the last of the year, were cancelled. From the rubble of that 1936 racing programme, the Stuttgart engineers would then produce the more sophisticated 1937 W125 straight-eight design, with 5.66-litre supercharged engine which proved the most powerful Grand Prix power unit devised until the turbocharged era of the early 1980s. For 1937 it would be Auto Union who had to sweat blood.



Last-gasp victory, 1986 Spa 1000kms: Boutsen wins on fumes for Porsche as Warwick's Jaguar hiccups to second

LAT

ENDURANCE PACING

Group C produced many a drama – sometimes by accident

IN THE HIGH SUMMER OF 1986 – 30 years ago – the Kouros 1000Km races at the Nürburgring and Spa were two of Group C endurance racing's more extraordinary contests. At the rain-swept Nürburgring Ray Bellm's Spice SE86C and Jean-Claude Ferrarin's Isolia-BMW collided. The pace car deployed while the track was cleared, initially picking-up Jacques Heuclin's slow ALD-BMW with the rest of the field rapidly closing up behind.

But Hans-Joachim Stuck in his Rothmans Porsche 962 was so engaged in his pursuit of Mike Thackwell's Sauber-Mercedes that he rushed up onto the tails of Mauro Baldi's Porsche 956 and James Weaver's Kremer Porsche 962. As this trio entered the pit straight, each driver was unaware of the pace car's presence. Weaver began passing slow-moving balls of spray, then realised the reality and braked hard. Baldi promptly rammed him, spinning both cars through the pace-car queue.

Meanwhile, the pace car driver himself had reached the site of the C2 collision debris, and braked. His followers swerved in avoidance, including Jochen Mass whose 962 was promptly rammed at high speed by Stuck. Both works Porsches – chassis '003' and '004' I believe – were severely damaged, whereupon the organisers stopped the race, and restarted it as a three-hour affair, won by Mike Thackwell and Henri Pescarolo's Sauber-Mercedes.

At Spa the race became a tactical duel between pole-sitter Thierry Boutsen/Frank Jellinski's Brun-entered 962C, the Derek Bell/Stuck works car and the Jan Lammers/Derek Warwick 'Silk Cut' Jaguar XJR-6. Towards the end all became seriously concerned by their cars' fuel consumption.

Boutsen/Jellinski's Jaegermeister 962 was leading, with Bell/Stuck second but with Derek instructed by Porsche engineer Peter Falk to turn down the wick, letting Warwick through.

On the very last lap of the 625-mile race, sweeping round the circuit's back stretch, Boutsen felt his engine spluttering as it struggled to scavenge the last few droplets from its near-empty tank. Warwick rushed up onto the stricken car's tail into the last corner at La Source. He muscled by, intent upon stealing last-gasp victory, but the Jaguar's V12 engine then starved – just as the Belgian's chimed in full-bore. Thierry was fired down the hill and shot across the timing line to win by just 0.8sec, with Bell/Stuck third.

This sensational result prolonged the 1986 Group C Drivers' World Championship outcome into the final round at Mt Fuji, Japan, on October 6. Derek Warwick's Jaguar was judged initially to have finished second behind Paolo Barilla/Piercarlo Ghinzani's winning Joest-entered Porsche 956, only for the result to be changed two hours later, demoting the 'Silk Cut' Jaguar to third since the official timekeepers had inadvertently credited it with an extra lap. This gave Bell and Stuck a point lead over Derek so the World title was transferred to them in their absence – since both had left the circuit. Later still, FISA would declare Bell solitary World Champion since at the Norisring earlier in the season, driving solo, he had finished 11th, and Stuck 15th.

Fun and games, eh? As happens so often with over-complicated regulations, it's those who employ them who end up looking foolish. M


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SICILY, ITALY

Fans respond enthusiastically to the passage of local hero Nino Vaccarella's Ferrari 512S during the Targa Florio. Vaccarella and Ignazio Giunti finished third, behind the Porsche 908s of Jo Siffert/Brian Redman and Pedro Rodriguez/Leo Kinnunen. Note how an official press armband conferred little advantage...

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